

**Day on the Hill**  
**Pearl Jam, Tribe After Tribe**  
**Let's Go Bowling, ZOOM, Trademark**  
**Campanile Hill, KU**  
**Saturday, May 2**

Whether it really wanted to or not, this year's free gig on The Campanile blasted into the big time this year attracting somewhere around 18,000 thrill-seekers. 20,000 if you count all the cops. If you don't like crowds then blame MTV because the big name this time around, Pearl Jam have a vid in the rotation. Equate this with "Lords of everything that I covet" to herds of youth from everywhere within a hundred mile radius, and you got way more people than ever go to those football games.

A good lie would be that all the bands were great, but uh...I wasn't there for the first three, so even if it was true I wouldn't know it. We'll make good on the locals by reviewing ZOOM and Trademark at the venues of their choice.

There was already a good sized gathering in front of the high-dollar, covered stage by the time Tribe After Tribe ascended, which theoretically says something good about the ska Let's Go Bowling perpetrated. Amid the fury of over-zealous DJs sailing shitty promos through the air with aerodynamic perfection and the speed to kill, Tribe After Tribe started up. There is a sense of amazement that pervades from the fact that the sonics are courtesy of only three people. Cool, complex and bombastic, the trio in self-exile from their mondo uncool South Africa pounded out rhythms that just generally wouldn't be coming from the hands of white boy bands from this country. They turned fast, aggressive rock on it's ethnic ear, sacrificing all arrangements much to the delight of those flailing about up close. It's easy as well as appropriate to go on and on about a band member's ability to play and sing at the same time, but this particular bass player had it down. Given their strange history it would seem unlikely for them to return, but if it happens you'd do well to go.

PEARL JAM PEARL JAM PARTY ON EXCELLENT. The Seattle band reaches the apex of the city's sound that a few members former bands initiated. Ex-Greenriver, which turned into Ex-MotherLoveBone and Temple of the Dog come of age and score the big deal. Their sound seemed a little slow to provoke such manic "pit" action, but the younger crowd -and with good reason- was pumped. Behind the dual guitar attack of Stone Gossard and Mike McCready, Pearl Jam kicked the town's collective ass. Singer Eddy Vedder set new levels of showmanship and athleticism, scaling and swinging from the framework of the stage. After dropping some 15 feet and not breaking his neck, he swings Tarzan-like from a mic chord strung over a beam. The crowd's blood is uh...up as it breaks and he's launched into the crowd creating one of those lasting impression things. Hopefully we'll bare witness to him trying to outdo himself in the near future. If you didn't go this year then don't go next. There were too many people. *Curt Flowers*