

# SLUG MAG

In Memory of  
**Ed ROTH**



**Car  
Kulture  
Deluxe**

**Bad  
Afro  
Records**

may  
2001  
#149  
Vol.13



always  
free

ba

**JOEY RAMONE R.I.P.**

Rat Fink Character is Copyright of Ed Roth





Yes, the Ramones were among the originators of the punk movement. But this was not what I, or anyone else, was thinking about when the Ramones first started out, because no such movement had yet been born. What hit me and my friends the hardest when we listened to the Ramones' first album in the mid-seventies was their spirit of pure joy and utter lack of pretension. Coupling simple words with simple songs (an almost forgotten combination at the time), the Ramones were more like Chuck Berry than anyone else. In other words, pure rock & roll.

And when I saw the Ramones for the first time in 1977, Joey and his mates did not indulge in the predominant rock god poses or celebrity coolness of the decade. On the contrary, the band totally surrendered to the propulsion and high-octane fun of the music that seemed to be their reason for being.

Of course, the Ramones did not overwhelm the nascent corporate rock star trend that was just getting into gear back then (and is pretty much fully developed now). But what Joey and company did do, along with giving people hours of great music to enjoy whenever they want, was to provide an easy-to-understand example of the power and beauty inherent in relying on basic, no-frills rock and roll.

**Joey Ramone, thank you.**



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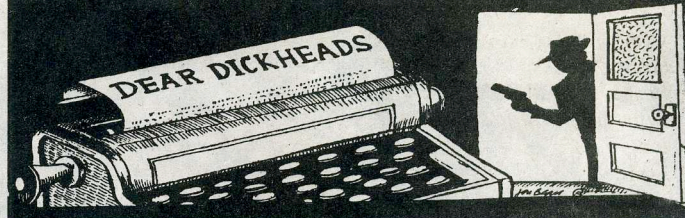
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From E-mail Contact:  
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> To: [dicks@slugmag.com](mailto:dicks@slugmag.com)  
Sent: Friday, April 20, 2001 2:26

AM  
Subject Dear Dickheads:

>  
> Dear Dickheads,  
Hey Guys, I don't think this really qualifies as a rant, but I'll do my best. To be honest, I can't think of anyone else I could write who would listen. I just want to say THANK YOU!, and being as drunk as I am right now, the length of said thank you could rival Moby Dick.(Getit?)

Anyway,yesterday was my birthday, and I was really reluctant to spend the night at Burt's(gasp!)because I work there and I'm there every fuckin'night, no disrespect, but I wasn't in the mood for the "same old thing". As luck would have it, there happened to be a great fucking band playing tonight-not to say there isn't a great fucking band playing there every night(seven stinkin' nights a week!) but I was taking a gamble on this band I had'nt seen-The Revelators!!! You guys rocked! Tom Waits covers on my birthday! Complete with Accordion, Violin, mandolin... Thank You Shannon for booking those guys! Everyone knows you're the man! Thank you Revelators!

Please play Burt's again! Thank You Netty, Troy, Melissa, Rick, Shannon, Jeremy, everyone else who was there- especially YOU Stinkus Malinkus (You Know who you are), for seeing in my 29th with me.

Scotty  
> P.S. If this isn't confrontational enough for Dickheads, then I take it all back. It's not even really my birthday, SUCKERS! See ya in hell!

>  
From: "Sun and Fun" <[travel1232@nettaxi.com](mailto:travel1232@nettaxi.com)>  
Date: Sun, 29 Apr 2001 08:28:45 -0800

To: [dicks@slugmag.com](mailto:dicks@slugmag.com)  
Subject: dicks, you need to claim your vacation prize!

Dear dicks,  
According to our records, [dicks@slugmag.com](mailto:dicks@slugmag.com) was registered back in May for our FREE cruise packages for two. Congratulations, you WON!!! One of our free Cruise Package tickets will be delivered to you within 7-10 days via US Mail. You must click <<http://1082593383/cgi-bin/contest.exe?>> on the link below and fill out the information exactly as it will appear on your tickets. You may leave the second party blank if you are not sure who will be going with you, but you must contact us via telephone at least 10 days prior to departure with the second passenger's name. Complete details on your prize package will be included in a brochure that will be delivered to you.

Please keep in mind that there are at least 50 winners of this trip and it might take me a little while to get back to you.

Thanks a lot,  
Pete.  
Please Click Here to continue  
<<http://1082593383/cgi-bin/contest.exe?>>

Note: If this website is unavailable please email [travel1230@softhome.net](mailto:travel1230@softhome.net) and we will get back to you asap.  
ED NOTE: No way! I won? It's about fucking time! I have never won anything in my life! Well... I guess there was that chicken pot pie eating contest at Burt's last year...

From: "GingerBread Man" <[eat-gingerbreatman@hotmail.com](mailto:eat-gingerbreatman@hotmail.com)>  
Date: Wed, 11 Apr 2001 2:30 am  
To: [dickheads@slugmag.com](mailto:dickheads@slugmag.com)  
Subject: DICKHEAD LETTER

Let me start out by saying I moved to New York City in 1999 from Salt Lake City. My friend Jed sends me a copy of SLUG every month. I am grateful he does. I have read SLUG since



1990 and have enjoyed it. There has come a time that I have a few questions that should be answered, because I am finally to my wits end on a few things on the mag.

By reading some letters from the editor for dear dickheads, I have noticed most people employed by your mag aren't getting a dime to donate their time. I am assuming only the editors get paid. Well, how in the hell did that Brian Staker or should I call him STALKER get on board as a damn editor.

Did he go to Bryman School of Journalism? Every time I read any of his entries I want to vomit. You know I gave him the benefit of a doubt. Perhaps he was just new or something. What the fuck? Did he give Gianni a personal favor to stay onboard after he left? Or, would that be the new owner?

Another thing, why is the mag full of damn adds? Where did the articles about music go? You are called Salt Lake Underground Music, hence the name music, right? I am sure you want to be diverse and appealing to the fucked up people right? Who in the hell there finds these businesses? Have you noticed, most of them are NOT related to the whole scene? When did you decide you all wanted to be capitalists? I bet the owner is rolling in the dough, because anyone can advertise in SLUG. Next I will see Home Depot and porn sites. Well, porn sites I can handle. When I see the bright add for Toys R Us I stop reading your mag. I bet you would sell out the first chance you got and then decide to pay the writers a buck for every article. I just find it sad you call yourself underground music.

I will continue reading your mag, but I doubt I am the only that feels this way.

Sincerely,

*The New York'a*

P.S. Feel Free to write me Hate mail.

**ED NOTE:** 1- most of our writers **DONATE** their time without much compensation. In return they gain experience and perks of the music industry such as FREE music, CD's, concert tickets and the opportunity to interview their personal heroes. Infact, there is not a single SLUG affiliate that does not have a second, third or fourth job besides this magazine, and that includes myself. It is evident that you have no working knowledge of what it takes to be a part of a FREE publication.


2- What the hell do you know about the SLC scene? You are living in New York (and please stay there)!

3- Don't fuck with my Associate Editor. His "real" job has him working for the post office. Haven't you been warned about postal employees?

Dear Dickheads,  
Thanks for your little attempt at being cute & funny. I certainly have enjoyed your derision and youthful pomposity in the Merlin Olsen advertisement and am sorry that it has to stop. Speaking for Merlin (who lives in Scottsdale, AZ) and his attorneys (who will tear your tiny publication to shreds), you will now please discontinue slandering my brother's name and refrain from any future references to Merlin Olsen™, Little House on the Prairie, Father Murphy, and the National Football League. Merlin Olsen will continue to promote Christian values and strong moral guidance to the youth of America. Maybe you should try doing the same you fucks0. You have been warned.

—Mickey Olsen

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presents

# LOCALIZED

The SLUG Magazine Monthly Music Festival

by Mark Scheering



*And there was a time when the music was hidden from the people. And the multitudes were without the knowledge of the word and the sound. And lo, there rose a great cry from the many tribes, the Punks, the Hardcore, the Metalheads, the Swingers, the Rockabillys, the Hippies and the Alt-cowboys. So too cried the Goths and the Industrials, the Stoner Rockers and the Indie Rockers, and Ravers of all creeds. And the word Alternative was removed from the lips of the locals, and much anger and shame was felt by the great tribes for the local music was hidden and hoarded. But lo, SLUG Magazine heard their cries, and was moved to much sadness, and the great Whip-cracker and Mistress said unto her staff, "Let there be a column, and let it be filled with the local music, and let there also be a show, once a month, so the people will be hungry no more."*

—Localized, Book III, 1:23-32

On Saturday, May 16, SLUG magazine will begin Localized, the SLUG Monthly Music Festival. The Salt Lake and Utah music scene is currently the best ever seen in this mag's 12 years, with a tremendous amount of cool bands that rock the clubs every night. Localized, the SLUG Magazine Monthly Music Festival, is an attempt to bring you as many great local bands as possible every month, culminating each year with the SLUG Reader's Appreciation Bash in February and Sabbath in August. Turn to these pages to find out the line-up and check out two of the featured bands. SLUG has designed these shows to be a true exposition of some of the best talent, local or otherwise, without the downer of competition. Trust me, these shows will not disappoint. As a member of Erosion, I have played with many of the bands you will see in the coming months, and I have never been more proud of what this scene produces.

**Lovesucker** is my secret, not-so-guilty pleasure. These three women and two men

caress and seduce with lingering tones and low, low end. Lovesucker will catch your eye, speak heavy whispers in your ear, and trace a long red tipped finger of sound across your lips. I blush, drunk with passion. They sustain the seduction, never quite reaching climax, toying with the senses and leaving the beast wanting. Lovesucker is foreplay.

**SLUG:** So let's hear a little history.

**Julie:** I have been playing in bands for a long time, always writing the vocals, but I have never been in a band where I had an integral part in writing the music. So Trace and I hooked up, and I pierced J.D.'s lip, and we had disposable drummer syndrome for a while, then it kind of solidified with Jack (Bolder, currently drumming with The Flys).

**JD:** And I was playing with Dave in something and it wasn't set, so I said, "Hey, come do this thing."

**SLUG:** So what things inspire you?

**Julie:** Well I come up with something and she (Trace) will help.

**Trace:** I'm her lovely assistant. She'll write something and we'll help arrange it.

**Julie:** I'll go to Trace and say, "I wrote all these parts but it needs something." She'll come up with something like (tah dah-like

sound effect), and be a magician with the perfect part for it. And with the two basses I would keep writing parts and nothing for the guitar, so I thought: "You know, I'm just a fucking bassist", so we kicked the guitar out.

**SLUG:** I know you are on the Slug compilation; do you have a CD out?

**JD:** We have a little six-song demo at Salt City and we sell them at shows.

**SLUG:** Through the years, are there themes that stick out in your music?

**Julie:** Well with the two basses we try to keep it pretty low end. I try to keep the music sort of simple so I can do a lot with the vocals. I guess I try to keep it beefy and sexy and the same time like one of those fat hookers in the red light district in Amsterdam.

**SLUG:** What is it about Lovesucker that you really enjoy?

**Trace:** I think it's sexy. I think there's a lot of cool energy. I like the low end, how it kind of floats across.

**Dave:** I think it definitely has a dark edge to it, very dark and very emotional.

**SLUG:** Is there a direction or future you a pushing towards?

**JD:** I like to think that we will do a professional recording some time this year, and after that do some touring.

**SLUG:** What do you think about music scene in Salt Lake City?

**Lovesucker:** (laughter)

**Dave:** I think there's a lot of talent in this town, but it's difficult to really see bands. Not every band wants to play in a bar, but with the liquor laws it's hard. Look at the whole Kilby Court fiasco.

**Julie:** I just think it's Salt Lake City. It's saturated with the kind of people that just don't want to go out to see local bands. By the time you're twenty-one you are an old maid if you're not married.

**Trace:** I think we are in a national trend, though. With the Internet and the access to music on different levels other than going out and seeing music live has created a phenomenon worldwide. There's less of an incentive to go out and see live bands. I think Salt Lake rocks and I don't like the idea of always blaming Salt Lake. I think it's just more of a national trend, a media trend, to emphasize less live music. I don't know what the solution is.

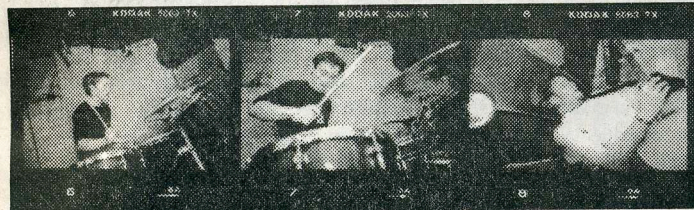


photo: Nick Kenworthy





## ALCHEMY



Alchemy truly is an epitome. Rarely has a band name more aptly embodied an attitude, style and history. While all music is in some sense recycled, our clever Alchemists metamorphose an astounding array of musical formulas through their collective crucible to become a smoldering and haughty rush. They combine an almost impish and innocent experiment with intensity for **desire**. I worship in the temple of the Cult of the Alchemists.

**SLUG:** *How did you start?*

**Dave:** With an English kid named Ben Burkham, on the drums, and we formed and band called Basic Belief with my sister. She stopped playing all together, and we moved in with Jeremy and Josh.

**Jeremy:** We used to go to the Alchemy practice and watch, there were all these people just hanging out.

**Dave:** And then Ben got deported (much laughter).

**SLUG:** *How are the dynamics of the band, do you all come up with a central theme or does someone specifically write the music?*

**Jeremy:** It's probably the worst form of government ever: democracy.

**Chris:** Its anarchy, for any other band our practices are entirely too long. We just jam until we come up with something we can all agree on.

**Josh:** I feel that they're really short, so that just goes to tell you.

**Chris:** New songs just seem to go on forever.

**Josh:** Song development is just a fluke.

**Chris:** Fluke describes the band.

**SLUG:** *How would you describe yourselves?*

**Dave:** Probably just the name. Try taking the base as music, and different philosophies in my life and Chris, Josh and Jeremy's, and taking elements that are traditional and making them untraditional.

**Chris:** We are all really different; I mean Josh is really into hip-hop.

**Josh:** Yeah, I'm like the rapper-white kid.

**SLUG:** *I'm really glad you don't rap, I just want to let you know, cause if you started doing Limp Bizkit on my ass I'd be really disappointed. How unique do you think you are in the Salt Lake scene?*

**Jeremy:** First of all, I'd like to say that the scene here is totally underrated and awesome. There are so many good bands, and if people just would check them out they would be like "holy shit, there is so much going on", basically its undiscovered gold, I think anyway.

**SLUG:** *I know you have downloads on the website, however the CD is coming out when?*

**Jeremy:** Right now you can pretty much download the songs on the website ([www.redtrianglererecords.com](http://www.redtrianglererecords.com)) from our disc that is coming out when next month (May); what is it called Dave?

**Dave:** *Impersonating Newscasters.*

**Chris:** (Shrugs) I think I make a good Dick Norse.

Saturday, May 12 th at Ya'buts (a private club for members) will bring you the first of the Localized shows featuring Magstatic, Lovesucker, and Alchemy. Bring your friends and witness the first of the greatest shows in town.

8

## Ya'Buts

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By: Venus Martinez

Somebody was dead. We didn't know who or how this person had passed on, but we had figured out that this situation was going to decrease our chances of getting a drink in the legal—the sponsored—way.

Everything started out fine. I, with my friend, Kim, arrived at The Hideaway, our choice of bars for the night, unaware that we would be crashing and cavorting ourselves into an unorganized mourning. A wake, dive bar style. So, in the general method, in the way I'd done hundreds of times, I got a nod from the bartender and proceeded to approach the nearest member of the bar. The nod was odd, kind of wary, but I didn't see an obvious problem and walked over to a lady in a ruffled white tank with a leg brace and a ring in her lip, hunched on a bar stool shaking her blonde pony-tailed head at a her grizzled companion.

"Excuse me...could you sponsor us?" I asked in my sweetest voice.

I got a curl of the lip, a cock of the head, an oily look in the eye, all seeming to last for minutes, accompanied by an everlasting, empty stare. Huh. Seemed like a "yes" to me.

I returned to the bartender. "OK." She just looked at me, then at the woman, then back at me, then at the woman's tight T-shirt clad friend. He, apparently, was the man in charge of sponsoring people, and after giving Kim and I the same disdainful eye, issued an affirmative grunt.

We then turned our attention to getting a drink and talking to our friend Sean, who had already acquired a beverage and his own place at the near-empty bar. There was only one other group in the room, some men at a table in the back. Sean then revealed what he knew of the situation.

"Yeah, that guy sponsored me, too," he said. "I guess a friend of theirs died, somebody that used to come to this place." Incredible. Again?

It was Thursday, and the twenty-first gathering of the Thursday Night Drinking Club (TNDC), a crew of some twenty individuals who all share a single, beautiful mission: to make the weekend come a little early. Or as one of our members, Chad, once relayed, in a quote by comedian Stephen Wright: "Twenty-four hours in a day, twenty-four beers in a case. Coincidence?" We are all pretty much in agreement.

The purpose of TNDC is also to try a new bar every week, the seedier the better, the kind of place where you're better off surrounded by your closest friends than alone and vulnerable. We seek the wild and wooly, the dank and dark, the swilly and smelly. At the very least, in this SLC scene we call "nightlife," someplace new and interesting. To our surprise and disappointment over the past months, the bars that we thought were going to be really bad and full of colorful characters were, well, average. Some that had a shabby wilted exterior featured fresh flowers in the bathrooms and no piss on the seats. Places where we expected to find a few lonely regulars slumped in corners were slinging beers to a lively regular crowd having a decent good time. Sure, we are never truly welcomed into the fold, but we have been able to hold our own.

Except when it comes to funerals. This was too much. The first time we were lucky enough to stumble into this snafu, it was at Swedetown, on north Beck Street in the smoky shadow of the refineries. Kim and I were among the first to arrive. We swung open the screen door and entered to face a silent crowd, all looking at us, and the last few bars of a sad karaoke tune, being sung by a blind man. Where were our friends? Panic set in. We made our way around a corner to a back room and found three of them: Mike, aka "El Presidente," Jereon, a new member from Holland and the roommate of Raj, a founding member, and Dusty, the tall, baby-faced boy from Alabama. They were all huddled together, clutching their bottles of beer and looking very uncomfortable.

"What's going on?" we asked. Mike then told us about the funeral and how everyone here knew each other and how they had been asked "who they were with" and that they had managed to call everybody else but us to warn them and tell them that plans had changed. We were, instead, bailing on this strange scene and going to Bar-X.

But back at The Hideaway, we decided that this time, we would stick it out. And aside from a really spooky guy named Don who answered questions with non-answers out the side of his eye but who played a stunningly close-to-perfect game of cricket on the dart board, we were left alone. It was a good bar with cheap drinks, a slim selection of beers on tap, the quota of posters with bikini-clad women and, in addition to pool and darts, a sit-down car racing video game. It was a fine Thursday night in the city.

# ANTI-FLAG

## UNDERGROUND NETWORK



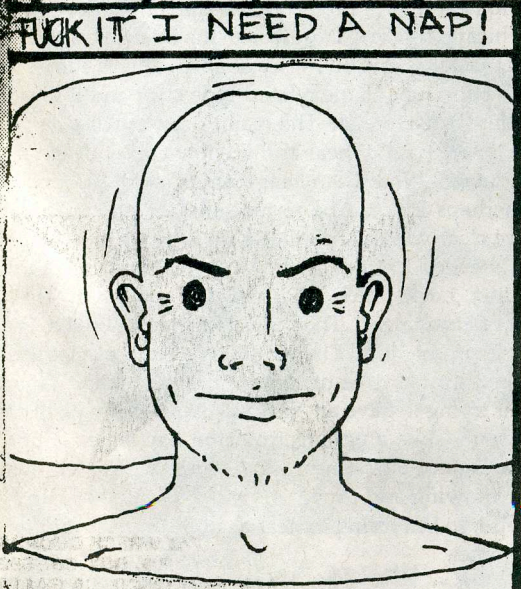
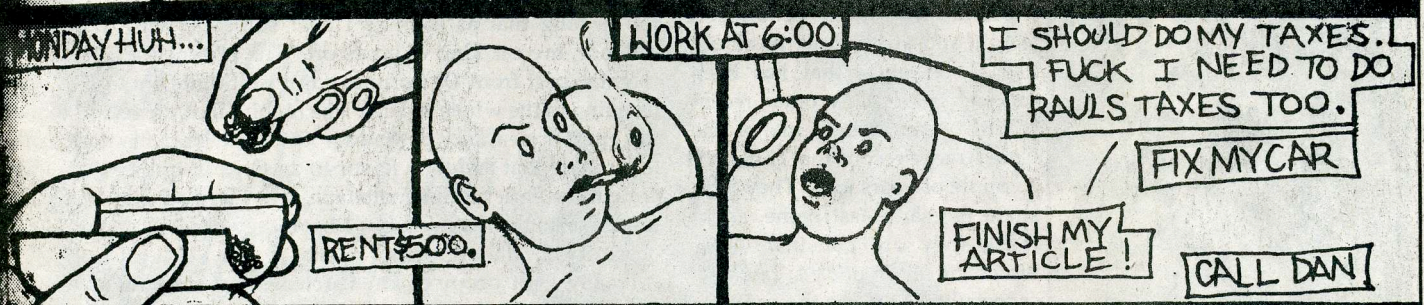
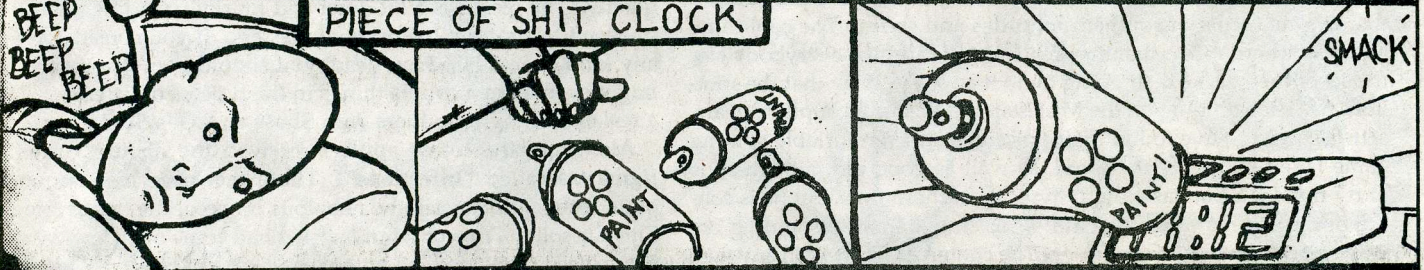
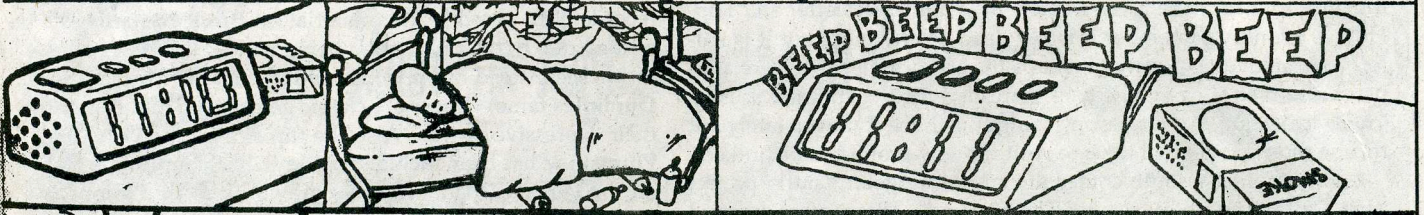
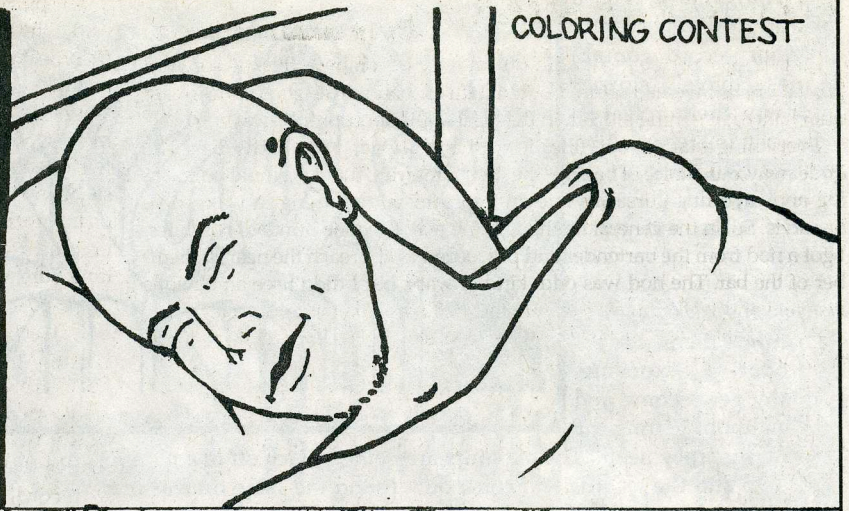
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# GETTIN' UP? WITH MARK TUPP.



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GRAFITTIIST.  
OR  
WHY THIS ARTICLE  
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MAIL COLORED ENTRIES TO SLUG MAG. PRIZES!



Things have been a little slow this month. Major record companies have slowed down their releases, saving the records that they think are going to be huge in the summer. The independents keep churning along, but without a bunch of money behind them to get proper exposure, many gems come and go without getting the

push that they need. The big tours are going to kick off in a month or two and the records will come out around the same time as the tour in order to make more money. It is a business after all. Hip-Hop as I fondly remember it is not dead or anything, but it is suffering from over exposure. Perhaps the art form needs to take a little vacation so it can come back refreshed for the summer season. There are a couple of interesting things that have come out lately but for the moment we will have to wait for new ground to be broken.

Out of the dirty south comes the latest **Dungeon Family** project **Slim Calhoun** with his debut "**The Skinny**". This is a solid record that is a reflection of southern attitudes and styles. The cool thing about southern folk is that they really don't care what everybody else thinks of their style, their going to do it anyway. Now that the spotlight has been shining on the Mississippi delta for a couple of years, artists seem to have found their voice and feel comfortable spitting game laden stories of the grind, as well as good old anthem-style party music. **Slim** has a pretty typical southern flow, but he is confident and seems to understand whose shoulders he's standing on.

The content is not new in any way shape or form, but the production is tight and precise and the album has a continuity that has been missing from many other recent records. It reminds me of the **Cool Breeze** record that came out a couple of years ago. They both share the same last name, and I think they are cousins. This won't be everybody's favorite, especially if you like the complex "underground" type flows, but it is fun to listen to and you don't really have to skip tracks. There are guest appearances from **Cool Breeze**, **Andre** and **Big Boi**, and others. It's better than **Ludacris** to me, so pick it up if you like that type of thing.

From the real dungeons of Hip-Hop comes the re-release of the **KMD** classic "**Black Bastards**". If you've been around for a while, you may remember that this album got dropped and fronted on because of its controversial cover art. Things were sure different in the early 90's. The cover seems pretty tame compared to the photos on the back of the "**Dead Prez**" record. I got a copy



of this record in '93 from some bootleg European pressing. For years I had it on tape and I wore the damn rust of the reels. If only **Subroc** had lived, he'd probably be unstoppable on the production by now. If any of you are unfamiliar with **KMD** it was **MF Doom** (at the time **Zev Love X**) and his brother **Subroc**

(R.I.P.). They initially appeared on 3<sup>rd</sup> **Bass**'s infamous **Gas Face** record, and went on to record one of the most influential Hip-Hop records "**Mr. Hood**". The material on **Black Bastards** is a bit less refined due to the production being handled almost exclusively by the artists instead of previous producer **Dante Ross** (of **Stimulated Dummies** fame). These are classic gems, from minds at the peak of their expressive power. Also the flip side of the **Peachfuzz** single, **Plumskinz** has been included along with a couple cuts that weren't on the version I had. The one drawback of this record is the EQ quality. The record is a bit quiet and murky sounding and I swear it wasn't taken from the original masters. If you consider yourself any kind of real Hip-Hop head, you should own this record. You might even learn a couple things in the process of listening. This is a real classic, right up there with **Show & A.G.**'s **Soul Clap** e.p.

Also from the rotten apple I received the debut LP from the **Jigmastas** called "**Infectious**". These cats have been around for quite awhile, floating in the nebulous limbo of the "underground". This is a solid NY record, but I wish it had come out a few years ago. I have been so overloaded with the New York "Shorty Wildin'" style for so long that as soon as I hear someone with that particular cadence, my ear kind of shuts off. The production is solid as you might expect from **DJ Spinna**, but it isn't quite enough to keep me listening to the whole record. The highlight of the record to me was the guest appearance by **Saddat X** who delivers his trademark off-kilter style that as much flavor to an already quirky track. This is the cut for your summer mixtape, and I'm glad that these cats are finally seeing some light, but I hope they don't slide away into the obscurity of "underground" music.

Finally, I got a copy of **The Circle** hailing from our own Salt Lake City. I'm glad to hear a local project that has it's own flavor to it. I grew up with chicano cats and I appreciate the nuances of sounding original and not jocking anybody else's sound. This is some pretty straightforward Hip-Hop/Game related type stuff and it sounds a hell of a lot better than average. The major drawback for me is the EQing. The lyrics are hard to hear and the low and high-end crush any mid tone sounds. What I can hear sounds lovely, but on a second pressing perhaps it could be re-mastered so we can hear the lyrics a bit more clearly. I can tell that a lot of work went into this project and it is a good effort. The MC's featured are **A-Train**, **Mossberg**, **Mantra**, **Lucky**, **Envy**, **D-Ruck**, and **100 proof**. This is a good showcase of local talent. The thing I like most about it, is that it's a home-made production. These are some Salt Lake locals that are proud of their city and want to put it on the map. Nobody sounds like their trying to have an "official" New York type of style, and it doesn't sound like anything from the Bay either. Support local talent always, and if you hear anyone hating, ask 'em where their record is. Showing and Proving is more of a part of Hip-Hop than anything else, so I'm trying to hear a couple more local groups come out by summer.







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# The Tiki Summer Nationals

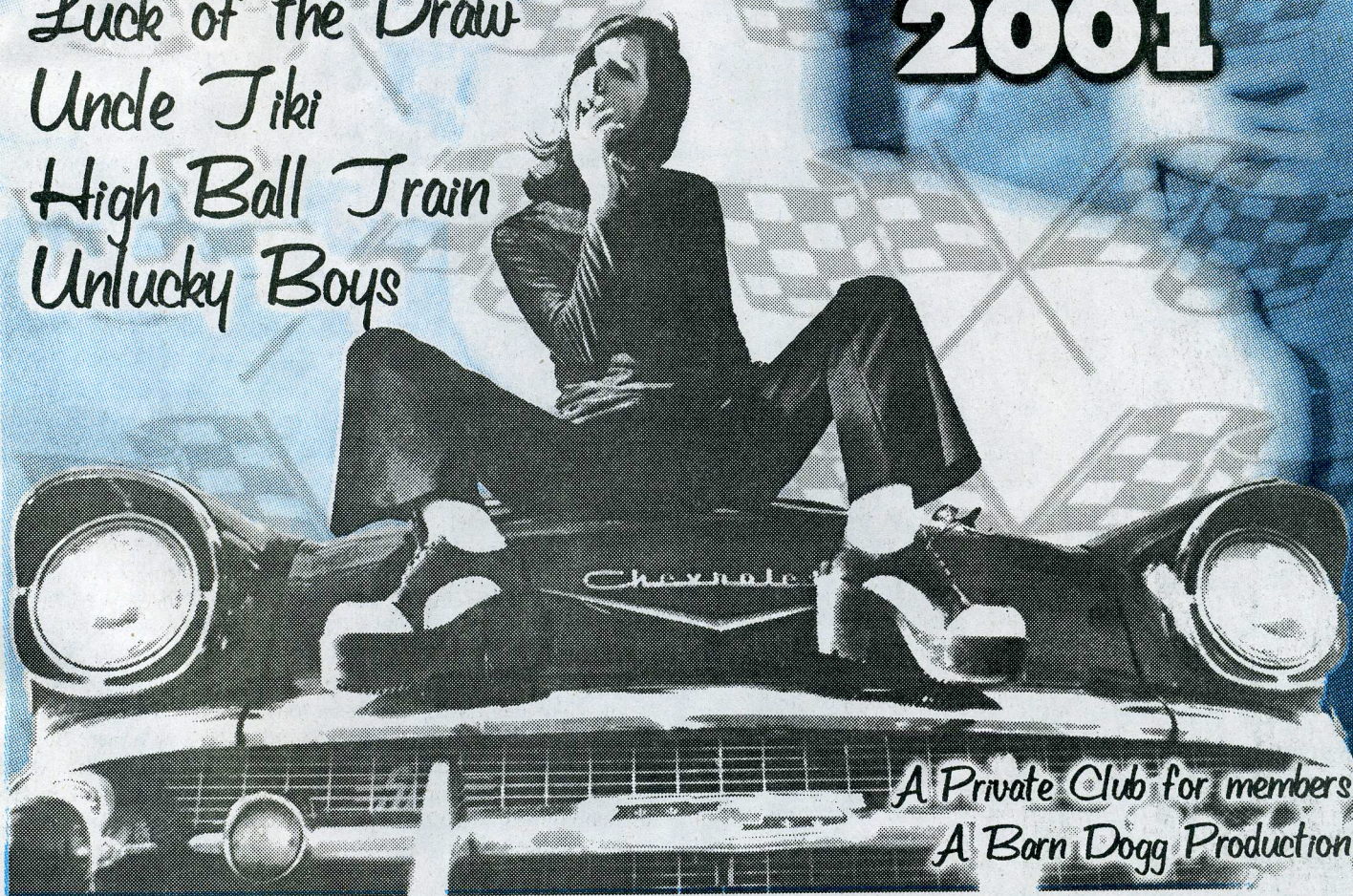
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Entertainment from  
Luck of the Draw  
Uncle Tiki  
High Ball Train  
Unlucky Boys

**June 2nd  
2001**



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# Reviews & Interviews

## ineland

by Brian Staker

### Hot Rods to Hell: a Very Special Episode of Zineland

This month's zine isn't just a zine; it's a way of life somehow captured inside the pages, photographs and words held in between its glossy covers. Car Kulture is far beyond what anyone could dismiss as a "hobby," and Car Kulture Deluxe Magazine (formerly Hot Rod Deluxe) has everything from cars to clothes to babes. There are even how-to tips for the do-it-yourselfers, to help them economically build their own. Publisher Aaron Lasky has had just about the closest thing to a "rags-to-riches-to-rags" story in the zine-ing world, going from full corporate backing to having to start from scratch and produce the zine on his own. And he's coming here June 2, with the rockabilly band Luck of the Draw for the 2nd Annual Summer Tiki Nationals at (where else) Burt's Tiki Lounge with bands, BBQ & a car show in the parking lot. We got some "kulture" with him over the phone on one of the first warm days in April.

He explains his fascination. "I've been into cars since I was a little kid. My uncle ran the first drag strip in Detroit, so I was exposed to muscle cars at an early age." In the early 80's he came out to California and worked his way up in the publishing world, starting in ad sales for corporate publisher of automotive magazines, Peterson. "I got burnt out on muscle cars," he explains. "Four years ago I picked up a Cadillac and started going to rockabilly shows.

He worked his way up the publishing ladder to finally arrive as Publisher of Hot Rod Deluxe in December 1998. "The response was terrific," he enthuses. "We sold 29,000, but the company didn't think there'd be a market outside Southern California." This was disproved by the range of letters from as far away as Australia. The second issue, produced in June 2000, did even better, selling 40,000. The authentic content and style of the magazine, and even the old style typefaces, made it seem like you're thumbing through a time machine; it almost could've been a relic of the 50's. Features include boss

drawings sent in by readers, tips on how to convert what is just an "old car" into a custom, a feature on Ed Roth, pinup girls, record reviews, product reviews that include anything faux leopard and a money belt attaching the leg of a pair of nylons, and of course, cars cars cars! With few ads, this mag really does run as lean and clean as a hopped up engine.

For the publishers, that was part of the problem. "After the second issue, we didn't have a dedicated sales team. Peterson was bought by a British firm, EMAP, who was very conservative. They were afraid that the mag would detract from their more mainstream Hot Rod Magazine." After working for the company for 18 years, he quit, and got new investors to back him to put it out on his own. "Investors cover the hard costs. A publisher is like a movie producer. Peterson had circulation, distribution and sales departments. Now I'm doing it all, until we make money and staff up. But," he adds, "I have more control." The first issue of CKDeluxe hits the stands in June, and after that it'll be a quarterly, like its predecessor.

What's this car kulture all about? "It's a lifestyle," he explains. "It's about pre-65 hot rods and customs, not high tech. We are aimed at the backyard builder. Some people are into it because of the music and clothes, and some are into the cars. There's a group called

**Coupe Science**  
A STYLING GUIDE

**1. The Reels**  
The first of the reels is the most basic, a simple black and white photo of a car. The second reel is a color photo of a car with a custom paint job. The third reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom body kit. The fourth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom interior. The fifth reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom engine. The sixth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom suspension. The seventh reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom exhaust. The eighth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom steering wheel. The ninth reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom dashboard. The tenth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom seat. The eleventh reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door handle. The twelfth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door sill. The thirteenth reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door hinge. The fourteenth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door latch. The fifteenth reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door lock. The sixteenth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door key. The seventeenth reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door handle. The eighteenth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door sill. The nineteenth reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door hinge. The twentieth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door latch. The twenty-first reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door lock. The twenty-second reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door key. The twenty-third reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door handle. The twenty-fourth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door sill. The twenty-fifth reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door hinge. 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The ninety-eighth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door latch. The ninety-ninth reel is a black and white photo of a car with a custom door lock. The hundredth reel is a color photo of a car with a custom door key.

the Shifters, who only listen to real traditional rockabilly. One binding thing, everyone enjoys the whole rockabilly music. Somebody said Elvis was the first rockabilly. My friend Johnny Wretched said rockabilly is white guys playing black music. Most people into it weren't even born in the 50's." Yet the "kulture" seems pretty strict about its 50's fetish, disregarding anything that even hints of 60's or later. Beer is a given, but the only other intoxicant might have been a few accidental whiffs of paint fumes.

"It's a throwback to a simpler time," Lasky admits. "It's a good clean hobby, and provides a sense of community, which a lot of scenes don't have. I've hung out in all different kinds of scenes, and I've met some of the nicest people in this one." He offers some trivia: "Did you know why they cuffed the jeans originally? To use as ashtrays. And fuzzy dice was a present from your

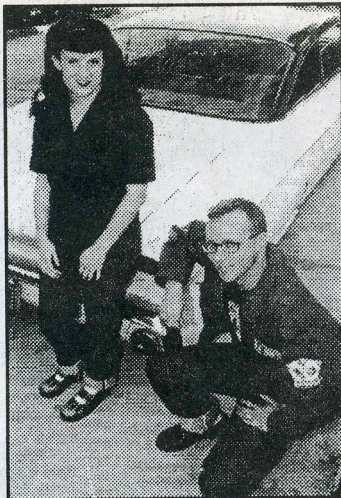


steadily to show that you were taken. The fifties weren't all "Happy Days;" there was a lot of tension and change in the air. But we try to look back at the positive things."

"Guys like Ed Roth, Mouse, and George Barris really meant a lot," he continues. "I was born in the 60's, and remember wearing their t-shirts. Roth's stuff was so far out; it went with a real outlaw hot rod image. He was a major influence on artists and cars. He was always known as a character, and was very cool. He was a bit of a nut but nice. He wasn't corporate; he was an individualist. He was always a fun guy, and posted stuff frequently to his webpage (edroth.com), including pictures from his fans. He always remembered my name when I saw him at car shows, and he meets a lot of people. He was always approachable. He could be in the middle of a big pinstriping job, and if a kid asked him for an autograph it was granted."

He notes that Roth was working in his garage the very day of his fatal heart attack this April.

Lasky is excited to visit Utah for the Summer Tiki Nationals. "I'll be doing a feature for Car Kulture Deluxe, definitely. I'm coming with Luck of the Draw. There may not be much car culture here, but there are a few people, like this guy "Speed Freak" Mike; he's a real great guy Mike. I know there are a few



others. The thing about a place like Utah where car kulture isn't hot, like LA, is that the people who are into it are more hard-core. They have to put more effort into it, when you don't have the parts and stuff available everywhere." He adds that he hopes to shoot pictures for the magazine's growing gallery of pinup girls while here. Other bands at the show include Uncle Tiki, Unlucky Boys, Wormdrive, Highball Train, and Jade (formerly Doublewide). In the meantime, check out Car Kulture Deluxe, if you can find it at our finer magazine dealers here. Check out the website at [ckdeluxe.com](http://ckdeluxe.com).

And remember, send YOUR ZINES to Zineland, 2225 S. 500 E. #206, SLC UT 84106. Send poetry, essays, collages, photos etc. for our homemade zine too! Come up with a cool name for it & you'll get some kind of prize!



## Unlucky Boys May Shows

5th ABC's (provo)\*

13th Zephyr\*

15th ABC'S (provo)\*

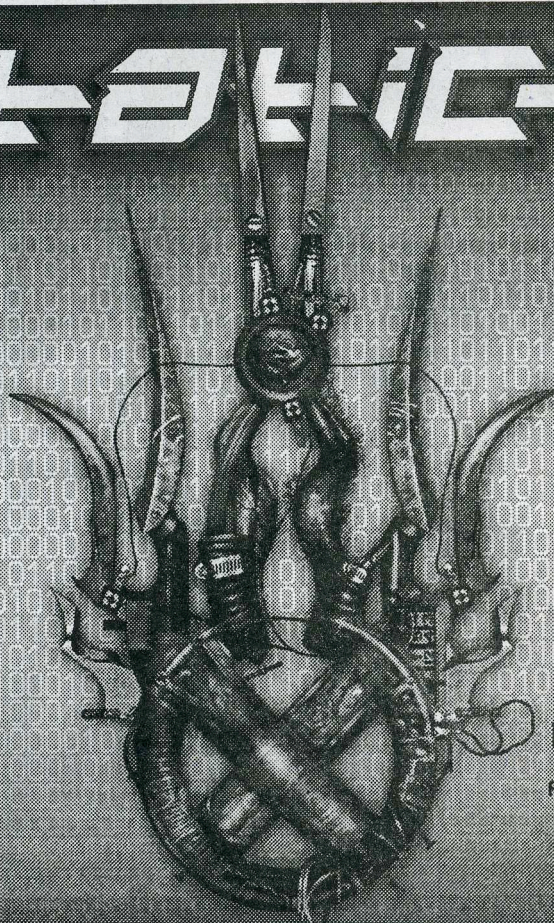
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# Joey Ramone

5/51-4/01

On Easter Sunday of 2001, the punk rock world lost a beloved icon. Joey Ramone was one to the founding fathers of the music we know and love. From 1974 to 1996 he performed over 2,000 concerts to crowds around the world. From their modest start in New York to the final concert in Los Angeles in 1996, we all owe The Ramones a salute of gratitude. Whether it be the radio hit, "I Wanna Be Sedated", to the ever so popular "Rock & Roll High School", to my personal favorite "I Don't Wanna Grow Up", the Ramones have become punk rock legends, and have never had a single in the top twenty. What does that tell you about great music? In remembrance of Joey and the legacy that the Ramones have left on our scene, I ask that everyone who reads this article hold up your glass and give a cheer to Joey on his 50th birthday, May 19th. Keep rock alive.  
R.I.P.

-uncle dick



# GET OFF YOUR ASS, IT'S TIME TO ROCK!!

with: Buck McDancer

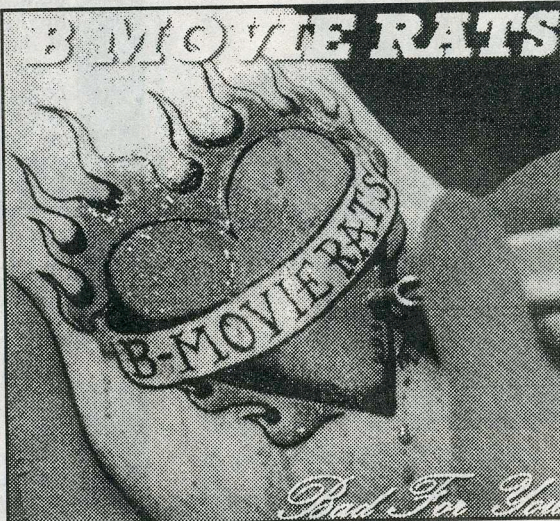
On Tuesday, May 22nd @ Kilby Court for only FIVE FUCKING DOLLARS!! Let's say that again, FIVE FUCKING DOLLARS!! You can check out the band that started the "rock and roll revolution" The B-Movie Rats! These five average Joes combine to make the baddest rock and roll band since Mick Jagger shaved his balls, and called himself a ballerina. This is their first EVER appearance in SLC, so get out there and check 'em out, before I kick you in the teeter-totter, you readin' me? This band has rocked out for quite a few years, and has a near-legendary album on L.A.'s Junk Records. The album's called, *Bad For You*, and it really fucking is. Me and the old lady got spun one night and drove around Magna throwing cans of tomato soup at old ladies with this album cranked.. Oh yeah!!

Next up on the bill is a band

that's near and dear to my heart. Any time a group of goddamn hillbillies like these come out of the woodwork, is a good time for Buck. That's right folks, Seattle's **Load Levelers**, are making a stop right here, specifically to play this show. For those of you that ain't heard of them, this band is comprised of former members of Zeke, Shark Chum, and I think, **The Monkees**, (or something). Buck's had the pleasure of checking these guys out when they played at the fabulous Burt's Tiki, and by Jesus, I bought all the paraphernalia I could get my grease covered mitts on. These crazy fuckers will blow your doors off. Fast, loud, and down home, just like I likes 'em..

The next featured band on the bill is Salt Lake City's own

**Thunderfist**. I haven't had the pleasure of making their acquaint-



tance, but my friends tell me that the singer is a crazy fucker who likes to set fire to his genitals, or eat babies, or something. Punk Rock!!

Rounding out the show will be **The Icarus Line** from Lost Angeles. This is a group that plays fast, trashy, and loud, so they'll get along great with everybody. I've heard tale that this is the boys, second U.S. tour, and their first was

with the **International Noise Conspiracy** last year. They've had a single on the Epitaph offshoot, Hellcat Records, and are poised to knock the shit off your kickers, and make your ears ring. Maybe they'll convince you that looking like you haven't eaten or seen the sun in a year is bad. Buck doesn't have all the answers, just some.

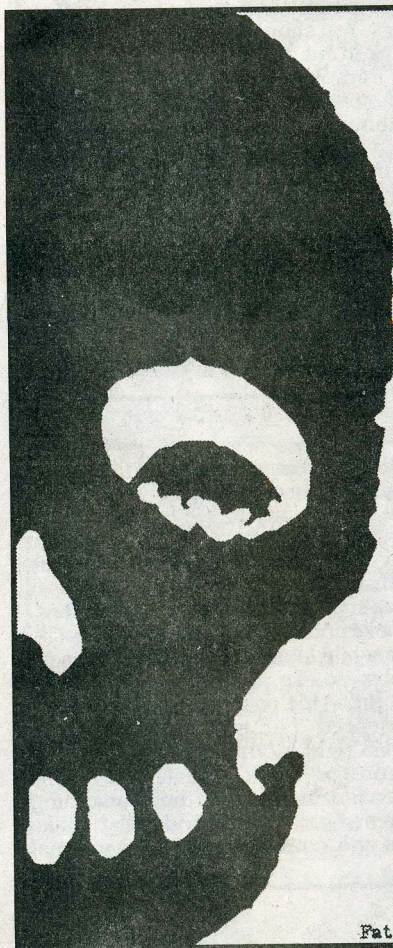
Last but not least is another SLC local band, **The Kill**. I haven't heard too much about them, but what I've heard is good, I got it from reliable sources, and goddamn it, we'll see. More power noise from the city of salt. I can fucking dig it.

Sounds like a lot don't it? Shit yes, it is a lot. I think it might be too much rock and roll for you pansies to handle. Now, it's up to you to get your scrawny, no account, jobless, out of work, teenage (or older) ass away from watching Jackass for five minutes and come out to see a rock spectacle so fucking big you will never forget. To sum it up: TUESDAY, MAY 22nd. KILBY COURT, 5 DOLLARS, B-MOVIE RATS, LOAD LEVELERS, THUNDERFIST, THE ICARUS LINE, and THE KILL. Now do something about it.

# MXPX

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SHA-LA-LA-LA... SHA-LA-LA-LA-LA

page 15



# Glitter, Gutter,



## and Trash

Coming up in June will the Dark Arts Festival so perfect your poetry, figure out those last three chords to "Daydream Believer," dust off the powder wigs and pick up a nice summer black ensemble. Rumor also has it that Fridays at @ have switched to a more dark and friendly format. Bloodletting will be much easier... I know you were worried.

More to the point this month's column focuses on recent downbeat releases so when summer hits we'll be able to focus on more up-tempo debauchery (including a new **Marc Almond** release and maybe I'll list ten reasons why last years' Mel C record rules).

NGRY LUCY APPARITIONS FISHTANK  
SOUNDWORKS

Remember when **Switchblade Symphony** tried to record a trip-hop record? On paper it seemed like a good idea to mix goth with jazz influenced rhythms but turned out to be a horrible mess of nonsensical lyrics against sub-par instrumentation. **Sunday Munich** took the idea a step further with their first release and by their second album proved that goth meets trip-hop was a possibility. Apparitions picks up there and pushes the genre a step further. The band, **War-N Harrison of Fishtank [no.9]** and vocalist **Christa Belle**, impressively merge genres with neither goth nor trip-hop forced to take a second seat. The atmosphere is positively darkwave and the drums definitely are not, the vocals are subtle, as they should be, and they've thrown an excellent cover of **Depeche Mode's** "Blue Dress" that doesn't overshadow their originals.

Also there are two EP's recently released in England worthy of your attention: **Hope Sandoval** (the voice of **Mazzy Star**) & **The Warm Inventions** at the doorway again lacks the midnight atmosphere of **Mazzy Star's** releases while keeping the minimalist instrumentation. Four good songs but it leaves you longing for the next **Mazzy Star** release. **Violet Indiana's Choke** however leaves me anxious for a full-length release. The combination of **Siobhan De Mere** (the voice of **Mono**) and **Robin Guthrie** (guitarist for the **Cocteau Twins**) is sublime not because it sounds like the **Cocteau Twins** with recognizable lyrics but because it picks up where stargazing was abandoned for trip-hop and fuses them together. Very much like early **Moon Seven Times** or **Slowdive** with a jazz club vibe.

MANDALAY  
V2 SOLACE

Perhaps you are sick of hearing me talk about them but finally **Nicola Hitchcock** and **Saul Freeman** see the light of day in the United States. **Solace** is a compilation of tracks pulled from the band's UK releases **Instinct** and **Empathy** with a b-side thrown in for good measure. Much has been made of **Madonna's** comment that they are her favorite band. This is a bit misleading because **Mandalay** has yet to sound the least bit like **Madonna**. They are warmer than **Portishead**, less clubland than **Everything But The Girl**, less dramatic than **Mono** and unquestionably brilliant. The first pressing comes with a bonus disc of remixes (a bit more club worthy but not butchered for a techno crowd). Buy it, if you hate it track me down and force me to buy it off of you.

IN THE NURSERY  
SIREN MP3.COM

I know you've heard of **In The Nursery**, but you've never heard **In The Nursery**. You ignored their brilliant albums **Deco**, **Anatomy of a Poet**, **Duality**, and the recent **Groundloop**. Maybe you've picked up one of their various compilation albums and scanned the track list and set it down because you didn't recognize any of the songs. I know the excuses because I was the same way until one day I bought **Duality** and thankfully never looked back. They combine classical elements with electronics in a more subtle and effective way than **Attrition** and the female vocals are used as an instrument within the music and not something that distracts you from it. **Siren** is a wonderful way to introduce yourself to the band, it's inexpensive, you don't have to leave your desk because it is exclusively at [mp3.com](http://mp3.com) and three or four days later it shows up at your house.

SUNFALL FESTIVAL  
MONDAY 23

Perhaps you've heard of them because they won a great deal of money after their song "I Walked Away" was voted number one on [garageband.com](http://garageband.com) merely beating out 20,000 other songs. You should know them because they write solid songs in the tradition of **the Sundays** and other college radio favorites before grunge dropped in and made the record labels paranoid about signing the next big thing. Their releases are strong, this one in particular has a more full sound and they've got considerable talent. If **Sunfall Festival** is lacking anything it is enthusiasm when they play live. Vocalist **Amy Greetham** isn't as mysterious as **Hope Sandoval** and she isn't as comfortable with an audience as **Natalie Merchant**, she's stuck somewhere in-between. It wasn't until the band broke into **Bowie's** "Space Oddity" (which **Natalie Merchant** was playing on her last tour oddly enough) that it looked like anyone on stage was having a good time.

LOW  
THINGS WE LOST IN THE FIRE  
KRANKY

A roommate talked through August of **Low's** excellence and little else. So when they showed up in **Provo** I wasn't about to miss the opportunity to see for myself. He hadn't lied. He hadn't even exaggerated. If you missed them you should have been there. Now you know. You should also know that **Things We Lost In The Fire** is equally as good. It is a stark and emotional confessional with enough pop hooks and twists to satisfy the easily bored. It is reflective while looking forward, sentimental and beautifully obscure like reading someone else's journal and feeling guilty for connecting with events you haven't experienced but someday hope to. Everything that was right about the **Red House Painters** with less acoustics, a mix of male and female vocals, a non-traditional drum set and then something thrown in to set them apart from bands that make experimental records and not brilliant unconventional records.



Let's clear a few things up. The rating system I started incorporating a few months ago is a fucking headache. People wanted ratings. Too many people saying they couldn't tell whether I liked the disc or not by the review alone. I don't blame them, I wonder myself sometimes. However, I have come to the conclusion that my ratings are very non-consistent. It blows my mind that I can give **Godhead** a higher rating than **Siechtum**, or can give **L'ame Immortelle** the same rating as **Pigface**. It fucking sickens me. The rating system is not going away, but changing. Before I never really used a scale to rate the albums. I just picked a high number if I liked it, and a low number if I didn't.

From now on, the ratings are as follows:

**A Rating of 0:** Took a shit and wiped my ass with it.

**A Rating of 1:** Barely worth the time of one listen-through

**A Rating of 2:** Some merit, mediocre at best.

**A Rating of 3:** Average. Nothing new, but worth the money.

**A Rating of 4:** Very good release. Flawed only by 1 or 2 tracks, or monotony.

**A Rating of 5:** Unreservedly mindblowing. Audio bliss from start to finish.

Also taking a break from the top ten this month. With as much material that gets sent to me I still find myself listening to most of the same stuff as before. You may have noticed the same artists appearing over and over again each month for that reason. I am working at getting a month-to-month rotation each month between **Area 51's Das Maschine** and **Modified Music** to compile a top ten for **Modus Operandi**. **Das Maschine DJ's Reverend 23** and **Unit:1-Amy-7** printing the top ten songs they played that got the most club response, and **Modified** will be putting together a list of the top ten albums of the genre that are selling the best or asked about the most. That's enough from me, on with the show...

L'ame Immortelle

Dann Habe Ich Umsonst Gelebt

Matrix Cube/Trisol

Rating: 4

I was very surprised at the amount of negativity I heard about this album before I actually got a chance to listen to it. I have to say that I'm rather impressed. Though it's not the best material I have heard come from the Austrian trio, it lays in very good standing. Exhibiting once again a very nice balance between aggression and depression with songs like "Forgive Me" and "Voiceless" that leave you wondering if you should break out the razor blades or punch the closest person to you in the face. The blend of male and female vocals bring out a very strong, very sinister sound that just seemed annoying of their first album, and a little too synth-pop on other previous works. Their song "Slut" that appeared on the Inception Records compilation *Counterbalance* is also on *Dann Habe Ich Umsonst Gelebt* and is probably the least impressive song on the album. An older track "Life Will Never Be the Same Again" has been reworked as a bonus track featuring the vocals of **London After Midnight's Sean Brennan**, and the European club hit "Judgement". Had this album been on cassette I would've worn it out by now. So very very good.

# modus operandi

industrial

written by  
j.cameron

electro  
ebm



Oghr

Welt

Spitfire Records, Inc.

Rating: 2.5

I'm not sure what to say. I mean, it's **Nivek Ogre**, the biggest icon in the industrial world. I would like to lie to myself and say that I like it a lot because it's disappointing when somebody you admire so much puts out something that sucks, especially with as much anticipation as this release had. At first listen, I liked it, but slowly the denial left and the reality set in. It's not all **Ogre's** fault though. **Mark Walk** is also party to this project, which may I add has actually been in the works for a number of years. The original project was going to be called **Welt**, which was changed for some reason and ended up as the name of the album. There were some major issues with labels or whatever with the release of **Welt**, hence the substantial delay. I'd like to say it was worth the wait, but that would make me a liar.



Assemblage 23

Failure

Gashed

Rating: 5

Call it a hunch, but from the moment I opened up the jewel case and read the words "In loving memory of my father, who took his life Thursday, October 28th, 1999." I had the feeling this was going to be a depressing one, which indeed it is. I have grown quite fond of **Assemblage 23** in the last year or so since I heard the first release *Contempt*. To compare *Failure* to *Contempt* would be nothing short of foolish; like night and day. *Contempt* had too many songs that were extremely weak in the verses but then had a powerful chorus or closing. *Failure* is 10 tracks of flawless audio. His sound has grown darker, the production is twice as good (produced by **David Din**), and the composition is unbelievable. "Disappoint", a track obviously written about his deceased father, is so full of emotion and so depressing, yet so dancey at the same time. It's one of those songs that has you really paying attention to the lyrics and listening close to hear exactly what he's saying. The closing track "King of Insects" is very different from anything he's ever done, and my personal favorite track he's ever written. No bassed out-kicks, just mild percussion with chilling string work and disturbing impressions. I could go on forever rambling about how brilliant I think **Tom Shear** is, but I'll just try to leave you with a distinct impression that this is the best release thus far for 2001.

SIECHTUM

Siechtum

Kreuz:X:Feuer

Matrix Cube/Trisol

Rating: 1.5

**Seichthum's** first release, *Gesellschaft:Mord*, was pretty good. A little weak at points, but above average all the way around. I thought that he had a very good vision and that he would have a better grasp on the sound he was trying to achieve, and next album would be twice as good. That theory had a hole or two in it. This sucks. Really is awful. The sick noise-core beats and creative sampling **Seichthum** had laid on us before has turned into boring, trancey crap. 'Nuff said.



# The Deuce Factory

By: White Trash Steve

I'm in love with my car. It's big, American and best of all; it's got a big block Ford V-8. John Dillinger once wrote a letter to thank Henry Ford, saying that he only stole Fords with the V-8 in them. Why? Because the V-8 engine is one of the greatest achievements of mankind thus far. It was the V-8's speed and power made available to the average driver (or get-away driver) that led to what would become the great American sport of going really fast-enter the Hot Rod.

Make no mistake about it, rodding is American. G.I.s returning from WWII started modifying the cheap and abundant supply of cars like the Model T and the Model A, and most notably of course the '32 Ford, the "Deuce." Rodding has been around for over 50 years, and it has been a dream of mine for some time now to talk to the man whose hot rod shop on 1300 South always gets my attention. The shop is Lockhart Enterprises, and the man is Jerry Lockhart.

Mr. Lockhart has been into cars his entire life, building racing cars with his grandfather and father at the age of ten. A tour of his shop is like taking a stroll through an artist's gallery, many works in progress, but all works of a master at his craft. Mr. Lockhart was beyond kind in his readiness to share some of his stories about rodding here in Utah.

"The Big Daddy", Ed Roth...

"I was fortunate enough to meet Ed Roth way back in the '60s," Lockhart states. Most famous for his "Rat Fink" character, Roth was a unique force not only in rodding, but in motorcycles and three wheel

trikes too. Lockhart knew the "King of the Monster Painters" first hand, meeting him at his prime at Hot Rod conventions in L.A. "He's been into the shop several times over the years," Lockhart added, "he was a great gentleman, and it's really a great loss to lose someone like him." A great loss indeed.

**Rodders Big, Rodders Small...**

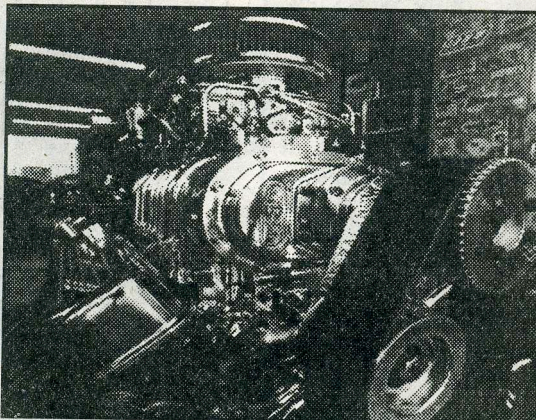
Apart from knowing Moab's Ed Roth, Lockhart has worked on cars belonging to just about everyone under the sun in Utah. "We've done work for Rich at The Big Deluxe, the Osmonds, Karl Malone, doctors, lawyers, police officers even Circuit Court Judges, You find out that hot rodders are hot rodders, you really don't pay attention to what they do" Lockhart stated. Rodding is a great equalizer, "Once everyone's in their hot rod, you can't tell the doctor from the next guy, that's what makes it special."

**The Kids Are Alright...**

"To someone in their mid-20's, a '32 Ford is like a covered wagon," Lockhart joked.

Rodding does come in more than one shape and size, it always has and always will. Someone who tricks out a Honda for speed or a custom look is equal to the rodders of old in Lockhart's eyes. "If you want to build a school bus with three blown big blocks, that's a hot rod the same as a '32 Ford."

With the laws changing to get all old cars off of the road for good, someone needs to get the Utah Historical Society to designate The Lockhart Enterprises building on 60 East 1300 South as a Utah treasure when Lockhart and co. relocate to his new 15,000 square foot location in a year or so. If you are a hot rodder at heart or just someone who enjoys American art in its various forms, stop by Lockhart Enterprises and take look through the window into the Deuce Factory.



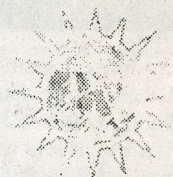
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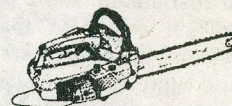
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# INDIE LABEL SPOTLIGHT: BAD AFRO

by Stakerized!

By definition, "indie" record labels don't need to be tied to any specific locality, like major labels are to major cities. But different regions have their own flavors. From one of the seemingly least-likely geographies comes **Bad Afro Records**, a garage rock label in Denmark devoted to "Pushing Scandinavian Rock to the Man." In SLUG's Hot Rod Issue it's just natural to go to the garage for our indie label spotlight. Lars Krogh, label founder, lets his own bad self all hang out.

*What led you to start the label? Why the name Bad Afro?*

I had been thinking of starting a label for some time. In 1996 I could see that there was a new breed of bands coming up. At this point there was still bands like The Nomads and Turbonegro around but bands like The Hellcopters, Gluecifer and The Flaming Sideburns where just starting out and I wanted to exploit that on 7". So I went to the bank to make a loan for a new sofa and that ended up as the first 7" in the Bad Afro Hustler Singles Club. We are now up to 27 singles. The second 7" was The Hellcopters, and soon The Nomads, Turbonegro and Gluecifer followed. My interest for Scandinavian rock came through a magazine called Moshable that I was editor of 1986-2000. Early on we had a big focus on Scandinavian rock and we received all the early demos and 7"s from the new local bands and it was pretty obvious that something big was about to happen. The name Bad Afro comes from my love for blaxploitation movies like Superfly, Shaft etc. The name doesn't really mean anything, but it's one that you remember and the logo with the bad pusher type with an Afro and a joint in his mouth looks cool.

*What is the state of rock in Scandinavia right now? Although I had heard from a few bands like the Nomads I had no idea there was such a garage scene going on.*

Well, the last 5 years a lot of bands have appeared in Scandinavia. Hard to tell why. An important fact is The Hellcopters. They came out of the underground and showed the other bands that it is possible to get hard rocking music played on the radio, do tours and be in magazines. They gave confidence to all the bands in the garage that never thought their music would be of interest to the public. And out they came and even more bands followed. There was a garage boom in Scandinavia in the mid 80's and so it returned 10 years later even bigger. A few bands to look out for: The Flaming Sideburns, The Maggots, The Hellcopters, Chronics, Cato Salsa Experience, The Hives, Sewergrooves, The Burnouts, Royal Beat Conspiracy, Sweatmaster, Strollers, Defectors, Backyard Babies, Turbonegro and many more. All have different styles but the quality is very high

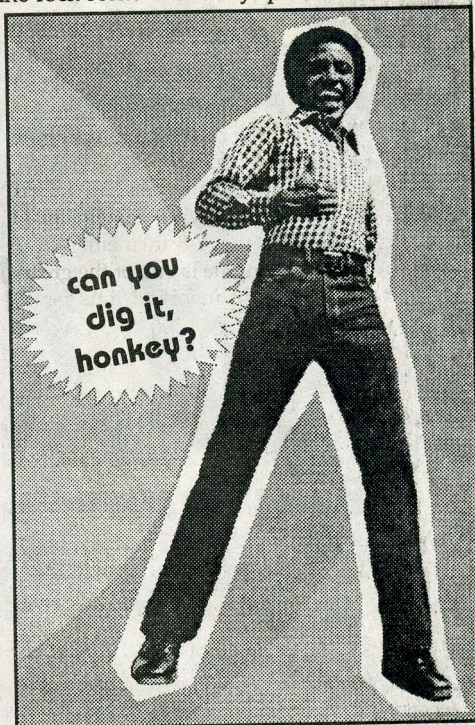
compared to many other places in the world right now-including the US.

*How do you go about finding bands to be on the label? What do you look for in a band that makes it right for your label? What peculiarities are there in running a label there? For instance, is there as much pressure to sell a certain amount, even on an indie, as there is here? How difficult is it to get distribution & publicity there?*

It's hard to say how I choose bands-sometimes from demos, sometimes from a live show I really got into, sometimes it's good friends of mine and sometimes it's from a record I have heard. For me it's very important that you can have a good relationship with the band you work with, so personality is important too. *I don't wanna waste my time working with idiots. So it helps being a pot smoking, beer drinking rock'n'roll asshole!* Also my personal taste in music is king when I choose a band and in this process it's not important to me if the record will sell or not. I have to be proud of it myself. There is always a pressure to sell records though. The economy for small labels are very limited and you are up against the big labels with loads of money. One thing I have learned is that it is not enough to have a good record-that doesn't sell anything in itself. You need to promote it and that's where it's hard for a small label. I have a side job at a news agency to be able to pay the rent although I spend 40 hours a week on Bad Afro without getting paid a dime. Distribution is another thing that is very difficult for a small label. You have to be cautious not to get ripped off and at the same time distribution is the key to selling records. Right now Bad Afro is available in most of Europe, Australia, Canada and through Hepcat, Cargo and Zerotec in the US. I have just been to the US with the Burnouts and even though we work with several companies I noticed how hard it was to find my records. Distribution is something you can just keep on working at. *How about the live club scene there? What's it like? How well do people support the bands? Do live shows and recordings feed off each other, as is the case sometimes here? Any stateside tours planned for any of your roster?*

The local scene in Copenhagen is not very happening. Sure we have some bands but Denmark never was a rock'n'roll country. A good thing about Copenhagen though is that we have a lot of bands passing through. Of course I have seen bands like The Hellcopters and Flaming Sideburns a lot (like 15-20 times each) but also a lot of European and American bands play here. I guess I go out twice a week to see shows and one of the reasons why Bad Afro only do Scandinavian bands is that I can see them on a regular basis. We have maybe 4 or 5 clubs who host rock shows here in Copenhagen. But even though the scene is small here I have noticed from travelling around the world that

the rock scene is actually quite small in most



places. As for Bad Afro bands in the US, The Burnouts have just been there for some shows on the East Coast and the SXSW. But it is very hard for European bands to come to the US-no money, no food, no place to sleep and two beers each. So it makes sense that a lot of US bands come to Europe, here they actually get treated pretty well. That "pay to play" attitude really sucks. The promoters can treat you like shit because the competition is so hard. And they exploit that.

*What do you foresee for Bad Afro in the future? Any new musical directions? I have your list of upcoming releases like the new Flaming Sideburns, but what after that?*

My plan is to continue doing what I consider cool records, regardless of style. Just because a band like The Hellcopters are getting big all over I see no reason to sign copycats of already established names. That is too boring although it would probably pay off money-wise. I try to come up with something that sounds fresh and sometimes I also take chances and release something really original like The Festerment. As for new musical directions I don't know, we will have to see what appears on the scene. But I have no plans of skipping garage rock, punk rock, surf and related genres. The next album is the debut of The Flaming Sideburns called Hallelujah Rock'n'Rollah due out in June. That is one fantastic record that I'm very proud of. After that it's a 10"/CD by The Maggots, a super-cool garage punk band from Stockholm, and the second album by The Burnouts that I expect a lot from. There is also singles from The Hives, Tremolo Beer Gut, Thee Ultra Bimboos, Sewergrooves and many others. After that we are well into 2002 and we will see what happens.

Bad Afro=[www.badafro.dk](http://www.badafro.dk)





## Hemi Heaven

An Interview by P. Fister Photos: AHB

Hemicuda is a band out of Denver who is named after one of the greatest hotrods around.

The Hemicuda is a Chrysler Barracuda with a Hemispherical combustion engine and 426 block. Chrysler only made 18,000 of these monsters. For those of you who may not know, hemispherical refers to the cylinder head's shape, hence the name hemi. This made this car fucking fast and sound like no other!

The band consists of two fast chicks and a floating drummer. Anika Zappe sings lead and plays guitar, Karen Exley plays bass and back up vocals while a guy known as Mark the

Mexican temporarily hits the drums. They have a punk rock sound and a hot stage show. The girls get all dolled up for a sexy, fast time. I was lucky enough to spend some time alone with Anika and Karen in the back of their van.

**SLUG:** Which would you prefer Ford, Chevy, or Mopar?

**Together (Screaming):** MOPAR!!!!

**Karen:** We're in a Dodge Caravan.

**SLUG:** Which has more room in the back seat a 57' Chevy or a 49' Merc?

**Anika:** 49' Merc.

**Karen:** 49' Merc! I think my dad had one and he used to call it the limo. Oooo look the lights are going dim..

**Anika:** AHHH!

(at this point everyone sighs and then bursts in to laughter)

**SLUG:** Dale Earnheart or Jeff Gordon?

**Karen:** Dale Earnheart is dead.

**Anika:** I don't watch a lot of Nascar so I'll have to say Dale Earnheart cause he's dead. Right on dead guy.

**SLUG:** What about Jeff? He's so young & frivolous.

**Anika:** Well we don't know him yet, let's get frivolous with Jeff Gordon then we can answer that question.

**SLUG:** What's the best way to get out of a speeding ticket?

**Karen:** Last time we were on tour we were totally running behind, our drummer at the time was driving

and we were getting our stick on as we're driving down the road. (at this point she explained the outfit she had on. It was basically a corset with headlights where her boobs were) This cop pulls up next to us on this motorcycle, we're doing like one-ten. He goes "woop, woop" and he looks in and he sees us, then just drives off. We were thinking if he did pull us over I'd have to tell him, oh sorry officer I have a headlight out.

**SLUG:** Do you own a Hemicuda?

**Karen:** No, we don't own a Hemicuda.

**Anika:** I own a bunch of die cast models of Hemicudas. We get them as gifts all the time.

**Karen:** The funny thing is Anika and I drive matching Volvo stationwagons. They're very practical.

**Anika:** Mine is a 78' hers is a 79', 245 DL. I want to put Brown racing stripes on mine. Wouldn't that be cool?

**Karen:** Like skid marks.

**SLUG:** I really think you guys should do the whole Starsky and Hutch thing.

**Anika:** Oh! One of my best friends in Denver owns a 73' Grand Torino. So very, very Starsky and Hutch. we tool around in it all the time.

**Karen:** She plays with his tool in it, I mean we tool around in it.

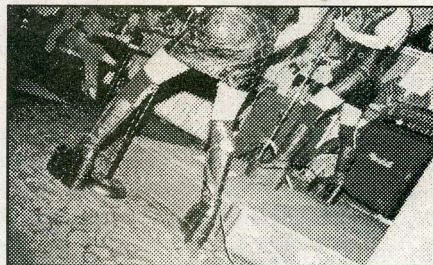
**Anika:** We dyed our pubic hair pink and then we went cruising in the Grand Torino, naked. It's got a killer stereo in it too; we were like listening to Outcast.

**SLUG:** What was the inspiration behind the name?

**Karen:** We had done some shows and we couldn't agree on a name. One night we were talking about how my step dad was a total motorhead. We had tons of hot rods and he had a Hemicuda, plum crazy, totally awesome 426. My dad would take me to school in that car and I would say "GO FAST, GO FAST!"

Everyone would make fun of me; I was a total nerd girl at school. Now that I'm older I realize how cool I was being dropped of at school in a fucking Hemicuda.

**Anika:** We all love Hemicudas. I had an ex-boyfriend that I was so hung up on, he told me once that every time I said "hemi" or "posi-traction", he got a woody. When they said, "let's name the band Hemicuda" I was like "he, he, he, he". If you look up Hemicuda on Yahoo! It's just us and the hotrod.



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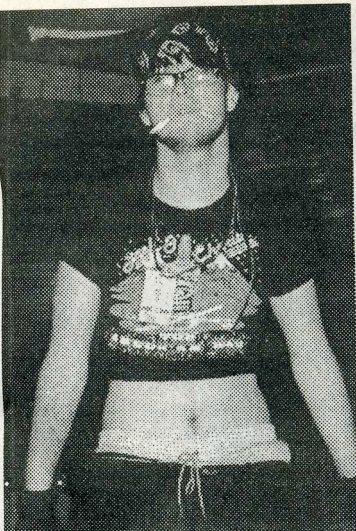
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Lord of the Dance: Mike Brown

Dear Mike Brown,  
My problem is of a perverse nature. And judging by your last 2 articles, you are no stranger to perversity. I am a 17 year old male who likes to make love to fruit. I don't really like to think of it as masturbation, it's a much more intimate process for me than just firing one off in a Little America bathroom stall. First let me explain my love making process, and then I'll burden you with my dilemma. I have tried to make love to almost every kind of fruit and vegetable. If you can eat it, I've probably fucked it (I stay away from meat products for I am a straightedge vegetarian). Cantaloupes and grapefruits are the best love makers, and are what I usually dip in to. Occasionally I'll get a gigantic tomato or a not quite ripe watermelon. But those are generally too messy. I go to the grocery store and spend hours searching for the loneliest grapefruit or cantaloupe I can find. Just like people, the lonelier and more isolated the fruit is, the more accepting and needing it is of my love. I carefully place the grapefruit in my grocery bag, always on top of the other products so it doesn't feel claustrophobic. Sometimes I take her out to dinner or a movie, just to break the ice a little bit. When we get back to my house it's usually pretty late. That's when I begin the foreplay. The foreplay consists of me sticking her (the grapefruit) in the microwave for about 45 seconds. I cut a small hole in her as well. I then sneak into my room and stick her between my mattresses and bang her doggie style. Sometimes I let the grapefruit ride on top, but I prefer not to see her face.

## Mike Brown's Self Help Column

### **My Mom Caught Me in the Act and Now She's Comatose!- What Should I Do?**

So here's my problem. About 3 days ago I was making love to this beautiful grapefruit. Man, you should have seen her; she was in season in the best possible way. She was so hot that I was having trouble getting my soldier to stand attention, if you know what I mean. So I turned on my TV to ESPN and listened to women's tennis to help me out. The screams usually get him going. But I needed more help. While my grapefruit girlfriend was between my mattresses I set some adult magazines on top of the bed. Sorry to paint such a vivid picture of my love making process, but it is important that you understand. Well, the screams from the Venus vs. Serena Williams match must have woken up my mother. She came down into my room to see what all the ruckus was about. I couldn't hear her walking into my room, and man, she saw everything! Once she figured out what I was doing she was so surprised she passed out and hit her head on my dresser. I quickly changed the channel, got dressed and shoved my porno's back under my bed. I had to unfortunately cut my love-making session with the grapefruit short. I went and got my dad and just told him that she collapsed when she came into my room, (which was true). We then took her to the hospital to make sure nothing was wrong with her head. She must have hit her head harder than I thought cuz she has been in a coma for about 4 days now. The doctors say that when she hit her head on my dresser she sustained a severe concussion. Surely when she comes out of her coma she is going to explain to everyone what I was doing. So far there are only 2 people that know what happened that night, me, and the other is unconscious. Mike how can I prepare or may be even stop her from telling everyone what really happened? If my secret love affairs are exposed to my family it will surely take away from the erotic nature of the whole

encounter. Please help.  
Sincerely,  
The Grapefruit  
Romeo of East Salt  
Lake.

Well Romeo, thank you for the letter. I think we all learned something new. And although you will probably never rid

yourself of the guilt that comes with your mom catching you doing the nasty with one of my favorite breakfast items, I do think you can find a way out of this situation and maintain your dignity. Go get yourself a real girlfriend, fast, before your mom gets out of the coma. Tell your family that you have been seeing her for a while; May I suggest the girl from the first letter? She seems down for anything and foreplay with her is probably just as simple as pushing buttons on a microwave. But having a girl by your side makes the idea of you humping fruit more preposterous than it already is. Thus you can convince your family that mom is just crazy from hitting her head.

But if she comes out of her coma and still insists that what she saw was in fact real and not a dream I think you

should just tell the truth. Because behavior like this is often times learned. Make as much drama out of the ordeal as possible by telling her that the only reason you do it is because your dad told you to. This will rock the family boat so much that it should take some of the pressure off of you. And you seem old enough to handle the repercussions of divorce. You'll be 18 in about another year and you can move out.

I think you should move into an apartment with 2 refrigerators. One for grapefruits and one for cantaloupes. You could then dress your grapefruits in little slutty outfits and have them waiting for you when you get home from work. You could also make sure that your cantaloupe bitch is paying her share of the rent, cuz that's just fucked up to have the person your humping night after night not paying rent. Make sure you are close to the supermarket and enjoy your youthful and virile years. After all Romeo, you are rapidly reaching your sexual prime.

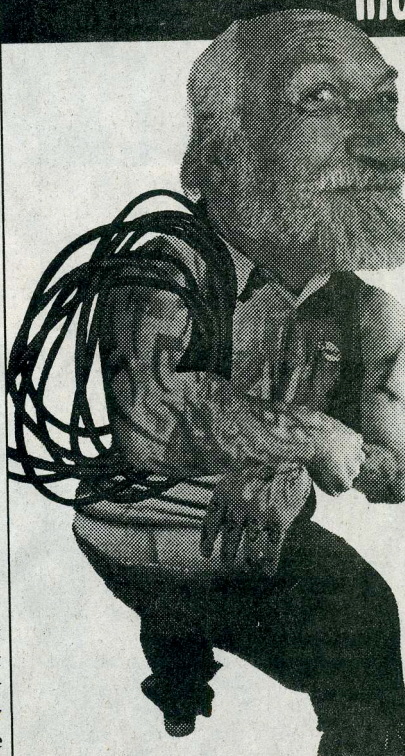
One last piece of advice: Grapefruits are on sale right now at Smith's, 3 for a Dollar.

Send your problems Attn Mike Brown to the SLUG mailing address or e-mail to [mrbrown101@hotmail.com](mailto:mrbrown101@hotmail.com).

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# Joey Ramone



# Sabbath



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To SLUG Magazine Attn: Jeremy Cardenas by June 15th 2001.

Before you enter, consider the following:

1. This isn't going to be a show for primadonnas or candy asses, this is about Rock and Fucking Roll!
2. You WILL play 1 Black Sabbath cover to be chosen by the SLUG staff upon entry. This doesn't mean you have to stick to the original Sabbath format. Creativity and presentation will be rewarded. We will provide you with tablature, and a cassette with your specific song. Keep in mind that the band that does the best job with the Sabbath cover gets 4 autographed copies of Blizzard of Ozz!!
3. Your set will be about 15-20 minutes in length. This is to facilitate getting as many rockers on stage as we can in the shortest amount of time. You will play the Sabbath song FIRST in your set for the judges, and then a couple of your original songs. Keep in mind that this is a CONTEST, not an ego trip, so deal with it.
4. In order to logistically pull this off. All bands that accept entering the contest will be asked to meet before the show to stage their gear. Guitar cabinets and a drum kit will be provided for all bands to share. Drummers will be asked to only bring sticks, cymbals, kick pedal, and open mind. Guitarists will be asked to bring their heads, or combo amps only. Otherwise the sound man will probably fucking die before this is over. When you send in your press kit, send in the specifics of your band (number of members, guitars, etc.) so that we can have a good picture of how to accommodate you.
5. June 15th is the ABSOLUTE last day anything will be accepted. We need to give you time to learn the Sabbath song don't we?
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# Slug Queen BATTLE



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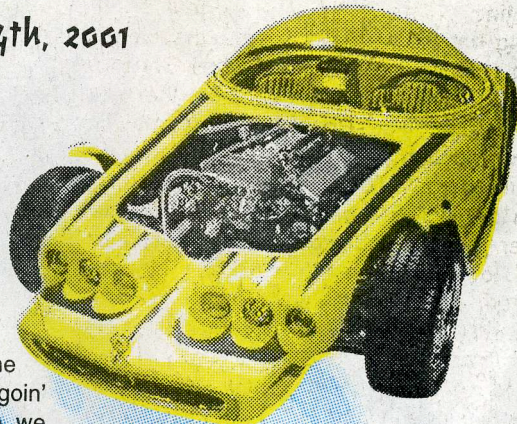
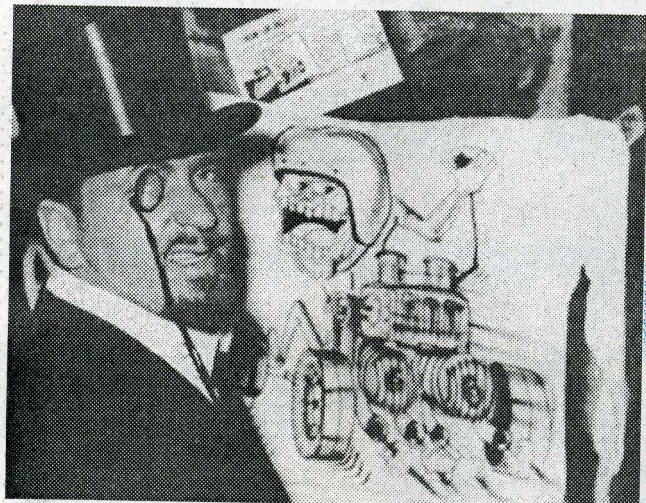
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In memory of

March 4th 1932-April 4th, 2001

# Ed "BIG DADDY" ROTH



instead on goin' off in the wrong direction, where goin' straight ahead to where we need to be. Paint jobs! Yeah were talking metal flake, fiber-glass airbrush, pinstripe!

If you have the mill/engine to turn heads, you have to be rollin' in a car suitable for knockin' the wind out of the viewer. Creativity is just that, the key for the custom culture fiend! And if there's any a person who knew exactly this, it was Ed "Big Daddy" Roth.

mechanical mediums and pursued workin' on his car. He then joined the service & learned map drawing. Later this would provide Ed with illustration technique to cause havock in the homes of million teenage rebals. He then returned home, got married and was engulfed in the hot rod culture that was startin' up in the early 50's. He teamed up with his friend Tom Kelly & started a custom paint shop. Pinstriping with a dagger brush and applying metal flake was their focus. The wilder the paint the better. During the slow spells Ed painted shirts at the local Drag Races. The shirts had monsters with attitude. We're talkin evil grins, bugged out eyeballs, the whole bit. This worked great with the race goers.

## 1st Gear

Get ready to roll into the path of a truly punk-rock art history lesson.

Back in time, way before the pre fab commercial MTV punk bands. Before, people were slappin' on weed - wacker exhaust tips, 19 inch wheels, 30 series low -pro tires, and pre - fab mass marketed racing stripes. And then claiming that their 1600 cc stock import was bad ass.

Stuff was being created in a garage. No not for capital gain, but for the need of creative satisfaction. Wheather were talkin' bout music, cars, or whatever were lookin' at an artform. If it wasn't for your momma, you wouldn't be here. But, if it wasn't for the garage their would be no evolution. You see, there was a time when gas was 15 cents a gallon, Detroit Iron ruled the street. And some took the medium and created rolling works of art.

The autos were evil. Fast, low, & sported multitudes of different kinds of modifications. V8's, chopped-tops, frenched lights, posi-traction, dual ignition, blow-ers, headers, hi-lift cams, big valves, high compression, this list can fill this whole damn magazine up! But,

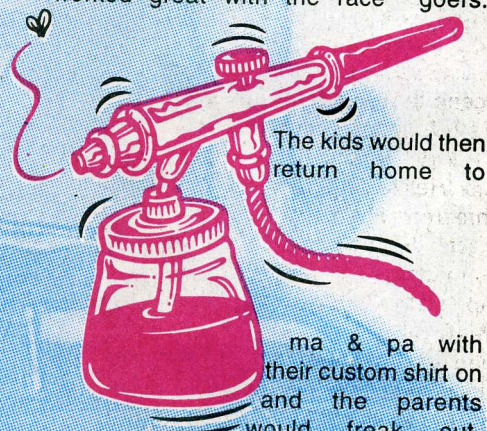


## 2nd Gear

Ed Roth provided people with some of the most outrages creations needed to help fuel this artform. We're talking low - brow! He's used mediums necessary to complete his vision. Ed "Big Daddy" Roth created his own punk rock culture. He built hot- rods, crazy futuristic cars, painted on anything, and left his mark for all to enjoy. Rat Fink™, Ed Roths low - brow cartoon icon, put custom visions into the brains of young minds. And got the hot - rod graphic art into motion!

## 3rd Gear

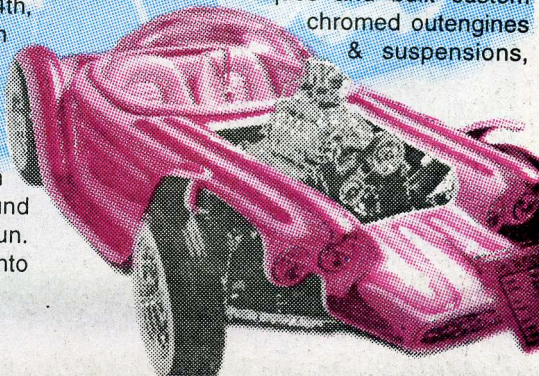
Ed "Big Daddy" Roth was born March 4th, 1932 in Beverly Hills, CA. He grew up in a German speakin' household. As a kid went to school & drew pictures of air-planes, hotrods, & monsters. He bought a 33 Ford Coupe after WWII, graduated high school and cruised around looking for girls & fun. He took great admiration into



The kids would then return home to

ma & pa with their custom shirt on and the parents would freak out.

Oh yeah, the great start of rebellious art has surfaced. The parents didn't even stand a chance! Ed was then introduced to fiber-glass, which became the answer to his dreams. He then sculpted outrageous custom car bodies, used his far-out paint techniques and built custom chromed outengines & suspensions,





creating the most wildest' of rolling' hot rod art to surface into the scene. Cars such as the "Rotar", "Beatnik Bandit", the "Outlaw" and many others set the creative stage. The Revell model company then produced model kits to sell to kids of nearly all ages. These models sold millions, with the increase in audience he took his other passion and brought forth Rat Fink. The low-brow spin off of Mickey Mouse. Green, furry, blood shot eyed, scarry teathed, slobbering nervous rat. This cartoon character took a most rebellious approach to illustration that the audience hadn't ever seen before. Ed then started Roth Studio's and pursued with Rat Fink & the Mr. Gasser Garage Band cartoon characters. With help of Robert Williams he launched Rat Fink™ T shirts & products into households across America. So the Fat Rat was seen every where, sporting attitude of driving some of the most mean looking hot rods ever dreamt up. Now where somewhere around the late 60's. The whole psychedelic drug thing was runnin rampant in No. Cal. The artists from the Hippie Culture knew Ed was a very vital asset to Pop Art. But, Ed refused this stuff because he felt drugs were a brick wall for creativity. He enjoyed leaving the message to the younger impressionistic minds, about how powerful creative minds are and to stay away from something that'll steal it from you. Rumor has it that Ed around this time was infected with the custom chopper scene that was taking off at this time. The Revell model company disagreed with "Big Daddy's" affiliation with the Biker stuff and his Hell's Angel friends, so they threatened him with pulling contracts. So, he supposadly started a magazine called "Chopper". Apparently this went bad after a year due to the biker culture had'nt went full blown at that time. A few years passed & the Hot Rod Culture started growing thin. Ed then focused on touring the auto show circuits again and built more rods. Ed moved to Manti, Utah with his to relax and create. The late eighties' brought forth collectors of "Low-Brow" and Ed's art has been considered to be on top of the list.

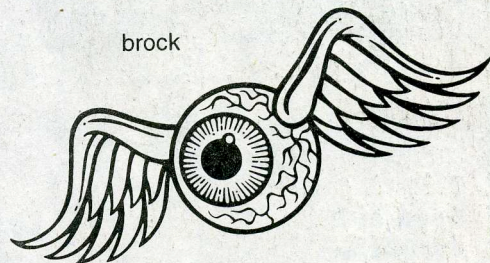
## 4th Gear

Ed Roth's work is everywhere, underground comics, galleries, toy cars, stickers, T's, hats, you name it. Ed Roth has also inspired album covers; (Voo Doo Glow Skulls, The Cramps, White Zombie). Rob Zombie also creates some really hip hot rod spank that you can

Ed "Big Daddy" Roth has shown us a way to drive our ideas! Thanks Ed.

Rest in Fink!

brock



Ratfink.org is organizing a Roth Estate Fund to help Ilene Roth with the legal fees to protect Ed's Trademarks and Copyrights. Ed had been battling for the rights to Rat Fink and other images, and he just recently prevailed in one of these disputes, however, the estate is still battling McFarlane Toys.

For now we have a temporary address: Make your checks out to "Ilene Roth" only:

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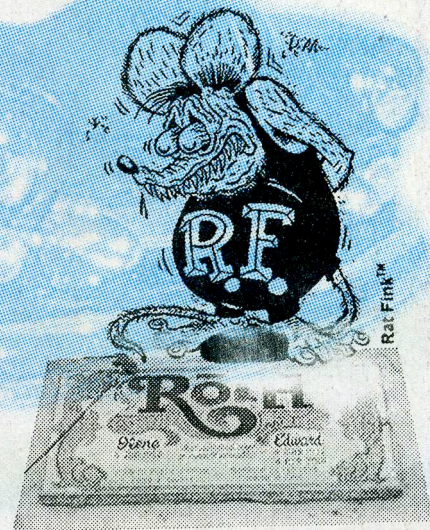
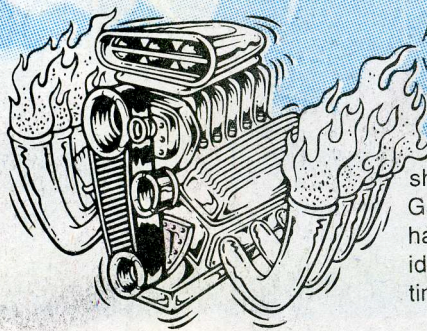
For more information about Ed Roth memorabilia, check out [ratfink.org](http://ratfink.org), and [bigdaddyroth.com](http://bigdaddyroth.com), his personal site.

The word Rat Fink™, character of Rat Fink™ and Ed "Big Daddy" Roth™ are trademarks of Ed Roth©.

purchase. Other "Low Brow" cult artist that have been shown inspiration in Ed's work are Kozik, Coop, VonFranco, and many others.

## 5th Gear

American Low-brow has been painted with furry green rats, sharing smiles of scary teeth and long tongues. These monsters driving hopped up street rods, with motives of messages & culture shock. This will define low brow forever. Garages filled with dreams, creativity, & hard work, will still produce the freshest ideas. Although the mediums change with time, the motive is still the same.





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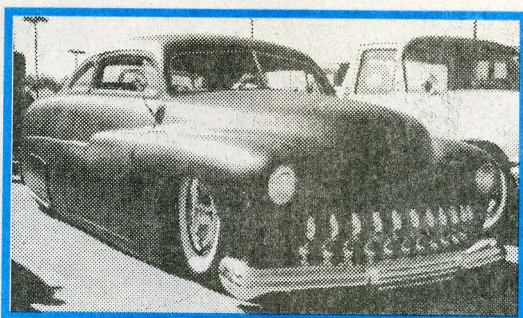


Photo Courtesy of :<http://www.realgoneracket.com> every time I see them. Their career

Viva Sin City  
by: Mary Gunning and  
Dancing Dan

There is a spiritual journey that many people take. Muslims travel to the Mecca, Mormons to the temples and Christians to the East to where Jesus walked. Thursday morning, April 12, 2001 I started my spiritual journey. Every Easter I commune with the Holy Spirit of Rockabilly and travel to Las Vegas to get my ass harmonized. Sin City for some, a Mecca for others, a place where Greasers can cleanse themselves and come home pure. The event is called the Viva Las Vegas, and the holy temple is the Gold Coast Casino and Tom Ingram is the prophet that put it all together. With over 5,000 devout fanatics from all over the world it is a non-stop raging shindig. It is four days of music, custom cars, and 50's fashion.

The band that touched my soul and changed my life was Wanda Jackson, a legendary female rockabilly vocalist. In 1956 Wanda was the first female to record Rock and Roll. The innocent fifties weren't ready for Wanda's get down and boogie kind of style. So she didn't receive the recognition she should have gotten with the early development of rock and roll. But, Saturday night in the main ballroom at the Gold Coast Casino the crowd got out of control when she played her trademark songs "Let's Have A Party" and "Fujiyama Mama". Jack Baymoore and the Bandits from Sweden play traditional fifties rock and roll and best known for their hot rod hit "A-V8 Boogie". As for Marti Brom and the Barnshakers, Marti is from Texas and man this lady wails out the tunes. Marti is paving the way for the future female rockabilly vocalist. The Barnshakers are from Finland and their story began when Pete Hakonen, president of Goofin' Records, brought the great late Johnny Carroll over for a gig in Finland 1992 and needed a backup group which later became

the Barnshakers. Cave Catt Sammy who frequents our fine city on a regular basis played a hot and fiery set early Saturday evening. These young cats got better and better

started while they were still in High School in San Antonio playing in coffee shops. It didn't take long for them to get noticed. Vicky Tafoya joined Big Sandy and the Fly-rite boys on stage. This is one lady that you all need to keep an eye/ear out for. A hit for Saturday night was Royal Crown Revue's great swing version of Viva Las Vegas. Adding a gangster swing band to the line-up for a Rockabilly Festival was new this year but the fans stuck around and really enjoyed the show. The big surprise for me all weekend was Wild Wax Combo from Denmark. Man these boys played some wild out of control rock and roll.

On Saturday morning was the Shifter Car Show, with over 300 pre-1960 model custom cars, also a few bands. The real crowd pleaser was the set from Aces and Eight's. The car show was the biggest it has ever been and looks like it will just get bigger and better each year. Along with the cars and music were plenty of vendors selling the best in Hot Rod gear.

Tom did it again, he hosted the best Rockabilly Weekender on the planet. If you feel the need to be baptized or renew your covenants to rockabilly music or the custom car culture. You will want to slick back the hair, cuff up the jeans and dress in your best 50s vintage, and then plan your next journey to Vegas over next Easter weekend March 28 - 31, 2002 you can get more information [www.vivalasvegas.net](http://www.vivalasvegas.net).



Photo: Mary Gunning

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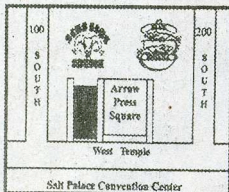
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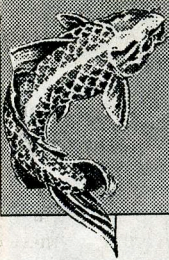
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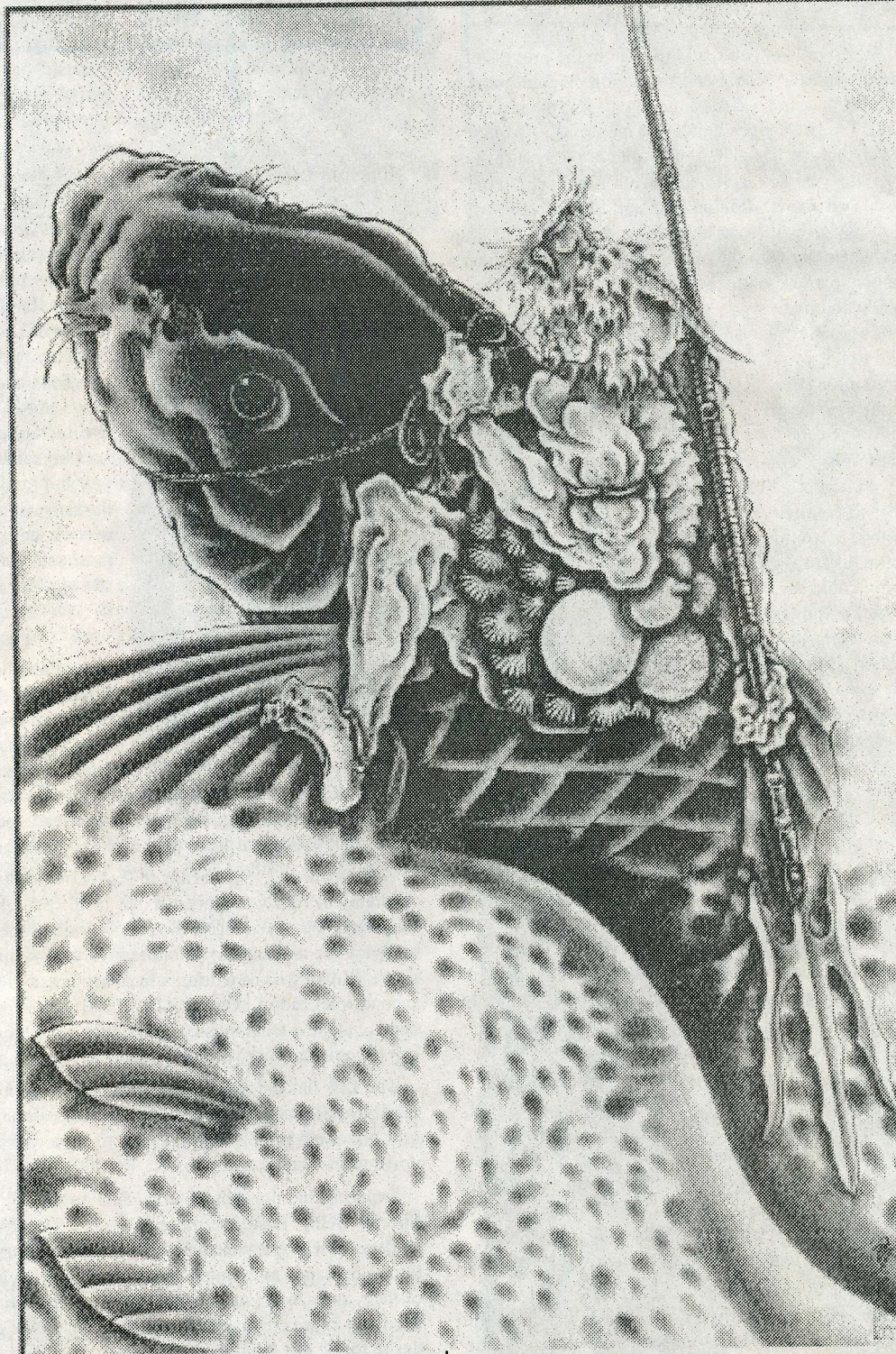
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Here Today, Gone Tomorrow

page 27



# Concert Reviews

Howdy everyone!! As you read this, I'm in the process of finishing up finals at school and I'm living off four hours of sleep, coffee, and no food (no time to eat), for the last two days. Still, I went to some shows last month and I would have to say that April was definitely one of the best for live shows for this year so far. **Rocket From the Crypt, The**

**(International) Noise Conspiracy, Rocket 350, and Shiner**, got my motor running and I hope that y'all were able to see this bands tear it up. Okay, I want to know what's up with the make fun at Kevlar thing that's been going on the last couple of months with the letters I've been getting? First it was Jade, who obviously is hiding some kind of sexually frustrated tendencies, then Echo, you know I have a wet dream for you every night, and last the guy, (I can't remember his name), who bitched about the "Too Drunk to Fish" song by **Big John Bates**. Hey, I know it's "Too Drunk to Fuck", by **Dead Kennedys**; blame it on Mister Bates. (I wouldn't tangle with that varmint, he'd split you in half quicker then you could say, "Jello Biafra is so pissed". And last I should probably say something about the guitar player of a certain band, but I won't. I like that band way too much for me to be causing any kind of ills between us, it's not worth it. I'll just take another shot of whiskey and deal with it. Cheers guys, (you're still the best band in Utah now). If anyone wants to throw the gauntlet down and have a vocal duel at dawn with me email to [Kevlar7@hotmail.com](mailto:Kevlar7@hotmail.com), and fire away with your whinny complaints and half-whit comments. Finally, before we get into this months low down of shows, I want to comment how a lot of people are starting to come to the shows that I recommend. A lot of these bands are kind of unknown, but for some reason lately, there have been a ton of people showing up at venues. Coincidence? I think not. Well, anyway, thanks for reading, it's good to know that people can actually read SLUG and not just look at the pretty pictures.

First show of the month is the **Disco Biscuits** at the *Zephyr Club* on the 5<sup>th</sup>. No, this band is not a mix of The Disco Drippers and Gorilla Biscuits. Instead, they play organic electronica. What that means is that they are a band with guitars and a singer, but they have D.J. who spins ambient techno beats and samples over the music. The end result is fascinating and catchy to listen to. Although, I could see this catching on with the stinking hippies, with them turning it into a new fad for them to exploit. Still, check this show out; it should be interesting.

Next is the return of **Frank Blank and the Catholics** and **House of Large Sizes** on the 6<sup>th</sup> at the *Zephyr*. Mister Black is still trying to shake off the ghost of The Pixies and manages to do so on his new disc. It will be nice to see a legend performing for all us musical apprentices. House of Large Sizes brings to mind such killer Eastern Punk bands like Superchunk and Poster Children. They have a really complex sound with simple arrangements of pop punk that is engaging as hell to listen to. Make sure y'all show up early for this band, they are not to be missed.

The 9<sup>th</sup> at *Liquid Joes* has the return of another legendary band, **The**

**Melvins**. I have seen this band a gazillion times and every single time, they put on one of the rowdiest and kick ass show that is truly engaging and entertaining to watch. Opening is **Hank Williams III**, who unlike his mediocre father plays some killer honky-tonk that is more in line with his grandfather and Johnny Cash. Apparently, Hank does an acoustic set and then a hot rod rock n' roll set that has got him kicked out of bars in Texas. Do not miss this show at any costs, the best show of May.

The 11<sup>th</sup> has **Jerry Joseph and the Jackmormons** at the *Zephyr Club*. Jerry Joseph has to be a truly talented bunch of musicians. They come across as a hippie band, but they pull out blues and rock n' roll during the set and the hippies get confused. If you like a band with lots of different styles and elements in their music, be there that night. (Plus, the bass player used to be a big SLUG writer or something).

The big show of the month, and I encourage everyone who reads my column to attend this one, is at *DV8* on the 12<sup>th</sup>. The bands are **Clutch, Murphy's Law, Vision of Disorder**, and **Tree**; a way killer fucking line-up of bands. Clutch does a southern fried rock groove jam sound. They would show any dumb ass hippie jam band what real musical skill is about. These guys have always put on a way killer show and are worth the money spent to see them. Murphy's Law plays Irish drinking rock,

perfect for DV8's upstairs balcony. Vision of Disorder play very agro-hardcore, but they have a lot of progressions and time-changes in their songs. And Tree simply kicks ass!! Boston hardcore that pummels your ass into submission, while educating you and tickling your funny bone at the same time. Arrive early to see every band on this line-up and get good sets, this show will be very crowded. The best of May, don't miss it.

Or instead, the 12<sup>th</sup> has **Nova Paradiso** at the *Dead Goat Saloon*. This band are a bunch of locals and they have a million musicians in the group. They are very fun

to watch and drink to. Think Oingo Boingo with a jazz and blues element thrown in. This band can play every style of music out there, and they're amazing to watch. Plus, the three female lead vocalists are very sexy. (Just don't tell any of them that, it might go to their head).

Also, on the 12<sup>th</sup> is **Localized feat. Lovesucker, Magstatic, and Alchemy** at *Ya' Butts*. This is a new local spotlight sponsored by SLUG magazine. By providing to the public some of the best of this city and allowing the audience to get more involved with the great local music scene. SLUG will be putting a local showcase of bands at Ya' Butts every second weekend of every month. SLUG will also be interviewing these bands in a new local music column that same month, so that the public can become familiar with the groups before going to see them.

The 13<sup>th</sup> has the return of **G Love and Special Sauce** at *Bricks*. This man has so much funk and soul, that words alone can't do justice as to how great this band is and this performance will go off, so get your asses down to this show.

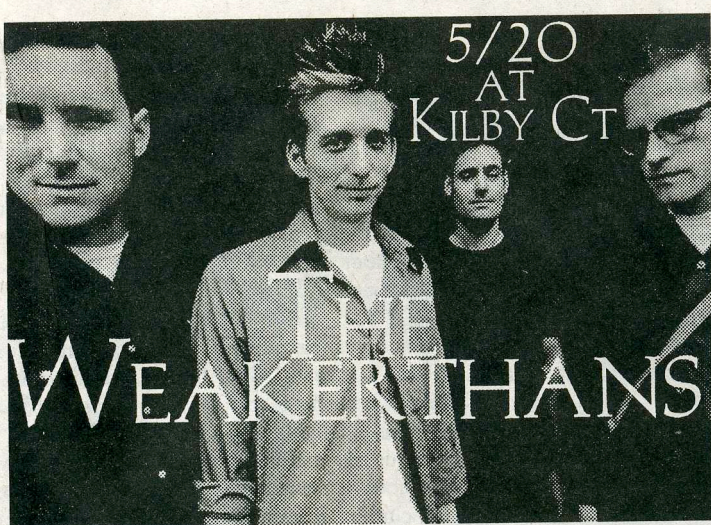
Experimental noise band at *Ya' Butts* on the 15<sup>th</sup> with the return of **Species Being**. Last time these guys played here they kept people in the audience at Kilby amazed and stupefied. Epic instrumental rock that continues to change and mutate structure during the long length of just one of their songs, and you will get the idea as to their music. Think of an even way more creative and "out there" Mogwai and Tortoise and the desire to see this band live will start to set in. Be there.

Or, if you live it heavy and fast, there is the hardcore band **Ensign** at *Kilby Court*, also on the 15<sup>th</sup>. These guys use melody in their music, so that they just come off as some obnoxious screaming hardcore band. Apparently these guys put on a killer show, so be there.

**Rockin' Lloyd Tripp and the Zip Guns** at the *Dead Goat* on







the 17<sup>th</sup>, will be a night of drunken swagger as the band pulls out the rockabilly and swing.

Another best of May show is on the 20th with **The Weakerthans** at *Kilby Court*. This band features the former bass player of Canadian power punk band Propagandhi, but that's were the connection stops. The Weakerthans play beautiful indie rock that is very emotional and epic. They have great musical compositions and their music is very well writing. Opening is **Dashboard Confessional**, a side project from Chris Carraba, who played in the emo-core bands Further Seems Forever and Vacant Andy's. This side project is just him playing the acoustic guitar and singing very emotional. It's kind of like Elliot Smith meets The New Amsterdam's, The Get-Up Kids front man's side acoustic project, and it's very good. Both bands discs are very-very good and I encourage everyone to take their girlfriends to this show, because this is a band that both of you can enjoy. (She won't nag you to turn it down when listening to their disc because it's too heavy and noisy).

The do not miss show at any costs, is on the 22<sup>nd</sup> when **The B-Movie Rats** come screeching into Utah at *Kilby Court*. All greasers and rockabillys are ordered to be at this one. Think New Bomb Turks and Glucifer, bands that drive the rock n' soul home and an idea as to what the B-Movie Rats play will come to mind. Upon playing their disc, I about spontaneously combusted at how fucking brilliant and talented these guys are. One of the best new bands and discs for the year, and I highly encourage people to check them out, you will be thanking me for a long time for this one, that's a promise.

The last shows of the month are for Rockabilly and Greaser fans. The 23<sup>rd</sup> has the return of **Cave Catt Sammy**, doing the rockabilly at the *Dead Goat*. Sammy comes here so much that he's practically a local; but hey, he's good dammit, so don't miss this one.

And last is **Slender**, at *Liquid Joes* on the 31<sup>st</sup>. Slender has members of the Utah band Swim Hershel Swim in it. They moved to San Francisco and started a Greaser band. A member of The Dwarfs produces it, and it's out on Guapo Records, headquartered in Utah. Did y'all get that? The disc is actually pretty good and is a fun listen. Live, band should be absolutely killer to watch. Prepare for the drunken swagger.

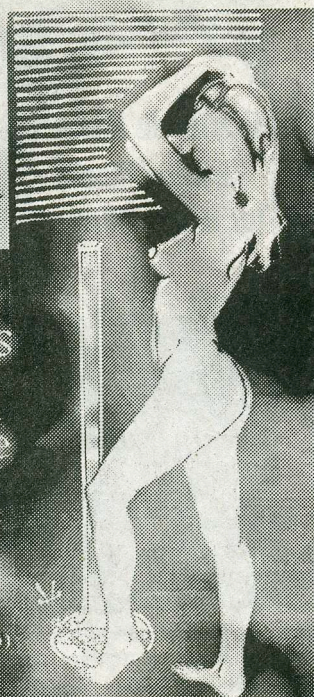
And that wraps it up for May, in June there is the return of the rockabilly duo **The Sprague Brothers** at the *Dead Goat* on the 1<sup>st</sup>, and on the 2<sup>nd</sup> is the SLUG sponsored **Summer Tikki Nationals BBQ** at *Burt's Tikki Lounge* feat. California greasers, **Luck of the Draw**, **Uncle Tikki**, and local rockabilly and hot rod rockers, **The Unlucky Boys**, **High Ball Train**, and the new band from former Doublewide singer **Jade** "Get that man some Irish whisky dammit". Enjoy the summer and remember to relish the freedom before the horrible day of having to return to school is upon us. See y'all next month.

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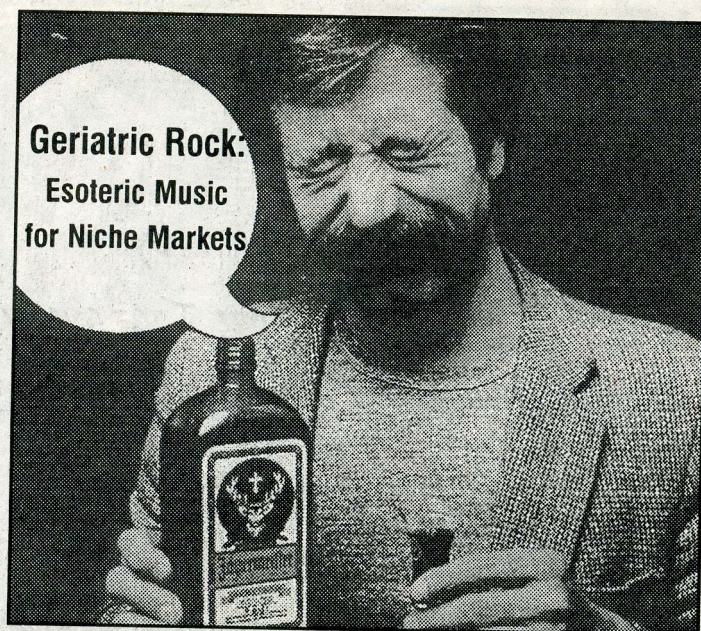
(Brewvies, dinner and a movie...literally.)

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**Geriatric Rock:  
Esoteric Music  
for Niche Markets**



The theme of *SLUG* this month is hot rods and I'm not really a big hot rod dude so I have a problem. Hot rod music is certainly of interest, obviously, since I'm geriatric. It's not like any of Del Fi Record's hot rod reissues showed up on the *Billboard* charts, and Rhino Record's *Hot Rods & Custom Classics: Cruisin' Songs & Highway Hits* is pretty much a "niche market" item, but those recordings are not that recent. So what do I do for a column? Perhaps write about an experience with hot rodders?

Remember back when *The Wild One* became *Easy Rider*? Remember when *American Graffiti* turned into *Apocalypse Now*? Some people still worshipped Elvis even as he deteriorated due to drug abuse and became an honorary DEA agent. Some people listened to Merle Haggard's "Okie From Muskogee" not realizing that Merle Haggard was living life like Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit." The hot rod lifestyle celebrated by 1950's juvenile delinquents was taken over by the jocks. Rural farming communities became suburbia even as Ray Kroc turned to the McDonald brother's "Speedy Service System" and built a fortune. California car culture invaded mid-

America and the Vietnam War became an issue. Times changed. Juvenile delinquents turned to drugs, Volkswagens, protesting and Woodstock. Awkward sexual groping in the back seat of a car was replaced by free love made on flag draped mattresses in crash pads.

These were my high school years. Although Gene Vincent's "Cruisin'" remained an anthem for doing exactly that on State Street and the radio actually played The Rip Chords' "Hey

Little Cobra" and even "G.T.O." by Ronnie & the Daytonas not every kid desired a hot rod. The car club kids mostly supported the Vietnam War and they hated "long hairs" with a passion. Sure, some in my "peer" group drove "hot rods," because gas was only 25 cents a gallon and "speed" had yet to invade suburbia with a vengeance. "Speed" then meant driving fast. "Speed" meant the drag strip within walking distance of my house and speed was happening every weekend at the Utah State Fairgrounds — before noise ordinances interfered with the stock car races.

Remember Charles Andrew Williams, Kipland "Kip" Kinkel, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold? These boys were bullied in high school and they retaliated. I too was bullied in high school, but retaliation was a different matter. One day while I was skipping class some car club jocks jumped me in the hallway. They were armed with a weapon, scissors, and they cut my long hair. This incident had a deep emotional impact on my life, but the retaliation was not violent. An outlaw motorcycle gang showed up the very next day in front of the high school.

A line of choppers filled the street and the car club jocks' were scared witless. Not that they weren't already witless. That is how "we" took care of bullying in those days and I pretty much continued life, although high school was mostly a place I avoided. We laughed our butts off over the jocks fear and they pretty much left us alone after

that. However, the "hot rod" theme of *SLUG* got me thinking about the "incident." I called up one of the car club jocks on the phone to check out his memories. Call him Mo, names are changed to protect the guilty.

Mo: "Hello." Geriatric Rock: "Is this Mo?" Mo: "Yes." Geriatric Rock: "This is 'Geriatric Rock' from your high school days. Do you remember me?" Mo: "No." Geriatric Rock: "You had a car club back in high school." Mo: "Yes, I did, yeah." Geriatric Rock: "What was the name of it?" Mo: "What was it? Hell, it was...God, I can't even remember." Geriatric Rock: "You can't remember the name of your car club?" Mo: "No shit." Oh this Mo is a bright boy isn't he? Actually Mo couldn't even remember who was in the car club with him. Well, he did remember a few of the names and only one of them is still involved with cars. Actually one member is sort of a hot rodder today, but I had other questions for Mo. Just think of Curly and Joe and Mo all dressed in green windbreakers with whatever their car club logo and name was on the back jumping a skinny little hippie dude in the high school hall and attacking him with scissors.

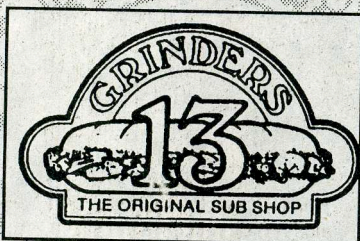
Geriatric Rock: "So Mo, do you remember jumping me in the hall?" Mo: "With your long hair?" Mo chuckles. "Yeah. Christ, this is like a ghost from the past man." Geriatric Rock: "So what do you think of when you see high school shootings on the television news? Does it bring back any memories?" Mo: "What I think about it? I don't know. I think it's just a part of being in high school." Hmmm.

Obviously this guy is not a hot rod enthusiast today. Who knows what he is besides a redneck and the entire time I was talking to him I was blasting Disc 2 of the Rhino "Hot Rod" box set. Music does contribute to hot rod enjoyment I'm sure, but somehow "oldies" radio doesn't do it for me. It seems to me that a collection of rockabilly music compiled by long haired hippies goes better with a hot rod than any generic "oldies" radio station I've heard.

As for the rockabilly music? Rockin' Lloyd Tripp and the Zipguns are coming to town on May 17. The band has a disc entitled *Ride That Rocket* which I highly recommend for hot rod cruising, or even for working under the hood in a sweaty garage and any self-respecting hot rodder does their own work. Also of interest is a fab new platter by one of the best female rockabilly females around today. Eminent Records is an esoteric music label releasing discs targeting niche markets. Rosie Flores is a rockabilly filly from way, way, back. *Speed of Sound* is her new release and just like the Rockin' Lloyd Tripp disc — *Speed of Sound* is recommended for hot rod cruising or working under the hood. As for any red neck hot rodders reading? Watch who you fuck with.

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# OUTSIGHT

by

**TOM TEARAWAY**

*OUTSIGHT brings to light non-mainstream music, film, books, art, ideas and opinions. Published, somewhere, monthly since July 1991.*

**Rahsaan Roland Kirk**  
***Here Comes the Whistleman***  
**Label M**

This blind musician performing on three saxophones simultaneously seemed to many a novelty act, but dispense with all quick judgements and drink deeply from the well of genius found here and you will know you are listening to the work of a true virtuoso. *Here Comes the Whistleman* is the first of twelve albums produced by Kirk for Atlantic Records in partnership with Joel Dorn. Loose and casual, this record was recorded in front of an in-studio audience with whom Kirk often interacts. Kirk's gigantic leaps of sound and punctuating squeaks of exclamation are the connection between the old guard of Illinois Jacquet, Wardell Gray and Lester Young and the new pioneers such as Sonny Rollins. (4)

**Half Japanese**  
**Hello**  
**Alternative Tentacles**

What is Half Japanese? Is it progressive punk? Is it perhaps hip, punk jazz-rock? Whatever it is, the loyal cult following swears by their angular chord progressions and quirky rhythms, reveling in each unique album of organized noise. The tessellated indie rock of Half Japanese offers the secret lo-fi language to the faithful of Guided by Voices, the childish story imagery of King Missile and the math-y, dynamic guitar rock of Devo. (4)

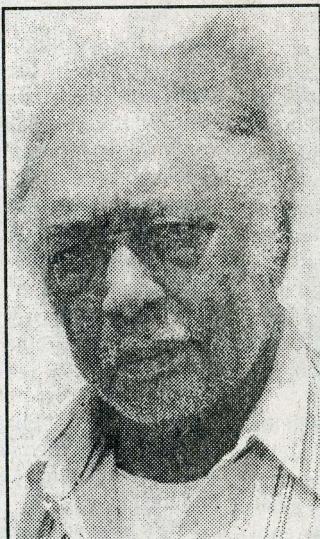
**Linda and the Big King Jive Daddies**  
***Linda and the Big King Jive Daddies***  
**Slimstyle Records**

Linda and the Big King Jive Daddies is a full, nine piece swing band from Tokyo. These hep cats from the east love the jump blues and swing of yesteryear with the enthusiasm and reincarnating powers that are unique to the Japanese for past American pop culture. Vocalist Linda is a perky joy bringing sweet charm and husky delivery to such classics as "Route 66" "Jump, Jive & Wail" and "Caldonia." (3)

**Al Foul and the Shakes**  
***Spank that Ass!***  
**Slimstyle Records**

Al Foul and company presents an angry, energetic, bawdy rockabilly, with punk leanings toward The Cramps. Hell-raising doghouse bass and aggressive country rock shouting keeps this

train rumbling along, full throttle. This is music for shooting tequila, shooting road signs: generally rowdy rock with a low, coarse guitar sound nodding toward Link Wray. (3)



**R.L. Burnside**

**R. L. Burnside**  
***Well... Well... Well...***

**M.C. Records**  
It is appropriate that this, Burnside's second album on M.C. Records, begins with a one-minute interview. That is because the album gives us a personal portrait of the legendary Mississippi bluesman through ensemble and solo settings, private recordings and concert documents.

This presents the artist as the haunting voice of mesmerizing rural trance blues dating back to the pre-recorded era and as the coarse content and grinding guitar that endears him to hardcore alt-blues rockers like Jon Spencer. (4)

**Howard Zinn**  
***Stories Hollywood Never Tells***  
**AK Audio/Alternative Tentacles**

This recording is Zinn speaking at the Taos Talking Film Festival. Zinn brings his progressive, panoramic view of American history to bear in suggesting stories for films Hollywood should make, but probably never will. In the wake of Saving Private Ryan, most of Zinn's suggestions are of views of war from the participants we never hear from. For instance, Irish immigrant troops that deserted the American side and joined Mexico as San Patrick's battalion in the Mexican-American war and the disgruntled American Revolutionary War veterans that abandoned Washington's cause and post-independence still felt so lighted as to take up arms against the new country. Internal strife is also suggested as in the Ludlow Massacre and Mother Jones' children's crusade of textile workers, heroic and stirring episodes for the genesis of the labor movement. Zinn brings many such tales to light in an entertaining and informative manner as one would expect from his fascinating

books, like *A People's History of the United States* and *You Can't be Neutral on a Moving Train*. (4)

**Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds**  
***No More Shall We Part***  
**Reprise Records**

While it is four years and a Best Of collection that separates *No More Shall We Part* from the previous new album *The Boatman's Call*, the two albums are very near to each other stylistically. The album features string arrangements from Mick Harvey and Warren Ellis that amplifies that touching sadness in the songs sung by Cave and additional vocalists Anna and Kate McGarrigle. As feeling of overpowering melancholy often leads to episodes of rage, this album offers islands of aggressive attacks as catharsis for the mysterious, haunted singer of sad tales that Cave becomes on *No More Shall We Part*. (4.5)

**Son of Sam**  
***Songs from the Earth***  
**Nitro Records**

Son of Sam is like prog-Misfits, progressing in many directions. The unique collaboration of Danzig guitarist Todd Youth, Samhain/Tiger Army drummer London May and Samhain drummer features vocalist Davey Havok (AFI)> He sometimes reaches cartoonish proportions in his diction that give the group an Alice Donut feel. At other times, they offer Sonic Youth-like art noise ("Evernight") while at other times they tread very near to Classic Rock. The title track is very much in the classic Misfits vein. (2.5)

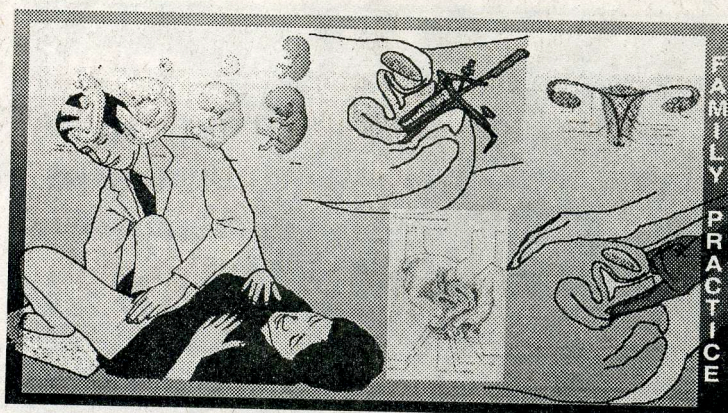
**Harlem Slim**  
***The Universal Pitch***  
**78 RPM Records**

Harlem Slim is a master of the pre-World War II Delta blues sound as practiced by Robert Johnson, Blind Willie McTell and others. On *The Universal Pitch* he brings to bear these acoustic blues techniques on such varied material as Classical Music ("Thus Spoke Zarathustra"), English folk ("Greensleeves") and gospel. The eclectic instrumental album is a fun listen as the guitar master stretches into these genres. (3)

**Mach Kung-Fu**  
***Teach A Chick to Dance***  
**Telstar Records**

Mach Kung-Fu is a Japanese rock band of distilled dynamism, pure energy. They attack American proto-rock sounds and surf music with the undeniable enthusiasm of kamikaze pilots. They mix slick, reverb-laden instrumentals with head-screaming, full-throttle rock songs. (4)





## Family Practice by J.D. ZENGLER

Sure enough, when Dr. Susanne Tobin-White drove past the clinic on the way to Sunday dinner with her parents, the Lone Protester was all-too-faithfully holding to his post. Standing the required twenty-five feet from the clinic's main entrance, the old fellow shouldered a placard with a crude drawing of a greatly enlarged and bloody fetus on it. He'd born his peculiar cross eight hours a day, seven days a week, for the past year and, in liberal Madison, was accompanied by other protesters only on the anniversary of Roe v. Wade. The clinic's patients and staff had come to consider him but a minor nuisance and generally ignored him.

Susanne's ire, however, never ceased to be aroused at the very sight of the Lone Protester. Speeding past him in her Volvo, she lowered her window and shouted, "Asshole!" at the stalwart old man, causing her more civil husband to slump low in the passenger seat.

Fifteen minutes later, Susanne's sister, Dr. Elizabeth Tobin, passed the one-man right-wing mob, too. Unlike her sister, Elizabeth didn't notice him. In training for her next marathon, she'd run an extra five miles that morning and now was late for dinner. Ordinarily prompt, her own tardiness offended her sense of order. Besting the speed limit by twenty miles, her Lexus cleaved a deep puddle and sent a muddy tsunami over the Lone Protester, soaking him to his skin and obliterating his sign. As usual, Elizabeth didn't realize the havoc she'd left in her rushed wake.

In spite of her lawless haste, when she reached her parents' house, her mother had already put the pot roast on the table. Elizabeth furtively grimaced at the high fat, low carb feast and sat down next to her secretly salivating brother-in-law. Then she noticed that her father's chair was empty.

"Where's dad?" she asked. "I thought *you* were on call today," she added accusingly to Susanne.

Before Susanne could reply to Elizabeth's sororital challenge, their mother spoke, explaining the vacant chair: "Girls, your father and I are splitting up," she announced calmly as if her newly defunct marriage of thirty-five years was a canceled bridge game. "Louis has found someone else and they're getting married as soon as our divorce becomes final."

"What? Why? Who?" cried the two younger women in shocked surprise while Susanne's husband helped himself to the best cut of the roast.

Each sister's reaction ran swift and strong, like divergent tributaries of one mighty river. That low down, cheating creep, thought Susanne. Who's the home wrecker - one of his patients? The unprofessional son-of-a-bitch! While Elizabeth wondered, how could I have not known about this? We work side by side Monday through Saturday. How did this get by me?

Observing her daughters' turbulent expressions, their unruffled mother admonished, "Now, don't judge your father harshly. Sometimes things don't work out. Life isn't the *Brady Bunch*. We're all adults and I expect you girls to act accordingly." Unnecessarily, she reminded them, "Besides, you have a practice with your father."

But her moderate words were the furthest things from each sister's mind when first Elizabeth, then Susanne pulled into the clinic's parking lot the next morning. Both were mulling over their Sunday promise to

their mother to not confront their father, but to let him tell them the news himself. As usual, the Lone Protester was there before them, his sign cleaned of yesterday's besmirchment. Elizabeth, out of long habit, ignored him. Susanne, on the other hand, viciously jabbed a middle finger heavenward in an irate salute to both of the men who currently were pissing her off.

Dr. Louis Tobin, extramarital fornicator, sixty year-old prospective groom, father of two ob/gyns, and the clinic's director, arrived an hour later to find Susanne waiting for him in his office. Elizabeth, two doors down, performing a cervical cone biopsy on a nervous patient, could hear only snatches of their loud conversation. "...none of your business", "...reputation of the clinic", "...this to mom", "...talk to me like that", and "...unprofessional behavior". Their anger, only partially drowned out by the clinic's piped-in musak, contributed to Elizabeth's patient's anxiety, making an unpleasant, but simple procedure, difficult and uncomfortable. Damn that Susanne, Elizabeth cursed to herself, she broke her promise to Mom already!

"Ouch!" abruptly yelped Elizabeth's patient, as Elizabeth, distracted, pulled the speculum out before fully retracting it. "Damn it, Dr. Tobin, that really hurt!" the poor woman complained, struggling to free her heels from the stirrups. She glared at Elizabeth. "If I wanted a doctor with ten thumbs, I'd have gone to your sister!"

"Now now. Susanne is a very competent doctor," said Elizabeth, ignoring the required apology. "This is just the Valium talking," she murmured reassuringly. "Just lie still until a nurse takes you to recovery," and she left to perform a D & C.

The clinic, its waiting room full of women, some pregnant some not - but all in need of various obstetrical and gynecological services, was crowded, even for a Monday. So the busy sisters' paths didn't cross until late morning. Susanne was ushering a gravid patient out the door and bluntly advising, loud enough for the entire waiting room to hear, "Don't have intercourse in that position again until two months after the baby's born." Elizabeth, there to call her next case, winced, as did many of the women with appointments to see Susanne. When Susanne spied her flinching sister, she grabbed her by the arm and hustled her into the hallway.

"He's been screwing Jill Bauer for the past five years behind Mom's back!" she hissed in Elizabeth's ear.

"Not Jill!" protested Elizabeth. Until Jill took a executive position last year at Madison Memorial, she had been the clinic's head nurse. Louis had started the clinic with her thirty years ago. She was like an aunt to his daughters and his wife's best friend.

"She's some back-stabbing bitch, huh?" said Susanne.

"No! It's impossible. It's not true. Not Jill," sputtered Elizabeth.

"Got it from the mouth of the horse's ass himself," Susanne informed her. "At least it wasn't a patient," she added in a relieved tone. "That would have been beyond the pale."

Before Elizabeth could further object to Susanne's bad news, a secretary poked her head into the hall and called to Susanne, "Dr. White, the midwife's at Memorial with Mrs. Vitto. Her baby's breaching. They need you there right away!"

Without another word, Susanne rushed out of the clinic, abandoning her sister to deal with their adulterous father alone. For once, she didn't stop to jeer the Lone Protester. Although he did have to leap nimbly into some shrubs to avoid being sucked into her accelerating Volvo's slipstream.

With Susanne gone, Louis and his remaining daughter picked up as many of her patients as possible in addition to their own appointments. Elizabeth initially was happy to be so busy. She didn't have time to think of anything but the female reproductive system. It was easier to keep her promise to her mother that way. Unlike her wayward sister, she had no desire to disappoint her mother or confront her father. Plus, the heavy patient load meant she could avoid contact with Louis, and, for now, avoidance seemed the best course of action.

But by mid-afternoon Elizabeth, who was generally considered the most thorough, gentle, and soft-spoken of the clinic's three doctors, had grown snippy and short with her patients.

"If you don't lose thirty pounds, your knees will give out someday," she snapped at one big boned woman.

"Are you nuts, Doc? There's nothing wrong with my knees!" the



woman exclaimed, insulted. "And if I lost thirty pounds, I'd only weigh a hundred ten. I'm five nine. You want me to be anorexic?" She eyed Elizabeth's bony marathoner frame suspiciously.

"You may not be having trouble now, but sometimes problems take years to develop," Elizabeth retorted.

She was so out of sorts, she even told her next patient, who was eight months along, to lose weight, too. Mrs. Riordan, a jolly woman, laughed so hard that her baby's responding kicks were visible across her distended tummy.

"Come on, Liz," she protested. "Don't be ridiculous. I'm eating for two. What's up? Maybe something's eating *you* today?"

Mrs. Riordan, mother of three other children delivered by Elizabeth, was one of the obstetrician's favorite patients. She exuded maternal warmth and common sense and Elizabeth considered her a friend. Perhaps that's why she impulsively began pouring the sordid tale of her father's peccadillo into Mrs. Riordan's sympathetic, and gossip-loving, ears.

"...and he's marrying Mom's best friend!" she indignantly ended her story, simultaneously finishing Mrs. Riordan's exam.

"Tchh, men!" clucked Mrs. Riordan sympathetically as she got dressed. "If they could be a woman for just one day, it would change their tune for sure!"

Elizabeth chuckled, her spirits and perspective restored by her unburdening. "Yeah, men, can't live with them, can't shoot them," she joked morbidly.

Afterwards, the rest of the day passed more pleasantly. Elizabeth once again treated her patients with compassion and good humor. Before she knew it, six o'clock had rolled around and she was dismissing her last client. As she headed for her office to wrap up the day's paperwork, her father beckoned her into one of the consultation rooms.

"The whole damn office knows about my private affairs," he growled angrily at Elizabeth. "All afternoon, catty women have been congratulating me on my upcoming marriage!"

"Are you implying that it's my fault?" Elizabeth asked incredulously. "Don't blame me. I kept my promise! Talk to Susanne."

"I already did. At least she had the guts to tell me off to my face!"

Elizabeth bristled. "Oh yeah! Here's a news flash, Dad. I'm an adult and I don't care how you run your 'affairs'! It must have been Susanne who blabbed."

"Susanne's been at Memorial all day."

"Jesus! You think she's never wrong! She was here most of the morning. Why don't you ask Little Miss Perfect about her big mouth? Huh?"

With that brilliant rejoinder, which only lacked a thumb to her nose, Elizabeth turned on her heel and stalked out, cutting the drama short. But she didn't so easily escape her mental soap opera. How dare that unfaithful louse accuse her of misconduct! And after the pains she took to keep her vow! Why couldn't he ever see that she was so much more conscientious than Susanne? Christ! You'd think the jerk would appreciate her mature discretion!

Back in her office, Elizabeth naturally was unable to concentrate on medical charts and reports and so decided to leave early. She would use the time to add an extra five miles on her evening run. After gathering her briefcase and coat, she went out to the parking lot. As she started her car, she noticed the presence of the Lone Protester for the first time in weeks. He wasn't hard to miss. He was standing directly in front of the Lexus.

"Murderer!" he shouted, waving his sanguine sign. "Butcher!"

Angered by the unfairness of his epithets, for she'd brought more lives into the world than the hairs left on his elderly head, Elizabeth pressed down hard on the gas, gunning the parked car's engine. Successfully threatened, the old man retreated a few feet to the side, but kept one foot in front of the car like it was an open door and he a vacuum cleaner salesman.

"Baby killer!" yelled the Lone Protester defiantly.

Then something, that he had not wound up, inside his adversary snapped, and Elizabeth, propelled by more than gasoline, popped the gears into drive. With an expensive roar, the Lexus leapt forward, its luxurious shocks absorbing the soft bump of five severed toes under its front tire.

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**METAL BLADE** : Ex-Mithotyn guitarist Stefan Weinerhall (wipe that smile off your face) formed the band **Falconer** with Karsten Larsson (ex-Mithotyn drummer) in 1999. With stupid band name in place, the two musicians recruited Mathias Blad for vocal duties. Falconer's power metal style incorporates a heavy edge with a classic metal vibe. Besides a guitar performance from Weinerhall that consistently rocks throughout the album, Blad's vocals are incredibly strong and fitting. So far, this is one of the better Euro power metal releases of the year.

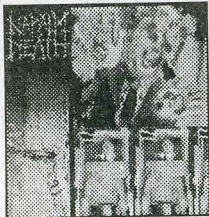


— A day that can not go wrong is a day filled with a new **Flotsam And Jetsam**

release. **MY GOD** is the latest album, and number eight in a long line of consistent excellence in metal for the band. Flotsam has the rare ability to craft songs that remind you of what metal used to be, while they are always bringing something new to the table. The band's last album **UNNATURAL SELECTION** introduced new members Mark Simpson (guitar) and Craig Nielson (drums) - joining original members Erik A.K. (vocals), Ed Carlson (guitar) and long time bass player Jason Ward. New blood affected **UNNATURAL SELECTION** with heavier, more concise song packages. With **MY GOD**, the band has fully gelled, with the final result being classic Flotsam And Jetsam material. Think of **MY GOD** as a mix of the energy of **UNNATURAL SELECTION** and the special song writing flair of **DRIFT**.

**SPITFIRE** : First a new Flotsam, now a new **Napalm Death** too? I'm feeling a lot of love in this room. That's right. Napalm Death has released **ENEMY OF THE MUSIC BUSINESS**. I am enjoying the hell out of this release, but take into consideration, I started to get into Napalm's sound around the release of **FEAR**, **EMPTINESS**, **DESPAIR** (1994). For the pre-**UTOPIA BANNISHED**, grind-head, diehards, if you haven't gotten onboard with the "new" Napalm sound, then now is the time. This band lays down some of the heaviest, grind-groove known to man or beast. I love this album. Lyrical inspiration came from the band's recent music industry battles (including the departure from Earache Records). The track "Can't Play, Won't Play", which contains the album's title in the lyrics, seems to be

aimed directly at Earache, "...Ten years still didn't finish us. Much to their disdain. Ten long years. Regained the impetus. Thorns in cash-whore side. Dirt is now scrubbed from our own doorstep, but around every corner, hides a high roller". Napalm Death was signed to Earache Records from 1987 to 1998.

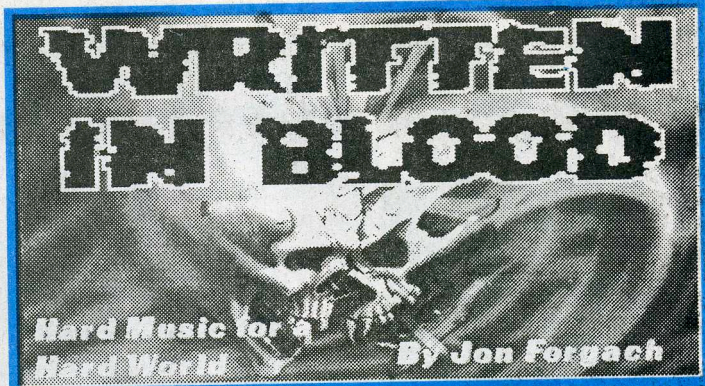


#### RELAPSE

It's been a long time now that I've been wondering.... worrying.... and won-

dering what has become of the boys from the band Human Remains. The band's 1996 release **USING SICK-NESS AS A HERO** had me hooked quick, but unfortunately, Human Remains had broken up before the release even had time to hit the streets. Apparently, ex-Human Remains drummer David Witte has been spending time with the band **Discordance Axis** (I'm always the last to know), and now has a new band - **Burnt By The Sun**. **BSTS's** four song debut is awesome. The super tight, musical lunacy of **Burnt By The Sun** will have you fast taking leave of your senses. Work on a full length will begin in June. I'll be counting the days..... wondering.... worrying.... hoping for a new release from **Burnt By The Sun**. — **AM UNIVERSUM** is the latest from **Amorphis**. Could this band get any more melodic than their last album **TUONELA**? Well.... yes they can, and did. Clean vocals have completely taken over, while keyboard play and even saxophone work nudged their way into a once guitar dominated band.

**CANDLELIGHT** : The three piece **Peccatum** will be releasing their second full length, **AMOR FATI** in the late spring. Until then, their debut **STRANGLING FROM WITHIN** is making it's way stateside. This band's mixed sound is a cross-over between black, goth and death metal. Dual male and female vocals add to the over-all sonic range of the already expansive music. Smooth and jagged vocal harmonies are a nice complement to the complex musical structure of the songs. — **EMPERIAL LIVE CEREMONY** is a live album, with performances taken from **Emperor's IX EQUILIBRIUM** world tour. The latest news from the Emperor camp is that the band will not be touring in support of their upcoming album **PROMETHEUS** : **THE DISCIPLINE OF FIRE AND**



**DEMISE**. That said, **EMPERIAL LIVE CEREMONY** has also been released on VHS and DVD. **EMPERIAL...** contains nine live tracks and a video for the song "I Am The Black Wizards".

#### CENTURY MEDIA

Chills are the best way for me to describe my reaction to **God Forbid's, DETERMINATION**. This New Jersey band of four years is simply incredible. A recording job as worthy as the music being played makes this album an even more enjoyable listen. **God Forbid** delivers a ferocious wall of sound, all the while, maintaining a very high level of technical excellence. This band is a culmination and perfect representation of the best that death and metalcore have to offer today. Their music has an established, classic sound intermingled with surprises around every musical corner.

#### NEUROT RECORDINGS

Boston's **Isis** has you scheduled for another trip deep into the inter-workings of the machine that is their music. With only five tracks spanning thirty five minutes, ample time was taken to build, ebb and flow from the beginning of the release to the end. Heavy emo. creates a thick musical ambience that is at times manipulated, ever so slightly, by elec-

tronic circuitry. **SGNL>05** contains a track remixed by Justin Broadrick, "Celestial (Signal Fills The Void)".

#### SENSORY

The wildly, over the top technical aspects of the band **Zero Hour** will certainly please fans of power/prog. metal. The music from their latest, **THE TOWERS OF AVARICE** will not create an overtly rhythmic connection with the uninitiated, technical music listener.

You'll have to listen carefully. Every note played stands on it's own. The crutch of repetition played no role in the writing of these songs. Lyrically, vocally and musically - this is a very good album.

**METAL-IS** : If **Rob Halford's** new live album, **LIVE INSURRECTION** did anything for me, it was to solidify the fact that a pack of wild dogs couldn't keep me from seeing Halford live if I had the chance (Although, with the lack of shows hitting Salt Lake, it's unlikely that opportunity will arise.). The music from the double live release was taken from the 2000-2001 "Resurrection" world tour. A number of Judas Priest classics were also featured on this release. Three studio tracks, "Screaming In The Dark", "Heart Of A Lion" and "Prisoner Of Your Eyes" were included at the end of disc 2.

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# SUBTERRANEAN SECT



## Mortician- *Domain Of Death*

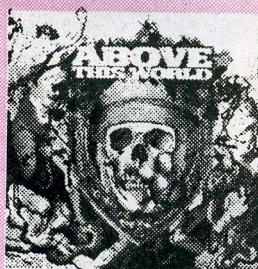
Mortician execute unrelentingly grim and gruesome death metal that fractures the speed of sound. Mortician, and their barbarically cruel grinding death, own the dark.

"The game is finished!!! Now you DIE!"



## Red Harvest- *Cold Dark Matter*

This Norwegian quintet churns and grinds elements of industrial and noisecore with cold, grim black metal, creating a unique soundscape that's suffocating and visceral yet atmospheric and introspective.



## Above The World- *End Of Days*

California's Above This World have been formed from key members of HOODS (on Victory), POWERHOUSE, and SWORN VENGEANCE. ATW play tough, urban, apocalyptic metalcore that rivals the likes of Hatebreed, All Out War, and Buried Alive.

New on Thorp.



## Candiria – *300 Percent Density*

"Candiria's accomplishment is impressive... total disregard for the boundaries of metal's subgenres." - Rolling Stone

Candiria, picked by Rolling Stone as one of the top new metal acts, have returned with a brilliant new album.



## God Forbid – *Determination*

"an Americanized form of melodic thrash that hasn't sounded this feral, this original, and this revolutionary in years" - CMJ

New Music Report



## Marduk – *La Grande Danse Macabre*

Black metal pioneers Marduk heed the call to arms with their latest studio release, *La Grande Danse Macabre*, which is set to seize the throne of the genres' lecherous kingdom with instrumental wizardry and coarse vocal majesty.

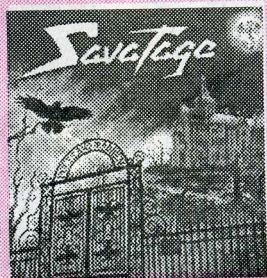
See Marduk on tour soon with Deicide!





### Susperia – *Predominance*

Norway's Susperia boasts a stellar line-up of highly skilled musicians (features former members of Dimmu Borgir, Old Man's Child and Satyricon) whose roots are firmly entrenched within the Norwegian black metal scene. They have gone to great lengths to create an album full of brutally melodic original songs and *Predominance* is the masterful result.



### Savatage – *Poets And Madmen*

The Madmen Of Savatage have created their most amazingly poetic album yet with the aptly titled *Poets And Madmen*. 2001 promises to be an extremely triumphant year for these true veterans of metal! Look out for them on tour now with Fates Warning.



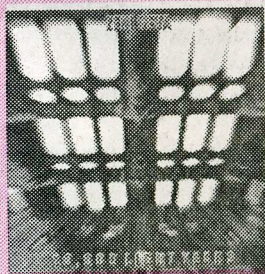
### Hypocrisy – *Live & Clips*

This DVD release vividly shows Hypocrisy in their best element, on stage and also includes six professionally shot videos that are available here together for the first time. *Live & Clips* is the definitive Hypocrisy collection and a must have for any hardcore fan of the band or death metal, period.



### Sisthema – *The Fourth Discontinuity*

The *Fourth Discontinuity* is the domestic debut from Italy's "Cyber Thrash Metal" act, Sisthema. Their cerebral, progressive sound stretches the boundaries of metal's genres and will appeal to fans that enjoy the more challenging approach of bands like Meshuggah.



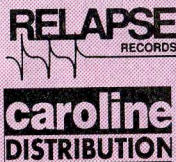
### Zeni Geva- *10,000 Light Years*

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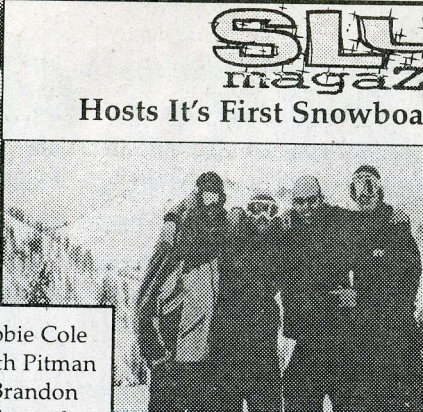


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# SLUG magazine

Hosts It's First Snowboarding Contest Ever!



Judges/Terrain Park on top of Pioneer peak: **Dustin Anderson, Chris Colter, Ken Gator, Randy Gator (not pictured) Jason Luthman, Dios Long**

## Contest Results

### Slopestyle:

#### Open Men

- 1<sup>st</sup> Ross Lind
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Nick Vanquill

#### Open Women

- 1<sup>st</sup> Lindsey Christensen
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Emily Love
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Leah Rogers
- 4<sup>th</sup> Jamie Olson

#### 17+ Men

- 1<sup>st</sup> Nick Smaligo
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Dustin Case
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Cameron Briffiths

#### 17+ Women

#### 17+ Women

#### 17+ Women

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#### 17+ Women

3<sup>rd</sup> Jobie Cole

4<sup>th</sup> Seth Pitman

5<sup>th</sup> Brandon Lockwood

Open Women

1<sup>st</sup> Lindsey

Chris

2<sup>nd</sup> Karen Salita

3<sup>rd</sup> Krista

Moroge

4<sup>th</sup> Ellie Miller

5<sup>th</sup> Melissa

Walker

17+ Men

1<sup>st</sup> Nick

Smaligo

2<sup>nd</sup> Dios Long

3<sup>rd</sup> Rhett Barker

4<sup>th</sup> Randy

Manarang

5<sup>th</sup> Riley Drage

17+ Women

1<sup>st</sup> Emily Love

2<sup>nd</sup> Joe

3<sup>rd</sup> Renee

Cunningham

16- Men

1<sup>st</sup> Ryan Call

2<sup>nd</sup> Will

Tuddenham

3<sup>rd</sup> Jeff Calder

4<sup>th</sup> Andrew

16- Women

1<sup>st</sup> Jenna Waite

2<sup>nd</sup> Erin

Nielson

Skiers

1<sup>st</sup> Travis Kemp

2<sup>nd</sup> Patrick War

3<sup>rd</sup> Eric Nelson

4<sup>th</sup> Dimo Littig

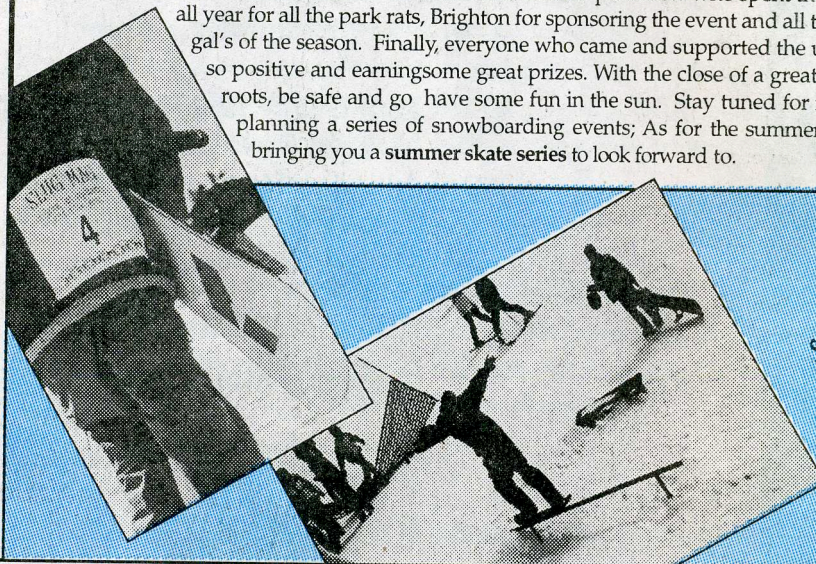
5<sup>th</sup> Luke

Roberts

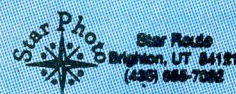
Originally Scheduled for the weekend of April 7<sup>th</sup>, SLUG MAGAZINE'S "1<sup>st</sup> Annual "Last" Snowboard Event of the Season" finally went down at Brighton Ski Resort on April 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup>.

On the morning of Saturday April 7<sup>th</sup>, around 5 a.m. it started snowing and didn't stop for three days. Postponing was the only option in the white out conditions. With the extra week we added a snowskate park and more product from sponsors. The wait also brought another morning storm falling Saturday, April 14<sup>th</sup>. The sun came out at noon and with five fresh inches, it was time for the slopestyle contest. Before the awards ceremony, We opened the snowskate rail session, while the local band, **Badapple** played a short set.

Sunday, the 15<sup>th</sup> was looking to be a blue bird day for the halfpipe contest. The park crew hand cut the pipe and after a two hour warm up, the contest started at noon. The conditions for a pipe contest were perfect. Each contestant received a shirt and stickers along with a prize according to each place. Most of the contestants from Saturday came back for Sunday and with only a \$10 entry fee, everyone could afford to. This was SLUG's first attempt at a snowboarding contest and the results prove that even the little guy can compete with the big boys. From start to finish this was one of the hardest, brain numbing experiences I have done while working for SLUG, but also one of the most fun. As the snow is melting and everyone's attention is turned to the summer I would like to share my thanks to some individuals that helped me with the contest. First, who I haven't thanked is Casey Buxton who has ridden for both MILO and Salty Peaks and helped me with the contacts for *Research and Destroy The History of Snowboarding* article (see issue #147), Angela Brown & the rest of the SLUG staff - who offered their services and time. Ken Gator and the park crew who spent the time groomed the park all year for all the park rats, Brighton for sponsoring the event and all the snowbro's and snowgal's of the season. Finally, everyone who came and supported the underdogs and for being so positive and earningsome great prizes. With the close of a great season, remember your roots, be safe and go have some fun in the sun. Stay tuned for next year- SLUG will be planning a series of snowboarding events; As for the summer... SLUG and MILO are bringing you a **summer skate series** to look forward to.



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## An Interview with Thursday (the band) on Thursday (the day)

By Shane Farver

Sometimes I think I get a little too god-damned involved with my writing. Take the incident that occurred on Thursday, March 29th for example. I sat on the bench at Grounds for Coffee on 30th street and Harrison Boulevard in Ogden preparing my questions for an interview that was to take place later that day. I was totally oblivious to the fact that only a few feet away members of **Thursday**, the band I was preparing to interview, were sitting down enjoying a cup of coffee. Eventually, I realized this convenient circumstance and proceeded to introduce myself. Maybe it was fate that brought them to me, maybe it was just coincidence. Either way the location of the interview was decided by forces unknown. The five o'clock shadows and tired expressions that graced some member's faces conveyed the fact that *Beatnik's* in Ogden would be the last stop on Thursday's tour. Although they were worn out, Thursday did take time to notice the outlandish mountains of Utah, a shocking change from their hometown of New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Thursday consists of Geoff on vocals, Tom and Steve on guitar, Tim on bass and Tucker on drums. The band has the talent of taking all of the twisted emotions of life and smashing them together into a well-blended song. Their live performance has been described as "mesmerizing". However, the band is modest about this description. "If anything, I get completely mesmerized," Tom said. "When we are in a cool place, like this place, with the crazy mountains. We talk to people before we play, and we end up making friends like **Sand-Kicker**, who are totally our new best friends. I honestly get totally mesmerized by that, by people that are totally willing to accept you."

Thursday's drummer Tucker offered up another explanation

of why people are drawn to Thursday's live performance. "We play each show like it's our

becoming more musically inclined. "Basically Tom and I learned how to play our instruments," Tucker jokingly said. In between their freshman album *Waiting* on Eyeball records and *Full Collapse* Thursday added Steve Pedula as their second guitarist. Steve added to the musical kaleidoscope of Thursday and managed to heighten the emotional roller coaster of sound to a new level along with Tom and Tim on the strings. The man who puts the words to the music, Geoff

giving up on life," he said. "Because I think we all think life is worth living." Thursday will continue cranking out emotion charged melodic hardcore as long as their music is still substantive. "If we're ever faking it, it's not worth it," Geoff said. When the end of their musical adventure does come, the members of Thursday have other interests that should keep them busy. All members are involved in causes for social justice and guitarist Steve Pedula is active in the independent film business. As our interview came to a close Thursday told me they planned to stay in Ogden an extra day to play another show at *Beatnik's* with local band **Skint**.

Due to the curse of being under 21 years of age I was not able to see Thursday's live performance. Instead, I took my underage ass to a viewpoint, popped Thursday's *Full Collapse* into my CD player, and watched the sun go down in a blaze of orange, purple, and yellow glory.



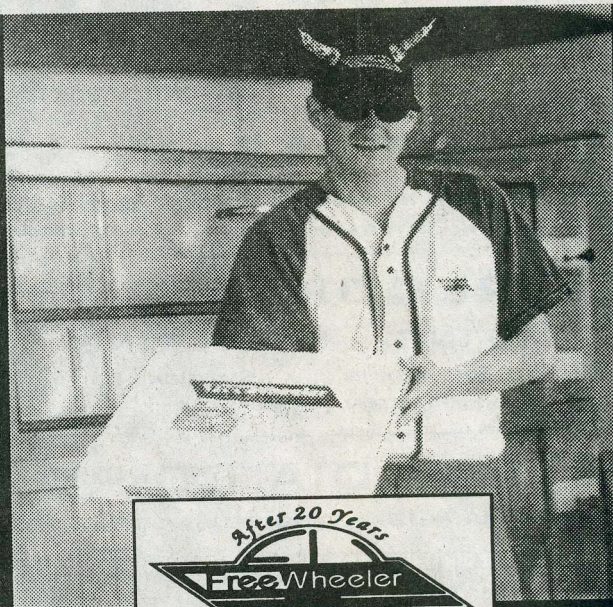
Photo:Kathi Haruch

last Show", he said. "I've been to the point of vomiting while playing."

In late November of 2000 Thursday was signed to Victory records. This event opened opportunities that Thursday had not previously been able to come across in their three years together. The band predicts that they will spend ample amounts of quality time together in coming years as well as playing a lot more shows. Their first full length album on Victory, *Full Collapse* has been in stores since April 10th and features enough lament, angst, and sadness to keep old and new fans coming back for more. Although Victory may have aided Thursday in their fan base growth, Thursday's music has been growing on it's own. The band is proud to be a part of the changing genre of hardcore. "Over the years I've seen hardcore change so much," Tom stated. "I'd like to be a part of that tradition." Thursday doesn't claim to be pioneers of a new style of hardcore, they're simply riding the waves of change that come with any musical style over time. Thursday maintains that the biggest musical change they went through over the years is

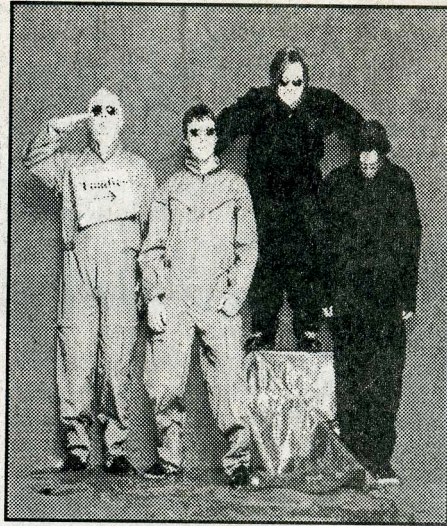
words to the music, Geoff Rickly, shared the method to his lyrical madness. "Some of our songs are very personal, and about losing people and not

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## THE NIGHT THE TOADIES ALMOST KILLED MY GIRLFRIEND

An interview with Clark  
Vogeler of The Toadies  
by Shamy Shady

toad-y (to' dee) *n*- [pl. toadies]  
person who caters to or flatters  
some-one for the sake of gain. *vi*-  
[toadied, toad-y-ing]:  
He toadied his superiors.

It was going to be a grand evening of debauchery and depravity. The date December 14, 1995. The occasion was my soon-to-be-ex-fiance's birthday. I had bought her this freaky, tight black rubber dress at the Blue Boutique and tickets to The Toadies at DV8. I had plans for that dress. She was going to leave the fuckin' thing on! We arrived fashionably late, the opener had just finished and the roadies were setting the stage. Living Death (NOT her real name.)

began complaining of the heat, as evidenced by the glistening droplets of sweat gathering in a riot on her heaving breast. Then she said that she couldn't breathe so well and we might have to step outside for some air. I said I knew exactly how she felt, thinking this was the start of a prolonged bout of foreplay which could only end one way. Not two seconds later she collapsed in a steamy puddle into my arms. I'm known for having this effect on people, so I didn't know what to do. The Toadies

were just about to take the stage and I'd paid good money for the tickets. I was torn. Do I set her gently in the corner until she comes to, or do I take her home? In the end the better half of me won out and we left without seeing The Toadies. I was kinda pissed. And to top it all off, she wasn't in the mood to fool around anymore. The first thing she did was jump out of that dress like a snake shedding it's skin and into the shower. Leaving me to ponder the futility of existence, and my right hand.

Clark Vogeler is the new guitarist for The Toadies. He's the most articulate and thoughtful guitarist I've had the pleasure to talk to. Most suffer from an affliction I refer to as *guitardation*. Which is an incurable need to hear oneself blaring over and above all else. He was cool enough to take 25 minutes from his rock-n-roll lifestyle to discuss the new record **Hell Below/Stars Above** (Interscope), and the finer points of existence. By the time you read this they'll have come and gone from SLC. If you missed it, you're bummin'. Visit their website [www.thetoadies.com](http://www.thetoadies.com).

SLUG: Is Todd a psycho killer or what?

CV: If he is he's very good, and secretive. We don't know about it. SLUG: Maybe he just hasn't got caught yet. When he does we'll feature him in Serial Killer of the Month. I ask because of lyrics to songs like "Possum Kingdom" and "Jigsaw Girl" and "Dollskin" from the new one. I've lost more girls by asking: 'Do you wanna die?'

CV: Funny you should say that. Years ago we read in the paper about an incident that occurred in this small town called Mansfield. Two or three adolescents murdered a teenager. And as they were bludgeoning him with logs, or something, they were screaming that same line at him. It came out in the trial that those were lyrics to a Toadies song. It wasn't like they tried to implicate us, but it was disturbing.

SLUG: Shit, I had no idea. The new record has a strong, underlying religious theme lyrically, as well as the imagery. Even Rubberneck did with songs like "Backslider". It seems more people are becoming aware of the ramifications of religion. I believe that God is the root of evil. Does

Todd gotta problem with God too?

CV: I don't really want to speak for Todd. But, I think he definitely has a problem with religion and its effects on people and the world. He was raised by a Southern Baptist family, his father is a preacher, so there's always that undercurrent in his lyrics. We've actually had some people think that we're a Christian band. SLUG: Do you claim any labels like atheist, humanist, Satanist etc.?

CV: Religion is just like welding to me. I don't need to weld things, so I don't really need to know anything about welding. It's not even worth thinking about to me. We do have some good conversations in the van, though, about religion. We get all wound up when we hear about the stupid things people do.

SLUG: It ceases to amaze me. What's one thing that really pisses you off?

CV: What really pisses me off is... I think that instinctually we're a creative species. As children our imagination just goes crazy all over the place. But, through the 'educational' system, authority and work this creativity is systematically suppressed and stymied as we grow older. It's sad. I think every teenager should be equipped with an acoustic guitar, a journal and pen. Maybe the world would be happier.

SLUG: Do you believe that Earth is spinning?

CV: It is usually between the hours of 8am and 1pm!

SLUG: Good answer. What is our (humanity's) 'purpose'?

CV: Man, I feel that we're basically the same as ants or any other living thing. We're just crawling around trying to survive, do what our instincts tell us. But we build up all this stuff around us to give it meaning. I really don't think there is any meaning. When we die we go in the ground. Consciousness has screwed up everyone's thinking.

SLUG: Are we who we think we are, or only how others see us?

CV: It varies from person to person. Some people base their self-image on what other people think of them. But, the more evolved, more lucid people have their own self-image and that's what other people pick-up on.

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## The Morells

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### Slewoffoot Records

This is a great disc from a great band. Fans of rockabilly, honky-tonk, swing, and blues will want to seek this one out. Another thing that makes this band so good is the fact that they are pretty old guys, in their early and late fifties. Don't hold it against these guys, they sure know how to get the boots stomping and the drunken swagger flowing. Take for example some of the titles of their songs: "Hair of the Dog", "Hot Rod Baby", "Double Crossin' Liquor", and "Seven Days Without Love". These are truly beautiful anthems to give greasers inspiration and put a tear in their beers. Check 'em out and order their album on line at [www.slewoffootrecords.com](http://www.slewoffootrecords.com), y'all love it; guaranteed.

—Kevlar7

### Of Montreal

#### *Coquelicot Asleep In the Poppies: A Variety of Whimsical Verse* Kindercore

The music on this Athens, GA ensemble's first full-length release recalls a number of possible influences, most of them not musical but literary: children's books like A Child's Garden of Verse, Roald Dahl (both children's and more sinister adult works) and the Wizard of Oz, not leastly in the whimsical illustrations. Singer Kevin Barnes explains the rather convoluted plot thusly: "C. is an Efeblum (a word he made up, btw), a creature sometimes employed by loving spirits to place bells inside the hearts of people to make them do good. On a mission to earth, she decides to stay for a while and learn what it's like to be human. Then after some adventures with earthlings, she invites them all to become Efeblums." He adds, "the world of C. is really fun to create, with sculptures and wall hangings as backdrops. We decorate the stage so it seems like more of an event." The presentation is also reminiscent, both in sound and sight, of Sgt. Pepper's and Yellow Submarine, definitely mind-expanding. The music is goes beyond most Elephant 6 artsy pop fare. Kevin's brother David will also show films. You don't experience stuff like this too often anymore. The show comes to Kilby Court May 11.

—Stakerized!

Linval Thompson  
*Ride On Dreadlocks*

## Blood And Fire

Jamaican dance hall, Dub, or Reggae are appropriate titles for the type of music contained on this disk. With song titles such as "Jah Jah The Conqueror", "Don't Try To Rob I", "Jah Jah Is I Guiding Star", and "Don't Cut Off Your Dreadlocks/Joyful Locks" you know that your in for a stoney treat. Recorded between 1975-77 these songs are interesting because of the early dub, reverb, and delay effects that were used. So sit back, light up a fat spliff and enjoy, or just lie and say that you did.

—mike

### The Carnys

#### *Self-Titled*

#### Pecan Crazy Records

There's a good chance you've seen Grady Roper's cartoons, either in the Event or his own Proper Gander comic zines if you happened to pick them up at Salt City. The San Marcos, TX artist also produced local group the Vexations CD. Roper's own group, the Carnys, is a bit like the Velvet Underground if the members of that group had been raised by travelling circus performers instead of come up from the mean streets of New Yawk. Vocals are spoken/sung a bit like Lou Reed. Loopy organ accompanies vocals that could also serve as those of a carny barker in their day job. His wry sense of humor is applied to "Staying Too Long At the Tanning Salon," "That Dress is a Mess," "Shooting Craps (With Our Love)," and other minor tragedies that are none too sad, with their sideshow perspective of the world. Grady Roper is coming here to perform at Burt's June 9.

—Stakerized!

### Trunk Federation

#### *Lay The Hip*

#### Plastique Recording Co.

Having successfully survived the "sophomore slump" (with 1998's ode to their haunted touring van, "The Curse of Miss Kitty") the Phoenix-based quartet return with their latest effort, the most charming *Lay The Hip*. Lead by singer/lyricist Jim Andreas, the band boasts local musician Jason Sanford on guitar (and other instruments for this new release), bassist Robert Smith, and drummer Chris Kennedy. According to their website, Sanford still lives in Park City, though informs us the band is for "some reason" based in Phoenix. Alright. Ignoring the website's sarcasm, the music Trunk Federation makes is actually pretty good. With an emphasis on

short, to-the-point tunes, *Lay The Hip* starts off with the smooth jam of "Hey Suitcase", and into the sing-along "Load Up The Jetset", while the remaining 10 selections are fairly enjoyable. (The great "Dirty Little Commentary" is worth mentioning here.) The Trunk's sound has been apparently spruced-up with the addition of horn and strings and the like, which is probably the work of co-producer Jim Waters (Sonic Youth, John Spencer) and that is not such a bad thing. And since such experimentation is vital to a band's success, it will be interesting to see which direction they explore next. Trunk Federation's *Lay the Hip* is a strong offering, and worth investigating.

—Son of Damian

### Form Of Rocket

#### *(untitled) EP*

#### Ice Age Records

Form Of Rocket is a local Salt Lake band that takes off frequently from the Kilby Court launch pad. When you see this band play live, I suggest you have your space suit fitted properly because they achieve mach ten speed immediately after take off and DO NOT slow down. Their four song EP was recently handed to me and it meets and exceeds all expectations. A seven-inch will be available in June so look for it. A title like "hard core" might describe their sound, but don't let that fool you. There is something original about their style that avoids easy description.

—mike

### Various

#### Colonel Jeffrey Pumpernickel Off Records

Off Records label proprietor Chris Slusarenko's concept album is a virtual who's-who of indie bands: Guided By Voices, Stephen Malkmus, the Minus 5 (REM's Peter Buck & Scott of Young Fresh Fellows), Granddaddy, Poster Children, the Minders, Ann Magnuson & Dave Rick of Bongwater, & more. The story is of a man whose allergies cause him to hallucinate and have all kinds of adventures. Who thought hay fever could be so psychedelic? As if that wasn't enough, the CD sleeve features artwork by comic artists Peter Bagge of Hate, Jim Woodring and Kim Deitsch. The jewel in the crown is liner notes by one of the great rock critics of all time, Richard Meltzer, who used to write for Creem in its early days. Rawk opera lives! Imagine what



the movie version of this would be like. Tommy for the 2000's? This is 7:41 minutes longer.

—Stakerized!

### Appendix Out

#### *The Night Is Advancing* Drag City

In an era where many bands rely on studio trickery and emotional histrionics it's refreshing to witness the integrity of a group like Appendix Out. Ali Roberts is that rare sort of songwriter who matches the poignancy of his music with lyrics that could stand on their own as works of merit. Whether paraphrasing the Song of Solomon ("The Groves Of Lebanon"), or detailing the wonders of nature and herbal lore, he walks that fine line between fey indulgence and transcendental insight. Rooted in "folk" aphorisms and references to times gone by, it would be easy for these songs to sink under the weight of their undertaking. Fortunately, these folks are up to the challenge. With great subtlety, Appendix Out move beyond mere atavistic influences creating fresh perspectives. Understated electronic segues and full-bodied percussion provide backbone and coherency to the deceptively simple melodies that permeate this album. "Cyclone's Vernal Retreat" includes the use of Hungarian bagpipes while "Fortified Jackdaw Grove" showcases the band's ability to introduce the unexpected. The mood of this piece brings to mind the work of a fellow Scottish innovator, Gordon Sharp (CindyTalk), with understated piano and a plaintive clarinet. Repetition and choral vocals underline the hypnotic quality of "Year Waxing, Year Waning" and a mighty Kraken is held at bay through "Campfire's Burning (round)". The album ends with the rousing strains of "Organize a March" which makes one grateful to have a set of ears with which to





experience this ongoing "process of hybridization."

—L. Lysager

**Cubic Zirconia**  
*Auto Sleepwalker*  
**Soundco Records**

CZ is the third release on Mike Kirkland's local Soundco Records label, his solo garage rock project. The first two were the Luni Troupe and the Bob Moss Best-Of. Songwriting and production here are brilliantly lo-fi; Songs like "Here Come the New Slow Bees" and "A Special Kind of Psycho" might best be called "psycho-billy," though they are acid-tinged as well. His website, soundcorerecords.com, asks, "Do you have room in your heart for CZ?" If you love garagey rock'n'roll, your final answer would have to

be Yes. My only complaint is that this EP is too short.

—Stakerized!

**Juno & The Dismemberment Plan**  
*Split Single EP*  
**Desoto Records**

Probably the best disc of the month. This split four song EP has one new unreleased song and one cover from each of the bands. First, The Dismemberment Plan songs, which are "The Plan Gets Rich", which is deconstructed manic indie-pop with a driving bass line layered over with 80's style synth sounds and samples. The cover from The Plan is "Crush", a Jennifer Paige song, done with light atmospheric beauty. The Juno track, "Non-Equivalents", is an epic indie song that brings to mind other Desoto and Dischord bands like Shiner, Burning Airlines, Bluetip, and newer discs by Fugazi. Majestic and soaring the cover "High Noon", a DJ Shadow song is the perfect instrumental track for a late night hiking expedition with wine under a full moon. Order this killer disc and put it to good use.

Edie Sedgwick

—Kevlar7

**First Reflections**  
**Dischord**

To compare this two piece from D.C. to the Minuteman would be a huge fucking understatement. Now, lets look beyond the obvious and see what else these guys have to offer. For one, the name of the band was taken from some Andy Warhol groupie that has faded into obscurity. Pretty clever. Another fact is that each song is named after a famous celebrity. That's right, Tom Cruise, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Wynona Rider and even Sean Connery have achieved a new level of stardom! The enclosed info rambled on about how Edie Sedgwick "Stands for the glam and glitter of our party girl culture". ?. Anyway, With only a drummer and a bass player you might think the sound would be kind of limited, well think again. This album is so refreshing that I actually felt like there was hope for the human race after all! Yes, it's that good.

—mike

**Thighpaulsandra**  
*I, THIGHPAULSANDRA*  
**Eskaton 26, via World Serpent Distribution**

Hot on the heels of his *Some Head* EP, Thighpaulsandra has deliv-

ered an ambitious and utterly rewarding collection of material in a lavishly packaged double-disc release. Clocking in at 136 minutes 21 seconds, it is truly an epic work. Employing a wide variety of instrumentation (including reed trumpet, lap steel, clarinet, harpsichord, saxophones, strings, piano, and cleverly manipulated electronics), this work features multifaceted performances by such luminaries as his mother (opera singer Dorothy Lewis), Julian Cope and members of Coil, Cyclobe, and Spiritualized. Listeners will find a colorful smorgasbord of innovative sound composition, vocal shape shifting, and visionary lyricism. There are moments of humor and indignation, surprising orchestrations, vast spacescapes and full blown pop anthems. All this is tempered with a robust sexuality and technical proficiency. Pushing the envelope of "avant-classical", electronic, pop, and psychedelic stylings, *I, THIGHPAULSANDRA* is a regal declaration and will stand as a force to be reckoned with over the passage of time.

—L. Lysager

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**MAY 11**

**GETTY'S**

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# SLUG MAG's Guide to Gallery Stroll

with Mariah Mann

Gallery stroll happens from 6pm-9pm every third Friday of the month. If you have never been, you've missed out. Lucky for you, SLUG is here to show you the way. Here is a list of my top five "must see" locations for the Month of May. In no particular order.

Illustration by Jon Bean

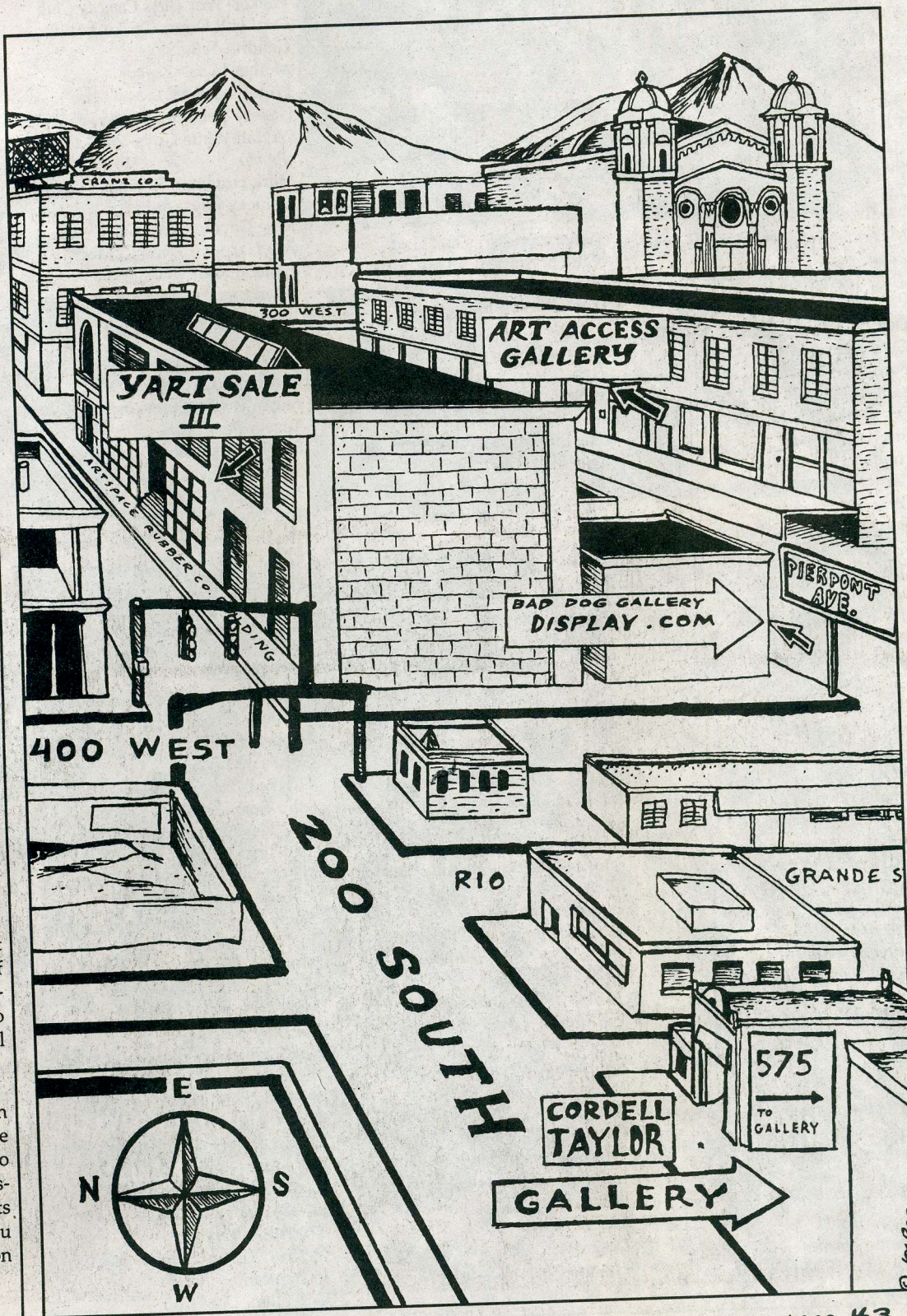
**Yart sale:** This is the 2nd annual yard sale/ art show by a group known as Breezeway Productions. This show will display art from 13 local artists, and feature a giant yard sale with the artists and residents of ArtSpace. This is an art show where you can afford to take something home with you.

**Cordell Taylor Studio:** Cordell you may remember from a recent cover of SLUG. This will be the last show for Cordell's studio. Due in part, to the lack of appreciation of art in Utah, Cordell will be moving on. This studio will be greatly missed. Thank you Cordell for always staying open until 10pm for all of us slow strollers. This show will feature Kelli Scott Kelly and her most recent paintings.

**Art Access:** also know as Very Special Art has a great show this month. The artists are students of printing from local universities. Wide ranges of printing techniques are on display.

**Display. Com:** This is a fun place to drop by not only is it a working printing studio but it opens it's doors to all types of art. On display now are watercolors by Ed Hernandez. To spice up the night Display will also feature Caribbean food.

**Bad Dog Gallery:** located in the mezzanine above Display.com is dedicated to children's art. The art on display is from recent projects such as Angels and Aliens. You will soon see Bad Dog's art on one of the new Trax Stations.





# Daily Calendar

Submissions for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1<sup>st</sup> of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email [dickheads@slugmag.com](mailto:dickheads@slugmag.com).

## Submissions for the SLUG

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### Saturday, May 5

Unlucky Boys- ABG's (Provo)  
Morlocks- Beatnik's (Ogden)  
DRC - Bricks  
Endless Struggle- Burt's  
John Davis Band- Dead Goat  
Perla Batalla - Eccles Theatre (Ogden)  
Swerve - Getty's  
Zion Tribe - Hog Wallow  
No Release - Kamikazee's  
Marginal Prophets and Swank 5 - Liquid Joe's  
Plug Spark Sanjay- Kilby Court  
Wailing Souls -Safari Club  
Deathboy Goes Electric, Cobra,  
Get Stakerized!- Todd's  
Fumamos, Tommy Gun Killers- YaBut's  
Disco Bisquits- Zephyr

### Sunday, May 6

Highball Train- Burt's  
Gentry Densley, Off Balance- Kilby Court  
Frank Black & Catholics- Zephyr  
**Monday, May 7**  
Compound Fracture, Corleones- Burt's

RJ Mischo & His Red Hot Blues Band- Dead Goat

### Tuesday, May 8

Eddie Kirland- Beatnik's (Ogden)  
Blues Jam- Burt's  
Digital Underground- Zephyr

### Wednesday, May 9

The Rubes- Burt's  
Venus Euphoric- Club Omni (Provo)  
SoundSend- Dead Goat  
Tsunami -Getty's  
Xbxrx, Wolfs -Kilby Court  
The Melvins, Hank III- Liquid Joes  
Anti-Flag, One Man Army, The Unseen -TBA

### Thursday, May 10

O-Town Revue- Beatnik's (Ogden)  
Hypa -Bricks  
Gelloppy, Never Never- Burt's  
Gearl Jam- Dead Goat  
Pitch Black - Getty's  
Royal Bliss - Liquid Joe's  
The Laughing Man - Westminster College  
Basement Assassins, Final Notice- YaBut's  
Badly Drawn Boy - Zephyr

### Friday, May 11

Spinning Jennies- ABG's (Provo)  
Rick Welter's Bluesaphonics-

Beatnik's (Ogden)

Impulse- Burt's  
Stonefed- Dead Goat  
Mystikal- Dee Events Center  
Cryptobiotic, Liquid Friction and Jesus Rides A Rikshaw - Gettys  
The Given - Hog Wallow  
Of Montreal -Kilby Court  
The Wolfs, Trouble in the Bubble- YaBut's

Jerry Joseph- Zephyr

### Saturday, May 12

Cosm- ABG's (Provo)  
Rick Welter's Bluesaphonics- Beatnik's (Ogden)  
Mark Growden, Ursula Tree- Burt's  
Nova Paradiso- Dead Goat  
Clutch, Murphy's Law, Vision of Disorder and Tree - DV8  
Zach Parrish Blues Band - Hog Wallow  
Elemental Fury - Junction Theater (Ogden)

Hoo Ray Who - Kamikaze's - Ogden  
Marmalade Hill - Getty's  
The Stryder, Teen Tragedies and the Kill - Kilby Court -  
Kane's River - UofU  
Bennion Road and Millhouse - Wagstaff Music  
SLUG LOCALIZED Music  
Festival: Magstatic, Lovesucker, Alchemy- YaBut's

### Sunday, May 13

Highball Train- Burt's  
G Love & Special Sauce- State Fairpark

Unlucky Boys- Zephyr

### Monday, May 14

Uncle Nut- Burt's  
Lovc Dogs- Dead Goat  
Eliane Ellis Brazilian Quartet - Jazz at the Sheraton  
George Winston - Kingsbury Hall  
Duncan Sheik with Amy Correia - Zephyr

### Tuesday, May 15

Unlucky Boys- ABG's (Provo)  
Love Dogs- Beatnik's (Ogden)  
Blues Jam- Burt's  
Ensign - Kilby Court  
Captured by Robots, Cobra,  
Species Being- YaBut's  
Ian Moore - Zephyr

### Wednesday, May 16

After Eden- Atchafalaya (Provo)  
Jaka- Dead Goat  
Gooding- Liquid Joe's  
David Gray, Fisher- SaltAir  
Alchemy - YaButs

### Thursday, May 17

Dangerous Poetry- Beatnik's (Ogden)  
Thomas Michael -Brick's  
Sea of Jones- Burt's

Rockin' Lloyd Tripp & the Zip Guns- Dead Goat

Bennion Road - Hog Wallow - \$3

The Uninvited - Liquid Joe's

Mark Hummel - Port O'Call

Jaka - Harry O'sJimmie J.J.

Walker- Wise Guys Comedy Club

Opal Hill Drive, Cooking With

Gandhi- YaBut's

Mother Hips - Zephyr

### Friday, May 18

Gallery Stroll- local galleries

2&Half White Guys- ABG's

(Provo)

Mark Hummel- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Unlucky Boys- Burt's

Jesse Dayton- Dead Goat

Ben Harper - Delta Center

General Rude - Hog Wallow

Gooding- Liquid Joe's

Jimmie J.J. Walker- Wise Guys

Comedy Club

Jesus Rides a Riksha- YaBut's

### Saturday, May 19

Nurse Sherry, Skint- Burt's

Toyes- Dead Goat

Sun House Healers - Hog Wallow

Savoy-Doucet Cajun Band - Living

Traditions Festival

The Toyes - Dead Goat

The Reddmen and The Crashers -

Kilby Court

Mark Hummel - Port O Call

John Gorka w/Alice Peacock -

UofU Fine Arts Auditorium

Jimmie J.J. Walker- Wise Guys

Comedy Club

Mike Sartain's Bday: Red Bennies,

Erosion, Alchemy, Form of

Rocket- YaBut's

### Sunday, May 20

Highball Train -Burt's

John Gorka w/Alice Peacock -

Eccles Fine Arts - Logan

Tsunami - Getty's

Dashboard Confessional, The

Weakerthans - Kilby Court

Savoy-Doucet Cajun Band - Living

Traditions Festival

### Monday, May 21

Cooking With Gandhi- Burt's

Mick Taylor- Dead Goat

### Tuesday, May 22

Roy Hightower- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Blues Jam -Burt's

B-Movie Rats- Kilby Court

### Wednesday, May 23

Load Levelers, Thunderfist- Burt's

Cave Catt Sammy- Dead Goat

Kyros GP6 and Spitball CD

release- Johnny B's (Provo)

### Thursday, May 24

O-Town Revue- Beatnik's (Ogden)

KarmaKanics- Burt's

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat

Dusty 45s- Liquid Joe's

K-CI & JoJo - McKay Event Center

The Rubes- YaBut's

### Friday, May 25

Fried Brothers Band - Barbary Coast

Tanglewood- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Metal Meltdown- Burt's

Uncle James- Dead Goat

Styx, Bad Company, Billy Squier- E Center

Flatline Syndicate, Decadence,

Head Play- YaBut's

### Saturday, May 26

Tanglewood- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Alex Maryol Band- Dead Goat

WWF- E Center

Blues-A-Phonics -Hog Wallow

Vertical Skinny, Off Balance-

YaBut's

### Sunday, May 27

Highball Train- Burt's

### Monday, May 28

Tinsley Ellis- Dead Goat

Canyon- Kilby Court

### Tuesday, May 29

Tinsley Ellis- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Blues Jam- Burt's

Robert Walter's 20<sup>th</sup> Congress- Zephyr

### Wednesday, May 30

Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat

### Thursday, May 31

O-Town Revue- Beatnik's (Ogden)

Spleen- Burt's

Low-Fi Breakdown- Dead Goat

Slender- Liquid Joe's

Sprague Brothers- White Owl (Logan)

Violet Run- YaBut's

### Friday, June 1

Unlucky Boys- ABG's (Provo)

Sprague Brothers - Dead Goat

Pasta On The Plaza with Ryan

Shupe - Gallivan Center

Corporate Avenger, Kottonmouth

Kings, Phunk Junkeez, Sprung

Monkey - Utah State Fairpark

Coco Montoya- Zephyr

### Saturday, June 2

Summer Tiki Nationals: Luck of

the Draw, Unlucky Boys, Uncle

Tiki, Wormdrive, Highball Train,

Jade, car show, BBQ- Burt's

Euphone - Kilby Court

Unlucky Boys- Utah Gay Rodeo

Coco Montoya- Zephyr

### Sunday, June 3

Unlucky Boys- Utah Gay Rodeo

### Monday, June 4

Donny Osmond- Abravanel Hall

James Armstrong- Dead Goat

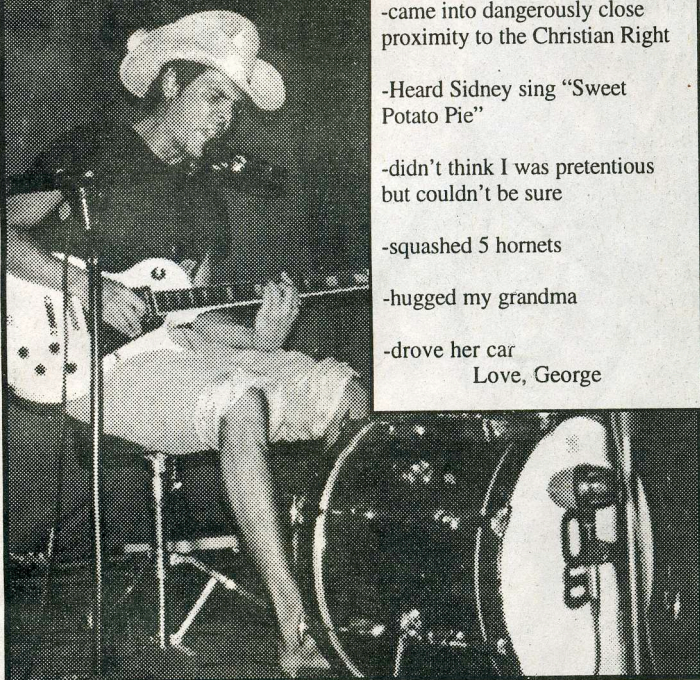
### Tuesday, June 5

Pick up the new SLUG- Anyplace

Cool!



# What's Up With George?



## This Month I...

- experienced Stadium Rock spectacular! Twice!
- was in the same building as dead bodies.
- saw rednecks crying
- came into dangerously close proximity to the Christian Right
- Heard Sidney sing "Sweet Potato Pie"
- didn't think I was pretentious but couldn't be sure
- squashed 5 hornets
- hugged my grandma
- drove her car  
Love, George

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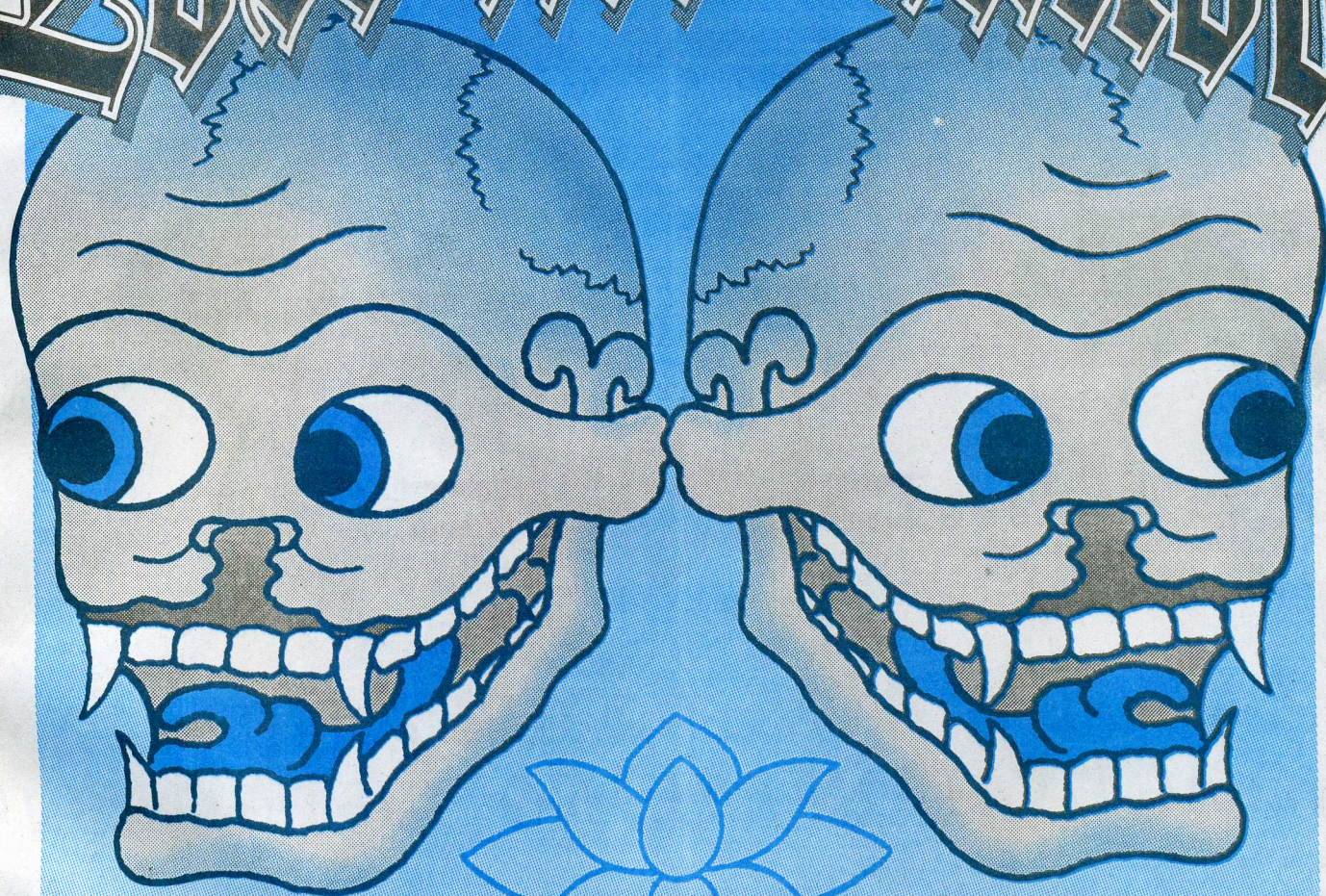
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