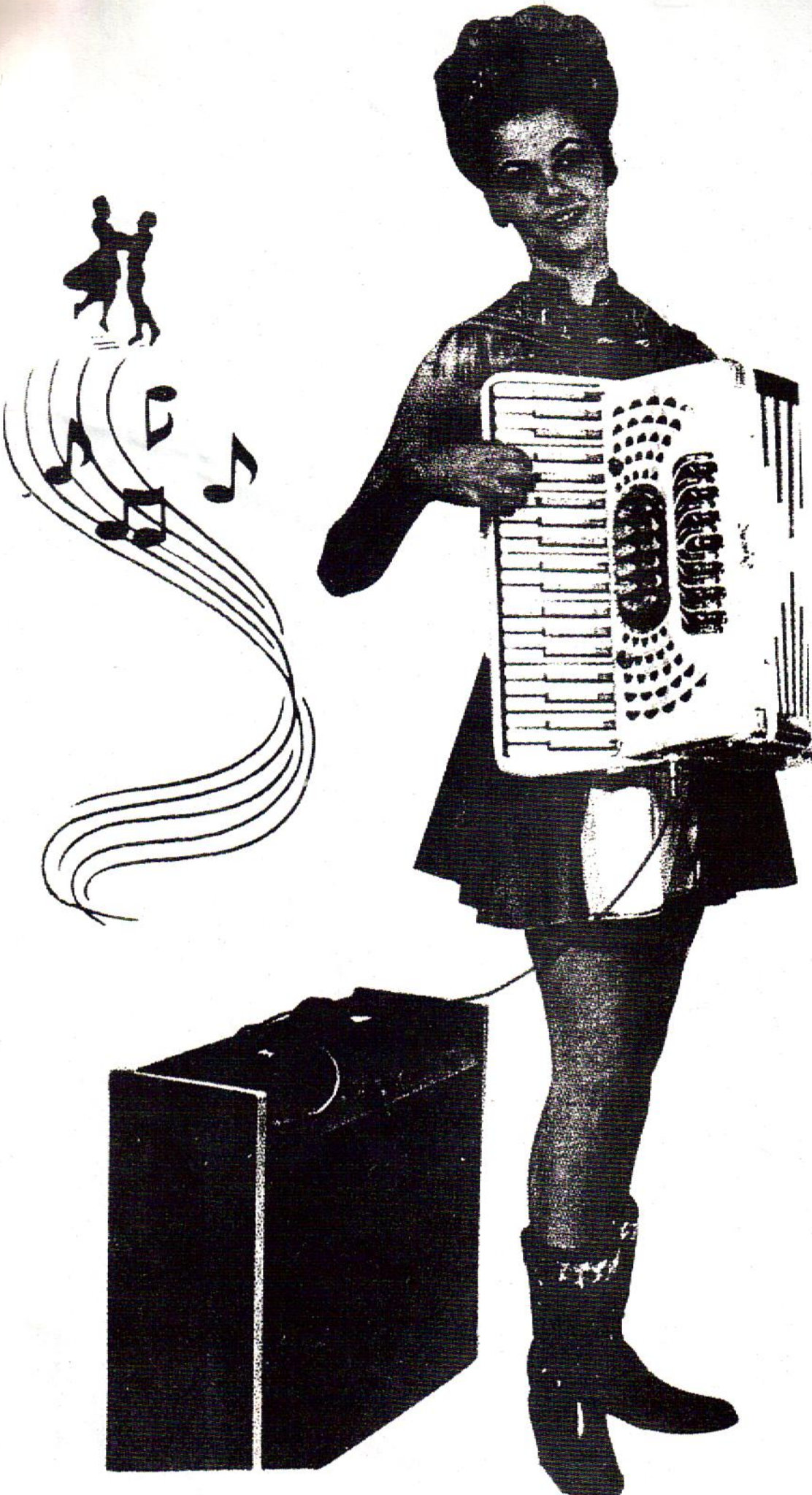


judge nothing



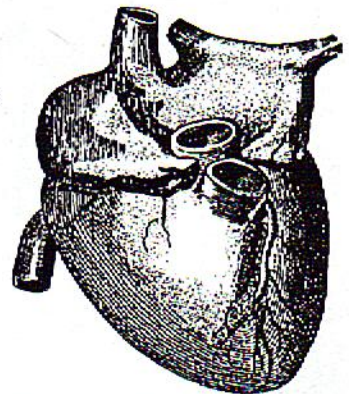
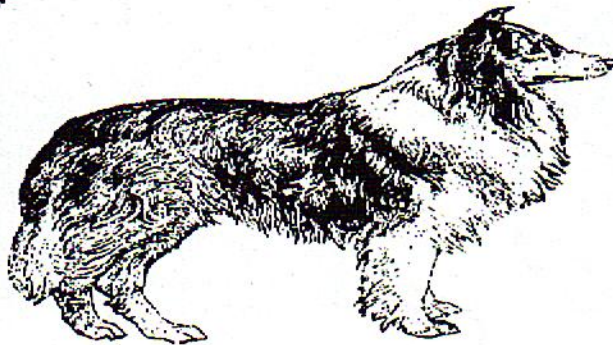
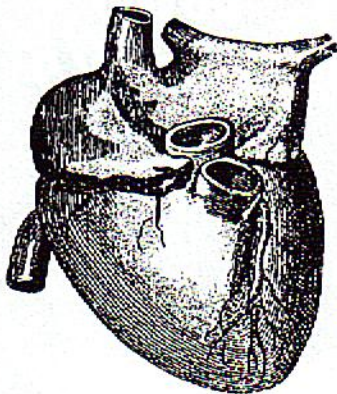
judge nothing

judge nothing consists of a music major graduate, a political science student, and a philosophy major graduate who grew up together in the small town of Alton, Illinois, which has produced such important figures as Robert P. Wadlow (world's tallest man) and Elijah P. Lovejoy (an abolitionist who was also the first man to die for freedom of the press). Doug, Flea, and Andy combined their uncoventional musical tastes and life experiences to form what is known as **judge nothing**. This dedicated power trio is searching for a label, so others may experience **judge nothing**.

While waiting for something to happen (e.g. getting that elusive recording contract) **judge nothing** has recorded a 5-song self-titled cassette, sold and distributed 500 copies of their 14-song cassette entitled "ShoeBob", and released a 4-song 7" single on ScrapDog Records.

In the midst of practicing, touring, and recording, **judge nothing** has opened for Fugazi, The Buck Pets, ALL, 7-SECONDS, The Circle Jerks, The Dead Mikmen, Naked Raygun, Uncle Tupelo, Concrete Blonde, and other nationally touring bands.

In the meantime, **judge nothing** is still waiting for something to happen, something to happen, something to happen, etc...



2717 brown st. alton, il 62002

judge nothing

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

judge nothing- "Shoe Bob" cassette

"Pop punk with an accent on the pop ala HUSKER DU, Descendents, etc. Actually some of the way pop tunes are pretty palatable, although the vocals could stand to be roughened up a bit. Sounds like they could be pretty popular soon."(WG)

judge nothing- Single, ScrapDog Records

"Great tunes. Memorable guitar bits. Pretty tight performance... I like the first side a lot... could be great... FUN!" (LD)

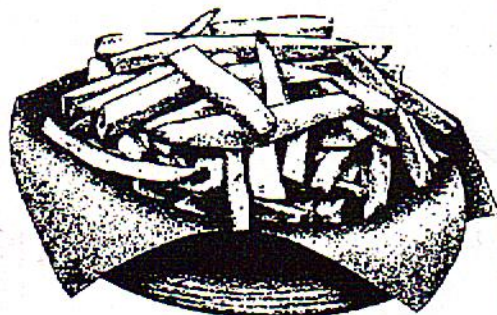
Billboard



GRASS ROUTE

"...Alton, Ill., was previously known as the home of the worlds tallest man, Robert Wadlow, who measured well over 8 feet tall upon his untimely death in the '40s. Judge Nothing is out to change that with "shoeBob," a noisy but nice effort recorded last year in five hours of frenzy."

COLLEGE MUSIC JOURNAL New Music Report



"judge nothing! My son's a supreme court justice! How would you react if a band sent you a tape in the mail that they wanted you to review and the name of the band was judge nothing? First reaction is to just list the name (judge nothing), address (2717 Brown St., Alton, Il) and phone number (618-462-0302) and leave it at that, but that's really taking their point a bit to far, dontcha think? Judge Nothing fills the air with a raw garage barrage that rocks out, with the guitar working its way inside you with a ringing yet inoffensive aftertaste. And they can write and sing pretty well, too. At least their hearts in it all the way, and it shows through this cathchy little five songer. So get the tape and judge for youself."

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judge nothing

SPOTLIGHT

The St. Louis Music and Entertainment Newspaper

ShoeBob

judge nothing

Independent release

Alton, IL



"ShoeBob by judge nothing is the latest installment of the Alton, IL, invasion. First we had an abrasive first strike of the Bishops, now judge nothing follows through with an assault of their own.

Armed with dashes of humor and an appetite for volume, this power trio delivers with quite an impact.

A determined drum beat begins "Loose Wire" on side A. It crawls at a medium tempo while an overdriven guitar throws out a steady riff. The mood suddenly swells into the guts of the song, shifting in and out of a thrashing tempo.

Judge Nothing often uses this surprise approach. Take for example "How Should I Feel," which starts off like a muted Neil Young hammer tune whose brakes have gone out and begins rolling down hill, picking up speed with each beat.

On the flip side, the song "Grind" jets off into thrashland right away before imploding into a soft acoustic instrumental ending. Listening to *ShoeBob* is like walking through a field of wild flowers and stepping on a land mine.

"Watch On" is a great tune with a catchy chord progression and wonderful lyrics: "You know what time it is/You know what time it's going to be/Cause you gotta watch on."

"Bean Dip" also blends humor through lyrics. It consists of a recipe for bean dip highlighted by an R.E.M.-ish harmony in the chorus: "I'm eating right/I'm eating okay/I'm eating what I like."

The last song on the tape can be described as a two-quart-of-beer, three bong hit song. "Spinal Phatt" is a great dose of heavy metal thunder played with tongue in cheek-quaking power chords that swallow a thin lead break, like Bambi meeting Godzilla.

The only problem you may find with *ShoeBob* is the mix. For the most part, the vocals are overpowered by the instruments on a majority of the songs. You may find yourself having to listen to the songs over again to catch some of the words. Then again, that may be the intention - you be the judge. So check out judge nothing's *ShoeBob*. And listen to it a bunch of times."

- Jim Cult

Judge Nothing
"ShoeBob" cassette



Rhythm-tight lazy-core from Illinois. They don't say much but do it real carefully. Normally heavy guitar with bouncin' background bass and cymbals everywhere. A couple songs, "Crowded Down Here" and "Loose Wire" are good and tight, throw you a little bit. It's still pretty padded thrashy r.e.m.-like stuff. Gets funny with "Watch On," "We Fell" and "Bean Dip," making me think they got a big absurd irony sponge to spew remorse and societal discontent down to your toes. Big exception song: "Grind"- strong, fun quasi-instrumental. Full o' spunk. Good tape for a sunday afternoon and margaritas.

-Danny Barber

St. Louis Post Dispatch



"...judge nothing combined elements of both of the two opening groups' styles (The Descendants and Moving Targets) to present an erratic but satisfying set of very melodic punk with Boston-styled guitar explorations."

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judge nothing

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For Info., Call Andy

