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JAN. 2001

#145

Vol. 13

mag

always
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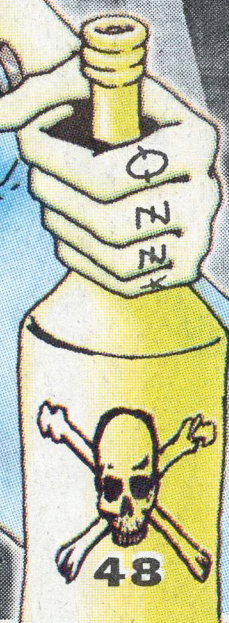
12th
Anniversary
ISSUE

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(Local Spotlight)



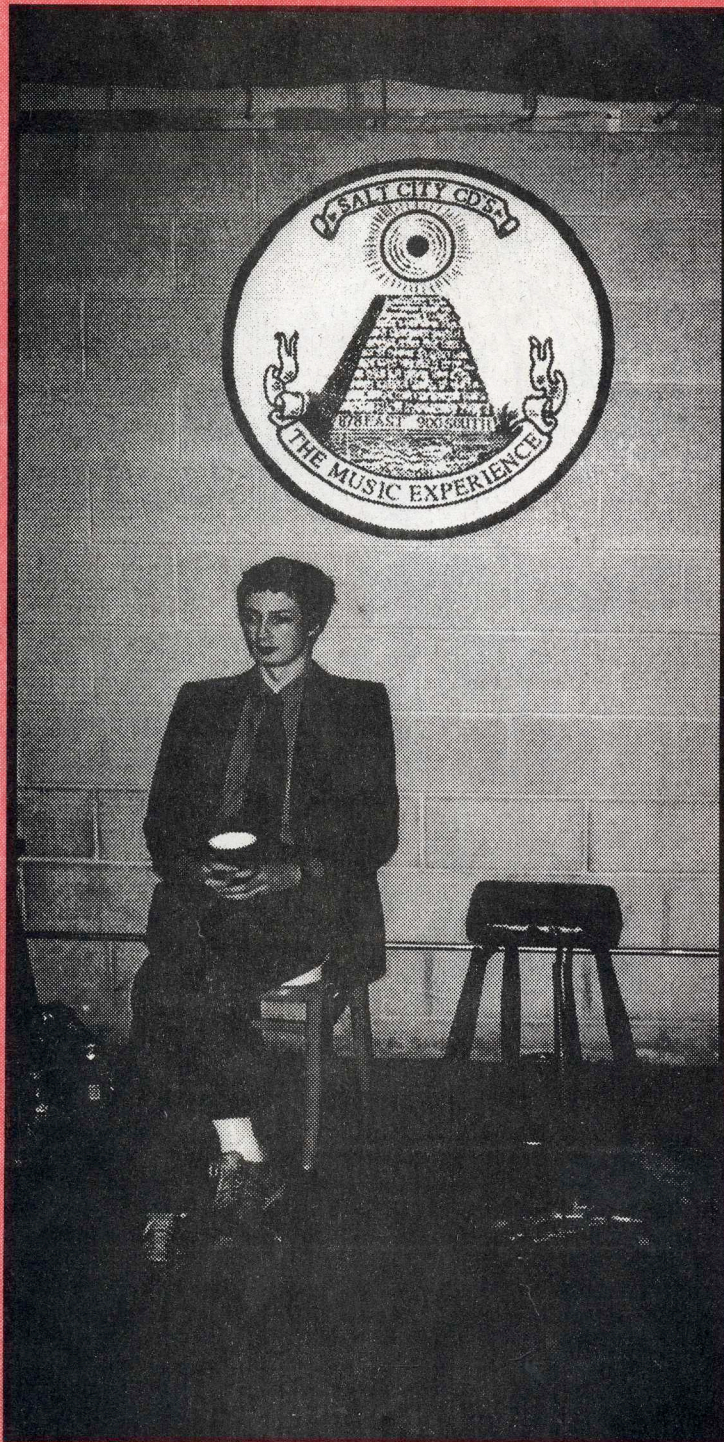
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"neither humorous nor redneck"

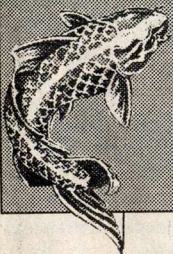
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Daily calendar

Friday, January 5

PooPeeDee & SLC AllStars- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Karma Kanics- *Dead Goat*
Monster Truck Nationals,
yeehaw- *E Center*
District 6- *Getty's*
Corleones CD release, Compound
Fracture, Sin Orden, Fucktards-
Kilby Court
Fatpaw- *Liquid Joe's*
Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues
Band- *O'Shucks*
Southern Thunder- *Westerner*
Mike Sartain's Jam of a Lifetime-
YaBut's
Djate, Royal Fingerbowl- *Zephyr
Club*

Solid Gold- *Lazy Moon*

Saturday, January 6

Big Tee & the Specialties, Unlucky
Boys- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Kettle Fish- *Dead Goat*
Monster Truck Nationals, just a
pinch between
the cheek and gum lasts all
day- *E Center*

Karma Kanics, Hoo Ray
Who?-*Kamikaze's (Ogden)*
The Kill, Her Blacklist
Disaster, Hammergun, Form
of Rocket- *Kilby Court*
Slapdown- *Liquid Joe's*
Veloure- *O'Shucks*

Lisa Marie & CoDependents- *Port
O'Call*
Southern Thunder- *Westerner*
Means to an End- *YaBut's*
Royal Fingerbowl- *Zephyr Club*

Sunday, January 7

Highball Train- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Monster Truck Nationals, with this
and Kenny Rogers next month I
thought I died and goed to Heaven-
E Center

Strike Force, Coltrane Combo, Off
Balance- *Kilby Court*

Monday, January 8

Great Day for Rock Birthdays—The
King of Rock'n'roll,
the Thin White Duke, and the High
Priestess of SLUGdom
Red Flag- *Area 51*

Gellopy- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Dexter Freebish- *Liquid Joe's*

Tuesday, January 9

Blues Jam- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Blues Jam- *Dead Goat*
Cave In, Countervail, Furious Fire-
Kilby Court

No Release- *Liquid Joe's*
Haole Boys, Bob Moss & Joe Judd-
Zephyr Club

Wednesday, January 10

Metal Meltdown- *Burt's
Tiki Lounge*
Hans Olsen- *Dead Goat*
Quadrasonics- *Liquid Joe's*
Free Ride, Numbs- *YaBut's*

Thursday, January 11

Spleen- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
3MTA3- *Groovacious Records (Cedar
City)*

13th Ave Band- *Liquid Joe's*
Swerve- *University of Utah*
Lance Perry- *Westerner*
Gellopy, Underscore- *YaBut's*
Charlie Hunter- *Zephyr Club*
Super Sport Thursday- *Lazy Moon*

Friday, January 12

@t Club dance club grand opening,
DJ comp, 740 South 300 West
Rodney Dangerfield- *Abravanel Hall*
Burton Night Pipe Jam #1- *Brighton
Ski Resort*

Wormdrive-

Burt's Tiki Lounge
Honey Pot- *Dead Goat*
Harlem Globetrotters- *Delta Center*
Nova Paradiso- *Getty's*
Open Hand, Someone Else's
Problem- *Kilby Court*
Royal Bliss- *Liquid Joe's*
Numbs, Mo Party Five- *Meridian
School (Provo)*

Insatiable- *O'Shucks*
Perfect Stranger- *Westerner*
Audacity- *YaBut's*
Royal Fingerbowl- *Zephyr Club*
Solid Gold- *Lazy Moon*

Saturday, January 13

"Twice Today" movie fundraiser:
Lint, Primordial Soup,
Vein Melter, MC Funceface &
Buckettooth- *Da Phat Squirrel*
Lisa Marie & CoDependents- *Dead
Goat*

Campbell Brothers, Mighty Clouds
of Joy- *Egyptian Theater (Ogden)*
Flying Blind- *Getty's*
Swank 5- *Liquid Joe's*
Tanglewood- *O'Shucks*
Lance Perry- *Westerner*
Unsound Mind- *YaBut's*
Royal Fingerbowl- *Zephyr Club*

Sunday, January 14

The Canyons & Utah Winter Games
Fourth Annual Ski
& Snowboard Big Air Competition
Dixie Dregs, Steve Morse Band -
Zephyr Club

Monday, January 15

Sigma Six- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Baby Jason & the Spankers-
Dead Goat

Tuesday, January 16

The Chieftains- *Abravanel Hall*
Blues Jam- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Blues Jam- *Dead Goat*
Step-to-the-Mic music jam-
Groovacious Records (Cedar City)

Jive- *Liquid Joes*

Wednesday, January 17

Honey Spot- *Dead Goat*
SXSWS Semi-Finals- *Getty's*
Juice- *Liquid Joes*
Still- *YaBut's*
Sister 7- *Zephyr Club*

Submissions

for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the
month. Fax to 487-1359 or email
dickheads@slugmag.com. You can't B-Lame
us if you don't send it in!

Thursday, January 18

Kung Fu Grip- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Lo-Fi Breakdown- *Dead Goat*
Poetry Slam- *Groovacious Records
(Cedar City)*

Acoustic Latin Soul Night- *Jackson
St. Junction (Ogden)*
Marmalade Hill- *Liquid Joe's*
Sundance Film Festival- *Park City
(through Jan. 28)*

Palo Alto- *Sundance Opening Party*
Rascall Flatts- *Westerner*
Sky is Out of Order- *YaBut's*
Vinyl- *Zephyr Club*
SUPER SUMO- *Lazy Moon*

Friday, January 19

Naked PETA Protest- Noon, Heber
Ave. & Main St. (*Park City*)
Thunderfist- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Dan Hicks & the Hot Licks-
Dead Goat

Karma Kanics- *Getty's*
Unfold- *Groovacious Records (Cedar
City)*
Chola- *Liquid Joe's*
Wild Country- *Westerner*

Blue Hour- *YaBut's*
Bernie Worrell & Woo Warriors-
Zephyr Club
Solid Gold- *Lazy Moon*

Tangent Music & Art Connect.
Fistfull, Erosion, live performance,
art show- *The Warehouse*

Saturday, January 20

Maladjusted- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Nova Paradiso- *Dead Goat*
Kettlefish- *Getty's*

Extreme Underground Metal Fest:
Necropsy, Minion, Ixex Throne,
Oliterate Plague, Mindlock- *JFA
Club (Ogden) 801-321-0157*
Poison the Well, Martyr- *Kilby Court*
Chola- *Liquid Joe's*

Lo-Fi Breakdown- *O'Shucks*
Slamdance Film Festival- *Park City
(through Jan. 27)*
Lisa Marie & CoDependents- *Port
O'Call*

Wild Country- *Westerner*

Sam, Flaco Punga- *YaBut's*
Banyan- *Zephyr Club*

Sunday, January 21

Highball Train- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*

Monday, January 22

Rugburn- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Patrick Vining Band- *Dead
Goat*

Tuesday, January 23

Blues Jam- *Burt's Tiki
Lounge*

Blues Jam- *Dead Goat*

Step-to-the-Mic music jam-
Groovacious Records (Cedar City)

Frank- *Liquid Joe's*

Jacob Fred Jazz Odyssey- *Zephyr
Club*

Wednesday,

January 24

TromaDance Film Festival- *Brewwies*
Ming, FS- *Brick's*
Long Silas Lang-
Burt's Tiki Lounge
Zenbucket- *Dead Goat*

Clean- *Liquid Joe's*
The Souvenirs- *Zephyr Club*

Thursday, January 25

Deadbolt, Alfowl & Shakes,
Unlucky Boys- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
Straight No Chaser- *Dead Goat*
Poetry Slam- *Groovacious Records
(Cedar City)*

Dandy Warhols- *Harry O's (Park
City)*

HairyApesBMX, Swank 5- *Liquid
Joes*

TromaDance Film Festival- *Main St.
Pizza & Noodle (Park City)*

Insatiable- *O'Shucks*

Rough Water- *Westerner*

Vertical Skinny, Longhunter-
YaBut's

Terri Clark- *Zephyr Club*

Super Sport Thursday- *Lazy Moon*

Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
 Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues
 Band- *O'Shucks*
 Matt Flinner- *University of Utah*
 Rough Water- *Westerner*
 Elsewhere- *YaBut's*
 Solid Gold- *Lazy Moon*

Saturday, January 27
 Endless Struggle-
 Burt's Tiki Lounge
 Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues
 Band- *Dead Goat*
 Thirsty Alley- *Getty's*
 Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
 Rough Water- *Westerner*
 Audacity- *YaBut's*

Sunday, January 28
 Nothing going on, stay inside
 and high-burn-ate

Monday, January 29
 Duke Robillard Band- *Dead Goat*
 Elton John/Billy Joel-
 Delta Center

Causey Way- *Kilby Court*
 Superdrag- *Liquid Joe's*

Tuesday, January 30
 Blues Jam- *Burt's Tiki Lounge*
 Blues Jam- *Dead Goat*
 Step-to-the-Mic music jam-
 Groovacious Records (Cedar City)
 Code 9- *Liquid Joe's*
 Micranots- *The Warehouse*

Robert Walter's 20th Congress-
 Zephyr Club

Wednesday, January 31
 Big Tee & the Specialties-
 Burt's Tiki Lounge
 Closet Poets, Uncle James-
Dead Goat

Karma Kanics- *Liquid Joe's*
Thursday, February 1
 Poetry Slam- *Groovacious Records*
 (Cedar City)

Eric Bibb- *Perry's Egyptian*
 Theater
 Super Sport Thursday-
Lazy Moon

Friday, February 2
 Wicked Innocence, Mindset-
Getty's
 Steven Wright- *Kingsbury Hall*
 Henry Turner Jr. & Flavor-
O'Shucks

Chris Cagle- *Westerner*
 Solid Gold- *Lazy Moon*

Saturday, February 3
 Metal Tears- *Getty's*
 Henry Turner Jr. & Flavor-
O'Shucks

Sunday, February 4
 Worship Satan- *Backwoods*

Monday, February 5
 Pick Up the New SLUGMAG-
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**Super Sumo
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WHAT S UP WITH GEORGE?

This Month I:

- * got a red cap with ear flaps
- * felt jealous
- * experienced tedium
- * went through caffeine withdrawal
- * drank some coffee
- * got some shocks for the ol' rig
- * really got Stakerized
- * wore shoes
- * enjoyed Terrance's moustache
- * thought it sounded shitty, but was grateful

love, George



Coffee with a Nazi

Damn the impure
 That town smells of queers
 I train to survive

Look at the difference
 between you and him
 us and them

My mind is my motherland
 hidden from all to see

Open your eyes

We mate with our own,
 no pleasure
 to procreate

We will rise.

(reflecting a conversation dominated
 by a St. George Waitress)

Jack



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**12" renegade
 vigilantes 45 rpm**

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**JAN
2001
#145
Vol.13**

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Dean Hillis, Ryan Michael Painter, K.D.,
Derecimo, x, David Wilson,
Nick Kenworthy, Asher Muskoka**



Dear Dickheads,
it's a good thing that there is still a slug magazine still around. you know to keep all you naive would be glitterati/scenesters informed as to all the cultural events that are so frequent and plentiful in the land of Zion. Err, never mind, there is nothing happening in Utah to announce and report on so why pray tell is this magazine still around? The jerry rice glory days of old are dead and gone much like the scene in SLC. there should be a new movie made called SLC Poser, that would better depict your current X96 groupie status. it could all be filmed at or around Area 51, where you all hang out since you let all the cool venues close down. It's sad to see your band list only to realize that they have nowhere to play barring Burt's Tiki Lounge where, from what I understand, is now your last bastion of pseudo cultural diversity and filled with latter day punks who sit around and talk about the old school, like how they were introduced into the indie scene long about the time that Nirvanas' Nevermind came out and how social distortion convinced them to transform into bonafide punkers and get really hip rockabilly tattoos, learn how to swing dance and tell lies about they used to hang out at the Speedway Cafe, the Painted Word and the seminal Indian Center from bits and pieces of info they have compiled from stories told by those who like me who really were a part of SLC's original scene. Wise up all you Steve Marriucci's, move out of Utah like I did and move to a city like

Portland where the real underground prevails and shows are as frequent as concussions to Steve Young. RIP SLC. Your scene died and you let it happen by sitting by idly while it fucking dissipated right out from underneath you. Nice job on letting Bush run away with the Utah vote unopposed. Have you hippies even heard of Ralph Nader?

Ed Note:
You know, it really fuckin' Pisses me off when people move out of state and continue to bitch about how lame the "scene" is in SLC. What pisses me off even more are the self-rightous "Original Scenesters" who claim that there is absolutely nothing to do in this town now that the Speedway is gone. STOP LIVING IN YOUR FUCKING PAST!

Dear Dickheads,
I just want to say something to your new writer, I mean tagger, Mark Tupp. Screw your conceited ass. Why don't you write something positive, and stop ranting about your own personal beefs. It's too bad that to be down you have to get your godly approval. I don't think the average reader cares to look over half a page about the last little tiff you had in the yard. Quit trying to make up for your small dick with your cynicisms, and go climb up on Mt. Olympus. That's where you think you belong.
PS. I've got a pair of Ecco cargoes. I use them for hunting, they hold more 12-gauge shells for this white trash motherfucker.

-Some Knucklehead

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Welcome to our 12th Anniversary Issue...suckas! I hope you enjoy these randomly pulled articles from the SLUG Archives .

Running SLUG MAGAZINE is a hell of a lotta work. It could not be done with out the help and support of YOU- our readers. To show our thanks We will be throwing our 12th Annual Anniversary Party @ The Zephyr Club in the end of Feburary Stay Tuned for more details. For those of you who don't have a fake ID, don't worry SABBATHON 2001 will be held later this spring.

Back Issues on the Web!
slugmag.com



SLUG IS HERE TO MEET THE NEEDS OF THE UNDERGROUND BUT WE STILL NEED YOUR SUPPORT.....

Please Send Stuff to
P.O Box 1061, Salt Lake City Utah 84110-1061

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Incase you have missed him, we brought him back for one last rant. Ladies & Gentleman... the FORMER Editor of SLUG MAGAZINE

A grumpy letter from the ex editor...

I have been asked by the new owner and editor to write this letter for the 12 year anniversary issue. I am not sure why she wants to hear anything I have to say but...

This following diatribe contains many references to someone called "you." When I say "you" I mean "you people" or "you readers" or "you sheep" or "you morons." That should just about cover it.

The last month I ran the magazine I wrote a "screw you" blue plate special for all the people I held in contempt. Most of them I still have much disdain for. Still the majority are idiots and fools, which brings me to the point of this pendant ramble. You are all mostly idiots and fools aren't you? Look at the music you purchase. Limp Bizkit? How are these shitbums any less horrible and lame than Brittany or Christina? And this Eminem guy? What a pussy! I actually want to kick this punks ass! So make no mistake, your music sucks. In fact I don't think there is any worse time in history filled with more non talented bullshit poser idiots than right now. The

Thong Song? It is beyond me how people can not only listen to, but support this tripe excuse for music. Not to mention the objectification of women as slabs of tits and ass. Get an imagination. Free speech is not a crutch for the uneducated to get rich. Which brings me to the crux of the biscuit. (A Zappa reference, which I am sure will be lost on your tattooed brains) EDUCATION!!! You have a problem with everything in the world but you say "got" instead of "have." You can't form complete sentences, but you are critiquing music? What are you saving money for, another piercing or a book? Does the great beyond not intrigue you even one iota? Do you even know what iota means? Are you that content to listen to garbage and settle for crap instead of pushing your mind to experience true enlightenment? Read a book. Find out about your history, the history of your country, your ancestry, the origins of music, poetry and the spoken word. The information has always been there, even before the information super highway. You just have to be motivated enough to go get it. You seem to be plenty

motivated by money, drugs, body piercing, alcohol and the pursuit of cheap sex. Is that not giving you an education? What about coffee? Isn't that enough for you? The people who are trying to make positive movement in your society are doing it in spite of you. You are all about the booty, the crack, the violence and the inequality of man. You go along with anything. Movies rewrite history and you don't care, buy the ticket. Teachers can't teach students who don't want to learn. There are no college students studying so they can have a career as a low income school teacher. Instead they (you) are self consumed minions of the big multi media machine. There will be no "A&E Great Minds of your Generation" made about you. You are absent. You are missing. You don't care because you are too stupid. You are embarrassing You are worthless and you don't count, because you don't want to.

So there.
I still hate you all.
—Gianni



ested in singing and was looking for some musicians to jam with.

"I had always wanted to sing," Jeppsen says. "So I told Phil and he told two friends and they told two friends, and so on..."

That first night, only three people showed

By Venus Martinez
Photos by Russ Daniels

In October '99, back when the Kilby Court venue had only recently been converted from a carpenter's workshop, before it had a real stage or even a business license, a band that began not as a band but as a sort of art project performed for the first time. Mandy Jeppsen, Salt Lake City writer and co-creator of TheSalt.com (an online gallery for artists), told Kilby Court's owner, Phil Sherburne, that she was inter-

up; Jeppsen, bass player Scott Bell and keyboardist Jeff Juip (pronounced "yipe"). They messed around on the backbone of the bass lines while a local artist did some kind of visual performance on the side. Things went so well, they all said, "Hey, we should do this again."

Over the next six months, the "band" experienced a number of manifestations, playing often at Kilby Court, then at Todd's. They gained and lost a second vocalist, Stina Peterson, who also played the flute. Josh Emery, formerly of Bliss, joined on the turntables, but later changed to guitar. After one drummer came and went, Rylee Mills came on board along with fellow Makeshift band member Stephen Kesler, a veteran of the Salt Lake City music scene. Juip, from Detroit, is the only member not from Utah.

Bell had also played the local scene for more than ten years, most notably with Reality and then Suspension of Disbelief, and says he got involved with this group completely by accident. "I found out about it through a friend at the Coffee Garden who said they needed a bass player," he says. Bell just went to jam, not to join a band. "If I would have been intentional about it, it probably wouldn't have happened."

At its foundation, this indirectness is the essence of what would soon be called Gerald Music, an improvisational, non-linear, organic approach that has fostered a musical style all its own. Coined by guitarist Kesler, the name Gerald Music (the origin of which Kesler is still keeping a secret, even from fellow band members) is both ambiguous and specific. It is what it is—a fusion of the various musical backgrounds and interests of a number of skilled musicians.

"It's just Gerald," says Jeppsen. "The entity," says Juip.

"I think that's why we like it," adds Kesler.

From a foundation of heavy indie rock, Gerald Music is progressive, happy, lounge jazz, timeless pop, with a hint of R&B in the vocals. As Bell says, "You can tell that we've all played in indie bands before, one friend called it 'reinventing genre' because it's a new approach to things that have been done before. It's not new, but how we choose to put it together makes it new."

Since April 2000, Gerald Music has kept the same six members playing the same instruments. They cut an EP in May with Peterson, who soon after quit to start her own solo career. Now, nine months later, it appears that this loose collection of musicians has quickly gotten serious and found some directional clarity. They've played numerous shows at The Zephyr and venues as disparate as a warehouse on the West side to the slightly swank Lakota Bar downtown, all of which, strangely enough, equally suit the style of Gerald Music, which is all the while gaining a growing audience. "And we're getting more than girlfriends and roommates now," says keyboardist Juip, who quickly adds, "though they are a very important part of the show."

For hardcore fans of hard core, or those that still think jazz, for example, is for old people, Gerald Music may not be the musical elixir they've been seeking. On the other hand, many of the members of Gerald Music grew up with hard core and it's possible their fans may have grown with them.

"We all share that common heritage, but our tastes have evolved," says bassist Bell. "We're trying more challenging stuff. There's not much teen angst anymore; I'm not mad at my parents."

When asked if readers of SLUG would like their sound, Bell says yes, that SLUG has always represented underground or alternative local music and, "in that sense, we are alternative because our music is different than anything else in SLC."

It's hard not to like Gerald Music, for its moody melodies and the depth created by six members. The songwriting is strong with layers of sound and Jeppsen's vocals are surprising. A tiny woman, she is able to beautifully infuse her voice with the instrumentals. While the melodies jump from jazzy intros to pop jams with interesting, mature transitions, Jeppsen adds soul and intrigue. It's

music to listen to either on the road, at home with your favorite beer, or in a dark bar with an ice-cold martini. Sometimes the sound is total improv, like a huge flock of starlings settling onto a tree. In the next song, the rhythms are as smooth as smoke. Though some members of the band might tweak at the thought, I've heard them be compared to Sade or Everything but the Girl. You decide.

One pitfall Gerald Music must avoid is one common to new bands—generating a recognizable sound without becoming repetitious, which seems unlikely considering the members' wide range of musical interests; Kesler hails from the Chicago underground, Tortoise, The Beatles, "like everyone else," and currently, Vibe. Jeppsen honors the voices of Gillian Welch and Amy Mann. To Emery, Michael Hedges is his hero forever. Bell most recently favors classic jazz, while Mills used to listen to Led Zeppelin, Sly & the Family Stone and Steely Dan. For his keyboard roots Juip has to look to the '80s, of course, when keyboards ruled, Herbie Hancock and New Order to name a couple. But they all have one thing in common (except Mandy, since this is her first time being in a band): They all got sick of playing heavy music.

Watch for Gerald Music to add more percussion, a horn section, and get back to adding electronic sounds. By February, they should have a web site running at www.geraldmusic.com. Kesler, a graphic artist who joined the band out of boredom after going through a breakup with his girlfriend, says Gerald Music is probably the last band he'll ever play with, but only as long as it continues to be an inspiring creative process.

"We knew each other, for some reason, musically... and I think it'll last as long as we musically progress," he says. "The writing is always the rush, and when the writing is not as fulfilling, it'll probably slow down."

Though it is unspoken, the members of the band all share the same goal of actually quitting their various day jobs to tour the country and make some money. As it was in the beginning, Gerald Music will hopefully continue to be created without convening a general assembly. During practice, they don't say much, they don't argue, they simply write songs and let the music take its course.

Gerald Music is organic. It's more like cell division than birth.



tangent

music + art connect
Fri, Jan 19 2001

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By

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and

projection art

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THE WAREHOUSE GALLERY

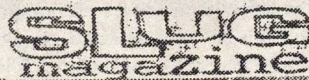
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THE

WAREHOUSE GALLERY

LAME ASSS Concert Previews

With your host: Kevlar7

Alright, ya bastards!! As if you greedy people didn't get enough for Christmas; now ya' want a free concert preview!! I won't have it. I won't contribute to any consumer, capitalist society that abuses animals!! Wait a minute!? What the hell was that all about!? Sorry, must have been all that eggnog. I thought for a minute I was nineteen again, living at home with my parents, and was going to take on the world. Live, fast, die young, and leave a good-looking corpse. It's not what you say, but how good you look while saying it. Okay, okay, I'm not in a long rant mood this month; my alcohol cabinets are bare. In fact, like last month, there isn't much happening in the way of shows. So, this concert preview is kind of short, but sweet; just like me. Anyway, the shows I have are somewhat interesting and should be pretty good. Besides, you're not paying a cent for this service, so you can fuckin' deal with it.

The 80's bullshit is in full swing with **Red Flag** on the 8th at *Area 51*. Basically, all the seventeen and eighteen year old teenage girls will be at this cheese-ball show crying and moaning "Why couldn't we have grown up in the eighties so we could listen to this music back then?" For this question I quote a real 90's musician Steve Albini of Shellac, "Kill 'em, fuckin' kill 'em," from the song 'Prayer to God'. Amen, brother!!

Those of us who want to go to a real show with talented musicians, there is **Cave In** at *Kilby Court* on the 9th. My friend from work loves this band so much he practically drools when he talks about them. They started out playing very aggro metal and now do a melodic mathematics structured epic rock. This will be a must for those who are indie music carnivores. Be there.

The 12th, is the must see show of January at *Kilby Court*. The bands are **Open Hand**, **Shogun**, and **Pictures Can Tell** and they all fuckin' rock. Dude. Open Hand is the band to see and I guarantee after watching those guys jump around while playing their instruments, you will walk out with a big smile on your face. I saw these guys play last summer and they went ape shit while they played. This band will go places; I guarantee!! Be the first on your block to say you saw them way back when. The new disc from Pictures Can Tell is a musical masterpiece and I advise everyone to get it.

Nobody e-mailed me back a few months ago to let me know how the **Sister7** show went. Were they still a hippie jam band? Do they have a

good sound now? Is the girl as hot in person as she is on the record sleeve? Does Kevlar7 have a chance with her? Well, the band returns to the *Zephyr* on the 17th. Those who go must E-mail me with the answers to these questions. Do it and you'll win free shit. (Greedy Bastards).

Okay, the 18th has a weird show that only the true music fan will really get into. I will be at the **Acoustic Latin Soul Concert** in Ogden. This show features some of the most incredible heritage and traditional Latin American and African American music being performed these days. Those who have open minds are encouraged to attend. The venue is the *Jackson Street Junction*, (2280 Jackson Ave. Ogden), and the performers are: **Georgia Barrette**, who has been playing classical guitar since she was four; **The Royal Heritage Ensemble**, who sings and tells stories from the African heritage; **Wiley Rinaldi**, playing his



Peta protesters go NAKED 12/19

unique style of latin-influenced guitar; and **The Los Angeles Trio**. Give your ringing ears a break from all the loud music and enjoy the long drive to Ogden to take in a night of culture. Plus, one can practice the Spanish that they learned last semester in school. (Like yours truly).

On the 19th at high noon, I know where I will be! On the corner of Heber & Main in Park City checkin' out the young vegan women as they **PROTEST NAKED** in Park City!

In the evening of the 20th there are two shows on the to decide between. The first is **Banyan** at the *Zephyr Club*. Banyan is an experimental musical soundscape that flirts with acid jazz and ambient epic rock. Formed by the drummer of Jane's Addiction, the band is made up of talented musicians from other bands. For example, Mike Watt played bass for Banyan. Their discs are truly orgasmic and I encourage everyone to attend this show. It will be a good one.

Or, for fans of local darlings **Clover**, there is

former member **Jamen Brooks'** performance at the *U of U Ballroom* also on the 20th. He will be performing with **Ryan Shupe** and **Bent Leigh**. Should be entertaining, but Banyan is where I'll be. My female groupies are encouraged to be there as well. (Heh,heh,heh,heh).

The 24th is the night for B-movie mayhem and fun, so be there. Anyone who reads my column on a regular basis had better be at **The Troma Dance Film Festival** at *Brewvies*. If you haven't entered the SLUG contest to win free shit, (Greedy Bastards), you better get your butts in gear, right now. I will tell all of you that I will be bonkered out of my head at this event, laughing my head off and joining in with the banter towards the films exploitation of sex and violence.

(YEEEEHHHHAAAAAAWWWWW!!!!!!)

As if one night of sex and violence wasn't enough, on the 25th witness yet another visitation by the scariest band in the world. That's right, the mighty **Deadbolt** will be returning to *Burt's Tiki Lounge* for all of our drunken delights!! If you haven't been to a Deadbolt show yet, are over twenty-one, and read this magazine every month then you are truly a loser, indeed!! What a maroon! (Shouts out to Bugs Bunny for that one).

If you've seen Deadbolt so many times, you feel that they are practically a local band, (not that I'm complaining, Deadbolt could play here every week and I would be there every damn show!!), then there is the **HAIRYAPESBMX**, (now that's a name!), at *Liquid Joe's* also on the 25th. I have no idea how this one is going to turn out, so if any of you readers out there want to attend and E-mail me to let me know how it went, I'd be much obliged. A reward of free shit, maybe. (Greedy Bastards).

The most laughable show of the month is **Elton John** and **Billy Joel**, "onstage and performing together for one night only" the 29th at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*!! Err...I mean *The Yuppie Center*...err...I mean *The Delta Center*. Oh, my god!! I have to get tickets for this one!! Hopefully it's not on a Sunday. Will I be able to find a babysitter? I have to be in bed by ten, so please not to late. Better stock up on the adult diapers. (Very thick sarcasm here,

folks).

The last show of the month is also on the 29th at *Kilby Court*, and it will be a good one. The band is **The Causey Way** and they sound like the weirdest keyboard electronic keyboard band since Devo. The Causey Way is on the Alternative Tentacles label and are very out there indeed. I wouldn't say this band is an 80's revival group, like say: The Blue Meanies. I will be quoted as saying that these guys take it a step further by throwing in every recycled retro keyboard sound they could find into just one song, while their female vocalist sings very wildly at different ranges and tempos. Must be seen to be believed, I guarantee. Check it out.

Okay, ya spoiled brats, that's it!! I can't stand another minute sitting here in front of this damn computer without a drop or alcohol in my system. Not like any of you self-centered people care anyway. E-mail me

www.Kevlar7@Hotmail.com

BRAIN PICKIN' WITH MITCH NELSON

AN INTERVIEW BY JOSH SCHEURMAN

On the eve of the new millennium, I got a chance to talk with a rider from the next. As a member of the Millennium Three (M3) team and the legendary "Farmington Crew", Mitch Nelson has established himself through magazines, contests, and films as an amazing athlete whose roots and religion are traced to the land of Zion. Growing up with J.P. Walker, Jason Murphy, Jeremy Jones, and Brandon Bybee in Farmington, the friends pushed each other to new heights that most in the snowboarding sport could not reach. In 1996 Mitch left on a LDS mission, only to return in October 1998 full of passion for the sport again. Signing on with Millennium Three, he joins best friend Brandon Bybee along with Mikey Leblanc, Chad Otterstrom, and Blaise Rosenthal to name a few. In the two years since Mitch has been back, he has spent time with the M3 team and Whitey filming for "Destroyer", has gotten married, and after the New Year will buy a new house. Through talking with him I discovered his easy-going nature and ability to befriend a total stranger. He would like for everyone to remember to have fun, stay safe and always be stoked.

SLUG: Growing up in Farmington, Utah, where did you start snowboarding?

MITCH: We started off going to Powder Mountain, then went to Brighton. Now I go to the Canyons, because they are so stoked on snowboarders, they're stoked to make a good park for boarders. Brighton still has the best all natural terrain in bounds and out of bounds though.

SLUG: Growing up was it the sport or friends pushing you that kept you up on the mountain?

MITCH: Friends for sure. 90% of snowboarding for me is being with my friends and having fun, only a small part of it is the sport. Watching my friends do something sick and then trying to match them with something else sick.

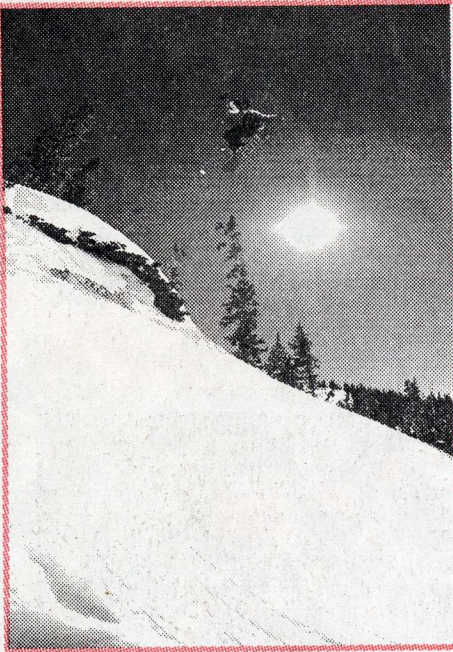
SLUG: In your back yard in Farmington you had a rail set up to jib all night, when the hype died down, do you think your crew brought back the progression of the jib?

MITCH: The reason we did it (jibbing) was because, growing up the pro's were doin' it, so we watched what they were doin' and did it. For some reason it died out, probably because it got so gnarly. The thing about snowboarding is that anything you do with a snowboard on your feet is snowboarding. Whether you're dropping cliffs, doing powder jumps, or riding a rail, it's all fun and having a good time. I think those guys are the progressors of bringing it back and how gnarly the tricks are getting today.

SLUG: Your first sponsors were REV and Standard snowboards. How was it to finally be rewarded for snowboarding?

MITCH: Well, none of us came from wealthy parents so we would work all year for a season pass and new gear, then in the winter we would

either go to a resort or board in my back yard, but none of us went to summer camps. So being sponsored, we finally got some boards. One time we gathered our money and sold every-



thing we had except our snowboarding gear and drove my parents van up to Mt. Hood for a summer camp, but that was the only summer boarding.

SLUG: The two teams that are advancing, both as a team and in technology, I think would be Forum and Millennium Three, do you see other teams coming up?

MITCH: Hmm, I don't know, other teams are trying, but the coolest thing about Forum and M3 is that we are friends, friends within the team and with the other team. It's all about having fun, and the other thing we all have is a good

work ethic. In order to sell snowboards we have to work hard, and all of us do. There might be a team that comes out and does the same thing, it's totally possible and I'm stoked if they

do. It's rad to see hardcore brands progress, instead of ski companies like Solomon and K2. I grew up snowboarding and skateboarding and I want to see the true companies succeed.

SLUG: My friend summed up M3 as "All Riders for Riders". Do you think more companies will start having this structure?

MITCH: Yeah, totally, but M3 was not the first to do it. Burton has the Burton team and Forum has it's team, but M3 is the first team I think to let the team take over, instead of the guys with the money saying what goes where and what colors work good on what boards. Here the riders say what goes. Other teams are going to come up and try to do that and that's rad, let them do that cause that's what it should be

about.

SLUG: Snowboarding on the mountains lately you see the same style, do you think snowboarding has lost its individuality, with everyone trying to be pro?

MITCH: Yeah, dude totally, everyone is trying to be good. Not just good, but trying to have someone see that they're good. Like, "Yeah, dude I'm so dope," and they want to get sponsored, it's messed up. You just need to have fun. For us, none of us asked to get sponsored it just happened for us cause we were out having fun and people saw we had skills and good attitudes about it, so they hooked us up.

SLUG: At contests do you hype yourself up or treat it like another day?

MITCH: That's just it, like another day on the hill. I don't want to stress myself out and expect to win. Then I have expectations and I feel pressure from myself; when I have pressure it's never any fun.

SLUG: With a new trick, how do you pull it off and not get wrecked?

MITCH: I think the best way that I found to do it is to look at the jump or rail, then put it completely out of my mind while building or fixing it (the jump) until I'm ready to go, then get it in my mind right before I go. Think positive.

SLUG: What's the most technical trick you're trying right now?

MITCH: It's super early in the season and I've only been out a few times, but I got a Cab 9 Melon, which I was pretty stoked on cause I haven't got one on video yet. I'd like to get a switch backside 7 or 9.

SLUG: What's your gnarliest jib trick?

MITCH: Not gnarly, but the funnest trick was a backside nose press, backside 180 out down 21 stairs.

SLUG: Speaking of best tricks, what's your worst accident?

MITCH: I landed fakie and rode backward into a tree, punctured a lung and screwed up two of the vertebrae in my neck.

(gnarly)

SLUG: What sums up living in Utah?

MITCH: Utah's rad. I'm super stoked on it; the mountains are only 30 minutes away. The city is right there. My friends and my family, everything that I enjoy and love is here.

SLUG: Where do you see yourself in 10 years?

MITCH: I'll probably have a kid or two. I'll be in Utah for sure, hopefully snowboarding professionally or in the industry.

SLUG: What do you have to say to future shredders?

MITCH: Well, just have fun. Realize there's more important things in life than snowboarding.

SLUG: Three words that describe Mitch?

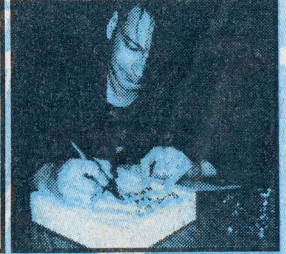
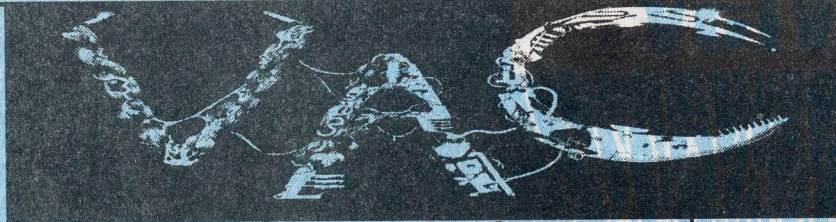
MITCH: One I would want is 'stoked'. "Integrity and Fun" (from Katie, his wife).

SLUG: Anyone you would like to thank?

MITCH: First my wife Katie, all my best friends and family. Brad Schueffele who got me on with M3, all my sponsors. Props' to my buddy Tim Ostler(speedy recovery). Just everyone!

"It's rad to see hardcore brands progress, instead of ski companies like Solomon and K2."

written by
j.cameron
interview by
j.cameron and
1-amy-7



Interview and show review

Velvet Acid Christ is 4 full length major label releases into their career and had not toured their native United States until earlier this winter. Now that they finally arrived in Salt Lake on December the 13th, the expectation had to be lived up. Those who didn't make it to the show just bludgeon yourself with the first blunt object within reach because it's going to feel a lot better than reading about how good this show was. Opening bands were **Haujobb** and **din_fiv**, and neither shall go overlooked. **din_fiv** took the stage first playing their more popular tracks, as well as some classic club anthems of **Informatik** like *Entropy* and *Watching You Watching Me*.

Haujobb came second and had a surprising amount of stage presence. The older *Freeze Frame Reality* fans weren't disappointed in the least with songs being played such as *World Window* and *Dream Aid*, and also played a few new tracks which were very enticing for their upcoming release *Polarity*. I ran off to the bar to slam another quick beer before Velvet Acid Christ hit when Haujobb was playing what I thought would be their last song, but instead I ended up hearing one of my all time favorites 'Cleaned Visions' waiting in the beer line.

Haujobb wrapped up and about 20 minutes, and two beers later I wandered out yonder to the floor to let my anxiety eat me from the inside out as I awaited the Velvet Acid Christ set to start. Minutes later two members stepped up to their equipment and started a sequence of sweeps and samples that any VAC fan recognizes as *Futile*. The adrenaline rush I got from seeing the silhouette of Bryan Erickson's thick-spiked hair as he approached the stage was enough to sober me up for the rest of the night.

Next on the playlist was the new album's first single *Dial8*. As we all watched Mr. Erickson flail his body frantically, rolling his eyes into the back of his head, and picking at the scabs on his arms from previous self-inflicted wounds, the crowd went absolutely crazy when *The Calling* started. People were moshing, arms and legs were flying everywhere, and VAC was eating it up. (Personally, I must've had muscle failure in my entire body at least a dozen times that night.)

The Calling was only the beginning of the heavily dominated set of *Calling Ov the Dead* tracks. The only track from *Fun With Knives* that was even played was *Fun With Drugs*.

"We played the hell out of 'Fun With Knives' in Europe and I kind of got sick of it so we went back to 'Calling Ov the Dead' for the U.S. just because no one has seen us before. In '98 we played tons of 'Calling Ov the Dead', but we never toured here so I wanted to expose them. To a lot of people 'Calling Ov the Dead' was the break through record in America for us. There's a lot of 'Church of Acid' tracks that people like too, but a lot of them have guitar in it and I don't really want to sit there, sing and play guitar at the same time. It's really boring to look at so I don't play much off that record.", Bryan explained after the show.

When I first got my hands on the *Twisted Thought Generator* album, the track that by far stood out to me most was *Asphixia*, which wasn't neglected to be played during this performance. As a matter of fact, it seemed to be one of the more intense moments for Bryan. We all witnessed him get through the first verse of the song before he proceeded to wrap the mic cord around his neck and start choking himself. It took about 3.2 seconds for his face to turn beet red, and another 30 seconds for him to finally ease up and take a breath. Then he just fell on the stage and laid there during, what should've been, the chorus.

"That song's kind of about my hypochondria and my fear of getting sick and dying, which I have really horribly. I got the chicken-pox when I was 21 and it almost killed me. Ever since then I've had a horrible fear of any kind of sickness."

Other songs you can either hold as intense memories for seeing, or kick yourself for missing were *Malfunction*, *WHTSWHTK*, *The Hand*, *Zix Zix Zix*, and *Lysergia*.

After the show we at SLUG had an opportunity to pick at the brain of the man behind the madness.

SLUG: First off, I'd just like to say how exciting it was to have you guys here. We haven't had a show here in a really long time and for it to be Velvet Acid Christ and Haujobb and **din_fiv**...

BRYAN: I almost didn't play here.

SLUG: Why? Because it's Utah?

BRYAN: I didn't think there was a market here for us. I just didn't know. I had no idea.

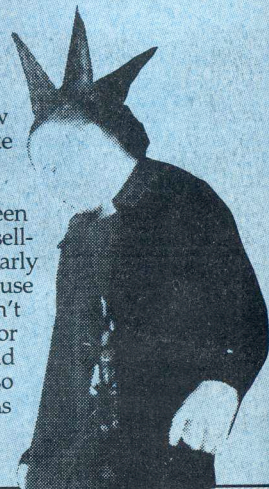
SLUG: So were you surprised?

BRYAN: Yes, totally. The crowd was amazing here. I feel like I put on an okay show and these guys go nuts over it. (ed. note: go to the official VAC website to see Salt Lake City listed first under "awesome shows for VAC".)

SLUG: So has the tour been everything you'd expected thus far?

BRYAN: Originally we thought we'd get more people at the venues, so far it been between 300 to 500. **Apop.** and **VNV** were getting as much as 600 to 1000, and I'm selling as many records as them so the label thought so. I think that if we had toured in early October or late summer we would've gotten more people out but I think that because this is the holiday season I think more people are away, and buying gifts. They don't have the money to go throw 70 dollars on a show buying merchandise, and paying for a ticket to get in, and getting drunk and all of that, so I think we kind of picked a bad time of the year to tour. But the people that do show up have been really hard core so it's been really awesome. I don't care if we get a thousand, as long as my hard core fans show up.

SLUG: Any groupies?



BRYAN: Out east, yeah. The driving distance isn't so far. We had people drive from Minnesota to see us in Chicago which was pretty amazing.

SLUG: With your recent admission of drug use not being all the glamour you had advocated in the past, do you still plan on using them?

BRYAN: I never really advocated it before. I think it should be legalized. I always have said it's been a tool for me to explore myself, but it's not a lifestyle. In most of my songs that I talk about drugs it's been talking about experiences that I've had rather than, 'Yeah! Let's get drunk and take drugs and party!'. It's never really been like that.

SLUG: If you had to describe yourself as a person in one word what would it be?

BRYAN: Unstable

SLUG: What emotion keeps you the most productive?

BRYAN: Usually the self-loathing thing. Life usually does that for me, I don't have to do anything.

SLUG: If you could take any one musician to start a project with who would it be and what would the final product sound like?

BRYAN: Madonna. Trip-hop.

SLUG: Where do you see yourself ten years from now?

BRYAN: Dead.

SLUG: Five years from now?

BRYAN: Dead.

SLUG: One year from now?

BRYAN: Doing music (smirks).

SLUG: What kind of hair products do you use to make your hair do that?

BRYAN: (smirks again) I'm not telling anybody.

SLUG: Did you vote for Bush or Gore?

BRYAN: I don't vote.

SLUG: How do you feel about our presidential situation?

BRYAN: I don't think the president makes any difference. It hasn't for the past twenty years. Things haven't really changed. If the economy is good then things are good, if the economy is bad then things are bad. Politicians are just these puppets that make us think that they're doing something and they actually don't do anything and the corporations are pulling all the strings.

SLUG: What's Velvet Acid Christ song gives you the most satisfaction?

BRYAN: Futile.

SLUG: What's your least favorite Velvet Acid Christ song?

BRYAN: A song that never got released called *She Bleeds Red*. I hate this fucking song with a passion. I fucking hate it. It's on *Pestilence* which never got released. We had sold them in the stores before we ever got signed. *Fate*, *Pestilence*, and *Neurablastoma*. The *Neurablastoma* that's released is nothing like the one that we released back in '94, '95.

SLUG: What's your biggest pet peeve?

BRYAN: People who eat meat.

SLUG: How long has that been?

BRYAN: About 10 years now. I killed a lot of animals when I was younger. It still haunts me to this day.

SLUG: You still not going to tell us what you put in your hair?

BRYAN: Cow sperm (laughs).

SLUG: Speaking of animals rights...(laughs) anything else you'd like to add?

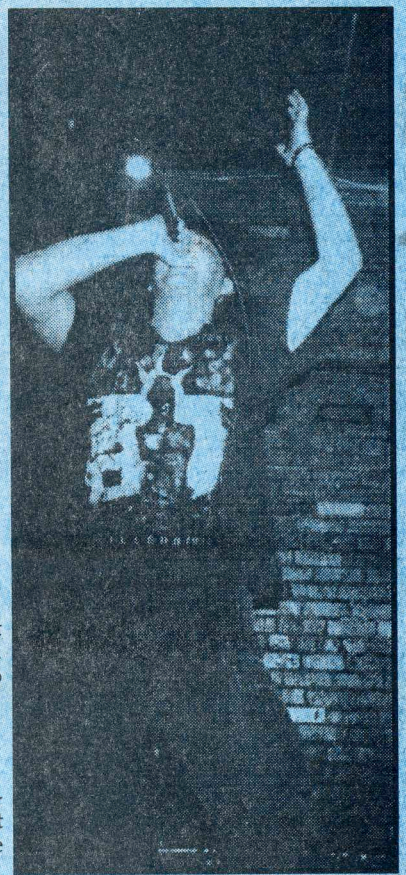
BRYAN: Since we're in Utah, you guys need to work on getting this Mormon shit out of your government.

SLUG: Impossible.

BRYAN: No it's not. Just meet people and expose them to culture. That's all I can say. That's the only thing that wins over prejudice.

Visit the Official SLUG Website at www.slugmag.com to see a complete transcription of the VAC interview, and an interview with *din_fiv*'s David Din.

Show openers *din_fiv* and *Haujobb*:



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The King Under the Mountain
By J. D. Zeigler

Once upon a time, two twin brothers were driving their stepmother's car on a dark desert highway, cool wind in their hair...

Hank saw the roadblock in plenty

of time. The dead straight highway permitted him to see for miles even in the dark. Before the cops spotted him, he turned his mom's Saturn onto a dirt road and into the desert wilderness of the Nevada night.

"Hey, what'd you do that for?" cried his twin brother, Greg, startled from comfortable sleep by the rough bump of ruts under the wheels.

"Cops," explained Hank, "Looking for booze and drugs. Since we have both, I figure we should go around them."

"Jeez, it's only beer and dope. This always happens when we see a band in Vegas," Greg complained. He sat up, as if to get a better view of the black landscape rolling past them. "But at least this trip was worth it," he added.

"Yeah, the Bizkit was bitchin'," Hank pithily agreed. He would have said more in praise of Durst and company, but navigating the "road" that lay in the narrow corridor of the Saturn's high beams took a lot of concentration. Already, not five hundred feet off the highway, it seemed more like a deer trail than something intended for vehicles. However, with a police checkpoint blocking Route 15, Hank had no other alternative than to blaze on.

Two hours later, the siblings, hav-

ing valiantly attempted to destroy some evidence, were fairly stoned and hopelessly lost. According to Greg, who had kept an eye on the Big Dipper, they were successfully paralleling the highway until he lost his bearings when a huge mesa loomed up in the darkness and hid the stars in the northern sky. There was a fork in the road and Hank, hoping that he was guessing right, turned left.

Soon the ground began to rise. The little car, its gears whining unhappily, labored up gravely hills then slid down their other sides. The wheels, when they spun seeking traction, seemed to sing out, "Wrong way, wrong way!"

"This can't be it!" finally exclaimed Greg. "We're heading for that mountain. Let's turn around and go right."

"Great minds think alike," agreed Hank, who'd been planning to turn around once they crested the steep slope they were scaling. Just past the top, he stopped the car and scanned the road below for room to turn, only to find that the road ended at the bottom of the hill. At its terminus stood a ramshackle cabin. On second glance though, this was an illusion. It was the façade of a cabin flush against the sheer side of the mesa. Light shone through many windows cut in the rock face above it.

"Holy shit, bro! Do you see that? Must be someone living in an abandoned mine!"

"Sure do. Could be cool. Let's check it out. Maybe they'll let us crash 'til morning."

Hank eased the Saturn down the hill, intending to park in front of the "cabin". But the way was blocked by a tall and rusty wrought-iron gate decorated with bent and broken quarter notes and clefs. Leaving the car behind, the two young men shouldered the creaking metalwork open just wide enough to squeeze through, then walked up the path to the cabin's front door. Greg's hand had barely grasped the guitar-shaped steel knocker, when the door swung silently open. Light poured over the twins, briefly blinding them as if they stepped from bright day into black night, not visa versa. In the midst of the glare a voice spoke in a strangely familiar baritone.

"How y'all doing, boys? Lost? Better c'mon in and stay the night. I was just fixin' myself a sandwich, want one too?"

A fat elderly man, clad in a seamstressed white jumpsuit cinched at the waist with a wide gold wrestler's belt greeted them. Without waiting for an answer, he gripped his walker with gaudily be-riinged hands and made



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way for his flabbergasted young guests.

Hank surreptitiously nudged Greg over the threshold first, earning a discreet elbow in the gut in reward. The boys' fraternal scuffle brought a twinkle to the old man's dark beady eyes. "Y'all are identical twins, ain't you?" he remarked. "I had a twin brother once, but he didn't live no more than two minutes after he was born. That makes him forever young. His name was Jesse."

Greg, taking that for his cue, interrupted, "Well, I'm Greg and this is Hank. We got lost in the desert so we're really grateful for your offer, Mister... Mister...?"

"Presley, son, but you can call me Elvis," the man said graciously, running a wrinkled hand lightly over his black-dyed, duck-tailed pompadour. Then he abruptly turned his back on Hank and Greg and began thumping his walker down a long hall lined with framed gold records.

"Follow me, kitchen's this way, Hank-meister and Greg-meister", he joked as he led them deep into the mountain.

However, except for the occasional mine shaft support poking through the velvet-flocked wallpaper, he could have been leading the twins on a tour of Graceland. Tastelessly gilded rooms opened off the hallway, offering tantalizing glimpses of shag rugs, glass chandeliers, leopard print upholstery, baby grand pianos, and a plethora of cheap ceramic monkeys.

"Dude, this is like something out of a book," Hank whispered to his brother.

"Yeah, some kind of twisted fairy tale," replied Greg, sotto voce, vaguely remembering the Grimm stories their real mom read to them when they were young.

But, as they neared the kitchen, the aroma of bacon, reassuring and homey, dispelled the strangeness of their host's abode. The twins hadn't eaten since they left Vegas and were in the throes of the munchies to boot.

"You boys like bacon?" Elvis asked, ditching his walker and donning an apron when they reached the kitchen. The twins nodded their assent hungrily.

"Hope you like peanut butter, bananas, and mayo, too, 'cause that's how my momma used to make sandwiches when I was an 'iddle biddle' boy. Gotta love your momma, boys!"

Elvis pointed at Greg, "Hank, why don't you spread the pb," he suggested then pointed at Hank, "And Greg, you all can help me take care of business by slicing up those bananas."

"Mister Pres... I mean, Elvis, mind if we 'freshen up' first?" asked Greg, holding up his rust stained hands and dying for a private pow-wow with his

brother.

"Third door on the right, son." Half expecting to find another baby grand in the bathroom, the boys were somewhat disappointed by its merely functional opulence. But in the short time they spent in the room, they determined that the fur covered toilet seat was indeed heated, the tub real marble, and their host a harmless eccentric who had medicine cabinet full of pills. At the sight of such pharmacological excess, Hank snickered to his twin, "This proves he's really Elvis, though."

When they returned to the kitchen, the old man had already assembled their sandwiches and was frying them up in a lard-greased skillet. He motioned the young men to take a seat at the already set table.

"What were you boys doing so far off the highway at this time of night?" he asked, pressing down on the sizzling bread with his spatula.

"We were on our way back to Salt Lake from Vegas, when genius here decided to try a shortcut" said Greg, jerking his thumb at his chagrined brother.

"What were you doin' in Vegas? You got to be twenty-one to gamble. You sure don't look old enough," said Elvis, puzzled.

"We didn't go there to gamble. We went to see Limp Bizkit," explained Hank. "They're a band," he added, realizing that an elderly desert hermit with an Elvis complex probably wouldn't be very hip.

But the old man just nodded wryly, "I know who they are, son. I get MTV on my satellite dish."

"Dude, they were totally awesome!" Greg enthused. He swayed in his chair, flapping his arms and mimicking the rap semaphores of his heroes. "It was even better than when we saw them in Denver or Salt Lake." He crossed his arms and rocked from side to side. "And we're gonna see them again in Phoenix!" he crowed happily.

The old man smiled at Greg's youthful enthusiasm. "You boys must really like rock 'n roll", he commented approvingly.

"The Bizkit's not rock 'n roll," snorted Hank derisively, "They're rappers. Rock 'n roll is dead. It's all about rap now."

Once again, Hank would have extolled the virtues of his favorite band ad nauseam and further consigned the music of earlier generations to the grave, but Elvis finished his cooking and dished up a bacon banana peanut butter sandwich onto each of their plates. Hank was famished. He shut up and chowed down. Across the table, like an image in a mirror, his brother did likewise.

The old man untied the apron from around his waist and retied it around

his wattled neck like a cape. Then he sat down at the table also, but he didn't touch his sandwich. He just leaned back in his chair, his bejeweled hands resting on his bulging gold gut. The ghost of a one-sided sneer hovered on his lips as he watched Hank and Greg gobble their food. When the twins feeding frenzy had subsided somewhat, the old man, his voice ringing like a bell, said, "Rock 'n roll will never die!"

The twins, startled by such a cliché being proclaimed with such emphasis, looked up from their nearly empty plates.

"Dude, I think that was a song," said Greg dizzily. He figured he must have eaten too fast.

"Yeah, by that old guy who made a cd with Pearl Jam, somebody Young," Hank chimed in, feeling woozy. The blurred face on the kitchen clock read two a.m. That must be why he was suddenly feeling so tired, he thought.

"It's not a song. It's the truth!" insisted the old man, his jowls shaking with anger. "As long as there's young people, rock 'n roll will live forever!" He heaved his bulk up from his chair and shuffled across the room to a rack of carving knives above the stove. Plucking a wickedly sharp butcher knife from the display, he staggered toward the twins.

Alarmed by his action and his anger, the boys, great minds thinking

alike, attempted to get up also, intending to flee or at least face their suddenly maniacal host in united defense. To their combined horror, neither had the coordination to do more than flop from his chair to the cold linoleum of the kitchen floor.

"The pills, dude. He put pills in our food," gasped Hank, desperately trying to reach Greg and failing.

"Jesus! Fuck! What for?" whispered Greg with the last of his failing strength.

"Watch your mouth, son!" snapped the old man. "I won't allow no profanity or taking the Lord's name in vain around here." He put the knife on the table, pulled an enormous roasting pan from a cupboard, and turned on the stove's oven.

"Still, I reckon it's that music you listen to... cookies up the ass and all that kind of shit. Gives you a bad attitude. You think you're so rough and tough, but all you are is young and dumb... just what it takes to keep rock 'n roll alive," he said as he removed the apron from his neck and retied it around his waist again.

Then, absently humming "Heartbreak Hotel", Elvis picked up the butcher knife and turned his attention to the defenseless young men lying on the floor.

...And the King under the mountain lived happily ever after, because (hey hey my my) Rock 'n Roll will never die..

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Amanda Ghost

Ghost Stories

Warner Bros.

"It must be wonderful to think you know it all," wryly observes Brit Amanda Ghost on her impressive song, "Blind Man", one of 10 equally amazing tunes from her debut, "Ghost Stories". Boasting a diverse array of influences, from Joni Mitchell to Prince, her confessional lyrics are as distinctive as her voice is. The album's first single, the club favorite "Filthy Mind" is a good example of both. Unlike the bulk of today's current "club" artists, who often benefit from being remixed, Ghost's music and husky voice are truly likable without the extra studio enhancement. Other highlights here are "Cellophane", "Numb", and the winsome "Glory Girl". Even if you don't go clubbing, "Ghost Stories" is essential club music for everyone. Impressive.

—Son of Damian

Minus Five, Let the War Against Music Begin/Young Fresh Fellows, Because We Hate You Mammoth

Imagine a Beach Boys song, complete with harmonies, punctuated with Neil Young c.1994 stepping in for a grungey two-note guitar solo. And that's only the first song. "Great News Around You" contains the great line, "in 99 years, we'll be dirt and worms," against the title chirped cheerfully in the background. The Minus Five side of this "battle of the bands" type double disc includes YFF's Scott McCaughey, Peter Buck of REM, and Robyn Hitchcock, among others. There's the garage-y "Ghost Tarts of Stockholm," "The Rifleman" nostalgia, and the almost too clever for its own good "John Barleycorn Must Live." The PR kit adds both groups to the infamous "butterfly ballot" with Gush and Bore and the rest. But McCaughey has stacked the deck against his own

band with this supergroup that virtually oozes creativity. The YFF side has some gems too, with the more straightforward pop of "For the Love of a Girl" and "I Wonder What She's Doing Tonight," and the rocking "She's a Book." The group has toured with Wilco, and much of this music is in the same vein as "Summerteeth." And best of all, there's no Michael Stipe.

—Brian Staker

Less Than Jake Boarders and Boundaries Fat Wreck Chords

Less than Jake's fifth full-length album doesn't disappoint. The band comes through once again with more Ska driven tunes. Although some changes occur in Boarders and Boundaries as far as music goes Less Than Jake still keeps it real with blaring horns and vocal harmonies full of skankin' goodness. Less than Jake drummer Vinnie says, "The songs are cut from the same cloth as all our other stuff, but a little bit more intricate and thought out." By the way, if you ever get the chance to see their live show, do so. It's one of the most interesting things you'll ever see. Until then, put on your checkerboard slip-ons and go buy this album.

—Shane Farver

Oh, Holy Fools: The Music of Son, Ambulance and Bright Eyes Saddle Creek

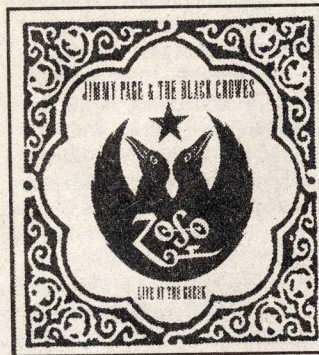
"Somnambulence," get it? If you caught Bright Eyes at Kilby Court last year, it was one of the best shows of the year there, with traditional instruments and singer Conor Oberst's overwrought vocal inflections and confessional storytelling making for an intense, intimate evening. Either group could easily fit in the Elephant 6 collective. This set puts the two Omaha groups back to back for an opportunity to compare and contrast, to listen and open your own bright eyes with wonder and astonishment.

—Brian Staker

Pictures Can Tell Everyday EP Braeburn Records

Damn, this disc is good! Fans of Elliot and Jimmy Eat World will really dig this. Killer indie rock with atmospheric sensitivity that cuts through aggressive overtones, making for five songs that weave through many tight progressions and structures. This EP is definitely worth the money,

because the five songs are very epic and the playtime stretches out while not boring the listener. Instead, the tracks keep the listen-



er engaged with the different time signatures and rhythm progressions. The lead vocals of Dominic are skilled and competent, holding both melodies and ranges. I've seen this band play several times and they put on a highly emotional and energetic set, check 'em out, it's worth the price of admission. Also, log on to www.braeburnrecords.com and order yourself a copy of "Everyday". Make sure to check out the other killer releases from Open Hand and Billy, all available on this great indie label.

—Kevlar7

Jimmy Page & the Black Crowes Live at the Greek TVT Records

This is probably the best live album of the year, once you get past the problem of anyone else beside Robert Plant singing old Zep chestnuts. On a couple of cuts, Chris Robinson does a fair Plant imitation, but the combination rocks out overall even when the resemblance wears thin. Page's fretwork, while perhaps not as fast and furious as in younger years, is still brilliant. The Yardbirds' "Shapes of Things to Come," B.B. King's "Woke Up This Morning" and the Black Crowe's smash "Shake Your Money Maker" also get the treatment here. This was also one of the arena shows of the year, but the closest it came to us was Denver.

—Brian Staker

Erasure Loveboat Mute

Isn't it wonderful when you can pick up the latest release from a favorite artist, and still see their progression after so many years in the business? Critically dismissed several releases ago, "Loveboat"

finds our favorite synth duo in fine form. "Freedom", the sonically irresistible first single is a great example of Clarke & Bell's writing talents. Reunited with their early-career producer Flood (NIN, Depeche Mode) their basic formula for the perfect pop song hasn't changed much, (short, with a killer chorus and bridge) but the duo's maturity has. They appear to be making music for themselves, and ignoring current musical trends. While "Crying in the Rain" has great club potential, it is the ballads here, especially the whimsical "Alien", "Mad As We Are", and the divine "Love is the Rage", that stands out most. Not released until next year in the States, "Loveboat" is available from fine import record shops, or online everywhere. Another triumph in Vince Clarke & Andy Bell's amazing pop catalog.

—Son of Damian

The Bevis Frond Valedictory Songs Woronzow Records

This English group may be to psychedelia what Legendary Pink Dots are to Goth/space rock—a band revered not for any single effort so much as an entire body of work that's nothing less than monumental. In a career spanning over a decade, the group has released about as many albums. There are traces of the Who, only a modicum of Deadhead-style noodling, Kinks-y pop songs, Zombie-like feel on "Artillery Row" and on the ballad "High On a Downer" Nick Salomon sings in classic Peter Gabriel style. Guitar riffs swirl around like snowflakes in the sky. This is the kind of group that's big in Britain but relegated to cult status in the States due to their decidedly Anglo musical dialect. But valedictory is right; this is a great collection of songs in classic mode. Check out www.woronzow.co.uk or Salomon's online psychedelic music resource, Ptolemaic Terrascope, www.terrascope.org. The fourth Terrastock festival was celebrated recently in Seattle.

—Brian Staker

Oxymoron Best Before 2000 Cyclone Records

Holy shit! I actually grew a foot-tall mohawk while listening to this album. I don't know how it happened but it did. This compilation features all of Oxymoron's

best stuff and rest assured that it is punk rock at it's finest. In a world where anyone who can play a power chord or two is considered a "punk rocker" it's good to know that these German street punks come up and seem to say, "Piss off! This is punk rock!"

—Shane Farver

Badlands: A Tribute to Bruce Springsteen's Nebraska
Various

Sub Pop

Does it seem strange that a Springsteen trib has been released on Sub Pop? But then Nebraska was one of the most stark, emotionally affecting and in context unexpected releases ever to be released by a major label artist. Chrissie Hynde's voice is too sensuous and smooth for the title cut, but the choice of Hank Williams III on "Atlantic City" is inspired. Crooked Fingers' treatment of "Mansion On the Hill" adds even more spaciousness to an already minimal musical landscape. Other cuts that work to varying degrees of success include apt choices of artists influenced by the Boss: Dar Williams, whose voice takes on a whole new meaning in this context, Son Volt, Deana Carter and Ben Harper. Several songs are included that were written during the Nebraska session but weren't released by Springsteen until later. Who could've imagined Johnny Cash covering "I'm On Fire" as though he wrote it himself? And Damien Jurado on "Wages of Sin" whose album Ghost of David is perhaps the most direct inheritor of the influence of this set of incredibly honest, introspective stories harvested from the heart of Springsteen's America.

—Brian Staker

deckard
stereodreamscene
Reprise

The only good thing about this band is that they got their name from Blade Runner. Here is another album to avoid. Complete studio shit! They had the nerve to compare themselves to the Beatles. THE BEATLES?!?!?! This band is more like a bad mix of Rick Springfield and everclear. As if there is such a thing as a good mix of those two jokes. Better luck next time guys, if there is a next time.

—mike

The Causey Way
Causey Vs. Everything
Alternative Tentacles

Another great show at Kilby last year, very different from Bright Eyes. Clad in quasi hospital/ecumenical garb, this group insists that "the Causey Way is not a cult." Not averse to preaching, however, on new-wave "hymns" like "Commandments" and "Jesus Loves You." It's not clear what their tenets are, but they claim that "Joining The Causey Way is not the only way to salvation, but it's the easiest." And they have fun while spreading the word musically; "do not be ashamed if you feel moved to dance." Returning to Kilby Court January 29.

—Brian Staker

Ethan Daniel Davidson
Alaska 11 North
Self-Released

Usually I wouldn't touch folk music and think hippies and their boring acoustic guitars can fuck off. But, this disc is pretty damn good. Very dark and disturbing is the music Mr. Ethan Daniel Davidson plays, reminds me very much of Lou Reed. It also has traces of American Music Club and Mark Etezel. These nine songs of loneliness, hardships of life, the social crimes/cost of America, murder, and other ironic tales are



very honest and played very well. I would recommend this disc to everyone; because the blues and honest folk of Mr. Davidson are nowhere close to the boring "get together and love one another" cords of your typical, stinky fucking hippie. Since this disc is self-released, your best bet of getting it is to order from your record shop and hope that they can get a line on it. Give it a try; it's worth it, I promise it. In fact, there are traces of a country blues intertwined throughout the acoustic sound. That's why I love this disc, music to shed a tear in my beer while

remembering the good times of youth; knowing that sooner or later a man must decide between working in a successful job or living a life of debauchery in the gutter.

—Kevlar7

Lee Scratch Perry
Techno party
Beatville Records

You've got to give Lee Perry credit. Born in 1936, and making music since he was fourteen, he has worked with about every ska & rocksteady artist that has ever meant anything. He even worked with the Clash. He pretty much invented dub and scratching, thus the name Lee "Scratch" Perry. He was ahead of his time, using drum machines, synthesizers, and sampling in the early seventies. In 50+ years of making music, he's been to hell and back. His release "Techno party" is just another addition to history. Listen to this album and whether you like it or not, appreciate a 64 year old guy who has seen and done it all.

—mike

French Kicks
Young Lawyer EP
Star Time Records

If rockabilly fails to be the next big thing, then my next prediction for music would be 60's style mod rock and R&B. French Kicks is a band from New York that falls square into the middle of that genre. Similar in sound, but no where in style. With their own unique flavor and approach to what they produce in these six songs is musical experimentation that has underlining melody that keeps the whole thing together. Fans of The (International) Noise Conspiracy, John Spencer Blues Explosion, and The Delta 72 will want to hunt this disc down; it's definitely worth the time and energy to order it. The sound of combining Brit-Pop melodies with a Washington D.C. style of grinding noisy guitars is what will attract many listeners from all fields of music. Be one of the first to say that you heard it first and were into the French Kicks before they started making oodles of money and gracing the covers of Rolling Stone and Spin magazine. (It just might happen, ya never know). www.startimerecords.com

—Kevlar7

Beggars Banquet
One bag, Two lumps, Three cozies
Beggars Banquet



Here is a decent compilation of a vast assortment of styles. There are fifteen songs for your listening pleasure. Noteworthy songs include; "100 Years" by Tommy Guerrero, "Oh Darlin" by Magnetaphone, "Around The Block" by Badly Drawn Boy, "Uneasy" by Laika, and "Hajji" by Divine Styler.

—mike

Southern Culture on the Skids
Liquored Up and Lacquered Down
TVT Records

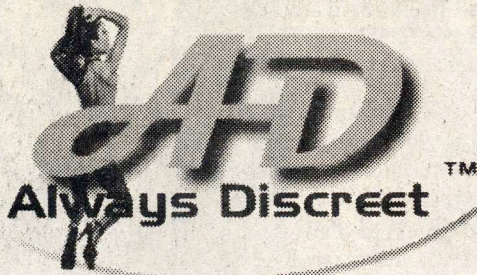
It's so good to see this band back in action, after getting excused from Geffen Records a few years ago. That label will be kicking themselves upon hearing this new disc by the SCOTS; it's most likely the best platter the band has done. For those who don't know who this group is, ol' Kevlar7 shall set ya'll straight. The SCOTS are the granddaddies of southern-fried-country-style-rock n' roll. It's very fun to shake your booty to and laugh your ass off with their comical and hilarious lyrics. Hell, the disc's CD jacket is worth half the price of the disc alone, with its portrayal of the band in different poses exemplifying their knack for making white trash seem so seductive and glamorous. Remember kiddies; this music isn't to be taken seriously, but as a joke that is funny indeed, especially to drink to. Fans of ol' SCOTS records will want to seek this one out. Fans of rockabilly and greaser rock will want to experience these tales of drinking, cheap motels, loneliness, corn liquor, and the Haw River Stomp. For everyone else, get this disc if you want some lessons on how to dance in Mississippi.

—Kevlar7

Faultline
Closer Colder
Thirsty Ear

Faultline is an avant-guard hybrid of experimental electronic sounds and minimalist jazz. The songs

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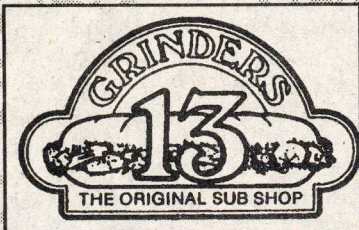


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CD Reviews

doesn't add anything to the volumes of live albums he's already released. If you really need to hear long hippie jams put on Built To Spill "Live." But there is a duet on "All Along the Watchtower" with Chrissie Hynde.

—Brian Staker

Original Motion Picture Soundtrack/SNATCH
TVT

Apparently Snatch is the debut film from the lucky bastard who's screwing and marrying Madonna. That's right, if you marry a celebrity you can suddenly do anything you want. Do you think you would've ever heard of Lenny Kravitz if he hadn't married Lisa? Trust me on this one, you wouldn't have. I have no idea if the flick is any good, but I do know that Brad Pitt stars in it, and they've put together a funky, freaky-cool soundtrack. So cool that the movie may be hard put to stand up. There's tracks on here from Bobby Byrd (written by the Godfather of soul, James

—mike

Runnin' Riot

Reclaim the Streets

Flat Records/ TKO Records

Holy shit!! This disc pummels me into submission!! Punk drunk rock from Belfast Ireland; here on American soil to beat the snot out of pansies like Blink 182. Skinhead, (not racist, repeat not ignorant close minded racist), "Oi" punk that is similar to The Sex Pistols, The Clash, layered with The Exploited; a tasty piece of cake. Great songs include: 'Alcoholic Heroes', 'Drunk and Disorderly', 'Rock n' Roll Sellout', and 'Time to Fight'. Plus a bonus live gig at the Warzone Centre in Belfast.

Great old school style punk rock for a new generation of clueless punk kids. This disc was so good, that I recommended it to my mom, two weeks later she was strapping up the boots and was stomping around the house in a circle. Breaking furniture, shaking her fist, with a can of PBR in her hand, she had Runnin' Riot cranked and was singing off key very loudly. Hey, if it works for my mom, then how can y'all go wrong? Go order Runnin' Riot and start lacing up the boots for the disorderly conduct that will result from listening to this disc.

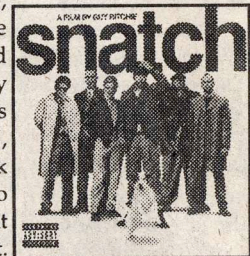
—Keplar7

Neil Young

Road Rock v. 1

Reprise Records

Never thought I'd have to say this, but it may be time to book Mr. Young a room at the old folks place after this pondering effort with "friends and relatives," including sister Astrid Young and wife Pegi on backup, that



Brown) ancient dirt-head rockers, 10cc, Oasis, Massive Attack, The Johnston Brothers, Klint and

"Ghost Town" by The Specials(!). Eighteen tracks in all. The only song that sucks on this is Madonna's "Lucky Star"(fish). Which demonstrates that there are some drawbacks to hooking up with the beautiful ones. One of my favorite songs of all time, "Don't You Just Know It" by Huey 'Piano' Smith & the Clowns(1958), appears on here and was the first time I'd heard it in years. I haven't heard a soundtrack this good since Wild At Heart. This cd is so cool because it has a crazy kinda groove that never really becomes background music with many songs that just jump out. Perfect for chilling with your homie, or your baby's momma and puffing a couple fatties. Not that I do that sort of thing, but I know some of y'all can dig. I'd buy this disc and go see the show when it hits Brewvies or the dollar-movies.

—Shame Shady

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SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL RECORD LABEL: THE ISSUE RECORDS

BY ASHER MUSKOKA

I was out and about on some errands the other day, and I happened by one of the many corporate super-stores that have been popping up in the most convenient places. After glancing over some of popular culture's hottest magazines, and getting lost in the music department trying to figure out where they keep the music, I suddenly had the most awful realization. Oh no! This is where they keep the music! I'm sure I'm not the first to wonder, what is all this shit? Some major label hires the Baywatch cast to sing the best of Ricky Martin mixed to more danceable, club-ready beats; an overly excited Ska/Punk/Pop/Puke fusion featuring the nephews of Donny Osmond and members of the former "Mickey mouse Club". Oh, and don't forget about the all but amazing free promos the rep dropped off, the latest in sensitive Brit. pop rip-offs. The sad thing is, it's really no shock, with big business trying to control more and more of what is produced, sold, and even played in stores and the radio. It's no wonder that there seems to be something missing in music. But never fear, after talking to a friend the other night, I was quickly reminded of what "it" is that's missing. "Music, just music, no scams, no tricks, no frills, just music." The words were spoken by Nate Keys, singer, songwriter, and member of White City and various other projects. With all that said, I'd like to get more in depth with some of the things missing in a good percentage of the material out there today. I'll be rapping with Rude Solo father and primary producer for THE ISSUE RECORDS.

SLUG: Mr. Solo, who and what is The Issue Records? And while you're at it, who the hell are you?
RS: The Issue Records was hatched from the alien space egg called *The Issue Magazine*. A few

lucky people have heard of The Issue and even fewer lucky people may even have an issue somewhere in their house. This was a little obscure art-zine that I published with the help of some close friends of mine, Chris Wright a some dude named

Dan Lloyd. The Issue is still published once a year; the next one should come out some time near my first set of releases (Jan. 2001)

Originally, I was just helping a friend put out one record (*The White City Tropical Brain Forest*), and the tracking was going so well that it turned into two records, and people started dropping hard ass tracks right into my lap. The next thing I know, the flaming chicken known as The Issue Records was born.

As far as who Rude Solo is? I am a musician who plays in the Creator's orchestra we call life. I'm a satellite that receives the same transmission that created us, and any other details are better kept for another time.

SLUG: All right, what made you decide to start your own record label? I mean isn't there already plenty of labels to go with? Can't you just sell your name to a big label and just let them handle everything?

RS: The record industry, as it is, is notoriously corrupt. They tend to focus on promoting negativity. From what I can tell, so far from my studies, is that I am already doomed before I even start. That sounds like exactly the same battle I have fought all my life. I decided to start a record label so that I could produce and sell records for myself and a handful of my closest friends while having as little to do with "the industry" as possible. I don't need the money; I just would rather do it myself. I have no interest in major labels. No interest in negativity. We are trying to rise, not to fall.

SLUG: Let's talk about some of the records coming out on The Issue. You just mentioned a new White City CD coming out in the near future, could you expound on that a little bit?

RS: Yeah man. The White City Tropical Brain Forest. This record blows me away every time I hear it, and I've been over it in the studio about 1.7 million times. I really think many people will be pleasantly surprised with this, which is White City's 3rd record.

SLUG: Who exactly plays in White City? I mean, I've seen them play several times and have noticed a lot of changes with the line up, what's the deal?

RS: White City is an ever evolving entity, like nature, or anything on this physical plane. As a result you may have also noticed that they change the damn name every time they play or record. WC Mystics, WC Black Ice, WC Institute of Cunnilingus, and the WC Hard Knockers were a few of my favorites.

It's fun for them, but kind of a hassle to promote. I would say White City is any combination of the following souls: Dan Lloyd, Saigon Tige Campbell, Sam Compton, Ben Lloyd, Josh Dickson (Jah-Solid), Cache Tollman, Jared Russell, Russ Daniels, Nate Keys, Paul Vigil, Jeffrey Johnson, Rylee Mills.

It started out with just three kids (Dan, Ben, and Tige) from White City (a neighborhood subdivision located just west of Sandy) and has over the years evolved and developed into just what the latest album is called, "The White City Tropical Brain Forest".

SLUG: What are some of the

sounds we can expect to hear on "The White City Tropical Brain Forest"? In recent live shows I've heard some notes reminiscent of Herbie Hancock and the Head Hunters. Will we be hearing some fresh dub renditions of any jazz or fusion standards on "The White City Tropical Brain Forest"?

RS: No man, all tracks are and always shall be original, I say this in the name of our lord George and Pat Solo. There are two tracks on the "In the Beginning" (The Issue Records first in a series of four compilations), take a sample if you haven't heard them. I will say that they are one of the few bands I have heard successfully encompass many styles of music.

SLUG: I heard something about a new Lion Dub Station record, and I've been informed that The Issue will be releasing this album.

RS: Ah yeah, The new Lion record is called *Renegade Vigilantes* and it is actually being independently released on twelve inch vinyl for a limited run. To secure a copy, contact us at The Issue headquarters There's talk right now of a "Renegade Vigilantes Mega Mix" to come out on CD this spring. Lion Dub Station was and is the premier band of an emerging Dub scene in Salt Lake, although half the band now lives in Brooklyn.

SLUG: I've had the pleasure of hearing Nate Keys' record, what can you tell us about it?

SLUG: Nate Keys (*Audiopathic, Matt Mateus Project, Casino, White City*) is a real Renaissance man with a solid grip and knowledge of music. It's fucking rad, check it out on the compilation.

SLUG: And "In the Beginning", an Issue Records various artist compilation, when and where is all this stuff going to be available?

RS: "In the Beginning" is a groundbreaking composition as a whole as well as being a taste of some current Issue artists out and coming soon.

Distribution of all music and



merchandise will be handled independently for a while. It shouldn't be too hard to find anywhere around Salt Lake. All music and merchandise will be available via our website: (issuerecords.com) or one could even secure his or her Issue by calling the headquarters at 801-519-0915. Or get off your ass and come see a show (look for the Issue logo). White City will be playing January 5th and 6th at the *Hard Rock Cafe* in Trolley Square. *The Issue will be throwing a CD release party for The White City Tropical Brain Forest Thursday, January 11th at Lakota Bar and Restaurant (380 W. 200 S.)* The seed has been planted. Things are in a vegetative growth stage and will be easier to get very soon.

SLUG: That's all cool, is there any thing else cooking in the oven at The Issue, any other projects to look forward to in the future?

RS: Oh yes, within the next 4-6 months we are coming out with a straight buttload of heavy hitting, hard records pretty much designed to rock people's worlds.

For lyric fanatics and the hip-hop heads out there I have been working with the man known as **Logiking** on a song called "In My Nature". It defines the 2001 dub hip-hop sound coming from Salt Lake and is one the most creatively honest productions I have heard. He is a hell of a producer and has a full length due next month. There are two tracks from the record on the compilation for an early taste.

Also, keep your eyes open for a release from some friends of mine currently residing in Los Angeles called **The Moon Family**. They're some really amazing kids originally from Salt Lake. The Moon Family also is on the compilation, check it out.

Recording is finished on a new **Gerald Music** record that we will be putting out early 2001. We didn't get the details of that deal worked out in time to put Gerald Music on the compilation. You can bet that we will have some tracks on The Issue Records compilation #2, *So Shall it Be*. But if you want to check them out, I think you can hear the whole record on their website.

White City will be sure to release another record a little later this year, but if you get a White City hunger we will also be repressing two earlier records that are hard to get: The White City Groove Police, and the White City Ganja Coalition. Add these to your White City Tropical Brain Forest for the complete party package.

I remixed a White City track and a Lion Dub Station track on the *In the Beginning* compilation that will probably turn into a full-length release billed as "Rude Solo". This should be ready around the end of January.

SLUG: I just have one last question. You just mentioned White City Ganja Coalition, an album that was packaged in a plastic baggy, I was wondering if there was a theme or a message White City and/or the Issue would like to send out along with the music?

RS: Our main message is positivity and love.

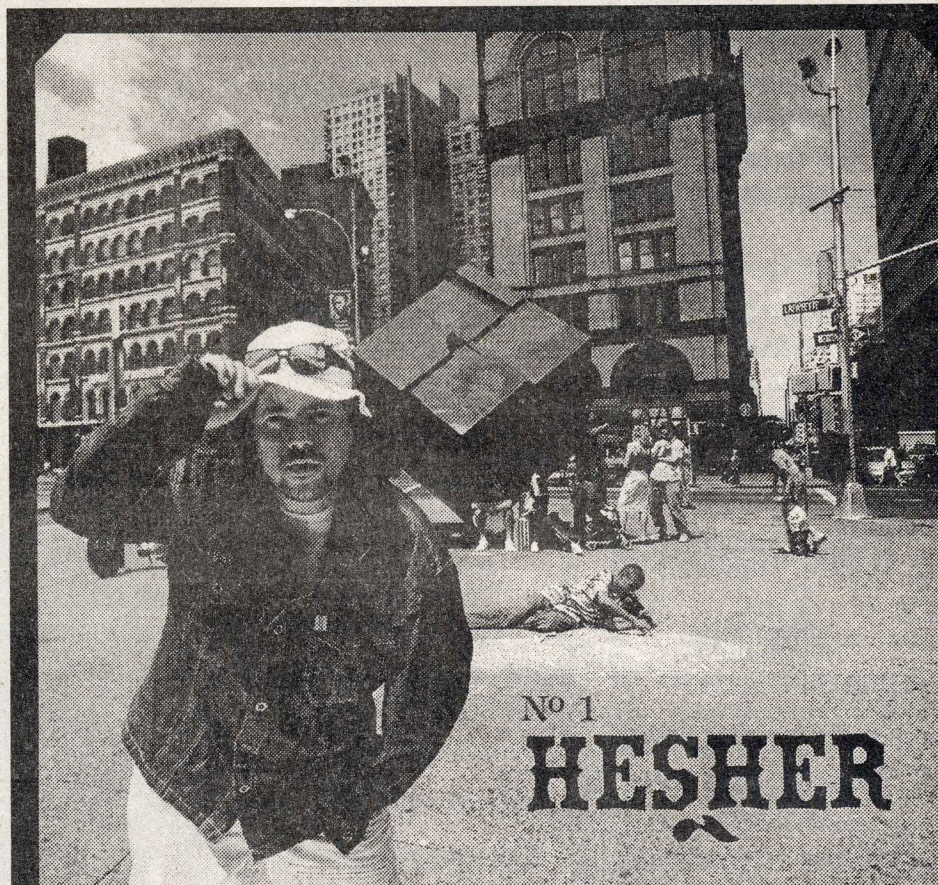
We are all players in the Creator's orchestra. We are all antennas picking up frequencies of either positive or negative persuasion. We are able to hear these positive or negative frequencies emanating from each other. We prefer to tune into the positive. For the most part, I try to keep politics out of music, but I know for a fact that all of the artists I represent would enthusiastically push for the decriminalization of the good herb in America...take a lift, you know what I mean?

SLUG: I know exactly what you mean. Anyone you'd like to give a shout out to?

RS: Yeah, Tia & Marley, Hercules, Slugger, Kris from Jagged Edge, Barbara and Mike, Mom and Dad Solo, Angela Brown, and all kids that chilled at Hawkes Court during the last days of the Hawkes Court shakedown...peace.

SLUG
magazine

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Everlast appears courtesy of Tommy Boy Music.

2001, The Year of the Death

By Shane Farver

I walk along the streets in the strange surroundings of palm trees and red mountains that seem to be all too common to the St. George locals. It's fifty degrees outside which is a welcome contrast to the frigid conditions of northern Utah this time of year. I make my way up the stairs of *Sub Zero*, the only dance club in the small town. On the door a flyer reads; "Death by Stereo, December 31st, doors open at 7:00", and I enter. The crowd consists of only fifty, maybe sixty people, but as **Death by Stereo** makes their way to the stage the small crowd begins to stir with an intensity much like that of a large crowd here in Salt Lake. Death by Stereo begins ripping through their set and the crowd explodes into a frenzy as lead singer Efrem Shultz jumps right into the midst of them like a fish into water. Later, the band invites everyone to ring in the New Year with them. I find myself in a house packed with people. We begin to countdown; five, four, three, two, one, and then proceed to the St. George streets to light several large, illegal fireworks. This is how the year 2001 began for me, the year of the Death.

A couple weeks prior to the infamous New Year's Eve, I received a call from Efrem Shultz and listened intently to the story of Death by Stereo thus far. The unique quintet was born from the thriving So-Cal scene approximately three years ago. They are getting ready to release their second full-length album *Day of the Death* on Epitaph records and they're just beginning to realize what they are about to become. If you haven't heard of Death by Stereo yet, don't worry, you will soon enough.

Three years is a relatively short period of time for a band to become known by fans outside of its local scene. So, how did Death by Stereo do it? The answer lies in the closeness experienced between members in their current line up. Paul Miner, for example, produced and engineered *Day of the Death* as well as their earlier album, *If Looks Could Kill, I'd Watch You Die*. The fact that one of Death by Stereo's own members produces their albums seems to work well with the band.

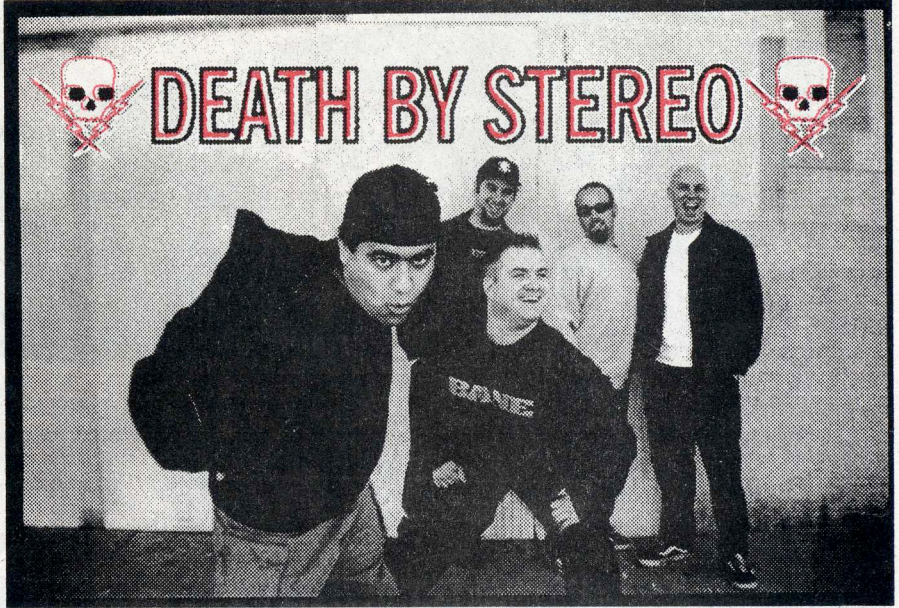
"He (Paul Miner) knows what we want to sound like. We all trust him because even though we disagree

on things, he just knows what to do." Efrem explained. Dan Palmer is a new addition to the band as the second guitarist, working with Jim Miner (also on guitar) to create an unparalleled power. Add to that the rock solid drums of Bill Bender, and you have the foundation for an unwavering rhythm section. Not only does Death by Stereo mesh well musically; they also have a sense of family, literally. Paul Miner and Jim Miner are siblings and coincidentally they provide comic relief for the other band members due to sibling rivalry. "They like to fight!" Efrem said. "They're brothers, but they're complete opposites. Paul is a hardcore straightedge guy and Jim is not, he loves to drink. It's another cool contrast of personalities in our band". The recipe for success, at least for Death by Stereo, is a hint of diversity with a dash of similarity. Efrem feels lucky to be in a band where all the members are different in their own way and yet they get along.

With their recent switch to Epitaph records, Death by Stereo is sure to experience a wider audience. Efrem seemed excited by the recent change. He enthusiastically stated, "I think we're definitely going to get out a lot further than we were able to before. Even more widespread in other countries.

Certain kids don't know to look for really indie stuff and they don't get exposed to things other than looking in some surfing magazine. It's kind of cool, you know?" How Epitaph learned of Death by Stereo is an interesting story. It just fell into their lap so to speak. Apparently Death by Stereo's first album, *If Looks Could Kill...* somehow got into the hands of Epitaph owner Brett Gurewitz. "He gave us a call, we thought it was a joke," Efrem explained. Later, Brett came to watch a Death by Stereo show and asked them to record an album on Epitaph. The rest is history.

It's difficult to put Death by Stereo into a specific musical category. When listening to their music you can't discern whether they're a punk band, a hardcore band, or a metal band. That's just it; Death by



Stereo wants it that way. They refuse to hide behind the cushy comfort zone of one musical style and dare to forge into new territory. Efrem explained, "We were really embraced by the hardcore scene, but we're trying to stay away from the label (of hardcore) so we can branch out as much as we can and play with as many different bands as possible. I'm noticing at the shows we play now that different people are coming out. I've seen long hairs at our shows. I love it, it's diversity."

The music industry seems to be saturated with "hardcore" bands such as the **Deftones** and **Papa Roach**. Although Death by Stereo is not just a hardcore band, they are clearly influenced by the genre of hardcore music. I took it upon myself to ask Efrem's opinion on the swelling of hardcore into the mainstream. He seemed split on the issue, saying, "Well, I guess it's cool because some people will never hear this music but they'll hear them and get turned on to something else. However some people will hear them (Deftones, Papa Roach, etc.) and think that's all there is. There are pros and cons to everything."

So, what is Death by Stereo's reason for playing music in the first place? They're out there to have fun and to make others have fun. This is just the beginning of their story, and it's far from over. Efrem and the other members of Death by Stereo

hope to see the world and unite different types of scenes throughout their career. "I would love to see kids that would never ever hang out with each other just hang out and have fun," Efrem shared. With goals like this, Death by Stereo should be around for years to come. In the meantime, look for a Death by Stereo tour coming to Utah in March. Take it from me, they do not disappoint and they know how to have fun. Their new album *Day of the Death* is being released on January 23rd, and it would be in your best interest to pick it up if you want some definitive ear candy.

On a final note, we Utahns have something to be proud of. No, not Mormonism. No, not the 2002 Olympics, but the **Heavy Metal Shop**. Efrem referred to the illustrious shop as "the best record store on earth."

This is the second time I've heard the Heavy Metal Shop mentioned by a band member in recent months. The first being Davey Havoc of **AFI** and now by Efrem Shultz of **Death by Stereo**. To all of you at the Heavy Metal Shop, give yourselves a pat on the back for a job well done.



TROMA



What in the hell is TROMADANCE anyway?

by Brian Mehr

It's **Tromadance** time once again! Rejoice all ye of the freakified nature! Born in 1999 out of frustration with Hollywood's corporate ass-muzzling at Sundance, Lloyd Kaufman's brainchild is a monstrous triumph for the underdog. Created expressly to provide an opportunity for truly independent (poor, working, do-it-yourself) filmmakers to screen their celluloid manifestations for people besides their families, Tromadance is a celebration of free expression, and alternative perspectives, attracting participants from coast to coast. On January 25th, Troma and friends, the redheaded stepchildren of the movie biz, will descend with a vengeance on Park City for their Second Annual assault.

I attended last year unprepared for the Tromatization I would suffer. I had heard of films like **The Toxic Avenger** and its numerous offspring by Troma Films, but I had never really scoped the shit out. A Tromadance flick might appear to be just a filthy, immature indulgence of perversion and decadence, or a disturbingly luminous portrayal of all that is sick and wrong in the minds of folk who refuse to fear God. Indeed, one would be hard pressed to refute any of these impressions in a court of law. If you can stomach the highly effective shock tactics and see through the glitter of fake vomit and blood, often you'll see a person doing battle with some of the most vexing social-

ills facing humanity today. Though the same cannot be said for all of the participants, some are doing it only to disturb and offend unsuspecting viewers. This is one of art's original functions. Last year I watched in smug amusement as the screening room emptied while a jarring psycho-porno-thriller flickered tauntingly on the wall. Later, I witnessed a delightful, dirty little romp starring a Princess Leah figurine, and the lesbianic (TM)



nightclub scene had to be the most erotically romantic thing this writer has ever seen!

To sum things up, Tromadance is kind of like a box of chocolates or fucking without a rubber, you never know what you'll get!

Lloyd Kaufman; the father of TROMA

Paula Cole's "I Don't Want to Wait" is playing as I hold the line for Troma Studios President Lloyd Kaufman. Not exactly what you'd expect to hear while awaiting the creator of the Toxic Avenger, Tromie the Nuclear Rodent, and the Penis Monster. Seems like the Lunachicks or Motorhead would be more appropriate; they having contributed to the soundtracks for such Troma movies as Tromeo and Juliet and Terror Firmer.

My reason for phoning is to discuss Tromadance, the newest rebel film festival born of frustration with Sundance, Slamdance, and the legions of cell-phone toting Hollywood bastards they attract.

"The genesis of Tromadance was my travels with Toxie to Park City for the last several years for that other festival," Lloyd says in the official Tromadance press release. "We have always gone there with great optimism that we might find kindred spirits alive with the thrill of creating independent film. What we have found, more often than not, is the same Hollywood ass-kissing sycophants wearing winter hats. The original impulse of that festival has been corrupted by corporate interests who exist to despoil innocence, to lay waste to individuality, and to do other bad stuff. We are going to change all that."

"We wanted (Tromadance) to be a place where people exchange ideas and become involved with other sincere artists," answering my query before I could spit it out. "It will be a one-day festival for the people. Troma gift's to the people and to the art world. The *real* art world."

Rather than holding a Troma retrospective, Kaufman is soliciting submissions from independent filmmakers via their new, improved website, www.tromaville.com. They will be screened free of charge at ??? in Park City. The Toxic Avenger, Sgt. Kabukiman, and a 'handful' of Tromettes (Troma's version of Playboy Bunnies) will be in attendance.

"We're not charging...not issuing press passes...none of that stuff. Our intent is to make Tromadance totally accessible to everyone. The only thing that will limit attendance is the fire code."

He continued, indicating that he observed Slamdance employees ushering VIPs into parties while making everyone else wait in line.

"Art belongs to the people," he asserts, explaining that he feels that art belongs to the public, not to fenced in for a select few to enjoy. In fact, Troma recognizes that their fans aren't exactly affluent, so they hold special sales once in a while, at times offering DVD's for ten cents.

"Maybe if we're nice to our fans when they're young, they'll send me some dog food when I'm destitute," he quips, then con-

cludes his invective against Hollywood elitism and media manipulation.

"*Citizen Toxie's* (the fourth installment in the *Toxic Avenger* series, now undergoing editing) message is one of anti-elitism and anti-conspicuous consumption. Twenty percent of American children live below the poverty level and whole continents are falling off the face of the Earth because of starvation and disease while we're making gods and goddesses out of these people who are making \$200 million movies. We think that's disgusting. Fourteen-year-old girls feel the need to get their bodies corrected before they're even formed because Time Warner, MTV, and Britney Spears promote it. MTV and Hollywood are glorifying these talentless, teenaged, eye candies who have enhanced their bodies instead of suggesting that people should be themselves and that talent should be considered."

Randy Harward

Originally published in January 1999 issue #133



How I Lost My



Cherry Contest Winners

How I Took A Troma Cherry
by Bobby Fatal

Feeling the Pain That First Time
by Joshua Stasinos

There was a period in my life when I was the "rooster" at a small but lively punk house in Knoxville, Tn. My responsibilities included dealing with visits from the local good ol' boy P.D.'s, fending off a meth-addled landlord and generally maintaining harmony in our little castle. Everyone residing there was well versed in the Troma canon, but we frequently had guests who tended to be adventuresome, but inexperienced.

Late one evening, we were visited by three not-so-wise women, bearing gifts of beer, cigarettes, and beer. Needless to say, they were warmly welcomed. As the night progressed, it was revealed that one of these young (18 yr old) ladies was, shall we say...uneducated in certain areas.

Seeing it as my duty, I took it upon myself to enlighten this buxom virgin. After what seemed like hours of cajoling, she consented to viewing Sgt. Kabukiman NYPD (among the most benevolent sounding of Troma titles). She let out a slight gasp as I gently slid the tape in.

She giggled nervously throughout the Tromeo and Juliet trailer, her cheeks flushed to a deep pink. Soon, her eyes were transfixed on the screen's images and her breath came quickly through moist, parted lips, having never known such delights. By the climax, the couch was spotted with crimson (we had been eating french fries with ketchup). The Surf Nazis were next to paddle out.

This sweet thing's schooling had commenced, and soon, this chesty ex-cherry became a regular at our chambers, delicious and deflowered.

There they were. Stacks of movies. I'd heard about these ones. Troma Films. I felt aroused, anxious. I filled my arms with these foreign objects; I couldn't wait to be home with them. I shoved some bills at the cashier and quickly returned to the seclusion of my home. Today would be my first time with Troma...finally...at last...at long last. Then the thought occurred to me...what was going to happen to me.

Would it hurt?

Would it feel like the splatter of brains littered with bits of skull?

Or more so like the flow of a new toxic substance searing in my veins, forever changed...tainted in the eyes of the world?

Quick and smooth, like from a long sharp blade?

Brutal and torturous...never-ending?

Violently I unsheathed the first flick...I didn't care...I could no longer contain my furious desire...I shoved it right in.

One's first time is usually painful, but I didn't expect this.

My mind gripped at the one thought that saved me, got me through it all:

It won't hurt this bad next time.

These Two Lucky Grand Prize Winners will receive admission to the TromaDance closing ceremony party, an advance copy of Terror Firmer on DVD, the position of Judge at the Miss Hawaiian Tropic bikini competition, Troma comics and coupons from Night Flight Comics in Cottonwood Mall! Three other First Place Winners receive 3 DVDs or videos of the Troma movies Tromeo and Juliet, Terror Firmer & Cannibal! the Musical! and will be published at www.slugmag.com!



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Reviews & Interviews
Zineland
 by Brian Staker

This month, Zineland looks at two more zinesters who have used the Do It Yourself medium to make a highly personal statement. These two publishers, one local and one whose zinely tentacles reach into local stores that you might even visit, each created their own visual style to get their message across, and create works that are unlike anything else out there. Grady Roper puts out **Proper Gander** in San Marcos, Texas, but the publication is distributed in comics stores, bookstores and music outlets all over the country, including *Salt City CD's* here in Salt Lake. Roper describes **Proper Gander** as "anticomics and stories," and some of them have included work by Salt Lake cartoonist Richard Visick, interviewed about his own **Little Monkey** cartoon zine in last month's **SLUG**, and stories by *City Weekly* columnist and **SLUG** satirist Phil Jacobsen.

What inspired you to publish your zine? Why bother to do a zine at all in the "electronic age?" Describe your zine briefly, and why you feel the need to express whatever you are trying to express with it in the zine medium.

"After exploring the realm of alternative press publications (and realizing that they really are not alternative) as outlets for getting my own breed of anticomics published, and after dealing with some real assholes of small rags that would print my work, I figured the only way to do justice to my work and a handful of friends with similar direction, would be to just do it ourselves. So **Proper Gander** was born. It is now a two year old, free monthly newspaper of 6000 circulation, that is chopped full of weird ass comics, short fiction and artwork, and usually a bit of political subversion thrown in. And as far as the

'electronic age'... yeah I think so much shared information for free over the internet is great, but I like having something in my hands to flip through, and then store away in an ever-growing collection of history. One day all that info on the web will crash and be lost. But my zine collection will still be growing."

What are some other zines you've been influenced by? Other things floating around in the culture that aren't zines that have influenced your zine?

"Not really collaborated.. but **Proper Gander** has reprinted many works from peoples own personal zines... spreading the word... We do zine reviews, so I see a lot of work, and if something seems appropriate, I ask for permission and add them into the family. Connecting with other like-minded folks is surely the best part of this whole process..."

How has your zine changed since you've been doing it? Are there any upcoming issues or "big plans" for your zine?



"Better with age... the more cool folks you connect with and better it gets..."

*What kind of cartoon art do you look for to put in **Proper Gander**? Is there a style of cartooning you would not use?*

"The anti-comics I like to print are

"Micro radio has been my biggest influence. Here in San Marcos, Texas we had **KIND** (micro)radio broadcasting for over three years, until just recently (now in a federal court battle, **KIND** has filed a suit against the FCC). But **KIND** radio showed me how a couple individuals can take the bull by the horns, and create an amazing and powerful voice. Grassroots. Non-corporate. Real life."

What makes your zine different from others? Similar to others?

"I think what makes **Proper Gander** special, is that it's so accessible. Every month, and free! and it reaches from San Francisco to Chicago to Baltimore. And the work showcased is so original, all independent, and its own new breed of fucked up literature and art."

Have you ever collaborated with other zinesters on any projects? If so, describe.

usually strange, with a nice bizarre Kafka edge, or a little surrealism, or some freaky unnerving sexuality, or maybe just an interesting little slice of life, oh and anti-religious stuff too. I don't look for "funny page" kind of comics, and the only super hero comic is of a robber nun. The anticomic is usually more contemporary art based, as opposed to cartoony characterizations."

*What about the political content in the last issue or so, concerning recent protests? The cartoons in **Proper Gander** usually don't seem very political in content for the most part; discuss the political direction the zine might be moving towards?*

"Well, the anticomics might not be talking about political issues, but by saying the things that they are saying and showing, I would definitely consider it to be politically motivated. Breaking the rules and confines of traditional rhetoric, you are most definitely being political. Refining the set

norm and broadening people's perspective changes the world a little bit. And we have always covered the micro-radio movement, bad government activities (like bombing of Iraq, and Yugoslavia), drug war issues, and more recently the protests going on around the nation. It's important for indie media outlets to tell these stories, because the mainstream media is under the thumb of the corporate oppressor, and so lies through its teeth."

The local zine **SayCheese** recently put out its big fourth issue, a Special Double Issue that clocked in at over 50 pages. Publisher Gil goes by the credo, "a picture is worth a thousand words," and the zine is full of polaroids and other photos, all taken by locals, including an excerpt from Byron Diamond's upcoming book "Orchid." There are also some reviews, stories and drawings to add variety. What makes the zine so interesting is not just the pictures, which all have a vivacious spontaneity, but also quotes juxtaposed with the images, like Diane Arbus, "A photograph is a secret about a secret. The more it tells, the less you know." Stuff like this renders the photographs into relief as more than just fun snapshots, but as meditations on the photographic art, revealing of human nature, really expressing the subjects' personalities, without comments from the publisher himself, which might come off as editorializing. Andy Warhol's "My idea of a good picture is one that is in focus and of a famous person" set against a row of photo booth shots makes them seem like paparazzi shots from Interview magazine, but without the pretentiousness of that rag. This zine is a chance for everyone to have their "fifteen minutes of fame," and stick their tongue out at the whole idea of posing for the lens, all at the same time. Orson Welles said, "The camera should be an eye in the mind of a poet," and amidst all the mugging and melodrama there is a lyrical eye at work here.

What inspired you to publish your zine? Why bother to do a zine at all in the "electronic age?" Describe your zine briefly, and why you feel the need to express whatever you are trying to express with it in the zine medium.

"I started doing my zine just to make me happy, for fun. I had all these polaroids that I was doing nothing with so I got all of my pictures together picked some I liked & cut'n'pasted together a little picture book I made about 30 & gave them to my friends. Everybody seemed to like them. Now I do it to have something to show for all the film I buy, to say anything I want on a larger scale & to give people something different to look at."

What are some other zines you've been influenced by? Other things floating around in the culture that aren't zines that have influenced your zine?

"Hmmm... I liked PopSmear & the Probe, but they're out of business so I'd say Giant Robot, Flipside, BIG & locally I really like Swinj. In life I'm inspired by everything: music, TV, the web, billboards, everything."

What makes your zine different from others? Similar to others?

"I think what sets SayCheese apart is that there's not too many words; it's almost all pictures. Most zines I've seen are all about writing, & I was never any good at the whole spelling/grammar thing so I give people something visual. What's similar to other zines is the cut'n'paste/xerox format that's pretty popular."

Have you ever collaborated with other zinesters on any projects? If so, describe.

"Right now I'm working on a project called "Eight-0-one" with my friend Ian who did a zine called "GodSend." It's going to be a full color, glossy club guide covering the club scene, concerts & nightlife. It should be cool."

How has your zine changed since you've been doing it? Are there any upcoming issues or "big plans" for your zine?

"Every issue of SayCheese gets bigger content wise & I just try to learn from the one before to make each new one better, adding more art & other types of & other peoples photography. As far as big plans, I'm sending Polaroids to a few famous types. Two actors & a photographer, and I hope I get something cool back."

What do the photographs in Say Cheese say about the people in them? What kind of stories do they tell? The quotes at the bottom of each page show that you've obviously put a lot of deep thought into the art of photography; how about a "deep quote" of your own about photography for our pages?

"Some of the pics are all about capturing the moment & others still are about helping illustrate stuff...hmmmmm a quote hmmm...photography helps us remember those moments we'd otherwise forget....hmmmm that wasn't very good, but ok for short notice."

others are about creating a moment & others still are about helping illustrate stuff...hmmmmm a quote hmmm...photography helps us remember those moments we'd otherwise forget....hmmmm that wasn't very good, but ok for short notice."

Coming next issue: just how many CDs can one human being review, and can a zine be your pathway to salvation?

Contact Grady Roper/Proper Gander at POB 434, San Marcos, TX, or email propergander@san-marcos.net. You can send your cheesy photographs to SayCheese Magazine at PO Box 112073, SLC, UT 84147, or email say-cheesemagazine@hotmail.com.

Send your zines for review to Zineland, SLUG Magazine, 2225 S. 500 E. #206, SLC, UT 84106.



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SKATE

sort of a pre-summer scene report

Mini-ramps, mini-ramps, mini-ramps. Not complaining, but every skater's backyard from here to Provo will soon have a mini-ramp in it. How diverse. But there is hope. I have heard of many people building different mini-ramp combinations, such as back-to-back spine ramps and hips and such, which will be fun and different. Creativity breeds creativity, especially in the case of skating.

Downtown night skating sessions are back, partly because of the onslaught of killer daytime heat and very few lit ramps. The Mountain Fuel banks are fun, as are the parking lot curbs across from Hardee's on State Street and 200 south, the Salt Palace Area, and many other places too numerous or too secret to be mentioned here. The University of Utah Campus is still the training grounds for most streetskaters, with benches, curbs and even a few handrails. But skate it a lot while you can. Last year there was some talk on illegalizing skateboarding on the entire campus, and even talk about having some sort of certification program to weed out the less skilled and less controlled. That is stupid and will hopefully never go through, but until then, skate it while you have it.

Downtown skating also has its risks. By city ordinance, skateboarding is illegal from about 300 east to West Temple, and from about North Temple to 500 south. I've had numerous warnings, but have never gotten a ticket, although some friends of mine have received fines. My advice is to not skate downtown during the day. I'm sure 90% of all complaints against skating, and 100% of all tickets I've heard of anybody getting were from skaters who were skating in the immediate downtown area during regular business hours. In the immediate downtown area I mean near the malls and closely surrounding areas. So skate after business hours and skate smart. If a policeman does come up to where you are don't skate away unless: (1) you are *absolutely sure* you and all of your group can get away unscathed, and (2) you are *absolutely sure* the policeman is going to give you a ticket. All of the times I've dealt with cops, I've talked to them politely and intelligently, I've agreed to their demands to leave the area with no argument, and I've never gotten a ticket. So skate hard and skate smart.

I only know of one mini-ramp contest so far, but I'm sure that this summer will see many street, mini-ramp and even a few vert contests at the huge Raging Waters ramp.

So until next time . . .



UNABOMBER TOP TEN PEEVES

10. Hard as hell to get cable guy to come out to the shack.
9. Those Freeman idiots are always stopping by to borrow a cup of plastique.
8. Sticky typewriter no match for word processor when hefty manifesto are due.
7. Should have sent my brother an exploding birthday card last year.
6. Greyhound drivers never let you store bombs under your seat during the ride to Sacramento.
5. I can make a pipe bomb in 5 minutes, but I can't get my VCR to stop flashing 12:00.
4. Mom's always rifling through my anti-technology polemics.
3. Damn! I won't be able to pay Uncle Sam on time this year...
2. Townies mock my mode of transportation, now call me the Unacyclist.
1. Stupid FBI sketch makes me look like Weird Al Yankovic.

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CA. The original meaning of that comes from way back when composers would use a cer-

cide, war, etc. I don't think we have anything related to current events, Tom usually comes

up with that stuff.

Back in the early '80's if you wanted to find the best new metal bands, checking out the rosters of labels such as Metal Blade or Combat Records was always a sure bet. Many of the bands from those formative years of metal are long gone, some are **LOADING** this or **RELOADING** that, but few still play with as much intensity as they once did. One band still following its original, fiendishly crafted recipe is the band Slayer. **DIABOLUS IN MUSICA**, Slayer's ninth recording output, will be released on June 9th, with a full-scale tour in support of the album just getting under way. I spoke with Jeff Hunneman, guitarist for Slayer, and this what he had to say about the band, the new album and the tour:

SLUG: Hey Jeff, just to let you know this interview will be for the coveted and highly prized front cover of **SLUG** Magazine. So be prepared this is going to do a lot for you guys. Slayer will get real big and you'll be able to quit your day jobs.

J.H.: You mean our night jobs. Thanks, I'll let the guys know.

SLUG: Where are you calling from?

J.H.: I'm at my home in Los Angeles.

SLUG: Are you one of the unfortunate Lakers fans?

J.H.: Hell no! I hate basketball, but I heard they lost in four.

SLUG: After **Forbidden** broke up Paul Bostaph (drums) played on **DIVINE INTERVENTION** and then left to form his own band, **Truth About Seafood**. Did you know that he would be coming back to Slayer for the recording of **DIABOLUS IN MUSICA** and tour with you?

J.H.: We had no idea he would be back in the band. When he was with us for **DIVINE INTERVENTION** he made it perfectly clear that he was going to fulfill his commitment to the band, but would then be going on to do his own thing. We were playing with another drummer but when our manager told us that Paul was interested in coming back I immediately said yes. Things just weren't clicking with the other guy. He wasn't bringing the creativity to the table that we needed like Paul does. Paul is a great drummer.

SLUG: How does his style compare with Dave Lombardo's?

J.H.: Paul is a more controlled drummer. He plays with as much explosives as Lombardo but instead of exploding then going all over the place he really keeps it together. He's a real technical drummer.

SLUG: I understood that the original title for the new release was supposed to be **VIOLENT BY DESIGN?** Why did you change it? Didn't you think it was fitting?

J.H.: It was the best title at the time but then someone came up with **DIABOLUS IN MUSI-**



tain tritone group of notes that I guess sounded eerie and strange at the time. The church thought it sounded like "devil music" and they outlawed the use of those notes. As it happens, we found out that we use a lot of those same notes in our songs. We thought that was cool and would fit even better as a title.

SLUG: Why did you wait four years in between **DIVINE INTERVENTION** and **DIABOLUS IN MUSICA?**

J.H.: We just spent so much time on the road. And I can only write once I'm back on the machine that I use at home. We also needed to take some time off after the tour.

SLUG: What is your new label situation and will it benefit Slayer?

J.H.: It will definitely benefit us. Columbia which is a part of Sony bought American. The band **System Of A Down** went over also. We're real happy about it. Columbia is actually putting money into the promotion of the album. In the past we've always gotten, "Slayer is going to sell what it sells and that's it." Columbia looks at it like we will automatically sell a certain amount of albums, then they try to double that amount. They have been real cool to us and haven't been breathing down our necks.

SLUG: Sounds like you are getting the freedom of an independent label with a push of major label.

J.H.: Exactly.

SLUG: Tell me about some of the lyrics of the album. Are any of the songs current events related?

J.H.: Death, murder, psychos, violence, sui-

cide, war, etc. I don't think we have anything related to current events, Tom usually comes up with that stuff.

SLUG: One of my favorite songs on the new album is "Love To Hate". It's not complete departure from the Slayer sound, but it is different. Tell me about that song. Is that a backwards guitar chord in the beginning?

J.H.: Yes, we used a backwards guitar chord in the beginning, but then it's just us the rest of the time in the place of that part. I don't even think we knew what we were trying to say with that song. It's something like being an outsider that people love to hate. That's definitely one of the more bizarre sounding songs on the album.

SLUG: What do you think of playing areas like Salt Lake where religion is such a big issue in peoples' everyday lives?

J.H.: We like it. If religion is such a big deal, they are the ones that need our music. We like to play Salt Lake.

SLUG: Have you had much trouble with violence at shows?

J.H.: Considering the type of music we play and the crowd we draw not really.

There's always going to be a few dicks in every crowd, but violence hasn't really ever been a problem. I do remember hearing about something happening the last time we were in Salt Lake.

SLUG: I heard about it also, but I didn't see anything at the show. One last thing I was wondering about. (I always save the hardest hitting questions for the end) Did the **Beavis and Butt-head** show have to pay you for using Slayer on **Beavis'** t-shirt?

J.H.: No we never saw any money out of that I guess I never really thought about it. I suppose if we pursued it maybe, but I don't know how much money there would be in it.

SLUG: Any last words before I let you go?

J.R.: Just that we are really excited about getting on the road. We start the tour tomorrow in Arizona and we will be out in Salt Lake on June 3rd. Then we are going to do a tour of Europe and Australia, and head back to the States for more shows. See you on the 3rd.

So, there you have it Salt Lake- **SLAYER!!!** Remember the new album **DIABOLUS IN MUSICA** will be in stores on June 9th. The **Heavy Metal Shop** in Salt Lake will be fully stocked with the new album and will be having a midnight sale to celebrate the release on June 9th - so that means be there at 11:59 on June 8th. **AND** Since the show in Salt Lake will already be over by the time this issue hits the streets, hopefully you remembered that the title track of Slayer's second album is "Haunting The Chapel" if Tom Araya happened to ask again.

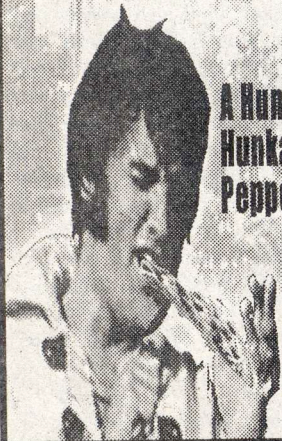
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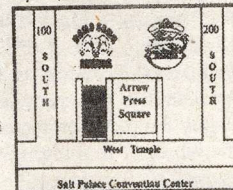
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ple's jaws on the floor.

Shudder to Think, Skeleton Key: April 9th 1997 @ DV8. Shudder was touring for 50,000 B.C., not their best album; but they still put on a helluva passionate show that kept people smiling and feeling blessed to here the rich voice of Shudders lead vocalist. The guitarist of Shudder was a rock god with his leg splits and gyrating movements; my eyes were on him the whole show. Skel Key was the wildest band, with their junk player crazily banging on wagons, pots, pans, trashcan lids, etc.

Descendents, Shades Apart, Suicide Machines: April 18th 1997 @ DV8. The punk rock gods came out and showed the young and old what its all about!! I formed a theory that night that heaven is where the Descendents play for all of eternity and I'm standing there naked with a twelve pack and a woman on each side. Shades Apart, before they sold out, put on a helluva show.

Shift, Far, Man Will Surrender: November 12th 1997 @ DV8. This show was another example of how every band on the bill was killer. Shift, with their hotty female drummer, was a band that played the most dynamic mathematic indie rock with so much passion and musical skill that is so apparent you can hear it on their best album *Spacesuit*. Far, was going off that night with their lead vocalist going into the audience and singing with people. And Man, started the show with their melodic but heavy rock that caught the audiences attention and set the stage for the rest of the show.

The Jesus Lizard, Stanford Prison Experiment: February 2nd 1998 @ Holy Cow. Another band that I'm glad I got to see before they broke up. The Lizard went off that night, with their tiny lead singer jumping off the stage in his boxers and running around in the audience on the shoulders of some guy he tackled at a table; singing the whole time during this. The cops had to come because the band wouldn't stop playing. Stanford was on one that night. I had seen that band a gazillion times and that night was their best. Their vocalist had the craziest spastic dance while he sang and got in the faces of the people down front.

Swervedriver: March 26th 1998 @ Zephyr Club. It was great to see this English melodic noise band put on a

very long but entertaining set that showcased the best of all of their previous. It was a truly beautiful and rockin' night.

All, Hagfish, Zeke: June 22nd 1998 @ DV8. All played a couple of Descendents songs as well as going through a whole bunch of their own songs that spanned their entire recording career. Hagfish entertained the ladies with their Descendents meets The Who punk. Zeke fucking went off and scared the squares; especially when the



drummer flipped his drumsticks into the balcony and hit a girl in the head.

Deftones, Quicksand, Snapcase: December 8th 1998 @ Real Ride Skate Park. Deftones were killer, doing their energetic melodic metal performance. Quicksand was doing a reunion show that was very long and pleased the old/new fans alike. Snapcase tore it up and let it be known that they didn't support violent straight edge lifestyles.

D.O.A., JP5: March 15th 1999 @ Spanky's. One of the last shows for Spanky's before it changed its name. D.O.A. old school Canadian punk rock, put on a helluva rockin' show which ended up in a stumbling drunk fest down front. JP5, two girls who liked to play hot rod rock n' roll while taking their clothes off, kept people in the audience cheering for more. Plus, vocalist Terri and I shared some real intense time together.

Nashville Pussy, The Bellrays: June 8 1999 @ DV8. The craziest, chaotic, and wildest shows in ages. Pussy rocked me so hard that I still haven't recovered my sanity since that night. Watching those two front girls tear loose on their instruments, kiss each other, spew fire, and throwing horns was love and lust at first sight. The Bellrays played a really grungy rock n' roll with a big black afro'd diva singing like Aretha Franklin; fucking kickin'.

Melvins, Enemymine: July 5th 1999 @ DV8. Rock gods that went out and put on the best show of their whole fucking career; no shit. I had seen the Melvins play a grazil-

lion times before; but for some reason that night was true heaven. Enemymine, members of godheadSilo, started the whole quirky metalfest off that night with their dueling grunge basses assaulting the senses of the audience.

For the 2000 year I decided to just list the ten best shows that I had the pleasure to go off about in my new column, the concert previews. These are listed in the order of the shows and were hopefully attended by most of you who read my columns, so you should be able to draw your own descriptive memories of the night without the help of my long-winded narration.

1) **Murder City Devils, American Steel:** March 9th, 2000 @ DV8

2) **Hot Water Music, Elliot:** March 20th, 2000 @ DV8

3) **Fat Possum Tour, Feat. T Model Ford:** June 12th, 2000 @ Zephyr

4) **Sunny Day Real Estate, No Knife:** June 28th, 2000 @ Bricks

5) **Avail, Leatherface, Dillinger Four:** August 7th, 2000 @ Bricks

6) **Deadbolt, The Unlucky Boys:** September 6th & 7th 2000 @ Burt's

7) **Supersuckers, The Amazing Crowns, Street Walking Cheatahs:** October 17th, 2000 @ Zephyr

8) **The Reverend Horton Heat, Los Infernos, The Unlucky Boys:**

October 31st, 2000 @ DV8

9) **J. Mascis and the Fog, The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Bluetip:** November 7th, 2000 @ Liquid Joe's

10) **Samiam, Weston, Pictures**
Can Tell: December 11th, 2000 @ Kilby

There you go ladies and germs, the best of the lame-ass concert previews from the last twelve years. Now I know I missed a hell of a lot of good shows, but I couldn't find them in the SLUG issues concert previews. Sorry, I looked, but these were the shows that were written about and listed. So if you're interested to see what past writers had said concerning these bands and the shows, go on the web and read it on SLUG's web page. I hope you enjoyed my very long column, that I spent long hours almost to the point of insanity putting together, for all of you ungrateful slobs. If you liked my list or hated it, E-mail me, www.Kevlar7@hotmail.com, or Dear Dickheads and voice your opinion. Enjoy the New Year and look forward to bigger and better things from this great indie rag, and, of course, from Kevlar 7's Lame Ass Concert Previews. Fuck y'all; I'm outta here!!

WORD SEARCH

SLUG COVER-BAND PART 2

E	L	T	E	S	H	F	E	K	I	R	T	S	N	O	S	B	A	K	S		
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ICEBURN
FRACTAL METHOD
BOHEMIA
MY SISTER JANE
REALITY
HOUSE OF CARDS
DECOMPOSERS
AMPHOUSE MOTHER
WATERFRONT
MOUDBREATH
THE CHANGE
STONEFACE

AU
ONE EYE
DEAD KATS
NSC
PRODIGAL OF SMILES
DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE
RIVERBED JED
RED NO. FIVE
ANGER OVERLOAD
SKABS ON STRIKE
ABSTRAK
ATHELETES BUTT

Concert Previews

12 YEARS
As Remembered
by Kevlar!

Doing a look back at the past issues of SLUG to find shows and concerts that I remembered going to and loving was not an easy undertaking. There were literally boxes and boxes of old issues that I had to go through to find the material I was going to use. This made me remember the fact that SLUG has been around for a long time and that they have put out a shit load of issues. In fact, I recall being a senior in High School in 1990 and reading one of the first issues from SLUG.

Compared to the quality of work that is going into the magazine today, the issues back then were quite ghetto and the writing not very top-notch. Never the less, this magazine has always been, then and now, the best source for discovering new music that was outside the mainstream and wasn't getting played to death on the radio. In high school, and even afterwards in early college, I felt like a misfit in normal society, I felt like my music was special and that nobody listened to it in this state of Zion. Boy was I wrong, because here was SLUG, whose writers were just as fucked in the head as I. They raved about bands that I lived and died for, and made it seem it was okay to be a freak of society.

Music was, and still is, my passion in life, giving me the strength to get through my day.

People were always, and are still, ragging on my music, saying that it's nothing but noise and that it all sounds the same. Fuck that shit!! Not everybody can listen to and understand this music, that's a

given, but SLUG writers have always been there in the trenches, reporting back on how certain bands blew their senses away. I felt that I wanted to be a part of that world. I loved to write and I was writing short stories after high school. It was right after I got divorced from the she-bitch from hell that I got a call from a Mr. Rob DeBerry, who owned a magazine called Diesel and asked if I wanted a job as a music journalist. After thinking about it for about two-point-two seconds, I accepted and suddenly was sitting down with members of my favorite bands asking questions about them and their music. It was a killer job, and I loved every minute, until Diesel magazine folded and I was out of a job.

Then I was given a job with SLUG due to my experience as a rock journalist for Diesel. Soon, I was back at work interviewing bands and doing record reviews, for free of course, but the experience was well worth it. Unfortunately, I had a desire to continue my college education that had been interrupted by the idiocy of my marriage. I quit SLUG and went back to school, since I felt I couldn't concentrate on both. I graduated in 1990, with my first degree, and felt that it was time to take a break from school. I wanted to return to my rock journalism roots and contacted SLUG, informing them that I wanted to return to



my old job.

After a few months of doing just interviews and disc reviews, a certain Mr. Randy Harward quit the Lame-Ass concert Preview section, and I was given the job. A huge

shout out to Randy; thank you for helping me return to SLUG and the big shoes I had to fill for the Lame-Ass column. I have been doing this column for a few months, and I love it. Sure it pays; but the reward is still the fact that I get to write and listen to music. There is no job that I could love more. Plus, I love all the free sex, drugs, and rock n' roll.

Reading through all of those past issues of SLUG, I chose gigs that I read about in the concert previews. I decided to report my favorites of these shows and explain what made them so killer. If you are interested in reading about these shows in the



Lame-Ass concert previews from past issues, then log onto www.slugmag.com and check it out. Let's start with:

Rollins Band, Tool: July 6, 1992 @ DV8. I remember thinking, "Who the hell is Tool?" This was before they were big, they only had the *Opiate EP* out, and they happened to be the opening band for Rollins. Rollins hadn't put out the "Liar" song yet and wasn't big yet either. Tool blew Rollins off the stage.

Helmet, Therapy?, Quicksand: July 26, 1992 @ Bar & Grill. This show went off!! Helmet was just getting big and mainly did songs off of *Strap It On*. Therapy? did all of their heavy old stuff and I was in therapeutic heaven, and it was the first time I saw Quicksand.

Stompbox, Tree: March 26th, 1995 @ Bar & Grill. Stompbox is a band that nobody has heard of, but should. They are a bunch of fucking musical virtuosos. They combine indie rock and jazz style to a blistering epic metal sound. Tree, the heaviest and funniest hardcore band that befriended me and showed me what rockin' for Satan was all about that night.

Pennywise, The Joykiller, DFL: July 17th 1995 @ the Fairgrounds. I have seen Pennywise play a trazillion times and I have to say this was the best show by far. They were just starting to get attention and they played with a gusto I haven't seen since. The people in attendance were real fans and they all rushed

the stage at the end for "Bro Hymn", so that Pennywise could barely play. For the first time, I watched The Joykiller, and thought they were fucking brilliant.

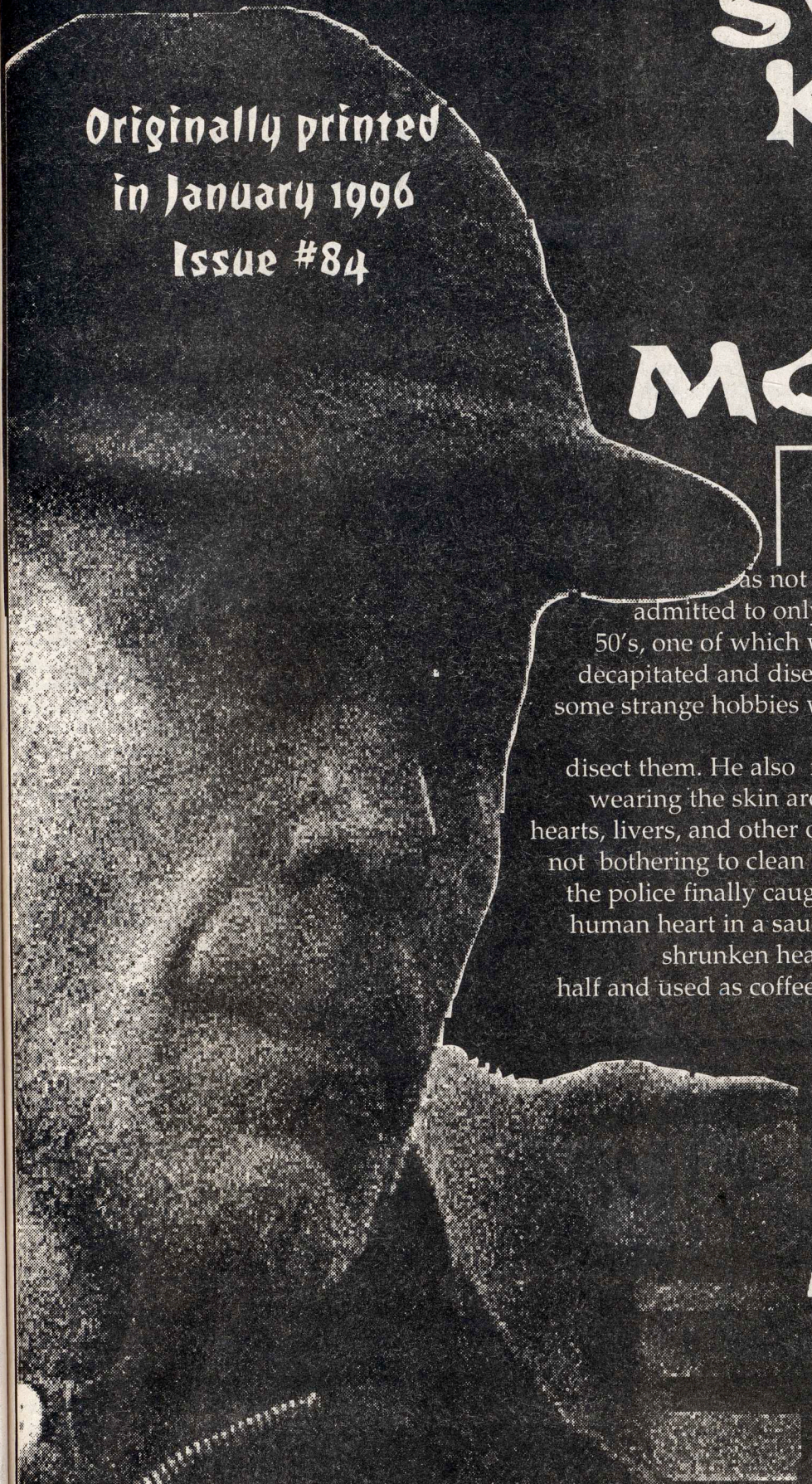
The First Warped Tour: August 4th 1995 @ The Saltair. The venue was shitty, but the lineup was killer. Into Another, Quicksand, Civ, Seaweed, Orange 9mm, No Use For a Name, Sublime, and L7 (who ended up not showing). This was one of the best tours because the lineup was so diverse and was more indie rock then the punk and ska that runs rampant at the Warped Tours these days. The worst band, and I can't believe are so popular now, was Sublime. They were so terrible that people were walking away from the stage during their set, not even joking.

Into Another, Seaweed: October 3rd 1995 @ DV8. Two of the best bands at the first Warped Tour played together and put on a helluva show. Richie, vocalist of Into, sang with so much energy that you could literally see sparks igniting onstage. Seaweed, showcased songs off all their albums and worked the crowd into a frenzy.

Rocket From the Crypt: November 7th 1995 @ DV8. Rocket puts on one of the most visually entertaining shows and have a killer 50's style rock n' roll sound complete with a horn section. They went all out and blew the enthusiastic audience away. They're coming back to SLC soon.

Tribe 8, 3 1/2 Girls: March 28th 1996 @ Spanky's. Lesbian punk band from San Fran that was so damn funny that I was practically in tears. I will never forget the guy who gave the lead singer's strap on penis a blow job. 3 1/2 Girls was a band from SLC that had a lot of things going for them. They had a really killer metal sound with a talented female singer. Unfortunately, the band moved to Boston and then broke up.

Jawbox, Shiner, Tanner, Delta 72: July 27th 1996 @ Bar & Grill. One of the last shows in SLC by Jawbox before they broke up. I'm fortunate that I got to see this legendary band play before the end. The first time I saw Shiner, and became confined that they were the best band in the world. They still are, for that matter. Tanner never showed up. The Delta 72 put on an enthusiastic set of trashy 60's mod rock that kept peo-



Originally printed
in January 1996
Issue #84

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

ED GEIN

Ed Gein was not a normal murderer. In fact he admitted to only two killings, both women in their 50's, one of which was hung upside down in his shed, decapitated and disembowled. Sicker than most, Ed had some strange hobbies which included digging up womens bodies, and taking them home to dissect them. He also fancied skinning cadavers, and then wearing the skin around the house as clothing. He kept hearts, livers, and other organs just laying around the house, not bothering to clean up after his sick experiments. When the police finally caught up with Mr. Gein Jeans, he had a human heart in a saucepan on the stove. They also found shrunken heads, and skulls which were sawed in half and used as coffee mugs. Sound familiar? Yes, Ed was the model character for the killer in the movie "Silence of the Lambs"

BORN: 1906

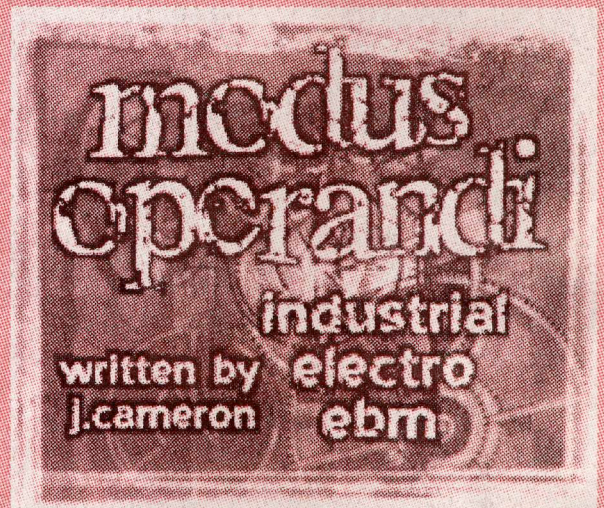
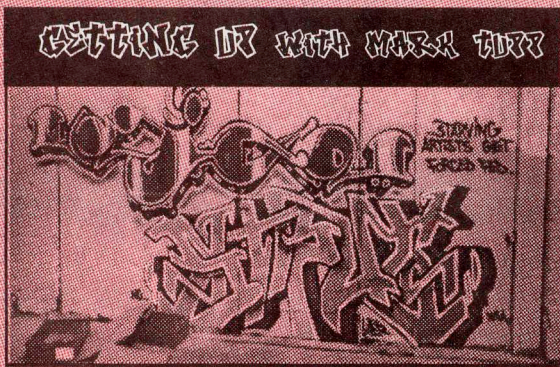
ARRESTED: 1957

DIED: 1984

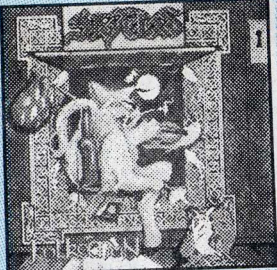
**INSTITUTIONALIZED FOR
THE LAST 27 YEARS OF
HIS LIFE...**

**DEFINITELY A
BEE GEE'S FAN**

Indie Label Spotlight



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TWELVTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE,
THESE REGULARLY SCHEDULED COLUMNS
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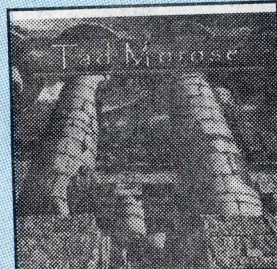
**Skyclad
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England's distinguished folk-metal outfit is back with their heaviest release in years bordering between thrash and traditional heavy metal without denying their native, melodic roots.



**Onward
Evermoving**

Ferocious guitar-driven heavy metal featuring the talents of guitar virtuoso Toby Knapp along with powerful, soaring vocals by Michael Grant (Legend Maker). Artwork by Ioannis (Deep Purple, Yngwie Malmsteen, Yes, Fates Warning).



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**The Forsaken
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Offering an entirely new twist to the melodic Swedish death metal genre, these riotous Swedes defy all expectations unleashing chaotic blast-beat brutality with astounding solos, swift riffing and a multiple aggressive vocal attack all violently produced by Tommy Tagtgren at Abyss studio.



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Lost Soul Scream Of The Mourning Star

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HEY BABY, GIT YER
BAD MOTOR
READY FOR THE

12TH ANNUAL

SLUG

MAGAZINE

READER
APPRECIATION
BASH



STAY TUNED FOR THE SPILL
ON THE ALCOHOL-FUELED
EVENT OF FEBRUARY!



A PRIVATE CLUB
FOR MEMBERS

BA

*Originally printed in
October 1992, Issue #46*

This week I had the chance to speak to a traveling artist who stopped in our town. His name is Paul Booth and he is from New York. He is a 25 year old tattoo artist who has become popular in the last year because of his unique style.

When I first met him I was quite intimidated by him (no more so than I am when meeting almost anybody though). However, I have been quite interested in his work and he was more than willing to take time from his work



PAUL BOOTH AT WORK AT A.S.I.

to talk to me.

Four years ago, Paul started tattooing as apprentice in a shop where he learned his trade doing traditional and some custom work. Since he was just apprenticing he didn't have the chance or the confidence to really do his particular style of art. Once he had his own shop and regular clientele, he soon found that there was a want for his particular style of tattooing.

He describes his style as black and grey demonic. I know it sounds awfully severe, but if you have seen any of his work, it is quite intense. He prefers working in black and grey because of the contrasts and boldness of the work. He said "A lot of people are afraid to put a portrait of Satan on someone's body... but I live for it." His work is very dark and to some, that is not for them, but he says there is a large market for it out there.

About a year ago when he had become independent he decided to venture to the Tattoo Expo in Pittsburgh to try to get more exposure. He and his girlfriend, who he has most of his best work on, left a name

for himself. When he got there people were so impressed by his work, he did an interview with *Tattoo Magazine* and they put a picture of his girlfriend's back on the cover of the magazine. Since that time, he has become quite popular and his work is featured in almost all the tattoo magazines and people will now travel to his shop for his work.

Paul spends about three months of the year on the road to both see the country, and give people a chance to get work of his done. He said that Utah has been good to him and we had the usual conversation of how surprised he was at the surprising amount of people here who are interested in some type of alternative lifestyle. Regardless, he said he would definitely be back again.

When I talked to him, I expected a total superior attitude which I have noticed from several tattoo artists who have achieved this type of notoriety. I know it sounds judgmental, but it is what I have experienced. Paul was quite humble about his work, and getting him to boast was nearly impossible. Even though his work is so dark, he is really quite positive about things around him. He draws a lot of his inspiration from the music he listens to and that "twisted" thought process he feels he possesses. It is not surprising he had become the terrific artist that he is. He has spent his whole life drawing and studying art in one way or another.

One of the most interesting things we talked about was his influence in his style. He has developed his style on his own. He tries not spend too much time in any body's art for fear of it becoming too ingrained in his style. He feels it is plagiaristic and he wants to make sure that everyone he works on is getting an original piece of art. He prefers drawing the picture right on the skin then tattooing it in. If he does use flash (pre-drawn pictures) he will always try to customize it for the person so it can be personal.

If he comes through town again, and you are a tattoo collector, check him out. He worked this time at A.S.I. and will probably do so again. Next time we find out about him and other traveling artists, we will let you know. Happy Tattoo.

-JR Ruppel

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7. Heard your wife left you... How upset you must be...Don't fret about your wife though... She's moving in with me.
8. Your computer is dead... and it was so alive... you shouldn't have installed... Windows'95.
9. You totaled your car... and can't remember why... maybe it was... that case of Bud Dry
10. So you lost your job... It's a shitty life... Next time, work harder... and don't screw the boss's wife.

An interview with **KIM GORGON**
by Lara Bringard

No they won't be in town soon, and, yes, their record came out awhile ago, but SLUG had a chance to talk to one of them so we did. Spare us the attitude and read what Kim Gordon of **Sonic youth** had to say about Dirty, natural anarchists, and a Free kitten.

SLUG: What's your favorite song on Dirty?

KIM: Oh, wow. That's hard. I don't know, there's a lot of songs, but I guess Sugar Kane.

SLUG: What's that all about? I noticed in the liner notes that Thurston kind of shies away from explaining too much about it.

KIM: Uhhmm, I don't know what it's all about [laughs]. The name is the one Marilyn Monroe used to use on hotel registers but, I don't know if it's really about Marilyn Monroe.

SLUG: Does Thurston write most of the lyrics?

KIM: Only the songs he sings.

SLUG: Is that how it works in SY? Whoever writes the songs, sings the songs?

KIM: Yeah.

SLUG: I was listening to Dirty over and over and over and found it had this underlying hum, a kind of pleasure buzz what with one song leading right into the next. Is that calculated?

KIM: No, but it's nice it works out that way. It's pretty intuitive, you know. Sometimes we... the songs are already done and everything. Sometimes were sort of reacting more from the last records than anything. On the last one, the songs are more sort of concise and I think that it was a more minimal kind of record.

SLUG: What do you set out to achieve with each new project or do you?

KIM: Nothing [laughs]. To achieve making a record. We try to achieve good vibe-ology.

SLUG: Okay. Speaking of good vibe-ology... I've noticed you guys are popping up a lot in *Sassy* magazine of all places. In the last bit I saw you were getting your roots retouched on a *Sassy* beauty day.

KIM: They just called me up and said "we're going out to this salon for a day of beauty, you wanna come?" [laughs] I said "Okay."

SLUG: You guys seem to have a lot of fun with image, you don't seem to really care about it one way or the other, whereas with some bands

their image has more to say than their music. What is music about for you? You've got a couple of side projects, right?

KIM: I have a band with Julie Cafritz from Pussy Galore. It's called Kitten, actually Free Kitten. We had to change the name because of an R&B pop recording artist named Kitten on Atlantic Records. We've recorded an EP called "Call Now."

SLUG: Is it like Sonic Youth?

KIM: It's more... I don't know what it's like. It's more minimal, it's more basic. It's just two guitars. Actually there are a few drums on it, but the drums are more like afterthought.

SLUG: Did you and Julie do all the work on it?

KIM: We did it all. Next time we're going to hire studio musicians [laughs].

SLUG: Speaking of recording, with SY being on a big label now, were you able to indulge yourselves a little more on "Dirty"? Or has budget ever been a constraint in the past?

KIM: No, I mean, we spent about the same amount as the last record.

SLUG: How much, may I ask?

KIM:... about, like \$150,000. But everything went really smoothly. We felt like it was sort of... I mean, other bands on indie labels have producers. I guess it's kind of like an indulgence for us to have a producer and it was really easy. It worked out really well.

SLUG: What was it like working with Butch Vig [Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins]? As a producer, how much did he influence SY's recording process?

KIM: It was good to have someone there just to say, you know, make sure the performances were good. Just to make sure everything remained straight forward the way it was recorded. He's also an engineer, which is good. He really knows what he is doing.

SLUG: Do you think that this will be the album that will bring SY widespread consumer attention? Not necessarily because of the Vig/Nirvana association, though.

KIM: I don't think so. I mean, I don't think any album will [laughs]... maybe this will come the closest. It's been doing good. But every record we put out has sort of doubled [our audience]. It's like...
SLUG: It builds exponentially?

KIM:... yeah, exactly. I don't know if it's a natural evolution, or what.

SLUG: Lyrically, the songs seem to revolve around the seamy side of

life. is that the experience of the band, or your environment, or New York coming through?

KIM: Well, it's just things we're interested in. Different things. It's not that much fun to write a song about, uhhmm... [laughs]

SLUG: Boy meets girl?

KIM:... yeah, exactly. And like Beverly Hills 90210. I guess you could write

a song about that, then that would be sort of kitschy.

SLUG: So, this having been a political year, does SY have anything to say about the choices, or lack thereof, this last campaign?

KIM: Well, we don't usually talk about politics in any specific way.

SLUG: So that's no comment?

KIM: No, I mean, you know. We're not like a political band. We're not working on the Rain Forest or anything.

SLUG: Well, if you were to do a benefit record, what would be the cause?

KIM: We've done Pro-Choice benefits. We all feel pretty strongly about that. And, I would just say vote for all the women, because men have sort of fucked it all up.

SLUG: I was reading over the press clippings that Thurston put in SY's bio material and there's one where you say: "My theory is that women make natural anarchists because they're outside the system in so many ways - it's that unpredictable, wild female thing." (August 1990 *Interview* magazine)

KIM: Well, I mean it's just that... the rules aren't for women. They're sort of made by men, for men for the most part. So that would leave it that woman are used to working around that in building another order of their own. A sort of non-order.

SLUG: So is SY only a small part of what your musical plans are for yourself? I'm talking about over a lifetime.

KIM: Oh, I don't know.

SLUG: Did you get into music because that's what you wanted to do, or did you fall into it?

KIM: I sort of fell into it. I was raised to be a visual artist. I just ended up doing music because I couldn't figure out a way to... I didn't have an emotional framework in art in order to say what I wanted to say. Because I was interested in abstract expressionism. I just couldn't put my interests in



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conceptualism with what I wanted to say emotionally. Like when I came to New York, I was most inspired by the music I saw happening.

SLUG: What kind of music was that?

KIM: No-wave bands like DNA and The Statics, this band Glen Branca was in, and the Contortions. Stuff like that. It was much more exciting.

SLUG: Are you doing any visual art now?

KIM: Not really, I think I'll always sort of... Whether I do art or music, I would apply similar ideas. Just commenting on popular culture in different ways.

SLUG: The letter you write about the cover art, the bunny art...

KIM: Those pictures are by this artist Mike Kelley. He's done a series of work with the stuffed animals that he gets in Salvation Army stores. Those were from a particular series of portraits that were printed in an art magazine, and then that picture beneath [the cd] was shown in a gallery where he had the stuffed animals laid out on blankets around it. It's sort of to drive home the aspect of the sort of repression of whatever's dirty in American culture.

SLUG: Comparing your older work, like *Badmoon Rising* and *E.V.O.L.*, to what SY does now, do you think that the earlier music was darker? And that now SY incorporates more pop elements into the mix?

KIM: I think we've always done that, but I think maybe now things are just more focused. Or it's more clear that's what we're doing.

SLUG: Lastly, where does SY go from here?

KIM: Good question [laughs].

SLUG: Is the ballad album next?

KIM: I xguess we're going to do country-western and blues songs. You know, copy Sinead. That'll keep us busy!

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

Pilar Sofol
Born: 1908
Died: 1947
Sang the
National Anthem
at the 1937
World Series

Pilar Sofol was a killer and a nightclub singer of some repute. During the 30's and 40's she is believed to have killed more than thirty men in different cities around the country while touring with the Jimmy Ealing Blanden Big Band. A very popular singer with a three octave range, she sang the national anthem at the 1937 World Series, and several times was heard as a guest singer on the NYC radio show City Lights.

She was the fourth daughter of a gypsy immigrant, Ludo Sofol, who was a tattoo artist in New York from the early 1900's on. He suffered from what would now be diagnosed as Tourette's Syndrome, but at the time seemed a peculiar propensity to swear and bark uncontrollably while making rude gestures with his privates. By the time Pilar was born he had trained himself to swear entirely in anagrams, thus saving some embarrassment. Ludo became so good at anagrams that he could generate sentences and complete conversations as rapidly in English anagrams as in his native unanagramized Romanish. What affect her fathers peculiar language habits and anti-social behaviour and profession had on Pilar is still up for debate. As for her mother's involvement in Pilars twisted life, it must be looked upon as a sort of neglect

Pilar's first killing, a truly bazaar incident, co-incided with her birth, April 1st, 1908. It seems that the pre-natal Pilar had managed to dig her way through the placenta that surrounded her into her mother's uterus, and caused enough damage there to set off hemorrhaging sufficient to kill her mother. She was delivered by Cesarian section, with her hand still holding on to one section of her mother's arteries. The neighborhood doctor who performed the emergency procedure said it was the the most horrifying thing he had ever seen.

Growing up, Pilar might have seemed a little strange. She sang in various clubs after graduating from High School, was popular with the boys, and was a bright and gifted talker. Her background had given her three languages, and the ability to speak fluent anogramatized English. She was also obsessed with the Hemmingway book, *The Sun Also Rises*. But, before long she hooked up with a man named Jake Morris who introduced her to the joys of sex and drugs, and the terrors of sadism. It seems Morris was a very violent man, and Pilar's friends expected to find her dead; but then he turned up dead, his genitals missing. A jury found that, because Pilar had obviously been raped and sodomized with an oversized object and because Morris was a known heroin user, she should only be punished for gross lewdness for which she paid a \$25 dollar fine.

Her personal beauty, and superb voice attracted the attention of Jimmy E. Blanden, a Bizuki Player and Big Band Leader. When he learned that Pilar was able to sing Gypsy music in the original language, he knew he had found the singer his band needed. Soon Pilar was earning ten dollars a week, while traveling the country singing for adoring crowds. And soon, also, she was luring men to hotel rooms, which she would inevitably have them rent ahead of time. She was always careful to arrive anonymously, and seperately from the man. Often she would share drugs with the man, giving him a lethal dose, usually of heroin. Twelve victims who were put out of thier misery this way, were found with thier genitals completely bitten off, and presumably swallowed. Of course, no-one knew who did these grisly crimes: the public embarrassment of thier widows, and the skiddishness of authorities to discuss details aided Pilar.

Other men were found with thier genitals surgically removed and then sewed into thier suit linings, or in one case attached to thier face, in a style reminiscent of an elephant. The horror that might have surrounded these crimes was kept at bay by simple inability to discuss such details in the press.

It was by sheer coincidence that in 1947 the aging singer, was being investigated by a narcotics agent, Detective Richard Less. Less arranged a meeting with Sofol, who had a long reputation as a junkie, for after a concert at the Bleek Ballroom in Frasier, Carolina. Following her normal terms, he arranged to meet and take drugs with the singer in an anonymous hotel room. The story goes that she was able to drug the agent into unconsciousness, and had already removed his penis with a barber's comb when the other officers in the case burst through the door, and arrested the singer, who was in the process of using detective Less's member as a finger puppet. The unhappy detective soon found that his name was all too appropriate, and the humiliation of his personal injury is thought to have been responsible for his suicide six months later. Officer Less is therefore thought to be Pilar Sofol's last victim.

Pilar Sofol pleaded guilty to the attempted murder of officer Less, to narcotics possession, and to aggravated assault. She was subsequently tried for the murder of one of her victims, Gerry Garcia, no relation to the singer, in Miami, Florida. She was found guilty, and was sentenced to death by electrocution. She sang the show tune, "Smile, Smile, Smile," in place of her final words.

**This is as it originally appeared in
April 1996 Issue #88**

THE CONTINUING HISTORY OF UNDER GROUND MUSIC IN SALT LAKE CITY

By TRAX

In this episode, I'll try to wrap up what's been happening in the past five years in fair Zion. The most important changes in that time happened not so much in terms of music, after all bands always come and go, but in the places where music was performed. Shows at the Indian Center became increasingly more difficult to book due to rising costs and the fear of vandalism. Also, the Indian Center was becoming known to the police who began sending Vice officers to entrap youthful partiers. Additionally, the fairgrounds were prohibitively expensive to stage concerts at, although several shows occurred there, (and still do). Some of the bands that played at the fairgrounds during those years included; THE DAMNED, CIRCLE JERKS, HUSKER DU, X, BANGLES, LOS LOBOS, and R.E.M. These shows, for the most part, were promoted by people outside "the scene" with the exception of those promoted by Brad Collins. The outside promoters and radio stations were the only people with the capital to pay for the fairgrounds.

A place called LE CLUB was open for a while on 4th south. The most memorable show there was THE MINUTEMEN. It was also the last show promoted by the MASSACRE GUYS. LE CLUB soon closed and with it the end of shows at the Frat House, there was once again a dearth of venues for local music.

One of the most remarkable things about Salt Lake City, besides the continuing presence of quality bands, is the willingness of people within the local music/culture scene to try and provide places for bands to play. The first case of this I can remember was a place called THE MONASTARY. It was started by two guys from D.C. named Adam and Nick. It was located behind the Indian Center near 13th So. & West Temple. BLACK FLAG played their and a few others. There was also the first painted word on 4th So. & 4th We. It was quite a unique place, open 6 nights a week featuring music, poetry, performance art, theatre and the best vegetarian soups I ever tasted. The original PAINTED WORD was hip but not trendy. It was truly bohemian, long before the advent of places like BANDALOOPS and THE BISTRO. It eventually closed due to legal hassles and debt but in the couple of years it existed, it provided an open forum for non-traditional music and art in Salt Lake.

THE SPEEDWAY CAFE started as a place called "505" where private parties were held featuring kegs of beer and bands like: THE STRANGERS, AVON CALLING, and SHOT IN THE DARK. Former M-Guy Paul Marittas took over and with Zay Speed turned it into the rock palace it now is. THE SPEEDWAY is doing better than ever in terms of drawing big name entertainment to Salt Lake. Most recently including CAMPERVAN BEETHOVEN, FISHBONE, LIVING COLOUR and BULLET BOYS. It is up to all of us to keep the SPEEDWAY and other places like it open by supporting the bands that play there.

In 1987 the PAINTED WORD reopened under new management under the abbreviated title THE WORD. Once again, it was operated by people within "the scene" who had a better understanding of what was necessary for local music to flourish than the up-town bare community. The word remains a good

place to hang out on weekends and is still a vital component of Salt Lake's culture. One of the most recent contributions to local music from the word is the as yet unreleased CITY BY A DEAD LAKE compilation which features six of Salt Lake's finest bands: AWOL, HOWL, DINOSAUR BONE, SUBJECT TO CHANGE, BOXCAR KIDS and DANEIGHBORS. In a fine example of unified action, the bands all played several shows and donated all the proceeds to the record. I hope it works out because THE WORD and the bands all worked hard and deserve some attention.

Another place which must be mentioned is CINEMA IN YOUR FACE, a former soft-porn theatre which under the management of KRCL DJ and pizza entrepreneur Jon Bray and art theatre veteran Greg Tanner, became a bastion of alternative music, film and art. In its two or so years of existence, THE CINEMA has brought bands including CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN, FLAMING LIPS, MOJO NIXON and TUPELO CHAIN SEX. Often with the help of Gnawing Suspicions' Jim Oughten promoting. The theatre continues as a theatre and showcase for the best in local art with exhibitions from Karl Swanson, Eric Robinson and David Brothers. Occasionally, bands still perform at the cinema, but with the growing presence of SPEEDWAY, THE WORD, BAR & GRILL, and the emerging WHALERS, the demand for the CINEMA as a concert hall has diminished.

In many ways, this is the best time ever for local original bands in Salt Lake. There are more places to play, there is an openness about booking and the attitude about local music among the status quo are slowly eroding. In addition there is a proliferation of fanzines and media attention. Besides SLUG there is GJOOB, ONE ROOM WORLD and the occasional article in NEO or PRIVATE EYE. Even the Salt Lake Tribune has grudgingly admitted column space to local and independent productions. We no longer have to deal with getting beat up or harassed by reactionaries for playing our music or dressing and speaking our minds as we did 10 years ago. But it all begins, as always, with people. Support the independent halls like SPEEDWAY and THE WORD and buy from the independent record stores like RAUNCH & SMOKIES. Support the local bands and if you don't like the bands you see, and hear, start a band of your own and help make the next 10 years as interesting as the last.

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ters(sp) are interested in, is criticizing people for the way they look, or the style of their hair, or the clothes they wear. Well I've got news for you, Your(sp) Not Gods. Maybe if someday you give up your holier than thou attitudes, you might what an underground zine is all about.

I'm starting to wander(sp) if maybe the Mormons have taken over SLUG, because that's the kind of hypocrisy I see when I read most of these articles. Punks(sp) not dead, but it's people like you who are killing it in Salt Lake. Think about it (that is, if you can) and maybe SLUG will become the real underground zine it once was.

—Signed, *The Raven*

Ed: Well Mr. Raven, (that is your real name isn't it?) I'm so sorry to hear that you no longer like our little rag, but you see we're busy killing punk rock, as you so aptly noted. That's why we put on Sabbathon so that punk bands that might not get the exposure they deserve, can play in front of huge crowds. That's why there is more local music coverage that there has ever been in this zine. That's why SLUG is the fastest growing paper in Utah. And as far as criticizing our writers, they are some of the most talented people in Zion. If you can't stand SLUG, save your buddy the dollar and Stop Reading It! By the way, some big wig did take over SLUG six months ago, I think his name is Joseph Smith, I'm not sure cuz he doesn't swing by the office too much.

September 1995, Issue #81

Gianni,
Gina over at Epitaph said that if I answered these questions you would put her dog on the cover of the magazine. I am hoping that you will keep up your end of the deal. Ok.

2) I think there is not enough paper to list them all, on the other

hand there is many good people in the business such as Ian Makaye, Cory Rusk, Brett and Gina at Epitaph, Alyson Careaga, Devin Sarno, Etc. I wish there were more.

Well there you go.

—*H. Rollins*

Ed: That was a letter from Henry Rollins with his answer to question #2 of 'Famous Fuckers'. We couldn't fit it with the rest of the answers and didn't want to edit it out. Go check out his answers. And, yes, that's Gina's dog on the cover. (Joey Ramone)

February 1998, Issue #110

ED: The following two letters were emailed to us from the same ex Grid writer...

From: Mark Thomas,
mthomas@wirthelin.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

Wow! you guys really know what you're talking about. I mean not only does the 9 year anniversary issue have a picture of a crackhead getting ate out by Michael Bolton (I don't know how you got him, seems like he would have been busy) but there is an all infomative article about the downfall of the infamous GRID magazine. Oh yeah, and to top that off (page 5) is that a picture of Puff Daddy? nope... I guess you think they all look the same, right? Anyway, I was/am a writer of the GRID magazine.

You know, I did a lot of reviews and every now and then an article! I actually got to hook up with THA ALKAHOLIKS! but you wouldn't know who they are. Hip Hop is not music, right? Andrew Vacches even sent me a postcard when I ripped on one of his comics. It was FUN!!! I'll admit, I didn't dig everything that went into the GRID. TO (sp) much Rock N Roll! not enough HIP HOP! But, as far and wide as I've seen (Minneapolis, New Jersey, Las Vegas, Etc...) GRID did and still does look better than

most! SLUG included... but you already know this! GRID will resurface again and I will be there! And with it being owned and operated solely by Sam Cannon I'm sure there will be more HIP HOP!

Peace... *Mark (decoy)*

P.S... It's so great that Salt Lake UnderGround can be found at such PUBLIC places like Einsteins Bagels! you really know how to keep it real and real UNDERGROUND!

Hunter Le Pew,

Nice obit. I wish I could write as good as you. You really know all the facts. I am so glad SLUG is so UNDERGROUND! I got my copie (sp) at the swank and plush, Einstein Bagels! You know how to keep it real! Have fun hill-billy-ing and screwing your sister, brother or whatever you can getahold (sp) of. Keep listening to that ROCK N ROLL really loud and attending those arian (sp) nation functions... SLAYER, dude!!!

ED: Did you really think that we wouldn't figure out that you wrote BOTH of those letters? Are you that dense? Couldn't you at least think of two different things to say in each letter? Are you an imbecile? Do you know how to spell? Do you anything about grammar? Do you know that when you end a sentence, you start a new one with a capital? Oh yea, I forgot, you wrote for Grid. Those answers are now obvious. By the way, are you still holding your breath waiting for Grid to resurface?

July 1998, Issue #115

Guy,

There have been some lame magazines that have come and gone in this city. And some good magazines have come and gone in this town. But I can't figure out how it is that your little rag manages to survive year after year. Is it magic?

—Your faithful reader:

Billy Coggins Smith

Ed: Yes, we perform magic, and gymnastics, and contortions. We struggle with sleep disorders and food disorders. We recognize language only when it is written in English, which keeps us out of trouble. We breathe water and drink fire. We are laughing demigods of the most lipid sort.

August 1998, Issue #116

Dear Dickheads,

I like to take your rag to the shitter. especially when i'm feeling a little constipated. all i have to do is read some the of articles for "dear dickheads" and my bowels just blow right out from the laughter. giving that me that regular feeling i enjoy so much. thanks you bastards!

—*P.*

October 1999, Issue #130

Dear Dickies,

My soon took your brilliant magazine to school with him on "Free Speech Day" and read a column called "Serial Killer of theMonth" in front of his 8th grade classmates and teacher. When I took off early from work to go retrieve my suspended son from school I was given the article in question by his teacher. After a cursory look at your so called "magazine," I saw many more words and pictures inside that were obviously put there for no other reason than to offend people with common decency. It's hard enough raising a child when bands like "Korn" and shows like "The Man Show" control the TV. When my 12 year old asks me why real boobs are beter, what am I supposed to tell him?

—*Ed Snowden*

Ed: The truth! Fake boobs feel funny.



September 1989, Issue #9

DEAR DICKHEADS,

I'm sitting here wondering what the hell is wrong with people. I open a pretty cool music store (I think, anyway), call it The Heavy Metal Shop - I sell more heavy metal than anyone else and I sell all the music metal is derived from -hard rock, punk, and thrash.

Sounds pretty cool, huh? Not really. I'm out in the suburbs, Sandy, I mean, right in the fuckin' middle of suppressed hell. I've got mothers coming into my store telling me I'm ruining their children's lives, the police coming in, telling me to turn the music down and cover up the obscene posters, dick rockers from West Valley ripping off T-shirts, kids coming in after buying tapes from Fred Meyer telling me my prices are cheaper, punks sticking Raunch stickers all over my windows late at night when I'm close-pretty brave- writing "Metal Shop sucks-Raunch rules" on my door.

And then, don't forget, there's that asshole, Ryan Taylor, who stole three of my video cassettes. I don't know why I left Sandy.

—Kevin Kirk

owner Heavy Metal Shop

January 1990, Issue #13

Slug Persons,

10 years ago, I was a 15 year old nerd who spent most of his time listenin' to Brad & Susan on KRCL or cruisin' the "Punk" record bin at Cosmic. In those days punk consisted of everything that wasn't Grateful Dead or Led Zeppelin, or a derivative product thereof. Including the B-52's and Devo. Apologies to the dogmatically hardcore thrash-mongers out there, but it's true.

So here I am, 10 years older and no smarter, yet thankful that at last there is a LIVE ORIGINAL MUSIC SCENE IN SLC! Places to play, bands to see, and all the attendant socio-doochicks. Wow. Double wow. Anyway, thanks to

those of you (too numerous to count) who helped it happen, you know who you are, and a hearty fuck you to those of you (too numerous to count) who tried to impede us or stop it from happening. I know where you live. Go die. Happy nineties. LOVE,

—Karl Alvarez (and by association)
Stephen Egerton

October 1990, Issue #22

Dear Fuckfaces @ SLUG,

First-off, have you ever thought of changing your name to P.U.G.? (Pathetic Under Ground) Second, why the fuck are you so afraid of to put Hate X9 on the cover? You guys give your rag away so you ain't concerned with sales. We'd probably decline the offer anyway but you could try. Third, I'm sending a letter to Lars in response to a letter on the Speedway/Altamont incident last year. Better late than dead. Thanks. Oh yeah-it's official, Hate X9 held peace-talks a couple weeks ago and Danno has decided to stay. You can cry again.

—Shame

P.S. Paul Mall- You ain't the type to ride the wind, know what I mean? A guy has to have his (wet) dreams. Sabbathon was a gas and if any of you picture dawgs got pics of Hate X9 for sale or whatever - contact us.

P.P.S. Christie Sohnholz, I love you, wherever you are. Thanx Charlee.

P.P.P.S. Yes, I'll say it for you...fuck off Shame. I am an asshole.

Ed. Note: Afraid? Don't flatter yourself. No other comment necessary.

June 1992, Issue #42

Editors Note:

You know I can deal with the fact that SLUG doesn't make money. I can also deal with the fact that people like Shame X9 thinks it should be used as toilet paper. But, I am really sick of Salt Lake's general apathy. We have set up

SLUG as an open forum for you to voice your opinions. I guess the Gay community is the only group of people that feel their rights are fucked. Hey don't politics suck? Aren't liquor laws fucked, or don't you people really give a shit? It is time for you fucks to get off your lazy asses and do something. We want to print your opinions. We are not writers here—we're just publishers. We have great staff writers and the best fucking advertiser in the world, but your opinions are vital. So why don't you sit down sometime and write us a letter. Ah, fuck it... I think I'll just go work for the Bridge, at least they give you shit.

November 1993, Issue #59

Dear Dickheads,

Last month you joined the hordes of vegetable-eating, hand-holding, hackysack-tossing, faggots by printing a bunch of anti-deer hunting propaganda. Listen up Media Man!!! I don't know where you went to school, but a 30.06 is a fuck of a lot more powerful than a pen. If you don't think so, try this little test. Shove a pen up your ass and push the button. Next squat your green peace ass over a Remington barrel and pull the trigger.

I'm sick of all this anti-man bullshit from you left wing hippie fucks. What happened tough guys, doing tough male-bonding shit? Don't get me wrong, I don't need the meat, or even like it, I hunt to kill and that's it! It's like shooting a person, with no prison time. I know some of you are too big of pussies to shoot an innocent creature, let alone slice open its throat while it screams and looks up at you with those terrified brown eyes.

Just quit whining about rean men doing what real men do. Stay at Bandalooos(sp) where it's safe, pussies.

—Jon Titus

May 1994, Issue #65

Dear Dickheads,

After reading in the Salt Lake Tribune about the murder of Birtes Lee Wilson Jr. by two rookie cops, I feel that this has happened on too many times. It is too bad that this poorman was not better armed in order to defend himself from the attack. It is also too bad that he was notable to run fast enough to escape the police bullets. This is another example of the police brutality that runs rampant in this city. I am upset about this because I have seen so much of it. What we need is a system to where the accused are automatically innocent until they are proven guilty in a court with a judge and a jury. Until such a time comes, the only defense for our citizens is to be as well-armed or better armed than the police. Unfortunately, these sadistic cops must be dealt with on their own level: with guns and attitude. If they ever arrive on my doorstep they will be faced with their worse enemy: a responsible, law-abiding citizen who is aware of his rights as a human being and also happens to be well armed. I ask the residents of this city to remember that no matter where you go in life these creeps are always the same, because a pig is a pig, and that's that.

—Rob Magleby.

November 1994, Issue #71

Dear Dickheads at SLUG,

I'm stuck spending my summer here at "Club Fed" on the outskirts of Las Vegas. One of the only things I have to let me in on the Salt Lake happenings, is an occasional SLUG sent in from a friend. I've been reading your zine ever since I moved to Salt Lake 6 years ago. As I sit here reading the Sept. 94 issue, I can't help but think "What the fuck happened?". I remember when SLUG had articles that were funny and put across some very interesting view points. Now it seems like all the writ-

SALT**LAKE****U
NDER****G
R
OUND****ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW****SLUG NEEDS HELP BAD**

DUE TO THE INCREASING ATTENTION BEING PAID TO THE UNDERGROUND "SCENE" IN SALT LAKE (HA HA). WE AT SLUG ARE TAKING IT UPON OURSELVES TO PRODUCE A GUIDE TO INCREASE THE AWARENESS IN SALT LAKE. GRANTED WE CANT FOLLOW EVERYTHING THAT WILL BE GOING ON BUT WE WILL DO OUR BEST AT IT. THAT IS WHY WE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR INPUT AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO WHAT WE ARE DOING. IN THE FUTURE WE HOPE TO HAVE SUCH A GREAT RESPONSE (HA HA) THAT WE CAN COVER THE WHOLE SCENE. REGARDLESS FOLKS, THIS IS WHAT WE CAN AFFORD TO DO AND THIS IS WHAT YOU ARE STUCK WITH. WE HOPE IN THE FUTURE TO HAVE CLASSIFIEDS AND LETTERS FROM SATISFIED AND DISSATISFIED READERS, A COMPLETE GUIDE TO EVERYTHING WE WOULD LIKE TO CONSIDER UNDER GROUND, AND SOME SORT OF A GUIDE TO HELP YOU FIND YOUR WAY AROUND THIS TOWN'S SORRY ASS BUT RISING UNDERGROUND SCENE. NEEDLESS TO SAY WE NEED YOUR HELP.

WE NEED WRITERS, EDITORIALS LETTERS AND INPUT FROM YOU. WE ARN'T FUSSY ABOUT WHAT WE RECEIVE AND WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU SO FEEL FREE TO INPUT. THIS IS HOW:

SEND STUFF TOOOOOO:

**THE DICKHEADS
@ S L U G
P.O. BOX 1061
SLC, UTAH
84110-1061**

**FISHBONE TO DO SALT LAKE CITY**

FROM THE INPUT I HAVE HEARD FROM LAST YEARS FISHBONE SHOW THIS IS DEFINATLY DECEMBERS "NOT TO BE MISSED" SHOW. I HAVN'T TALKED TO ONE PERSON WHO SAW THE LAST SHOW AND WAS ANYTHING BUT CRAZY ABOUT IT. FISHBONE PLAYED UTAH ONCE BEFORE IN OREM OF ALL PLACES. THIS TIME THEY WILL BE PLAYING AT THE SPEEDWAY CAFE IN SALT LAKE CITY, 505 WEST 500 SOUTH. THE SHOW WILL START AT 8:00 PM. THE NIGHT SHOULD BE GREAT FROM THE BEGINNING WITH OPENING ACT SUAVE MOB. A THREE PIECE RAP GROUP WHO DO ALL ORIGINAL MUSIC. THEN FOLLOWING THEM DINOSAUR BONES, AN ENERGETIC GUITAR BAND FROM SALT LAKE WHO HAVE JUST RISEN LATELY BUT ARE INVOLVED WITH THE CITY BY A DEAD LAKE TOUR. THEN STICK AROUND FOR THE HIGH ENERGY FUNK, SKA, SOUL SOUNDS OF FISHBONE. SURE TO BE ONE OF SALT LAKE'S HOTTEST SHOWS OF 1988.

≡ DONT MISS IT! ≡ BY DB DICKHEAD

Amazing Jz

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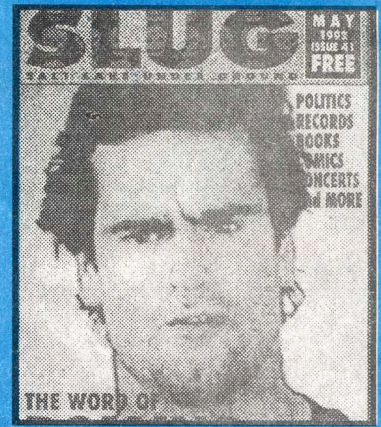
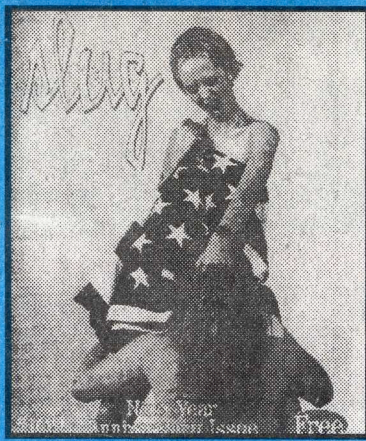
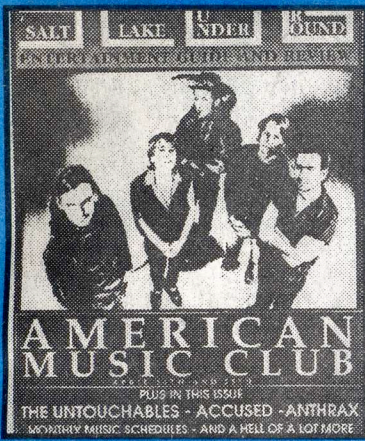
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12 Fuckin' Years

