

The Mælstrøm Recording Diaries

In the fall of 1986, coming off the international success of "Rock You Like A Tsunami (Would)," MTV darlings Mælstrøm retreated to Cancún to work with producer Bruce Bein hacker on their follow-up single. Sadly, the song was never finished, and the only evidence of its creation is the recording diary kept by singer Brent Levenhagen. Now, after Levenhagen's tragic death from an unpublicized side effect of Rogaine, his estate has granted the *Yale Record* permission to print his journal in edited form.

September 28, 1986

RAWK! Psyched to be back at El Dragonfly Studios with Bruce! Today we start work on "Venus Fly Trap." Felt it was time to showcase sensitive side. On the last night of our European tour, Neil and I stayed up real late, did some blow, and let our emotions flow. Realized we needed to show there was more to Mælstrøm than tight leather pants and music videos filled with hot girls washing our cars. The result was an organic creation that came out of both of us—and something pretty beautiful. Spent most of today preparing creative environment—put up new wallpaper for a few hours, then waited while our roadie J.R. scoured Cancún for banana-flavored incense. Just enough time was left for preliminary sound checks.

Rock on,
Brent Levenhagen

September 29, 1986

Kenny almost had a fit when he found out his floor tom was less than preferred minimum of eighteen inches away from all other instruments and plant life, but thanks to J.R.'s quick thinking, we avoided an episode. And if you thought it was a good idea to put a pregnant marmot in a recording studio prophylactic bla damn hellay, son
veasel



October 3, 1986

Tension flared today. Kenny and Ginsu started to argue about how much flanging should be on the drums. Personally, I agree with Kenny: this song is gonna be emotional, and there's no better way to express the deep feelings of being caught in a Venus Fly Trap than with heavy flange. I guess a dispute was waiting to happen; Kenny's been irritable since his recent stint at the Mexican branch of the Betty Ford clinic. Luckily, J.R. was on the ball again, and calmed them down with some scented candles and Peruvian prayer hash.

Riding the wave,

Brent

Rocktober 13, 1986

Well, it took five goddamn days, but we're finished with Lars's bassline, although he still hasn't told us why J.R. had to bail him out of jail Thursday morning. Kenny guesses it has something to do with his penchant for opium and underage, non-Anglophone hookers, but nobody knows for sure, and Lars ain't talking (he can barely play an open C as it is). As for me, I like my hookers American.

And of age!

Brent

Rocktober 19, 1986

As my lyrical revelations progress, I've realized that "Venus Fly Trap" no longer sufficiently expresses my creative vision. I think "(Baby, You Were Like A) Venus Fly Trap (To My Heart)" is necessary to communicate the pain and heartache I underwent the summer of 1981, when Cindee left me to ride the heels of the Betamax phenomenon and pursue her "acting" career. But Neil thinks that parentheses before and after the main title is too much, and Ginsu wants brackets. Had to remind them who was in control, and things looked pretty grim until J.R. suggested we go to the titty bar down the street (a timeless way to reunite feuding friends).

Love them titties,

Brent

"Tension Today"
Possible title for song about Skirmish in Falklands?

Fly trap
Guy, ~~map~~ Chap
Needs a map
I'm a sap

for your love
gotta get out
yeah.



October 24, 1986

Lead guitar today. J.R. had to rush out to an isolated Aztec village and pay sixty pesos and a bolt of silk for a special stand so that Neil could use both hands to fret guitar while picking strings with teeth. Nothing has the picking power of enamel for a biting guitar solo, as he always says. Seriously, he *always* says that.

Readying the vocal chords,

Brent

Rocktober 27, 1986

Dispute came up again over which letter in our name should be biggest on the cover. On our last album both Ms were biggest, and I'm all for consistency, but Lars - in a rare coherent moment - suggested we make the Ø stand out. He's got a point, since that slash through the Ø really reminds you that that the mælstrøm is a force to be reckoned with, and a bad-ass one at that. But then would we have to leave both Ms the same size as everything else? Or capitalize all of them and make the Ø a little *more* capitalized? It would be easier if the Ø weren't so close to the last M, but we're stuck with it, and it's WAY too late to change our name, or even the order of the letters in it. We'll see what happens.

Caught in the MÆLSTRØM (or Mælstrøm?) of typography,

The Brentster

Now I see our love was nothing in particular
The lines of our lives were running pop-articular
even memories of the ~~sex~~ sex, traditional and vehicular
only remind me of my long box with feshcular
CAA AAAAAA WANCER! x4, guitar solo



Rockvember 2, 1986

Things are dire. Today was chaotic, even for us Maelstrømites. Kenny's been a little touchy about drug use in the studio, since he's still in recovery from his dune buggy accident, and I think he finally had enough of Lars doing lines off his floor tom (guess we now know why it was slightly off-center last month). Anyway, he stormed out of the studio, but not before hurling Neil's double guitar through the control room glass. Fortunately, J.R. leapt in front of Bruce to shield him from the flying shards of Plexiglass, but we were all understandably shaken after that and couldn't record anymore. I up and went to the titty bar for some herbal tea to soothe my nerves and vocal chords. Hopefully things will be back to normal on Monday.

Livin' on a prayer,

Brent

*You attract insects which you then devour
I was deceived by your beautiful flower
I can't stop calling you every half hour
I wish you'd take your shampoo out of my
shower.*

November 5, 1986

It's all over. Foolish to think that we could pull it together: the maelstrøm has disintegrated into scattered showers. Everyone's gone home, but worst of all, J.R., the underappreciated glue that kept this band a-rockin', died from the wounds he sustained in saving Bruce. But even worse than that was that I didn't even get to work my magic, to exorcise myself from the Venus Fly Trap of Cindee's deceitful love and petty inter-band squabbles, and to show the world what true beauty sounds like.

I guess we can always do a reunion tour in a few years.

Love them titties,

Brent

*Amor
gabriela*



*Venus fly trap -
you were nothing more than
a penis sky cap.*

RAWK!