

Recipe: Mix a dab of country, a pinch of blues, a teaspoon of grunge, a few heaping cups of aneuous, energetic punk, and the phrenic toot of a bugle.

daya get? Cows—Minneapolis mentia at its finest.

so easy to put songs together," Shannon Selberg explains. "We as well make them fun."

s' compositions are pure

—mael-

s with

gh mo-

um to

you flush your Pearl Jam discs

the toilet. The band has gotten

with every record—from the

power of its 1989 sludgefest,

Has a Tail!, to 1991's crazed

tika to its new gem, the tamer,

imental, tighter-than-bark-on-a-

unning *Stunts*. And live, Cows

ps. If the beautifully intense

g doesn't grab you, the

alish, sometimes violent antics

band members will.

moo revolutions



en you're at our level, there's times you're playing with no ere," says Selberg. "You've got certain yourself. If we stay ained"—which for Cows means Marker tattoos, buck-tooth es, red felt cowboy hats, 33 AA and spitting on the crowd—"the nce will be entertained."

en it's physical enough, it's kind ating," bassist Kevin Rutmanis "Like rough sex. We all unite beautiful brotherhood."

DANIEL FIDLER

Live milkmen.

The Cows,

from left:

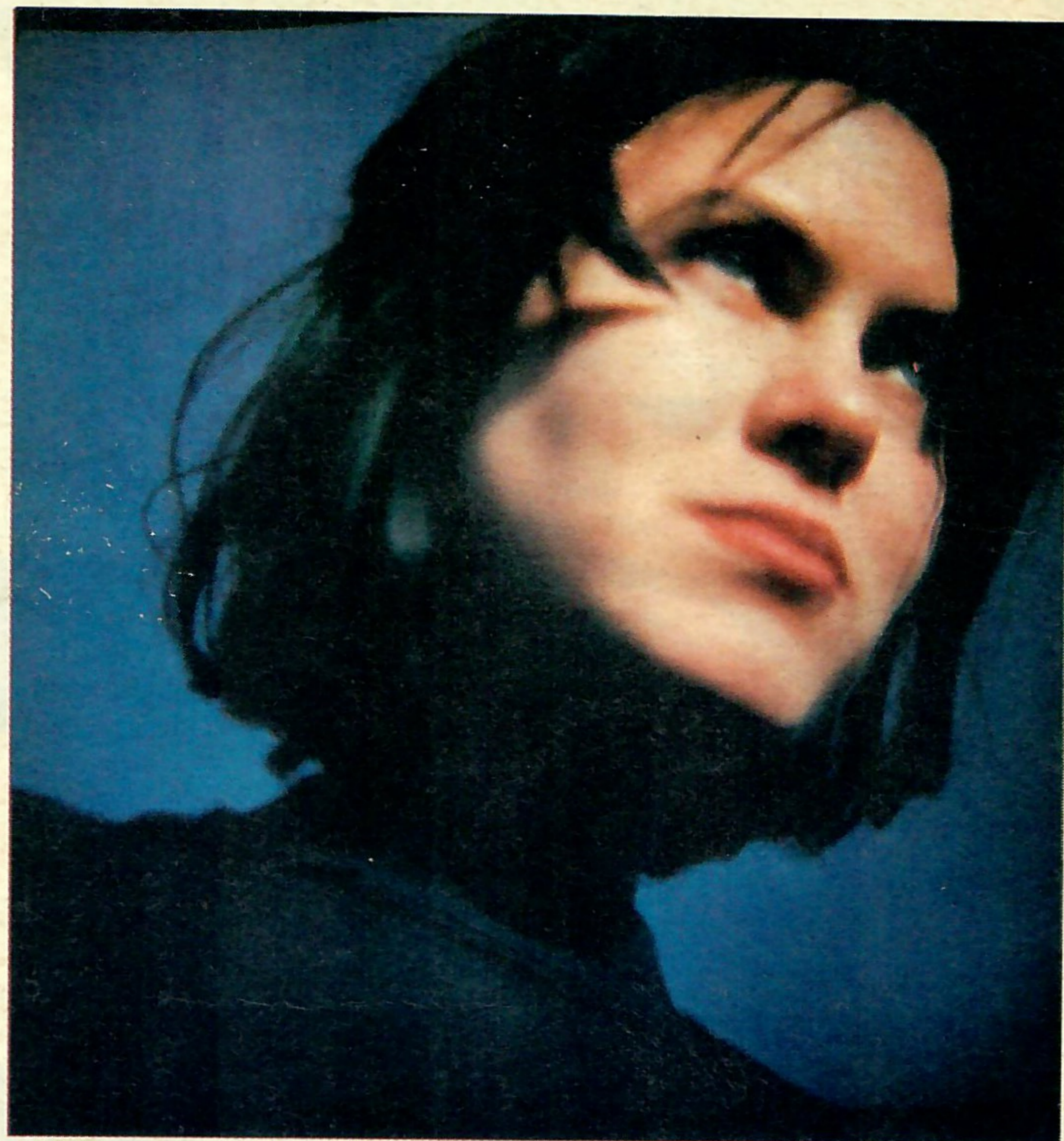
Kevin Rutmanis,

Norm Rogers,

Thor Eisentrager,

and Shannon

Selberg.



The real McCoy, Juliana Hatfield.

Juliana Hatfield is wearing fake eyelashes and a boyish, navy-blue windbreaker zipped all the way up. The first thing she does is blame the eyelashes on the fashion magazine photo shoot she's just finished. "They put these eyelashes on me and had all these clothes they wanted me to try—stuff I'd never wear, like little minidresses. I ended up convincing them I should wear my own clothes."

Although Hatfield has just finished her first solo album (on leave from her role as singer and bassist for Blake Babies), she isn't terribly impressed with herself. When asked if she's happy with *Hey Babe*, she says she's "not real upset about it." And later, she describes herself as "kind of blah."

In fact, after meeting Hatfield, I'm less apt to believe she's being truthful when she chimes "I'm not a loser" in "I See You" than when she sings "I'm ugly with a capital U" in "Ugly." It's clear that Hatfield's self-doubt is more of a reality than sonorous theatricality.

"*Hey Babe*," she admits, "seems like an album motivated by low self-esteem. It's easier for me to make music than to be a good person. You can tell that in my music."

True. The sounds of *Hey Babe* modestly flaunt Hatfield's talent as a songwriter, and her sugar-sweet voice gropes at the lyrics in an act of excruciating self-examination. The songs show an admitted weak spot for the "really sweet harmonies of Wilson Phillips" (whom she insists she "really likes"), with a penchant for the heavier sounds of fellow Bostonians such as Dinosaur Jr. Hatfield wants to head in the direction of the latter, as she does on rougher tracks such as "Nirvana" and "Quit," but she feels that her childlike voice sets limitations.

"The lyrics have to have more substance and the music has to be harder just to counteract my voice. I could fall in the trap of being way too pop because of it."

Talking to this fragile-faced beauty, I can't help but ask if she's scared of getting twisted into something that she's not:

"I can see I'm getting pushed around by people, into situations that aren't natural—like clothes or something. It's just because I don't know what I want. I've got to be strong and figure it out. Once I know, I'll have no problem enforcing it."

Having found her way into a solid solo album and out of a minidress, Juliana Hatfield knows more about what she wants than she realizes.

JUST
SAY
JULIANA

AMY TALKINGTON