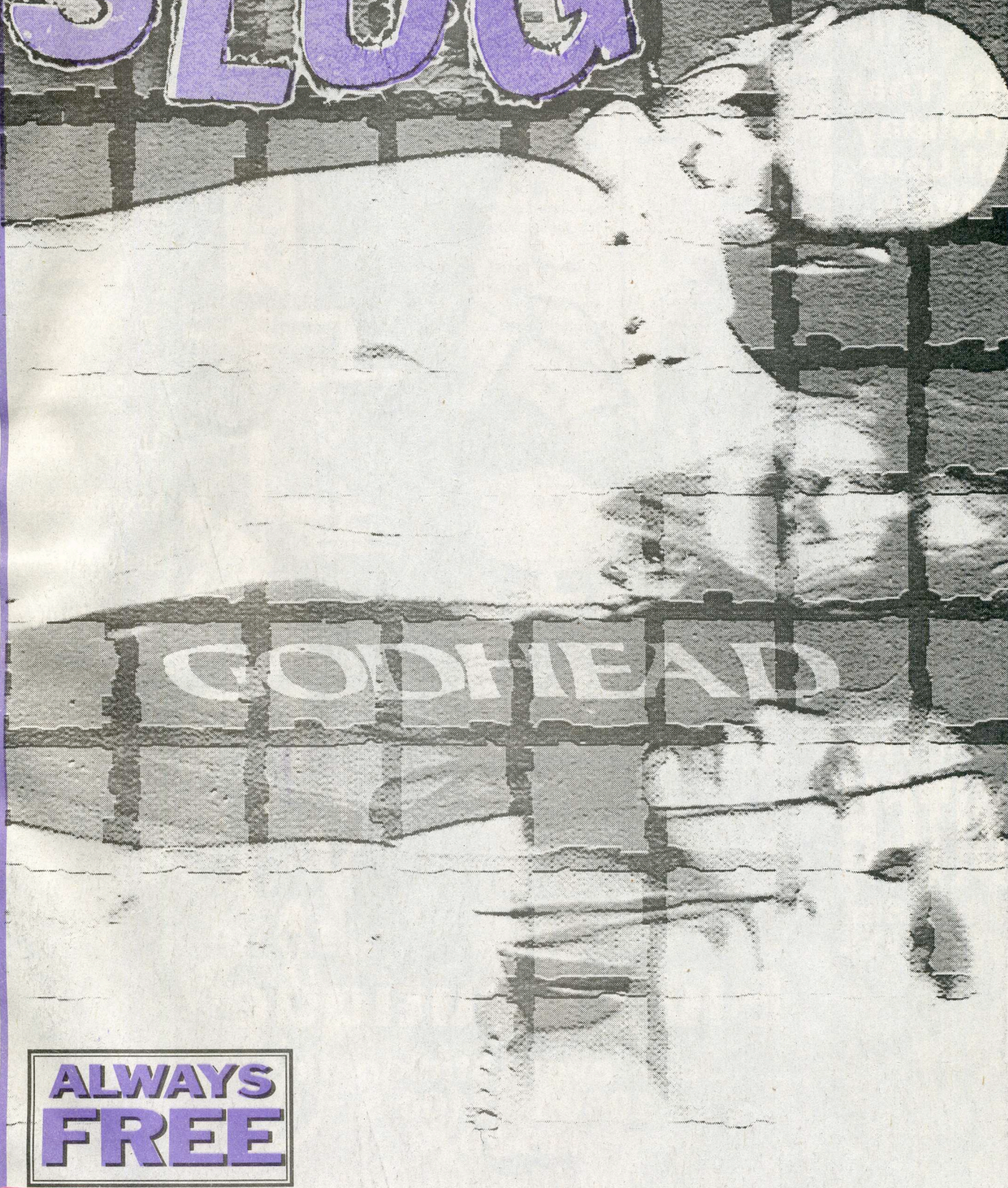


# SLUG



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# SLUG

FEBRUARY 1999  
VOLUME 11 — ISSUE 2 — #122

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NO ONE we did it ourselves.

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**SLUG IS PRINTED BY THE 5TH OF EACH MONTH, THE DEADLINE IS THE 1ST OF EACH MONTH...CAPEESH!**

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From: Lisa Puckett,  
lpuckett@weber.k12.ut.us  
To: dicks@slugmag.com

I'm 17 and I go to a wonderful school full of biggotts (*sp*) and jocks that make me want to hork up my lunch, (as the cheerleaders do). I have short spiked hair and I don't dress accordingly, (*sp*) which for some reason outrages my peers to the most annoying extent. I daydream often of bringing a shotgun to school and simply faking them all out. My dream is extremely far fetched of course, I could never shoot those perky smiles off their scrawny anorexic pathetic bodies, there are far too many of them. My gun would be removed from my ecstatic hands after I killed only a few of them. No, a shotgun would never work. How much are grenades going for these days????

Sick of preppies...

Sincerely,

—the bitch with the gun.

*ED: Lisa, Lisa, Lisa. How many times have we talked about this? You're repressing again. You have to let it go. Remember, cheerleaders are our friends. They're here to help us cheer.*

From: Chester Ward, ward33@yahoo.com  
To: dicks@slugmag.com  
Dear Richardnoggins,

In the Outsight column of January's issue you referred to Sid Vicious as the "original" Sex Pistols bassist. He was the most notorious, but not the original. Glen Matlock, who joined back up with Rotten, Cook & Jones for the '96 tour, was in fact the first. Matlock had been co-writing and playing bass since before the Pistols' "official" live debut in Nov. 1975. Between then and Feb. 1977 when Vicious joined, Matlock had been with the band for all their 45rpm releases and gigs, including the aborted stints on EMI & A&M records, had laid down nearly all of the bass parts for what became "Never Mind The Bollocks..." (Sid can only be heard on a couple of tracks), and participated in the alleged "vomiting at Heathrow airport" and hilarious "You dirty fucker...you fucking rotter" Bill Grundy Show antics.

They sacked Glen because he was too clean, polite, and edumacated to be a Sex Pistol. They needed someone outrageous

to pull off their coup; enter Sid Vicious on Feb. 28 1977. The Pistols disintegrated the on the final date of their US tour, Jan. 14, 1978. All subsequent releases were dredged up from vaults, or made entirely by Malcolm McLaren with Cook & Jones. Sid, for all the publicity he got them, was really in the band for under a year...far less than Matlock.

I don't understand Anne Beverly's (Mama Vicious) beef at the Pistols reuniting without "her Simon", but I'm dying to hear her band Road Rage when the disc comes out! Mama Vicious, who allegedly scored Sid his fatal piece of dope, is probably the only one who knows the truth re: Sid killing Nancy or not.

Anyway, I just wanted to point out a historical faux pas. And you may call me a nit-picking old bastard for doing so...

CHEERS!

—Chester Ward

*ED: You nit-picking old bastard!*

From: AmasukaX@aol.com  
To: dicks@slugmag.com

And now for my unintelligent, vulgar letter. Slug, I have loved your mag ever since it's been put out. I overlooked your insults towards straightedge. I cannot however, turn my head away from the article Ray M. wrote (entitled "MEAT"). I am now boycotting your immature exploits. To those who allowed print of his "shit", FUCK YOU. And a stiff middle finger to Ray M. of S(hit)LUG!!!

—An upset VEGAN

*ED: So let me get this straight. Your "beliefs" don't allow for the possibility that someone else may have an opinion that differs from yours. Your "choice" of what goes in your mouth is yours, but what comes out of someone else's is not theirs. Sounds great, where do I join up?*

From: Scott Jorgensen,  
Scott\_Jorgensen@firstplus.com  
To: dicks@slugmag.com

Dear John,(Forgach)

For starters I've never reponded (*sp*) to a magazine or in thing like this. But after seeing the responce (*sp*) some shit for brains sent I had to reply. I try to pick up

...continued next page...

SLUG

the magazine for William

# dear dickheads... continued

as much as I can read about metal music and our local seen (*sp*) and in so I have found that Slug is at the front for both. It is so refreshing (*sp*) to be able to read about heavy metal in a day and age which looks down upon it. It is so hard to be turned on to another band when so many of the good ones are underground and the ones at the front you know everything about them. I see it too often that metal fans talk so much shit about bands that don't meet their personal taste. Many times they know nothing about them or over look aspects (*sp*) of the band that make them great. Case in point Metallica. All this talk about new and old, come on their not Coke. But they are very talented musicians that are still getting it done u one way or another. I treat heavy metal and our local music seen like a good commercial on t.v. if you don't go buy the product then it won't be around to enjoy. Metal heads lets unite and make our part of the music pie as tasteful as possible. In closing John I tip my black bandana to you for a job well done. Keep it real and make mine Marvel.

—Scott Jorgensen

Dear Dickheads,

Enough already with the Troy/George insider jokes. Once or twice, yeah, it was

cute, if not funny, but give us a break, will ya?

Those were made-up letters to the editor (except for the part about the tea tree oil). I can't believe Slug would knowingly print made-up letters. Couldn't you tell? Didn't you care? Where's your integrity? (Keep your hands off your fly!) The secret's out. The game is over. Those were bogus letters. \* There is no Troy. There is no George. As a matter of fact, this charade has been perpetrated by two women. (They're as female as Helen Wolf is.) That's right, and they've been leading you up the garden path by your balls. (OK, so it feels good, but is it right, is it ethical, is it journalism?) It's some kind of girrrl power joke in their sick minds.

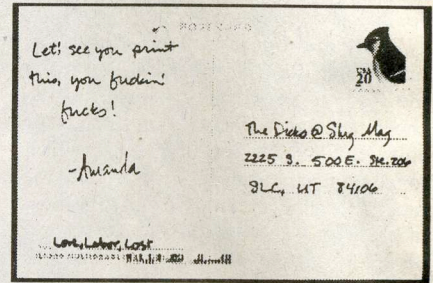
The jig is up. (That's jig not jugs, by the way.) STOP IT RIGHT NOW, ENID AND DEEDEE! Get another hobby. Hey, get a job! (Just stay out of politics. There's enough jokers in the field already, especially here in Utah.)

Fly like an eagle,  
—Gayle

ED: Gayle you ignorant slut. Sorry, that's Jane. All of these letters are made up. Including this one. You see we have sunk so far that we are now having discussions with the people that we have conjured up in our

drug addled little minds. It just goes on and on until somebody writes a letter and tells us to stop. But they never do, so we keep up the charade. In fact the last real letter we got was two years ago. Some Beet farmer from Draper who wanted to know if "The Crue" was really coming to town, or if his "goddamn buddies" were "yankin his chain". We were going to print it and tell him that it was 1997, but we just didn't have the heart.

I hope this helps you out, I mean if you were real and not made up.



ED: OK, we printed it. You weren't by chance talking about the picture on the other side were you? A) We're a little above the 'dare' thing (but just barely) and B) If you want to run an ad, we'll be glad to sell you space. Otherwise if you want to submit some art, you can call us. But don't think we're stupid enough to fall for "let's see you print this".

## SOUNDS LIKE BULL SHIT To Me... a letter from the editor

There has been some talk about how SLUG is talking shit about that little rag Audio Spank. First off, we have better things to do. Well, not really but it sounds cool. Spank is writing things like, "we are still in business, contrary to what some other local mag has said" when the opposite is true. Record companies told us that Spank told them we were out of business.

I then called Mr. "Da Shit" editor and he swore up and down it never happened. Then I told him that it was bullshit that he says they print 10,000 copies, when in fact I KNOW they only print 3,000.

He agreed and told me he was going to take it out. Well, he hasn't, and now they print more crap about us?

Well, Mr. "Da Shit" editor, here's a deal for you. We'll print a copy of our invoice showing our 20,000 run, and you print a copy of yours, stating what you print.

You see I don't think your printer wants to

print an invoice with their name on it that says you are running 10,000 when you still print only 3,000. Are you just lying to us and your readers (if you had any) or are you also lying to your advertisers? Do they know you are charging them for 10,000 and only giving them 3,000? I'm guessing not.

Of course, if I'm wrong (and I'm not) you can very easily prove it.

Next time fuck with somebody your own size... Oh wait, there aren't any other rags your own size.

And as far as your claim that Spank is "putting out the best local music magazine hands down... Enough said"

Don't break your arm patting yourself on the back. We are celebrating our TEN YEAR ANNIVERSARY this weekend. You are celebrating your 5th issue since the last time your magazine folded.

The "losers" at  
Planet SLUG



# Mr. Pink's Video Review

## THE TRUMAN SHOW

Everyone says Jim Carrey can do drama, he's a serious actor, he's not just a funny guy, bla blah blahhh. All I know is everytime I see his face I want to smack him as hard as I can and take his wallet. This movie though is really quite good. The story is good

and yes, even Carrey is good. That doesn't mean I like him. I just like him in this show. Good ending. It happens at the exact right spot.

## RETURN TO PARADISE

What would you do? You go to Malaysia with two of your buddies for a year. When you leave you rent a bike which you trash and you leave a ton of hash with one guy who is staying for a few months longer. Two years later you find out he is still in a foreign prison and he is going to be executed for the bike and the hash... unless you each

serve two years to save his life. Most people will say they would do it, but most people will never half to make a decision like that their entire life, so they really don't know. Vince Vaughn of Swingers fame plays one of the guys faced with the decision. Great show. Will leave you questioning just what the fuck you have to complain about with your easy little life.

## HENRY FOOL

Any hope I had of explaining this movie went out the window right after Parker Posey gets boinked in the early scenes of the movie. You see I love Parker Posey. I love Mary

Elizabeth Mastrantonio, I love Ann Archer, I love the girl in Blink, and I love Parker Posey.

## OUT OF SIGHT

George Clooney is leaving E.R. That is a bunch of bullshit man!

This movie he is a bad guy. But he's so damn good looking, that female cops just can't seem to gather up enough nerve to arrest him.

I know how they feel. I have not done my job before simply because I didn't have the gumption to say no to a hot theif who was breaking into my house. And what's more, the hot theif always wants to stay as close to the attractive cop as possible. You know how it is.

But Royce told me this was a doozy, so I had to give it a shot. He was right, it's a pretty cool show, even with the obvious flaws in the storyline. You end up rooting for Clooney. Just like on ER.

He's the man.

—Mr. Pink

## TRUCE

This could be the best movie of the month, no question. It is a story about two Italian brothers who are released from Auschwitz concentration camp and make their way back to Italy. John Turturro is awesome, and the story, although sad, is really good.

## MEN

There is a movie called "Men" that is about a guy who finds out his wife is having an affair, so he moves out. Then he follows the guy she's sleeping with until he gets to be friends with him. Then, he moves in with him. When his new roommate brings his wife over, he wears a gorilla mask and refuses to talk. It is a great movie. THIS IS NOT THAT MOVIE!! This is a movie with the worst actress alive, Sean Young. She fucks every guy who walks in front of the camera, and takes every opportunity to show her less than average breasts to anyone who will look. Rule #1/ Trying to be sexy is the least sexy thing you can do. Rule #2 / Sean Young couldn't act her way into Bill Clintons bed with a Congressional pardon and a case of cigars.

## RUSH HOUR

This guy Chris Tucker is pretty damn funny, but he is over the top all the time. It's hard to believe him when he's always on 10. I need him on about 7. This is 48 hours revisited with Jackie Chan instead of Nolte, and this Tucker gentleman instead of Murphy. I gave at the office.

## JEZVS RIDES A RIK-SHA

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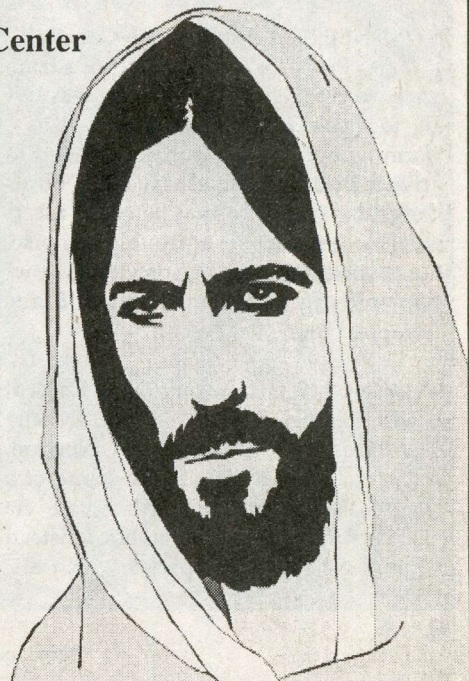
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Once again it is time to start thinking about casting your vote for the 1998 Darwin Award winner! As you may already know, the Darwin Awards are for those nominees who contribute to the gene pool by dying in spectacularly stupid ways before they breed (thankfully).

### THE 1998 NOMINEES ARE:

#### NOMINEE No.1

[San Jose Mercury News]

An unidentified man, using a shotgun like a club to break a former girlfriend's windshield, accidentally shot himself to death when the gun discharged, blowing a hole in his gut.

#### NOMINEE No.2 [Kalamazoo Gazette]

James Burns, 34, (a mechanic) of Alamo Mich., was killed in March as he was trying to repair what police described as a "farm-type truck." Burns got a friend to drive the truck on a highway while Burns hung underneath so that he could ascertain the source of a troubling noise. Burns' clothes caught on something, however and the other man found Burns "wrapped in the drive shaft."

#### NOMINEE No.3 [Hickory Daily Record]

Ken Charles Barker, 47, accidentally shot himself in December in Newton, N.C., when, awakening to the sound of a ringing telephone beside his bed, he reached for the phone but grabbed instead a Smith & Wesson .38 Special, which dis-

charged when he drew it to his ear.

#### NOMINEE No.4 [UPI, Toronto]

Police said a lawyer demonstrating the safety of windows in a downtown Toronto skyscraper crashed through a pane with his shoulder and plunged 24 floors to his death. A police spokesman said Garry Hoy, 39 years of age, fell into the courtyard of the Toronto Dominion Bank Tower early Friday evening as he was explaining the strength of the building's windows to visiting law students. Hoy previously had conducted demonstrations of window strength according to police reports. Peter Lawyers, managing partner of the firm Golden Day Wilson, told the Toronto Sun newspaper that Hoy was "one of the best and brightest members of the 200 man association."

#### NOMINEE No.5

[Bloomberg News Service]

A terrible diet and room with no ventilation are being blamed for the death of a man who was killed by his own gas. There was no mark on his body but an autopsy showed large amounts of methane gas in his system. His diet had consisted primarily of beans and cabbage (and a couple of other things). It was just the right combination of foods. It appears that the man died in his sleep from breathing the poisonous cloud that was hanging over his bed. Had he been outside or had his windows been opened, it wouldn't have been fatal. But the man was shut up in his near airtight bedroom. According to the article, "He was a big man with a huge capacity for creating "this deadly gas." Three of the rescuers got sick and one was hospitalized.

#### NOMINEE No.6

[The News of the Weird.]

Michael Anderson Goldwin made News of the Weird posthumously. He had spent several years awaiting South Carolina's electric chair on a murder conviction before having his sentence reduced to life in prison. While sitting on a metal toilet in his cell and attempting to fix his small TV set, he bit into a wire and was electrocuted.

#### NOMINEE NO.7

["The Indianapolis Star"].

A cigarette lighter may have triggered fatal explosion - Dunkirk, Indiana. A Jay County man using a cigarette lighter to check the barrel of a muzzle-loader was

killed Monday night when the weapon discharged in his face, sheriff's investigators said. Gregory David Prior, 19, died in his parents' rural Dunkirk home about 11:30 p.m. Investigators said Prior was cleaning a .54 caliber muzzleloader that had not been firing properly.

He was using the lighter to look into the barrel when the gunpowder ignited.

#### NOMINEE No.8 [AP, St. Louis]

Robert Pule, 32, was apparently being disorderly in a St. Louis market. When the clerk threatened to call police, Pule grabbed a hot dog, shoved it in his mouth, and walked out without paying for it. Police found him unconscious in front of the store, paramedics removed the six-inch wiener from his throat, where it had choked him to death.

#### NOMINEE No.9 [Unknown]

To poacher Marino Malaga, who shot a stag standing above him on an overhanging rock-and was killed instantly when it fell on him.

#### NOMINEE No.10 [Associated Press, Kincaid, W. VA]

Blasting Cap Explodes in Man's Mouth at Party. A man at a party popped a blasting cap into his mouth and bit down, triggering an explosion that blew off his lips, teeth and tongue, state police said Wednesday. Jerry Stromyer, 24, of Kincaid, bit the blasting cap as a prank during a party late Tuesday night, said Cpl. M.D. Payne. "Another man had it in an aquarium, hooked to a battery, and was trying to explode it," Payne said. "It wouldn't go off" and this guy said, "I'll show you how to set it off."

#### NOMINEE No.11

[Reuters, Mississauga, Ontario.]

A man cleaning a bird feeder on the balcony of his condominium apartment in this Toronto suburb slipped and fell 23 stories to his death. Stefan Macko, 55, was standing on a wheeled chair when the accident occurred, said Inspector D'Arcy Honer of the Peel regional police. "It appears the chair moved and he went over the balcony," Honer said.

#### NOMINEE No.12 [UPI, Portland, OR]

Doctors at Portland's University Hospital said Wednesday, an Oregon man shot through the skull by a hunting arrow is lucky to be alive, and will be released soon from the hospital. Tony Roberts, 25,

lost his right eye during an initiation into a men's rafting club, Mountain Men Anonymous, in Grants Pass, OR. A friend tried to shoot a beer can off his head, but the arrow entered Roberts' right eye. Doctors said had the arrow gone 1 millimeter to the left, a major blood vessel would have cut and Roberts would have died instantly. Neurosurgeon Dr. John Delashaw at the University Hospital in Portland said the arrow went through 8 to 10 inches of brain, with the tip protruding at the rear of his skull, yet somehow managed to miss all major blood vessels. Delashaw also said that if Robert had tried to pull the arrow out he surely would have killed himself. Roberts admitted afterwards that he and his friends had been drinking that afternoon. Said Roberts, "I feel so dumb about this."

**NOMINEE No.13**

[The Calgary Sun, Saturday, December 28, 1996 VANCOUVER (CP)]

A man arguing over a love triangle accidentally shot himself in the groin, taking off his testicles and part of his penis. Police said the man was waving a .357 Magnum revolver around during the shouting match early yesterday. But when he stuffed it back in his pants the gun went off. Police were called to the hospital after a man in his 20s was brought in by friends. Charges are pending against the victim, who is expected to survive.

**AND FINALLY, NOMINEE**

**No.14!!!**

[Arkansas Democrat Gazette]

Two local men were seriously injured when their pickup truck left the road and struck a tree near Cotton Patch on State Highway 38 early Monday morning. Woodruff County deputy

Dovey Snyder reported the accident shortly after midnight Monday. Thurston Poole, 33, of Des Arc and Billy Ray Wallis, 38, of Little Rock are listed in serious condition at Baptist Medical Center. The accident occurred as the two men were returning to Des Arc after a frog gigging trip. On an overcast Sunday night, Poole's pick-up truck headlights malfunctioned. The two men concluded that the headlight fuse on the older model truck had burned out. As a replacement fuse was not available, Wallis noticed that the .22 caliber bullet from his pistol fit perfectly into the fuse box next to the steering wheel column. Upon inserting the bullet, the headlights again began to operate properly and the two men proceeded on east-bound toward the White River bridge. After traveling approximately twenty miles and just before crossing the river, the bullet apparently overheated, discharged and struck Poole in the right testicle. The vehicle swerved sharply to the right exiting the pavement and striking a tree. Poole suffered only minor cuts and abrasions from the accident, but will require surgery to repair the other wound. Wallis sustained a broken clavicle and was treated and released. "Thank God we weren't on that bridge when Thurston shot his dick off or we might both be dead" stated Wallis. "I've been a trooper for ten years in this part of the world, but this is a first for me. I can't believe that those two would admit how this accident happened", said Snyder. Upon being notified of the wreck, Lavinia, Poole's wife asked how many frogs the boys had caught and did anyone get them from the truck.

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# LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEW

Hey, hey, hey! Lotta good shit this month my friends. We've got three (maybe four) CD release parties on the local scene, some in-yo'-face blues, a rescheduled Black Sabbath show, comedy and BASSABALL! (I would just like to say that I do not mean the Jazz. Shitcan the NBA. Who needs it?) Let's get down to business, shall we?

Hopefully everybody caught saxafunkap Maceo Parker at the Zephyr on the 1st. Our fair city should be honored to have had two yeah, two members of Parliament Funkadelic visit in one week. (The first being Bernie Worrell with the Woo Warriors.) If you didn't happen take in Maceo, then I damn sure hope you got yourself a big ol' plate of Tab Benoit's bluesy jambalaya at the Dead Goat that same night.

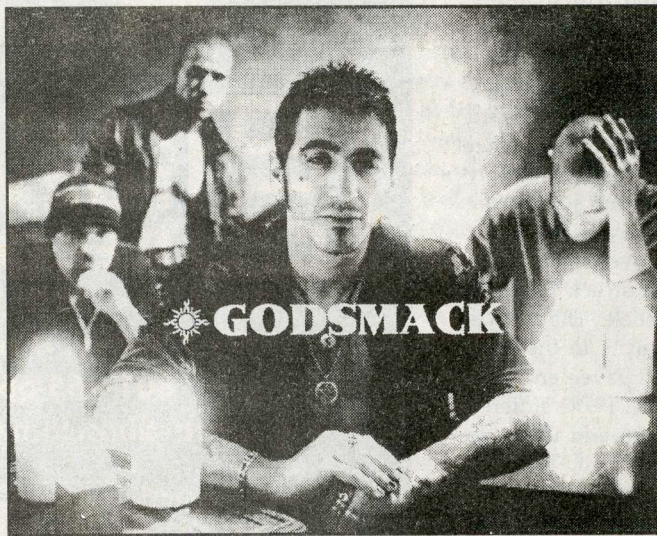
Anybody who laid down their hard-earned green to see the Rolling Stones instead of catching Atomic Deluxe at the Zephyr for five buckaroos (four if you happened to pick up a flyer) should be drawn and quartered. Fuck you. THE STONES ARE NOT WORTH THAT MUCH MONEY! You can spend the same amount of money and see five better shows at our local clubs (well, two if you choose to imbibe). (Sigh.)

Was anyone fortunate enough to wrangle an invite to one of the secret shows up at Sundance? I heard talk that quality entertainment such as John Hiatt and the Nashville Queens, Sheryl Crow and Lee Rocker was provided for the parka wearing, cell phone-toting elitist bastards present. I hope that when they migrated back to wherever they came from that they dropped their barely used winter wear off at the homeless shelter. John Hiatt's music

should never be performed for a closed crowd. His songs should replace elevator music in grocery stores, doctor's offices and, duh, elevators everywhere.

The world would be a better place. At least Lee Rocker ventured down the mountain to heat up the Zephyr on the 29th. Thank you kindly, Mr. Rocker.

I suppose I should do my job and report the upcoming shows for the next thirty days or so. As I said previously, there is some good sheet jete-ing into SLC in this truncated month.



Since this issue of SLUG probably streets on the 5th, may I recommend for your listening pleasure Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues band at the Dead Goat Saloon on this particular night? I understand that Harry Lee blows a damn good harp. Should the blooz not be palatable, please feel free to enjoy Chola at the Zephyr or The Street and Society's Child at the Holy Cow as alternatives. Also on February 5th, the first of the month's three local CD release par-tays will occur. Twistdead Fables will rock Ichabob's on this night and on the 6th. I am sure that they would be happy to take your money in exchange for a little music-laden biscuit. Also on the 6th, Ithaca, New York's Jon Brown's Body will call down Jah at O'Shucks AND, for all of the cheap fuckers reading this column, Slug's tenth anniversary fiesta at the Zephyr will feature Magstactic, Iceburn and Strange Itch for the bargain price of jack shit. Yes,

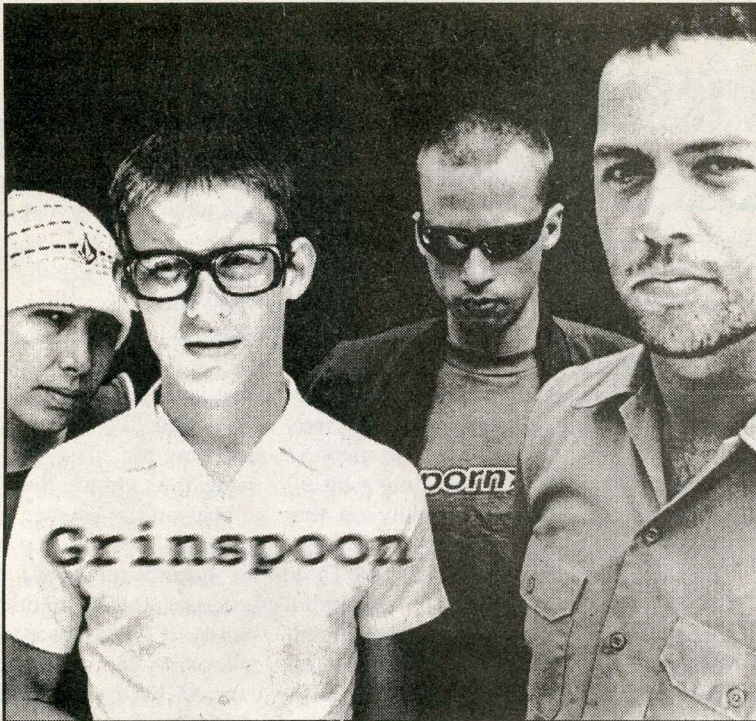
friends it is FREE. Come join in the festivities! Gianni and Troy will be in the dunking booth and the Bestiality Association of Utah has generously lent us their prize Vietnamese pot-bellied pig! Me first! (I AM AN EMPLOYEE!) For the evening of the 7th, members of Trailer Park in their latest incarnation, Wormdrive will fill the Zephyr with metallic joy along with Erosion.

Leading off the next week on Monday the 8th will be The Blue Goat at John Paul Brophy's pearl-in-the-shell Dead Goat Saloon as per usual. The act spotlighted this week (and it is unfortunate that this will not be the live KRCL broadcast for the month) is Shemekia Copeland. A nineteen-year-old from New Jersey, she is being touted as the next Koko Taylor or Etta James. Some are convinced that she will revive the blues in America. You may count me among them. Her disc is called Turn the Heat Up and I would just like to let you know that it is AMAZING. There is nary a shitty tune to be heard.

Shemekia is the daughter of the late Johnny Clyde Copeland, a fine blues guitarist, vocalist and songwriter in his own right. When you purchase the album (and you really should), witness guest guitarist Monster Mike Welch's oh-so-tasteful solo work on Mr. Copeland's song, Ghetto Child. The song is also a prime showcase for Shemekia Copeland's urgent, visceral singing. Slug's managing editor would recommend the sexy industrial death-goth of Godhead at Area 51 on Tuesday the 9th. An alternative would be Carl Denison's Tiny Universe at the Zephyr in case patchouli just won't getcha rocks off.

Almost forgot. Iggy's is reported to have Honest Engine for a possible CD release party on February 9th. Actually, what I hear is that they will be playing tunes from the new effort. Hopefully they will have CDs to sell, but I cannot be certain. If they do, go get one. It has been way, way too long since Combustion. Mo reggae with Pato Banton at the Zephyr on the 10th, and Aqua Net (actually, K-ROCK) sponsors hair metal champion Michael Britton at the Holy Cow as well. I should mention Pulse and Downgrade will be at Ichabob's that same evening. See Highwater Pants at the Zephyr on the 11th, then show up to the Dead Goat on the 12th for Volunteer Kings CD release party. Also on the 12th, local singer/songwriter Shane Jackman will be playing songs from his "love letter to fellow Utahns" Looking West at the University of Utah Fine Arts Auditorium. If you care for James Taylor or Kenny Loggins and

are not adverse to Latter-Day sentimentality, this might be a good choice. Oh, yeah. More reggae. Also on the 12th, Alpha Blondy is on the Zephyr stage. The fourth and final CD release party takes place at the Dead Goat on the 13th. Eurydice is the band. I have yet to have the pleasure of a listen live or recorded but what I hear is positive. For alternatives to this, try the



Zephyr (Rubberneck is scheduled) or patronize Ichabob's, who will have Bonesorrow and Vaudeville. Besides exorbitantly priced flowers, candy, unrealistic expectations and more commonly, loneliness, Valentine's Day has two good ones and a shitter. Acoustic Junction is who I plan to take in. They are going to be at the Zephyr. The other goody is singer/songwriter James McMurtry at The Wooden Dog in Park City. I most definitely would see this man, but my little rice-burner can't do Parley's Canyon. Should you care for hooky choruses and ratted hair, see the Holy Cow for Firehouse. I will grudgingly admit to purchasing their first two discs actually cassettes before finally growing in my musical tastes. I won't piss on this one too much for nostalgic reasons. Imagine the lighters when they play Love of a Lifetime. Especially on Valentine's Day.

Blues wins on Monday the 15th with Little Mike and The Tornados at the Dead Goat. This is because I have no idea what the Dollymops are bringing to the Zephyr that night. Try Second Hand Grace at the Zephyr on the 16th. The following night at the Zephyr will have Caberet Diosa, the same evening the Holy Cow boasts Royal Bliss. Calobo, an Oregon-based band who must care for the Zephyr crowds a great deal will play the first of two nights there on the 18th. Catch them the first night and go see the Menu of bassaball (do they have any original players?), the Harlem Globetrotters, on the 19th. Unless,

of course, you would like to see the Sno-Core tour that night. The lineup is as follows: Everclear, Soul Coughing, Redman and DJ Spooky. Disco Drippers get one night at the Zephyr on two-twenty.

The live KRCL/Blue Goat show for February is AJ Croce. No idea how good it will be. The only other show I am aware of is Billy Thompson at the Zephyr. This all takes place on the 22nd. I suppose I could go both ways on this one. Black Sabbath has rescheduled for the 23rd. The tickets you hold for the original date are still valid. Not sure if there are any left. Tortelvis and Dread Zeppelin will be at the Zephyr that night with Insatiable. I will have to miss Sabbath, because fifty-ish metalheads can't take priority over RastaZeppPresley. Try Mary Tebbs at the Dead Goat, Papa Kega at the Zephyr or Huck Finn at the Cow on the 24th. The Zephyr has Godsmack, Pushmonkey and

Grinspoon on the 25th. Take your pick on the 26th: pulverized produce and jokes with Gallagher at the E Center or the Young Dubliners and the Uninvited at the Zephyr. Should you choose Gallagher that night, you have another chance to see and hear the Young Dubs on the 27th. Elbo Finn and Cartoon Criminal will be at Ichabob's. The final mention of the month goes to the Peach show on the 28th at the Zephyr. Credit this to Laura Dern's nasty little line in Wild at Heart. See the movie.

My apologies to anyone I misled regarding the Ringo Starr show. My information (the SmithTix calendar) was incorrect. I am a sweaty, aromatic asshole. This show will be on March 12th. Concerning the first week of March: the Mother Hips will return to the Zephyr on March 1st, with the Paperboys on the 2nd, possibly God Street Wine on the 3rd or 4th (these last two are also at the Zephyr) and Reverend Reed and the Apostles of Blues at the Dead Goat on Fee-fo that's March 4th. My mouth was full.

Thank you for choosing the Lame Ass Concert Prevuze. Have a great fucking month.

—Randy Harward

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oldschool death metal and all the bone splintering ferocity of grind. Of course, it

# CRASS DISMISSED

—Jeb Branin

is executed flawlessly and has the

unmistakable sound imprint of BENEDICTION who always have the class to make their sound distinctive. Dave Ingram's voice plays a dominating role in the music. He is one of the few extreme vocalists who has the ability to growl with pure depravity yet enunciate every word so that it can be understood. He also shows that he has quite a bit of range on this album, especially on the two cover tunes; JUDAS PRIEST'S "Electric Eye" and TWISTED SISTER'S heaviest tune ever "Destroyer" where he indulges in a more straightforward roar. Listening to him nail the chorus of "Electric Eye" with his voice's pure rage and passion sends a shiver through me. He will be sorely missed by BENEDICTION fans. Hopefully he will resurface in some project or another in spite of his new family commitments which prevent him from touring. In my book you can rank BENEDICTION amongst the pure of heart and intent who dedication to their music and hardcore fans has never wavered ala UNLEASHED and

also uses the name) are renowned (especially by me) for their noisy and mutated sound. One of the things I like best about them is their never ending metamorphosis. While not losing the distorted complexion that has defined them since the early days they still manage to incorporate new ideas into almost every one of the releases. This one is no different. This time they take their massive wall of noise and deliver it at a pace that would give the Japan's fastcore bands a run for their money. Not all the time mind you, they just flirt with it and, yes, they still have their FLIPPER-esque churning and gnashing too. They play with the speed using it as yet another weapon brought to bear on the listener from their arsenal of sound. On the flip side ANB release the hounds of hyper core once again. Listening to this band is like trying to stand up to the floods resulting from a collapsing dam. Instead of water, however, ANB drown you in sound and fury. Musically this is closer to their work on their "Honky Reduction" MCD than on their split LP with CATTLEPRESS. Not that it matters. ANB have yet to disappoint. (Bad Card 48 Rue Du Potager, 91270 Vigneux-sur-Seine, France)

"I don't want my album coming out with a G rating. Nobody would buy it."

—Donny Osmond

## BENEDICTION Grind Bastard CD

The mighty BENEDICTION is back and in top form on "Grind Bastard." After a slightly disappointing showing on 1995's "The Dreams You Dread" followed by an almost three year recording hiatus this was one of the underground's most anticipated releases. It was worth the wait. BENEDICTION have taken the crushing death metal of their early releases and the more direct and stripped down approach of "The Dreams You Dread" and merged them. Onto that framework they have overlaid a fiery new sound heavily influenced by later era E.N.T. / NAPALM style grindcore. The result is the most punishing release of their career. It has all the brutality of

## TERVEET KADET The Ultimate Pain CD

So it must be official by now that TERVEET KADET are cult legends. They have been around about a week shy of forever and they still know how to kick it out. "The Ultimate Pain" is another piledriving recording for a band that rarely disappoints. They have mutated through various personas over the years but what it always boils down to is that they know how to write great songs. This is one of their heaviest recordings with their metal influences really shining through the cracks of the thick pounding hardcore. In fact, "Pain Ideology" is the most massive and ferocious track I have ever heard from TERVEET KADET. It fluctuates between flailing speed and a sluggish crawl with dark sinister overtones throughout. A most impressive display. This disc has the depth and class to offer something new each time I put it on. And, of course, it provides a kick in the teeth each time. "The Ultimate Pain" has been picked up for distro in the USA so hopefully it'll get the attention on this side of the pond it so richly deserves.

MOTORHEAD. Anybody who denigrates this album has no taste and anyone who doesn't buy it is cheating themselves. (Nuclear Blast HauptsraBe 109, 73072 Donzdorf, Germany)

GOB / AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED Split 7"

GOB and AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED are two of the most powerful bands plying their trade in the sulphur spewing depths of the underground that caters to extreme hardcore. GOB (the original from Reno, not the Canadian band who



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**DICHOTIC**  
Collapse Into Despair  
CD

This is the kind of music that sends most people screaming and crying to their mommies. DICHOTIC are as apt to disembowel you with their music as entertain you. Pure, pile driving, grind you to dust, rip off your flesh death metal. They have managed to combine all kinds of death influences into one extremely tight package. The how-low-can-you-go breed of ultra death is reflected in the vocals - pure sickness. Brutal and technical death ala the more prominent American bands checks in with the grinding guitar work and the hyper kinetic pace. The melodic death of Europe's finest is represented by the intelligent and attention grabbing arrangements. Even the progressive death elements of the CYNIC breed are encompassed in some really fascinating bass effects and intricate arrangements. Being a Canadian band, the Canadian death influence of kicking butt by being better than most is also here. One of my favorite aspects of "Collapse Into Despair" is the fact that each time I have put it on I get a different vibe from the album. One might think with so much going on in the music that it might lose focus or get sloppy. Not at all. The production is solid but I can't even imagine the wall of sound these guys could lay down if graced with a huge recording allowance. It boggles the mind. (Discorporate Music 2476 Robie Street, #8 Halifax, Nova Scotia Canada B3K 4 409-1111)

<http://home.istar.ca/~disc>  
m or Lost in the Fog Records  
POB 48061 Bedford,ns b4a  
3z2 Canada)

**DOPPLEGANGER**  
Meet Your Evil Twin  
CD

With the slutty artwork on this CD I must admit that I put it in my stereo with some definite preconceived notions. I know "never judge a book by its cover" but this cover is so stupid and cheesy that it is just screaming for controversy and attention, thus encouraging people to take the easy way out and either embrace or reject this disc on the merits (or lack thereof) of the cover photo instead of the music. Sadly there is nothing in the music that is impressive enough to change my skeptical opinion of DOPPLEGANGER. Although I recognize the oxymoron this band plays a "polished garage" sound. Simple rock beats embellished with a huge sound consisting of sweeping, although boring, melodies. The music falls victim to its own attempt to be better than the sum of its parts. That is until track #9 "Throwing Stones" which for some reason has a much rawer production than most of the other tunes on the disc and forgoes the extra flavorings in favor of a stripped down sound that really works well. The same is true of track #11 "Mad Sky" which also has a more visceral production and incorporates an organ that gives it a real grimy and psychedelic edge that I quite like. This full length would have made a great single, sad but true. (Radio Mafia Records POB 2584 Toluca, CA 91610 or <http://www.radiomafia.com>)

# INTER OFFICE MEMORANDUM

**From: Bill Gates**  
**To: All Microsoft Employees**  
**SUBJECT: Y2K**  
**Millennia Year Application Software System / M.Y.A.S.S.**

This memo is to announce the development of a new software system which will be Year 2000 compliant. This program is known as "Millennia Year Application Software System" (MYASS). Next Monday there will be a meeting in which I will show MYASS to everyone.

We will hold demonstrations throughout the month so that all employees will have an opportunity to get a good look at MYASS. We have not addressed networking aspects yet, so currently only one person at a time can use MYASS. This restriction will be removed after MYASS expands.

Some employees have begun using the program already. This morning I walked into a subordinate's office and was not surprised to find that he had his nose buried in MYASS.

Some of the less technical people may be somewhat afraid of MYASS. Last week my secretary said to me, "I'm a little nervous, I never put anything in MYASS before." I helped her through the first time and afterward she admitted that it was relatively painless and she was actually looking forward to doing it again, and was even ready to kiss MYASS.

There have been concerns over the virus that was found in MYASS upon initial installation, but the virus has been eliminated and we were able to save MYASS. In the future, however, protection will be required prior to entering MYASS.

This database will encompass all information associated with the business. As you begin using the program, feel free to put anything you want in MYASS.

As MYASS grows larger, we envision a time when it will be commonplace for a supervisor to hand work to an employee and say, "Here, stick this in MYASS."

It will be a great day when we need data quickly and our employees can respond,

"Here it is, I just pulled it out of MYASS."

**Godhead** is a band of underground heroes in our hormonally challenged capital, Washington D.C. Made up of four members that live in the Baltimore and D.C. area, Jason Miller, the Method, Mike Miller and James O'Conner. They play a rather unique blend of goth and industrial and rock 'n' roll. On their fourth album, *Power Tool Stigmata*, they take us to a new level in industrial music, a level that is better written and executed than most of the 'goth' or 'industrial' music around right now.

Originally they were known as Blind, but on a tour of Europe a few years back, they found that there already was a band with that moniker and had to change their identity. The original drummer hated the name Godhead because he was afraid everyone would think it was a Christian band. After James became the new drummer and Mike stopped being a guitar tech for other bands, he was free to join and they became Godhead.

The band has many musical influences—Jason loves jungle beats but grew up on Beatles and David Bowie. He also really loved Kiss for their showmanship. He also cites Skinny Puppy, the Cure and Bauhaus as influences. The Method loves the synth-pop sounds of Depeche Mode and Mike is a huge Ozzy and Black Sabbath fan. James got most of his musical influence from Pink Floyd.

With these influences, they have created their own goth-industrial band, but with an original twist. They like to flood your senses with pain and melancholic emotion, creating a very cathartic show if you watch them live. I saw them a couple of months back at the Camarilla Convention at the Hilton. They have an excellent stage presence, especially Jason, who does his makeup in such a way that he resembles Nosferatu, but has a very sexual and eerie stage presence. He has been told he brings out the 'necrophiliac' in a lot of people. After watching him live, I understood.

Their latest album has been out for a while now, and they don't have plans to release another full-length until next

year. But, this year they said to expect an EP with remixes and possibly some new songs co-written by one of the members of Jack Off Jill (who use to be Daisy Berkowitz of Marilyn Manson). They are hoping to have remixes from some of the more elite remixers, but because of money constraints, they don't think this will happen. But, they still expect to get some of D.C.'s local DJ talent to do some of the mixes for this pro-



ect. This EP should be out before summer and then they will start recording the next full-length at the end of the summer.

In the meantime, other projects include some work with Troma filmmaker, Lloyd Kaufman. Troma films are responsible for the 'classics' "The Toxic Avenger" and "Tromeo and Juliet." They will definitely be on the soundtrack for his next film contributing their version of "Amazing Grace." Lloyd Kaufman will also be doing a video for the band for their song "Bleed." In the meantime, until they have their 15 minutes of fame, the members of the band do time in other music-related jobs. Jason spends some of his time doing stu-

dio vocal work. He also regularly sings the National Anthem at NHL and NBA games. He wears a slightly different stage outfit for this. The Method and Mike Miller are currently doing a soundtrack for a video game called "Road Wars." This soundtrack doesn't sound much like Godhead. They describe it as Joe Satriani-style guitar rock. If this video is a success, they will likely do more soundtracks for video games in the

near future, only Godhead style.

On *Power Tool Stigmata*, the band definitely speaks to the tormented souls of the world. This one was produced by Richard

Gottcher, formerly a producer for Blondie and the Go-Go's.

On the lead single, "Bleed," Jason sings to a lover who will ultimately destroy him... "you can't find it, and so you blame me for it all...and choose another."

On "Lies," which is the most instantly memorable track on the album, he's getting fucked by friends. He tells them to "remember what you did to me? For you know I won't forget."

"Laura's Theme" is a dark and disturbing instrumental.

"Headache Symphony" is another dark instrumental with a cameo appearance by Darth Vader. "Pride" could neatly fit into Rock 103's format.

You can find their current album as well as the previous, "Nothingness" at most of your local record stores. For albums besides those, you'll probably

have to go to some of the places that carry imports. Perhaps that fine young man George at Salt City would help you find some more Godhead stuff.

As for future projects, Reeves Gabrels of David Bowie's Tin Machine will be the producer of their next album. Daisy Berkowitz should be on that one, too.

These guys have opened for the Misfits, GWAR, Monster Magnet and Motorhead. But, you can see them headlining right here at Area 51 in SLC on February 9th. Beloved locals Daughters of the Nile will open the show.

Be there!!!

—T.R.

# 17

THINGS TO SAY WHEN YOU NEED TO BREAK UP AND REALLY MAKE IT LAST

More helpful advice from someone with way too much time on their hands.

We've all been there before, sitting face to face with someone we thought we might have grown to love, but alas, hate and resentment has replaced any good feelings you might have at one time felt for this person. Or maybe you're being pestered by someone, who

you crossed that line with after drinking far too much one evening, and need a way to put an end to all that. So I've put together a list of things to say when you need to break up and really make it last.

1. I thought we were just friends. (Then act surprised that they didn't)
2. I know that this sounds cliché, but.... I'm gay.
3. I'm really into pornography. (I've had this one used on me and boy did I stay away!)
4. It's really making me look bad to be seen with you.
5. My parents won't let me have a boyfriend right now. (This works best if you're over the age of twenty)
6. I'm a Mormon.
7. I believe in God.
8. We'd better not see each other anymore, my boyfriend / girlfriend is really starting to get pissed off.
9. I have herpes... Didn't I tell you?
10. Alright, it's been two weeks, it's time to move on.
11. Scream "I JUST DON'T FUCKING LIKE YOU" then calmly, "Can we still be friends?"
12. Can you hide my stash of heroine for me?
13. I need someone with a nicer car.
14. I would really like to still see you, but I would also like to have sex with other people too. Would that be OK?
15. What would it take, for me, to get you to leave and never ever come back? What do I have to do to make that dream a reality?
16. Just have your friends tell them for you, like you used to in grade school and junior high.
17. I think you'd better leave now.

Maybe these seem harsh, but really.. who cares? I mean this is someone you really donut want in your life anyway, so fuck them. Plus if you use these you and your friends can have a good post dump laugh at their expense.

Thanks for reading, take it easy and just remember, you're better than everybody else.

—Elizabeth Hanna

# Man cannot live on beer alone.



*(actually man can, but for Chrissake feed your girlfriend)*

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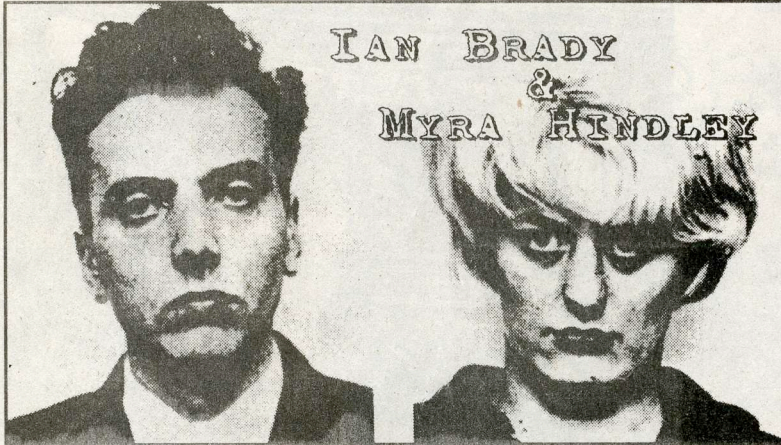
SLUG

the magazine for sluts like Ally McBeal

# SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

All right here we go kiddies. In an effort to help commemorate the holiday made famous by Hallmark and Capone. We'll

piece would be Myra Hindley. Myra Hindley grew up in a middle class home. Had an above average life and was a devout



highlight one of the few killer couples known in history (i.e. they both took part, not one person doing the killing and the other turning a blind eye.) The two lovebirds Ian Brady and Myra Hindley murdered at least three children in England between the summers of 1963 and 1965. You might be thinking to yourself only three? Damn it I expected more from my serial killers. (We all do). The reason they were chosen was the grisly nature of the crimes so lets take it from the start.

Ian Brady grew up in a tough blue-collar slum in Glasgow, England and started having run ins with the law at the early age of 13. His sadistic tendencies also showed up early on. Ian liked to dig small holes and throw in live animals and then seal the opening with a stone so he could see how long it took for the animal to die of starvation. He also acquired the nickname "Dracula" because of all the time he spent at gore flicks. In his early twenties he acquired a love for Hitler and the Marquis DeSade. He collected Nazi paraphernalia of all shapes and sizes. He also started fantasizing and indulging in sadistic dreams but the puzzle was not complete. The missing

Roman Catholic. Myra showed no signs of deviancy until after high school. Myra got a job as a secretary at a local chemical company. It would be there that she would meet Ian Brady.

Their "Romance" however did not start right away. It was almost a year before they went out on a date. The entire time Myra wrote often of Ian in her journal "Ian looked at me today... He smiled at me today... The pig... He didn't look at me... He ignored me today... I wonder if he'll ever take me out.. I almost got a smile out of him today... Ian wore a black shirt and looked smashing... He is a loud mouthed pig... I love him."

Then shortly before Christmas of 1961, she was able to record: "Eureka! today we have our first date. We are going to the cinema." The movie Ian took her to see was "Trial at November," a movie that dealt with Nazi atrocities.

It couldn't be a better preview of what Ian had in mind at what was to come. Shortly after, her obedience to Ian turned into complete emotional submission. Posing for a pornographic picture regalia complete with Jack boots she enjoyed pleasing her fuhrer.

Ian's pet name for Myra was "Myra Hess" in homage to one of his favorite Nazis Rudolph Hess, Ian also loved to think of Myra as Irma Grese, the notorious female guard at Bolsen Concentration Camp who delighted in torturing prisoners to death.

The relationship to this point seems tame as to what would come to be. For a few years in the mid sixties the lovebirds killed at least 3 children, ranging in age from 10 - 16. On most occasions it was Myra who lured the victim into her car. How much Myra was involved in the actual murder has become a subject of debate. Ian seems to be the more involved of the two. On occasions after burying the corpse they would take turns posing for pictures of the freshly dug grave and then they would usually have a picnic on or close to the

graveside. The last murder proved to be their downfall when Ian tried unsuccessfully at recruiting Daniel Smith his brother-in-law in the blood lust carnival. David was invited by Myra to come over and drink wine when he arrived Ian already had Edward Evens in the back room. What follows is straight from the court transcript to you.

*"A minute or so later I heard a hell of a scream", Myra started shouting at Dave to help him. I grabbed a stick, I ran from the kitchen into the living room. What I saw made me freeze. My first thought were that Ian had a hold of a life size rag doll and was just waiving it about. The arms were going all over. Then it dawned on me that it was not a rag doll. It fell against the couch not more than two feet away from me. My stomach turned over. It was half screaming and half groaning. The lad was laid out on his front and Ian lifted the ax over his head and brought it down upon the lads head. There were a couple of seconds of silence and the lad groaned again only very much lower. Ian lifted the ax way above his head and again brought it down. The lad stopped groaning then. He was*

*making a gurgling noise like when you brush your teeth and gargle with water. Ian placed a cover over his head. He had a piece of electric wire and he wrapped it around the lad's neck and began to pull it and he was saying "You fucking dirty bastard", over and over again. The lad just stopped making the noise and Ian looked up and said to Myra; "That's the messiest yet!"*

When Smith finished his testimony it almost assured the young couples fate, but the trial was not over and the most damaging evidence had not even been revealed. It would come in the form of an audio cassette. It was the recording of the torture and murder of 10 year old Lesley Downey. Before the tape could be played cops surrounded Ian and Myra to protect them from the spectators. It was the screams punctuating the which turned most peoples stomach's and then there was Lesley's voice, shrill with panic and fear as she begged, whispered and shouted "Please God help me!... Can I just tell you Summat? I must tell you Summat. Please take your hands off me a minute. Please I can't breathe... What are you going to do to me?... Don't undress me will you?... it hurts me. I want to see mummy honest to God... I have to be home by eight o'clock... to I'll get killed if don't honest to God. It hurts my neck." The most disturbing section of the tape came towards the end when a radio was turned on and "The little drummer boy" was played a backdrop for the young girls pleading screams. The evidence of the recording was more monstrous even than the pornographic photographs Ian had taken of young Lesley showing her naked and with a scarf over her mouth posing obscenely in the shoddily furnished bedroom. Shortly after the closing arguments where read the all male jury deliberated just over two hours to bring a guilty verdict. Ian Brady was sentenced to three life sentences. Myra got off easy with just two. So kids there you have it a little something to make your hear warm this Valentines day.

—Kent Clark

# How to Succeed in Work, Life, and Love

by Phil Jacobsen

Bitch!

Bitch, "Bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch." Bitch bitch bitch bitch, bitch bitch bitch bitch, and bitch bitch bitch bitch.

The world is my oyster, you bitch, now give me the pearls.

Bitch & Bitch. Abercrombe and Bitch. Johnson and Bitch.

Starsky and Bitch. My Three Bitches. 2002 Olymbitch.

Bebitched. Bitchy and Cher. Share and share a bitch. Donny and Bitch. I'm a little bit rock and roll. I'm a little bit of a bitch.

Bitch. . . etc.

Bitch. . . etc.

Drink lots of Coffee. Hook up a caffeine IV and bitch, bitch

bitch, and, come to think of it, bitch. Quit smoking.

Start smoking. But don't stop bitching.

Bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch

bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch bitch.

Excuse me-I digress. Wait, bitch, no I didn't. Bitch.

Biiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitch! Look busy. Bitch, bitch, bitch. Kiss Ass.

Let the bitching commence. Bitch. Bitch. Bitch.

Who me? Couldn't be. Says who? Says me. You bitch.

Shave and a haircut-Bitch! Bitch!

Then the man says to me, "Chicken Soup." And I say, "Your wife

is (pause) a (dramatic pause) BITCH! (Accented "CH" like a

stuttering Ch-Ch-Ch-Choo-Choo-Train)." Bitch (bitch-ha). He

then says, "I know you are the father of my wife's baby." And I

say, "I was in France nine months ago." Then he says, "The baby

is two months premature." And I say, "Bitch!"

Bitch slapped by the man. Son of a bitch. Indeed.

When the going gets tough-the tough go bitching.

Hctib, for the dyslexic.

Call in Sick until "THEY" are sick of you calling in sick.

Oh yeah, don't forget to bitch.

How shall I say-Bitch Even More. Bitch; bitch; bitch. Photocopy

your Face and your Ass-can your boss tell them apart? Bitch?

Add one minute to your lunch hour every week, in a year, your

lunch hour is two hours. When your clock watching co-workers

begin to notice your extended gastronomical siesta, it is fair time

to call them all bitches.

Quit bitching and ask for a raise. If you got the raise-the bitches

should have given you more. If you didn't get the raise, bitch.

Bitch. Bitch. Bitch. Bitch. Either way, I have an inkling, you are

licensed to bitch.

Question Authority-Then pack up your desk and look for another

bitch of a job. And a one, and a two, and a bitch bitch bitch. This

little bitch had roast beef. This little bitch got none. And this little

bitch went bitch bitch bitch all the way home.

Give me a B. Give me an I. Give me T, C, H. Bitch. Bi-TCH.

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*Published, somewhere, monthly since July 1991.*

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*The Outsight web site is  
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Email Outsight at [outsight@usa.net](mailto:outsight@usa.net)*

## ZAPPA LIKE IT'S 1999

Barfko-Swill, the record label of the Frank Zappa family, is announcing 1999 as the year of the beginning of the release of the remaining Frank Zappa Masters." Previous difficulties now resolved prevented Barfko-Swill from releasing anything other than CIVILIZATION PHASE III and FRANK ZAPPA PLAYS THE MUSIC OF FRANK ZAPPA, A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE. Now scheduled are: Everything Is Healing Nicely, The Petite Wazoo, Dance Me This, Trance-Fusion and The Music Of Edgard Varese: The Rage And The Fury.

## REVIEWS

**A. A. Milne/Peter Dennis**

**CLASSIC AUDIO COLLECTION OF A. A. MILNE'S UNABRIDGED ORIGINAL WINNIE-THE-POOH / K-Tel**

Handsomely packaged in gold-letter leatherette cases, two 4-CD sets make up this complete audio presentation of Milne's classic tales. British actor Peter Dennis reads the works word-for-word, performing all the voices. Dennis is especially close to this material, being the only performed the right by the Pooh Trustees to present the works from the stage, which he has done since 1976. The real-life Christopher Robin, Christopher Robin

Milne, has called Dennis Pooh's "Ambassador." The Ambassador delivers the material in a setting of forest sounds suitable for a 100-Acre-Wood and whimsical

music during transitions. Set 1 contains WINNIE-THE-POOH over three discs and the fourth disc is the poetry collection WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG. Similarly, the book THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER takes up three discs of Set 2, with the fourth given over to the poetry of NOW WE ARE SIX. Each Set contains a 24-page booklet written by Dennis and covering the content of each CD. Also, each booklet contains biographies on Pooh, Milne, Christopher Robin, Pooh illustrator Shepard and Dennis himself. All together a delightful package to enliven the tales for young ears and revisit the clumsy adventures of this unforgettable bear and his friends, Eeyore, Piglet and more. (4)

**M.J. Harris and Martin Bates**

**MURDER BALLADS (THE COMPLETE COLLECTION)**

**Invisible Records**

MURDER BALLADS is a three-CD set reissuing the trilogy of DRIFT, PASSAGES and INCEST SONGS previously put out by Harris (Scorn) and Bates (Eyeless in Gaza). The three albums naturally belong together for their highly stylized content. Each one is a set of original compositions inspired by and closely following the patterns of the West European/American folk murder ballad.

While gory stories on the TV news may seem to indicate a dark curiosity panderable to in contemporary man, Harris and Bates' work reminds us that such stories have always found an audience and gained life in frequent retelling. Mick Harris provides the forlorn, desolate soundscapes that have caused this music to be termed "isolationist," or even "post-isolationist." These attenuated pieces average about twenty minutes apiece. Over this cold, abandoned synthesizer soundscape Bates intones a morbid, chilling blue-eyed soul of syllables stretched out a gallows' length. The combination of this sanguine poetry and chilling ambient darkwave is intensely fascinating to the point of being disturbing. Harris and Bates deserve high praise for so totally incorporating this blood-drenched footnote on music history as to create such a worth body of work to add to and continue the murderous game. The set, in an understated gold and black packaging, includes fittingly antique artwork and complete lyrics. (5)

**Pigface**

**EAT SHIT YOU FUCKING REDNECK**

**Invisible Records**

"I saw the best minds of my generation

caught up in the virtual reality of living & swaying robotically to non-existent rhythms, flashing memberships at clubs so exclusive nobody belongs." Thus intones neo-beatnik Meg Lee Chin in "Nutopia" on Pigface's EAT SHIT. Cool enough to separate themselves from what's hip and rocking hard enough to scoff at monophonic electronica, EAT SHIT follows Ministry's IN CASE YOU DIDN'T live album as the new edition defining, formalizing, contemporarizing picture of how a modern industrial rock and roll show should go down. Sufficiently rugged is the recording of this circus ring mastered by Genesis P-Orridge to preserve vitality and sweat, without dipping into the low benchmarks of "bootleg quality." These post-funk rock-and-destruction anthems are raggedly delivered by a shifting cast of characters that includes members of Evil Mothers, My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult and more around the organizing principle, guiding force of anti-establishment drummer and Invisible honcho Martin Atkins (PiL, Ministry, Killing Joke). Other key members/appearances on these recordings are made by Test Dept's Martin King (drums), BobDog (Evil Mothers/Pseudo Buddha backing P-Orridge and company on sitar) and extra vocals from Chemlab's Jared. Pigface is an amorphous, wonderfully unpredictable collective that continues, album after album and tour after tour, to set the high-water mark for their genre. (4)

**Various Artists**

**POP O.D.: THE SONGS OF IGGY POP**  
Static Records, 17215 Mack Ave., Det. MI, 48224 <http://www.staticrecords.com>  
[suestatic@aol.com](mailto:suestatic@aol.com)

The musicians of Detroit bear a special relationship to proto-punk Ann Arbor icon Iggy Pop. Here a widely varied array of Detroit-area groups pays homage to the Iggster. Playing under the banner "weirdos are the best value for your entertainment dollar," Twitch delivers an oddly funky, faintly reggae take on "Lust for Life." Gone so far in the direction of sludge and noise as to recall drugged Stooges bootleg recordings is Mog Stunt Team's "No Fun" with oddly paired male vocals; droll and agitated. A special hello to my friends in Spat! who provide their high-energy cover of "T.V. Eye," long a loud-speaker-powered highpoint of their live shows. A man definitely in-touch with the 60's Detroit sound is Bobby Beyond (aka Bootsey X). He leads his Lovemasters into a blistering 1999 spin on "1969" recorded live. The Lovemasters on this recording and in its present lineup includes Ricky Rat from The Trash Brats. The Brats contribute their own "I Feel Alright (1970)." But perhaps the most memorable cut on this collection is the spoke word duet of "Candy" by The Impaler and

**continued on page 18**

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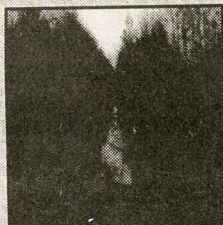
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#### Naglfar / Diabolical

"One of the most intense death metal albums of 1998"  
—Terrorizer Magazine



#### Nevermore/Dreaming Neon Black

DNB takes you on a metal journey filled with an array of emotions, melodic hooks and heavy grooves with the unmistakable voice of Warrel Dane (Sanctuary) and the astonishing guitar work of Jeff Loomis and Tim Calvert (Forbidden).



#### Meshuggah / Chaosphere

The Swedish masters of technical erudition, precision execution and surgical soundblasts have the broadest fan base of any metal band around. Look for tour dates this spring.



#### Death / The Sound of Perseverance

Their recent tour proves that the originators of Death Metal still have the terrorizing touch to tear tendons with tumultuous tremors. Buy this or die!



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SLUG

the magazine for smokers

# OUTSIGHT

Cindi St. Germain. Another break in the hard rock action is ambient techno "Night Theme" from Marooned. A trombone helps out a "Five Foot One" as done by Immortal Whinos of Soul with a special guest on 5' 1" voice. The Acoustic Terminator (Ernie Douglas) gives us a one-man interpretation of "I'm Bored." (3)

## The Germs

**GERMICIDE: LIVE AT THE WHISKY 1977**  
Bomp, POB 7112, Burbank CA, 91510

I still remember the day I got my vinyl copy (serial numbered as 3122) of this important punk document. This live document of atrociously performed Los Angeles punk rock is a unique classic. I need (and scarcely want) any other Germs recording. In between the hyper-sloppy exhibitions of loosely plodding simplicity (mostly anchored around future Nirvana and Foo Fighter guitarist Pat Smear) are memorable incidents from Kim Fowley's punk rock weekend extravaganza. MC Rodney Bingenheimer explains the audience that he plays only "plastic records" on his radio shows and then proceeds to introduce original Germ drummer Belinda Carlisle (Go-Gos). She declares she was forced to leave the group because they were "too dirty."

By track four, after "Sex Boy," the verbal exchange between creaky-voiced Bobby "Darby Crash" Pyn and the hecklers (Pyn's defensive response is "big pussy") turns heated, producing such quips as "we can't play if you don't throw things." Bobby has had enough of "Victim" so he shouts "stop!" into the microphone until that band desists from finishing three-minute song. My favorite track, the self-destructive meditation "Suicide Machine" is loudly dedicated to Jackie Fox (Runaways), who appears to not be in the audience. How dare I call that track "favorite" when I so love their audience-slammng version of "Sugar, Sugar" with impromptu expletive lyrics, which could only be called a "deconstruction" out of kindness. The fact is, every cut has inimitable punk charm. GERMICIDE is a truly necessary artifact of punk rock history. Liner notes include remembrances by Kim Fowley and later Germs drummer Don Bolles along with several black-and-white photos. (4)

## BOOKS

**They Fought The Law**  
*Rock Music Goes to Court*  
Stan Soocher, author  
Schirmer Books/Macmillan

Entertainment attorney Stan Soocher often bogs down his stories in this book with a

microscopic analysis of relevant jurisprudence. Still, *They Fought The Law* emerges as a fascinating and historical look of pop music

and the law. Two lessons can be garnered here: 1) Behind every successful entertainer is a crook stealing his or her money, and 2) The creation of music enjoys strong First Amendment protection that is repeatedly tested and delineated. Thievery is exposed as hampering the accumulation of wealth by Elvis Presley, Billy Joel, George Michael, and The Beatles. The Shirelles just get taken, with very little left over to show for it.

2 Live Crew earn themselves two chapters. In Luther Campbell defends his pornographic lyrics, and in the other his use of Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman." Michael Jackson fights a battle to prove he is the author of his own songs and Judas Priest battle to prove their songs do not promote suicide. They Fought The Law is required reading for career musicians or would be career musicians, and of interest to all seeking elucidation on the legal mechanisms behind music industry court conflicts.

## Laid Bare

John Gilmore, author  
Amok Books

John Gilmore, author of *Cold-Blooded: The Saga of Charles Schmid, The Garbage People, Severed: The True Story of the Black Dahlia Murder* and more has always been associated in mind with telling and vivid analysis of true-crime, true-slime. Peripherally, I was aware of his Hollywood connections and career. Now his sordid lens reveals in this past self-destructive drug and alcohol use, murders, loveless and guilt-inducing homosexuality and the corrupting intoxication of the pursuit of fame. The book begins and ends with Janis Joplin's sorry reduction of humanity. The lion's share of the middle goes to James Dean and the gluttony of power emanating from the silver screen. Along the way, we stop to ogle at a broken, piss-stained Hank Williams, spineless and rudderless Dennis Hopper, conniving Lenny Bruce, rabid and unpredictable Steve McQueen and more, including Jack Nicholson, Jane Fonda, Brigitte Bardot, Sal Mineo, Eartha Kitt, Vampira and Ed Wood Jr. Easily, this text belongs on the shelf next to Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*. Gilmore evidences his cult status and ability to deliver the seamy goods by collecting back cover recommendations from punk rock columnist Gary Indiana, subculture icon Genesis P-Orridge and V/Search Publications honcho V. Vale.

## VIDEO

**Pavarotti in China: Distant Harmony**  
DeWitt Sage, Director  
Kin on Video,

333 W 39th St. #503, NYC NY, 10018

Pavarotti is captured on film in China in 1986. Here his performances are strong and demanding, much better than he came across to me on the Three Tenors tour a few years back. Form rehearsal minutiae to behind the scenes jocularly, many facets of the great opera tenor sight seeing and working are exhibited. A playful Pavarotti even takes to a bicycle. Excerpts from *La Boheme* are included along with Luciano performing in a traditional Chinese opera. Most amazing about this is the make-up transformation Pavarotti and other performers go through in preparation for the Chinese opera. More rare glimpses of Chinese culture are had in young musicians improving their chops on ethnic and Western instruments. *Distant Harmony* is an enjoyable and enlightening eighty-five-minute feature on Pavarotti the man and the seldom scene portion of Chinese life.

## MAGAZINES

**The Fritz**  
Aaron Gustafson, Publisher  
2352 Springs Landing Blvd.,  
Longwood FL, 32779

The Fritz, a free newsstand item at Florida colleges, clubs and retail locations, is a magazine densely packed of reading material chasing down the fast growing tendrils of subculture, counterculture and pop culture. Beside articles on a variety of topics, each issue is jammed with over a hundred album reviews. *Vast* is on the cover of this issue and also interviewed inside is *World/Inferno* Friendship Society, BT and Komeda.

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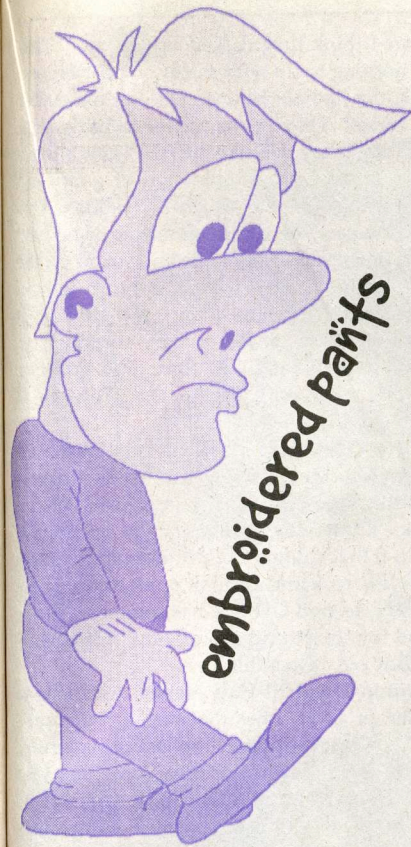
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Standing on the corner of 9th and 9th with a cup of coffee in my hands from the Coffee Garden, and wearing an outfit from Grunts and Postures I wanted to cross the street to go to Salt City CD's, but my pedestrian box said, "No." It said, with a red hand, "Stay Put." So I did.

But the cars and people heading east and west got the go ahead, their light was green, I was envious. My light was red. Red. Red. Red. They could cross the street to get to the other side, because they had a man in their pedestrian box illuminated in white. White. White. I wanted my box to say "Go." But it didn't. Wait. Wait. Wait.

I wasn't walking across the street. I wasn't doing anything, because my warning box said, "Stop." My box said, "Don't Go." My box said, "You're standing on the corner of Ninth and Ninth, but you're dressed up like you belong in West Valley."

And I looked at what I was wearing and my belt buckle was as large as a rodeo arena, but my belt, no matter how cowboy chaotic it appeared, was holding up my new purchase, a pair of pants with pockets that were embroidered with blue stitching. So the problem was? What was the problem? I don't recall.

Then the voices in my head joined in the chorus coming from the call box, and they all chimed together, "It's the Pants."

See these pants that I purchased at Grunts and Posture said "As Is" on the label. And I knew that meant "Defect." But I couldn't see the problem with my pants. So I asked for help. And, she said, "They are O.K." She said, "I don't see a problem." She said, "As in, as is, they're fine." But then she left me standing in these pants, and she went into the room with a hand on the doorknob.

Rooms with hands on the doorknobs bother me. The make fun of rooms without hands on the doorknob.

I bought those pants. And now, standing waiting to cross the street, it occurs to me, the pants didn't say "As Is," they said, "As If." As in, as if anyone would purchase the pants with embroidery on the pocket. And the girl in the room with the hand on the knob haunts me. She had her hands on these pants, but she did not say "As If." She said, "Purchase."

And now, girls in rooms with hands on the doorknobs bother me. Because they make fun of boys in rooms without

hands on the doorknob.

The light turned green and I turned around. I didn't go. My pants would not walk in the direction my legs wanted to go. I walked back to my car. No. I ambled. No. I moseyed. No.

I ran back to my car.

And I passed a man. No. A bum. And I knew he was a bum because I appeared better than he, and if that was the case he had to be a bum, if he wasn't better than me.

He was muttering. No. Yelling. No. Talking to himself, and he was saying "Fucking people. Don't fuck."

And I ran past him saying, "Fucking people don't fuck? What the fuck? That man is a bum and he is fucking crazy. Like crazy in the head." And I motioned with my hand the action of a doctor doing an impromptu lobotomy.

People passed me as I was running to my car in my pants with the embroidered pockets from Grunts and Posture. They saw me talking to myself about the man that was talking to himself. Then they said to each other "Don't look at him. He's flipped his Tupperware Lid."

Since they had the good fortune to be with another person, they had what was called a "Conversation."

But, because I was by myself, my conversation was a soliloquy and without an audience, Romeo Romeo, thou art kooky, nutty, or crazy.

Running, yelling, I tried to explain. I'm not insane, it's that guy. I was talking to myself about him talking to himself. And they looked at me. They looked at my pants. They saw the stitching. My pants were blue. And the light was green. They crossed the street, but I couldn't get to the other side.

—PJ

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**10 snorts... A REAL MASTERPIECE...**

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**Crumbox-Map of the Sky**-Another Time Bomb So. Cal/punk-pop angst band, and another good one. This is actually a little light for the stuff on Time Bomb, but the melodies are memorable-all around a really good effort. 7 and a half...**Marc Almond and Le Magia-Live in Concert**-Very weird. Marc Almond does a bunch of his songs, in an alterna-lounge style. He also does a lot of songs by Jacques Brel. It's okay, but the sound quality fades in and out. Probably only for real hardcore Soft Cell fans. 6 snorts...**Marc Almond and Foetus-Slut**-This is definitely another in the 'only for collectors' category. This really is what you may think it sounds like, Foetus' fucking weird music, combined with Marc Almond's overly-effeminate vocal. It works, barely. I had to give this one a 7 for at least being interesting...**Sheryl Crow-The Globe Sessions**-Nothing here as instantly catchy as "If it Makes You Happy," but still, this album is great. Crow gets better and better every album. Even Bob Dylan thinks so, he contributed a track, "Mississippi" for this. I'd love to roll around in the mud with Sheryl, and I know I can't, but I'll give this an 8 and a half...**Ice Cube-War and Peace-Vol. One (War)**-some of the only 'gangsta' rap that matters. After a hiatus of a few years, we get a full album of 18 tracks and over 70 minutes. It's about time. Highlights are the track with Korn, "Dying" and "If I Was Fuckin' You." A genre of music that definitely needs to go away, but we'll let Ice Cube stay. Almost an 8. I can't wait for "Peace."

**Fear of Pop Volume One**-Ben Folds without Five. Weird, fun and jazzy experimental pop music. Among the many highlights on this are two songs with William Shatner, "In Love" and "Still in Love." For fans of Beck, Ben Folds Five and Star Trek. 7 and a half snorts...

**Methodists-Cookies**-post-grunge Seattle band with the original drummer of Nirvana. Equal parts Beatles, Buzzcocks and Elvis Costello. Highlights include "Max Capacity," "Dance" and "Drowned." Nothing real original sounding, but very enjoyable...almost a 7...

**Six By Seven-The Things We Make-lo-fi** brit-pop courtesy of Beggar's Banquet and Interscope. Also, they are fans of the Flaming Lips and got them to remix "Candlelight," which is included here. They have also covered Mercury Rev's "Young Man Stride." Two of the singles included here are critical faves of NME's, "European Me" and "88-92-96." If you like brit-pop or lo-fi, you'll

dig this...7 and a half snorts... **Hefner-Breaking God's Heart**-3 piece outfit put out by Beggar's Banquet and Too Pure, the original home of PJ Harvey and Stereolab. Sounds like London rock with a political influence somewhere in-between the anger and energy of the Clash and the psychedelic pop of Oasis. Urban folk music, frenetic and engaging. Worth owning if only for "Love Will Destroy Us in the End."

Almost another 8...

**Cypress Hill-IV-As** you could probably expect, there's no new ground broken here, there usually isn't on Cypress Hill albums, but it's still pretty good stuff. "Looking Through the Eyes of a Pig," "Lightning Strikes" and "Tequila Sunrise" are standouts. "Dr. Greenthumb" is a humorous commercial for pot-smokers. Give the potheads a 7. They're always entertaining.

**Real Tight-Back to the Real**-Admittedly, this ain't my kind of music or SLUG's kind of music, but you know what, maybe it was just a nice break from Slug music because it sounded okay. Soul ballads in the style of Boys II Men, but a hell of a lot better. Give this a 7 for fans of this music. If you're not fans of this kind of music, stay clear.

**Pras-Ghetto Supastar**-The third in the excellent series of Fugees' solo albums and they are always good. Hey, don't get me wrong, this is no "Miseducation of...," but this is great. The Fugees are known for their memorable hooks and this is no exception. Great Bee Gees samples on "Blue Angels" and the title track. The version of "Amazing Grace" and the phone call are great. Give Pras a 7 1/2.

**Afghan Whigs-1965**-the Whigs start life on a new label. Greg Dulli tells us that on this album, "guilt takes a back seat to lust."

The first single is "Somethin' Hot" and it's a tribute to lust for sure, with lyrics like, "I wanna get you high. I wanna get next to you." A few songs later, Greg tells us, "you can fuck my body, baby, but, please, don't fuck my mind." This album is a tasty fuckin' snack. It's no "Up in it," but how many times can a band make an album like that? Give 1965 somewhere in-between an 8 or a 9.

**Various Artists-Now That's What I Call**

**Music**-I think they fucked up the title. This has nothing to do with music, except for one track, the Radiohead one. Do you remember this series? They've done these in Europe for years and they sell like crazy. They always had a fairly good combination of good and bad tracks. Usually worth the money. This ain't the case, here. Imagine the Backstreet Boys, Spice Girls, All Saints and Aqua on the same album. Buy the Radiohead album. They should take the Radiohead and Janet tracks off of this and then they could call it, **Now That's What I Call Shit**. I'm going to give this one snort just for the presence of Janet and Radiohead.

**Fifty Tons of Black Terror-Demeter**-Apparently these guys were the darlings of CMJ this year, and after giving this a listen, I think I know why. Noisy, fucked up pop 'n' roll lo-fi that sounds like a combination of late 70's New York and London punk rock. There is also a second CD that has remixes. In the mood for something new? Check this fuckin' bad boy out. Give this an 8.

**Groop Dogdrill-Half Nelson**-Add this to the list of good tunes that Beggar's Banquet has been putting out in the last few months, Six By Seven, Hefner, Fifty Tons...and this one. Groop Dogdrill makes what they refer to as "the Devil's music. Without his permission." A combo of Catholic guilt, voodoo beats, brothel creeping, Jon Spencer and GVSB. Another Beggar's CD to own. 7 and a half. Give the label a 10.

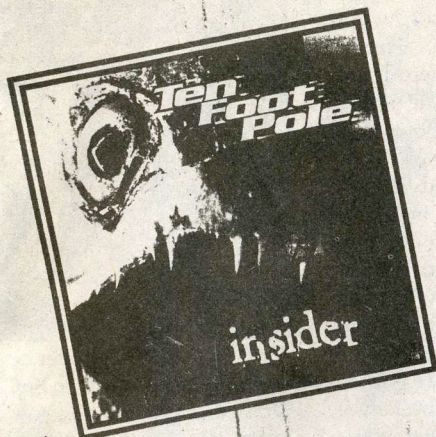
**Morcheeba-Beats & B-Sides**-This CD is a companion piece to the previously released "Who Can You Trust?" If you already bought that, now you need to buy it again. This is only available with the purchase of that. It's a limited-edition set with weird, trippy hoppy and trancey remixes of Morcheeba songs. The Diabolical Brothers mixes of "Tape Loop" and "Shoulder Hoster" are excellent. The highlight is probably the remix of "Baby Sitar." This one's a must. Close to 8.

**34 Satellite-Stars**-Basically a one man show, singer-songwriter project. Marc Benning is his name and he does all of this except for drums and backing vocals. For the most part, it's fairly mellow acoustic stuff, but is uptempo at times, like on "Green Train to Fenway." This sounds a lot like the Connells when they are feeling mellow. Which basically means there's nothing real ground-breaking, but it's certainly listenable. 7 or more.

**Furslide-Adventure**-Alternapop somewhere this side of Garbage only with a more Deborah Harry sounding voice. Definitely has some memorable tracks. "Love Song" is to an imaginary lover. On "One Hit Downer," she can't believe how empty the eyes were "for somebody concerned with my soul." At times interesting. Give it a 6 and a half.

Until next time, see you motherfuckers in the mud!!!

—Pigboy



"Look, this is SoCal punk... as good as it gets."  
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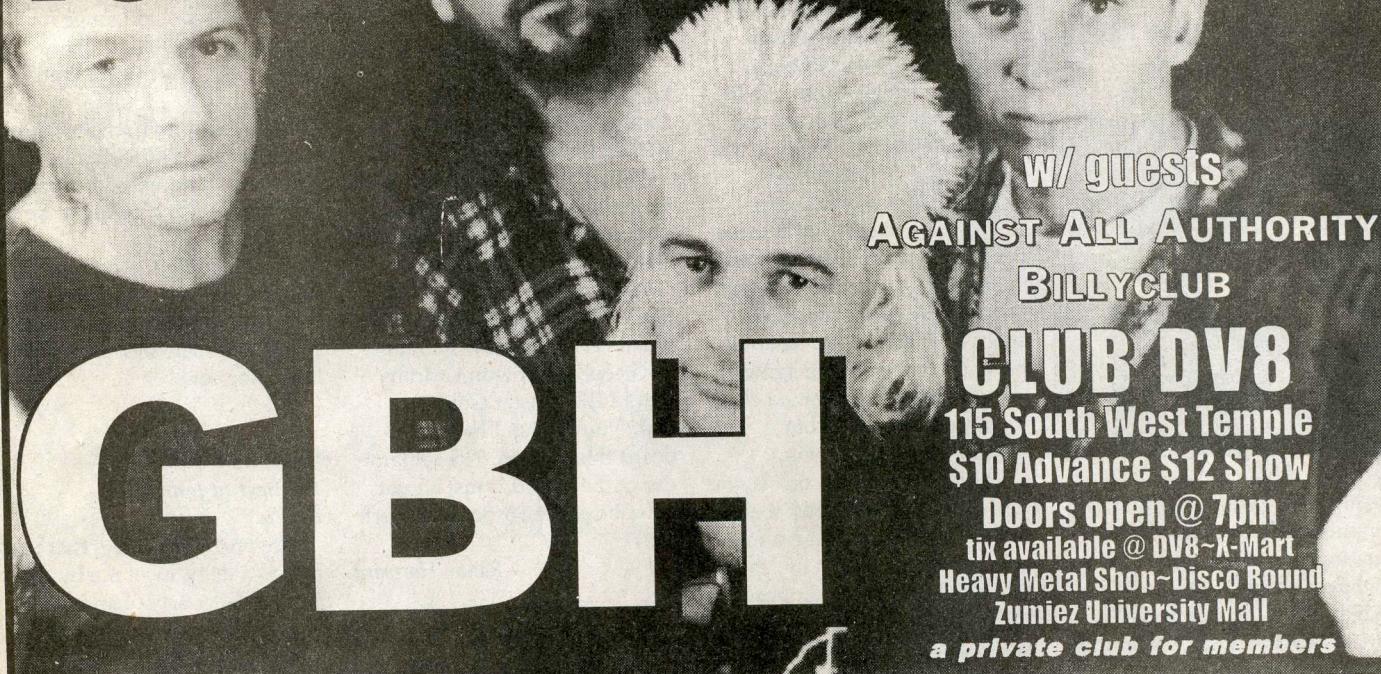
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# GBH

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the Shrooms  
Minihaha!  
Cool Guy Records

CHRIST! How many mother-fucking punk bands are going to cover Cheap Trick's "Surrender"? Why, why, why do I have to be subjected to this? Because I asked for it, that's why. I seriously regret taking this CD home from SLUG to review. I do not care for punk. This is borderline Green Day with aspirations to the Offspring or worse yet, Bad Religion. I am not so well listened in regard to punk rock to offer any other comparisons. I do, however, know what I don't like and this is it. I will concede though, to the fact that one who would listen to this type of music may actually enjoy Minihaha! If you would care to know more about this CD, buy it.

—Randy Harward

THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH  
*Almost Here*  
Virgin



Well, where can you begin with this? I wanted to just immediately start ranting and raving about how good it is, but where to begin with that? The great, although very sad melodies, the lyrics, maybe the

melancholic vocals? Where do you start?

But, I decided instead to start with the fact that Andy Yorke is Thom (Radiohead) Yorke's little brother. He does the vocals, guitar and all of the lyrics here. The other two band members are Nigel Powell, who does a little bit of everything and Jason Moulster who does bass and guitar. When they play live, they add three more.

This album does have a lot of the same kind of feel that Radiohead's albums have. Feelings of loneliness, isolation and just a general sadness prevail. These songs sound a lot closer to "High and Dry" or "Exit Music (For a Film)" than they do to "Creep," however. It has the sadness of the Radioheads, but maybe a little more or a pop sensibility like Crowded House.

*Vox Magazine* gave this album a five-star review and added, "It's a gem, an album that moves you not with muscle but with a murmur." *NME* gave it an equal review—"Precious and delicate, like pearls strung together by gossamer spider's thread, filled with an eerie, dream-like bleakness." *Music Week* named it 'album of the week.' Four-star reviews are everywhere.

So, why all the fuss? Listen for yourself. This is an album for anyone who has been in love with someone who can't return the feelings. On one of the 11 highlights, but also my personal favorite, "Finest Little Space," Andy bids a lover farewell, "If it gets better is there a chance that you'll come back/Or if it's forever is there a choice for us to make?" In this "finest little space," which is a space of isolation and insanity he states that even the lightest sound "makes you wanna close your eyes and hold your breath." It's very moving.

"Higher Than Reason" is one of the popular tracks off the album. It's a song about a man coming to terms with life and what the hell it's all supposed to be about, "My soul is defined by the will to stay alive/For

some unknown reason I can't keep that will for long." He seems to be asking a question of someone—could you ever "live in my place" and if so, "would you eat off my plate?" He's trying to figure out if there could be anyone as desperate as him, so desperate that they would want him.

The final track, and maybe the most depressing, is "Be Ready." In this he tells a lover, "I never wanted you to be/another substitute for me." Their relationship is coming to an end and he realizes "the nights are thickening/another place is beckoning/this house isn't ours/these thoughts aren't mine." He repeatedly tells this love to "be ready to go."

In "Almost Here," he is puzzled, "how can I be somebody new/when I see my own reflection?"

These are my four fave songs from this album, but all eleven are brilliant. Although, I certainly couldn't say this is a cheerful album. I would say it's very good, even if it is rather depressing. Very introspective and sad. If you've been feeling like calling North Valley Mental Health lately, try some Yorke therapy instead. I'm with *Vox* on this one. *Almost Here* is a five-star album.

—T.R.

Full  
*Hotdogwater Cocktail*  
ACME Entertainment

Yet another punk record with annoying cartoon art and bad choices of cover tunes. "Sister Golden Hair"? How about "Muskrat Love" or "Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue" (or whatever it's called)? I am not so Ecocool, that I won't admit that I LIKE "Sister Golden Hair", but I wish I had not heard this version. The remainder of the record is just a cunt hair above the Shrooms. (insert fart)

—Randy Harward

SUPERNOVICE  
*Timely*  
Onset Records



Supernovice is another one of them there Goddamn SoCal Orange County bands. You know, the kind that do a pop-punk thing. Another four-piece band, David doing guitar, vocals and songwriting, Pasquale does bass, Stefan on Drums and a co-vocalist, Johnna. Same as usual. Only this one is a little more listenable than some of them.

"Let Bygones Fester" is the opening track, and a rather fun one at that. "Saving Face" and "That Ugly Feeling" have a definite pop-punk feel to them. "Nothing Left" mixes in a little ska. "Sick of What You're Standing For" is less poppish and more like straight-ahead alternarock. The band describes "Stay For the Winter" and "We Couldn't Dream," both with Johnna's vocals, as 'songs for people who have had their hearts gently torn from their chests.'

The album's closer, and title track is a great little pop gem about breaking up with someone you love and trying to be their friend.

To be quite honest, there is nothing very original here. But, this band does some really great hooks and melodies. Worth the listen, for sure.

—T.R.

John Hiatt  
*The Best of John Hiatt*  
Capitol

Anyone who doubts that this man is a deity, meet me by the flagpole after school and bring your lunch money.

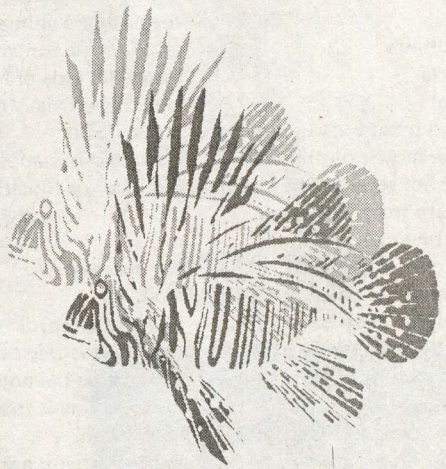
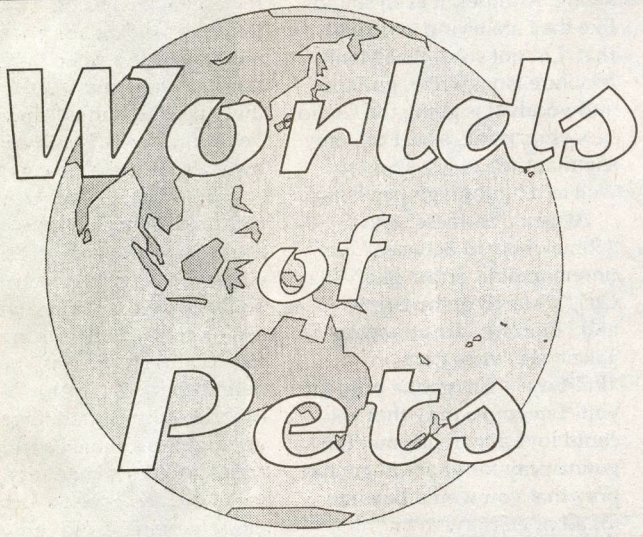
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John Hiatt's greatest hits can be covered in a seventeen-song compilation. Especially when publishing snags forced reworkings of classics such as "Have A Little Faith In Me." The remake of "Have A Little Faith In Me" should never have happened. God damn whoever wouldn't release the rights to the original version. The song is still good, I just believe that there are some songs that should not, under any circumstances, be fucked with. This is one of them. "Angel Eyes," made popular by Jeff Healey is present in the first studio version by its original author. All of the obvious Hiatt classics are included, with a new tune ("Don't Know Much About Love") and a previously unreleased song ("Take Off Your Uniform"). I would recommend this to neophytes, but if you want to really hear John Hiatt's music it is imperative that you purchase some of his fifteen? previous albums one at a time (begin with Bring the Family) and prepare to be changed.

—Randy Harward

**Waco Brothers**  
*Wacoworld*  
**Bloodshot**

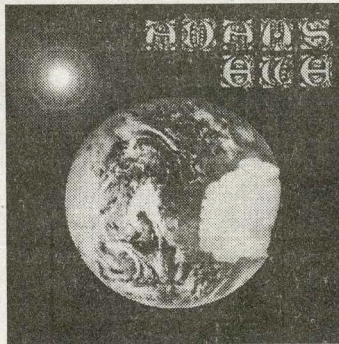
This is a great fucking album. One of the more popular acts on Bloodshot records, the Waco Brothers are truly Insurgent Country. Imagine that the Clash, Too Much Joy and Whiskeytown or Wilco met in a bar one night. They have a few drinks and well, one thing leads to another and this band is their bastard child.

Songs of note are: "Pigsville," "The Hand That Throws The Bottle Down," "Regrets," and "Hello to Everybody." The energy of punk combined with the wallowing self-pity of country are a welcome brew. Vocalist/guitarist Jon (Jonboy) Langford is formerly of the Mekons. That little tidbit should help round out the musical big picture.

I believe that this will be available in late February, so keep an eye out.

—Randy Harward

**ADAMS EVE**  
**DLM Records**



This is a six track EP debut by this three-piece outfit, Hans on bass, Dellis on guitar and vocals and Dave on drums and backing vocals. It's pretty standard pop-rock fare, the kind you've heard before from bands that grew up listening to the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix and Rush. This is not to say this is boring. It's just not really anything new. Sounds really similar to a lot of the power-pop from the early 80's. "Walkin'" is a highlight about going to someone you love after the end of a shitty day. "Down and Out" is fun and would appeal to fans of Motley Crue and Ratt. This is not meant to be an insult. Certainly has appeal for fans of this kind of music.

—T.R.

**Lee Rocker**  
*No Cats*  
**Upright Records**

This was released a year ago January, so it's not exactly new. I will review it since it pleads for a listen.

Most of you are familiar with Lee Rocker. Formerly of the Stray Cats, Rocker is an accomplished musician and songwriter in his own right. A virtuoso with the upright bass (hence, the moniker of his label, Upright Records) he kicks off No Cats with the aptly named "Rumblin Bass." The following track is "Miracle in Memphis," an homage to the style of music that is rockabilly. Rocker demonstrates his versatility with a cover of Blondie's "One

Way or Another" and the ballads "Screaming Hunger" and "Hard Rain", two tracks which caught me by surprise. I was expecting an entire album of pure rockabilly mayhem. That is not to say that the ballads are not exceptional they are I just tend not to expect certain artists to go against type.

Guest appearances are made by Leon Russell ("Little Piece of Your Love," which he happened to write as well), Elliot Easton of the Cars ("Rumblin, Bass," "One Way or Another") and former Cat "Slim Jim" Phantom (co-write on "Miracle in Memphis").

This is a very satisfying listen. Get it and then look forward to a possible live album in spring and a studio album (tentative) by summer or late 1999.

—Randy Harward

**The Graduates**  
*Up in Downtown*  
**Beatville**

Well, The Graduates have enough band members to play swing. At times, it even sounds like they are trying to do just that. I'm not sure what Monty McClure (songwriter, guitarist and vocalist) is going for. Could be swing, punk, ska? I can only say that they swing about as well as a junior high pep band.

At best, "Sadness" and "Somewhere in Between" are unremarkable. Songs like "Vile Girl," "March of the Drink," and "Eternity" are annoying. Take these lyrics from "Eternity": "I,m gonna pray for you/I,m gonna pray that you could love a man like me/I,m gonna pray for you/I,m gonna pray that you would be mine for all of eternity."

On "Chuck," Monty sings about Charlie Brown, calling him a "swing kid" and says "It,s hard to be a south side cat/when the gangsters know just where you,re at." Then: "Swing for your life, Charlie Brown." OK, sure.

The best thing about the Graduates is they like Benny Goodman. They do their own special interpretation of "Sing, Sing, Sing" in "Cosmonaut."

They can,t compare to the king of swing, but listen for guest trumpet player James Davis, pretty smooth solo.

—Nina Harward

**AIR**  
*Moon Safari*  
**Source/Astralwerks**  
**OUTKAST**  
*Aquemini*  
**LaFace/Arista**  
**SPIRITUALIZED**  
*Royal Albert Hall (Live)*  
**Arista/Dedicated**



So, you're probably wondering why in the hell these three albums would end up in a review together. What could they have in common? These particular albums do have one thing in common: they were on damn near every 'top ten of 1998' list that I read towards the end of the year.

*Moon Safari* originally came out right around this same time last year. Are they electronic? Are they acoustic? They actually combine both, creating an original sound of aural landscapes. Jean describes it best, "Our songs are like a walk in the countryside, you can meet some people, or animals and it's like that for us with sounds. The sound of the moog or some chords are like new scenes we make appear in the tracks." That definitely says it better than I ever could. An album worth checking out, and if you like, there is also a great EP, titled "Sexy Boy" available.

*Outkast* is made up of Big Boi and Dre, the player and the poet. It's basically hard rap, gangsta style. The thing that makes them stand above the rest is that the lyrics are really good and they definitely can do

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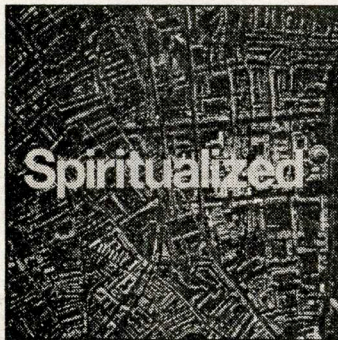
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# CD REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

some great beats. They also do some great sampling, like on "Return of the 'G'" where you can hear Giorgio Moroder's "Midnight Express." George Clinton trades off vocals with them on "Synthesizer." Raekwon contributes to "Skew it on the Bar-B." Dre's soulmate Erykah Badu as well as other labelmates all lend a hand to "Liberation." *Aquemini* is a rap record that sounds like a lot of rap albums only fresh and original.

Spiritualized, who are



described by some as the alterna-rock Pink Floyd, do a style of music that is sonib yet ethereal. Songs that build from quiet, peaceful sounds into distorted fucked-up noise. One writer describes it as this, "they whisper, they throb, then they scream. Then, they fuck your brains out." On this album, they are live at Royal Albert Hall. This was a 90-minute set on October 10, 1997. They were obviously at their best on this night. 15 tracks, mostly taken from "Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space," 2 CD's, not a loser track among the bunch. The second disc, however, is my favorite. It's worth owning just for the 16 and a half minute version of "Cop Shoot Cop." "Oh Happy

Day" rounds out this collection, and after you hear this, that's exactly what you'll be having.

I definitely came to the conclusion that there was a good reason that all of these are all over the 1998 fave lists. I belatedly added them to mine.

—T.R.

## Good Riddance *Ballads From the Revolution* Fat Wreck Chords

These guys started in 1986 in the wonderful city of Santa Cruz, California, the home of some of the most memorable shows I have been to as well as my favorites skate spots, Derby Park and Buena Vista Pool. Lots of cool people reside there and there's a very strange intensity about the place.

But, I'll shut up and talk about the music. Good Riddance play really fast and tight hardcore with a lot of content in their lyrics.

I'm not too big on how well recorded this is. It comes off as way too polished for a punk record (I think). Not their best outing, but still okay.

Part of the proceeds from this CD go to the Santa Cruz Aids Project and PETA. After reading the liner notes, I took the CD out, and was greeted by a photo of the bass player Chuck alongside a cut up and bloody GG Allin giving the finger. Glad to see they're open minded.

—E.J.

## Deke Dickerson And The Ecco-Fonics *Number One Hit Record* Hightone Records

I could write enough about this album to make Athey look like a minimalist.

I've always been a fan of Deke's bands Untamed Youth, The Go Nuts and the Dave and Deke Combo who have backed up all-time greats like The Collins Kids, Rose Maddux and Glen Glenn to name a few.

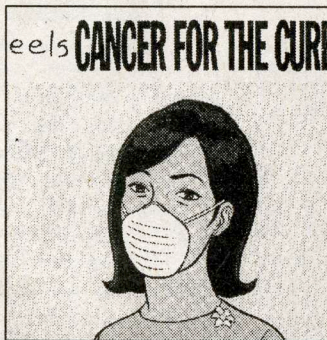
Number One Hit Record is chock full of amazing guest stars, including Joey D'Ambrosio of Bill Haley's Comets. He played sax on

"Rock Around the Clock." He does the same here. Rockabilly legend Larry Collins plays guitar on "Jumpin' Bean." Carl "Sonny" Leyland plays piano and there is a spoken introduction by Claude Trenier on Deke's updated version of "Poon-Tang" from 1952.

What I like best about this is the variety. Rock 'n' roll, hillbilly boogie, jazz and Western swing. There are eight cover songs of long-lost classics, such as "Peroxide Blonde" or "I Gotta Date to Cut a Cake." The latter was found by Deke while he was looking for vintage guitar amps and stuff for his 'Dukes of Hazzard' merchandise collection. DON'T miss this one.

—E.J.

## Import Singles The Eels, Hole, Rufus Wainwright and Rob Zombie Geffen/Dreamworks



"Cancer For the Cure" is the current single from the Eels' brilliant "Electro-Shock Blues." It includes a great Xmas track, "Everything's Gonna Be Cool This Christmas," which would have been a delight to hear in the mall while buying new panties for your girlfriend, but no we had to have a fucking N'Sync holiday. After this great track, that you can only find here, there is another previously unreleased track, "Exodus Part 3." It's fuckin' annoying as hell, but between these two extras, you should buy the single.

Hole's "Celebrity Skin" single has the song "Best Sunday Dress," which was recorded a helluva long time ago, and this is the first time it's shown up on CD that I'm aware of. I

think it was previously only available on vinyl, but I've never seen the vinyl, so who knows? "Skin" also includes a rather annoying demo version of "Dying." It's not as good as the album version, but still pretty good. The "Malibu" single contains a previously unreleased track called "Drag," and it's Courtney doing her best Joan Jett that I've heard yet. It's all about "tryin' to drag me down to you..." The other new track on this is their version of Bob Dylan's "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." It doesn't really sound like Bob, though. This is a raunchy Courtney version. Worth checking out.

"April Fools" is the current single by Rufus Wainwright. This song is available on the current album, as well as the second track, "Damned Ladies." There is also a great song that is not available on the album called "A Bit of You." It's a sweet little ballad. It's definitely good enough that it should have been included on the album.

Rob Zombie's "Dragula" single is not very exciting, however. Track 3, "What Tracks on Channel X?" is on Rob's album, and the remix of "Dragula" by Charlie Clouser just isn't all that exciting.

—T.R.

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so, what the hell are you  
waiting for?

# Student Suspended in Rhode Island For A White Zombie T-shirt

by Todd Wiese  
toddw@theroc.org

Okay, okay. You know the routine. A kid wears a T-shirt to school with something on it that someone at the school finds offensive. A teacher or other school official yanks kid out of class and either sends him/her home to change or they suspend him/her. Or they do both!

This time the T-shirt in question has 666 in the front and a lovely portrait of Rob Zombie from the group White Zombie. The student in question is Robert Parker of Westerly High School in Westerly, RI. And no, school officials did NOT approve of Parker's shirt and decided to suspend him, twice! Assistant Principal Jim Spellman's concern was that some people believe that the number 666 is a biblical reference to the devil and therefore, disruptive to other classmates. Does any of this NOT sound familiar?

The American Civil Liberties Union of Rhode Island has filed an appeal with the State Department of Education regarding the shirt. They maintain, as do we at Rock Out Censorship, that a school cannot ban a shirt from campus simply because officials don't like its "devilish" message. Westerly High School DOES, however, permit the wearing of shirts bearing messages of Christianity and other religions. Any student can wear a shirt with, "I will serve the lord" on the front, but you had better not display any number divisible by 37 and 18, OR ELSE!

the Lord and banning a T-shirt of a rock band, even a sacrilegious one," said attorney John Dineen, an ACLU volunteer. "[Parker] desires to wear his shirt in order to express himself, display his interest in and enthusiasm for certain music, and to exercise autonomy in his chosen clothing." And there's nothing wrong with that! So, say we at Rock Out Censorship as well!

Such a suspension is a violation of not only the student's freedom of expression, but also violates his right to freedom of religion, since the decision was made on the basis of religious belief. Schools cannot ban perceived "Satanic" or "occult" oriented messages any more than they can ban messages of other religions. So this is a First Amendment violation on two different fronts. As government employees, the First Amendment of the Constitution requires school administrators to check their religious prejudices at the door as they apply to school policy.

Obviously, with the number of cases similar to this one going on all across the country, there are a large number of school administrators willing and eager to place their religious beliefs as a higher priority than a student's Constitutional rights. This is a sad, but growingly common practice in our nation's schools, and we urge ALL our readers, particularly parents, to speak out at your area schools against such oppressive policies

"Public schools cannot be in the business of approving a T-shirt about

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FAX: 401-222-7874  
Commissioner Peter McWalters  
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For more info or to voice some support for Robert Parker contact:  
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Providence, RI 02903  
PH: 401-831-7171



The information on which this article was based was obtained from the always helpful ACLU: <http://www.aclu.org>

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# "Things To Think About During Sex" (Part Two)

So what's the speed of dark?

How come you don't ever hear about grunted employees?

Why don't they just make mouse-flavored cat food?

Why do they sterilize needles for lethal injections?

Isn't Disney World just a big people trap ran by a mouse?

Whose cruel idea was it for the word "lisp" to have an "s" in it?

Light travels faster than sound. Is that why some people appear intelligent until you hear them speak?

How come 'abbreviated' is such a long word?

Why do you press harder on a remote-control when you know the battery is dead?

Why are they called apartments, when they're all stuck together?

Why do banks charge you a "non-sufficient funds fee" when they already know you don't have any?

If the universe is everything, and scientists say that the universe is expanding, what is it expanding into?

If a tree falls in the forest and no one hears it, do the other trees make fun of it?

Why is a carrot more orange than an orange?

Why are there 5 syllables in the word "monosyllabic"?

Why do they call it the Department of the Interior when they are in charge of everything outdoors?

If Superman could stop bullets with his chest, why did he always duck when someone threw a gun at him?

Why does lemon juice contain "artificial ingredients" but dishwashing liquid contains "real lemons"?

Why do we have to wait until a pig is dead to "cure" it?

Why do we put suits in a garment bag and put garments in a suitcase?

Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?

Do Roman paramedics refer to IV's as "4's"?

What do little birdies see when they get knocked unconscious?

Last night I played a blank tape at full blast. The mime next door went nuts.

# cool shit from Epitaph

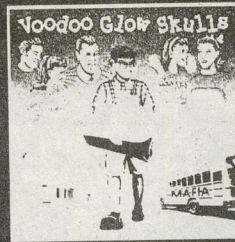
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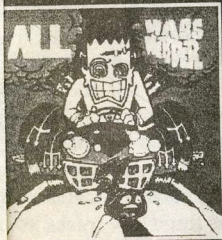
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"SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE"



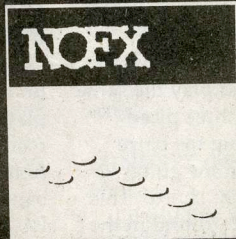
VOODOO GLOW SKULLS  
"THE BAND GEEK MAFRA"



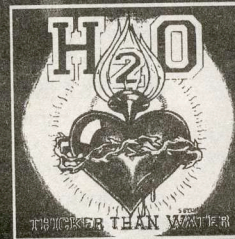
VARIOUS ARTISTS  
PUNK-O-RAMA 3



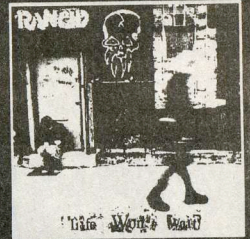
ALL  
"MASS NERDER"



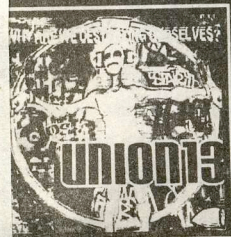
NOFX  
"SO LONG...  
THANKS FOR ALL THE SHOES"



H2O  
"THICKER THAN WATER"



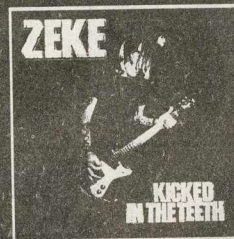
RANCID  
"LIFE WON'T WAIT"



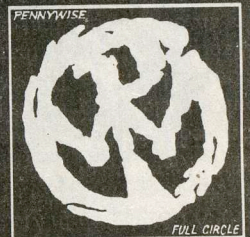
UNION13  
"WHY ARE WE  
DESTROYING OURSELVES?"



DWARVES  
"ARE YOUNG AND  
GOOD LOOKING"



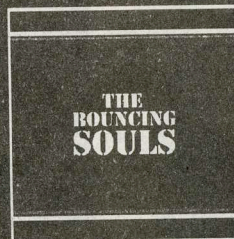
ZEKE  
"KICKED IN THE TEETH"



PENNYWISE  
"FULL CIRCLE"

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- THE CRAMPS - "BIG BEAT FROM BADSVILLE"
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**KRABATHOR / Orthodox Pavement**

I was going to wait until next month to review this one but damn if I don't find myself compelled to get this out to you as soon as possible. Krabathor is what every crappy death metal band wants to be and

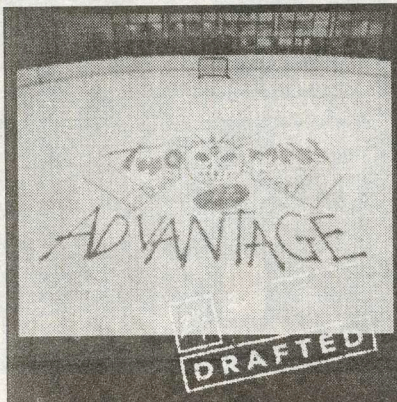


what most other death bands should be. This band is suffocatingly heavy and has the musical

ability to back it up. The solos aren't bad either! Christopher (vocals/guitar) switches between slow, deliberate picking and moderately paced sweeps. The only aspect of this release that I find suspect is maybe the lyrics, but who's going to read them anyway? Just pretend like the lyrics are a really long "thank you" list and ignore them (tee hee). Krabathor has been around since 1984 and are from the Czech Republic. Other releases from the band include the full-lengths - ONLY OUR DEATH IS WELCOME, COOL MORTIFICATION and LIES, a 7" EP THE RISE OF BRUTALITY and a mini CD MORTAL MEMORIES.

**TWO MAN ADVANTAGE / Drafted Royalty**

When I first saw this band's name (Two Man Advantage) I thought that would be a good name for a house band at The Bricks or The Sun (These bars are typically geared towards the "alternative" lifestyle groups - not that there's anything

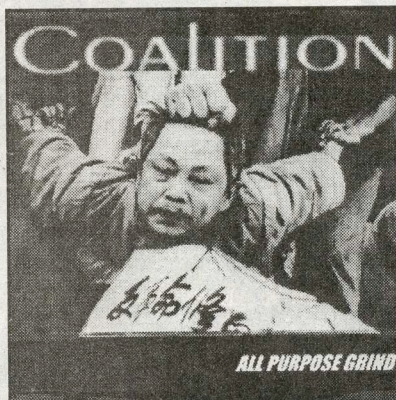


wrong with that.) Come to find out, 2MA picked their name up from hockey lingo. Actually, everything 2MA does from their stage show to the topic of every song has to do with hockey or beer. These topics aren't an either/or proposition with these boys, the two are incorporated on many occasions dur-

ing their songs. As for the music this band plays, let's just say it wouldn't hurt if you've been hit in the head a couple times with a hockey puck - it might even help. Bud Tkachuk (vocals) states, "We figured, why not have a five piece band and play the same three chord punk rock that a three piece plays?" Sorry Bud, but playing the barre chord at different positions on the guitar neck doesn't make it a different chord. This band may not be forging new ground in the punk rock world, but they are a fun band and that's what it's all about to them.

**COALITION / All Purpose Grind**

I had a chance to check this band's first release out back in '96. If I'm remembering correctly the first time I heard Coalition was when their song "Winter Of Discontent" appeared on the Milwaukee Metal Fest compilation CD. My point being is that I'm glad to see them still



together doing what they do. Sound-wise ALL PURPOSE GRIND sounds even better than their first release, while musically A.P.G. is a more diverse collection of songs. One definite change that will take time to warm up to is the change in vocalists. Rich Fortuna (guitar) is pulling double duty by taking over the vocalist position in the absence of their last singer. I really liked the vocals on their first CD so it will take a couple of listens. It's like on the Jeff Foxworthy show when all of a sudden Jeff has a new wife, a

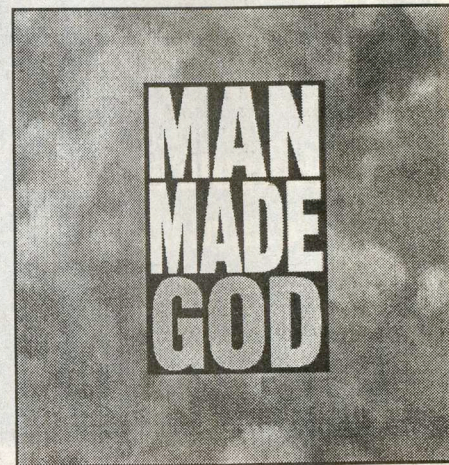
new house and one less kid. That really freaked me out. It's just if you can't rely on t.v. families then who can you rely on? I don't figure the Coalition change will affect me as much because as a metal band, these guys have a lot to offer. Contact Coalition at 29 Churchill St. Little Falls, NY 13365. or [www.blackdogweb.com/coalition\\_](http://www.blackdogweb.com/coalition_)

**SOIL / El Chupacabra / MIA**

The band Soil formed in early 1997. Since then, things have happened quickly for this band. By the end of 1997 Soil had already recorded a demo, started playing live (including a number of shows with Skinlab) and had been signed by Olympic Records. 1998 would find the band recording another mini CD which would ultimately get them signed to MIA. One listen is all it takes to find out what all of the fuss is about. Soil plays a heavy, southern-vibed brand of hard rock music. Classic influences that range from Sabbath to C.O.C. are evident in the band's updated approach. EL CHUPACABRA features three new tracks as well as two re-recorded versions of songs taken from their demo CD. The band is currently recording a full length which is scheduled for release in March '99. Soil are proof that solid, guitar-driven rock music will never get old as long as it's done right.

**MANMADE GOD**

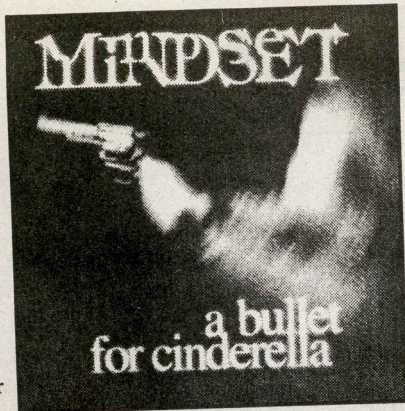
What does one do when a band such as Forbidden breaks up? If you're anything like me, you cry long and hard. If you're Craig Locicero (guitar), Matt Camacho (bass) or Steve Jacobs (drums), you forget about the last album you did together as Forbidden and hook up with Ahrue Luster (guitar) and Mike Green (vocals) to form the band ManMade God. I understand that Ahrue has left the band to join Machine Head since the recording of their demo and that the remaining four members have decided to stay a four piece. I also hear that there is a new demo already in the works (I'll keep you posted). As for the band's first demo, musically it is definitely a departure from the



straight forward power thrash sound that the majority of the members of MMG have spent their time playing in the past. De-tune the guitars a couple of steps, mix in a powerful backbone in the form of Steve Jacob's drumming and add the dream-state-like singing style of Mike Green and you have the basics of MMG. Mix all of these components together and you get a tight performance worthy of the attention of all. I'll assume the band is still shopping for a label as this five song demo was self-released. Record Execs: Didn't your mama teach you nothin? Sign these boys! I'm not sure what the availability is of this release. Contact ManMade God at 25125 Santa Clara St. #291, Hayward, CA 94544. or www.manmade-god.com.\_

**USURPER / Skeletal Season Necropolis**

Chicago's, Usurper are back with their second album SKELETAL SEASON. This band meets with success in their goal of creating music in the tradition of the black/death/thrash bands of the '80's. Most



of the music alternates somewhere between the strumming guitars of black metal and the plodding style of the eminent Celtic Frost (No, not COLD LAKE era C.F.. I'm sure it's well known in the metal world that's one era that would be better left dead.). This band's strong-point would be their over-all song writing, while

their weak-point would be their individual playing. Usurper as a band creates the dark cloud, but the individual performance of each player does little to cause any real lighting.\_

**MINDSET / A Bullet For Cinderella Noise**

I'll say this about A BULLET FOR CINDERELLA from the band Mindset - you WILL be able to understand the lyrics. I'm not talking about reading the words printed inside the CD cover and being able to interpret the grand concepts behind the songs. I mean you'll know what Roddy Lane (vocals) is singing while you're listening. (Oh great, no death vocals, I just lost half of my read-

ers.) Now for the other six of you that are still with me.. Apparently, Mindset has distanced themselves from the the mixing of rap and metal that was featured on their first album. Brad Divens (Souls At Zero - formerly Wrathchild America) and Drew Mazurek (Texas Is The Reason) were brought back during A BULLET FOR CINDERELLA to work wonders in the production room. The pair lay on a pretty slick production without robbing the band of their heavy edge. Straight from the opening song, the band fires through a repertoire sure to induce hordes of metal fans into fits of fist banging mania. The production and song writing allow the band to include a melodic element to the heavy musical background without the two clashing. This is good.... this is good.

**ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN I'm Not Your (Nothing) Victory**

Victory Records is introducing their latest signing Electric Frankenstein by releasing a 3 song EP, I'M NOT YOUR (NOTHING) by the band. E.F. winds up their energized style of punk rock and roll and lets it all fly with their songs "I'm Not Your (Nothing)" and "Right On Target". The release also features a cover of The Tube's, "I Was A Punk Before You Were A Punk".

—Forgach

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# THE DAILY CALENDAR

**Saturday, February 6**

**SLUG TEN YEAR  
ANNIVERSARY PARTY**  
MAGSTATIC, ICEBURN, STRANGE ITCH  
Zephyr Club 301 S. West Temple  
NO COVER

**Friday, February 5**

Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues - *Dead Goat*  
The Street Societys Child - *Holy Cow*  
Twistdead Fable - *Ichabob's*  
Jesse Bunting Swing Orchestra - *Ritz*  
Chola - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, February 6**

Lisa Marie & Co-Dependents - *Dead Goat*  
Twistdead Fables - *Ichabob's*  
**SLUG Party - FREE- Magstatic,  
Strange Itch, Iceburn - Zephyr**

**Sunday, February 7**

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*  
Wormdrive & Erosion - *Zephyr*

**Monday, February 8**

Shemekia Copeland - *Dead Goat*

**Tuesday, February 9**

Goat Jam - *Dead Goat*  
Godhead - *Area 51*  
Karl Denson - *Zephyr*  
Honest Engine - *Iggy's (maybe)*

**Wednesday, February 10**

Magstatic, Pulse, Drive - *Holy Cow*  
Alternate Root - *Dead Goat*  
Pato Banton - *Zephyr*  
Britton - *Holy Cow*  
Pulse, Downgrade - *Ichabob's*

**Thursday, February 11**

Inside Green - *Dead Goat*  
Highwater Pants - *Zephyr*

**Friday, February 12**

Volunteer King - *Dead Goat*  
Alpha Blonde - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, February 13**

Eurydice - *Dead Goat*  
Bonesorrow, Ichabob's - *Ichabob's*  
Rubberneck - *Zephyr*  
Zillionaires & Break-Ups - *Moroccan*

**Sunday, February 14**

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*  
Firehouse - *Holy Cow*  
Swing Gorillas - *Ritz*  
James McMurtry - *Wooden Dog PC*  
Acoustic Junction - *Zephyr*

**Monday, February 15**

Little Mike & the Tornadoes - *Dead Goat*  
Dollymops - *Zephyr*

**Tuesday, February 16**

Goat Jam - *Dead Goat*  
Second Hand Grace - *Zephyr*

**Wednesday, February 17**

Mulberry Drive - *Dead Goat*  
Royal Bliss - *Holy Cow*  
Caberet Diosa - *Zephyr*

**Thursday, February 18**

Woodshed - *Dead Goat*  
Chromatics - *Ritz*  
Calobo - *Zephyr*

**Friday, February 19**

Mudpuddle - *Dead Goat*  
Harlem Globetrotters - *Delta Center*  
Sno Core Tour - *E Center*  
Calobo - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, February 20**

Magstatic, Drive, Sand Kicker - *Moroccan*  
Carolyn Wonderland & the Imperial  
Monkeys - *Dead Goat*  
Unsound Mind - *Ichabob's*  
Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*

**Sunday, February 21**

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*  
Royal Bliss - *Zephyr*

**Monday, February 22**

A.J. Croce - *Dead Goat*  
Billy Thompson - *Zephyr*

**Tuesday, February 23**

Goat Jam - *Dead Goat*  
Black Sabbath - *Delta Center*  
Dread Zeppelin & Insatiable - *Zephyr*

**Wednesday, February 24**

Mary Tebbs - *Dead Goat*  
Huck Finn - *Holy Cow*  
Papa Kega - *Zephyr*

**Thursday, February 25**

Outer Site - *Dead Goat*  
Unsound Mind w/Climb - *Ichabob's*  
Godsmack, Grinspoon - *Zephyr*

**Friday, February 26**

Mambo Jumbo - *Dead Goat*  
Gallagher - *E Center*  
The Given - *Holy Cow*  
Young Dubliners - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, February 27**

Donner Party - *Dead Goat*  
Elbo Finn, Cartoon Criminal - *Ichabob's*  
Young Dubliners - *Zephyr*

**Sunday, February 28**

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*  
Peach - *Zephyr*

**Monday, March 1**

Mother Hips, Sea of Jones - *Zephyr*

**Tuesday, March 2**

Paperboys - *Zephyr*

**Wednesday, March 3**

God Street Wine - *Zephyr*

**Thursday, March 4**

Rev. Reed & Apostles of Blues - *Dead Goat*

God Street Wine - *Zephyr*

**Friday, March 5**

Tony Furtado - *Zephyr*

**Saturday, March 6**

Tony Furtado - *Zephyr*

**Friday, March 12**

Ringo Starr & His All-Star Band -  
Dee Events Center

THE DAILY CALENDAR IS A FREE SERVICE TO CLUBS AND VENUES. YOU HAVE TO GET YOUR INFO TO US BY THE END OF THE MONTH. UNLESS YOU DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW WHO IS PLAYING AT YOUR CLUB, in which case you are a fucking idiot and should probably get a job cleaning whore houses where you won't hurt yourself by having to do so much thinking.

# Words of Wisdom



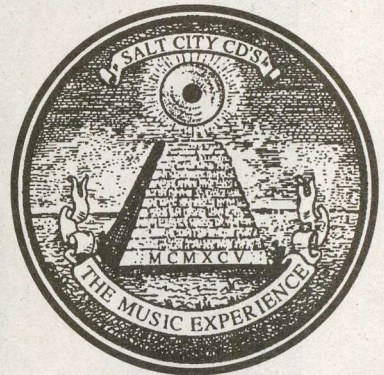
*"If the father comes forward  
and wants to marry the girl,  
should we, as a state, say no?"*

**Gayle Ruzicka**  
Utah Eagle Forum

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