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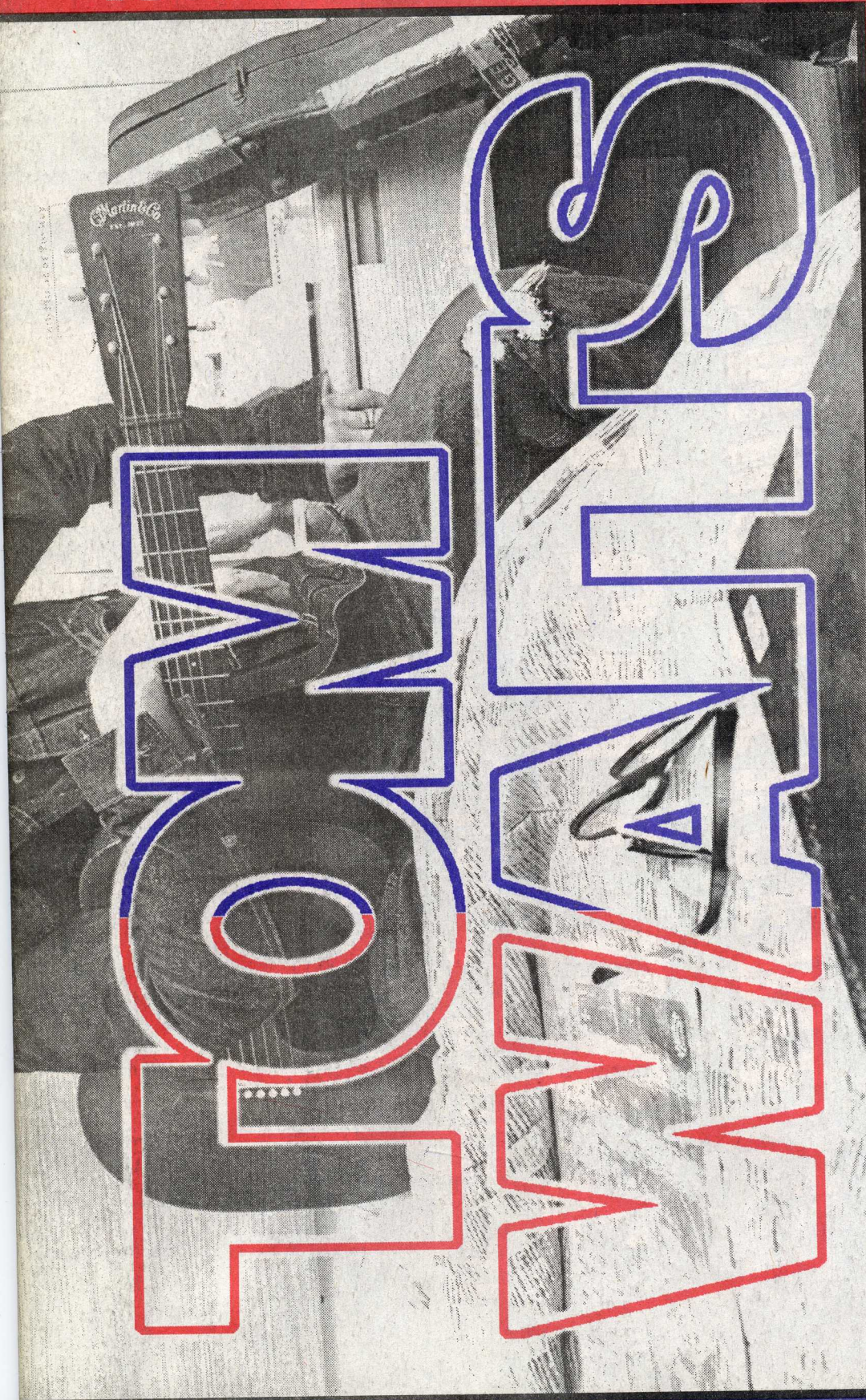
February 2000



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• Issue #134 • FREE



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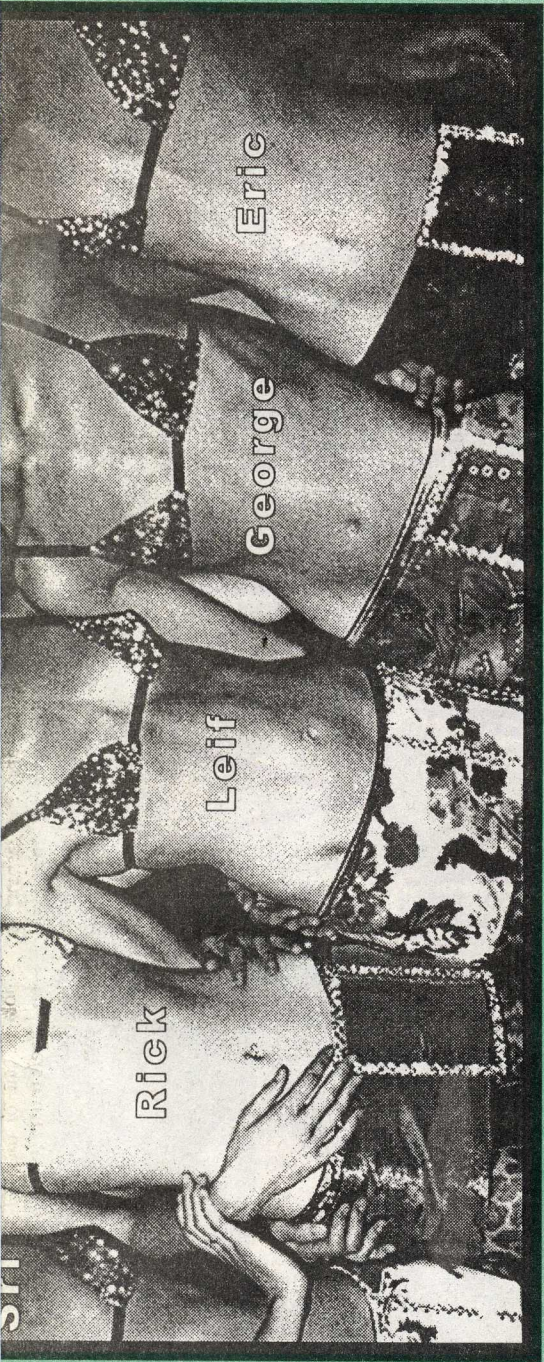
Neither Humorous no

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SLUG

FEBRUARY 2000

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Ed note: After the band Chola read what Mike Styles and another letter writer Brian Lang wrote last month, they had a little temper tantrum. One Chola boy called SLUG HQ and left a message that mostly dealt with his lack of education and misuse of the words "bitch," "faggot" and "pussy." My inside sources swear that it was Mr. Tokin J who left the voice mail, but we got the phone # and name off the SLC Police Business Trace service and tough guy won't answer his phone. They sent us several emails and called their 6 fans and had all of them email us too. So, here you go Chola, all the press your hippy funk band wanted and then some...

Subject: That's my Opinion
JAVAISE@prodigy.net

To: dicks@slugmag.com

Hey Dicks,

I would have to disagree with January's 'That's my Opinion' reply from Brian Lang. Not only is this reader blind to taste, but he can't even back up his claims against Chola. I'm not sure who he believes Chola 'wants-to-be.' They are one of the most unique, innovative groove-funk bands I have ever jammed to. Fortunately, the good people of Salt Lake have the opportunity to witness this band live, and the feedback I've received from those who have seen them perform has always been positive.

Subject: Hi!

Lindsay.Kirkpatrick@hsc.utah.edu

To: dicks@slugmag.com

Hi! Just wanted to send you a little note that I disagree with your article on Chola. They are a great band to listen and dance to, we always have fun at a Chola show. There must have been a misunderstanding between the bar and the band, I feel that full blame should not have been placed on the band. I feel that more positive things could have been written, all that is accomplished with a negative article is negative feelings towards everyone involved, including the writer. I'm sure the other bands would appreciate more positive (sp) vibes. Better luck next time?

peace
Lindsay Kirkpatrick

Ed: Better luck next time? What the hell does that mean?

From: Killer Griller,
ripstop@yahoo.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

FROM: Killer Griller

You sure do print up some intelligent insight in your "magazine". Michael Styles article

Guarans (sp?) I would have to say they are definitely (sp) one of my favorite bands!!

Thanks!!
Kelli Mcfall

Subject: Hi!

Liberty.Kment@hsc.utah.edu

To: dicks@slugmag.com

Hello There, I have read recently a few bits of your magazine really putting down the band Chola. I think everyone has a right to their opinion, but I would just like to say that I think the band is great. Hopefully you will maybe print this. It seems like there is some major tension going on. Give the guys some credit though. They're fun to dance to and always seem to have a positive vibe. Maybe their was some misunderstanding or whatever that caused this conflict, but come on~ CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG!! Plus I personally enjoy reading articles that aren't such a downer.

Peace!!!
Liberty Kment
Salt Lake

jjackson@miraalink.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

CC: CHOLA,

chola@chola.com

tokin@chola.com

dirtyd@chola.com

You're opinion of Chola as a band, and as people is WAY off. I've seen tons of bands in my days in different parts of the country and

at his club for over 2 years now and there has never been a scheduled Chola show at whatever it's called and I'm betting that there never will be.

As for slug "magazine", I think you all get worse off by the issue. A whole bunch of idiotic bitching (sp?) at the air and garbage in the ears. Go check out a Chola show to see all the people partying, girls dancing, smiles abounding, and remind yourself one more time why your (sp) jealous.

A Couple of Loyal CHOLA Fans
RipStop HipHop and Killer Griller

guys respond! The guys themselves, if you ever take the time to talk to them personally (something that's pretty easy to do after a show-TRY IT!) you'll know almost immediately that these guys wouldn't stiff anybody. If your bar had some kind of problem getting them to play there, the "problem" has to be on your end, NOT theirs. As far as Brian Lang goes, I don't want to check your memory cause I sure don't sound like Chola! I'm kinda curious exactly how you would play "pretend funk". I don't there's ever been a band who's musical influences didn't show.

Chola's influences are surely reflected in their original music, but their shows rock and jam. Poser's (sp) they're NOT!! Funk is funk, man. If that's not your groove, that's totally cool. Just go check out somebody else, but don't go slammin' what you obviously don't (or CAN'T) understand. The Disco Drippers are a pretty fun cover band, and they seem pretty tight, but I didn't like them either. That doesn't mean I'm going to go around town bashing them, though. If you want to groove to a jam and feel high on life, a Chola show is where to go. But it ain't going to happen if you walk into that club with hate and anger and a pissed off, sucky attitude. You'll get back what you're givin' out dude. If funk is your thing, free your mind and jam!

—Jay Jackson

Subject: Nice "Paper"

From: CHOLA, chola@chola.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

Leave us alone, Mr. Crimefighter. Don't You have any thing better to do than to pick on young gentlemen in a band? How old are you? What would your wife think? Your mother? if they knew

**Tom Schutte • Josh Brannin • Ray M.
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Todd Medley • Danny Boren • Bryan Meier
George St. John • Dean • Jacobi Ruada
Jeremy Carveras • Jenny Thomas
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Suite 206
S.I.C. Utah 84106**

...a shame that scum-like Brian, and Tchabob' owner Michael Styles (Dec 1999) have to voice their unsupported criticism on good music. Hopefully Slugreaders can enjoy less subjective opinions that aren't derived from bar-owner bitterness.

—Jason
Chicago, IL

(yeah right)

Subject: re: Chola

Kelli.McFall@hsc.utah.edu
To: dicks@slugmag.com

Hi!! I just wanted to write to you guys and let you know of a terrific band....Chola!!! Hello they are so great to go and dance to, or just to go and have a beer to!! When me and my friends want to go out and have a good time we'll go to wherever Chola is playing!!

about the most interesting and the lasting of CHOLA was one of the most uninteresting, trivial outbursts that has been recorded to paper in recent memory. All I have to say is a couple of things to Mike "Styles" and the janky ass club he calls something or other. Don't hate just because you can't relate. Success is a mindset paradigm shift from reptilian, small minded consciousness (like yours) to a floral, blooming consciousness, like CHOLA's. While your being consumed by reptilian hate, anger, fear, jealousy, envy, etc. Chola will be in the FreedomZone.com enjoying a flowering, blooming, budding success. Like I said before, People are different, So Don't Hate Because You Can't Relate. Also, Mike has been trying to book Chola

Chola is one of the best I've ever seen. Their music (original, I might add) rocks every place I've seen them play and always whips the crowd into a dance/party/beer drinkin'/high on life frenzy. Their CD, has become one of my favorites. The first time I saw them play at the Zephyr Club early last year, there wasn't a soul in the room that wasn't banging away with some part of their body and just groovin on the jam. These guys love to jam and love to be on stage, and it shows! I've rarely seen as (sp) band that seems to love what they're doing and that's so into the crowd. I've seen these guys totally switch gears and just bang right into some other song (or keep the one their (sp) playing going) if the vibe of the crowd changes. These

that you and Bill Frost were fucking?
your an ass,
Chola
Ed: First off, it's "you're" an ass, not "your" an ass. Secondly what does Bill Frost have to do with it? Oh yeah, he railed your band and you guys did the "positive peace vibe" thing by calling him up and leaving the same 5th grade message you left here. Very intelligent. Do all 6 of your fans know that whenever someone doesn't like your band that you call them up and leave idiotic threats on voice mail? Grow up girls, and none of this will matter to you anymore. (P.S. check out www.slugmag.com to hear the Chola voice mail.)

SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT To Me...
a letter from the editor

**"NO GOD SO FAR,
AS FAR AS I CAN TELL"**

Well, well, well... It has been another long year and twelve issues flew by much like a beached hippo. Not all has been crappy though, there have been some pretty cool things that happened this year that made it better than last year. Mostly, due to Angela Brown, our Managing Editor. She does not get enough thanks for the grief she takes or the money she earns. If the magazine got better each month, and I know it has, it is to her credit. God knows I can't stand you freaks.

Speaking of freaks, the battle rages on in the Senate. Can't they just get all the queers and brown & yellow colored people together in one room and tape their mouths shut? That way we won't have to worry about them marrying each other and God forbid, procreating. If there was any minute example of a supreme being it would be Orrin Hatch getting creamed in the Iowa caucuses. P.S. if any of you narrow minded politicians still don't get it, it's really simple. PEOPLE WANT EQUAL RIGHTS! It's not that hard to understand. The idea that a straight white man is smarter than a woman, or

smarter than a black man, or smarter than a gay man is absolutely beyond my realm of comprehension. This generation's only true genius John Lennon knew what he was talking about when he said "You say you want a revolution.. you better free your mind instead..." Stop talking about it, DO IT! And finally, a subject close to my heart... FOOTBALL! The Rams win the Super Bowl? Aaahhh! They are the epitome of what is bad about the NFL topped off with a crybaby coach. There is NO CRYING IN FOOTBALL! Ask Tom Hanks. So in closing I guess I proved my original point. No sign of God so far, since the Rams won the Super Bowl.

The Losers at Planet SLUG

Sweet Nothings

Sugarpants' JenXX Talks

Romance with The Boys

I confess. Valentine's Day and I have always had our differences. At an early age, I recognized Valentine's Day as an imperfect holiday long before even raising a suspicious eyebrow at Christmas. The holiday of romance disappointed as much as I anticipated it, strategically matching the proper Valentine message to the seemingly appropriate classmate only to find the thoughtfulness unreciprocated.

Years later, my confused relationship with February 14th (and romance more generally) is as strong as ever. Call it the ultimate love-hate relationship. Like others before and after me, I am on a lifelong search for what Valentine's Day makes commercial: human connection. And my preferred brand of connect-ee is part playmate, part sweetheart, and part Wonder Twin.

Having joined rock 'n' roll forces with indie music partners-in-crime Dan Morley and Ben Riggs of the enigmatic Sugarpants last May, I realized that this Valentine's Day would be different. I'd have two of the finest male specimens at my disposal, if not for carnal pleasure, at least for answers, provided I lubricated their minds with local brew and Chinese take-out.

Me: What is the difference between men and women when it comes to their perspectives on romance?

Dan: Women have been raised to believe in something that doesn't exist, and men are realistic. A man can't live up to those expectations because it's impossible.

Ben: The differences between men and women when it comes to romance are entirely cultural and dictated by media images because ultimately romance is nothing more than one person expressing an affection or desire for another person in a very personal way. I think that gender-fying it is oversimplification. It's not like all women are incredibly turned on by flowers just because they are women.

Dan: Women want to believe in romance. Look at Lifetime television or Ally McBeal. Every woman who says she doesn't want to hear a line is lying. It doesn't matter if it's heartfelt, as long as everyone's pretending.

Me: Well, that's not true and I don't want to be fed a line. What about boys? You make them sound blameless. What's the tragic male flaw?

Dan: Um, we ended up givin' women the right to vote. That's pretty much where it all went wrong.

Ben: That's pretty much when we lost control.

Dan: That Susan Anthony bitch. If women stayed where they belong, the world would be a better place.

Me: What is romance to you?

Dan: Romance isn't genuine or sincere. It's whatever works. Whatever's the best business arrangement. Whatever tailfeathers you have to put on to do the mating dance. That's what it's all about.

Ben: To do the mating dance, you have to give up the search for meaning, not that that's a valid search. But it's more interesting to search for meaning than participate in a pep rally for grown-ups.

Dan: It doesn't matter what's inside. Whatever women claim truly matters... you ever watch those supermodel interviews? They always give this list of shit that doesn't matter that they don't even buy. The difference is that men are way more honest about that.

Ben: I never dated a girl because of her personality. I always dated the girls with the nice tits. What else is there to a woman really?

Me: The problem is that too many women compromise themselves. As long as some women have low self-esteem, they'll flock toward the jerks that show them one iota of attention, thinking, "oh, somebody likes me!" Yuck!

Ben: I'm gonna go out on a limb here and say most women are stupid.

Me: Oh, I agree, but I think most men are too! I'd say 95% of the population is undateable.

Ben: There are all these fine-ass fuckable bitches that date jocks expecting them to change for 'em.

Dan: If you change "fuckable bitches" to "I'd like to make sweet love to you" all of a sudden you got different results.

Ben: But I'm not trying to get laid, y'know what I'm sayin'?

Dan: My point exactly.

Me: The only thing I disagree with is that they're probably not so fine-ass. Men are a lot less discriminating than women are. In any case, what distinguishes a "fuckable bitch" from a romantic interest? I mean, would you have a long-term relationship with one of these women? I won't even bother asking Dan because he doesn't believe in that.

Ben: Well, none of these fuckable bitches would go out with me so technically I couldn't have a long-term relationship with them.

Me: Ok, hypothetically.

Ben: Nah, I'd probably want to use them and get the hell out.

Me: Exactly.

Ben: Here's where the male downfall is—and this is going to sound really old-fashioned—but it's really about hard-to-getness. I mean if Cindy Crawford puts out on the first date, that's pretty good, but...

Dan: Yeah, that would be alright.

Me: I would pick a different supermodel myself.

Ben: The tragedy is that most people latch onto another because they fit into their lifestyle, like the way a loveseat completes the living room set. They've collected them all.

Dan: And once people collect all the crap from the Franklins Mint, then the neighbors can say, "Oooh, you've got the whole set!"

Ben: Rather than finding someone they can have a connection with in a philosophical, spiritual, sexual mingling sorta way.

Me: You don't think these things can co-exist?

Ben: Maybe, but it would be entirely coincidental. You can't go out looking for both at the same time.

Dan: What I've seen a lot of people do is in order to justify sex, they call it "love."

Me: I disagree. I can have fine sex on my own without the heartache. There's something more to it.

Sugarpants plays this month at Burt's Tiki Lounge on Wednesday, February 23 and as part of SLUG's Anniversary Party at the Zephyr on Friday, February 25.

To contact Sugarpants, write sallack@yahoo.com.

—JenXX

"THE UNOFFICIAL STORY OF SLUG MAGAZINE"

by *JR Ruppel*

For some god awful reason there seems to be some discussion as to the beginnings of SLUG magazine. I don't know how I got dragged back into this, I thought I was rid of all of this nonsense when I pawned this trash off on Gianni. Well, Gianni waved a stack of second rate cd's (sent to him for review) if I would rear my ugly head. It's no secret, nor is it all that interesting... but here goes.

The original concept of SLUG (Salt

Lake Under Ground) was conceived in the bar of the Speedway Cafe over shitty beer with Paul Maritsas, Ziba Mirashi and myself. The idea was to spotlight the music being featured in the alternative genre of the Salt Lake music scene. At the time, the larger magazines were not spending a lot of time on what we were doing (Speedway Cafe and The Word) and very little focus on local talent. More importantly we couldn't afford advertising in those same newspapers (The Private Eye, The Event etc.). We decided to do our own.

The original idea was to put out the paper and The Speedway Cafe would put up the money. The first issue came out in December of 1988 as a 4-page

Kinko's copy. Any talk about Zay Speed starting SLUG is not correct. Zay was always a big support and could build and fix stuff better than McGiver, but he didn't have much to do with the paper, even the Speedway Cafe became just another advertiser. Paul Maritsas and Ziba Mirashi were always a help but soon faded away like most people who wanted to help.

I am not about toot my own horn (if I could I'd never leave the house) but I was the only consistent element of the paper. There were great writers and staff who were always around like Jon Shuman, Matt Taylor, Bill Frost, Dan Keough, and William Athey wrote more himself than all other writers combined and none of them ever got paid. Those of you who think the bigger newspapers are the enemy are the deluded ones. SLUG would have been dead after the 5th issue if it weren't for John Saltas (publisher of City Weekly) who put me behind his own computer and helped me keep SLUG on the road for a long time.

I would love to say there was some romantic notion of keeping some rock & roll dream alive or fighting for the love of punk rock but it wasn't. The paper evolved on it's own with the help of what ever the writers felt strong about. The advertisers were the real support and the true believers. Why anybody would have ever bought music from anybody but Raunch Records and The Heavy Metal Shop I will never understand. People who order dominoes pizza instead of

Freewheeler should have their tongues cut out. It was all about sliding past and self promotion.

When Nirvana hit it big I knew it was all finished. They did more damage to rock and roll than the Beatles. The paper was far from "underground" with ads from Sony Records and other big wigs but you still picked it up. My apathy level was at an all time high and I wanted out. I was about to trash the whole thing and Gianni entered the picture. Gianni's only problem was that he gave a shit and he was ambitious. I sold him half the paper and we continued in a sick and wrong partnership for a year till we decided one head was better than two. He bought the other half of the paper and I joined a hippie band and hit the road. I spent all my money on Tesla Cd's, Burial Benefits bootlegs and a bitchin' TV so I could stay in touch with the Psychic Network.

Sorry kids, there were no hero's, no fantastic journey through the world of punk rock. Just a bunch of people milking the "alternative music scene." It's all bullshit and you all sucked it in. It was fun but we were all just pumping ourselves at your expense. I shouldn't speak for everybody but I will anyway... you got hosed. So long suckers!

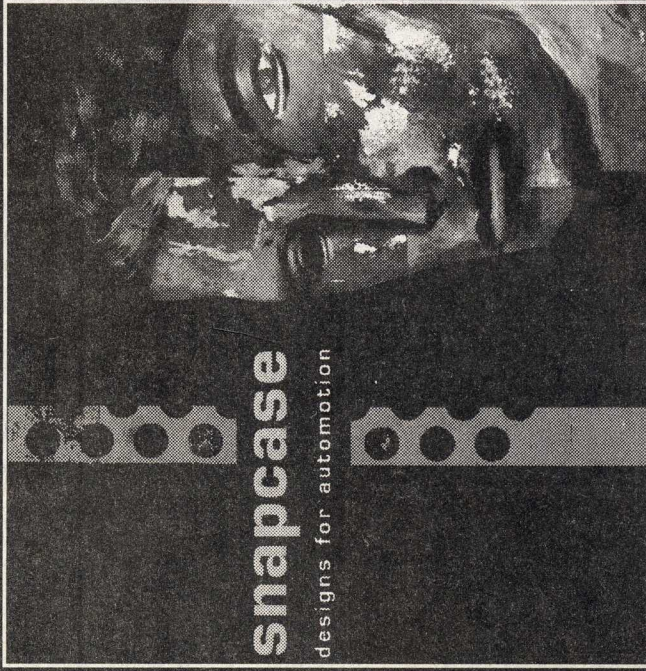
hugs and kisses
—JR Ruppel

SONY ROCKS YOUR LAME ASS

Happy 11 Year Anniversary, Sluggo!



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musical appearances by

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THUNDERFIST
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FISTFULL

No
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Cover!!



AND THOUGHT PATTERNS

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AND THE INFAMOUS ANGELA BROWN PINATA BUST!

The Zephyr Club

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I think most of the other kids thought I was pretty strange. I didn't have very many friends at school, either . . .

SLUG: Who were your early role models?

B: Wow — I had a bunch. Out of all of them I'd have to say that Nina Hagen, Stiv Bator and Tony James came out on top . . . Sigue Sigue Sputnik changed my life forever and I can still listen to the Lords of the New Church or the Dead Boys without it ever getting old or boring . . .

SLUG: Favorite movie growing up?

B: "Flash Gordon!" Don't ask me why, but I have and will always love that flick . . . The costumes were great and Ming rules all . . .

SLUG: What kind of music did you listen to growing up?

B: I went through so many musical stages growing up—it's really quite amazing when I look back on it all . . . I was ultimately introduced to music through KCGI, so the majority would've been your classic '80s New Wave and Punk Rock, but I also really got into Industrial, Acid House, New Beat, Gothic, and Classic Rock. I used to go to the old Cosmic Aeroplane and look through their albums — I've always been very visually stimulated — so I'd pick out the album with the most outrageous looking freak on the cover and that's usually what ended up on my turntable at home . . . That's how I discovered a lot of bands . . . To this day I'm still a sucker for the "whole package."

SLUG: Favorite television show?

B: It's actually kind of strange that I'd end up in Hollywood 'cuz I'm so clueless when it comes to movies and television. As a kid I used to dig "H.R. Puff'n' Stuff" and I was really quite fascinated with "Andy Warhol's 15 Minutes" on MTV . . . "Melrose Place" was always fun for me — (it) made me feel

like my personal dramas were rather minimal by comparison, but that's about it. **SLUG:** If you could have chosen to grow up ANYWHERE in the world, where would you have been besides Utah?

B: There's something about growing up in

least, not up until now . . .
SLUG: When did you create Hollywood Monsters?

B: After I closed up shop in Salt Lake and moved to Hollywood. I was working at Boy London and getting really frustrated with life in general. I missed having the shop and I wanted to open up another one here, but I had already burned through all of my cash and I wasn't so sure I was ready to deal with the whole retail grind again. I decided to put my computer skills to use and try and do something online. I had been drawing the logo since I was a little kid in church and I knew it'd be perfect so I converted it to a graphic format. I came up with the name after working through a million others and I was getting really excited, then everything fell apart. After three jobs, a stalker, a move to a new apartment, a nasty car accident, a really rotten relationship, two surgeries, a helluva lotta doctors, lawyers and insurance companies [author's note: I feel your pain] — 2 YEARS LATER — I finally managed to get it up online.

SLUG: What was your original goal with the web site? And has this changed?

B: I initially just wanted to do the fashion thing, but as I got more involved in it, I thought it'd be cool to put up some club listings with some links. I've always thought that fashion, rock and clubs all kinda went hand in hand. I kept putting up more and more listings and it sort of snowballed from there. . . Now I see it more like a community than just my own thing and I'm trying to continue building on that concept: shameless self-promotion for the masses . . .

SLUG: What are the best clubs in LA?

B: There are so many great clubs in LA: Bar Sinister, Makeup, Pretty Ugly Club, the list goes on and on . . . If I had to pick out a couple of favorites, they'd have to be Dragstrip 66 and Screem. Paul V. and Mr. Dan (AKA Ms. Gina Lotriman) have created something really special with Dragstrip — 7 years later, it's STILL packed. I once read in an article about the old Screem club that



★★★ HOLLYWOOD ★★★ MONSTERS

www.hollywoodmonsters.net

In her 1989 memoir, "My Gorgeous Life," Australian drag queen extraordinaire Dame Edna Everage recalls her earliest childhood memory. She is lying in her bassinnet as a "bubba" and her grandparent's large faces are leering into it, speculating

while expanding upon it greatly. Not only does it offer the unique fashion/shopping experience that Galaxina was infamous for, it has expanded drastically by offering news, information, and event listings for the LA rock and nightlife underground. During

about her future and what would she be when she grew up? "If only my little rusk-encrusted lips could have spoken," recalls Dame Edna, "I would have cooed one simple word: Megastar." Several decades and a couple of continents over in the City of Salt grew up a little boy/entrepreneur with similar aspirations. His given name is Brigham H. Moody, alternatively and preferably known as Budgie. From his humble childhood to his first public offering with Galaxina, all the way to his latest opus, the fabulous "Hollywood Monsters" Web site, he has never lost that vision.

On September 1st of 1994, in Salt Lake City's eclectic Ninth & Ninth neighborhood, the "Glamour Beast" to be known as Galaxina was born. The fact that some people didn't get it was exactly the point. In a hilarious quote from the Hollywood Monster Web site, Budgie describes Galaxina's arrival: "Conceived in decadence from the depths of the Salt Slums (Salt Lake City)-Galaxina Inc. opened its doors to the public with it's first and only monster — GALAXINA... The glamour beast spewed forth with its plastic, rubber, holography, fake fur, metal, psychedelics, glitter and more... We had no interest in playing by society's rules or expectations — we preferred to set our own and to live our own lives... Whether it was too cool for Salt Lake — or just too ahead of its time — it sadly became a legend when it closed its doors to the public nearly three years later, ending with a spectacular party that is talked about to this day.

Let's fast forward now, two years later, to the city of hopes and dreams, Los Angeles, where the resurrection as it were, began. With an advertising budget of less than \$100, and the help of various club promoters, www.hollywoodmonsters.net came to reality. It offered the world (via the Web) its own twisted vision, and continues the tradition that Galaxina had started,

its first seven months, it received over 21,000 total page views — no small feat for a relatively new site. And now as the site grows, so do its numbers: Hollywood Monsters boasts 5,000 page views for December and expects that number to double at 10,000 for the month of January, 2000!

Screaming its rally cries of "Fashion vs. Lifestyle with a greedy smile—Sex, Clubs, and Rock'n'roll — As plastic as you want us to be..." the site offers its own "RANTS" page (for kids to post their own messages, and in a galaxy of colors no less), plus its humorous guestbook, free e-mail and so much more. There's even a "GALAXINA" section to reminisce by, complete with photos and tombstone. The site is scheduled to relaunch come March 1st and will have an all-new look (would we expect anything less from Budgie?) along with several new additions including promotional merchandise, a weekly "ROCK'N'ROLL RE-HAB" column by LA celebante photographer and club promoter Apollo Starr, permanent anti-art and photography installations and a slew of other surprises.

As the anticipated re-launch approaches, SLUG sent Budgie a questionnaire about his past/present/and future, and as expected, he answered it as only he could. Here are some of the highlights:

SLUG: When did the word "glamour" enter your vocabulary?

BUDGIE: I think it was stamped on my forehead at birth... Really, truly — I have no idea...

SLUG: Were you different from other kiddies growing up?

B: No question about that! As a little kid I practically lived in this full-on Batman suit — gray spandex, yellow utility belt, black rubber boots and all. I was always doing really tripped out things to my bedroom and

all of that repression that I think pushes certain people to their outer most limits — I don't regret being raised in Salt Lake City 'cuz I don't think I'd be who I am today had I not grown up there... But that's not to say that I'll be running back anytime soon... **SLUG:** When did you decide to show the world the high road to "glamour & fashion"?

B: It never was my intention to show anybody anything — it's just sort of worked out that way. When I moved back to Salt Lake City — after failing miserably living in Atlanta — I was so bored I couldn't stand it! I had to design a life for myself and I've always been into clothing, so that's when I decided to open up Galaxina. It all took off from there...

SLUG: Your thoughts on the Beehive state? **B:** It's a nice place with a ton of great people, but you couldn't pay me to live there again.

SLUG: I know the name "Galaxina" came partially from a Nina Hagen song, but what about the 1980 sci-fi flick of the same name starring the late Dorothy Stratten? Ever seen it? Did this influence you?

B: I had no idea there was a film named "Galaxina" until after I had already opened the shop. I stole the name outright from Nina Hagen's "Cosma Skrya" on the "Nunsexmonkrock" album. I love that album.

SLUG: How old were you when you decided to go into business for yourself? And how long did it take (from idea to reality) to set up the Galaxina Empire?

B: Both my father and grandfather were hard-core businessmen... Even when I was little I was always workin' the lemonade stand taking all of the neighbor kids for every cent they had. I opened Galaxina two months following my 21st-birthday. It was my first "official" business endeavor. It took roughly 9 months of planning and 3 months of remodeling. I don't think I've ever been quite so motivated in my entire life. At

Dayle Gloria had "the best ears in the rock business" — she still does... I've seen some AMAZING shows there...

SLUG: How have you kept the Web site so minty fresh?

B: Lots of sleep deprivation and late-night tweaking on the computer.

SLUG: Do the clubs/promoters contact you? How does that work?

B: Initially, I contacted everybody myself. It's a very hard sell in LA. If people have no point of reference to you, they're generally not interested and they don't hesitate in acting like it, either. Some of the club promoters have been nicer than others, but as time goes on I find more and more people contacting me, and I'm amazed at the support I've received from most of them — particularly Paul V. (Dragstrip 66), Dayle Gloria (Scream), Taimé Downe (Pretty Ugly Club/Newlydeads), Tricia La Belle (Bar Sinister), and Reverend Dan (Jetset/Music for Nimrods-KXLU). It's taken a lot of effort to get everybody involved and that's ultimately what I want.

SLUG: What is the future of Hollywood Monsters?

B: Being on the Internet, it's anybody's guess, but I'd like to eventually take it to a national level. I'll be starting up with that in the near future. I also really want to expand the catalog with lots of new goodies. Ultimately, I want it to take on a life of it's own.

SLUG: Celebrity sightings? Your LA experience...

B: Good God, the celebrities run rampant like cockroaches in this town. Half the time I don't even realize I've seen or met one until later. I did have a pretty silly encounter with Tori Spelling at Rage: I accidentally bumped right smack into her and I just busted up laughing — I couldn't help myself. I don't think she was too impressed.

SLUG: Obviously the club scene is cooler in LA, but what are your favorite clubs in Salt

HOLLYWOOD MONSTERS

continued

Lake?

B: The Palladium and London Underground will always go down in my heart as the best that ever were... I had so many great and wonderful experiences at those two clubs... I don't think most club promoters in SLC really get it these days — it's a synergy between environment, music, and your clientele — and it's rare that you actually get that in a club in Salt Lake. They always feel kinda like bad hotel bars.

SLUG: What music influences you today?

B: Most of the music I listened to as a kid is the same music I'm influenced by today. I've been fairly bored with the mainstream music industry, but more recently I've been exposed to a bunch of local LA bands that are really great: Newlydeads, Bubble, Motorcycle Boy, Superfriends, Texas Terri & The Stiff Ones, Broken—there's a ton of 'em. It's a wonderful feeling to have that sense of discovery again. The music industry has become so packaged and force-fed over the years, so it's a nice change for me...

SLUG: Favorite zines?

B: Currently, Coyote Shivers' new "H.O.R.N.Y. (Hollywood's Only Rock and Nightlife Yellow) Pages". It totally rocks and it's got Hollywood Monsters plastered all over it...

SLUG: Trends? What are they? Do you believe in them? (We all know you set them)

B: I think trends are great! If there weren't trends—I'd be out of business! Throw in a little of your own individuality and you can set the town on fire...

SLUG: Worst experience in LA?

B: Way too many to count... The last 2 years have been the best and worst years of

my life. It's a complete love/hate relationship living here in L.A...

SLUG: Favorite cocktail?

B: I sure do miss walkin' around with one of those quart-size Long Island Iced Teas in Salt Lake... The Long Islands here are a little too potent for my tastes, and about 1/3 the size... I've succumbed to rum 'n' coke...

SLUG: Favorite accessory?

B: I bought myself the Millennium Swatch for X-mas... It's completely covered in silver glitter and it's even filled with glitter... Not very functional, but it sure looks great...

SLUG: Boxers or briefs?

B: Neither! I wear the slinkiest little g-strings and things—leopard printed, glittery, whatever... If yer not feelin' glamorous in yer pants, how could you possible project that to the rest of the world?

SLUG: Paper or plastic?

B: As plastic as you want us to be...

SLUG: Is there anything else you'd like to add?

B: As a matter of fact, I've been hearing there's all kinds of whacked-out rumors about me floatin' around the Salt Slums, and I'd just like to take this opportunity to say: they're ALL TRUE! Every single last one of them... One other thing—Hollywood Monsters loves you... We really do...

Don't forget to check out: www.hollywoodmonsters.net and be sure not to miss it's re-launch March 1st, 2000!

—Son Of Damian

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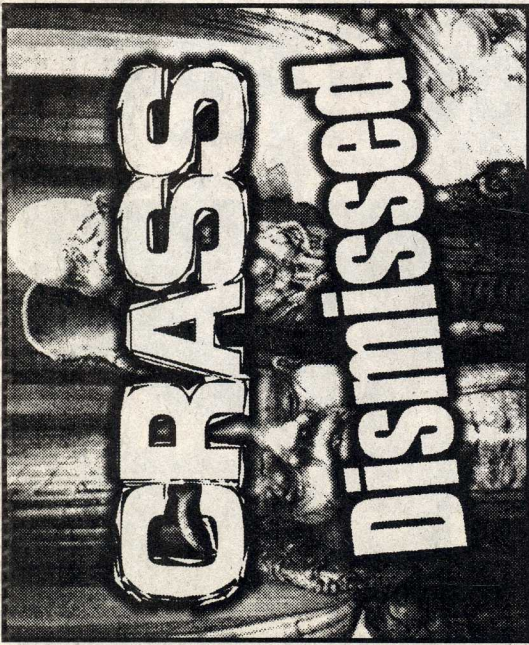


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THE
DWARVES
COME CLEAN"
OUT 3/7/2K





This is my farewell edition of Crass Dismissed. Thanks to SLUG for letting my hack and thanks to the loyal readers (both of you).

Ed: Thank you Jeb. You have done a lot to put us where we are now. You are the man.

HARD BARGAIN (s/t) CD

Originally formed under the moniker CRISIS 20 years ago (changed because of other bands using the name), it is great to see these hard rocking kingpins still at it. This was one of the first bands to turn me onto underground extreme music and was the very first band I ever published an interview with (16 years ago in a long defunct Canadian zine). In a very real way it is their fault you are reading these words right now. HARD BARGAIN is the first full length offering from the band in several years and hopefully it will garner them the attention they have for so long deserved. The CD is a real mix of styles, reflecting not only the band's early heavy metal roots, but the seasoning and maturity that comes from plugging along as independent artists for two decades. Songs like the barnstorming opener "Independent" as well as "Dodged Another Bullet" and "It Isn't Easy Being Me" (great lyrics!) demonstrate that HARD BARGAIN can kick it out as hard and fast as ever. Jeff and Dan's guitars are blazing, Brett

the dual guitar solo in the middle manages to keep the tune from being a complete bust. Any fan of guitar driven rock, be it mellow or hard is going to connect to this disc.

You might as well order it now so you can lord it over your friends that you were the first to score this HARD BARGAIN. (\$10 ppd Hard Bargain POB 900543, Sandy, UT 84090-0543 or hardbargain99@aol.com)

EYEHATEGOD Southern Discomfort CD

About the only thing cooler than this posthumous release by EHG is the fact that the band have since decided not to break up making "Southern Discomfort" no longer posthumous. This CD is a collection of 7" tracks, out takes and alternate versions. Their Bovine released "Ruptured Heart Theory" 7" is here (different version of the song than the one on the last album) and both their Slap A Ham and Ax/ction released splits with 13 are here as well. This CD is both a great introduction to the band and a vital piece of the discography puzzle for fans. Many of EHG's fastest and most violent songs grace this disc ("Peace Thru War" and "Lack of Almost Everything" being my favorites) as well as a couple of their best dirges ("Depress" being the most notable). EHG have helped shape the sludge genre but have also managed to be only poorly imitated leaving them as a relevant part of the overall scene. It is beyond my comprehension that you need prodding to go pick this up but just in case... consider yourself prodded. (Century Media 1453-A 14th St. #324 Santa Monica, CA 90404 or www.centurymedia.com)

DICHOTIC / Lowest Common Denominator CD

The progenitors of last year's phenomenal album "Collapse Into Despair" are back with a new bastard offspring just in time to herald the end of the millennium and if the doomsayers of the world needed any further proof that the end is near they need look no further than this new CD from DICHOTIC. This is the musical equivalent to the apocalypse. DICHOTIC create absolutely gigantic riffs this time around that will leave everyone but the most diehard death metal connoisseurs curled up in a fetal position. Wall of sound? How about the Great Wall of China of Sound. This is what death metal was meant to sound like. Low gurgling vocals that occasionally break

concert halls and to tiny clubs to see Dee Snider and/or TS play. I consider myself a devote "dirtbag" and have even worn a Twisted Sister pin "on my uniform" as it were lecturing to my college students, most of whom nowadays have no idea who TS are or, I suppose more appropriately, "were". "Club Daze Volume One" is a look at the TWISTED ones pre-fame and pre-record deal. These 13 tracks include never before released demo tracks circa 1978-79 and demo tracks that actually made it to vinyl in the form of the self released singles and the Secret Records EP "Ruff Cuts" circa 1980-81. About half of the cuts are vintage examples of the early TS metal sound with all the pomp and presence that eventually made them household names. The other half aren't really metal at all but a quasi-glam rock that has more in common with THE NEW YORK DOLLS and THE DICTATORS than, say, AC/DC. Since these songs were all recorded when the band was at the height of their club circuit success they are predictable a bit long winded at times. When a band is playing 3 sets a night in some filthy bar room they tend to stretch each song out to nearly the breaking point just to keep their sanity and to make the sets manageable. The best tracks here are the later ones that were previously released although "Come Back" and "Pay The Price" are noteworthy additions to the TS legacy and have never really seen the proper light of day before. Right in the middle of "Club Daze" there are a handful of Jay Jay French penned tunes that are the most glam influenced cuts on the CD and illustrate exactly why the band achieved fame and fortune with Dee writing all the music. This album is highly recommended and will undoubtedly make my "Best of 1999" list but as a caveat I should say that I am the first to acknowledge that I have absolutely no objectivity when it comes to TWISTED SISTER. I just love 'em too much. (Spitfire Records www.spitfire.com)

THE BOILS! When The Sun Goes Down MCD

I am really getting into the Philly area scene lately (thanks mostly to Creep records) and bands like THE BOILS are why. Pure punk rock fury that does nothing fancy yet does everything right. This high adrenaline kinda rawk is what attracted me to punk in the first place. It isn't quite Oi! but it is definitely street punk. The sound of the city and the beat of boots on pavement put to music. Sing-a-long worthy choruses, ferociously pounding drums and

commits assault and battery on his drum kit, and Dane's rumbling bass is almost as powerful as his classic leather lunged vocals. Only slightly more reserved is "Blue Roses" a tune with more of a pure rock 'n roll flavor to it. It was songs like these that garnered them their first record contract in the early eighties and led to features in such noted publications as England's "Metal Forces".

There is, however, a Dr. Jekyll to their metallic Mr. Hyde and it can be found in acoustic tunes like "Driving Rain", "My Girl", "Kicked Around" and the atypical yet tremendous "Guava And Palmetto" a delicate song that could fit comfortably into the rotation on an adult contemporary station. It isn't often a hard hitting band can dig down deep enough to create a tune that is best described as "beautiful" but HARD BARGAIN are not your average band and are not about to do anything mundane or expected. The CD is rounded out with an instrumental number that is quirky and fun called "Sheraza" as well as a less effective song, "Living A Dream" a rocker that is probably the first thing the band has ever done that I don't like. It is just too cheesy for me, especially the lyrics. Only

into screeches. Intricate and mesmerizing guitar and bass work that is as sharp as it is technically stellar. Furious drums that flail away without mercy or respite. And all of this in support of well written tunes that are tighter than a Republican at a benefit for the homeless. DICHOTIC is never going to be the biggest band to emerge from Canada but they are sure making a case for being the best. (Discorporate Music 2476-8 Robie St., Halifax NS, B3K 4N1, Canada or <http://home.istar.ca/~discm>)

TWISTED SISTER/Club Daze Volume One CD

In 1982 when I first discovered TWISTED SISTER people laughed at me because they were so "outlandish" and "dressed liked women". Three years later TS were the hottest thing since Chinese take out. Three more years and their rocket to fame had flared out big time. It's now 1999 and I just bought the latest TS release, autographed, no less. Again people laugh. Haven't I "outgrown" this kind of stuff "yet". Hell, no!!! I have loved everything TWISTED SISTER has ever done. I've dragged myself to packed

three chord guitar heroics are the bread and butter of THE BOILS sound. They aren't doing anything new but they sure are doing it better than most. Some of the songs on this MCD have been released before so this makes for a pretty short release for longtime fans but for new initiates like me I can't think of a better way to be introduced to THE BOILS. This is one blemish you ain't gonna wanna pop. (Creep Records Suite 220, 252 East Market St., West Chester, PA 19381 or www.creeprecords.com)

—Jeb

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CONCERT PREVIEW

Paula Cole's "I Don't Want to Wait" is playing in the background. Not exactly what you'd expect your super-jaded Lame Ass Concert Previews writer to be listening to. Seems like he'd be listening to Old Time Relijun, or Crash Worship, or some shit 'cause he's a motherfucker on the *fringe*.

Plenty of stuff to talk about this month. Pretty happy about that. Last two columns were a fuckin' chore, what with the lack of activity.

First thing happening this month is the **Fat Wreck Chords Tour**, with **Bracket**, **Consumed**, **Mad Caddies**, and **No Use for a Name**. Little late-winter punk to melt the icicles on your wallet chain. This takes place on the 5th at Brick's, an alternative lifestyles establishment. You got a problem with that?

Also on the 5th, **Maceo Parker** is finishing off two nights at the Zephyr, **Robin** and **Linda Williams** bring folk to the University of Utah and in Provo, **Hi-Fi** and the **Roadburners** set ABG's ablaze.

On the 7th at the HogWallow is

Tha Muse Meant, a four-piece jam band whose songwriting skills are as refined as its chops. Their latest release, *Sweet Things*, is the first jam band album to receive a complete spin from me since Widespread Panic's *Til the Medicine Takes*. That's saying a lot, since I used to be a huge proponent of jam bands and have finally emerged from a clambaked VW bus to see that even though a band can play their asses off, it doesn't mean they have balls. An alternative would be blues legend W.C. Clark at the Dead Goat.

You like Barenaked Ladies? Neither do I (especially since Jason Priestly directed their concert film, *Barenaked in America*. That, folks, is the Endorsement of Death) but my wife does, so I will likely be made to attend the performance of the **Brothers Creegan**, a duo comprised of BNL bassist Jim Creegan and his brother Andy. There's more syrup in their pop than a Kwik-E-Mart Super Squishee, be warned. Eighth. Zephyr.

The only thing worse than a jam band is a prog-rock band. A few years ago, I purchased **Dream Theater's** debut new on CD for .99 cents thinking I couldn't lose. Let me proclaim very loudly that

I WAS WRONG!

There aren't enough musicians on the planet to fill the venues these guys play. A scant few prog-rock bands (Rush, Kansas, King Crimson, Ozric Tentacles) are worth half the price they usually charge for admission. They should make like the jam bands and organize big festival-type shows to draw all these theory and technique geeks out at once. That'll give them more time to sit in their rooms and practice odd-time soloing. February 8th. Kingsbury Hall.

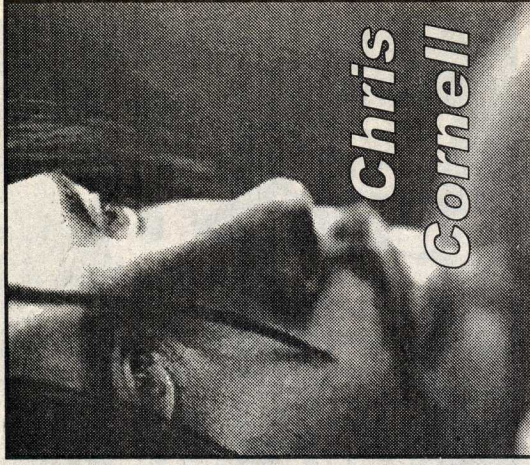
Man, just when I was beginning to get lonely (after Reba's departure), look who comes to town. **The Judds**. They're playing the Delta Center on the 8th with **JoDee Messina**. You know what'd kick ass? If they brought Ashley with them. That'd make for a warm Feberberry night, uh-huh. Provided Wynonna makes herself scarce, though.

Got some reggae for ya at the Zephyr on the 9th. It's the **Wailers**, for some strange reason without Bob Marley. Where the fuck has THAT guy been? Fuckin' stoner. Wish he'd kick that shit and stop relying on royalties from his Greatest Hits record.

On the 9th and 10th, **Sheila Nicholls** will play the Dragonfly Café and Cup of Joe, respectively. If you haven't guessed the genre, you probably don't give a shit. **Clumsy Lovers** are bringing that Celtic thing they do back to the Zephyr on the 10th.

Chris Cornell. Kingsbury Hall. Eleventh. You know the name, you know his former musical affiliation. His new record is called *Euphoria Morning* and it's a ho-hum collection of kissing cousins to "Black Hole Sun" and "Seasons."

Additionally on the 11th, **Good Riddance** returns to Brick's after a summer gig with **Anti-Flag** at the same venue,



**Chris
Cornell**

SLC after a December show with Park City power trio **Smilin' Jack**. He's at Harry O's, the scene of Third Eye Blind's jamdance hissy fit over the presence of photographers at the show.

Odd pairing of the month goes to **Sawyer Brown** and **Credence Clearwater Revisited**, who are playing the Dee Events Center on the 25th.

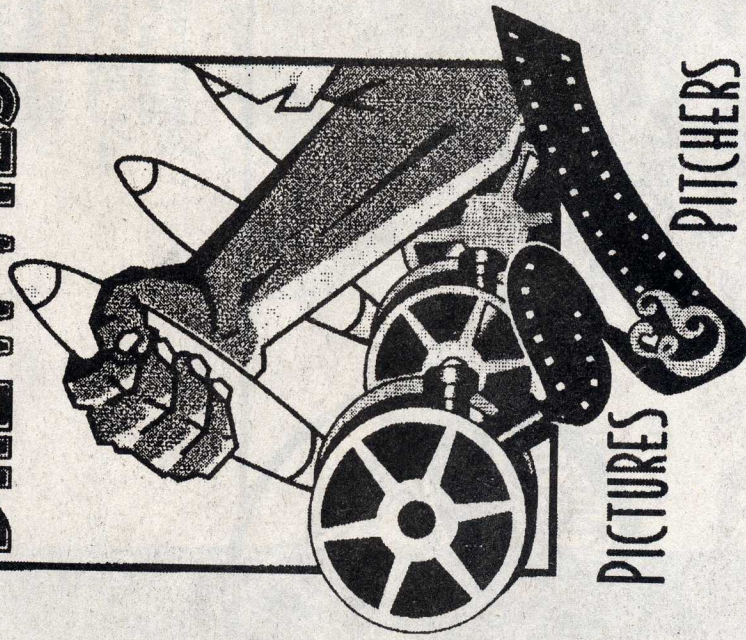
(Note: There is some party for some music rag's (**SLUG MAGAZINE**) 11th anniversary happening on the 25th at the Zephyr. Some local bands are going to play and one is rumored to be **SUGARPANTS**. Another is called **FISTFULL**. Joining the extravaganza will be **VEXATIONS** and **THUNDERFIST**. This is where the party is tonight. And if Dan Morley from Sugarpants isn't chicken, I believe we have an outstanding beer drinking challenge. Come on, you pussy! Let's rock!

And now, the Motherfucker of the Month.

Guster, a band beloved by hippies and the sort of geeks who dig dada and Toad the Wet Sprocket, are at Club DV8 on the 26th. Their instrumentation is unique

Happy 11 Year Anniversary
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Craig Karges plays Salt Lake Community College, Smilin' Jack does Getty's, and Kathy Mattea is at Abravanel Hall (on the 11th AND the 12th).

The Real Ride Skatepark's first show of the year is appropriately brutal. The Cro-Mags, whose long-awaited new album *Revenge*, leaves one with the sensation of having bitten into a peanut butter and TNT sandwich on lye bread. They're bringing *Shutdown* and *All Out War* with them. It's on the 12th.

As prologue to Valentine's Day, try *A New Found Glory*, *RX Bandits*, and *Midtown* at Kilby Court on the 13th, or *Mustard Plug* and *Digger* at Area 51 that same night.

Diana Krall is playing the Jazz at the Hilton series on the 13th, 14th, and 15th.

Okay, back to work.

Business at DV8 on the 17th, *Shaking Tree* brings pansy ass "world rock" back to O'Shucks on the 18th and 19th.

Four Generations of Jazz Violin are at the Egyptian in Park City on the 19th (it's pretty cool when great-grandpa Violin falls asleep during "The Devil Went Down to Georgia") and *Galactic* is either beginning a two-nighter at the Zephyr (per Pollstar.com) or smack in the middle of a three-nighter at the same venue (per the Zephyr). The third show (February 20th) is with the *Dirty Dozen Brass Band*.

Temple Yard and Culture featuring Joseph Hill are at the Safari Club on the 20th.

Adrian Legg will host a bunch of guitar geeks on the 21st (Zephyr) while Gary Burton and Makoto Ozone host jazz dorks at the Hilton. Blues nerds can go see Mem Shannon and the Membership at the Dead Goat Saloon and Beatnik's on the 21st and 22nd, respectively.

On the 24th, Merl Saunders returns to

in that they employ two guitars, some congas, and two highly melodic voices. If you can fathom the existence of a bastard child of a jam band and an passionate, intellectual band, then you're halfway to enjoying Guster as much as I do. Their third album, released a couple of months back, is called *Lost and Gone Forever*. Hey! Almost done!

Alternatives, bad though they may be, on the 26th are *Korn's Sick and Twisted Tour*, with the Shittiest Band in the World Headlining over *Staind* and *Spike and Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation*. The only headline Korn should be involved in is:

EXTREMELY OVERRATED BAND MADE TO EAT SHIT, RANDY LAUGHS.
 Fucking Korn.

Let's Go Bowling is the second show of the month at the Real Ride Skatepark (also 26th), and Willie Nelson is doing some funky family reunion thingy on the 28th at Kingsbury Hall.

Machine Head, Reveille, and Primer 55 are playing the night of my birthday (February 29th, and I'll be 7 years old) are playing at DV8. This, however, does not mean I'll be at Club DV8 partying. I'm going to be chained to a big ass tree in the woods, as Leap Year children are prone to shape-changing episodes on their actual birthdays (last time, I became a dog in heat. That sucked).

Looking forward into the month that roars like a lion when it's fucking a lamb, Randy sees **Brian McKnight** and **702** at Kingsbury Hall on the 1st, **Dismemberment Plan** at Kilby Court on the same night, **Peter Murphy** at the Utah State Fairpark on the 8th, and shows by **Filter**, the **Blue Dogs**, the **Francis Flattops**, and **Agent Orange** later in the month.

—Randy Harward

INSTITUTIONALIZED DEVIANCE

BY
H. BATES

I'm not into conspiracy theories for the most part. I don't believe that the federal government is out to get me and I don't watch the X-files, not recently anyway. However, I have noticed an undeniable pattern of events concerning downtown Salt Lake City that leads me to believe that there is some heavy handed manipulation afoot. To put it plainly, I believe that the L.D.S. Church, with the help of our own elected officials, is attempting to turn downtown Salt Lake City into a Mormon version of Vatican City in Rome, Italy. Furthermore, I believe that much like the Olympic scandal, the people involved are willing to go to great lengths in order to achieve that goal. The evidence is quite compelling.

Nearly a year ago, the L.D.S. Church acquired a large portion of downtown along Main Street between North Temple and First South in a backroom deal that did not become public knowledge until long after the deed was done and apparently irreversible. Not that either

party involved in the exchange, the L.D.S. Church or the Salt Lake City government, had any intention of changing course. Public outcry was tremendous, but predictably and unfortunately short-lived. For it would not end with a simple little land grab. The L.D.S. Church announced a short time later that certain unalienable rights, guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States, would be suspended while on Church property. Among these would be the freedom to peacefully assemble, freedom of the press, and the freedom of expression. Meanwhile, the mostly Mormon Salt Lake City council, announced that it had looked into the deal and that, despite the public's ignorance of the purchase, no wrong doing had occurred. Their conclusion was hardly surprising considering the majority's religious affiliation and that these are the same public servants who earlier had passed the clearly unconstitutional city ordinance banning cruising on State Street. Constitutional considerations apparently

aren't when the separation of Church and State is non-existent.

Once the Church had acquired the land, work began in earnest and surprise, surprise, Main Street between North Temple and First South was closed off permanently. With heavy construction already in progress on North Temple between State Street and 200 West and many of the remaining downtown streets narrowed to accommodate TRAX, traffic in and out of downtown has been slowed to a virtual crawl. Parking, which used to only be a headache, has become a migraine. The thirty-two minute parking meters that line downtown streets and parking cops that patrol and ticket with the kind of efficiency rarely seen in government further contribute to the apparent problem. Abandoned storefronts have become more and more numerous as retailers are getting out of downtown like rats off a sinking ship. Who can blame them, this past Christmas proved that only the most adventurous holiday shoppers were willing to brave the conditions downtown to make their purchases. Walk-up business has been virtually eliminated by the construction and lack of adequate parking. Furthermore, a planned east/west light rail corridor along Fourth South between downtown and the University of Utah means that there is apparently no end in sight for the few remaining retailers in downtown Salt Lake City.

Not surprisingly, these remaining retailers have been quite vocal in their opposition to any new downtown construction, insisting that they too will go out of business unless something is done to help them recapture the customers they have lost due to the prolonged

construction. For the last several months they have been pleading with city officials for some kind of relief, but have received only double-talk, a useless cruising ban, and damned little else. Isn't it odd that the same city officials who listened so intently and cared so much about the welfare of downtown businesses when passing the cruising ban have now turned a deaf ear? The fantasy of the cruising ban is that it was supposedly passed in order to help downtown businesses by cutting crime and increasing access along State Street. The reality of the cruising ban was that it created the illusion that city officials actually wanted downtown businesses to succeed.

If this pattern by the city and the L.D.S. Church continues, and there's no reason to think that it won't, the urban blight that has afflicted downtown Salt Lake City will continue to spread as more and more businesses move on to greener pastures. This will allow the Church to step in, as it did before, and acquire the remainder of the downtown property necessary to accomplish the overall goal, the creation of a Mormon version of Vatican City within Salt Lake City. Both Church and State have shown an inclination to do so in the past and there's no reason to think they won't do it again. Unlike last time however, there will be no public outcry, for the Church will be seen as downtown's savior. Stepping up in the nick of time to help solve the problem of urban blight in our fair city. It's the perfect plan. Appear to solve a problem you created in order to get what you want. Now that's a conspiracy.

—H Bates



MODUS OPERANDI

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—J. Cameron

"Cynical: A word used by the frightened to describe the realistic."

—SNOG

I'd like to start out February's column with saying that I fucking hate Valentine's Day. All of you that deem it necessary to buy material objects to confirm your "love" can fucking go straight to hell.

There has been talk of 16 Volt breaking up since Spring of last year, but they've decided to make it official. 16 Volt exists as a band no longer. One member has found a more interesting and exciting career as the soundman for Orgy, not to mention their singer's absolute hatred for the small club shows.

It's not very exciting playing for "300 industry losers," he says. What does he expect? 16 Volt is the most mediocre band I have ever heard. With only one very above average album, that album being "Wisdom," it sounds like this dickhead feels like he should be dominating the industry. Not to mention the ever so unimpressive "16 Volt vs. Hate Dept. Remix Wars." I am a diehard Hate Dept. fan, but 16 Volt sure does know how to take a good song and make it sound like complete shit. I suggest you pick it up if you're in need for a good laugh. 16 Volt will be releasing one final album in early 2000 titled "16 Volt Demography - The Basement Tapes" on Cleopatras said to contain early demos and such.

Velvet Acid Christ (or Velveeta Acid Cheese as far as Bill Leeb is concerned) disclosed soon after the release of "Fun With Knives" last April that there would be no

new releases for some time. With 4 releases in 2 years, Bryan Erickson AKA Disease Factory says he doesn't want people to get sick of him. Ironically enough, we can be expecting a new album in April/May. Not that I'm complaining, I'm a huge fan and will anxiously be awaiting it's release. VAC will be doing European shows all summer, and is planning on a US tour in early fall. Look forward to an interview with Bryan Erickson next month!

Don Gordon of Numb is working on a side project in the UK called Halo-Gen which was scheduled for release this past fall (Sorry, no update for the release). When the Halo-Gen album is completed, he will be returning to work on a new Numb album. Be prepared for a tour in support of this. The Metropolis Web site will have all of the pertinent information when it all comes together.

The rumors are flying about Front Line Assembly finishing the western US tour with Kevorkian Death Cycle opening. We had contact with Kevorkian Death Cycle's tour manager and he said it was just that, a rumor. I then went straight to Metropolis inquiring about Front Line Assembly going back on tour. Metropolis

says, "No tour yet. Stay tuned!". It looks to me that Front Line Assembly is in fact going back on tour, but due to legalities, promotional shit, and what have you, nothing more can be said about the subject. And maybe I'm just full of shit.

—J. "I wish I was Don Gordon" Cameron

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pussy

a short story

—j.d. zeigler

Sam and his girlfriend, Caitlin, spent the first year of their relationship switching from his apartment to hers, or from hers to his, each time they had sex. Thus determining their quality of life until they switched again. Sam's place was cockroach infested and located in the low-rent northwestern suburbs of Salt Lake City, downwind from the sulfurous "lake stench" blowing from the briny flats of the Great Salt Lake. Caitlin's apartment was small, clean, and situated on the city's swank East Side. It didn't take a Nobel Prize winner to realize that life, not to mention sex, was better at her place.

Even Sam was turned off by the conditions at his apartment. Sometimes, when he opened his eyes in an amorous moment, he saw a pair of compound eyes examining him intently, as if the roach was observing human mating behavior. It was difficult not to lose his concentration at such times, but Sam always managed to persevere. However, if Caitlin saw a bug, it was all over after the screaming and the beating of the mattress with a handy shoe, except for a cold shower. Sex was out of the question until they switched back to her apartment.

Caitlin found Sam's place so gross, she wouldn't leave a bottle of shampoo in his bathroom, much less a box of tampons or a toothbrush. She was forever hauling an overstuffed gym bag back and forth across town. Their relationship was young when she asked Sam to move in with her.

"I can't afford to pay even half your rent," he told her. He was a free-lance comic book illustrator, still waiting for his first break, and

a soft butterfly kiss. "I know," she replied, "I've been looking for another place. Found one too. It's darling, a little bungalow in the Avenues, just big enough for two." She smiled at him and snuggled against his body. Before Sam could come up with an objection, she was asleep, curled up next to him like a kitten.

At the end of the month they moved into a charming cottage in the Avenues, Salt Lake's quaint Victorian neighborhood. The house was a pretty place with lacy gingerbread and porches outside, pressed tin ceilings and two fireplaces inside, and a magnificent view of the snowcapped Wasatch Mountains. It had originally been built for a copper mine foreman and his new bride, and one hundred years later still had the air of a love nest.

At first the frou-frou atmosphere got on Sam's nerves. Then he realized that the house's boudoir feel was working a fortuitous spell on Caitlin. She'd been wonderfully horny since they moved in. The hospital where she worked was a short walk away and she frequently came home during lunch breaks for a "nooner" with him. Daily sex had previously been a lie told by other men. Now Sam was getting laid twice a day. He was in heaven except when the ghost of his lost bachelor freedom came back to haunt him.

During his first month of living with Caitlin, Sam had had an incredible amount of sex, but hadn't gone out once with his guy friends for their customary drinking nights. On Fridays he still felt the urge to head to Burt's Tiki Lounge. But Caitlin would take a shower with the bathroom door open or cook supper wearing nothing but a pair of his boxer

that he would run over one with his car, but he disliked cats. Judging from the look on Caitlin's face, she liked cats. Loved them even. He sighed and relented. "OK, bring it up," he said, resigned. Caitlin gave him a thousand-watt smile and rushed downstairs.

While he waited, Sam reconsidered. Maybe a kitten wouldn't be so bad. Kittens were cute. He imagined a little ball a fur curled up, purring, on his lap while he worked. It might be nice to have company during the day. He listened to Caitlin in the kitchen, softly cajoling the little animal. The poor thing, he thought, it must be pretty scared.

When Caitlin reappeared, she bore a huge cross-eyed black cat in her arms. The beast hung limply in her embrace like it didn't give a good goddamn about anything. Its ears were notched and a scar ran from one eye down to its pugnacious snout. It was obviously a veteran of many back-alley fights. Sam guessed it weighed twenty pounds if it weighed an ounce, a real bruiser.

Then Caitlin planted an affectionate kiss between the indifferent animal's ears. Sam was annoyed. She hadn't kissed *him* yet. He glared at the cat. In reply, the monster twitched its tail and growled. Sam stepped away instinctively.

Breaking eye contact with the cat, he examined the rest of its body. It was a brute from the neck down too, and probably had won every fight it had ever been in. Certainly it had never been de-clawed. Evil looking talons extended from each paw as if too long to be retracted. They were impressive, but not as impressive as the animal's scrotum. The cat was hung like a bull. Sam's eyes widened in disbelief and envy. "Jesus!" he exclaimed to Caitlin. "Look at the nads on him!"

"The what?"

"Balls. Nuts."

"Oh." Caitlin looked down at the cat's nether region. "He's just a big old Tom," she said in a proud and affectionate voice. "Don't worry. We'll get him fixed."

"Fixed?" The cat didn't look the least bit broken to Sam.

cushion bought by an indulgent Caitlin). It was hard to believe that any animal which wasn't a hibernating bear, could spend so much time asleep. Still, the cat's comatose state provided Sam enough peace and quiet in which to get work done. The studio became an uneasy zone of truce.

One afternoon, Sam chanced to idly look up from his drawing, his eyes coming to rest on the dormant tom. It looked peaceful, like it might be purring. This was an illusion. It hadn't purred once since Caitlin had brought it home. Sam examined the cat and then began a quick sketch of it on a piece of scrap paper, to take a break from his day of drawing fairies and dreams.

He worked rapidly, glancing from the cat to the paper and back many times. For some reason, he couldn't get the cat properly placed on its cushion. Puzzled, Sam put down his pencil. He stared. He squinted. He stared again. Then his mouth dropped open in amazement. Why, the cat wasn't touching the cushion! Sam rubbed his eyes in disbelief, got up from his chair, and lay down next to the cat for a closer look.

Six inches away, eye-level with the cat's belly, he could see that the cat was hovering in the air, though not very high, maybe a half an inch. Sam got up, fetched his T-square, and passed it cleanly under the cat. No doubt about it, the cat was levitating.

Giddy with his discovery, he passed the T-square back with trembling hands. Unfortunately, the also quivering rule bumped the cat's crooked tail. The animal woke up and landed with an audible "plop" on the cushion. Howling angrily, it streaked out of the studio and disappeared downstairs. For the rest of the day Sam could hear pissed-off snarls emanating from below.

When Caitlin got home from work, she found an elated Sam cleaning up one of the puddles of cat pee scattered throughout the first floor. "Rough day, babe?" she inquired sympathetically. Sam, on his hands and knees in front of a pool of urine, grinned at her with maniacal glee. "Honey, guess what?" he

very close to being a starving artist. Caitlin then offered to pay the entire rent. After all, she argued, she was a physical therapist with a full-time hospital job and made more than enough money for both of them to live on.

"I'll support you until you get a break. I love you," she said. Sam thanked-but-not-thanked her, explaining that it would be unmanly of him to let his woman pay his way. But when he saw tears in her pretty eyes, he hedged and rashly promised that when his career became lucrative, they would definitely live together. This made Caitlin very happy and the ensuing sex (at her place) was fantastic.

In addition to not uttering the dreaded "L" word, Sam had successfully hidden from Caitlin his reservations about settling down. Becoming a permanent couple, even with a hot babe like her, was a step he wasn't ready for. Maybe he'd feel different in a few years when he was closer to thirty, but not yet. Not that he said anything about this to Caitlin.

Time, however, brings many changes. Dark Horse Comics commissioned Sam to do a series of Sandman-esque books for them. They were so generous with monetary advances that his career was suddenly very lucrative. To celebrate he and Caitlin dined at the most expensive restaurant in Salt Lake, and afterwards engaged in a long bout of congratulatory sex (at her place). Later that night when Sam was sliding into surfeited slumber, Caitlin raised her head from his shoulder and declared, in a contented and happy voice, "I guess this means we'll be living together soon."

If the words hadn't been said so sweetly, they would have been a command. Sam felt an invisible noose tighten around his neck. Thinking fast, he countered, "But honey, your place is too small. My drafting table won't fit, much less all my other stuff."

Caitlin's lips brushed one of his nipples in

snorts and a push-up bra, and he'd never made it out the door.

Sam was mystified by the power his petite girlfriend wielded over him. She wasn't some shrill shrew who had badgered him into giving up his old ways. When he gazed at her lying asleep in his arms, she looked so small and soft and vulnerable. And yet she had a hold on him like no woman ever had before.

One evening not long after they'd settled in, Caitlin was late coming home from work. It was unlike her not to call, and Sam, worried, paced restlessly back and forth in his attic studio for nearly an hour, debating whether he should phone the hospital or not. He was dialing when he heard the front door open and the light quick patter of Caitlin's footsteps on the stairs. She entered the studio, her eyes shining like a child's who had a secret.

"Sweetie, I have a surprise for you," she said in the same alluring tone she used to initiate sex. Sam felt a movement below decks. "I've got something for you too," he replied.

Caitlin made a face. "No, not *that*," she said uncharacteristically. Then, seeing his disappointment, she added, "We'll do it after you get your surprise."

Sam's hopes and more rose again. "Ok, hurry up. Surprise me," he urged.

Again Caitlin made a face, her pert nose crinkling in an adorable manner. "It's something I've always wanted. You'll like it too."

Why did it sound like she was trying to convince him of something? "Well, what is it?" he asked impatiently.

"It's really cute," she said coyly.

"What's cute?"

"I found it hanging around the hospital's dumpsters. It needs a home."

"What needs a home?"

"The kitty."

Sam's heart sank. He disliked cats. Not

"Yes, fixed. You know, snip snip," she answered casually.

Sam flinched. Snip snip. How could she be so flippant about such a thing? Suddenly he felt a connection to the cat, a brotherly bond. "No! He's not going to get 'fixed'!" he said vehemently.

Caitlin was puzzled. "Why not? If we don't get him fixed, he'll start spraying and tom-cattin' around. It's just a little snip."

Sam cringed again. What was it with her and this snipping stuff? "It's not fair to do that to an animal, that's why. You give money to PETA. Don't you think he has the right to keep his balls?" he argued.

For a moment, it looked as if Caitlin would disagree, but she shook her head instead and said, "OK. You win. We can always get him fixed later."

Relieved, Sam smiled and reached to pet the cat, imagining he had earned its gratitude, only to hastily snatch his hand away at the sound of a hiss.

Sam and Caitlin did make love later that evening, but not before many interruptions from the cat. It hurled its bulk onto their bed and clawed the quilt. It nipped Sam's bare feet and tried to sit on his head. It howled and hocked up hairballs. Exasperated, Sam finally locked it in the kitchen.

In the morning there were deep claw marks on the back of the door and a pile of cat shit on the floor in front of the unused litter box. Caitlin gave Sam an "I told you so" look as she left for work, but didn't say anything.

Sam's first day with the cat set the pattern for the weeks that followed. All his friendly overtures were rejected, and every so often he had to mop up something smelly and not quite solid that had been expelled from the cat through one orifice or another. Luckily, though, most of the critter's time was spent sleeping (in Sam's studio on a catnip scented

shouted in excitement. "The cat levitates!" Caitlin regarded him soberly, evaluating his mental state as if he was one of her patients. Then she said, "Cats don't levitate. Nothing levitates. Did you bump your head today?"

"Our cat levitates. A whole half-inch." "A whole half-inch? Sam, you've been working hard lately. Maybe you strained your eyes. It just *looked* like the cat was levitating. You should see an ophthalmologist." Then she shrugged off her coat, rolled up her sleeves, and began to help Sam clean up. He wanted to tell her about the T-square, but the worried look on her lovely face stopped him. Better she thought he had eye instead of mental problems.

Even when the cat came out of hiding later that evening, and sat near Sam and Caitlin while they were making love in front of the fireplace, Sam said nothing. Although he did poke the animal, when he thought Caitlin wasn't looking, just to make sure its furry ass was in contact with the floor. The cat meowed loudly in protest. The sound distracted Caitlin from the wonderful thing she was doing to Sam. She raised her head and asked sharply, "Did you poke the cat?"

"I only gave it a little push," said Sam defensively. "I don't like it watching us."

Caitlin snorted derisively. "It's a cat! It doesn't know what we're doing!"

Sam wouldn't have put that past the cat either, but he wanted Caitlin to resume what she'd been doing more than he wanted to talk about the cat. He slid his hand across her body to one of her favorite places. "Yeah," he agreed, "What was I thinking?" Caitlin immediately forgot about the cat and reciprocated Sam's move, and they didn't worry about the cat for the rest of the night.

PHOTO: AZUL STUDIO

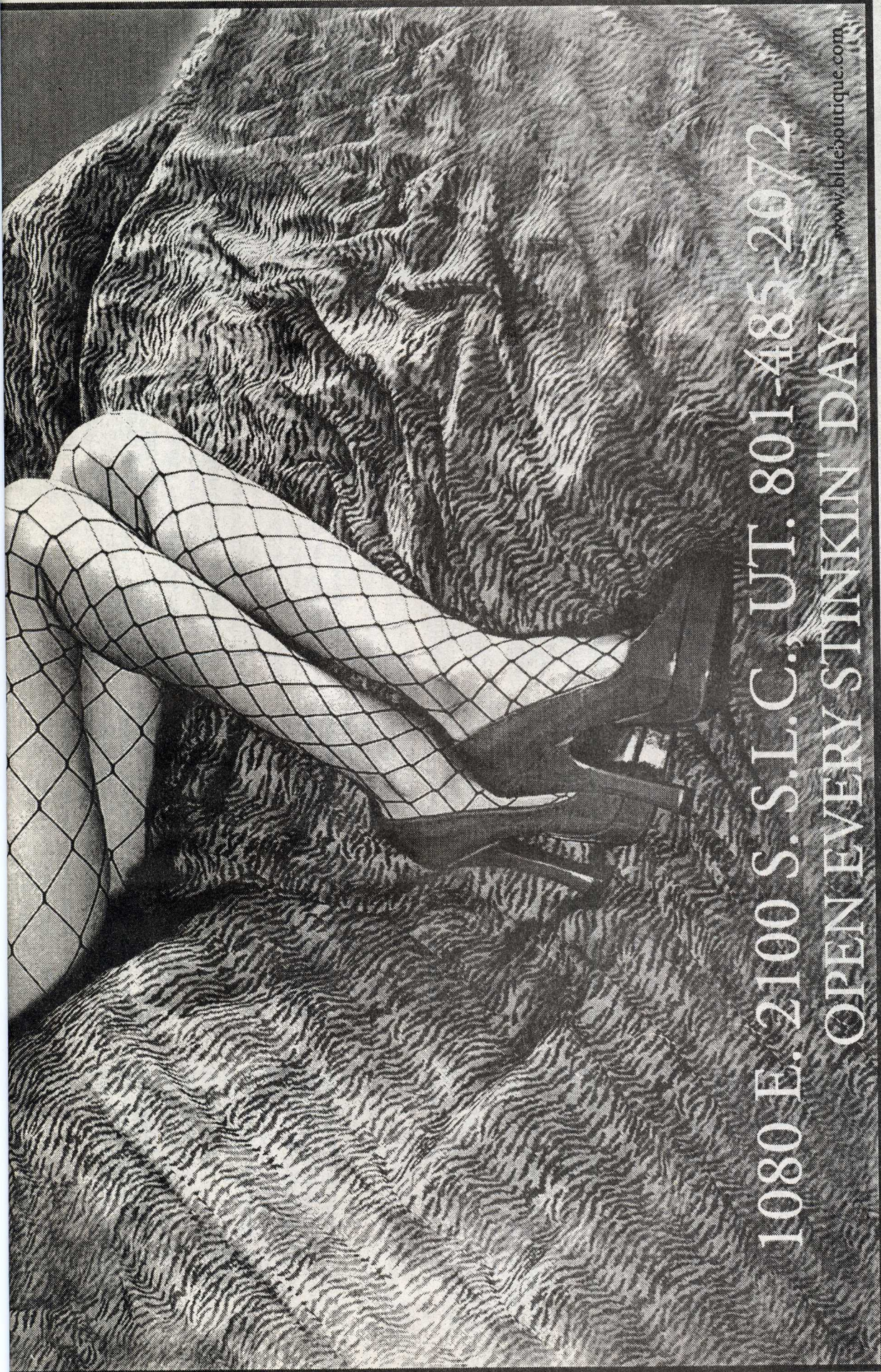
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Be Careful What You Wish For: The Final Captain America Interview

TOM WAITS

Trevor: Uh, the millennium. Did you do anything special? Crazy?
Waits: Shot off a bunch of illegal fireworks in the backyard. You know, I figured well this is probably the end, so who's paying attention?
Trevor: Whose going to look? You've got Martha Stewart-Anthrax batchers in the basement. [????]

Waits: Yeah.
Trevor: Shortly before the millennium, and I kinda, well you turned fifty.

Waits: Yeah.
Trevor: So happy birthday, but there's two events that for me would say, okay these are times, here's a time to take stock of my interests. And is there any of that going on? And have you, was there any looking back or was it just another day?

Waits: Oh, was my birthday just another day?
Trevor: Sure.

Waits: Oh, god. Uh, I'm gonna skip a few from here on in. [I assumed he was talking about my questions. He may have been referring to years].
Trevor: Alright.

Waits: I don't wanna you know, talk about my birthday, Jesus Christ.
Trevor: No that's fine I'm just saying with the millennium and the birthday, that's a time of "what am I interested in?" you know, but that's fair enough.

Waits: It's a time of "what am I interested in?" You mean, I don't know what you mean.

Trevor: Hello?
Waits: Trying to reach Trevor.
Trevor: Uh... speaking.
Waits: Ok, Trevor
Trevor: Howya doin today?
Waits: Alright.
Trevor: Well, good. Um, I uh (laughs) thanks for calling.
Waits: Okay, alright.

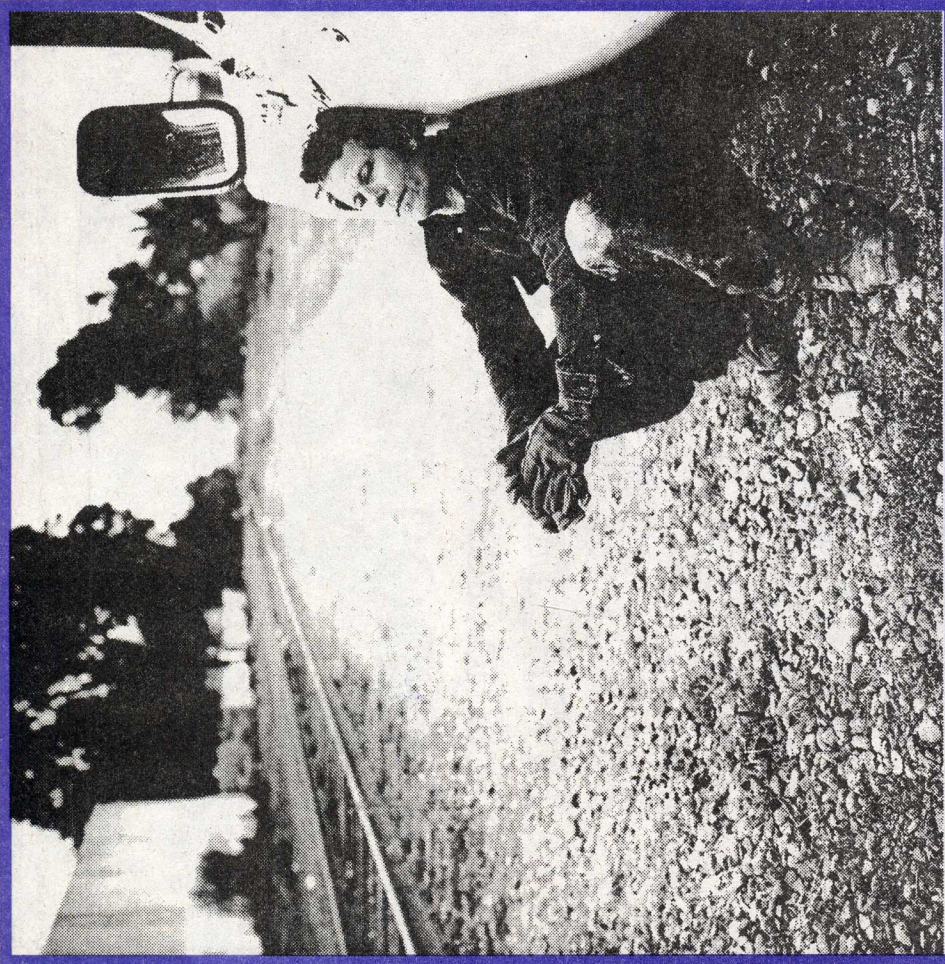
So at this point, in my mind, it's already going pretty badly. I open with a joke. It's a great joke, and it wouldn't do it justice to print it here, so we'll pick it up after that.

Waits: Okay, okay, so you're trying out fresh material on me now?

Trevor: No it's not fresh, I heard it from a Romanian, eight feet tall, a long time ago.

Waits: Ok, now. This is SLUG magazine. You're getting the sympathy award, you know I read the whole, the letter and all that. You know I appreciate your kind words, although I must admit I don't have a lot of time for this, I hope that they made that clear up front this is not going to be an in-depth interview for an hour, this is going to be on the run here.

Now this shouldn't have thrown me, because I knew that to be the case, but I'm sweating at this point and have already smoked four cigarettes in the two minutes it's taken us to get this far. I immediately look down at my prepared list of questions, which appear to be fading into oblivion. I



of his in the classic sense. I can call up Leroy anytime, day or night, and discuss any manner of things. I can ask him if his cocksucker of a father has kicked the bucket [a day I think we both look forward to], or I can suggest that he rework the second verse of "Fabio's Misfortune", a poem he wrote following Fabio's head-on roller coaster meeting with a pigeon. He's a friend. My talking to him is in no way an invasion of his privacy. I am part of his privacy.

Mr. Waits on the other hand...
In retrospect, my interview with him should have gone something like this:

A few years ago when I moved to New York City, I placed some paving stones to hell with the good intention of authoring scads of SLUG dispatches involving the myriad entertainment to be found here in the den of iniquity that were unavailable there next to the dead lake. One example would be that shortly after I moved here, Garth Brooks gave a big concert in Central Park. A more salient example would be the contest they had in the East Village bar "The Cock", during which one man shat out an egg and ate it, one man urinated in a mad stream into his own mouth from a standing position, and the winner inserted a

Halloween glow stick a good four inches into his urethra and stirred cocktails with the remainder. For this, he walked away \$100 richer. More recently, the Promethean object of my idolatry, Tom Waits, played at the Beacon theater, right on Broadway. I attended all three of these events, and wrote about none of them.

One would think that as payment for such failings, Gianni would periodically send me Britney Spears CD's to review. Instead, imagine my surprise when the following message appeared on my answering machine: "Trevor it's urgent, pick up the phone! OK! Start writing my article on Tom Waits, K? Bye." It seems the "Open Letter to Tom Waits" Publicist" that we ran some months ago received a response. I would be interviewing Tom Waits.

Now, there are three people I've always wanted to meet: Tom Waits, Jimmy Carter, and John Stockton. They're my favorites. After interviewing Tom Waits, I have discovered that the best tact to take with Jimmy Carter and John Stockton is to leave them the holy hell alone and admire them from afar.

That, you see, is an integral part of the essence of being a fan. It requires some distance. Let me give you a fir instance. Fir instance, my good buddy Leroy is writing a list of commandments. It's not that the Ten we have been delivered so far are necessarily out of date, it's just that he felt that in today's trying times, there's a few hundred others that are a good idea to introduce into the canon. One of them is: "No matter that they confidence beg it of thee, attemptest not the halting of a fan blade with thine gender." Truer words have seldom been spoken. Most of the artistic output of my good buddy Leroy is thoroughly delightful to me. Nonetheless, it would be incorrect to state that I was a fan

Waits: Looking for Trevor.

Trevor: Speaking. I wanted to thank you for calling, but also say that as I compiled a list of questions for this interview I began to realize that what I really wanted was simply to shake your hand and let you know I appreciated you.

Waits: Oh, yeah?

Trevor: Yeah, I mean part of what I admire about your career is that you have managed to achieve artistic and commercial success without becoming a commercial commodity. You have partially achieved that by not doing too many frivolous interviews. So by talking to you today, I'm betraying my own respect for your privacy and therefore to ask you anything on top of that would just make me feel like a jerk.

Waits: Ok. Well, bye then.

Trevor: Bub-bye.

The grim reality was far more harrowing. I'm sure it will come across to you, dear reader, as simply a not very accomplished interviewer performing a not very accomplished interview in which he spends most of the time talking about himself. You would be dead on the money. Drop me a line and I'll cheerfully refund your price of purchase for this month's SLUG. However, one thing I would ask you to realize is that into every pause in the conversation, I drove a truck full of insecurities and lazily parallel parked. When I listen to the recording I made of the conversation, the pauses are a couple seconds long. During the interview they were long enough to write an epic poem about one man's inadequacy in the face of what he holds dear. So in most cases just as Mr. Waits was about to speak, I went ahead and steamrolled on, looking frantically on the sheet of questions I had, to find one that might have some resonance with him. I finally bailed early because I felt like such an ass. Nonetheless:

print.

Trevor: Well it seems to me that falling in the timeline where it does, the obvious topic would be, seemingly, what's next. [Pause] To my understanding the tour is over, is it not?

Waits: Over, yeah.

Trevor: And the album's out. Got a couple Grammy nominations, congratulations.

Waits: Yeah, ok.

Trevor: And I thought we'd talk about that just a little bit, you know, you're up for contemporary folk album, which, what's that mean to you?

Waits: I don't know, I really don't know, these categories are rather arbitrary.

Trevor: You're in good company.

Waits: Yeah I know, John Prine's in there and, uh...well.

Trevor: Emmylou Harris, which you...[he worked with Emmylou Harris on One From The Heart, which was nominated for an Oscar.]

Waits: That's right, yeah.

Trevor: Utah Phillips, I know you covered, or you've sang before, uh I want to say, "Goodnight Lonesome Road," and that's not what it's called.

Waits: "The Goodnight Loving Trail." I know all those people from off and on. Apparently the blues category didn't think the record was blues enough and uh, yeah, I. I'm always kind of miscellaneous in that sense, they don't have a particular genre that I fall into.

Trevor: Well Bone Machine won for alternative, yeah?

Waits: Well it was a new category at the time, that was like the miscellaneous category. Now of course it's much more clear what that means, but uh or I guess it's clear I don't know. Anyway I'm not big on awards so I you know, I don't think that much about it.

Trevor: Well good luck, nonetheless.

Waits: I appreciate it.

Trevor: I mean that uh, if I wake up on my birthday and I say where am I going from here. I look back on what I've done and say what am I doing now? What's, again, what's next?

Waits: Oh what am I doing right now?

Trevor: Yeah.

Waits: I'm producing a record for John Hammond. [I have no idea who John Hammond is.]

Trevor: Yeah?

Waits: Yeah.

Trevor: Any, uh, movies in the works, any plays?

Waits: I don't know. I might do something with Eddie Izzard down the road. [I have only the vaguest of ideas who Eddie Izzard is.]

Trevor: Yeah.

Waits: No, I take things as they come.

Trevor: Alright

Waits: Uhhhh.

Trevor: Now, uh, you said I got the sympathy award, but also the article that I published said that it would be perfect a forum, SLUG would be a perfect forum to call somebody a candy-ass pig testicle in print.

Waits: Oh, right.

Trevor: So I don't know if there's anybody that uh, I figured you just got off tour, there's gotta be a few bugs running around in there.

Waits: [laughs]

Trevor: Somebody's got your goat.

Waits: Don't know what you mean.

Trevor: [nervous laughter] I just mean if there's any... put it this way, if there's anybody that you'd like to call a candy ass pig testicle, by god we'll print it.

Waits: Oh, if I want to call someone that, you'll print it?

Trevor: Absolutely.

Waits: Um, do I have to?

Trevor: Oh, of course not.

"That's what Genghis Khan means. He who drinks the blood of the horse."

Waits: Oh. I don't throw rocks. Particularly not in print. I'll argue with a neighbor over a fence, you know, about a dog, but, yeah, I don't stoop to that in print. As a rule.

Trevor: When I was down in Mexico there's a million dogs, man.

Waits: Oh, yeah, there's a lot of dogs down there.

Trevor: And they're all quiet. I saw 100,000 dogs and two of 'em barked.

Waits: Well they've all had their voice boxes removed. Special operation, they have a group rate. You know there are more chickens on earth than there are human beings.

Trevor: There was a number of chickens down there too.

Waits: Yeah, it figures.

Trevor: There's uh, it was crazy, I've never seen anything like it. Somebody, there in their living room they got a hammock, and the backyard they're trying to keep the chickens out of the toilet, you know?

Waits: That's living.

Trevor: Well, sure. There's an interview around the time of Heartattack and Vine, and we're just going, you know we can go anywhere with this, by the way, you know what I'm saying, where you say that you used to have a limited musical scope, hearing everything with upright bass and muted trumpet, and it seems to me that

when I look back on what you were doing at the time, that there's a certain amount of what you're doing now that was done with your body, your voice, that there's craning your head out to hit a note, snapping your fingers, standing on the sides of your feet, has kin to banging on a conundrum.

Waits: Oh, I see.

Trevor: Do you think that's true?

Waits: I don't know, I haven't really thought about it. But I'd say that, um. I don't know. I guess that before you start on anything new, you're usually halfway there. You know, when, there's usually a day of uh... it's like in the summer there's usually a day that uh, jeez how do I want to put this. Any kind of

lot of stuff out there. But I never did it. I don't have a computer. It's just too much trouble.

Trevor: And uh it occurred to me I had a guy I knew that worked in a gas station, and I remember the day I told him that you were married, you know, because he was a fan, and it crushed him.

Waits: Crushed him.

Trevor: And I don't know if that weighs on you at all. To say, cause somebody.. they have an image that says, yeah well, I want to drink all night and smoke Chesterfields and go to strip bars and by god Tom Waits is my hero, and you step away from that.

Waits: Uhh, I can't be responsible for the fellows like that.

Trevor: No of course not, I..

Waits: I'm not a community leader, or a role model. You know, I have to live my own life, I can't ask folks if I can make a left turn here, or if I can stop at the corner here for a while, I have to do what I want. I honestly feel like I perhaps did some harm in the fact that I was smoking and drinking publicly and celebrating it's, uh, the pleasure of all that. You know, I uh, put all that down.

Trevor: That's good. I mean I'm trying to do the same damn thing.

Waits: Yeah right, you know? I mean I want to live longer.

Trevor: Part of my struggle with it is that you quit smoking, you start eating cashews. **Waits:** Oh, yeah. You push it down here and it comes up there. You stop listening to the Hendrix and you start listening to the Carpenters. Is that what happens?

[laughs] Ah, Jesus.

Trevor: You know I read somewhere that Genghis Khan used to, in the heat of battle he'd bend down and cut the neck of his horse and drink a little of it's blood.

Waits: Really?

Trevor: Kept him going. That's how he made a name for himself, actually.

Waits: That's what Genghis Khan means. He who drinks the blood of the horse.

Trevor: That he rides.

Waits: That he rides. Well, Trevor, I'm off, I'm going I have many things to do today, and it's been nice talking to you.

And then, before I let him go, I told him a story that I will retell (more eloquently) here, as a fitting end to this article.

I went once with my father to see Johnny Carson tape The Tonight Show. They herd you in and you're sitting on these steep risers and everything looks fake. It looks much bigger on television. And there was a Japanese guy sitting in front of me, excited as hell to be there. I notice that he has a handheld tape recorder that he's hiding in his sleeve. Fred DeCordova comes out and greets everyone, followed by Ed McMahon. Finally Johnny Carson comes out and is greeting the audience, making a few jokes, and they're about to start taping. Suddenly this guy yells out "How hot WAS it?"

Carson looked up in the audience and said, "What?" The guy yells out again, "How hot WAS it?" and Carson looks at all of us like we're in on the joke, the joke of the crazy guy, and we are. We're all good fans who know how to keep our distance. And of course security comes and takes this guy away. But he was happy as hell. He was smiling and laughing the whole time he was being shown the door. Why? Because he'd participated. He touched the flame. Not to mention that he'd taped it.

—Captain America

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Trevor: So I basically come across as asking him how it feels to be responsible for any damage his fans might do. Fantastic. It's not what I meant, but I know it's how it came across, and even though it eventually came out alright, at this point I'm coming apart. So believe it or not I make an inane observation about listening to Journey in Harlem, and then jump ship:

Trevor: Well, alright then. Thanks. . for thanks for checking in.
Waits: Oh, alright.

Trevor: I don't want to take too much of your time and I know that the interview thing can be a hassle.
Waits: Yeah, well, I don't know that we've discussed anything in-depth here, or to the point where it's worth printing, you know. But I guess that would be your call, on that one.

Trevor: Well, part of me says that when it comes down to it, you're not promoting anything. You know, the album is out, it's obviously gotten it's acclaim, the tour is over, and I guess I'm aware it's a sympathy vote, you know what I'm saying.

Waits: Yeah [laughs] Well I did all these, I did them all at the same time, and I've since recovered from all that, so I'm, yeah, it's a bit of a throwback for me here. Here's something interesting for you here. One method of crossing the great expanses of waterless deserts used by the traders and merchants in the middle east is that they set out on horseback with their wares. And the merchants bring a large number of well-watered camels they use as pack animals. And at various interval along the way they stop the caravan and they slaughter several of the camels and remove the camel's stomach, and give the large amounts of water stored within to the horses. This water thus sustains their mounts all the way across the desert and at the same time makes it unnecessary to bring extra stores of water.

Trevor: My mom made a jello this Thanksgiving that was very remarkable, I remarked on the color, I said it looks like the color of coca-cola, and someone said, it is coca-cola. She had put the coca-cola in the jello, and it had turned that color.

Trevor: Well it's like pepper, it goes with anything. You ever have any run-ins with the Saturday morning, seven am, two white boys in matching suits, name tags, knocking on the door, wanting to share their truth?
Waits: Wanting to share their truth, you talking about Mormons?

Trevor: Oh, yeah.
Waits: Uh, no, not out here. I get the Seventh-Day Adventists that come and see me.

Trevor: Yeah? Mormons stay away.
Waits: They have so far. I would talk to them of course if they came here.

Trevor: Invite 'em in?
Waits: I don't know if I'd invite them in but I'd stand at the door and talk to them.
Trevor: It happens all the time in Salt Lake, you gotta have a regimen. Be prepared.

Two things: A) It never happened to me once in Salt Lake that I remember. I had plenty of Jehovah's Witnesses knock on my door, but I don't remember any Mormons. So basically, I'm lying to the man. Just to have something to say. Pathetic. I took a picture of myself during the conversation that I intended to run with this article but I look depressed and beaten. B) I'm about to totally derail. Watch for it.

Trevor: Now I'm an actor... I can go on the internet and type in my name and it'll come up with something. A review from a play, whatever. And I'm wondering if the public perception, does that have any interest to you? Have you ever typed your name in, seen what you got?

Waits: No, but I've been told, yeah there's a

Trevor: Middle of summer you got a light snow.

Waits: Well, you may have a fall day. In the middle of summer, you know? You'll have one or two days that feel exactly like fall. Nothing happens overnight.

Trevor: That's true. Between projects, is there a part of the brain that says the hell with this, I said it all?

Waits: Oh, yeah. Constantly, yeah.
Trevor: And where does the, you wake up the next day and then what?

Waits: Uh. I don't know. I'd say that I don't know if it's really specifically I said it all, but a lot of times it's, you think, hey, gee I don't know, maybe I'd like to do something else for a while. Like wash dishes. Or be a doctor, for a while. Medicine looks fun. I don't know. I get cynical about it but that's part of who I am. You know, show business is not really around me all the time. I just go through intense periods where I'm writing and recording, then I travel and talk to folks and then I stop. And I return to my life. It's just very different.

Trevor: Well, you've got, I mean obviously it's good to have distractions, be they family, house.

Waits: Well, I don't know I think the work sometimes is a distraction from my life rather than the other way around.

Trevor: Yeah, [unintelligible mumbling]. True enough. Uh, who has the power to say, Yes, you do a cover version, no you don't?

Waits: What do you mean, who has the power?

Trevor: Well, does anybody ever get turned down? Does somebody say I'm going to do Heartattack and Vine and..

Waits: No, no, no. You can do it. And I can do anything I want.

Here's where I was going to ask him what

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local cd's

Steven Wells

Blame It On Love

Acoustic-electric rock of the singer-songwriter variety, with a gaggle of guest appearances by such local musicians as Rich Wyman, Swamp Donkey Jason Lamb, Secondhand Grace vocalist and guitarist Kami Hall and Jason Linford, Rehan and Pascal Jacob of Honest Engine, Justin Johnson of Chola, and more.

Like those of similar artists, Wells' lyrics try to convey maturity, but fall short of the desired effect. Perhaps with more experience (and more introspection), his sophomore release will be better.

For more info, go to <http://aros.net/~s-wells/home.html>.

Elsewhere

boot, leg

Mod-rock

Joy

Division/Cure/

Jesus and Mary

Chain

leanings.

It's not unusual to

see

Utahns

listening to these bands, however, it is

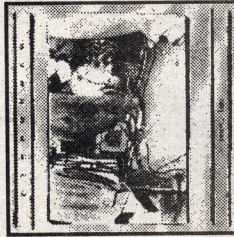
strange to see a local band delving into

the eighties modern rock sound.

Elsewhere nails the sound, but tends

to stretch their songs out toward six to

eight minute territory, too long for their



particular style. The songs would benefit from some judicious editing. Leave the jamming for the stage.

Check out their web site at www.circl17.com/~elsewhere.

Tim Wray

Giving Up the Ghost

Fat Paw's nucleus tones it down on this release, achieving a sound resembling that of Kelly Joe Phelps and Chris Smither without the instrumental acrobatics. Wray's songs are heartfelt and haunting, as the title would suggest, but fail to be effective about a quarter of the time. Not a bad album, though. Live, these songs will provide the perfect complement to Fat Paw's more rocking material.

Five Minute Major

Headstage

Wow.

There

are punk bands in

Utah. Five Minute

Major is the first

local punk band to

send a CD my way,

which is a clue that

they're serious.

Their brand of

punk walks the line between poppy and

militant, with better results than we've

seen from signed bands who are serving

up similar sounds.



Melted Dash Candy

Melted Dash Candy

Soullarium

White

from

Valley/any

town in Utah only

know two styles of

music. Nope, not

country AND

western, like the old

joke says. I'm talkin' Korn and young

country.

On their debut, Melted Dash Candy

mine the "my-father-fucked-me-up"

genre of metal that Korn purveys, with

results that are predictably lukewarm, if

not just bad. The only thing that

separates them from Korn is that they're

singing about losing a father on

"T.L.A.L.O." (To Lose a Loved One) and

Matt Andrews' lead guitar work is more

musical than that of Munky or Head. Or

whatever their fuckin' names are.

Guys, gather up all of your Korn,

Staind, Limp Bizkit, and Drain STH CDs

and trade them for albums by Iron

Butterfly, Monster Magnet, Pantera, pre-

Load Metallica, or Prong. Pay attention to

their lyrics and their riffs. These guys

ain't just jerking off. Learn from them

and come back strong.

Stacey Board

Not Love, Art

Stacey Board is one of three local

female folkies (send SASE and fifty bucks

for list) that I really dig. Her voice is

mellifluous, her songs sometimes as

sweet, sometimes bitter. She plays

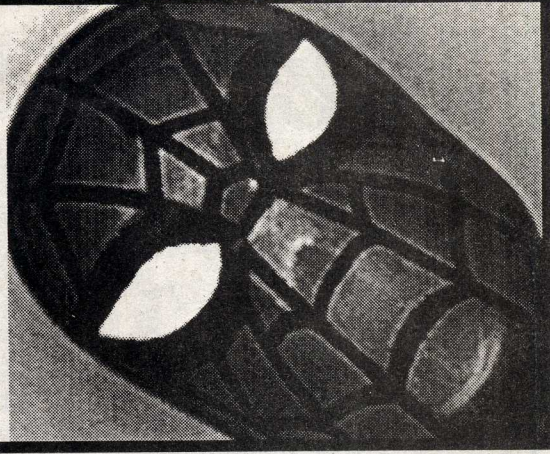
around town often and I kick myself

square in the ass each time I miss her.

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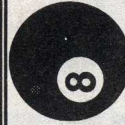
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Timothy Eliason
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Tuesdays

Laugh TV Comedy
Night 8:30 pm
LIVE COMEDIANS
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Wednesdays

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with resident DJ
Juliette.
Ragin' Ryan's UNREAL
Tournament



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Tuesday = 8 Ball @ 7pm**

SS LIVE MUSIC

Thursdays

2.10 Possibilities, Fumamos
Erosion

2.17 420 West, The Joker
2.24 Means to an End,
Carpet Voodoo

Fridays

2.11 Maladjusted,
Phlegmatic
2.18 Uncensored Society,
Wormdrive

2.25 The Corleones, DJ
Douse, JJ Flash

Saturdays

2.12 Aerial
2.19 Shiv, Zambu Fly
2.26 Red Bennies

THE SLAMDANCE & TROMADANCE TIME-LINE

10am Finally receive call from "Downtown", whose original plan was to leave @ 10, informing me that we're still going & she'll be ready in twenty.

10:20am Arrive @ "Downtown's" penthouse let her know I'm here. Head over to coffee shop, grab 16 oz. "to go", pull up a chair & wait.

Approx. 10:35 "DT" shows up. I utter something sexist about men getting used to waiting for women in their lives & get an unamused response. Hop in the Lexus & tear on over to SLUG Hq. Load up 150 copies of last months issue for the TROMA folks &, finally, hit the road-a-runnin'!

11:05am Pork City here we come. The Lexus sings up Parley's as we discuss philosophy, our futures & war stories while groovin' on my new SPLASH 4 cd. Fuckin' punk rock is alive & well in 2000!

11:45-ish Arrive in Pork town just as the Sun pokes through for a minute. Park illegally & drop Slugs to TROMADANCE. They tell us how much they love us. We try not to barf!

12:15pm Find adequate parking for the Lexus & go check-in @ SLAMDANCE. The bastards have tightened the reigns! There are no badges at the inn, at least not for Slug journalists. They give us a list of rules & brush us off. Apparently our reputation has proceeded us! Shuffle over to the "lounge" to get our slack on. They should rename this place the "lame-ass lounge". It's filled to the gills with blow-up furniture from Shlopkos. We yawn & stretch while some loser interviews some nobody in front of a cam-corder. I return from micturating & some bozo producer type who stages alien abductions (I knew those things were fake) is all up on "DT's" tip trying to impress her with his big business-card. That's what goes on here at this schmooze-fest, a lotta shameless self-promo. So I started handing out Hellavator promo-cards! We got bored & left.

12:55pm Pop on over & buy some more parking time for a buck. I need a fuckin' drink at this point so we shuffle to

some coffee purveyor. The joint was jumpin'! It took me damn near ten minutes to get a refill. The lady at the counter was cool & proved it by asking if she could have some Slug stickers. We squish out & decide it's time to find some over-priced vittles.

1:10pm We stumble out of the meat & into the eye of the storm @ Wasatch brew-pub. I was doing my best Fred Durst & "DT" was doing her best Purple People Eater & the commoners were craning their necks, & trying to wangle the nerve to ask us for autographs. I had the smoked turkey & "DT" had the chicken Pesto & I've had better onion rings @ CrownBurger! Sort through all the promos to see if there are any screenings we wanna see. Make a sorta game-plan & proceed to shoot it to shit.

2:05 Grab the Lexus & rip back down to the TROMA gig. Meet up with "DT's" ride home. Inside we are fortunate enough to meet The Toxic Avenger & Kabuki Man, the first celebrities of this whole fandango!

All though I was hoping to meet Allie McBeal or to get assaulted by Kourtney Love, this would do. Take our pics with Toxie & Kabuki & "DT" & crew head out in search of coffee. Or so they said. I stagger into TROMA'S makeshift theatre to scope some flicks at last! I plopped my smug ass down & caught a couple "shorts". First up was **PRINCESS 2000** starring Princess Leia the action-figure. It was a compelling tale of her making her miniature way in the Big Apple. The girl/girl scene in the disco was outta control. Steammy! Next was **SANTIAGO vs WIGFACE** by Chicago producer Rusty Nails. A surreal somnambulist psycho-action thriller about the exploits of Santiago & his arch-enemy Wigface. The tough sexy punker girl in th Cat in the Hat leather rocked my world! Sat through the raffle & Troma burp contest Until about 3:05pm then went & fed another buck to the parking nazis.

3:10pm Run into "DT" & friends on my way back to theatre. She introduces me to **Lloyd Kaufman**, founder of Troma & instigator of this debauchery. The guy is as real as it gets & reminds me A LOT of Mel Brooks. He introduces us to a few actors from his stable & gives us invites to the **AfterGlow** partay. Come in to screening of **UNSPREAKABLE** in progress. Directed by Chad Ferrin from L.A. this is one heavy fuckin' movie! Definitely NOT for the feeble-hearted &/or squeamish. This dramatic shocker details the antics of a serial killer who speaks to his dead daughter through the dead bodies of the hookers he

brutally & graphically murders. People were fleeing the screening left & right! Hate X 9 never cleared a room better. I spoke with Chad for a minute & told him that his film could put folks off porn. He said: "I hope not. I'm trying to put people on to porn!" I couldn't stop watching. I wanted to see if there was a point to it all, but we had to get "DT" back up to Slamdance to try & find George about some badges.

4:00pm Cut-out of Troma & beat it around the corner to the art gallery. Lloyd catches us at the doors to ask our thoughts on **UNSPREAKABLE**. He's on his cell so I fancy he's cutting a big distro deal with Ferrin's agent in L.A. "It's good, right? " he asks. I tell him yeah & "DT" says it's traumatizing (troma-tizing?!). "But, it's good, right?" he asks, all the while on his cell. A real big-shot! At the gallery we have a look @ photographer Phil Borges' **ENDURING IMAGES**. I am enlightened & heartened to see that Leaver (see the novel ISHMAEL) cultures still persist in this "modern" age!

4:30pm Make tracks back up to Slamdance. Try again to get some badges. No dice.

5:00pm Weasle into the main screening room with the other weasles & catch a couple more shorts. No puke & gore at this fest. First up is **ENDGAME** about chess, sex & the contention between the sexes. Next was **LUZ**. A computer generated foreign film reminiscent of the Wizard of Oz about a poor girl who doesn't want to go home & ends up on a journey after following a fire-fly to a carnival. My lover girl would've enjoyed this one. Unfortunately we had to split before the feature as I had a gig back in the big city. It was by a South American director & was the first film made in his country since 1995, due to the harsh economic conditions there. He said that film-making was a senseless luxury under such circumstances.

5:45pm Say my so-longs to Pork City, hop in the Lexus, plug in my new Sheila Nichols cd & hit the freeway heading west. Discover that I desperately need new wiper blades during a thankfully, brief flurry at the summit. Make it home around 6:30. Just in time to save the meatloaf from burning in the crock-pot! I didn't get paid for the day but I beat the hell outta going to work! Ah, I got the life. Love ya babies! Kiss, kiss! Ciao fer now.

OLD SCOOOL

Bryan Mehr

What's Up

With

GEORGE!

this last month I...

got ditched

got some lightbulbs

vacuumed my room

sold posters to the slow motion
girl

took some shirts to the cleaners

discovered someone's been
shaving off bits of my
carburetor
ate some vegetables

bowed a 103

got suckered into talking about
the civil war

got some 100% cotton sheets cuz
if they have polyester they get
these little balls that feel like sand
& then i don't sleep so well.

Put the knife down a little

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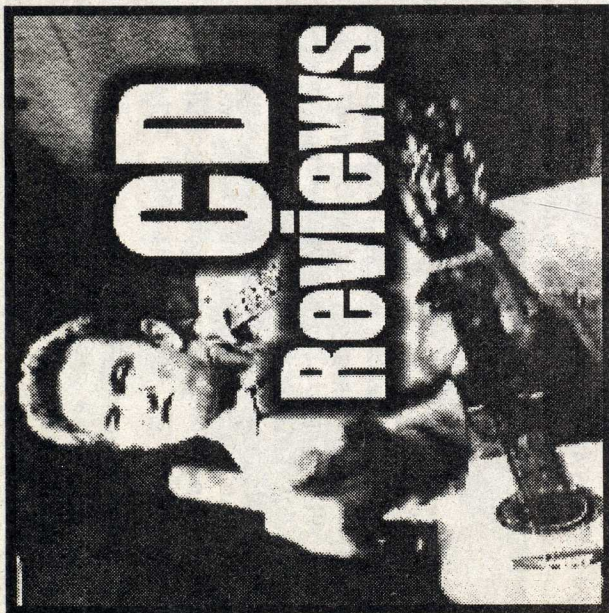
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DJ Enrie/Turn It Up: DJ Enrie DJ Mix 1

**Moonshine
DJ Brian/Hardsertrance 3: Son of the Moon**

I'm surprised that a dance outfit normally as sharp as Moonshine would release a CD and not track it according to what the disc/cover says. I have to admit freely that I really wasn't that impressed with the initial selections on DJ Enrie's Moonshine debut, "Turn It Up," simply because too many of them have been released before. Wow, another Moonshine compilation featuring DJ Dan's "That Zipper Track," and Cirrus' "Back On A Mission" (DJ Dan's mix, of course)! And even though it is destined to be one of my all-time favorite classics, Nalin & Kane's "Beachball" should be temporarily banned from compilations. When I first tried to track to "Beachball" to see which mix DJ Enrie had used, imagine my confusion/surprise to find something quite different. That's because it wasn't "Beachball" at all; it was the aforementioned Cirrus track. (I thought it sounded familiar!)

While it would be unfair to judge DJ Enrie solely on his lack of creative choices, he does at least blend his jammin' tunes skillfully. He has already made a name for himself on LA radio mix shows for introducing a harder-tinged

Virgin Records America

Actually a compilation of sorts, featuring b-sides, remixes and alternate takes, it seems wise that whoever titled this great release left off the "best of" part. For you see, Ms. Phillips really hasn't ever had a "hit" single before. Instead, as its clever title suggests, it is a representation of her decade-long career at Virgin. Always a critical favorite, when she branched off from her early Christian-music roots and hooked up with legendary producer T-Bone Burnett (who is incidentally her husband now) she also adopted the new name "Sam," and went on to release some of the 90's most acclaimed music, including her Grammy-nominated "Martini and Bikinis."

I'm a little confused as to when this was released. I picked it up from the promo pile because I've seen her albums before, and I liked the art-work, but there was no label information included and the inside liner notes certainly don't give much explanation. What is most amazing about "Zero Zero Zero," besides all of the A-list musicians Sam Phillips has worked with over the years—including Elvis Costello, R.E.M.'s Peter Dinklage, Jon Brion and her husband to name a few—is her voice. What a great instrument she possesses. I'm sure I've heard her sing before, because there is something truly recognizable.

—*Son of Damian*

Shivaree

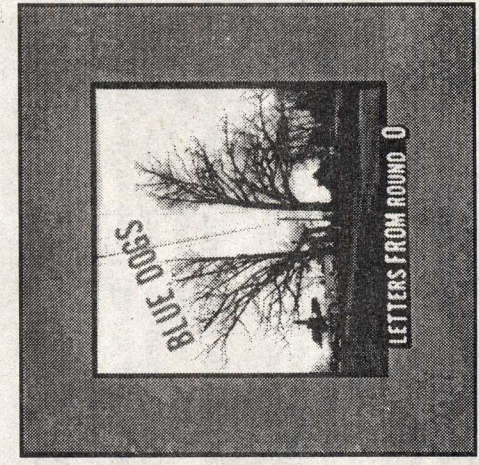
I Oughta Give You a Shot in the Head for Making Me Live in This Dump

Capitol/Odeon
I thought I'd never love a woman as much as

This CD was left in my "in" box at SLUG, and I have to say that I have, um, at least heard of The Bolshoi. Unfortunately, hearing of a band and hearing a band are two separate issues. I mean, pretty much everyone who knows about 80's music is supposed to have heard of their semi-classic "Lindy's Party"—myself included. Sadly, I hadn't heard actually heard that one either. Oh well, I'll now consider myself informed. Now I find myself wondering "who were The Bolshoi?" "what genre would they be classified in?" and also I admit, "what was their trip?" Which is not to say that this CD (culled from the band's slim discography) is bad, it's just not my cup of tea. Inside the booklet they look an awfully lot like King, but minus the fashion and the Docs. Their music is semi-catchy, but the lyrics are pretty banal, and I can't really think of who to musically compare them to the most, but their lite-ballads are very 80's, aren't they? In the sparse liner notes, the band's singer/guitar player Trevor Tanner writes: "The best band that nobody's ever heard of." And I couldn't put it better myself.

—*Son of Damian*

Blue Dogs



Letters from Round 0
Black River Records
I am beside myself. The Blue Dogs' last record, *For the Record*, didn't prepare me for the onslaught of tight, well-crafted songs that *Letters from Round 0* is. I may require therapy if one more jam band learns to write actual songs.

—*Randy Harvard*

Bows/Blush

Beggars Banquet
"Blush," the debut from Bows (who is really Luke Sutherland, formerly of the band Long Fin Killie and a regular collaborator with Mogwai), is the type of CD that I sometimes like to pursue, because the cover/packaging is unique and the liner

American Made Music to Strip By is listenable, but not an essential purchase if you already own the album that contains the original mixes of these ten songs.

—*Randy Harvard*

Where Has the Music Gone? The Lost Recordings of Clem Comstock

Mental Giant
Clem Comstock, the man who supposedly produced this collection, exists only in the mind of twisted talent Roger Klug. So do the artists who are listed on the back cover. Klug wrote and performed every tune on this "various artists" comp. The only assistance came in the form of female vocals, the only thing Klug couldn't provide himself.

Klug achieves outstanding results with these songs that, aside from some 90's references, could have easily been among the hits that made all the kiddies dance in the 60's.

—*Randy Harvard*

The Aquabats

Vs. The Floating Eye of Death Goldenvoice/Time Bomb

Just when I was starting to hate ska again, here comes the Aquabats with an album that should earn them complete absolution for the earsore, "Super Rad."

The B-movie concept is tired, but appealing to this writer who, thanks to these guys and the Hippos, I may just dig the plaids out of his wardrobe.

—*Randy Harvard*

Sky Cries Mary Seeds Collective Fruit, Inc.

One of only two Goth bands I wouldn't laugh at someone for listening to (the other being Faith and Disease), Sky Cries Mary has released an EP's worth of the gloomy, yet melodic sounds that are making all the kiddies sway back and forth with their eyes rolled back in their heads and their tongues tucked into their throats.

—*Randy Harvard*

F-Minus

Hellcat Records

Right here is an explosive CD from a band who has a message and the message of hate

sound to the masses, and he certainly does that here. But I started to find his little "samples" between songs—especially the ever-grating "turn it UP!"—to be simply annoying rather than influencing my listening. Yes he keeps the tempo up himself, but the lack of great song choices mutes the point.

Faring much better is his labelmate, DJ Brian, who gives us the third of Moonshine's "Hardsertrance" series. Based on their monthly desert Full Moon Gatherings, regular contributor DJ Brian brings his spin literally to this fast-growing genre. Trancey, dream-like, and uplifting, his mix is also hard, progressive, and dynamic sounding. I love compilations where it doesn't matter if you haven't heard of the artists before, because the DJ's skills make it something unique and exciting. In fact, the only artist I recognized here was Salt Tank, whose "Rezmorize" fits quite nicely in this setting.

I especially liked how he starts with the ominous-sounding "Traveller's Theme" by Human Movement and really gives this and most of the songs time to really build up before his starts blending into the next track. There certainly is something to be said of trance music: mainly how it draws you into its rhythm. With his great remixing skills and song choices, DJ Brian's "Hardsertrance 3: Son of the Moon" made me feel for a time like I was actually there in the desert. A very worthy addition to the "Hardsertrance" series—check it out!

—Son of Damian

**Cartoon Network Space Ghost Surf 'n Turf
Cartoon Network Cartoon Classics
Rhino**

Unashamed cartoon geek that I am, I had to buy *Cartoon Medley* and beg for *Surf and Turf* from Rhino. They're both well worth your allowance, with silly songs and games (*Medley* onlyædæg the Pac-Man knockoff that stars Space Ghost sidekick, Brak) to keep you chuckling all day long.

—Randy Harward

Sam Phillips/Zero Zero Zero

I loved Hope Sandoval of Mazzy Star. Sorry, Hope. I've been smitten by the tumbleweed vocals and sighs that come from Ambrosia Parsley's golden throat.

It's not you, it's me.
—Randy Harward

**Presence/All Systems
Gone
Ark 21 Records**

There are so many superlatives to describe albums that are destined to be classics—lucid, luscious, skillful, divine, instantly-likable are but a few of them—and this stunning debut is no exception. The Presence is really deep house legend Charles Webster, who uses his talents as a composer and producer to create majestic song structures and combines them with great vocalists to match, and who's sound may best be described as "electronic soul music." It's no mean feat that the album's opener, "Future Love" pulls you right in the first couple of bars. Well, with much help from the smooth vocals of Steve Edwards. Elsewhere, on the wonderful "This Is You," and the cover of "Far Far Away From My Heart," along comes Massive Attack vocalist Sara Jay, who also contributes backing vocals on a couple of tracks.

But the real stummers come from another Massive Attack vocalist, the silk-voiced Shara Nelson, who is in fine form here. Nelson first shines on "Matter of Fact" and then on the anthem "Sense of Danger," which is easily worth the price of admission. And the Steve Edwards' song "Better Day," is another amazingly uplifting offering. In fact, there is so much good music here, the only criticism I can offer is how sad that America had to wait almost a whole year later than the world to get this fine release. A classic!

—Son of Damian

**The Bolshoi/Atway: The Best of
Beggars Banquet**

notes don't offer much more explanation, but the music is intriguing enough to keep listening even after the first few songs. By combining drum'n'bass elements with pretty strings, brass sections, and most important, hypnotic vocals, Sutherland has created a pretty impressive album.

A l i r e a d y garnishing a heap of praise from the British press, the album's first single, "Big Wings," is quite breathtaking. It gets a huge uplift from the Scandinavian singer Signe Hoirup Willem-Jorgensen. Also contributing vocals is Sutherland's long term friend and collaborator Ruth Emond. On the string-laden "Britannica," it's not so surprising to see why the press has compared Bow's sound to Bjork's. And that's really a nice complement. There are also some quite lovely instrumental passages. I also like how Sutherland uses the alternating female impressive title track, about it. It possess a rasp-like quality similar to Maria McKee's that adds such depth to these songs. It doesn't matter that I can't decipher exactly what she is singing about, because it is the voice that stands out the most. Compilation highlights here are "I Need Love," "Where the Colors Don't Go," "Animals on Wheels," "Black Sky," and the Beatles-like tribute "Strawberry Road." "Zero Zero Zero" is a great find, it is inspiring me to seek out Sam Phillips other releases, and you really should too!

—Son of Damian

Rob Zombie American Made Music to Strip By

Didn't White Zombie put out a remix album for every studio album they released? I suppose that now we see whose idea that was. For a guy that makes good music on the first try, he sure does fuck around a lot.

anger, and negativity, could crumble a third world country with the aggressiveness that it is brought out and made known. I remember hearing an F-Minus song on Hellcat's first Give 'Em The Boot compilation, and it was alright, but I guess it didn't have the same effect as twenty powerful and angst-ridden songs in seventeen exasperating minutes. Hellcat Records has a band here that definitely stands alone from the rest of the bands on the label. After listening to this brutal, fast-paced hardcore, I had to sit back and take a deep breath. Bassist Jen Johnson throws out some vocals, that I thought, were very impressive and just added to F-Minus' unique hardcore style. All in all, a pretty good CD.

—Jeremy Wilkins

**The Suicide Machines
Hollywood Records**

With the Suicide Machine's third and self-titled CD, the SM's acquired a new drummer and an entirely new style and sound. For the first three or four songs on this CD I was wondering if somehow Hollywood Records had made a mistake and printed the wrong band name on the CD. I was honestly in shock. Guitarist Dan Lukacinsky said, "Shock value is important to keeping your creativity." Lead singer Jason Navarro adds that, "All three albums are very different, I don't mind bands that make the same album twice, but that's not what we're about." I think that Destruction By Definition and Battle Hymns, the SM's first and second albums, each have their own individualistic qualities, but are still similar in ways. The SM's third album definitely shows the band evolving a great deal and experimenting with new things. They even have a music video for the first song and single, "Sometimes I Don't Mind." Songs like, "Green," "Sincerity," and "Reasons," take you back to the styles of Destruction By Definition and Battle Hymns. The SM's third release is a new, creative, effort. After listening to this album two or three times, I finally got used to it and started to like it. This one takes some getting used to.

—Jeremy Wilkins



The ABCs of My CDs

Note: short sentences. I write like Mel Tillis talks. I stutter. And I stop. That's a pattern. I can punctuate that pattern. Short Sentences.

Today. Tonight. Right now. It's about my CD collection. It is more than music. You'll see. It's biorhythmic. My CDs, they are. They tell me the future. And I know this because of my past.

Astrology is up in the night. My sign is Cancer, and I need therapy. Not just chemo. Tarot cards are luck of the draw. Pixie stix taste good, but let me tell you, sugar, they can't tell you your future. Except for a life in a dental chair.

I'm not really talking about my CDs. They, the CDs, personalized, are just a sounding board. The music is the pattern. In the titles of the music of the CDs of the bands I listen to, there is rhythm beyond the music. It's these patterns I find interesting. It's these patterns that are my fortune cookie.

Listen up. Here we go.

I group my music in alphabetical order. By the band, not by the album title. I do it that way, because that is how it is done at the CD store where I shop. In fact, that's how it's done in CD stores where I don't shop. You know why? Because it makes sense.

I don't shop at places that don't take the time to arrange their music from A to Z. Therefore, I don't like buying music at pawn shops and bargain bins. Bargain bins, are non-alphabetical, you bet, therefore, they confuse me. Pawn shop's prey on the poor. When you buy a product from pawn, you're buying unemployment, desperation, or someone's stolen

alphabetized CDs.

The first time I arranged my CDs alphabetically, I noticed it's no coincidence that a compact disc is called a "CD." It's done this way because of the alphabet. A. B. CDs.

Have you ever driven in your car and watched the odometer create a pattern? Once, my car was at 123,456 and seven/tenths. That car eventually broke down. Too many miles. Another time, another car I was driving turned 100,000 miles. Then that car broke down. The main thing I realize when my car's odometer creates a pattern is A) All of my cars are used and they have lots of miles. B) When I look at the odometer, I don't look at the road. I bet that's dangerous. C) By listing my cars odometer achievements in this A, B, C manner, I revert back to the alphabet. Back to my CDs.

When alphabetize my CDs I see, I have 9 band's that begin with B. And 22 CDs that begin with C. A few Ds, 4 Es. I wear glasses and have four eyes. But, in my CD collection I only have one I. That's Ida. A few other letters wax and wane. There is a peak at P. And then comes S. I have 15 S's. Ssssssssssss. T for two. U and V, but my alphabet runs out at Y. Why? Because I don't like Z.Z. Top. I suppose.

Let's say I have two minutes in the used music section of a CD store. I beeline for the C's and then I see the S's. If there's any time leftover, I'll take in a P.

How does this relate to life? My friends ask their friends what is their zodiacal sign. Now, I alphabetize the people I know, and this is what I've found. Relationships, it seems odd, but mine have mainly been A's and T's. Throw in the S's. And the one M. And it

looks like I am fond of T's & A's and S's & M's. Ouch. An F-girl once gave me an A. But she was cheating, so she didn't pass. And then an A gave me an F. On average, is that a C? Or am I simply back to my CD's?

I have 144 CDs. That's gross. It's also a gross (12X12=144). Some of these CDs I bought used. Others brand new. Some I got for free, but not many. If the average new CD is \$13.97. And a used CD is seven, oh thank heaven. That's an average of \$10 per CD or one thousand four hundred and forty dollars. If I went to a bank, I couldn't use my CD collection as collateral. Once I asked them why and the banker spit in my eye. Most people that work at banks or credit card companies wear black on the outside, because that is how they make me feel on the inside.

If I were to use my CDs as my tarot cards of life, this is what I would do. First off, I wouldn't bank with Zion's bank, because I don't have any Z's in my CDs. So, why should I keep my money with them? Zap.

Thirty-three percent of all my CDs begin with a P, C or S. To fit into my life, I hope you fit into my CDs.

Are you a P, C, or S? If so, I'm a P. Do you listen to John Prine, the Palace Brothers, Liz Phair or Pedro the Lion? If you listen to Phish, I might cut bait. The system's not flawless. Ingenious, you bet. I listen to Spain, Spiritualized, The Sea and Cake and Cohen and Cash. Can I see your CDs? I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

For topics of conversation, we could go from A to Z, but you must be a C, P, or S. Let me put my arm around your shoulder and then we can alphabetize the world. >From Asia to Zaire. Does this make sense? Mind your P's and Q's. There will be time for Q&A.

26 letters. 144 CD's. That's my key. And now you know my ABC's.

—Phil Jacobsen

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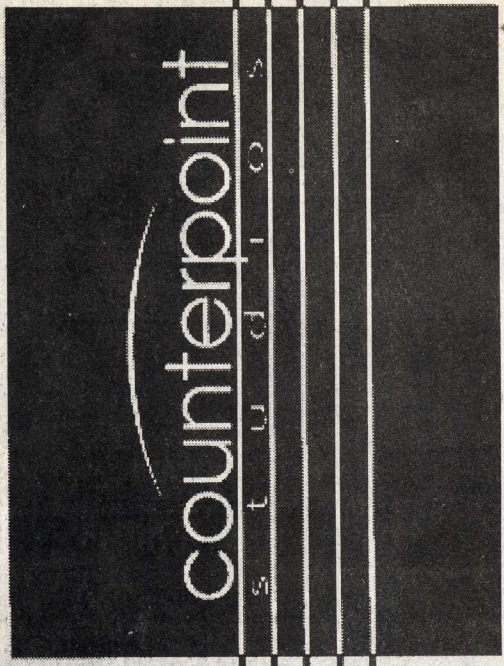
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NEWLYDEADS



We haven't heard much from The Newlydeads lately. At least not since the release of "Re-Bound," the remix EP and follow up to the self-titled debut, which was some time ago. So, naturally, being the inquisitive fan that I am, I do a little bit of research and find that a new album, "Black & Shiny," was scheduled for release sometime in '99, or so the Mutiny homepage told me.

Well, I wait patiently and still no fucking album. I e-mailed asking and got a response saying something about not being affiliated with Mutiny any longer and they didn't know when the album was gonna be out. I also found out that the band has increased to five members, rather than just the two that it had previously (or so I thought, read on into the interview and you'll find out what I'm talking about). Recently I was given an opportunity to speak with Taime Downe about these unanswered questions and its not so clear situation. Ugh, I know some of you out there are thinking this, so I'm just going to say it and get it out of the way: Yes, the name sounds familiar because he was the frontman for Faster Pussycat. Anyways, that was then and this is now, and The Newlydeads are so much better anyway. The Newlydeads have sound that is all its own. One that I've tried to explain before, but just couldn't think of the words. Now

SLUG: Would you like to explain who the new additions are and what exactly they do for the band?

TAIME: Pardon me?

SLUG: Do you wanna introduce the new members or whatever, kind of explain whatever... like who's bass, who's drums... for the live stuff?

TAIME: Well, Cristian is one of the guitar players. He's co-written a couple songs with me. Then we got a new bass player, and we're changing another guitar player. Our bass player is Danny, he used to be in The Throbs and New York Loose.

SLUG: What about Toddity?

TAIME: Todd's out.

SLUG: Todd's out?

TAIME: Todd's out.

SLUG: Is that Todd Miller? The guy who did some vocals on the first album?

TAIME: Yeah, he's just recently departed. We're having auditions for the next couple weeks.

SLUG: What exactly happened with the split from Mutiny?

TAIME: It's still in the process. Mutiny was never... we never had a deal with Mutiny. The thing is Mutiny was hired by Bubble, which is Kyle's father's start-up thing, if you can call it that. Mutiny was just hired by Bubble to basically work the record because there really isn't an actual Bubble, you know what I mean?

SLUG: Yeah.

TAIME: So they were hired, and they just stuck their name on the record. And it's been a nightmare, they still have not paid me anything.

SLUG: What label is the new album going to be on?

TAIME: We don't even know yet. Worst case scenario: It's gonna come out through Cleopatra, but I don't know exactly what that entails. I mean, Cleopatra's cool, they're my friends. It's not like I'm... dissing them but it's like, we don't know yet because we're all still in the process of legal matters

SLUG: Speaking of that, so far we've seen The Newlydeads cover Tones on Tail's "Go" and Siouxsie and the Banshees' "Cities in Dust," are there going to be any more covers to come?

TAIME: Probably, covers are fun to do.

SLUG: You do anymore live?

TAIME: We always do covers live... different shit all the time.

SLUG: So why did you select those 2 songs to be put on CDs?

TAIME: Those were just songs we started working on and just were cool, and we just kept working on 'em. We always work on different covers and you just never know which ones are gonna pan out, which ones you could do something with that turns out cool. Sometimes you record a cover, and it's like, "Ehh, it doesn't sound that cool." Then you just scrap it. Just at the time of those records those were just there, so...

SLUG: When are we gonna see a tour?

TAIME: Fuuuck... As soon as we get this legal shit squared away. We've had "Black & Shiny", that thing's been fuckin' done, recorded wise, for a year and a half. It was done last year before we started playing. We've been just dealing with this shit, and I wasn't gonna give it to them. We're mixing now, and I still don't know if they're gonna get it, if I'm gonna give it to them or not. Cause I haven't been paid for anything from the first record or "Re-Bound".

SLUG: Really? That's a shitty situation.

TAIME: It's a headache... but the new stuff is really cool.

SLUG: Yeah, does it stick with the same kind of sound?

TAIME: Pretty much, it's similar. It's a little bit better. Ya know, better technology, and learned a lot more. It's cool shit, catchy songs, heavy guitars.

SLUG: What kind of equipment are you using for the programming?

TAIME: Well, on the record we were using... basically Studio Vision for sequencing and stuff, but now it's all pro tools.

TAIME: No, just vocals. Dish is our drummer, he really doesn't do any of the programming. He hasn't learned it yet. I'm just like, "Play to a click and stay in time." It's cool. Danny's new in the band, and everything is kind of going through another transitional phase, which just always happens with The Newlydeads. We just have a lot of different friends, people that do different stuff.

SLUG: It's going to stay consistent sound-wise though?

TAIME: Yeah, I'm still the main person doing all the writing so... I'll co-write with some other people, and still I do all the recording and stuff so it still has that same vibe.

SLUG: Cool...

TAIME: So where you callin' from?

SLUG: Salt Lake City.

TAIME: Fun.

SLUG: Well, it's not as bad a people make it sound.

TAIME: Oh, I know. I think it's cool. I think it's fuckin' cool there.

SLUG: Yeah, it just seems that every time we're in the news it's for somebody doing something fucking stupid, or the church. They just bought a block of Main Street downtown that you can't smoke on or swear on.

TAIME: Really? No way.

SLUG: It gets kinda crazy, but we've got kind of a cool scene music-wise. I'd like to think anyways.

TAIME: What's the cool clubs there?

SLUG: If you guys come here the one you'll probably be playing at is called Area 51.

TAIME: Right on. I'm looking forward to getting on the road. We were supposed to do it right before Christmas, but some shit fell through...

SLUG: Are we too east for the west coast thing?

TAIME: I don't know. I'm not sure, we might be able to do something where we go up and then come back down that way.

my brain, I'd have to describe it as a perverted, fetish, industrial rock with a hint of goth sound. And believe me, I mean that in the best possible way. It's not often that I get perplexed trying to describe the sound of a group, which makes The Newlydeads both exceptional and unique.

SLUG: How and when exactly did The Newlydeads form?

TAIME: Well, it's still kind of like a non-ever forming process. It just started basically when I left Pussycat. Started working on stuff.

SLUG: When did The Newlydeads go from 2 members to 5?

TAIME: It's never really been 2 members.

SLUG: Well, I guess with Kyle?

TAIME: No, Kyle was never... Kyle never wrote anything with The Newlydeads.

SLUG: Oh, okay. But he played on the album?

TAIME: He played on like, 4 tracks. 4 or 5 tracks on the first record.

SLUG: So when did it go from just you to the 5 members?

TAIME: Well, we started playing about a year ago.

SLUG: Okay...

TAIME: It was actually like a year and a half ago.

SLUG: Okay, why did you decide a full band this time rather than just you again?

TAIME: Well, the other thing was in the studio. It's kind of hard to do it live by yourself. I mean, you can do it, but it's not that fun. Makes it kind of boring to watch (laughs). Naw, I've been wanting to do it for a while. It's just kind of like, when you have your studio and you do a lot of the stuff you just keep busy and sometimes there ain't the other person around. So, I always kept myself busy. That's why a lot of it was just me and then finally started... ya know, bringing a live thing together just kinda adds more to it.

that I can't really talk about yet.

SLUG: So no idea when the new album is going to be released?

TAIME: We don't know. We're still mixing it anyway, it's not even done.

SLUG: Is there going to be a remix CD to follow up like there was with the first album?

TAIME: I'm sure there will be. There might even be a live EP, 5 or 6 songs before that even come out. And then another live EP to follow with some of the new tracks.

SLUG: Nice. So, what's the deal with the 2 different covers for "Re-Bound"?

TAIME: Mutiny said it was because ADA wouldn't distribute it with the original, which I found out was a bunch of bullshit, it was a complete lie. I talked to someone at ADA and they said it was totally bullshit. So, that's why we did the artwork. And then it was really stupid too, the original artwork was done for a digi-pack and that's the way it was laid out and looked really nice. The way they put it together, they put it in the jewel case and just re-did it and it looked like shit. The original packaging too.

The original, with the bondage... That was done for a digi-pack, which is like the soft... ya know, like the paper? And it was laid out really cool where the front part wraps around the back... and they just ruined it. Fuckin' idiots. Now I'm all pissed off. (laughs)

SLUG: Sorry.

TAIME: (laughs) No, it's all right, it's not your fault.

SLUG: I didn't want to touch on any bad subjects or anything.

TAIME: It's just you spend all this time doing this artwork, and having stuff shot, stuff like that, then they just fucking ruin it. It was supposed to come out a year before.

SLUG: Really?

TAIME: Yeah, it was supposed to in April, it didn't come out till fuckin'... October. So like, almost 7 months later it comes out.

SLUG: Was it all live drums and stuff too, or was it all machine?

TAIME: No, it was all programmed. Just like the first record. The live record will have live drums on it and we're gonna start working on new stuff too. New new.

SLUG: New new?

TAIME: New new, 'cause all our stuff that's new to everybody else is fuckin' old to us. It's like a year and a half old. We're going crazy. Just been sittin' on the record for so long it's just been driving us nuts.

SLUG: I've seen, on the Web site or whatever, you have what looks like just kind of like off-shows... like the first Hollywood show I've seen the flyer for... is that how it's gonna keep going or is it going to be a full fledged tour?

TAIME: The only reason to go out and tour is to have product, otherwise it's not feasible to go out. Especially without a deal and support. If we're out on tour we're gonna make sure we have product to sell, so we gotta make sure we have records. We haven't even been able to... I mean, like I said, Mutiny or Bubble or whatever, they haven't paid me dick, I don't have any product, I don't have any of the CDs, I don't have nothin'. You know what I mean? So, if we're gonna go on the road we gotta make sure we have stuff to sell. It'll keep us alive on the road. Make sure we have merch. I mean, we'll have merch before we do that, but to go out without any record is stupid.

SLUG: How's the turn out been for the shows that you have played?

TAIME: Oh, they're always packed. Every show we do.

SLUG: Yeah, we've been waiting for something...

TAIME: We've been wanting to. We're talking about doing a west coast thing, but we gotta make sure. We're in the process of changing guitarists. That just came out over the past week.

SLUG: Are you playing guitar too live?

SLUG: Ugh, might have to take a road trip to Vegas or something, definatly not gonna miss it though.

TAIME: Right on. Yeah, I'm looking forward to it. I'm gonna take a little vacation for a few days this weekend coming up... Whoah! (pause)... Sorry 'bout that, daddy long leg dropped on my arm, scared the fuck outta me... and then after that we're gonna start auditioning some guitar players.

SLUG: Do you have anybody in mind already?

TAIME: There's a couple different people, but who knows. I'm actually gonna go meet with a couple people.

SLUG: As far as the live show, do you have any stage antics or...?

TAIME: Right now it's just pretty much rock. We just go out there and do our shit because it... it just takes money and the ability to bring shit.

So, who knows by that time what we'll have and what we'll do. We'll get some props and stuff. We don't have the budget to go out and do a lot of stuff... yet.

SLUG: It should be very cool...

TAIME: I know. I wanna fuckin' play. I'm sick of playin' in Hollywood. I mean, it's cool, but it's funner to play out of town because you meet different people...

SLUG: Just kind of like your a Hollywood local band?

TAIME: That's basically what it is right now, 'cause it just takes money and everything else to get on the road. Things are all starting to come together right now so it's really cool.

And so the interview concluded. Special thanks go to Edwin for setting this up, and, of course, Taimé for being the very cool individual that he is and taking some time out to have this conversation with me.

— J. Cameron

OSKER

TREATMENT 5

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OSKER

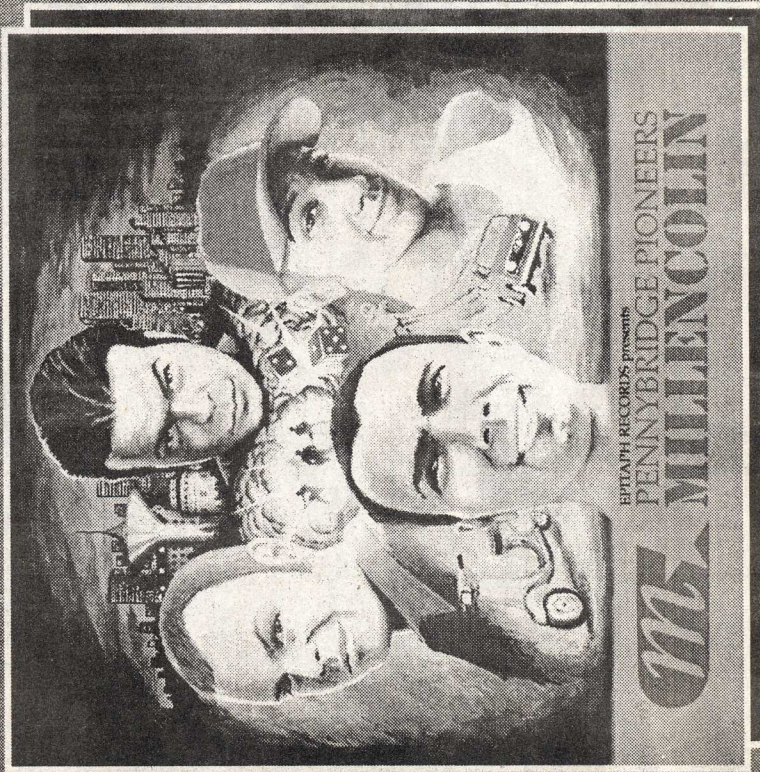
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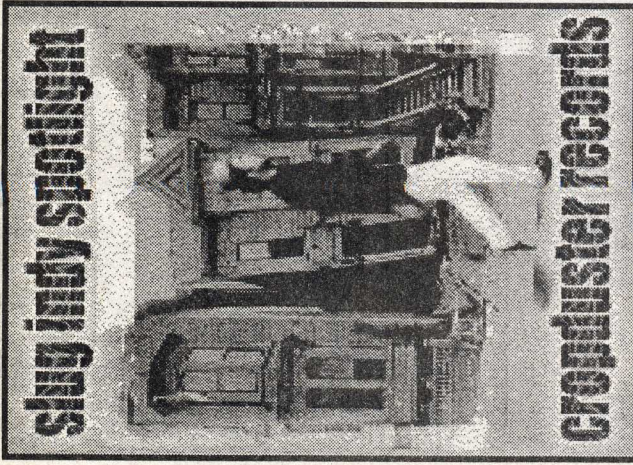
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Cropduster (krop'duster) noun 1. An independent record label. 2. A musician-driven effort to achieve individual success through mutual promotion. 3. All for one and everyone for themselves.

This is the official definition of Cropduster Records, or Cropduster.com, as they now wish to be called. The label's first offering was **tabularASA's** 1994 release *Somewhere Out There*. The members of the band (Bob Perry, Sean Seymour, Alan Katz, and Chris Flynn) figured they could do as good a job as anyone at releasing a record, so they handled all of the production, distribution, and publicity chores. Many mistakes later, they were promising themselves they'd do a better job next time. Cropduster in its current incarnation, came to be during a night of inebriated commiseration with their peers on the New Jersey music scene.

The artists who comprise the Cropduster.com collective often play on or produce each other's records, as well as work behind the scenes spreading the word about their friends. Here is a brief rundown of Cropduster's roster:

Health and Happiness Show

Health and Happiness Show's *Sad and Sexy*, the latest Cropduster release, is perhaps the best of the bunch. The band is a three-piece with debuts to R.E.M. and the Beat Farmers. Syd Straw, who the band has toured with in the past, contributes guest vocals on "Love Sounds Like Rain."

Bob Perry

Perry, you'll remember, is a member of **tabularASA**, the band who started this whole mess. His rootsy, singer-songwriter sound bears a slight resemblance to the mellow output of Freedy Johnston. His Cropduster release is called *Light Fuse...Run Away*.

Julia Greenberg

Julia Greenberg's Cropduster release *Past Your Eyes* features contributions from Jill Sobule (some guitar, backing vocals) and has the same happy pop feel as her own records. Of non-musical interest is that Greenberg is an international grant maker by day and often travels overseas, guitar in tow. She recently headlined a 3-day music and poetry festival in Russia.

Birdy

The title of Birdy's debut release, *Supernominal Paraphernalia*, comes from a "brilliant mistake" that fell out of singer/guitarist Stephanie Seymour's (no, not HER) friend's mouth. "She was trying to say 'supernatural phenomenon,'" reveals Seymour. The album's nine songs are bluesy and



hook-laden, reflecting Seymour's influences (Elvis Costello, Crowded House, Split Enz) and evoking aural imagery of bands such as Sister 7.

Chris Merola

Merola's sound smacks of Springsteen; appropriate when you consider that he's from Jersey. Like Perry and Greenberg, he's got the singer-songwriter thing happening and is perhaps the best of the three. His record is called *Straight Answer in a Crooked Town*.

The Other 99

Another Cropduster band with R.E.M. inflections, the Other 99 are preparing their debut album for release in the spring. Real Audio samples of entire tracks from the album can be heard at www.cropduster.com/theother99/default.htm.

For ordering info (all of the above releases are available for the bargain price of \$10 +postage), visit www.cropduster.com or write to Cropduster Records, 78 Trask Avenue, Bayonne, New Jersey, 07002.

—Randy Harward

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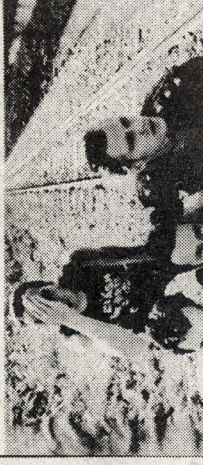
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Remote Control/Clash City Rockers
White Man In Hammersmith Palais



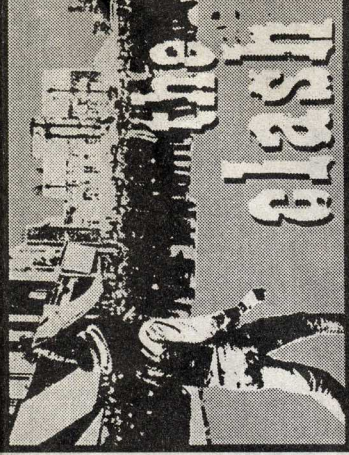
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WORLD

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

BY JOHN FORGACH

band switches from death to sludge. The overall performance is kept simple, with no one member of the band over-reaching his assigned duty. I've enjoyed Armored Saint's new release REVELATION so much that I've given back my college degree and have re-entered the 10th grade. REVELATION really captures the essence of what the band Armored Saint was to metal back in the early to mid '80s.

Original members John Bush (vocals), Joey Vera (bass) and Gonzo (drums) are joined by Jeff Duncan and Phil Sandoval on guitar. A strong power metal performance describes the self-titled, debut album from the band *Jacob's Dream*. I did enjoy this album, but must say that the "robust" vocal approach used for this release was a bit unnerving at first listen. This band is really pretty talented. Loose ends that appear at first secure themselves throughout the album.

THE DOWNSIDE from the band Hades marks another successful return of an '80's metal act. From what I can gather comparing the new release with my copy of '88's IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, it appears three members of the original band are

NECROPOLIS : You just can't help but love a band that calls themselves **Deadbodies** everywhere. The self titled, debut from this band reeks of violence, with lyrical content conveying the band's discontent with their lot in life, or, more exactly, the world's lot in the universe. - Extreme black metal fills the latest release (WINGS OF ANTICHRIST) from the band **Triumphator**. The music from WINGS... will hit you like shattered glass in a wind tunnel. As you collect body parts after listening to this release, take a moment to thank Peter Tagtgren (Hypocrisy, Lock-Up) for the fine recording job he's done.



CENTURY MEDIA : Are you ready for one of the best metal albums of the year? You're ready! The name is **Soilwork**. Their album **THE CHA IN HEART MACHINE**, the follow up to their album **STEEL BATH SUICIDE** will "astound". This

- Calculating Infinity-Relapse
 4. **INTERNAL BLEEDING**-Driven To Conquer-Pavement
 5. **ARCH ENEMY**-Burning Bridges-Century Media
 6. **WITCHERY**-Dead, Hot And Ready-Necropolis
 7. **VINIE MOORE**-The Maze-Shrapnel
 8. **ENGINE-S/T**-Metal Blade
 9. **SOLUS**-Universal Bloodshed-Skinmask
 10. **KRABATHOR**-Orthodox-Pavement
 -11. **NEVERMORE**-Dreaming Neon Black-Century Media
 -12. **CONTROL DENIED**-The Fragile Art Of Existence-Nuclear Blast
 -13. **FREDRICK THORNDAL**-Sol Niger Within Version 3.33-Relapse
 -14. **CIVIL DEFIANCE**-Circus Of Fear-Grind Syndicate Media
 -15. **CARNAL FORGE**-Who's Gotna Burn-War Music

16. **CANNIBAL CORPSE**-Bloodthirst-Metal Blade
 -17. **CANDIRIA**-Process Of Self Development-MIA
 -18. **GREG HOWE**-Ascend-Shrapnel
 -19. **BROKEN HOPE**-Grotesque Blessings-Martyr
 20. **COALESC**-0:12 Revolution In Just Listening-Relapse
 21. **DEATH**-The Sound Of Perseverance Nuclear Blast
 22. **GRIP INC.**-Solidify-Metal Blade
 23. **DARKANE**-Rusted Angel-War Music
 24. **SNAPCASE**-Designs For Automotion-Victory
 25. **LOCK UP**-Pleasures Pave Sewers-Nuclear Blast
- Forgach

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 only cool music
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 for members

Swedish band's working of the "Gothenburg" sound is proof that limits can always be overcome. Technical mastery is a common theme between

this six piece and their chosen instruments. Even the keyboard work on this album is good. **THE CHAINHEART MACHINE** will be in stores on February 8th.

Another album slated for a Feb. 8th release is the **BREEDING DEATH** e.p. from the band **Bloodbath**. This band is a side project from Mikael Akerfeldt (Opeth), Anders Nyström and Jonas Renkse of Katatonia and Dan Swano. **BREEDING DEATH** is a tribute to the death metal of the '80's. A full-length release from this band will be in the works if "demand exists". - The legendary band **Sentenced** is releasing their latest album **CRIMSON** on February 22nd. Fans of the band's early material will be left once again crying in their strawberry daiquiris as **CRIMSON** is yet another step further from the underground/death sound that this band once helped pioneer. If you liked **DOWN** ('96), then you probably liked **FROZEN** ('98). If you like **FROZEN** ('98), then you'll love **CRIMSON**.

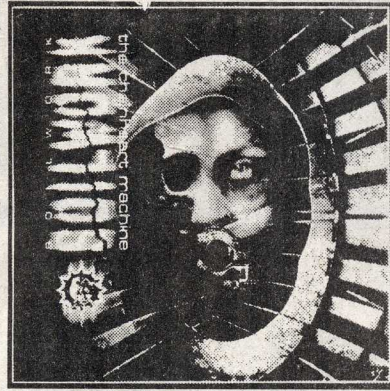
METAL BLADE : The self-titled, debut from the band **Canvas** displays the cross-over potential of straight-edge and hardcore bands into the metal realm. The agonizing, "thumbs in a vice" vocal delivery on this album hints of a noisecore approach, while the rest of the

back this time around. To tell you the truth, I don't even remember listening to **IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED** (that can't be good sign). **THE DOWNSIDE** is a good album.

NUCLEAR BLAST : I was beginning to wonder if we would ever see the release of **THE FRAGILE ART OF EXISTENCE** from **Control Denied**. This project has been on the back burner for quite some time, waiting until Chuck Schuldiner had time to step away from his full-time gig with his band **Death**. With **Death's** latest album, **THE SOUND OF PERSEVERANCE** safely making a name for itself, Chuck must have decided the time was right for **Control Denied**. For this project, Chuck brought in Shannon Hamm (guitar) and Richard Christy (drums) from **Death**, recruited the "mighty" Steve DiGiorgio to play bass and Tim Aymar vocalizes Chuck's unique lyrical visions. There is no mistaking that this project is straight from the mind of Chuck Schuldiner. While the two bands remain separate entities, it's easy to see each band's origination.

"BEST OF BLOOD - 1999"

- (In no particular order)
1. **OPETH** - *Still Life* - Peaceville
 2. **FLOTSAM AND JETSAM-Ummatural Selection**-Metal Blade
 3. **THE DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN**-



HAPPY 11 YEAR ANNIVERSARY

SLUG

FROM YOUR PALS AT EPITAPH

DAILY CALENDAR

Saturday, February 5
Zion Tribe- Dead Goat
Fat Wreck Chords Tour- Bricks
Shiv- Ya Buts
Maceo Parker- Zephyr
phlegmatic- Burts

Sunday, February 6
Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat -
9 Ball Tourney- Ya Buts
Free Pool- Burt's
Jay Johnson Band- Zephyr
The Allscars w/ Sandkicker and
Guitorquestra- Kilby Ct.

Monday, February 7
The W.C. Clark Blues Revue-
Dead Goat
Pilut- Burt's
Dj Marc Linton- Ya Buts
Yukon Riders- Zephyr

Tuesday, February 8
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Dream Theater- Kingsburry Hall
8 Ball Tourney- Ya Buts
Brothers Creeggan- Zephyr
Blues Jam- Burts

Wednesday, February 9
Elsewhere- Dead Goat
Dj Juliette- Ya Buts
The Waitlers- Zephyr
Casa Deablo- Burts

Thursday, February 10
Lisa Marie unplugged-Dead Goat
Zac Parish Blues Band - Burt's
Possibilities w/ Erosion- Ya Buts

Clumsy Lovers- Zephyr
Friday, February 11
Sturgen General- Burt's
Yer Mom- Dead Goat
Disco Drippers- Zephyr

Calobo- Harry O's (Park City)
Chris Cornell- Kingsbury Hall
Vaihi- Opim Union Ballroom
Maladjusted w/ Phlegmatic- Ya
Buts

Saturday, February 12
Tripple Threat- Dead Goat
Double wide- Burt's
Disco Drippers- Zephyr
Aerial- Ya Buts
Anti Valentines Day Show- Kilby
Ct.

Sunday, February 13
Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat
Free Pool- Burt's
Relief Society- Zephyr
String Cheese Incident- Snowbird
9 Ball Tourney- Ya Buts
A New Found GloryW/
Midtown, RX Bandits- Kilby Ct.

Monday, February 14
Eddie Shaw and the Wolfgang-
Dead Goat
String Cheese Incident- Snowbird
Dj Marc Linton- Ya Buts

Tuesday, February 15
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Blues Jam- Burts
8 Ball Tourney- Ya Buts

Pilut- Zephyr
**Wednesday,
February 16**

Doublewide-
Dead Goat
Thunderfist- Burt's
Dj Juliette- Ya Buts
Sweetgrass and Tanglewood-
Zephyr

Thursday, February 17
Gearl Jam- Dead Goat
420West w/ Joker- Ya Buts
Grooveberry Jam- Zephyr
up yer sleeve- Burts

Friday, February 18
Insatiable- Dead Goat
Galactic- Zephyr
Unlucky Boys- Burt's
Uncensored Society w/
Wormdrive- Ya Buts
How to Smoke Pot- Utah Film and
Video Center

Saturday, February 19
Mambo Jumbo- Dead Goat
Shiv w/ Zambu Fly- Ya Buts
Galactic- Zephyr
Thought Patterns- Cup O' Joe
Self adhesives- Burts
Jerald Music- Kilby Ct.

Sunday, February 20
Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat
Free Pool- Burt's
9 Ball Tourney- Ya Buts
Galactic w/ Dirty Dozen Band-
Zephyr

Monday, February 21
Mem Shannon and the
Membership- Dead Goat

JJ Flash- Burt's
Dj Marc Linton- Ya Buts
Adrian Legg- Zephyr

Tuesday, February 22
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Blues Jam- Burts
8 Ball Tourney- Ya Buts
Black Dog- Zephyr
Milemarker- Kilby Ct.

Wednesday, February 23
Todd Harrold- Dead Goat
Thought Patterns- Dragonfly Cafe
Dj Juliette- Ya Buts
Trigger Locks- Zephyr
Sugarpants- Burts

Thursday, February 24
John Davis and the Little Big
Band- Dead Goat
Means to an End w/ Carpet
Voodoo- Ya Buts
Jeff Ott w/ Pictures Can Tell-
Kilby Ct.
Pimp Gernade- Burts

Friday, February 25
**SLUG ANNIVERSARY PARTY-
ZEPHYR**
PUBLIC WELCOME
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Blues Jam- Burt's
Sawyer Brown- Dee Events Center
Corleons w/ D.J. Douse and J.J.
Flash- Ya Buts
Slapdown- Zephyr
Cobra w/ Vienmelter and the
Gentry D. Experience- Kilby Ct.
Ineffect- Burts

Saturday, February 26
Blues on First- Dead Goat
Swamk Five- Burt's

High Water Pants- Zephyr
Stained w/ Korn- E-Center
Red Bennies- Ya Buts

Sunday, February 27
Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat
Free Pool- Burt's
9 Ball Tourney- Ya Buts
Nutstalk- Zephyr
Billy- Kilby Ct.

Monday, February 28
Big Jack Johnson- Dead Goat
Dj Marc Linton- Ya Buts
Discount w/ Ben (kind of like
spitting)- Kilby Ct.
The Road Kings w/ Jesse Dayton-
Zephyr

Tuesday, February 29
Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Blues Jam- Burts
8 Ball Tourney- Ya Buts
Reveille w/ Machinehead- DV8
Zambu Fly- Zephyr

Wednesday, March 1
Dj Juliette- Ya Buts
Miles Hunt- Zephyr

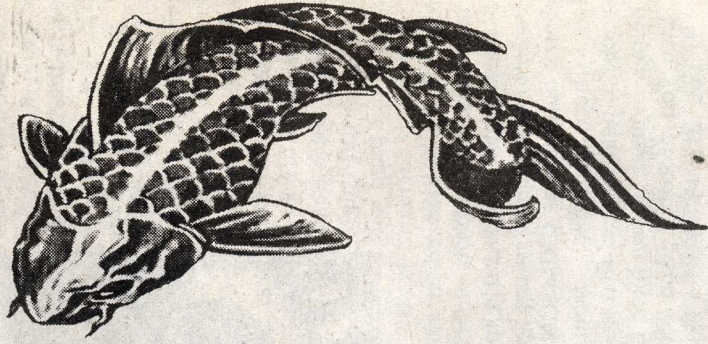
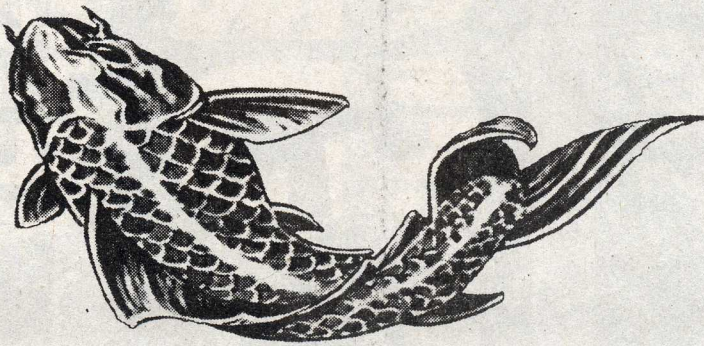
Thursday, March 2
Manager Dean and his
Erasurattes- Club Mozzer

Friday, March 3
Mother Hips- Zephyr

Saturday, March 4
Mother Hips- Zephyr
Bad Apple w/ Melissa Warner- Ya
Buts

Sunday, March 5
Free Pool- Burt's

KOI Piercing Studio

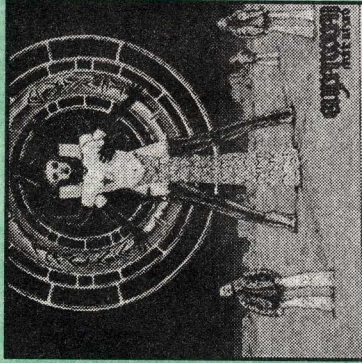


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 Virginia's vicious grindcore Behemoths
 Agoraphobic Nosebleed team up
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 the low priced Poacher Diaries
 release. Take cover or be destroyed!



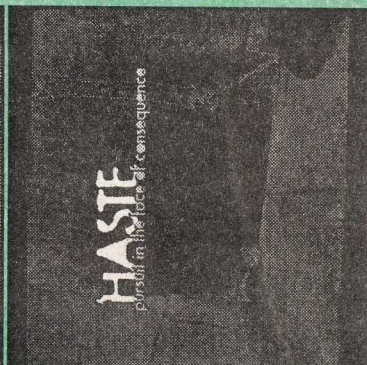
Electric Wizard - Supercover
 The ultimate sacrificial offering.
 Remastered with 2 unreleased
 bonus tracks.
 True doom!!



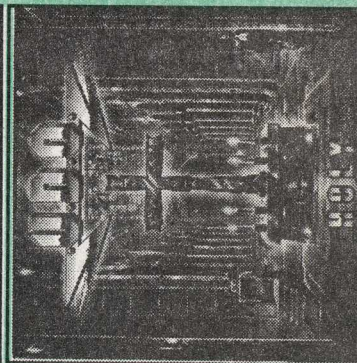
Coalesce
 6426 0:12 Revolution
 In Just Listening
 Coalesce delivered suffocatingly dense,
 drastic music that purely annihilates.
 Incredibly raw, psychotic vocals incessantly
 punish the listener while explosively chaotic
 guitars and left-of-center rhythm sand
 grooves mesmerize and manifest in a most
 devastating manner.



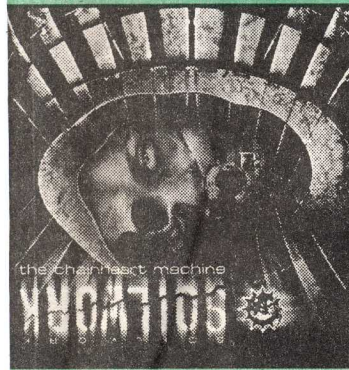
Metal Church-LIVE: Classic recording from
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 Excellent live set featuring all of the classic
 songs available for the first time! Check
 out the '80s Godfathers of thrash.
 Street Date: 2.8



Haste - Pursuit In The Face Of
 Consequence
 "Haste make their mark with a
 six-member, two vocal approach and
 skillfully crafted songs that put them in the
 musical league with such forward-thinking
 bands as Snapcase, Cave In
 and Converge. It's hardcore, it's metal,
 it's progressive...the revolution continues."
 - HITS



Udo - Holy: The voice of Accept is back
 with 11 new hymns of molten metal thy
 world to "Pray" upon. All fans of tradi-
 tional German metal rejoice, and prepare
 for the Second Coming of Udo!!!
 Street Date: 2.8



Soilwork - The Chainheart Machine
 Taking the notorious "Gothenburg Sound" to higher and more exciting levels, resulting in an album that will delight a variety of metal fans.
 Produced by Fredrik Nordstrom (In Flames, Hammerfall).



Bloodbath - Breeding Death
 Brutal, old-school death metal from this supergroup featuring Mikael Akerfeldt (Opeth), Jonas Renkse and Anders Nyström (both from Katatonia) and Dan Swano (Edge Of Sanity, Nightingale, Pan-Thy-Monium, etc.)



Disembowel - Hate Campaign: Brand new album from one of the founding bands on NB. A total Death Metal extravaganza for all fans of brutal music. Feat. Sharlee D'Angelo of Mercyful Fate, Arch Enemy, and Witchery! Awesome!
 Street Date: 2.29



Pissing Razors - Cast Down the Plague
 "The slaughtering drum beats, firestorming riffs and militaristic banks of the 13-song Cast Down The Plague will knock you down like a tired boot camp cadet" - CMJ. Check out the Noise Web site at www.us.noiserecords.com for the latest news, tour dates and free MP3 files.



HATE ETERNAL - CONQUERING THE THRONE
 Already heralded as one of 1999's top Death Metal releases, Hate Eternal unleash sheer brutality on their "Wicked World debut "Conquering the Throne". Catch them live this Winter on the Death Metal Massacre 2000 tour, alongside Cannibal Corpse, God Dethroned and Diabolic!



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