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JUNE 2011
WUE 150

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JUNE 2007
ISSUE 150

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EIGHTEEN PERCENT GRAY

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STAKERIZED!-RAWKERSTALKER

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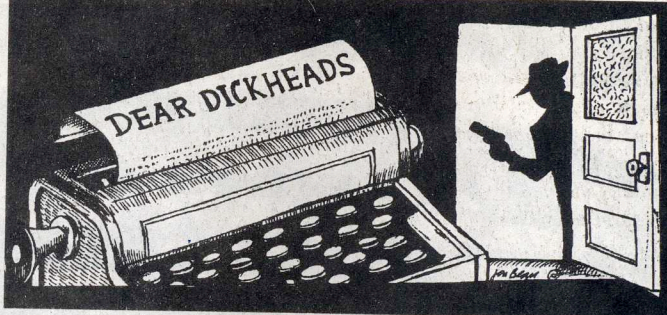
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YOUR MOMMA, SATAN, IP FREELY



Dear Dickheads,

Okay I know you guys have lots of shit about local bands. but I've never seen PROMISQES, the baddest all chick death metal except the drummer. I would like to see them in SLUG. and once you see them you'll be like OH my Fucking god! why havent we checked these guys out!!!

—FUKR-of west OGDEN!!!!!!!!!!!!

Greenhairedcheese@lycos.com

ED NOTE: Ah contraire Mr. FUCKER. Don't you read our "Written in Blood Column"? If you did, you would know that our death metal expert John Forgash, has already reviewed MONARCHY OF EVIL, GEHENNA. Their appearance on the MILWAUKEE METAL FEST COMPILATION, and countless live shows. If you want to see them in SLUG again sometime soon...encourage the band to submit to SABBATHON. We will be running a cover story in September featuring all of the participating musicians. Our LOCALIZED column is another way local bands may receive press in SLUG as well as a Saturday night gig at Ya' Buts. Have you checked out our website lately? www.slugmag.com has a "Local Band of the Month" section feat. MP3's, photos, & band info. The site also contains an area where musicians can get indexed in our "Local Band Directory" including a direct link to their website. This is a great way for artists to get their music out there. I know that Promisques is not in our index.

Dear SLUG,

I am going to try to write this letter in the least offensive way I can, because most of you there

at SLUG are my friends, and I think you're all doing an AWE-SOME job with the magazine. I have been especially stoked on all the renewed focus on local bands. You're doing a KILLER job. So here goes...

I am writing this letter to express my sincere disappointment regarding the changes to this year's Sabbathon. Press kits? Cover songs? Judges? Yuck. Past Sabbathons have been about bands donating their time and energy for a good cause, while having a kick-ass time playing with other local bands. It is my opinion that this town needs more comradery between bands, not more competition. It sounds like this year's Sabbathon will mark the end of one of the SLC music scene's coolest, most altruistic traditions. What a bummer.

Truly yours,
Julie Stutznegger-Styer

Hey Julie,
Thanks for writing.; it is good to hear from you. I am sorry to hear that you are disappointed about the new changes to this year's SABBATHON. Before you get bummed out let me explain a few things. First, please remember that the number one goal of SABBATHON is to raise money for a good cause. This year we have chosen a not for profit organization called Spy Hop (www.spyhopproductions.org). It is a local learning center that teaches under privileged high school kids useful & creative skills like photography, video production, & web design. I believe this is an important organization that will directly impact SLUG Readers. Secondly, SABBATHON is also about giving

local bands a chance to play for an audience that might not otherwise get to see them. With this in mind, we have decided to cut the playing time from a normal 45 minute set down to just three songs or 15 minutes. I understand this is a completely new concept for SABBATHON and something we are trying as an experiment. Why are we mixing it up? As a youngster I attended the ALL AGES portion of the music fest and when I got a Fake ID in high school I went both days. When Gianni and I put together SABBATHON in '99 we learned a lot about how the local music scene has changed since the early SABBATHON days. People do not want to go see a local band at 2 in the afternoon. Local bands don't want to play at 2 in the afternoon. Audience members do not want to sit through a full set of indie rock to hear their friends Death Metal band and vice versa. It was with these problems in mind that we came up with an alternative plan. Our goal to get as many bands represented in a six hour period as possible. We are currently working on alternative ideas involving two stages, thus increasing the playing time. We are also toying with additional concepts that will open up more slots for bands to play. Lastly, I would like to address the matter of press kits. I cannot emphasize enough the importance of a press kit. Although it might seem like a pain in the ass, it is a necessity in order to succeed in the music industry (even on an indie level). However, I do understand that not every band wants to book a show out of state or gain press coverage in a local magazine. Some people actually just want to play just for the sake of playing. I can respect that. We will not turn down anyone just because they do not want to make a press kit. Nonetheless, we would still like a sample of your music-whether it be a tape recording, MP3, 7", or CD.

Oh yeah- one last thing. SABBATHON isn't and never will be a contest. Jeremy Cardenas has a strange sense of humor that I don't even get sometimes.

How the hell would we get 4 autographed copies of BLIZZARD OF OZZ anyway? PLEASE feel free to contact me or anyone else on our not-so-friendly SLUG staff with any questions, suggestions, complaints, etc. Thanks again for your letter, Julie. I hope you and your band decide to play.

Dear Dickheads,
How right is it that your zine spent three and a half pages on Big Ed Roth and a half page on Joey Ramonè? Everytime I think you losers cant be dumber you do it anyway. The true punk attitude that SLUG once had is so gone I cant even remember. All I know is Instead of RIP Joey Ramone it should have said RIP SLUG magazine. Even the half page by uncle dick was horribly done. You should make your motto SLUG MAG NOT INTERSESTING OR ACCURATE. I hope no body else important dies while you guys are still around to screw that shit up.

-F>U>Tito

titotito62@hotmail.com

ED NOTE: Learn how to count dumb ass! It was 3 on Roth & 3 on Ramone. You also forgot about the song titles on the bottom of the pages...

For more Dickhead letters, check out www.slugmag.com

Sorry Boys...what can I say...I'm a jack-ass! -dwb



MILO & SLUG
magazine
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SUMMER SKATEPARK SERIES 2001
CONTEST #2
THE PROVING GROUNDS SKATEPARK
Saturday June 23
registration @ 12:00, contest @ 2:00
contact Milo (426-4300) or Proving Grounds (785-8395)
Photo: Brian Meyers for more information Sk8er: Chris Yourgalite

Jack Ass of the Month

It was really hard this month to pick just one Jack Ass, so I am going to have a combination Jack Ass this month. The picture is of our April Jack Ass that didn't get published in that issue.



The first Jack Ass this month is the loud-mouthed girl that came in prattlin' on (making me feel all ooey) about some store in some other city that is five times as big as The Heavy Metal Shop. Size isn't everything, you Jack Ass.

The next Jack Ass is the drunk that ran into the mirror on my truck when my son Joey and I were moving stuff into the new shop, and then proceeded to panhandle me for change. When I stated that I had none (which I didn't), he said to hell with me. Well, to hell with you, Jack Ass.

Our next Jack Ass is a combination of all the guys that come in and ask for shit that we don't have, or tell me how they found all these cool records somewhere else. Like I have said many times before, it is IMPOSSIBLE to have everything ALL the time. I'm not talking about my customers that buy stuff and support the shop and

then have me order something for them. I'm talking about the Jack Asses that come in and rattle off all the shit that we don't have, and a lot of times it's shit that nobody has. I think they want me to see how old school or underground or hardcore or whatever they are. I don't really give a shit. I think that they are just insecure. So stop being a Jack Ass! The Heavy Metal Shop is one of the few independent records stores left in Salt Lake, and it is hard enough as it is without your dumb shit.

My last Jack Ass is Angela Brown for when she cropped herself out of our Grand Opening picture; she also cropped out the two guys that bought Heavy Metal Shop shirts that day to wear in the picture. (Check out our June ad to see the picture of Angela that she didn't want you to see.) I also want to make a personal apology to my first Jack Ass of the month. I have since gotten to know him, and he is actually a pretty cool guy. My only excuse is that he was my first Jack Ass of the Month, and I was kind of new at it. Anyway, I'm sorry. I was a Jack Ass for calling you a Jack Ass.



Ya But's private club for members
presents

LOCALIZED

The SLUG Magazine Monthly Music Festival

by Mark Scheering



Last month's Localized show was incredible. For those of you who missed it **Alchemy** opened with an amazing intensity. The Rock God's immortal blood surges through their veins and was evident that evening. I was very impressed with the new material. **Lovesucker** continued the epic event, soaking the club in sex and emotion. And finally, closing the evening was the "new" **Magstatic**. Currently the line up now includes

former **Stench** drummer Pat Young. Terrence blew us all away with the new energy he has channeled. If you haven't bought the new CD, run to Salt City CDs and pick it up. Upcoming Localized shows promise to be just as exciting featuring the **Furious Fire**, **Erosion**, **Wormdrive**, **Sounds End**, the **Downers** and many more. September, look to these pages for a complete profile of the bands participating in our **Sabbathon** benefit.

Slug has been inundated with requests for information on exactly who can be a part of Localized and how. First off, you must have an appreciation for paté, Journey, a working knowledge of the effects of the orthopedic shoe lobby and, finally, an intimate understanding of the complex engineering marvel that is modern urban water treatment facilities. However, the most important information we at Slug need is your press kit, including a photo, background and history, and a tape or CD (a four song demo you recorded in your basement on your old Radio Shack Realistic brand stereo is fine as long as we can hear it). Send your press kit to: Localized Show c/o SLUG Magazine, 2225 S 500 East Street, Suite 206, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

The Tommy Gun Killers

are straight up the most exciting band in local punk to date. With a resume that includes the **Decomposers**, **Power Tools for Girls**, **Bird Man**, a Florida band known as the **Disasters**, **Wormdrive**, **Polestar** and the **Red Bennies**, the Tommy Gun Killers are high-powered old school punk and pure inebriation. Their live show is fast and furious. Front woman Jess (currently in the movie *Slow*) is equal parts sweet innocence and ferocious wanton sexuality. Unfortunately she was out of town at the time of our interview.

(The interview begins with Dill and myself digressing into how we met at a bachelor party, and a nostalgic examination of the entertainment at said party including girls, licking, and a very large summer sausage)



Jess & Dale

Of The Tommy Gun Killers

SLUG: How long have the Tommy Gun Killers been around?

Curt: Since the fall...

Dale: I don't know really, me and Curt started jamming and then Dill, and then Copper and Jess; I guess the whole band maybe four months.

Curt: Dale and I talked about it when I worked at Blue Kats and he was at Blue Boutique, we were both into the New York Dolls, and so we thought, you know, hey, lets play some time.

SLUG: What are some of the other bands you're into?

Dale: Dead Boys.

Curt: Dead Boys, hell yeah! Chuck Barry.

Dill: Joan Jett. Iron Maiden, Godflesh.

Chopper: Slayer.

Dale: AC / DC

SLUG: No Foreigner fans here? So the name, is that some commentary of early twentieth century warfare versus late twentieth century warfare?

Chopper: Yeah, who came up with the name?

Dill: We just thought: that would be a cool-name, right Dale?

Dale: I don't know, it was just one of those things. I was way into those gangster movies and no one else had that name...

Curt: It's hard to find a name.

SLUG: I always liked the Hi-Fi Killers until a friend of mine told me his niece was a victim to the hi-fi killer up in Ogden. How would you describe your music?

Tommy Gun Killers: Rock and Roll.

Dale: Trashy punk.

Chopper: Drunk punk.

Curt: Trashy! That's the word I was looking for; trashy garage punk.

Dill: Well, basement punk really.

Chopper: Curt and Dale write all the music.

Curt: Lot's of blues.

SLUG: Oh yeah, I can tell, you would do really well in Austin. Are you looking at recording yet?

Dill: We'll do some recording soon. I have a studio in my basement. I'll be recording **Uber Faction** as well. (Uber Faction is an electronic project Dill is also involved with.)

SLUG: I wish Jess were here, I could ask her this question.

Dale: I might know, I mean, I know her really well.

SLUG: At this point Dale raises up a hand, ok, what are the things she likes to write about?

Dale: Oh, except maybe that question...uh mostly personal stuff really.

SLUG: What, emotional punk? Harlequin punk?

(Laughter)

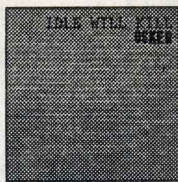
Dill: Ex-boyfriends.

Chopper: Emo punk.

Saturday, June 9, Localized, the SLUG Magazine Monthly Music Festival will feature the Tommy Gun Killers with Hudson Falcon at Ya But's Private Club for Members. Don't miss it.



Hot Water Music
A Flight & A Crash



Oskar
Idle Will Kill

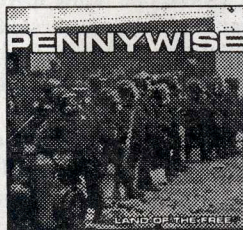


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& Bright Light

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(from LA)

16th Evren Goknar &
Fistfull

21st Cooking w/
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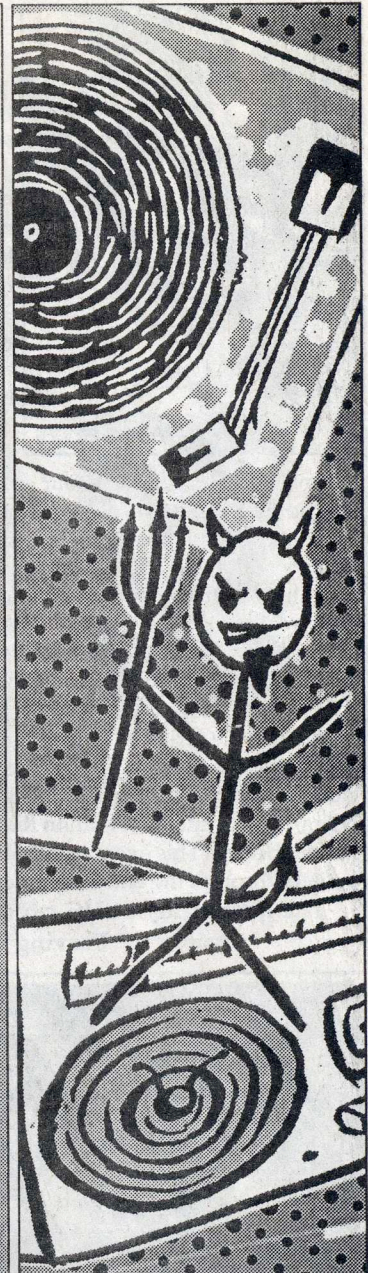
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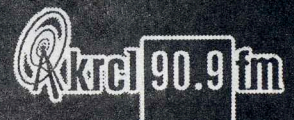
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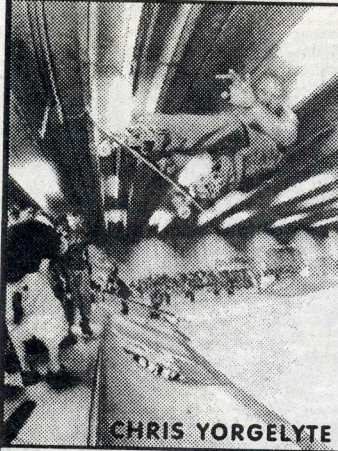
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Vans Warped Tour Qualifier / Summer Skate Series Contest #1
Brought to you by SLUG MAGAZINE & MILO SPORT
By Greg Wrotniak
Photos by Bryan Meyers

Anthropologists have traced the Home Town Hero phenomenon all the way back to the origins of man. When the missing link was yet to be missed, there was the home town hero, the biggest and baddest troglodyte of the pack. Often, rival packs would organize what scholars call HTH-athons. These heated matches of heroism would pose one home town hero against another in a series of events ranging from stick sharpening to poo flinging. Over the millennia this indigenously human tradition has evolved into lacrosse, ping pong, and, yes, skateboarding contests.

With the Warped Tour, the people at Vans have devised the ultimate HTH-athon. The tour spans the globe, holding contests in major metropolises and finding home town heros of myriad nationalities. The top home town hero of every Warped Tour stop becomes a finalist in an international HTH-athon that Vans throws at the end of the summer. The winners of the final contest — one street skater and one vert — get a pro contract with Vans shoes, fuck yeah bro.

My mama always used to say, "what's the catch?" The catch is you have to qualify for the Warped Tour. How is this done? With another HTH-athon, stupid. On May 26, as the first event in their five-part summer skate series, *Milosport* and *SLUG* held a Warped Tour qualifier contest at the world-renowned Connection skatepark. The top 25 skaters qualified for the Warped Tour and the top 10 qualified for the Milo / SLUG final HTH-athon that will be held at the Jordan park on September 29. This event was one in a series of five contests that will be held through the entire summer!

The next Milo / SLUG contest will be on June 23 at the Proving Grounds.



Here are the misspelled names of the people who won shit

The top 25 skaters qualified for the Warped Tour

- 25 Colt Bowden
- 24 Jared Searle
- 23 Chris Valenti
- 22 Aaron Schwendiman
- 21 John Braddock
- 20 Jake Ellison
- 19 Tyler Hamblin
- 18 Josh Williams
- 17 Dave Van
- 16 Anthony Johnson
- 15 Bryce Ashton
- 14 Levi Faust
- 13 Oliver Buchanan
- 12 Mike Murdock
- 11.)Randy Riddle

The top 10 that qualified for the Milo & SLUG final HTH-athon

- (10) MARK WHITE
- (9) GREG WROTONIAK
- (8) KRISS ZAMORA
- (7) ANDY GOLUB
- (6) NICK D'AMICO
- (5) MIKE PLUMB
- (4) JOE NEMETH
- (3) NATHAN MILLER
- (2) CHRIS YORGELYTE
- (1) DJ CHAVEZ



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GETTIN' UP MARKUPP



H o w do you get a witch pregnant? Ya fuck-er! Ha Ha. Every woman I've had the pleasure to put my grubby paws on wishes they were Mary. No not the virgin who birthed the savior. Mary, Salt Lake's O G female graff-writer.

There are others of the fairer sex who wield the can, Mint, Star, Opal, Posh, Gem, Frost etc...but none with the bragging rites of the sexy Mexi-rican Mary. I've had the pleasure of bombing just about every surface imaginable with this woman, so believe me when I

say this "bitch" c a n h a n g . Not only can she hang, but she is also the only person I've ever known



who dares to paint Main Street on roller-skates (It's true!) Her fine art can be seen on the cover of DJ. Fingas new nationally distributed scratch record and her lowbrow tagger shit is probably already in a neighborhood near you. Don't hate her because she's beautiful, Hate her because she's

better than you. Why would my carnal conquests wish to be like her? Seems like all the honeys I've dipped into think the dream job would be arranging flowers all day. Sorry girls Mary is already better at that than you are too. Instead of the typical what are your measurements type interview we opted to let you into Mary's mind with a little word association.

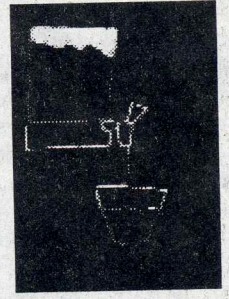
- Slug:** Mary
- Real:** Self
- Love:** Understanding
- Hate:** Ignorance
- Fear:** A message
- Beauty:** Inside
- Boys:** Birth Control
- Girls:** Rule
- Rustoleum:** Fat caps
- Bulimia:** A country in Russia
- Bee stings:** What my sister used to call my breasts
- Partners:** Trust
- Aspirations:** To be rich
- Shouts out:** To my beautiful mother, my wonderful father, all the artists I've come across, and every fucked-up person I don't want to be like.

Much like Jerry Springer this is the wrap up where I give the moral of the story. Here it goes, to all you man-haters that think this column is sexist, SUCK MY DICK! To all you women who have, you make the world a great place. To all you women who

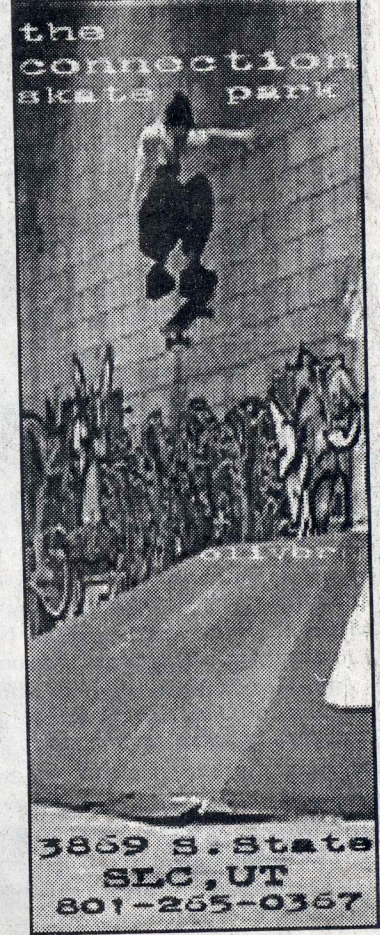
aspire to paint the town red, quit talking and start rocking. To the females who do paint, keep it up, you'll get the utmost respect from all the boys whether we want to admit it or not. Say Word. P.S. Beware of brown eyed blondes. They lie about other things too. WORD.

FREE WATER

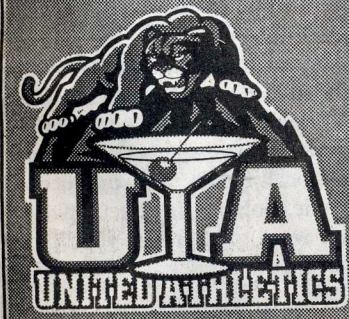
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I've always loved the summertime.

Some of my favorite summer memories have been closely associated with Hip-Hop. The summer of '88 was spent bombing constantly with my best friend and bumping **Too Short's** "Life is..." an all time West coast classic. I remember the cheesy rumors that he had been shot and the record came out after his death, the cover a chilling reminder of the violence of all the banging that was going on. A friend had lent me a dubbed copy of *Freaky Tales* earlier in the year, but this was the first **Too Short** I owned. We used to play the shit out of that tape, getting drunk, running from police and spending way too much time worrying about how fools were looking at us. Every time I hear the beginning of "Cusswords" I am instantly transported back to that summer and the outlook we swore would never change. I love those big "Planet Rock" bass drops and the wet sounding hi-hats that were prevalent at the time. The most memorable summer music is a soundtrack to barbecues and riding around with too much time on your hands. It will be interesting to see who comes out with the most hitting summer anthem. Will it be something conscious like the P.E. classic "Fight the Power", or another **Ruff Ryders** chorus cut? With so many more people involved in Hip-Hop I'm sure that the summertime sure shot will come out of left-field, catching us all off guard. That's what I'm hoping for. The element of surprise is what makes things interesting.

For one of our first big summer records, we are blessed by another full length from **Redman** called *Malpractice*. This record is very much in the tradition of his previous records. It has the obligatory **Method Man** appearance, and **Red** spits his trademark humorous pop-culture reference style. There are so many punch lines on this record that I was hitting rewind like a record is supposed to make you do. The production on this record is top of the line, with **Eric Sermon** putting it down for his boy on 10 cuts or so. The EQ and mastering is slick like it should be, and from the opening lyrics on the second cut I know that **Reggie Noble** is as much of a fan as an artist. The only flaw in the album is the number of skits on it. They certainly flesh out the record, and the shit is funny the first time. Some of the joints get obnoxious by the second time through, and I don't really see letting this one play without skipping a few tracks. I give it to **Red** though; he always comes up with something to entertain his fans. One of these days he should put out a record that's one long



skit, or star in a WB sitcom or something. His fifth record is some top of the line overground material, without compromising the raw elements that make **Red** who he is. There are quite a few bangers on this one, and while the subject matter doesn't stray from what he is known for, it's still a heavy-weight record that I'll be playing for the rest of the summer.

On the more underground side of things is the **Mission**: release *One*. This is definitely from the more organic side of Hip-Hop, blending loops and beat-box tracks with an accomplished live band. I heard the previous Ep from this Boston crew and it was tight, but I felt it could use a bit more punch to it. This full length contains a few of the songs from the Ep, but they've been tightened and polished up a bit. These cats are also fans of Hip-Hop, as evidenced on the interludes. If you don't know the artists that they speak of, you need to reach back in the past and analyze the giants that laid the foundation we so often take for granted. The two MC's of the group, **Raashan** and **Moe**, flow well together, balanced between laid back delivery and conscious lyrics. This is in the tradition of the first **Tribe Called Quest** record both musically and lyrically. The production is clean and jazzy, but with an emphasis on a resounding kick and popping snare that I always find appealing. The only reservation I have about this record is the fact that it breaks very little stylistic ground. I keep thinking of how much I like **Black Thought** when I hear these cats. I really can't wait to hear his record. This is a worthwhile effort from a crew that gets a bit better with every release.

Defjux records has just released its first full length by **Cannibal Ox** called *The cold Vein* and it is one of those records that is definitely worth owning. The whole LP is produced by **El-P**, so sonically the record is dense and complex and even a bit un-likeable at first. That's the beauty of it, Hip-Hop is taken out of the realm of music and put in the context of an expression of the reality of the artist. I thought that's what "Keeping it real" was all about. These cats perceive the art of Hip-Hop and they are proud to represent the elements of their culture. You, the listener has to work to enjoy hearing it. The rhymes are as dense as the production, and only the nerdiest kids are going to memorize every word of any of these songs. The record reminds me of an updated **Funcrusher** but the MC's weigh in a bit heav-

ier, now that the style has been established. This is one of the records that is going to raise the bar for Hip-Hop in general, even if there are only about 100 kids listening to it world wide. Buy it.

I got a couple of new pieces of 12" plastic you should be aware of. First is **Camp-Lo's** new single "Trouble Man". Now you can front if you want, but I liked **Uptown Saturday Night**. This record is steeped in the same 70's pimped out affect that I can take or leave. I like the way these cats flow, though. It's nice to hear something different that jostles my ear out of its indifference. The A-side is produced solidly, but the record really heats up on the B-side with "Cookers". This is good party music, laced with articulate flows that leave you scratching your head like "Y'all are on some different shit..." Next is a single from **The Epitome**, with some production by **Madlib** with cuts by **DJ Romes**. I like this shit a lot. The A-side is called "Maximum Adrenaline" and was produced by **Oh No**. The song has a cool little Twilight Zone loop but it's not the cut that I play over and over. The B-side, "Earthquake" is a jewel. **Madlib** gets better and better at producing, and the MCs of the group have a style that echoes the cadence of the **Loot Pack**, but for some reason the lyrics fit the track like a glove. I hate to say it, but these cats have a type of chemistry on this cut that **Madlib** never had on *Sound Pieces*. I'm going to be checking for a full-length in the near future. Finally I picked up an original copy of **Pete Rock** and **C.L. Smooth's** "T.R.O.Y.", and all I have to say is "Thank You!" to whoever let it go...

On a final note I think it's important to check out and support all of the various things that are going on around town. There are a couple of cool shows coming up that will have come and gone by the time you read this, **Cappadonna** at Bricks on the 28th, **Slumlordz** and **Substance Abuse** at the Urban Lounge on the 30th. The Urban Lounge jumps off every Wednesday night, so check it out. **Casual** is playing the 6th of June at the same venue, and the **Beatnuts** will be performing on June 14th. Coming later this month will be **P.E.A.C.E.** on the 20th of June, look for **The Boom Bap Project** as well as **PSC** from **Living Legends Crew**. We have **District Productions** to thank for all these shows. We've all got to do our part to support local music, and productions. Competition is cool, but don't get it twisted, the more we work to hold each other down, the more of an over all impact the 801 is going to have.

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THE PRINCE OF PLUNDER



By: Stakerized!

How did we get where we are today? A musical universe where vocalists sometimes don't sing, many musicians don't play an instrument, the Top 40 is a creation of marketing firms, and yet there are more different niches of music to choose from than ever before. And listeners at least think they are media savvy while they are sipping the latest soft drink. You wouldn't want to put that guilt trip on anyone, yet one relatively unknown person who's had a big influence on the way today's music sounds, even if it doesn't sound much like his music, is John Oswald. He's influenced the way we look at the media with a more critical eye, and the way music is marketed with an eye to an audience savvy to marketing gimmicks, and had an influence on media pranksters like Negativland, and musicians worldwide in expanding the possibilities of artistic expression.

In the 80's, a decade when sampling came to the fore, he pushed the technique to the extreme, creating entire new works out of nothing but existing works by other musicians, cutting and pasting them old-school "musique concrete" style or manipulating them with computer. In 1986 his landmark self-produced work *Plunderphonics* was released, only to be seized and destroyed by Canadian Recording Industry Association representatives in 1990, partly due to legal actions by Michael Jackson, one of the musicians Oswald sampled. Other groups featured, their names rearranged anagrammatically, range from Metallica ("Camel Tail") to Chuck Berry ("Buck Cherry") to Sonic Youth ("Cushion Toy") to Bing Crosby ("Gibbons Cry") singing an eerie "White Christmas." At 60 tracks, a weird and wonderful alternative looking-glass musical universe is created.

And now, 15 years after its original release, Oswald is preparing to release it again, having gone through the painstaking work of gaining licensing deals for each of the 60 tracks in this two-disc set. The package includes a book with extensive notes from Oswald and lavish artwork with collages like Michael Jackson's head on a female body and a "Licensing" page apparently going up in flames. Due to the inability to secure some licensing rights, Oswald's label Fony was unable to release the package, and distribution was taken over by Negativland on their label Seeland. The good news for consumers is that the price was reduced from \$100 to \$33.33. They are able to do this because they are releasing it somewhat covertly; Negativland's statement reads as follows:

"In reference to the *Plunderphonics* box: Negativland has taken several steps to insure that our release of this monumental work will not be hindered. We have closed our formally undefendable mailorder box and moved it to Olympia (P.O. Box 7218, Olympia, WA. 98507) where we are now able to guard it with private security. NO registered mail will be allowed to be dropped into this box (DON'T attempt to contact us via registered mail!) and if they figure out the need to use normal mail, we'll simply deny we ever got it. To further protect our wrongly delegitimized art endeavors, all of Seeland/Negativland has temporarily moved into alternative live/work facilities at least until this product is out and on the shelves. Do not contact us at our former addresses, as we won't be there. We have already retained what you might call a cadre of local renegade lawyers who are ready and willing to immediately thwart any cease and desist orders, should they actually get through to us. On the show business front, we have already lined up several potential appearances (open invitations) on both network radio and national TV should this work be legally contested. A Billboard Magazine guest commentary awaits us anytime we care to use it. Three major law firms on both coasts have already agreed to help defend this work pro-bono in court should it become necessary. The Canadian Music Historical Society has collected a dozen or more music critics and art authorities who have agreed to be expert witnesses for us in court, should they be needed. If the owners of the sources used in this work persist in any attempt to sink this highly original work of art, and are somehow able to find and contact us, we reserve the option of moving the entire distribution of *Plunderphonics* off shore where it can float free until it reaches the culture-wide saturation it deserves. We, at Seeland, have dedicated all our immediate futures to getting this project out and KEEPING it out. We are perfectly willing to endure these and even more physical hardships for as long as it takes to spread this art appropriately. We believe we have most of our bases covered, but don't be concerned if you can no longer contact us for a while, we're still here but we're just not saying where here is. : DJ Negativland"

When asked what the original impetus for creating *Plunderphonics* was, he responds "Good question. I was interested in making music that sounded like normal music, like what you hear on the radio. I didn't have enough talent to do it at the piano. I don't sound like Bing Crosby." But maybe he sounds like Bing Stingspronk, one of the *noms-de-plunder* of *Plunderphonics*.

He's renowned as an accomplished composer of classical and experimental works, yet when asked if he would describe his role in creating *Plunderphonics*, he hedges his bet. "Someone else is playing and singing, so I'm not the performer, obviously. The producer really is the boss, controls the sound of the final product. In some sense, I'm like a composer, because I'm moving notes around. I guess I'm also the engineer. The categories get mixed up." He comments, perhaps only half-jokingly, "the *Plunderphonics* product has to pass my stringent criteria."

Does he care about the way people listen to it? "I approach things as a listener," he explains. I can only sit back and try to enjoy things as a listener. If it's interesting and enjoyable to listen to, then it's something worthwhile. There are different ways to try to accomplish this, but basically I try to produce something that doesn't sound like something that's already been done."

The Pizzicato Five song "Happy Birthday," from the Matador Records' compilation *What's Up Matador* and remixed by Oswald as the Taco Pizza Five's "Bday," is one of the most interesting tracks because Oswald doesn't just recut parts of the tape, he added different rhythm from a live percussionist. "When they asked me to do the remix, there were a lot of things I liked about the song, but I'm not a

big fan of drum machines like they used on the song. The song sounded to me like jazz, I heard a kind of free jazz thing going on." He asked the Great Bob Scott from Toronto to drum on it, in the style of jazz great Elvin Jones. Oswald slowed the song down yet manipulated the singer's pitch to stay the same. He then layered several different takes with Scott to get a rhythm that is simultaneously right on with the other instruments yet is loose, all over the place. The rhythm in that song, and the Madonna collage, "MadMod," in which drumbeats at times sound like a "Whack-A-Mole" arcade game, are disorienting at first yet not random, just suggest different ways of rhythm support to a song.



When you listen to any track on *Plunderphonics*, you realize what a straitjacket conventional harmonic and melodic structure has been. This is like rearranging your auditory nerves, it's like a whole new musical language, made up of the alphabet of the old one. The set starts, appropriately enough, with the chord that signaled the beginning of experimentation in 60's pop music—the final piano chord from *Sergeant Pepper's*. The influence of art movements like dadaism is evidenced in the collection's irreverence, and writers like William S. Burroughs in its cut-up style. Michael Jackson's "Bad," remade as "Dab" by anagrammatic Alien Chasm Jock, recuts the Prince of Pop's lyrics to sound like he's saying, "your butt is love."

In the liner notes Oswald says he removes a lot of the repetition that pop music is based on, like verse/chorus/verse, but in their place he puts repetition of sounds, like a note sung by Madonna repeated over and over to emphasize the quality of her voice. Some tracks express the essence of the artist better than the original, like the John Lennon-based

"Way," with keyboards and vocals played backwards. (Perhaps in answer to urban legend about backwards messages on records, at one point Oswald was planning on making an entire album of Beatles songs played backwards) or an Antonio Carlos Jobim song that repeats vocal syllables over and over to accentuate the "Brazilionaire's" softly soothing voice. The most interesting pieces go farthest afield, yet always the original is recognizable, recontextualized. *Plunderphonics* is more than just artistic or entertaining; it is a cultural artifact.

How does he decide how he's going to manipulate a given work? "It's not choosing technique as much as wanting something to happen, sometimes pulling something out of the technique bag, but it's not about the technique. I'm trying to make the song sound better. I ask myself, "Is this song too green? Too fat?" or whatever, at least for my listening appetite. I try to improve what's there. I'm not like Philip Glass; I'm not a factory making music all in one style." He continues,



"It upsets people when they become a fan of one thing that I do, like the Metallica pieces. Plexure fans hate Greyfolded (his Grateful Dead sound collage)."

The new package of *Plunderphonics* encompasses everything in the original release, from his early Beatles pieces in 1969 to 1996, plus things from the seven years following that, as well as stuff earlier, and stuff that didn't make it in the original release. He explains, "it's a historical perspective, like a retrospective." He hasn't been afraid, along the way, to take on such heavy hitters as Beethoven and Stravinsky, although they aren't around to sue, and by now their work is in the public domain.

What does he think of the historical importance of *Plunderphonics*, in the context of sampling, Napster and other developments? "Well, I remember back in the 80's, when sampling was coming into parlance. Artists tended to say, sampling was OK as long as it's different enough; don't get caught. I was never sneaky enough. They were really saying, 'if you transform it enough, it's your thing'. The whole rap tradition is based on quoting."

He continues, "I don't think about copyright issues in composing pieces, only in putting together the final product. It's unfortunate to have to worry about that; my only interest is in getting people to listen to it." He's also said, "If creativity is a field, copyright is the fence," and written essays with titles like "Audio Piracy as a Compositional Prerogative." *Plunderphonics* and other works of his force us to not only listen to music differently but question the status of music, and who really owns and controls the sounds that enter our ears and effect our minds.

When asked what kind of cultural statement he is making about the original artists, he responds "Even someone who plays "Louie, Louie" could be making a statement. I have a sense of repercussions. (In "Pretender") I was lowering Dolly Parton's voice from that of a woman to a man. If anyone is concerned they can read all kinds of political and cultural agenda into that. I try to keep a sense of possibilities. Is "Pretender" about gender, pretending, bodybuilding?—it's about all those things. She sings she's "the great pretender," but what is she pretending to be? A man? A singer?" For that matter what is Oswald quite artfully pretending to be? Musician? Pirate? Prankster? The possibilities are endless."

For more info on *Plunderphonics*, check out Pfony.com or Negativland.com.

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ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES

Gimme Gimme The Basics:

An interview : by P. Fister

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes are a cover band. Only this cover band is like no other. They take perfectly good wholesome songs and turn them into completely brutal punk rock! Jackson plays guitar. He made his mighty fortune playing for that one band... uh...the **Foo Fighters**. Spike on the other hand is an abnoxious bass player who plays for the **Swinging Utters**. Somehow he was put in the roll of lead singer and front man. Dave and Joey are from the new school/ punk rock sensation, **Lagwagon**. Dave hits drums and Joey plays more guitar. Finally, the man himself! The man behind **Fat Wreck Chords** and lead singer/bass player for **NOFX** **Fat Mike** plays bass. Jackson allowed me to call him in his New York apartment and do this 2-bit interview.

SLUG: Booze, drugs or both?

Jackson: When it comes to the Gimmie Gimmes it's definitely, definitely both. Usually there's lots of coke and Mike tends to have lots of vicodin around. I don't know if anybody smokes pot or gets into the crazy stuff but... oh, actually there'll definitely be lots of ecstasy and were bringing our own bar on this tour so as soon as we start playing we'll be serving drinks on stage, hopefully to minors but...you know.. we'll see how that works out.

SLUG: Bible thumper, Buddha worshiper or Satan worshiper?

Jackson: This is a Salt Lake paper right?

SLUG: Yeah! Absolutely.

Jackson: I'm a Mormon, yeah.

SLUG: Polygamist?

Jackson: uh... Yeah, many times over.

SLUG: Hookers, groupies or schoolgirls?

Jackson: Well my girlfriend's a hooker, so I guess I'd have to go with hookers. I know that Joey Cape is partial to schoolgirls. What was the other one?

SLUG: Groupies.

Jackson: Oh! That'd be Spike. Spike's definitely down with the groupies. Hookers for me, definitely hookers.

SLUG: Who wears the pants in the band?

Jackson: I would have to say Mike generally wears the pants in the band cause he's the head of the label that puts our records out, so pretty much that would end any dispute if there were one. We pretty much let him do what he wants to do and we kinda just go along with it.

SLUG: Why are you so selfish?

Jackson: Because we're the best and we deserve everything! As you'll see on this year's Warped Tour we are the greatest rock and roll band in the whole world.

SLUG: In the whole world?

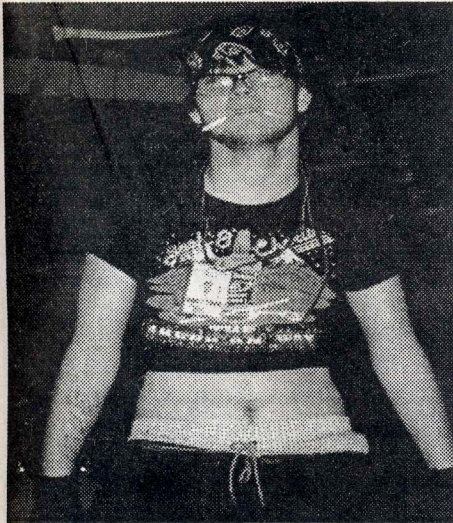
Jackson: In the whole world, much better than Oasis.

For those of you who want to see this "consummate punk rock supergroup" go to the Warped Tour. Fat Mike and the crew will be in the SLUG booth signing autographs, doing drugs, and hangin' with trashy women.

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MIKE BROWN'S SELF HELP COLUMN



PRISON UNIFORMS ITCH REAL BAD

Dear mike brown,

I'm a computer whiz. After a few years of internship at a meager salary, I found it extremely easy to fund my own material excesses by transferring money from the bank I work at into my own accounts. The required tithe was killing me. "We're all rich in some ways, right?" I thought. "What's the big deal if I'm a little richer money wise than some of the other good citizens here?" I had it all. A big boat and a house down by Lake Powell. A Range Rover. Investments in Starbucks, Coca-cola and Phillip Morris. My own family tree done over in gold inlay. I even donated some of the money I stole to my Alma Mater, BYU, for a new Computer Science lab with my name on it. I guess that was my downfall. When the upper management found out about the computer science lab, they wanted to know how I could afford it on my \$18,000 a year salary. Anyway, I've come to grips with all that. What I can't deal with is my fellow inmates. They all know about my computer background and crimes. The problem is they all started calling me "Microsoft" in the showers. I know this is a play on both my computer skills and lack of endowment, and it's embarrassing. Almost worse than the "broomstick handle welcome" I got here when I first arrived. Now even the guards call me Microsoft, and ask me when I'm coming out with version 4.0. I have 15 more years to put up with this. What can I do? You're my last resort for any relief in this matter.

Sincerely,
Looking out the Windows, 2001

Wow, Microsoft! That's quite a problem! Let me start off by saying that I too have been called Microsoft. But I'm more commonly known as MIKE-row-HARD, and handfuls of ladies KNOW what I'm talking about.

I need to talk about uniforms. For uniforms seem to be an important part of prison society. Which seems funny cuz to me they are not important in life whatsoever. The uniforms in prison serve a simple purpose; they separate the guards from the inmates. Not too much

unlike fashion in wealthy countries like ours. A fashionable person who can afford fashionable clothes is distinctly separated from a poor person who cannot afford clothes with pointless brand names on it. I learned this last week when I asked my dad for cologne for my birthday. I wanted to smell nice so I could get laid or something. My dad is quite wealthy and decided to buy me some new "uniforms" instead. But my new "uniforms" that my dad bought me for my birthday (which was on may 9th by the way [get me a fucking present if you know me (I don't care if it's late)]) say Eddie Bauer on them.

The uniforms you wear are bright orange. Your uniforms let people know that you did something bad and that if you try to run away it's ok to shoot you. My new "uniforms" say that I am kind of rich and that if you are a girl you should make love to me cuz I can provide for you and our many offspring. I don't think that I'll be wearing my new 'uniforms' too often. Probably only when I'm trying to get nailed by a chick that lives in Sandy with big fake boobies. That particular Eddie Bauer "uniform" doesn't really appeal to my personality. But neither do bright orange ones with numbers on them.

I mentioned earlier that I don't think that uniforms are very important. Here's why, everyone on the planet wears one. Myself included. Even punk-as-fuck kids who claim that they dress how they dress cuz they've been excluded. Bullshit! Punk Rock and Indie rock and Underground hip-hop and skater and jocks etc...everyone wears a uniform. What's the difference between a Jock wearing a letter jacket with pins stressing his favorite shitty sports, between a punker with a leather jacket with pins stressing his favorite shitty bands? Same game different name. Especially if you think that you are different or cool for reading SLUG, or doing anything "underground" for that matter, get a fucking clue. You are in the same popularity race that you lost in Jr. High, only this time the odds of you winning are better cuz there are may be a few less idiots to compete against. Emo kids with flooded pants are easier to compete against than

jocks that can beat you up more easily.

Microsoft you must know who you are, as opposed to what you are and use both to your advantage. What you are is simply your orange uniform, limp dick, knowledge of computer scams and prison rape. Just like what I am is my crummy tattoos and knowledge of skateboard trivia and pornography. Who I am is someone that few people know, because only a few really give a flying fuck. Part of who I am is a passionate poet and sensitive writer geek. But writing poetry hasn't gotten anyone laid or won any social races since Shakespeare was alive.

Walk into the shower with a raging boner, and then rape yourself. This will get you respect and other inmates will start calling you Mega-ROM. Teach the other inmates the ways of technological crime in return for admiration and protection. Cuz the crimes of the future are not stick-ups, they are identity fraud. Just as effective, but without the bloody mess. Show the guards a thing or two about how to (ab)use technology and the modern day system. Fuck man, didn't you ever see *The Shawshank Redemption*?

The bottom line is that you are the pimp and technology is your highest paying bitch. Start Pimpin'

- Mike Brown

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Normally the music industry waits for Christmas before they go into reissue frenzy, Metropolis and Nettwerk records however had plans of their own...

CLAN OF XYMOX
SUBSEQUENT
PLEASURES
METROPOLIS

Essential for any Xymox fan unable to pick up the long since deleted import that surfaced a few years ago. Not so much for the original recordings the band made in 1984 but for the 6 demos that would evolve into the bulk of their self-titled 4AD release. There is something perfect in the flaws and edges left on the songs, a roughness that sadly has been missing from their recent releases.

RHEA'S OBSESSION
RE-INITIATION
METROPOLIS

Re:Initiation is a re-issue of their debut *Initiation* with bonus tracks (including a **Haujobb** remix). Their last release, *Between Earth and Sky*, is stronger and more distinct but this debut is still a solid release meandering along the new age stylings of *Dead Can Dance* and *In The Nursery* without sacrificing their own unique textures.

FAITH AND THE MUSE
EYRIA, ANNYWYN AND
EVIDENCE OF HEAVEN
METROPOLIS

It seems rather ridiculous that yet again the **Faith and the Muse** back catalogue is being re-issued without any bonus tracks or new artwork. Then again these releases might not fizzle out into deletion as quickly as the past releases. For those uninitiated Faith and the Muse have been one of the more beloved American goth bands since they appeared in the mid-90's. Primarily a rock sound with ethereal elements provided by William Faith and vocalist Monica Richards.

SINGLE GUN THEORY
EXORCISE THIS WASTELAND,
LIKE STARS IN MY HANDS
AND FLOW, RIVER OF MY SOUL
NETTWERK

It seemed odd to me that while **Delerium** became one of Nettwerk's best selling artists **Single Gun Theory's** releases were pushed into out-of-print status. After all the concept was basically the same: Electronics with female vocals. Maybe they sound a little less club-friendly than **Delerium** but keep in mind these three albums were originally released between 1987-94. Definitely a band worth re-discovering. Nettwerk has also thrown on some extra remixes and expanded the booklets to satisfy those of us who already own the originals.

DIE FORM
AKT
METROPOLIS

Not so much a reissue as a best of tracks from **Die Form** side projects. Even though these are side projects the traditional **Die Form** sound is still intact, electronics and angelic/operatic vocals. Some tracks are very club friendly and others are far more experimental. Again not so different from what fans should be used to. Those unfamiliar with **Die Form** would do better by picking up *Histories* or the recent *Extremum*. Look forward to a series of **Die Form** re-issues from Metropolis over the next year.

PROJECT PITCHFORK
DAIMONION | METROPOLIS

I remember hearing **Project Pitchfork** for the first time, it was also the first time I heard **Apoptygma Bezerk**. There was something refreshing in "Dead Souls" that I hadn't found in many industrial songs. From that time on I have either been blown away with their releases or frustrated from unmet expectations. Initial reviews from Germany were mixed at best so I braced myself for disappointment. I needn't have worried. *Daimonion* is a great album with a classic mix of dark electronics and rough vocals. Harsher than recent **Haujobb** and **Covenant** but more restrained than **Velvet Acid Christ**. In many ways like **Assemblage 23's** last release only more varied but not quite as personal. "We Are One" should be a huge club hit, even if the band doesn't seem to realize it just yet.

DEPECHE MODE
EXCITER | MUTE/REPRISE

So "Dream On" wasn't exactly a classic **Depeche Mode** single. Sure it rattled around radio and the obsessed bought the single and the masses ate up the concert tickets before *Exciter* was released. But let's face it, even the fans were a bit nervous about this album. I've been nervous since Alan Wilder left, nervous that **Depeche Mode** would release an album full of unbearable clones of "Death's Door" and parody themselves into obscurity. *Exciter* isn't DM's best hour, but it isn't without redeeming qualities. The sound and feel of the album is more subdued and guitar heavy than ever before. It takes awhile to adjust to, that and the first half of the album is far weaker than the second. They never quite reach the splendor of "Waiting for the Night" from *Violator* but that does seem to be the atmosphere they are efforting towards. "I Feel Loved" is the obvious choice for the next single and on "Free Love" Dave's vocals have never been better. Still I wonder how different it might all be if Alan was still around.

GARY NUMAN
PURE | SPITFIRE

Sacrifice signaled the end of **Gary Numan** as we knew him. He had spent the early 80's on the charts and in the years that followed everything except "Cars" escaped the radio and dance floors of America. Then **Trent Renzor**, **David Bowie**, **Fear Factory** and **Marilyn Manson** were either praising him or covering him. It was a new era in the making. *Sacrifice* was shocking when compared to anything else Numan had recorded. It was dark, bitter and angry and much like **Bowie's** *Outside* it introduced him to a new generation of fans. Exile followed and a Numan was back to tour America. *Pure* is his follow up to *Exile*, which to be honest was rather lack luster. *Pure* is clearly a stronger album, but it feels like Numan has started to tread water. The title track lyrically is nothing more than a continuation of NIN's "Sin" after the relationship has gone sour. "My Jesus" echoes of "Pray" from *Sacrifice* and to a point it is tiring to hear Numan rant about the same issues for three straight albums. Gary, I know you are angry with God, even if you aren't sure you believe in God.

PLACEBO
BLACK MARKET MUSIC | VIRGIN

Placebo, much like **Suede**, is the bastard child of **Bowie's** extravagant and androgynous 70's. **Suede** the older brother already swaying hips, **Placebo** the youngster still high on feedback and chipping off fingernail polish while dodging the image of bitter underachievers. So the British press slag off *Black Market Music* because they can't hate **Oasis** anymore. Silly critics, **Placebo** is for the kids. They aren't going to write their way into Q's top fifty albums ever recorded, but they'll certainly have their moments in spite of that. **T-Rex** stormed through the 70's in a similar fashion, no respect, living in the shadows and still throwing out great songs while the world stopped listening. **Bowie** even makes a guest appearance on the revamped version of "Without You I'm Nothing." If you liked their last album or feel frustrated by the state you're in you'll find that *Black Market Music* is a rather nice way of telling the world to piss off without having to remove your eyeliner.

Support your local musicians. I can't emphasize this enough. There is so much talent that I'm hearing from a lot of local artists. Just because I dedicated an entire month to local reviews doesn't mean any of you should hesitate to send a disc to the SLUG HQ for review. I also hear that **SABBATHON** is coming up...

There is a double-disc compilation coming out later this summer titled *Electraglow* featuring around 20 electronic groups local to Salt Lake, excluding one or two. I've already heard most of the tracks off of it and I have to say that I'm very impressed at the amount of diversity and talent contained in these groups. I'll be providing more information as it becomes available.

Top 10 for June

Compiled by Das Maschine DJ's Reverend 23 and Unit:1-army-7

- 1) DAS ICH /DESTILLAT (VNV NATION RMX)
- 2) FUNKER VOGT / MASCHINE ZEIT (MACHINEN MX)
- 3) FEINDFLUG / LEITBILD
- 4) WUMPS CUT / HANG HIM HIGHER
- 5) VELVET ACID CHRIST / DIAL 8 (BOUND AND GAGGED RMX)
- 6) VNV NATION / COLD (R-RATED VERSION)
- 7) SUICIDE COMMANDO/COMATOSE DELUSION (HOCICO RMX)
- 8) S.I.N.A. /THE MACHINE (DIE FARBEN RMX)
- 9) ICON OF COIL /FLOOR KILLER
- 10) EVIL'S TOY /IN THE ARMY NOW



Blut Engel

Seelenschmerz

Out Of Line

Rating: 3

I'd initially written a very shitty review for these guys, but over time I have to say the disc has grown on me a lot. I've heard a lot of comparison between **Blut Engel** and **L'ame Immortelle**, but I see little similarity. The title track "Seelenschmerz" reeks of **X Marks the Pedwalk** influence. The rest is a little similar to the **L'ame Immortelle** style of a darkwave-electro balance. Overall it's average. Your basic monotone male vocalist accompanied by a female with an amazing angelic voice. Nothing special, but not complete shit either. It's your typical throwing of all the good tracks up front, then it gets really boring about half way through. If you can get over the cheesiness of the songs written about vampires and suicide I'm sure you can appreciate the music if not anything else.



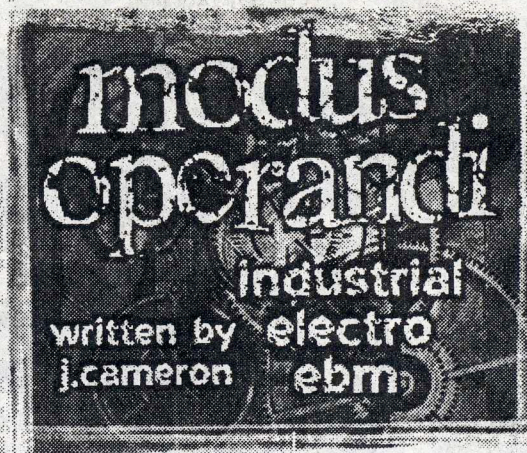
Foetus

Flow

Ectopic Ents.

Rating 1.5

Flow is the first new studio album from **Foetus** in about six years. You think with all that time that something worth while would come out of it, then again it's **Foetus** we're talking about here. They've been taken in by a select crowd of rivetheads, but I've found that most, including myself, find it rather obnoxious and kind of... well... stupid? That's not the word I'm looking for, but it'll suffice. The album actually starts out pretty strong with "Quick Fix" but then all interest was quickly lost after that. But for those who savor the fair **Foetus**, *Flow* will be followed up this September with *Blow*, a remix LP featuring remixes by **Charlie Clouser** of **Nine Inch Nails**, **Phylr**, **Ursula 1000**, and a plethora of TBAs. **Foetus** is on tour now, but you're gonna have to drive to Boulder, Colorado if ya wanna see 'em. That one's June 18th



VIA

Accession Records-Volume One

Accession records

Rating: 4

The Germany-based **Accession Records**, founded by **Diary of Dreams'** **Adrian Hates**, is celebrating birthday number 5 with a very hard hitting compilation that is sure to make everybody's top ten list for 2001 releases, and the year is only half over. **Haujobb** is without a doubt the biggest highlight with a new track "Unseeing" making their upcoming album *Polarity* that much more enticing. The **Assemblage 23** track "Anthem" has been remixed into an overly club worthy piece of work, though the song seems a little obsolete with the recent release of the new **A23** album *Failure*. **Cut.Rate.Box** contributed the best track they've ever compiled, "Zionsank", along with a second track "In Your Eyes" featuring **Beborn Beton** vocalist **Stefan Netschio** which is barely worth the mention. **Claire Voyant's** "Blink Tears" and "Blink Tears_For Adrian" both sound more like Christmas music than darkwave, and of course **Diary of Dreams** with 2 tracks. One is the brilliantly composed "Bladerunner 2001" and the second is "Forestown" which was previously released on **Daniel Myer's** *Sub Out* compilation about a year ago. Out of the 17 tracks I'd have to say there are at least 14 or 15 good ones. Go buy it, thank me later.



Das Ich

Re Laborat

Metropolis Records

Rating: 3.5

This is the domestic release of the german duo's remix album that has been available as import only for some time now, one import version as double disc. This one however, is the single disc version, but still worth it. Possibly the biggest club anthem right now is the **VNV Nation** remix of "Destillat", and my choice for runner up would have to be "Des Satans Neue Kleider". Don't ask me why. It could be because it translates to "New Dresses for Satan" or because it sounds like he's saying "It's called a vagina" when he's really saying some sort of incomprehensible german. The rest of the tracks are exceptional, excluding the **And One** mix of "Das Ich Im Ich". If **And One** that motherfucker throw his vocals on one more good track I'm going to scream. **AND ONE, KISS MY ASS!** I'll waste no more words defaming those sorry fucks. In spite of that, **Kalte Farben**, **Wumpscut**, **In Strict Confidence**, and **Laboratory X** make fine use of their remix abilities putting others, such as **And One KISS-MYASSDIEDIEDIEFUCKERS**, to complete shame. There, whew.



During its 16 year history, this month's stop in Zineland was thought of as the mother of all zines. Factsheet Five didn't originate the concept of the "meta-zine" that reviewed other zines, as well as books, CDs and other media. But it perfected it. Started by Mike Gunderloy in 1982 as a graduate student in Rensselaer, New York, it soon grew to take over most of the space of his small apartment, as well as much of his life. After publishing the zine for most of the decade, Gunderloy decided to call it quits. So in 1991, San Franciscan Seth Friedman took it over. The zine was packed full of content, relatively few ads, great artwork from people in the zine community, and under Friedman's tenure, informative essays from zinesters all over. Several years ago, the task became too much for Friedman as well, and he's been searching for somebody to take over publication of the zine. We talked to him about what he learned along the way.

"I found two people at various times who showed interest, but they both disappeared," he laments. "It's a bit like drummers in Spinal Tap. Publishing Factsheet Five is quite a large undertaking, a job in itself. Most magazines have a staff of 30-50 people, and this has more content than most." With relatively few ads and glossy covers, the zine was more of an expensive hobby than a source of income. But that just shows the dedication of zinesters like Friedman.

He still has archives of almost all the issues that were produced, the zine was such an inseparable part of his life. "My enthusiasm for trying to find someone is a bit dampened by now, though," he admits. The only criteria for taking over the publication is the ability to produce at least one successful issue. "If you can do that, you can have all rights to the name," he explains. "It's a bit like home-steading."

Friedman was interested in the underground press for many years before he published Factsheet Five. "I loved zines, comics, music...I spent my college years exploring underground media," he explains. "It took a few years to find Factsheet Five, and it wasn't the definitive item then that it eventually came to be. At that time OP Magazine, in Olympia, Washington, was serving the function that Factsheet Five eventually did." He started publishing some of his own zines, then when he heard that Gunderloy wasn't going to publish Factsheet Five, he decided to take it over.

"Gunderloy said he'd endorse any successful effort, and I continued to publish it until about 1998." Friedman's run was just as impressive as the issues Gunderly put out, with essays, easier-to-use categories, and continuing the tradition of guest reviewers. Editor's Choice, Zine of the Month, and a section for weird, "Quirky" zines that don't fit anywhere else, helped make the over 100-page tome always reader-friendly.

"Zines change constantly," Friedman says of the changes Factsheet Five underwent during its lifespan. I was first involved in the early 80's, and the technology has changed tremendously." From hand-written or xeroxed leaflets to computer-printed zines to e-zines published on the World Wide Web, zine publishing, in its short lifespan has undergone most of the changes in the publishing industry as a whole, in a fraction of the time. "There are also different levels of involvement," he says. From xeroxing a few pages of poetry on an office copier to the life-changing effort of publishing Factsheet Five, so all encompassing that it seems almost like a marriage, zines mean different things to different people, and Factsheet Five tried to capture it all.

"We had different theme issues, like the "Mumia" issue, in which all the zines reviewed were about Mumia, or the "Gulf War" issue, put out during that conflict. Zines capture the cultural zeitgeist," he believes. "Factsheet Five changed along with the times, from being haphazard at times to becoming comprehensive. My goal with it was always to expand its outreach. There were cliches, like people complained that I always had a half-naked woman on the cover, but I was always overall trying to get more people involved. I feel like almost every issue was better than the last, and the next to last was the best one I did. In addition to reviews, it had a lot of essays that were really helpful about the practical sides of zining, 'how-tos' that people could really use."

"That issue really epitomized the best things about Factsheet Five," he thinks. "We had a really nice cover by Mary Fleener, a well-known zine artist, and so many useful articles. We really involved a lot of people on that one. It's all those things I always wanted it to be about. If you didn't want to read a zillion zine reviews, you could read the essays. But you *could* read a zillion zine reviews if you wanted to."

He still likes to read zines; among his favorites are Down the Hatch, published in New York City, the Alternative Press Review ("I always wait for that one to come out") and Anarchy Magazine. Friedman still gets asked to speak at zine conferences, and yes, the subject has been taken up for study by the hallowed halls of academia. He published the Factsheet Five Zine Reader, a guide to the best of the best. He's still looking for someone to take over Factsheet Five. Lest you underestimate the difficulty of the undertaking, take note of Hudson Luce, who put out one issue that is generally regarded as execrable, and almost ruined the enterprise. And that would have been a shame to myself and thousands of other people for whom Factsheet Five unlocked a whole new world.

You can contact Seth Friedman at seth@factsheet5.com or write PO Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117. Factsheet5.com is still up, although it says there that if a new publisher wasn't found by January 2001 that it would be shut down permanently.



Since he stopped putting out Factsheet Five, he's done computer work for an alternative publication in San Francisco. "I'm trying to stay away from writing," he explains. "I used to do a lot of freelance writing, but now I have to limit my time. I am busy with a few other projects, and my regular job is time-consuming." He also has his hands full raising a one-and-half year old daughter.

Short takes:

Issue 5 of Say Cheese goes to a full color cover, with two different shots like a TV Guide collector's edition; one a bathing beauty, the other a typically scowling Leif Myrberg. Willing victims of this local paparazzi include an Elvis impersonator, Green Day, scenes from Mardi Gras, pictures by SLUG Editor/Whipcracker Angela Brown, local tagging and a portfolio by Tony Martinez of AZUL Photography. That model needs to apply for SLUG Queen. That's not even all there is in this well-packed read. Pick up this zine, you may be in it too!

SayCheese Magazine, PO Box 112073, SLC, UT 84147. Price listed is free, but I'd enclose a dollar or so for postage.

Rock'n'Roll Purgatory is on a roll with issue #4, another workmanlike essay on rockabilly and related musical genres in Ben & Lisa's local Ohio and beyond. They are expanding their horizons, though with an interview with Mistress Persephone, a professional dominatrix. Of course there are CD reviews, and interviews with Rocket 350, Sixer and others. Mail order section and an ad for the "Rockabilly Freak Show" event show the two publishers becoming real mavens of their local scene. "Gardening With Digby, the maladjusted agricultural pervert," and classifieds like "Live-in tutor wanted for dyslexic orangutan" are a cry for help.

Send \$2, or a professional therapist, to PO Box 3055, Kent, OH 44240.

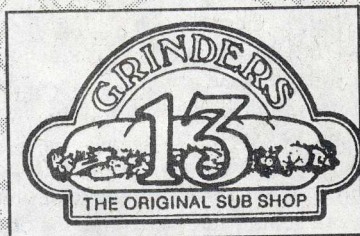
Fresh Cow Pie #6 is a bit thin after the behemoth of #5, but Farmer P has a good excuse: he's going to be a father. As if farming the land wasn't enough. Tons of reviews, and remember, he was under whatever psycho-pharmacological effects can be had from breathing the fumes of cattle feces while listening. Tractor Tunes Vol. 2 CD includes Amp, Norwegian GBV cover band Electric Jam Soul Aquarium, Spooky J (with Eric Johnson of Archers of Loaf), Xiu Xiu (formerly Ten in the Swear Jar), and others, including midwestern locals like the Enola Gays (great band name). FP also interviewed an Oklahoma lawyer who defends death row inmates. Riveting reading.

\$5, Farmer P, 5112 77th Ave SE, Montpelier, ND 58472.

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!

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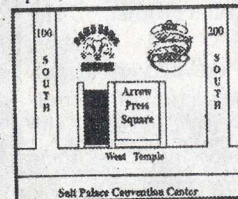


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HIP POCKETS: THE GET HIP RECORDS STORY

by Stakerized!

with Mike Brown, Echo, Kevlar 7 and Derecimo

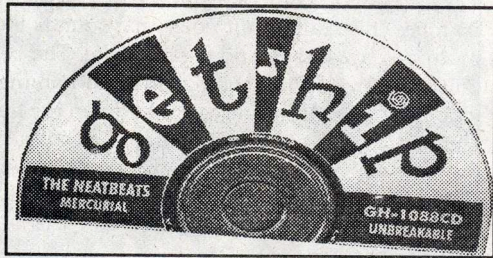
Get Hip Records label founder Greg Kostelich is a bit agitated when I reach him for an interview, just finishing an argument with a band on his label. It's part and parcel of taking on the chore of operating your own record label, taking lumps from critics from all sides. But today finds him, well, a bit cynical. Even pissed off.

First things first: Kostelich founded Get Hip in 1985 with the other members of his Pittsburgh garage band the Cynics. "We started a label to put records out for the Cynics. We couldn't get labels to believe in us, and we were playing 100-200 shows a year. If you want it done right, do it yourself," he says in true DIY fashion. "At first, we just put out a couple of our records, including a fan club release. Then I went to see the Chesterfield Kings with the Mystic Eyes, and the latter were so much better that I wanted to put them out as well. It was hard to get paid from distributors, so once again, we said if you want it done right, do it yourself, and started doing our own distribution."

From that start the catalog increased to several hundred releases, including discs by some pretty well-known acts like the **New Bomb Turks**, **Man or Astroman?**, **Cobra Verde**, **Leaving Trains**, **Nashville Pussy**, the **Candy Snatchers** and **Thee Headcoats**. Recent releases include *Mercurial...*, by the **Neatbeats**, who could be a Japanese version of the early Beatles, right down to their neat suits and ties. **The Irving Klaws' Pajama Party** sounds just like that, with cool paper doll sleeve art. **Silver Tongued Devil** play Steeltown style punk rock on *Red-Eyed and Tongue Tied*. **Tiny Crustacean Light Show**, by Montana psychedelic band **Donovan's Brain**, maybe the head trip of the season. Members who've been playing since the 60's, some with far better-known outfits, and know how to build up mind-bending layers of sound.

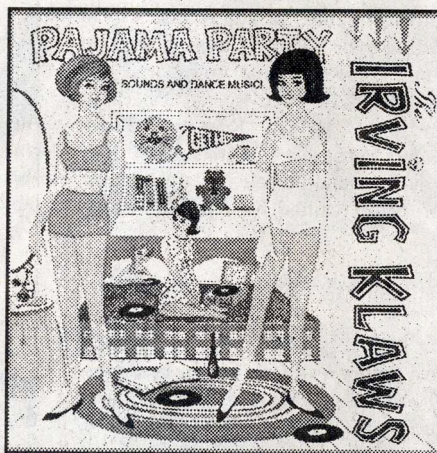
Darkness Forever, a post-breakup live release by Scandinavian death-punk band **Turbonegro**, features one of Frank Kozik's classic covers with circus imagery. With songs like "Zillion Dollar Sadist," "The Midnight NAMBLA" and "Hobbit Motherfuckers," be afraid. Be very afraid. That's just a small cross-section of the pot-pourri of different styles the label has in the offing. The common denominator is their "hipness" this stuff is just damn cool.

But it's not a perfect setup. "Now I'm on the other end," he laments. "Bands aren't always happy, but there's only so much you can do for them. If you want to be as good as the Cynics, or Nashville Pussy or Jon Spencer, play 200 shows a year. If you play five shows and want to sell thousands of records, it's not gonna happen. Maybe your friends will buy a few. You never can make people happy. I'm at a crossroads in life: I have to make sure I'm happy. But I still love it or I wouldn't do it."



The Cynics broke up years ago, but got back together for an East Coast reunion tour that just concluded. "We didn't fill venues, but it's been almost ten years since our last tour. It was rewarding; it was like starting all over. The people who came to see us were great." He's optimistic about music though. "I see a new garage scene, with kids 23 or so, starting to get into that Northern soul, the English sound again. You know, from about 1963-67. DJs on the radio and in clubs are starting to play it. It's creating a new cartel and we are part of it. We've been networking. We met a guy from Greece, and we may play there. I do see in the next two to three years, a surge in the kind of music we put out."

How does he find some of the great groups to release on the label like Donovan's Brain, and the **Green Pajamas'** re-release of 1990's *Ghosts of Love*? "They are just long term friends you run into on the road," Kostelich explains. "I can't do everything. Ron Sanchez from Donovan's Brain wanted to be on the label for two years. I didn't like it at first, but it grew on me. With the Green Pajamas, we campaigned to get that release, it's a classic. We sign new bands simply through word of mouth, or bands we used to do shows with. It's nothing magical; meteors don't hit me from the sky."

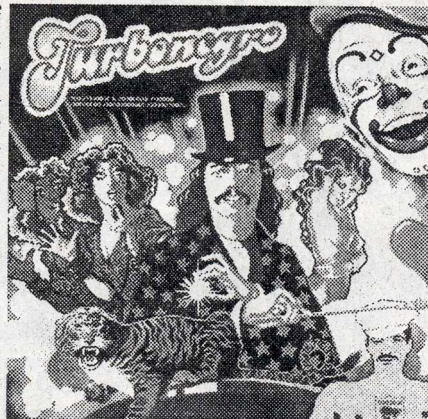


The market is tough right now with the recent economic downturn though. "Things are kind of lean now but I see some promise," he believes. "There's been a major shakedown. The economy is bad and it's fucking up all the indie labels. It's mostly the media inducing fear though. The big players capitalize, and the rest of us are all jackasses at the bottom of the barrel." The Get Hip new release machine continues unabated though:

new stuff is coming out by the **Kaisers**, the **Swamp Rats** and the **Fantastic Dee Jays**.

"We mainly shoot for; 'can the person write a good song'," he explains about his own taste. "It could be any style: punk, soul, rockabilly." The label is also coming out with the LP-only releases of **New York Dolls' Endless Party** and **Richard Hell & the Voidoids' second album, Destiny Street**. "That's another thing that pisses me off," he continues. "The licensing for that is being sold to a bunch of different labels, so you'll see that coming out all over the place. It's like that guy is selling the Brooklyn Bridge ten different times." He's also re-releasing the **Fleshtones' self-titled album**, though he says he doesn't stand to make a lot of money from any of them.

"There's not too much selling this whole year. We're hearing it from everyone, the whining. The economy is so bad, some of the big Tower and Virgin Records stores are closing in some cities. Pacific One-Stop, one of the best distributors, is closed. Everybody is leaning on us, but I still manage to pay people." In an industry rife with stories of rip-offs, Kostelich is legendary for always keeping his word and making sure people get paid. He may be in the minority. "I watch distributors screw up, see if they come through with money, and of course they don't." He jokes, "I'm gonna have to hire Tony Soprano."



But still, it's not a job for him. "It's still fun. When it becomes work, then it's time to quit. I started working at a record store. A buyer noticed me ripping on customers, and told me "you're a cynic." The name stuck for my band. The movie High Fidelity was softer than anything we ever did. We could have made a better, much darker movie."

The Mullens
Tough To Tell
Get Hip

Rolling stones style and attitude well blended with a punk approach. Can't go wrong there if you ask me. And they aren't really one of those bands that you can say to your retarded friends, "Hey, dude, man, these guys, The Mullens, they sound like..." Because they have their own sound. Which is always refreshing in the cruel world of rock and roll. I would like to see these guys live cuz they got that nitty gritty don't give 2 fucks about you rock and roll attitude on this album. I also didn't find myself skipping along the CD in search of that one good song you buy a CD for. They were all good. If this mag was Hustler and this record was a porn, 3 erect penises.

-Mike Brown

Rocket 455
Go To Hell
Get Hip Recordings

I think Rocket 455 recorded this album while getting high in the back of their uncle's 60's VW van. It sounds like the recording studio was 2x4. Everyone sounds so constipated. What the hell is with the bands in the 21st century anyhow? They think, to become popular you can still sound like crap as long as you have a numeral after your stupid name. Unless you enjoy taking laxatives, don't bother picking up this CD.

-Echo

Silver Tongued Devil
Red-Eyed and Tongued Tied
Get Hip Records

Fans of Zeke and Nashville Pussy will want to check out this band. They play a kind of motor-punk with traces of cow-punk. The front man has this really gruff voice that sounds like its been destroyed by too much whiskey and cigar smoke. The bands music is a tight knit weapon of bludgeoning riffs and hammering drum and bass work that propels this discs tracks down the fiery road to the nether regions of hellfire and damnation. This disc is not for the faint of heart, or pansy's content with radio fluff and mindless techno beats. This disc is for maximum rock n' roll fists and fury during a drunken swagger at your local rockabilly bar. Check it out.

-Kevlar7

The Gore Gore Girls
Strange Girls
Get Hip Recordings

Get your beer muffs on before you throw these chicks into your player. Pure retro harlot rock, performed by a three girls you wouldn't want to bring home to mother. These girls would boil your pet, man. With lyrics like "I'm gonna hunt you down fucker, getcha, and make you mine" on the aptly named "Hunt You Down" and "I'm gonna keep on trying...you can bet, that I'm gonna get you yet" on "I'm Gonna Get You Yet" these straight-forward bitches brew a mean mix of angst and desperation with hard hitting middle of the road rock. If you like your women or music rough and ready take this one home from your local store. Just don't say I didn't warn you.

-Derecimo

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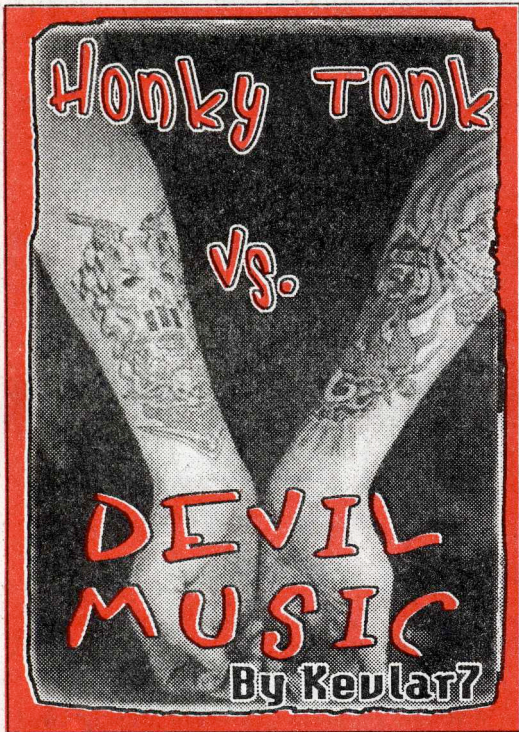
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HANK WILLIAMS III



For fans of rockabilly and honky-tonk, examining the roots and beginnings of this great form of Americana music is important. Some legendary musicians who helped put Nashville and the dangerous but sad music form on the map are hell raisers like Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, Patsy Cline, and Hank Williams Sr. I remember hearing Mr. Williams' music as a kid and thought that he was a great singer. As I got older, and bored with the music being played on the radio, I started to notice psychobilly and rockabilly artists like Rev. Horton Heat, The Amazing Crowns, Deadbolt, and Social Distortion. Refreshing and exciting, I sought out other bands playing music of this genre.

Enter Hank Williams III. Hank III's band goes by the name Assjack. Definitely an assembly of talented musicians to back up the complex change of musical styles attempted on stage halfway through Hank III's set. Approaching the tour bus on the day of the interview, I was introduced to all of the members of the band and was given a lot of courtesy from each member of the band. I mounted the steps into the bus and

was informed that Hank III was in the back. I walked into the tail end of compartment and looked about me in confusion for the object of my interview. Seated on the cushions in front of me was this long haired guy, looking nothing like the picture on his album jacket. This long hair was indeed Hank III, and after getting over the initial shock and bewilderment, I sat down next to him and started into my long list of questions.

SLUG: So, you initially started out playing rock music. What made you decide to get

into country?

Hank III: A one night stand that waited two years to tell me I had a kid, took me to court and sued me for

out something, get a manager, get a label." And, first couple of years into it I was still trying to find my vision. Then I found guys like Dale Watson and Wayne Hancock, started hanging out with them. Getting their rawness and attitude. Just started talking more trash about Tennessee, and it's been spinning out along the way. The last few years our label's been holding us back quite a bit. We keep making the music, but they've been slow in putting it out.

SLUG: I know your on Curb records now. What kind of roadblocks have you experienced from them?

Hank III: On the *Rising Outlaw* album they rejected all my songs, except for three.

SLUG: Why did they reject them?

Hank III: Cause they wanted their own writers. Cause if they had their writers, then they make their cut. That's the whole trick, with any major label; they try to get their own writers. Like, on this new album, if I'm writing all the songs, I'll get the money and they won't; even though it's nothing compared to what Tim McGraw and all that other...shit brings Curb. But, you know, the war has started now. We've turned in two albums, and we're waiting for them not to sit on us. They're classic for wasting time. And I don't have time to waste. That's why we make shirts that say, "Fuck Curb records". On the Warped Tour we have a fifty-foot banner that says the same thing. If they're going to hold me back so much, why not let me go? There are labels out there that would respect what we do.

SLUG: Who do you feel you are more influenced by, your father or your grandfather?

Hank III: Probably a little bit of both.

might get a little bit of his attitude, but we don't play as much as the Hank Jr. sound. Some of it, but not too much of it. Our country show leans a little bit more towards the Hank Sr. sound; it just seems to come more naturally closer to that.

SLUG: So, how does your father feel about the music that your doing now?

Hank III: I don't know, I mean, I've been it to it ever since I was a kid. I was always playing it, back when S.O.D. and Anthrax came out. And all that shit came out, I'd be like, "Listen to this drummer, listen to this guitar player." Always wanting to show up at one of his sound checks and play like that. But, he doesn't really comment on it, we only really talk once or twice a year. It's like a politician and a head banger sitting down. We don't really have much to say to each other.

SLUG: Do you feel there are many expectations to follow in your father's and grandfather's shoes?

Hank III: Oh yeah, from some people, not all of them, but from a lot of people there are. Expecting us to sound a certain way, or look a certain way. But, those people who have those huge expectations are those that people that they we probably don't want as fans. We like the weirdo, more open-minded kind of crowd.

SLUG: I figure you don't like the new country style at all?

Hank III: Nah. I wouldn't mind it if they would support the old country, but they don't. And that's the whole problem. They play all these same songs, by the hour on the radio; but they don't bring any Haggard, Cash, Jones, and guys like that. Or any of the new young guys out there who

are trying to preserve it; the radio isn't showing respect to them. Like the Rev. Horton Heat, you don't hear him much on the radio, but he can go and sell out almost everywhere he plays. It's just getting out there and doing it. Forget the radio, playing music for yourself, and whatever happens, happens. Working it hard and gaining more fans along the way.

SLUG: How did you hook up with the Melvins?

Hank III: Well, the first time I read an interview from them were they where saying, "Yeah, we just bought this Skynrd box set." This was about seven years ago. And I was always a huge fan of Dale, being a drummer; I love his style. I always knew that he wore gardening gloves when he played. So I bought him some,

and a couple of sticks. I saw their old bass player Mark, the one who used to wear the cowboy hat, and I walked up to him and I said, "Man, I usually



photos by: Russel Daniels

a lot of money. The judge told me to get a real job. He said playing music wasn't a real job. And I thought, "Well, I'll go down music row; figure

There was a lot of influence by Hank Sr. I can relate to a lot of his songs, just like a fan. I listen to his music just like a fan would. From dad's music, I

don't do this, but I'm Hank Williams III, is there any way I can get back stage and meet Buzzo and Dale." And he was like, "Sure man." And ever since then, every year has gotten a little bit, our relationship has gotten better. When I was in Rehab, a couple of years ago, Buzz was my sponsor. I was thinking, "Who's the only motherfucker I know out here in L.A. that's clean." And Buzz popped into my head. So there's that aspect of it too. Then they called me up when they were doing the *Crybaby* guest album, and asked me to come up. I was like, "Can I do a rock song?" And they said, "No, you have to do a country song." And that's how that came about. I'm working on about a six, seven-year relationship with them. So, it's cool to be able to open up for them now, because seven years ago back when I saw them I was in the audience, and now here I am.

SLUG: Tell me about the bars that you've been kicked out of.

Hank III: Yeah, mainly 'kicker bars; country, boot scoot bars in Texas. The kind of bars that will play rap music and country; pop country. But, you know, we go up there and play rock, and they'll be like, "What the fuck is this shit! This is a country bar!" And I'll be like, "Well, you're playing rap". They just don't like rock music. It's happened a couple of times; we've had sheriffs on each side of the state escort us out. The police, in Louisiana and in Texas, have shut us down. Texas is a big state, and there are spots that are like a different land. Different way of thinking.

SLUG: Do you own any hotrods or racecars?

Hank III: I got a 1960 Cadillac, and I got that by racing on the Internet. And out of a thousand drivers, I made it to the final four. Went to Indiana and raced against three other guys, in a computer simulation game. And won a Toyota Tundra pick-up truck. Sold it, and spent some of it on the Cadillac. I've got that. And I also have a '68 Camaro just kind sitting there. Needs a new engine, so I don't get to drive them, I just get to look at them for now.

SLUG: You have a lot of visible tattoos, how many do you have total?

Hank III: I got seven, for now. I try to space 'em out. I tell myself I'm not going to get anymore until I'm twenty-five. Then I get a couple more, I try to not get a whole bunch at once. It's like a life long thing. I still have some skin left.

SLUG: When did you get your first tattoo?

Hank III: Seventeen, I was living at home. It was an old Richard Griffin design, like an old Grateful Dead design. I was trying to think of something that wasn't to crazy, so that mom wouldn't freak out when she

saw it. That was the main reason I went with it, she was threatening me, and all this shit. My mom was like really hardcore Christian. I had to go to Satan seminars all the time. She burned my records, I was in Christian schools all the time. I had that shit shoved down my throat, that's probably another reason why I'm so off into this other kind of music too. It just made me like that dark side even more, or that energy, or that whatever more.

SLUG: Are you excited to play on the Warped Tour?

Hank III: On the side stage, and yeah, it will be interesting. It's going to be some tough shows, cause I guess they draw crowds to see which bands goes on at what time every day. So that's going to be fucking tough, some days you might be going on at two, some days at seven. But it will be cool, I'll just be honored to watch the other bands play, that's the greatest thing about it. There's a couple people we know that will be out there, like the guitar player from the **Rollins Band**. We know him pretty good. So there's going to be a couple of friends there. We don't know if the **Misfits** are going to be on it when we are on it or not, but they are also going to be doing the side stage. And supposedly **Henry Rollins** is doing shit from the **Black Flag** catalog, so it should be pretty intense.

SLUG: What do you think of the whole greaser/rockabilly movement that has grown in the last ten years? They seem to really like your country stuff, but are not too crazy about your rock stuff.

Hank III: That's a great movement and I love it, but I don't think we cater to that crowd too much. We do a little bit, but to be rockabilly, it's like a book that you have to go by. You have to have the hair, the tattoos, the clothes, the car, your girlfriend has to look a certain way. It's a whole thing man, and that's great, but I know there's a lot of true rockabilly guys that won't give into us being so aggressive and screaming like we are. But they won't understand it and like the country music more. But we got to play the Hootenanny festival, and everybody there is into the whole rockabilly thing. That show went over really good, we did a little bit more country and built the show up

bigger and bigger, but it was cool. But, I can understand why some rockabilly kids wouldn't like us, and

not be into.

SLUG: I think they would frown at your long hair.

Hank III: Oh for sure, I get shit about that, from them and the country folk. But, that's alright, nobody's perfect. I enjoy what I do and the music I play, if they don't like it, well then that's their tough shit.

Watching him play that night, it was obvious that Hank III was trying to dispel the expectations held by country and rockabilly purists to be an exact replica of his grandfather and father. Hank III played about three honky-tonk songs, including the new and hilarious barn stomper 'Put the Cunt in Country and the Dick in Dixie', and then he announced that the Assjack part of the show would begin. They then launched into a great Reverend Horton Heat sounding song. From that point on the band and Hank III burst into this Metallica/Slayer/Alice Cooper type of whirlwind which kept everybody at Liquid Joe's mouth on the floor. As Hank III's tall and skinny frame shook from his continual screams and growls, the band belted out the toxic sludge of metal riffs and noise. Shock and surprise registered on the faces of the concert goers as Hank III and Assjack went from Country to Death Metal in 3.3 seconds. As his set finished, I couldn't help but wonder if perhaps Hank III was trying to exorcise the Christian demons forced upon him by his mother. I concluded that if the two sides of his music were his means to show the world that is his own man; then he truly a man with his own unique approach to the musical world.

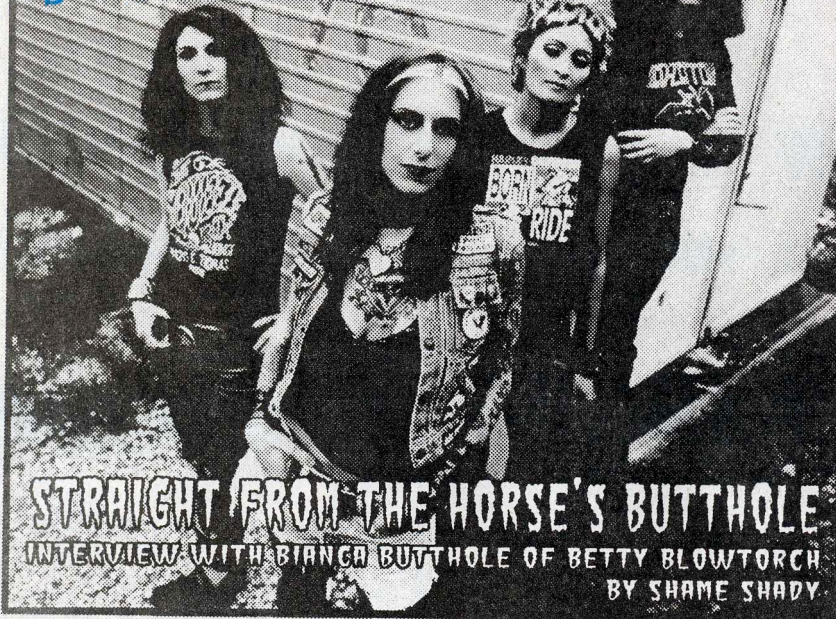
that's totally fine, that's great. The Reverend Horton Heat, he can go out there and give really give them the whole thing they're grasping for.

SLUG: What do you think about all those greaser/rockabilly bands out there?

Hank III: I love them, we've played with a lot of great rockabilly bands. And they all play good, put a lot of time and effort into it. And they live by the code. And that's something else you got to respect. We're just a little too weird for them. We're into some different stuff that they would-



BETTY BLOWTORCH



Bianca Butthole plays ball-busting bass and screams lead vocals for the incomparable Betty Blowtorch. If you think it takes balls to rock-it, then you'd better hang on to yours. These chicks grab you by the cock and make you recognize the power of women with distortion at their disposal. You will soon be begging to be used and abused by these savage vamps.

The first time I spoke with Bianca she was pumping gas into a Mitsubishi Eclipse. Her and a friend were rollin' on their way to downtown Hollywood to buy leather scraps. I forgot to ask, but in my mind she was clad only in a scanty leopard-print thong and matching top. The sun slithered through the valley of her oily 34Ds— it's dazzling brilliance matched only by the reflection off her knee-high black patent leather stilettos...

SLUG: What are you up to this morning?

Bianca Butthole: Pumping gas in the car right now

SLUG: Damn, you're multi-talented. Pumping gas, doing a phone interview and she's a

rockstar. You got game!

BB: Don't get carried away.

SLUG: How much time do I have?

BB: Whatever you want.

SLUG: Dang, it's been awhile since I heard that. That's the best offer I've had all day!

BB: Well, I'm easy, ya' know.

SLUG: You said it, not me. Can I quote you on that?

BB: Sure.

SLUG: Are male groupies called "gropies", or what?

BB: Gropies! No, wishful thinking. I haven't been groped in a while, man.

SLUG: It says in the bio that you're a bunch of rock 'n' rolling, cussing hussies "who will fix your car and then hump you on top of it!" My next question is: When are you gonna fix my car?!

BB: When are you gonna fly me out?

SLUG: Betty Blowtorch is the antithesis of cock-rock. The roles are reversed and it's the boys who are made to feel cheap and insignificant, like cuts of meat good for nothing but fucking. And with you shouting things like "We just wanna get laid!" and "Who

likes to eat pussy?" and song titles like "Shut Up and Fuck", I recall feeling a bit dirty and like y'all just wanted to use me. So, what do you call it, uh...I don't know... "crack-rock"?

BB: It could be. Or how about gash-rock?

SLUG: I like that! Especially since some folks might get the wrong idea from crack-rock.

BB: Yeah, I think they'd get the wrong crack, ya know what I'm sayin'?

SLUG: Do you still work a day-job?

BB: Oh yeah. I work at the Serious store on Melrose. I sell rock clothes.

Come to LA and I'll make you a rock n' roller.

SLUG: Naw, I'm a

punk rocker. Occasionally I mix it up with a little ghetto in there.

BB: You gotta throw some tight leather pants on, man. Don't be wearing no baggy pants. Us chicks like to see guys' asses.

Do you like girls in tight pants?

SLUG: Of course I do.

BB: Of course you do. Well, you know what? We feel the same way. I wanna see your buns. I wanna see your package. And I don't wanna see no baggy jeans hangin' off your ass— no droopy drawers. That is uugly.

SLUG: So, have you ever been "booted"?

BB: What do you mean?

SLUG: I had to just say it like that to get your reaction. You know, a boot, one of those contraptions they put on your tire when you park somewhere you're not supposed to park.

BB: Okay, as long as we're clarifying that kind of booted and not spiked boots going up and down on me— yes, I have. They kept my car, I couldn't afford to have it removed. There was no parking in my old neighborhood in Hollywood, so I ended up collecting a thousand dollars in tickets. I was, like, keep it— I

'll buy a new car.

SLUG: Fuckin' rockstars.

What's the best way out of a speeding ticket?

BB: Uh...ya know, I couldn't tell you that. The song "Hell On Wheels" came directly from our experiences on tour. We all got speeding tickets. We even got one after our show last year in Salt Lake. I think we're gonna have a driver this year so he can get all the tickets.

SLUG: Do you wear panties?

BB: Yes I do. I wear little girl panties. In every bad-girl there's a soft side.

SLUG: You don't mean the cotton ones do you? Please tell me you mean girly, like satin, lacy panties, right?

BB: I actually like the cotton ones for little girls, with cartoon figures on them.

SLUG: Underoos, ya know.

SLUG: I used to date a girl who had some with Garfield on them. That's all cool, but when you get to be my age and you're peeling them off it kinda feels like you're breaking laws. Which is fun, but you wonder should it be that fun.

KY or Astroglide?

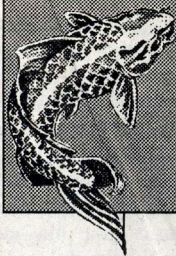
BB: I'm rootin' for Astroglide. I like the packaging on Astroglide. My friend's saying Astroglide too. But there's so many other kinds that you're not mentioning that she prefers. I like Motion Lotion personally, because it gets all hot when you blow on it. (Talking to her friend) You know, when you got the cock in your mouth, and you put it on, then you gotta kinda blow on it a bit?

SLUG: When you got the what in your mouth? Can you say that again and throw my name in there?

BB: Nope. One shot only, boy. (Laughs)

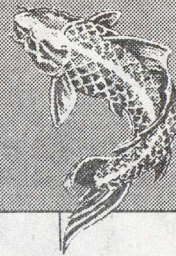
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BETTY BLOWTORCH WILL BE SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS AT SLUG MAG'S BOOTH DURING WARPED TOUR! JULY 7TH AT THE FAIR-GROUNDS!



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Concert Previews

Apparently, all of you saw the Kevlar7 "I Saw You" Ad in City Weekly for the 3rd week of May issue. Yes, I saw it, and yes, it was quite amazing that some star struck fan had the guts to voice her infatuation and desire for the hot stud biscuit that I am. It must be my ability to woo women with my wiry frame and killer dance moves. What can I say; chicks dig skinny, pale, rock journalists. Anyway, sorry "Bubba", I didn't call the ad;

too many women in my life for me to call some strange woman, even though she has good taste in men, like all women should expect from their future boyfriends. Maybe, if she buys me a drink, I'll consider penciling "Bubba" into my day planner. I hear it's the most popular and most called at City Weekly, so maybe you can find some other "Romeo" that's better suited for you, "Bubba". Or you can E-mail me at Kevlar7@hotmail.com and shower me with affection. Hope y'all saw SLUG's appearance on Fluid T.V. last month. Catch the re-runs, and y'all see the easy work and lack of tender loving care that all of us here at the SLUG HQ put into each issue. Ah, sarcasm it's such a beautiful thing. On with the shows for June, get the pencil and day planner out.

Latin Jazz? I'm pretty sure that's what **Ozomatli** plays. Anyway check them out at the *Zephyr Club* on the 6th. Opening is **Convoy**, and it should be a good show to take the girl to and show her how musically diverse you are. Pretentious? Indeed!

But, if indie music is more your thing, then check out **The Faint** at *Kilby Court* also on the 6th. The Faint are along the same lines as the band **Cursive** and have a very killer atmospheric, but chaotic sound. Check it out if y'all are not into Latin Jazz.

Built to Spill at *DV8* on the 7th. I know this girl at work who lives and dies for the word from this band. She can't figure out why I don't drool at the mere mention of this band. Personally, they just don't do it for me any more, but for all those huge fans out there, get your tickets early. For the rest of y'all, check them out; they are worth seeing at least once, after that one can decide if they are worth all the hype.

For all those lovers of dirty rock n' roll, there is **The Southern Domination Tour** featuring **Alabama Thunder Pussy**, **Dixie Witch**, and **Rise** at *Ya Butts* on the 11th. Alabama Thunder Pussy looks like these scary guys who know how to put the rock in music and I imagine that Dixie Witch could do the same. Rise, is described as a "New SLC Stoner Rock" band. This should definitely be an interesting show worth checking out. Fans of my column are encouraged to attend this show to check out some of the finest from the Man's Ruin Label.

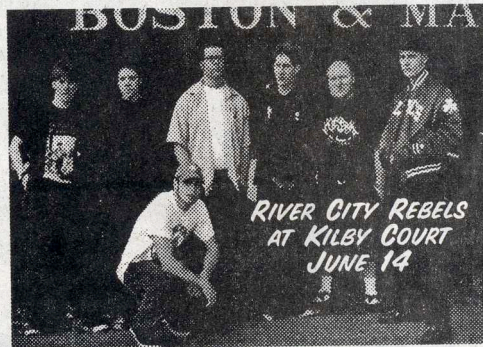
Emotional indie music will be put on display for all your viewing pleasures on the 12th at *Kilby Court*. **Nemirah** from California is headlining. **Billy**, from South Dakota, is opening and these guys are good, their music is engaging and they have a killer live show that must be seen; epic band. Locals **Pictures Can Tell** are also opening, and I recommend every one to show up early to see this emotional band; make sure to pick up a copy of every bands disc at the show; they're all very good.

All the Goths who frequent Area 51 will want to take notice; **Stabbing Westward** is playing at *DV8* on the 13th. I actually liked these guys after hearing their first album. But after that momentous debut, they quickly went downhill. But, still this band puts on a good show definitely worth checking out; the tribal beats these guys band out will get your booty moving.

Also on the 13th is radio darlings **Staind** and **Cold** at the *Saltair*. Capitalizing on the Deftones sound, Staind has a huge hit with some song that sounds like some kind of Top 40 power ballad. Cold is all right, they also have that mainstream sound and tried to cash in on with their friend-

ship to Korn and Limp Bizkit. Or something like that. Expect all the West Valley and Layton kids to be purchasing tickets in a mass frenzy. Get tickets early.

Another radio darling, who actually have musical talent is **Coldplay**. They will be performing at *Bricks* on the 14th with openers **Granddaddy**. Should be a good show. I have another friend from work who has sprouted off for months in my ear about how good this band is. So, obviously they must be. What can a music critic like me possibly know?



Personally, the show to check out that night is **River City Rebels** at *Kilby Court*, also on the 14th. This band is Victory Records' artist and they have that political and pissed off message to them. What sets them

apart from all the rest of those kind of bands, is that they incorporate a horn section into the catchy punk melody. Live, this band should go off and make for a highly entertaining evening with a crazy and wild band that backs a helluva punch.

On the 15th is the greatest art shindig ever! OK, not ever but you should at least check it out, it's called **Metal Only** and is all metal, all sculpture. **Metal Meltdown** will be playing some of their "stolen material" while fire dancers get busy. It's 5 measly bucks and proceeds benefit the Utah AIDS Foundation. Yeah!

Some band I've never heard of is playing at *DV8* on the 19th. E-mail and let me know what **Powderfinger** sounds like. They didn't send me a disc, so I have no idea what to say. Ummm.....they're good, I guess. Press kit says they sell lots of records in Australia. Opening is a band called **Ours**, who are actually pretty good. They remind me of a dark Jeff Buckley, who I absolutely love. Ours will definitely be worth checking out live, so check out this show, at least for the openers who did send me a disc.



One of the best shows for the month is going to be playing at the *Utah Arts Festival* on the 20th. The band is the **Squirrel Nut Zippers**, and always put on a good live show. Yes they do a kind of neo-swing revival, and yes, there is going to be a ton of those swing-dancing idiots there to show off their egos. But they are still worth seeing and the Arts festival is also very much worth supporting in this artless Republican state that thinks that Mormon handicraft is what art is about. Blillecchhh!!!! Be there early for the Zippers, it will get really crowded, I guarantee.

The 21st at *Kilby Court* has a good band playing in support of a good cause. **The Anti-Racist Action Tour** featuring **Link 80** will be rolling into town to show all those weak brained idiots who believe that there is only one pure master race the toe end of a combat boot. Come and kick a skinhead fucker for charity and rock out to a band that plays fast and furious while showcasing melody and catchy riffs.

Ah, rockabilly!! A killer show at the *Dead Goat Saloon* on the 25th, with **Magic Slim and the Teardrops**, getting the boot stomp in full swing. Not swing dancing, more like the drunken swagger. If your one of those idiots out there who still have no idea what a rockabilly show or band is like, I suggest getting your butts down to see Magic Slim tear it up. That is if you can afford it after spending huge amount of money on Staind tickets. Fucking chumps.

Another good show with **The Cult**, **Monster Magnet**, and the return of **Stabbing Westward** on the 25th at the *E-Center*. The Cult is a band that is trying to return to their 80's roots and that's alright by me. Personally, the discs *Dreamtime*, *Love*, and *Electric* were absolutely three of the most bombastic albums when I was growing up, that helped shaped my musical appreciation for epic music. Live, The Cult put on a helluva show that must

Alabama Thunder Pussy
Ya Butts 6/11



be seen. Monster Magnet plays some of the best true stoner rock since the 70's. And Stabbing Westward, well you know what I think about them. A truly great show to check out, even if the venue is way to big with a crappy sound system. Get tickets early.

If you're looking for a maximum chick show then there is Ani Difranto at the E-Center on the 28th. The only nice thing I'll say about Miss Difranto is that she throws a lot of energy into her live performances. I know because I had to suffer through a live disc of hers at some art college student and her fellow girls-in-comfortable shoes party. YYYYAAWWNNNN!!!! Maybe if I were a hippie girl or college art student suddenly awakening her inner bi-sexual identity I'd be really enthusiastic about this show, but hell no. Stuck at the E-Center with tons of hairy armpits rubbing up against me is not my idea of good time.

Nor is going to see a band that tries to clone and imitate the sound and style of Blink 182, (who sucks anyway), and The Vandals, (who are the godfathers of anything snot-punk). The band is Sum 41 and they will be at DV8, on the same night as Ani Difranto, the 28th. Personally, this disc was another example of a band trying to jump on the coattails of some other band or sound that has become commercially successful at ripping off some past sound. No thanks, I'll save my energy for the show that takes place the next night.

Attention!!! The best show of June takes place on the 29th at *Kilby Court*. This is the lineup that night. The Amazing Crowns, Tiger Army, and River City High. What a kick ass fucking lineup, every greaser who reads my column who knows anything about good music is probably drooling by now. For those who don't know, The Amazing Crowns is one of the most energetic psychobilly bands out there. I'm still recovering from their fiery set when they opened for the Supersuckers last fall. Tiger Army does some of the most engaging and blistering psychobilly, with their tales of the undead and werewolves. Deadbolt may be the scariest band in the world, but Tiger Army would be the second, (or third after The Cramps). Both these bands would give The Rev. Horton Heat a run for his money, (who by the way is returning in July). Do not miss this show for any costs, or y'all are truly damned.

The Amazing Crowns Kilby Court-June 29th



And that just about raps up another kick ass concert preview by the incredible Mr. Kevlar7. Some shows worth noting for the beginning of July. On the 1st is Drowningman at *Wagstaff's Music*. This band plays the most schizophrenic and scary-as -fuck hardcore music that would make even the band Integrity wet their pants in fear. Definitely a must for lovers of loud and hard music. The 2nd is the X-96 Bash at the *Saltair*. The bands are Everclear, American Hi-Fi, Flipp, and Mayfield 4. Many dumbfucks will be there. Everclear needs to die, American Hi-Fi is great and should definitely be seen, (just not there), and the other two bands.....I have no idea.

Mass stupidity for the brain dead; enjoy suckers. The 4th is the return of Jerry Cantrell and M.I.R.V. at *Bricks*. Another friend from work went to this show and said that it was killer, he does a lot of Alice In Chains tunes with a black singer. Should be good for a trip down nostalgia lane, but only if they do songs off their first Alice's first two discs, the rest suck. But then again, so do I. Don't forget to get your **Warped Tour Tickets**. It's on the 7th and it should be a good time, even though the lineup isn't as good as the prior years. But this year make sure to check out the SLUG Booth that will also be there. The booth will feature a band signing with Betty Blowtorch, The Black Halos, Hank Williams III, and Me First and the Gimme Gimmes. Plus, there will be a guest appearance by the Incredible Strange Wrestling, where a SLUG staff member will be wrestling with one of the Warped Tour wrestlers. Should be a fucking good time, do not miss out and make sure to be at the SLUG booth to partake in the debauchery. And last, Seniorita Margarita Numero Uno and I are heading to Vancouver, Canada on June the 24th to see Radiohead perform. Look for a show review in July's SLUG issue. Until next month, try to restrain yourself girls when I'm performing the drunken swagger down front at shows, and that goes for you too Jade. Keep your mind polluted and your drinks full. Cheers everybody, until "I SEE You" next time. (God that was awful; can't be perfect all the time). See y'all.



ALIEN CRIME SYNDICATE

5 Questions by Terrance D.H.

Answers by Joe

#1 How would you best describe your music?

Bad, but in the best possible way, we sound just like everyone else... only different (the Alien Crime Syndicate sound like a mix between the Replacements and the Cars with a hint of Foo Fighters on the side.)

#2 Is there anything about Salt Lake that drives you crazy? Likes or dislikes?

Sure, like how the city's laid out in a grid, and people always remind you of that, "It's easy...It's laid out like a grid" but I get really lost when I am there. Likes...I like how people say they are going to Salt Lake to "clean up their act" Dislikes...Those silly one ounce shot measuring devices.

#3 Any good stories from the Nash Kato/ACS tour?

I always found it amusing when Nash would refer to himself in the 3rd person such as "can I get a little more Nash in the monitor?"

#4 Three favorite things to do in Seattle?

One-Leave Seattle and go on tour.
Two-Go to the Cha-Cha and pretend I'm somebody.
Three-Incite a riot in Pioneer Square.

#5 Number one reason to come to an ACS show?

You might hear a good song, and the show is at a place called Ya' Buts so why not bring your ass.com down to see some rock?

Check out the ACS @ Ya' Buts on Saturday, July 7th with Magstac and Erosion. The show starts at 9:30 pm. Visit the acs.com site or better yet go buy their CDs, they rule.

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artists of the day

Thursday June 21.

Russel A Daniels
photography
Reeba Barrows
painting

Friday June 22.

Meredith Pingree
mix med sculpture
Kae Vierstra
mix med sculpture

Saturday June 23.

Karey Rawitscher
installation
Bruce Robertson
painting

Sunday June 24.

Fletcher Booth
installation
Angela Brown
photography

Invited artists

4 days

Teresa Flowers
photography

Dorothee Martens
mix med sculpture

Carin Fausett
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Lee Hyunmee
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THE Pelvis

Betty got out of the car when Archie touched her boobs the second time. Sure, she liked to park and pet as much as anyone else, but she was a nice girl and had her ground rules. Even after she'd warned him not to cop a feel again, Archie had stealthily run a freckled hand under her blouse and over the front of her Maidenform longline bra. Before Betty could stop him, he'd cradled one of her generously budding breasts through its conical foam-padded encasement.

"Jeez Louise, Archie! You are such a pig!" she whispered angrily from the

Riverdale's football team, class president, and worked part-time at his father's insurance agency. Plus, he was such a gentleman with her Betty. She knew he could be trusted not to take liberties with her daughter...unlike those other boys.

"Gee, thanks, Mrs. Cooper, but I promised my kid brother I'd help him with a Sunday School project," Archie lied, a vision of Veronica, in her skin-tight skirt, doing a hoochie-coochie dance across his hormonally charged mind. Then, acting swiftly, before Betty's mother could wax insistent, he waved, "See ya later, Betty!" and backed his father's BelAir out of the driveway. Peeling rubber on the street, he sped off to rendezvous with his good girl's bad best friend.

Mrs. Cooper shook her head in indulgent exasperation, "Boys," she sighed, smiling, then added, as her daughter brushed by her on her way inside, "Tuck your blouse in, Betty. Shirrtails make a girl look slovenly."

Sometimes Betty wondered if her oblivious mother had been born middle-aged - completely skipping adolescence, or just had an incredibly bad memory. Boys, in Betty's opinion, were necessary evils; obstreperously horny, crude, yet essential for any girl who didn't want to end up an old maid. Quite frankly, she didn't see the attraction. All she felt, when Archie's sweaty fingers touched the off-limits areas of her skin, was repugnance. Still, it wouldn't be any fun to spend her teens as a wallflower, either. Obediently, she tucked her blouse into the waistband of her poodle skirt and headed for the kitchen to get a cookie.

"Evening, Princess. How was the new miniature golf course?" called her father from his TV room easychair.

"It was OK."

"I hope you let poor Archie win for once," Mr. Cooper kidded, raising his voice to be heard over the mellow noise of the Perry Como Show. Perry's whitebread chorus had just implored the former barber to "sing for me Mr. C" and he was obliging them with a nearly rousing rendition of his latest hit, "Hot Diggity, Dog Diggity, Boom! What You Do To Me!"

Betty wrinkled her pert upturned nose in disgust. How square! But she knew better than to say so to her father. Dad was a complete fossil, set in stone at thirty-nine. It was like he kept the family's clocks turned back to 1940. Not for him were the wonders - material or cultural - of the new Atomic Age. "I was at Midway," he'd tell Betty and her younger brother, Butch, when they tried to bring him, and themselves, up to date, "My boat's been rocked enough."

Typically, the Coopers were the last family on their block to get a television, and then only because the Dodgers had a good shot at the '56 World Series. Atypically, however, Mr. Cooper took to the new-fangled invention like a duck to water. In addition to weekend baseball telecasts, he followed Ike's campaign for re-election. He cheered the evening news as the US stayed out of the burgeoning Suez crisis, and booed it when it covered the ongoing Montgomery Bus Boycott.

He was not alone in his enthusiasm for television. Mrs. Cooper was especially fond of variety shows like Your Hit Parade and Lawrence Welk. Butch never missed Gunsmoke, while Betty wished they lived in Philadelphia so she could see that hip American Bandstand show Ronnie's cousin from Pennsylvania had told her about. On Sundays, the Coopers watched Ed Sullivan together.

"I gave him one out of three, Dad," Betty replied from the kitchen, rooting around in the Mammy-shaped cookie jar for a cookie that Butch hadn't bitten the m&m's out of yet. Returning to the living room, her mouth full, she kissed her father good-night, leaving a trail of crumbs across his cheek.

"Tch, Princess. You keep showing Archie up, you'll be a spinster



by JD Zeligier

safety of her parents' driveway.

Archie was unperturbed. He knew that Betty's best friend, Veronica, was hanging out at Pop's Soda Shop. Maybe he'd see if he could pick her up. Rumor had it she was the kind of girl who'd hop in a guy's car and go to third base with him just for a laugh. With that lascivious thought in mind, he was glad his date with strait-laced Betty had ended early. But he knew he'd better patch things up between them - after all, he didn't want to take the school slut to Homecoming.

"Sorry, Betty. I got carried away. It won't happen again." He grinned ingratiatingly, "You're so pretty, I just couldn't help myself."

Betty was uncharacteristically quiet. Archie, a carrot-topped seismograph, registered that her indignation had been lessened by his strategic adjective. Pressing his advantage a bit impatiently, for he had somewhere to go, he asked, "Wanna catch an early flick tomorrow night? 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers' is playing at the Bijoux."

For an instant, Betty balanced prettily on his strategic word like an angel on the head of a pin. Should she tell Archie to go soak his head or rack up two dates in one weekend, a coup for even for a popular girl like her? Then she remembered what was so important about tomorrow night.

"Can't. Gotta catch the Sullivan Show. Elvis Presley is gonna be on and I've never seen him before."

Not expecting rejection, Archie sneered derisively, "That hillbilly! I saw him on Steve Allen. What kind of a jerk sings a song about a dog?"

With those impulsive words, Archie lost all of his previous tactical advantage. He should have known better. According to Betty, the new rock 'n roll sensation from Memphis was the best thing since sliced Wonder bread.

"Oh yeah! What about that dumb 'hot diggity dog diggity' tune you're always humming?" she retaliated.

Before Archie could think of a smart-aleck rejoinder, the front porch light went on and Betty's mother called from the doorway, "Betty, is that you?"

"Yes, Mom," Betty answered.

"Is Archie with you?"

"Evening, Mrs. Cooper," Archie politely affirmed.

"Well, Betty, why don't you ask him in for some lemonade and cookies?"

Mrs. Cooper was fond of the clean-cut Archie. He was so unlike most young men lately who seemed only to aspire to be hoodlums, and whose sole achievement was the cultivation of greasy "duck's ass" hair-dos and rude manners. Archie, on the other hand, was on



continued on p. 32

like your English teacher, Miss Grundy," Mr. Cooper warned.

"Don't worry," Betty garbled reassuringly, mouth full. "I'm the teeth mouth popthular girlth inth theeth thool."

"Keep it that way. Next time, let Archie win. Sweet dreams, Princess." And Mr. Cooper turned his attention back to Perry, who, according to his song, was on his way to the stars.

"Nith, Dad," Betty shrugged and headed for bed. It was no use arguing with her father. He was so old-fashioned. He had no idea what it took to get and keep a boyfriend these days.

"I heard what your father just said," Betty's mother told her as she met up with Betty on the stairs. "He's right. You'll catch more flies with honey than vinegar. How do you think I caught him?" she giggled girlishly.

"Dad says it was your cherry pie," joked Betty, not stopping, for she had no desire to hear about her parents' courtship again for the umpteenth time. The very idea of them making out gave her the creeps. She ran up the last steps and gained the safety of her bedroom.

"G'night, Mom," she blew her mother a kiss. "Don't let the bed-bugs bite!" "Goodnight, Betty. Don't forget - church tomorrow," Mrs. Cooper answered, guiltily recalling that Betty had been a "premature" baby born a scant seven months after her parents' honeymoon.

The next morning, as luck would have it, the title of Reverend Elgena's sermon was "Elvis the Pelvis". The pastor had a lot to say about young Presley, none of it good; "...his contortionist exhibition is the closest to the jungle one will ever get...his gyrations, his nose-wiping, his leers are vulgar...a new creed of dishonesty, violence, lust, and degeneration...he doesn't have a free ticket to behave like a sex maniac in public...a hunk of rotting ham...Elvis is morally insane...the spirit of Presleyism has taken down all the bars and standards - we're living in a day of jellyfish morality". Then, to make matters worse, the minister ended his screed by adjuring his parishioners to forbid their sons and daughters (especially daughters!) from watching that night's Sullivan Show. Betty was so mad, she wanted to pitch her hymnal at the old fart.

"Well," huffed her mother on their way home, "I was looking forward to seeing the Little Gaelic Singers, but under the circumstances, I think we'll give Mr. Allen a whirl tonight instead."

"Mother! You can't be serious!" cried Betty in dismay.

"She sure is, Princess, and so am I. I didn't buy a Philco to bring that pervert into my own living room," Mr. Cooper admonished.

"He's not a pervert! He's a singer!"

"Betty, that's enough!" warned her mother. "Father knows best."

Betty knew her cause was hopeless. Her stodgy parents would never give in, but she also knew she could watch Sullivan at Veronica's. Mr. Lodge monitored his daughter little, treating her almost like an adult. Veronica had already seen Elvis on Stage Show, Milton Berle, and Steve Allen.

"OK, I guess," Betty fibbed meekly. "I was planning on studying with Veronica tonight anyway. We have a math test tomorrow and she really needs my help."

"That's more like it, Princess," Mr. Cooper smiled approvingly.

But when Betty clandestinely phoned Veronica from Tate's Drugstore later that evening, the butler informed her that the Lodges were dining at the Mantles. Betty felt like kicking herself for not calling earlier. How would she see Elvis now? On the verge of tears, she left Tate's and wandered aimlessly down Main Street.

As she approached Finkleman's Department Store, her hopes suddenly rose. Didn't Fink's have a TV set in their window? Wasn't it

usually on to attract customers? Betty ran the rest of the way down the nearly deserted street. But the locked doors and dark windows of Finkleman's stopped her like a brick wall. Of course, it was Sunday. What had she expected? Betty began to cry in earnest.

"Hey Betty! Why the boo-hoo?" called a callow voice from a passing jury-rigged jalopy.

"Get lost, Jughead!" snarled Betty through her tears. The school clown was last person she wanted to see right now.

Undeterred, Jughead pulled over alongside her. "Hey, you're really crying!" he exclaimed, one hand crushing his absurd pointy-rimmed beanie in sympathy. "Do you want me to take you home?" he asked bravely, knowing that his best friend, Archie, would sock him if he saw him with Betty. However, Archie was nowhere around.

"No, I want you to take me some place I can watch Elvis on television," she replied, half-joking. Jughead her knight-errant? Ha!

"Hop in M'Lady!" he invited, then said, "No really, hop in. The door's broke."

Against her better judgment, Betty hopped in and they left for a destination known only to Jughead, or Forsythe, since he immediately requested that Betty address him by his real name. "Jughead's what the dumb jocks call me," he explained.

Betty nodded her assent while pulling out from under her derriere a magazine Forsythe had left on the seat. "Downbeat". She'd never seen it before. Flipping cursorily through its pages, she noticed that nearly every photo was of a Negro. "Does this have something to do with the Boycott?" she asked innocently.

"Are you joking?" exclaimed Jughead in a surprised tone. He looked sidelong at Betty. She wasn't. "It's the premiere bebop jazz magazine!" he elucidated, then enthused, "There's a great article on Mingus by Hentoff this month. Wanna read it?"

Mingus? Hentoff? Who? Jughead might as well be speaking Chinese as far as Betty was concerned. Probably Negroes, she decided. Her dad would blow a gasket if she brought a Negro magazine home.

"No thanks," she declined, then asked, "Where are we?" for they were now in an unfamiliar part of Riverdale.

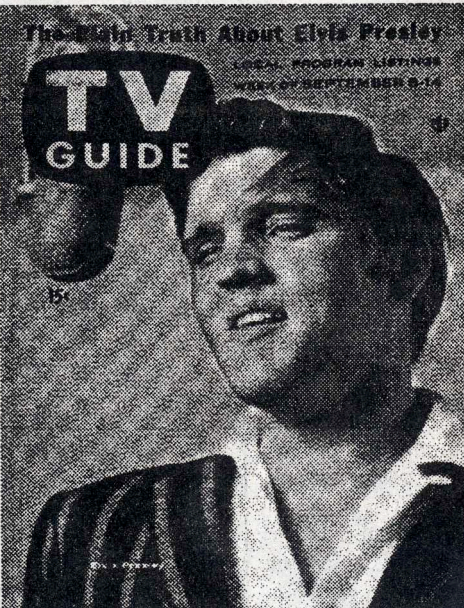
"Some people call it 'Browntown'," dryly replied Jughead as he pulled up in front of an old, but well-maintained, cottage on a poor street. "My saxophone teacher, Mr. Johnson, lives here. I know he'll be watching Sullivan tonight. He thinks Elvis is the start of a revolution."

In spite of her suspicion that Jughead's teacher was a Negro, too, Betty followed him to the front door. She would watch Elvis in the company of Lucifer, if she had to. Fortunately for her, Mr. Johnson was merely an elderly Negro who welcomed her and Jughead warmly, sitting them down in front of the TV and giving them lemonade.

"I'm looking forward to this as much as you, Miss Betty," he told her as the TV's tubes warmed up. Charles Laughton, aka the Hunchback of Notre Dame and Sullivan's stand-in for the evening, faded into view. "Forsythe thinks I'm betraying my jazz heritage. Heh! I was rockin' and rollin' before he was born." He winked at Jughead. "But this Memphis white boy's going to set the whole world rock 'n rollin' tonight."

"A revolution," Betty commented, hanging on to the gist of the conversation by a slender thread.

"Free your hips, and your mind will follow," said Mr. Johnson with another wink, adding, "Hush now, Elvis is on."



And so he was. Starting off demurely with "Don't Be Cruel", Elvis seemed almost as tame as Pat Boone to Betty, except that Pat Boone never gave her butterflies in her stomach. Still, she didn't see the big deal. Sure, Elvis was cute, but... Then the band began to play "Ready Teddy" and things changed. Embodied exuberance were the uncustomarily long words that came to Betty's mind as she watched Elvis sing and dance in place. She felt her own feet twitch, aching to join his joy.

Next, Elvis, an impossibly sexy and joking leer on his handsome young face, grasped the microphone and tore into "Hound Dog", his famous pelvis gyrating in slow motion. Betty gasped, confused. Presley's hilarious parody of his own unbridled sensuality reminded her of something and she couldn't say what. But, whatever it was, it brought color to her cheeks and heat to her own pelvic region.

After Elvis ended his performance with an excruciatingly personal "Love Me Tender", Betty's eyes stayed transfixed on the screen, hypnotized, not even registering Laughton's middlebrow "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" dismissal of an artist far greater than he would ever be.

Mr. Johnson turned the TV off. "Asshole," he muttered under his breath to Laughton. "Excuse my French, Miss Betty," he apologized, remembering he had guests.

"Huh?" replied Betty, lost in her strange reverie.

"Never mind, Betty," said Jughead, "I guess I'd better take you home now." He turned to his teacher, "Thanks a lot, Mr. Johnson. Elvis was pretty hip, but I still don't think his music is going to catch on."

"Hmm," replied Mr. Johnson, looking thoughtfully at the still introspective Betty while answering Jughead. "Forsythe, Joshua blew his horn tonight and walls large and small are beginning to tumble down. I suggest you follow him into the Promised Land," he cryptically advised his student as he ushered the teens to the door and bade them farewell.

Back in the car and on the road again, Betty, her head filled with the cosmic come-on of Elvis's bedroom eyes, pouting lips, and ecstatically quivering body, silently gazed out the passenger window. Jughead, on the other hand, steadily soliloquized under his breath, "...revolution, my foot!...just a fad....teenyboppers....lucky cracker...Joshua?...what walls?...revolution?" Like his companion, he was lost in his own world.

That is, until he felt Betty's hand softly touch his thigh and felt the heat of her body when she slid across the front seat to nestle up to him. Unaccustomed to feminine attention, poor Jughead nearly lost control of the car.

"Betty! Is there something wrong?" he asked cluelessly as her fingers traced gentle circles on his leg. What was going on? She'd never even given him the time of day before!

Betty looked with dreamy eyes at the distraught young man. Why hadn't she noticed before that he was so cute - all poetic and arty and brown-eyed? How would his lips taste? How would his hands feel on her? Why not find out?

"Jug...Sorry. Forsythe, I was just wondering...will you take me parking at Inspiration Point?"

"Me? Now?" He was flummoxed.

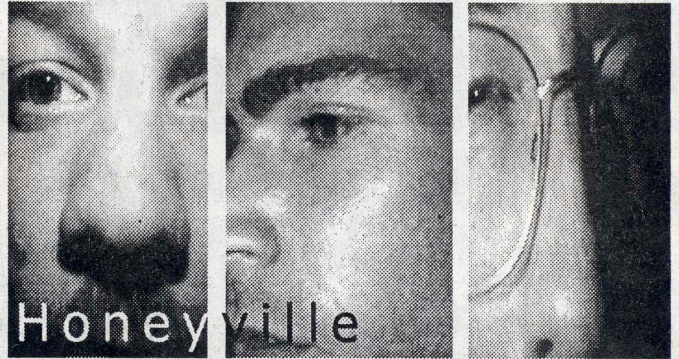
"Uhm hum," she purred affirmatively, keeping her hand in place.

Jughead's mind raced, trying to think his way both out of and into his predicament. Fortunately, at that moment, the rest of him took over. To his amazement, he heard himself say, and say confidently, no less, "Sure Betty. I'd love to. I've always wanted to make out with you." He slid one arm around her willing shoulders, feeling like the king of the world. Then he remembered his best friend.

"What about Archie?" he asked.

"The hell with Archie," Betty answered, kissing Jughead on the mouth.

badapple



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Sometimes it really pays writing for this magazine. Luckily, I'm not using the word "pay" in that "to engage for money" sort of way. Pay issues aside, it's fun writing about music when there's actually good music to write about. I must say, so far this year, the metal dividends have certainly been on the rise.

There have been so many good metal albums released this year, that I don't want anyone to miss out. I've listed my favorites, and encourage everyone to check them out. **Opeith** - BLACK WATER PARK (Koch), **Soilwork** - A PREDATOR'S PORTRAIT (Nuclear Blast), **Darkane** - INSANITY (Century Media), **Gorguts** - FROM WISDOM TO HATE (Olympic), **Flotsam And Jetsam** - MY GOD (Metal Blade), **Napalm Death** - ENEMY OF THE MUSIC BUSINESS (Spitfire), **Burnt By The Sun** - S/T (Relapse), **God Forbid** - DETERMINATION (Century Media).

CENTURY MEDIA : It only makes sense for me to start this month with a release that easily fits into my "best of" list for the year (so far). The band



Andromeda and their album **EXTENSION OF THE WISH** has simply blown me away. The band is centered

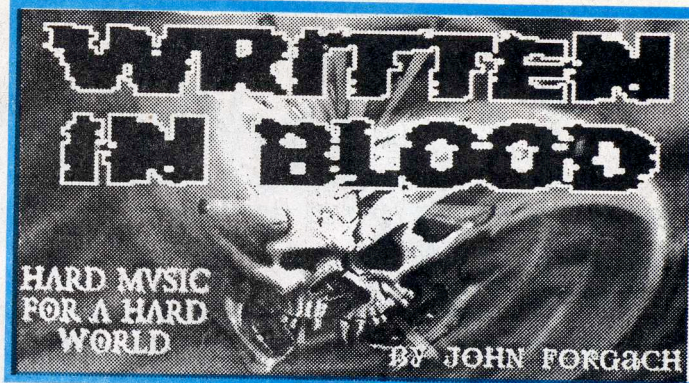
around the guitar playing of Johan Reinholdz. While this guy's guitar playing is amazing, the rest of the band is equally as good. The musicians of Andromeda are top notch, and even dare to include (very) extended instrumental sections within the songs - and, they pull them off. Many of the tracks have heavy keyboard / guitar jams, that would even rival some of the best that Dream Theater has to offer. Wow. — Another band worthy of any "best of" list (hurray for Century Media) is **Candiria** with their latest, **300 PERCENT DENSITY**. Once again, this band takes the listener on a mind expanding journey - with a release leaving no musical rock unturned. Candiria dabbles in the experimental realm of jazz, hip-hop, metal and hardcore, combining all elements of their sound in the span of single tracks with precision and grace. — **HORROR SHOW**, the latest from **Iced Earth**, is their first studio album in three years. While I'm not particularly into this band, I can hear that the sounds coming from this release will definitely please their rabid following. Each song is dedicated and written around a different "being"

or monster found in scary movies. **EARACHE**: The one description that I've heard that perfectly describes the band **Cadaver Inc.** is "post black metal". While this band still holds onto many of the raw elements of Norwegian black metal, they have managed to mix in an updated metal sound, making this album listen-able to someone not necessarily into Norwegian black metal. Keeping in line with the ridiculous, often moronic antics of the black metal scene in Norway (church burning, murder, etc.), Cadaver Inc. has found it's niche. The band has received much press due to their website, www.cadaver-inc.com. They put together a very professional, flash enhanced website that appears to be a legitimate business involved with murder scene clean-up (Cadaver Inc.). The site offers services such as corpse removal, witness disposal and organ extraction (with a "new" next to organ extraction - hilarious). Check the site out, then go check out Cadaver Inc.'s, **DISCIPLINE**. Finally, a highly dependable service that will remove the victim's corpse at an affordable rate!



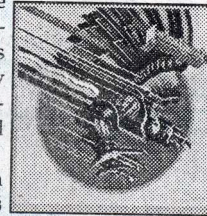
WIII : Polish death metal has a new name, and it's name is **Hate**. Unfortunately, what's new in Poland isn't necessarily new everywhere else. You see, here in the United States we have a band called **Deicide**. The two bands are virtually identical, although, that's not necessarily a bad thing. My god (a really unfortunate cliché to use in this sentence), who can get enough **Deicide**? I can't really get a fix on what the lyrics from **HOLY DEAD TRINITY** are all about. The label went to the expense of sending out super slick, full color bios, high gloss business cards and full color posters (folded a half dozen times to fit them in an envelope), but then sent out slipcase promos (without lyrics). Slipcases suck.

NECROPOLIS : Mexico's **Disgorge** has released their latest **FORENSICK**. The song titles of **FORENSICK** would suggest lyrics in the vein of early **Carcass**. With a lyric-free CD package, I can only assume that the lyrics are sub par, and that **Carcass** will be out-gored by no one. **Disgorge** did happen to include the most vile cover art I've ever seen. I refuse to even give a description of it here - you'll have to go look at it for yourself. With the cover art setting the stage, I was equally disgusted by this band's music. Bravo **Disgorge**! You have



succeeded! Your music is horrible, and your cover art selection is even worse. Bravo, you are at the top of your game!!

SPV : Guitar shred / power metal is alive and well on **The Reign Of Terror's** third album, **SACRED GROUND**. This is a great album, both highlighting Joe Stump's virtuoso guitar playing, and his ability to tie his fiery brand of guitar playing into a power metal release.



COLUMBIA : In response to Judas Priest's 30 year anniversary (since forming in 1971), Columbia Records is re-releasing all twelve of Judas Priest's albums that appeared on Columbia. All of the re-releases will be digitally remastered and each will contain a bonus, previously unreleased studio track from that album's studio sessions. Each release will also contain a previously unreleased live track, recorded during tour support of that album. The first four being re-released will be **BRITISH STEEL**, **POINT OF ENTRY**, **SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE** and **DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH**.

METAL BLADE : The band **Hades** is releasing their third album on Metal Blade Records, titled **DAMNATION**. The band originally formed in the early '80s, and released their first album **RESISTING SUCCESS** in 1987. Later, after

the second **Hades** album, **Alan Teccio** (vocals) and **Dan Lorenzo** (guitar) formed and recorded three albums with the band **Non-Fiction**. Today, the **Hades**' line-up includes various members involved with the band back in the 80s, with the exception of the new drummer **Ron Lipnicki**.

DAMNATION contains the heaviest song writing and most cohesive production to date from **Hades**. — Anything that **Doug Pinnick** touches is golden in my opinion. **Doug** (**King's X** bassist and vocalist) is back with **Jerry Gaskill** (**King's X** drummer) for album number two with his band **Poundhound**. **PINAPPLESKUNK** not only features **Doug's** groove-heavy song writing style, but also shows he's an adequately talented guitar player as well. The band **Poundhound** gives the listener a real sense and appreciation for what **Doug** has contributed to **King's X** all these years.

NUCLEAR BLAST : **ATLANTIS ASCENDANT** is the latest and number five for the band **Bal-Sagoth** (Don't ask about the name, I don't get it either. I suppose **Scrotum-Hangoth** was already taken). The band continues with their experimental mixing of black, death and sci-fi / fantasy metal. While **ATLANTIS ASCENDANT** has retained a heavily blackened approach, they have also incorporated a sweeping, ethereal feel within the songs.

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SUBTERRANEAN SECT



Mortician- *Domain Of Death*

Mortician execute unrelentingly grim and gruesome death metal that fractures the speed of sound. *Domain Of Death*, the band's magnum opus, shows **MORTICIAN** continuing to morph both stylistically and conceptually, mangling and overwhelming all they encounter.



Karaboudjan- *Sbrodj*

From the vaults of Dan Swano comes **Karaboudjan**. *Sbrodj* delivers a trio of mind-confounding tunes that make even the legendary PAN-THY-MONIUM seem conservative by comparison. Astounding guitar solos, palpating synthesizers, bass grooves as deep as fjords and curiously bizarre samples gel into one of the years most eclectic releases



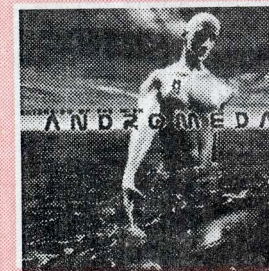
North Side Kings- *This Thing Of Ours*

Featuring key members of *CAUSE FOR ALARM*, *WHIPLASH*, and *SHEER TERROR*, Arizona's **NORTH SIDE KINGS** bring you the perfect assault of classic hardcore mixed with crushing metal elements. With their trademark Italian/American pride and lyrics that have their own set of brass balls, NSK have set a foundation that can't be toppled.



Marduk - *Infernal Eternal*

Recorded in France on their famous "World Panzer Battle" tour, *Infernal Eternal* unleashes eighteen diabolic tracks that span over **Marduk's** entire decade long career. Available for the first time in the U.S. with three CD-ROM bonus tracks and a sixteen-page full color booklet, get it now! Also available the new album *La Grande Danse Macabre and the Obedience EP*.



Andromeda - *Extension Of the Wish*

Complex and multi-faceted, **Andromeda** runs the gamut from full-throttle metal to mel-low, introspective moments, all with the accompaniment of breath-taking keyboards, "out of this world" guitar work and a hypnotic rhythm section.



Eyehategod - *10 Years Of Abuse And Still Broke*

These Louisiana swamp junkies have once again surfaced to spew forth their definitive sludge/crust core, this time on a compilation spanning over a decade of previously unreleased material which includes four demo tracks, four live in the studio cuts recorded in 1990 on KXLU in Los Angeles and eight live songs recorded last year!



Iron Fire – *On The Edge*

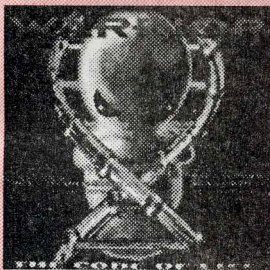
Spawned from traditional power metal roots, *On The Edge* delves even further into the musical capabilities of this Danish metal entity as they attack darker, more substantial subject matter, marking the band's most commanding and mature release to date!



Bal-Sagoth – *Atlantis Ascendant*

The immortal lords of true Britannic battle metal, the mighty **Bal-Sagoth**, unleash their newest thunderous metal onslaught, *Atlantis Ascendant*, which will send cataclysmic shockwaves throughout the worldwide extreme metal scene! *Atlantis Ascendant* is another pulse-pounding journey into the deepest reaches of sublimely fantastic imagination and utter bombastic genius!

Available NOW!



Warrior – *The Code Of Life*

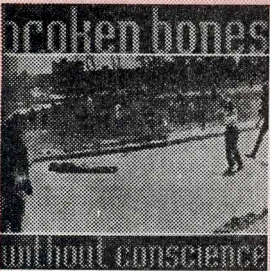
The original warriors of metal, **Warrior**, have charged out of the metal trenches with their guns blazing, unleashing their newest opus *The Code Of Life*. They stand ready to blast metal fans with their new line-up, which features the legendary and elite vocals of Rob Rock (*Project Driver*, *Impelliteri*, *Axel Rudi Pell*).

Available NOW!



Behemoth- *Thelema.6*

Poland's extreme metal wizards **BEHEMOTH** return from "*Satanica*" with "*THELMA.6*", their fifth and best studio album containing several bonus tracks exclusive to North America. "*THELMA.6*" goes over the imaginable boundaries of violence, speed, disharmony and sonic apocalypse to forge a might opus of extreme aggression. www.olympicrecordings.com



Broken Bones- *Without Conscience*

Legendary UK hardcore band is back with one of their best records ever. Features Bones from **Discharge** and Paul from **Conflict**.



Steel Prophet – *Book Of The Dead*

Touched with tinges of progressive metal and spiced up with hints of psychedelia, this moody album is like a rollercoaster ride, filled with triumphant peaks and brooding, melodic valleys. **Steel Prophet** have composed their finest album yet and fans of true progressive/power metal will absolutely love *Book Of The Dead*!

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THE BLACK HALOS



than smoking dirt. Lucky for me these leather-sporting lads from Vancouver feel a lot like I do about the Canadian scene. With a sound reminiscent of **The Stooges** of the 70's and a mix of the Seattle scene ala **Murder City Devils** and **The Catheters**, these boys pack a potent punch of rock and roll one would come to expect from the Pacific Northwest. Teamed with legendary producer Jack Endino (of Nirvana fame), Canada should be proud; they now have two good things going for them, strip clubs and the **Black Halos**. If you are brave enough to stomach sweltering heat and thousands of the ugliest people alive, then check them out at The Warped Tour.

SLUG: Where do The **Black Halos** currently reside?

B.H.: We reside in Vancouver.

SLUG: Wow, you're from Canada? I would never have thought any good bands came from Canada.

B.H.: (laughter) You're exactly right.

SLUG: Does your band listen to **Rush**? I think they suck, and the singer sounds like a girl.

B.H.: Uh no, we hear them more in the states when we are touring and we tune into rock stations than here in Canada. They are constantly on the radio there.

SLUG: Do you guys like the movie **Strange Brew**?

B.H.: (more laughter) Of course! **Wondermutt!**

SLUG: How did your band find

your sound? You sound nothing like those other crappy Canadian punk bands like **Propagandhi** and **Youth Brigade**.

B.H.: We enjoy a lot of 70's rock and punk and try to incorporate that into our music.

SLUG: Really? I think you sound more like Seattle rock than anything.

B.H.: Oh.

SLUG: What kind of person wears a black halo?

B.H.: What kind of? (laughter). Someone how drinks a lot, someone who is not very nice. People like us who drink and fight excessively. No, no, were nice guys, we just drink a lot.

SLUG: Are you looking forward to touring with dozens of crappy bands on The Warped Tour?

B.H.: Actually yeah, were going to try and make friends with **Rancid**. There are a bunch of bands that were supposed to play that aren't. So it is not gonna be as fun as I hoped.

SLUG: Your album is called *The Violent Years*, but after looking at your cover you guys don't seem so tough.

B.H.: Umm, it has more to do with lyrics. Billy on the last record had more songs about love and his wife, and after being on the road for a year and half it fucks up relationships. Being away from home fucks with your mind, coming home and having no job and no money is an ugly thing. The

album is more a reflection of our lives and touring.

SLUG: Back to the title *The Violent Years*, one would think that with a title like that your cover art might not be so bland. It seems kind of artsy.

B.H.: We are pretty, we are good looking guys. Ok, ok, the title just sounded cool.

SLUG: You definitely play the role of rockers, but do you practice what you preach? Like piss on airplanes and assault the public?

B.H.: We haven't been on many planes yet, but were going to Spain and they promise to show us the party of a lifetime. We haven't assaulted anyone yet, not yet. I think one of us needs to get shot like **2Pac** for us to reach true rock star status, or maybe overdose. That would elevate us to rock gods for sure.

SLUG: Skaters or fruitbooters?

B.H.: Skaters, we hate rollerbladers.

SLUG: Being from Vancouver,

do you know Rick McCrank?

B.H.: Who?

SLUG: See ya at The Warped Tour Hosers!

For those of you considering yourselves to be red-blooded Americans, come see the **Black Halos** sign stuff the **SLUG** booth at the Warped Tour, July 7th and poke them with a stick or something.

Blame Canada!
By *Ricky Stink*

I fucking love phone interviews, they are not only impersonal but they give me the opportunity to say things I might not say in person. I'm not a pussy; I'm just not a fan of getting jumped by a group of angry Canadians. Not that I would insult a band from the great country of Canada where the beer tastes like piss and the cigarettes are no better

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Clutch
Pure Rock Fury
Atlantic Records

Clutch is back and badder than ever!! The band that knows how to put the jam in heavy rock is back and with a new platter that will pulverize your senses like never before. Better than their last disc, *The Elephant Riders*, this new one continues the tradition laid down in their second full length disc, Clutch, a sound of throbbing and pulsating metal that rides the epic wave of tight jams that gives a groove and funk backbone to the schizophrenic rants and raves by lead vocalist Neil Fallon. I recommend this disc to anyone who, while smoking a bowl, likes to sit back and appreciate real musicianship that is not hippie bullshit.

-Kevlar7

Lupine Howl
125

Beggars Banquet
Sean Cook, Mike Mooney, and Damon Reece once played in an obscure band called Spiritualized. Now these guys decided to make a band of their own, and the name of the band is, you guessed it, Lupine Howl. 125 is a seven song EP with songs more similar to Darkside (Spacemen 3 side project) than Spiritualized. Although song #2 "Vaporizer" sounds like Richard Ashcroft singing with the Happy Mondays (that's a good thing). The songs on the EP have more of an edge than the opium dazed Spiritualized style, that style being one of the major reasons the trio left to form their own band. A full length album is due any time, so hold your breath.

-mike

The B Movie Rats
Bad For You
Junk Records

Probably one of the best rock n' roll albums of the year, hands down. These guys kick major ass in the rock n soul category. Following in the tradition of New Bomb Turks and Glucifier, The Rats play greasy, dirty, and tight

maximum rock n' roll with a front man that can sing incredibly well, and with much emotion and gusto that it will leave the average listeners jaw on the ground. Hopefully, everyone who reads this was able to see the Rats play at Kilby Court last month and know what I'm talking about; this band scorches the roof. For those who are chumps and missed it, run to your record store and order this disc, no matter what the costs.

-Kevlar7

Ladybug Transistor
Argyle Heir
Merge Records

On their third outing with Merge Records, Ladybug Transistor sounds a lot like early Yo La Tengo, with their pastoral post-sixties folk influences melodies textured with flute, piano, violin and trumpet. The Brooklyn combo sounds like it should be part of the Elephant 6 cartel, like Of Montreal but not as psychedelic. The newest Versus Album is also a point of comparison. Perhaps lyrical visions like "Going Up North," "Fjords of Winter" and "Brighton Bound" are all the more vivid for being conjured from imaginative cloth. At Kilby Court June 15.

-Stakerized!

Alkaline Trio
From Here To Infirmary
Vagrant Records

This trio has been around for a long time, doing a dark pop punk that has more in common with great bands like Jawbreaker, than crap like Blink 182. They use a lot of time changes and dynamic compositions to their music. Their front man writes some very sarcastic and witty lyrics that give the powerful music and even stronger edge. This disc is a prime example of what punk bands should have evolved into. I recommend this disc for anyone who likes good music with an indie rock feel to it. Get it now.

-Kevlar7

Last Conservative
Unremarkable
Mary's Lounge Records

I hope you had a good Memorial Day. Make sure to put the flowers your ex-boyfriends gave you on this *Unremarkable* CD's burial site. This CD is for those pussy boys out there. P.S. Make sure to bury this CD with those burnt up pictures.

-Echo

Go-Go's
God Bless The Go-Go's
Beyond Music

Seventeen years after their last original release, the original all-girl band returns stronger than ever on *God Bless The Go-Go's*. To the unconvinced, one listen to the new album's lead single, the gloriously catchy "Unforgiven" will wipe that notion clear away. Having been an influence on literally dozens of artists, it isn't surprising to discover that "Unforgiven" was co-written by Green Day's Billie Joe Armstrong. Original members of LA.'s punk scene, Belinda, Charlotte, Gina, Jane & Kathy haven't abandoned their punk roots; instead, they've revived them. Laden with hooky guitars, drums and vocals, the girls' strongest songs are in overabundance here, especially on the divine "Stuck In My Car." It is a pleasure to hear Belinda Carlisle back in a "band" setting, and how much better this seems to suit her unique voice than her solo records do. The autobiographical "Daisy Chain," (which spells out the band's real history better than any "Behind the Music" ever could) is a perfect ending. God bless them indeed.

-Son of Damian

Mayfield4
Second Skin
Epic Records

Did Eddie break out of Pearl Jam and change his name to Myles Kennedy? Perhaps he thought it would bring him some fame and fortune, not like he didn't get that out of that Seattle thingy that was going on about ten years ago. Okay so, Myles Kennedy co-inherently received that voice on ebay. Actually this CD rocks a hell of a lot more than Pearl Jam and if you enjoy to "Rock Out" you'll enjoy *Second Skin*.

-Echo

Roy Montgomery
Silver Wheel Of Prayer
Vhf #49

Four-track master Roy Montgomery hatches another brood of iridescent melodies. Seven pieces of highly cyclical guitar-based meditations for the imperiled, disoriented, mortified, dispossessed, the intense and a small blue orb. Starting with repetitive guitar progressions he develops layers of harmonic response using organs, e-bow and other guitars that evolve into beguiling mantras. Unfettered by vocals, the music takes on an electro-organic presence: instrumentation as an extension of the cardiovascular system. Points of reference may include the film music

of Popul Vuh or the spatial forays of Flying Saucer Attack. Similarities notwithstanding, Montgomery's body of work is a colorful testament to his own ingenuity, an expanding collection of intriguing vistas inhabited by sonic flora and fauna as diverse and endangered as those found in his native New Zealand. Long may he continue to thrill and edify!

-L. Lysager

H2O
Go
MCA

Congratulations H2O! Welcome to the Majors! Your minor league punk rock status of yesterday is gone as your popularity increases. And now it's time to show the mindless MTV masses what us under grounders have known for years. I guess tattoos have finally become marketable. Other than your first album, your recordings aren't that great. But you guys still kick ass live. I've always had fun seeing you guys perform, and my only concern about the Major label switch is I hope I can still stand as close to the front of the stage since so many people are about to be exposed to you guys. I think in SLC H2O is appreciated more as a trend than a band. They are a great band, but around here an even greater trend. I missed their last show; I lost a lot of scene points for that one. But I am not very pleased with this album. It's just not very good to my ears. Honestly I haven't really liked any H2O album since their very first one on Blackout Records. The rest don't feel as raw, more watered down. Come on H2O, I don't care about the major label switch, but step up your game.

-Mike Brown

Rovo
Imago
Incidental Music

This album was first released in 1999 but was only available in Japan (that's where the band is from) until being re-released this May. Who/what is Rovo you ask? Rovo contains members of The Boredoms and Bondage Fruit plus a crew of other musicians and could best be described as an avant-garde/drum & bass/acoustic-techno mutant hybrid that lays the fuckin' groove down without singing and without boring you to death. In other words, it's good, OK? Enough said.

-mike

Ulan Bator

Ego:Echo

Young God Records (12)

The latest in Michael Giras growing label menagerie, Ulan Bator are a French ensemble who embody many of the qualities found in other Young God records: moody atmosphere, emotional mayhem and mangled melodies. What sets *Ego:Echo* apart are the rough edges. Shades of mid-era Sonic Youth give way to organ bits that sound like Serge Gainsbourg lurching through Montmartre on downers. When experiencing it on headphones you may find your inner ear humidified by a moist voice offering seamy insights and terse observations. Like a stroll on some high wire this is an experience where risk is rewarded by the view and adrenaline: knowing you might fall is half the fun. Treat yourself to the vertigo.

—L. Lysager

Diesel Boy

Rode Hard and Put Away Wet Honest Dons

This review is for Diesel Boy the punk band. Not Diesel Boy the techno DJ. I didn't even know there was a DJ named after a band I like. But I'm glad I'm reviewing the punk bands record and not the DJ's record. The DJ would surely get a much much worse review than the punk band. Because I happen to like this punk band. Diesel Boy is not a real sloppy punk band. But they sing about sloppy stuff like dicks and which actresses they want to hump. This is a fun record full of harmony that will stick in your head. I especially like the song "Emo boy" which just makes fun of an all to easy target. If I was writing for *Hustler* and this album was a porno I'd give it 4 cocks fully erect.

—Mike Brown

The Missing 23rd

Ctrl+Alt+Del

Sessions

Will someone please pull out the Blind videos and the Big Brother Magazines? For being a chick who used to drool over the skaters while growing up this CD brings back memories of watching the boys break their legs and scrape up their arms while skating. Just a piece of advice for skaters today, make sure to stay off the sidewalk in front of the Tower Theatre or some ass-wad will run into your good knee with his lame ass Euro-motorcycle. (Not Vespas) This Missing 23rd seriously kicks ass!!!

—Echo

Buckcherry

Time Bomb

Dreamworks

Fuck me with a stick! This is classic rock-n-fuck-yer-mother-roll with a fat, bombastic sonic treatment. Brash, arrogant, loud and proud! Buckcherry are gonna put glam-metal back on the map and shove it up your ass until you beg for more. If you ain't been around the block, I suggest you don't take this shit lying down. And if they come through town, you better chain your girl up in the closet until they blaze out, or she'll be on the bus. Because they definitely got more balls than you do, fucko. Shit, I'd even let 'em fuck me!

—Shame Shady

Boredoms

Vision, Creation, Newsun,

Birdman Recordings & Warner Japan

After a special art box edition in '99 with bonus live disc and t-shirt, and regular mini gatefold Japanese edition in 2000, the most recent full length release by Boredoms is finally available in a standard jewel case at a fraction of the cost by Birdman. Boredoms have been successfully re-inventing their cartoon free jazz punk over the course of the psychedelic SuperRoots series and Super Are (the last domestic release by Birdman). The band emerges more relaxed and focused, as if they have been on sabbatical at a seaside healing retreat. Kraut rock and its Japanese folk-noise practitioners have been utilized as blueprint material for these electro-pagan sun anthems. EYE plays and mixes more keyboards in with Yamamotor's electric trance and acoustic guitars over driving drums & pads of Yoshimi, ATR, and Eda with pulsing bass lines by Hilah. The keyboard style is much more Tangerine Dream or Kraftwerk sounding than something you would usually associate with a modern rock band, not to say that it is derivative or regurgitated. The swirling color walls built by the strings and keys sometimes let go to give full reign to the trio of drummers and occasional unison chanting of the phrase *Vision Creation Newsun*, EYE and Yoshimi duets, and tweaked vocorder warblings. The nine tracks here are really elements of one long no-age rock transcendentalism that is played confidently by a band that has been nurturing their salt water psychedelia. They allow themselves the freedom to roam this territory, while exploring

others in numerous active offshoots including EYE's Puzzle Punks, DJ Pica Pica Pica, Destroy 2, post Naked City collaborations with John Zorn, Yamamotor's Hanendensha, Omieda Hatoba, solo works and collaborations with K.K. Null, Yoshimi's_OOIOO, Free Kitten, and PsychoBaba & Easterburia also featuring ATR. You could easily play the 6 Degrees of the Boredoms linking them to all flavors of Japanese aural regality. Add the Zorn and Sonic Youth collabs and you could probably trace the rest of the world.

—Davey Parish

A Million Miles Away

The Emo Diaries

Deep Elm Records

With as much shit that is being talked about Emo these days, you wouldn't think that calling a compilation "The Emo Diaries" would be such a good idea. Although there is some really good music on this disc like, "Incomplete" by Seven Storey Mountain, "Kayla learns to dance" by My Favorite Citizen, "The Wrath" by Shooters & Senders, "Max" by Applesed Cast, and "Nova" by Strikeforce, I wouldn't call it "emotional". Instead, this disc should be called the "indie rock" diaries, or the "good music" diaries so that a wider range of people might give it a chance.

—mike

Boredoms

Rebore Series-Volume 1,2,3

Compiled & DJ Mixed By UNKLE,

Ken Ishii, & DJ Krush

Warner Music Japan

The first volume by UNKLE contains a more frantic cut-up megamix of Boredoms. Early spazzo jazz scum punk (*Wow 2, Chocolate Synthesizer*) is bisected with the later psychedelic color shower (*Vision Creation Newsun, Superroots 7*) over layers of sci-fi movie ambience, tribal "no-age" drums, and occasional hypno-hop. Much of the Boretronix are left to their own devices to lay a foundation with UNKLE occasionally foraying into more scientific experimentalisms. Ken Ishii in the second volume begins in psychedelic terra firma and quickly disassembles the electric moisture discovering the maddening pulses lying underneath. The focus is more percussive but also more trance inducing. If one could hear blood pumping through the sun, it may sound like this. DJ Krush parades forth the illiberal circus in the third volume. Krush freaks on already



freaked moments from our heroes from Osaka, whose collective lysergic spew was built on a dietary intake of such disparaging elements as Spike Jones City Slickers', the Residents, early Butthole Surfers, and countless multital of revered pop accidents. Each cover folds out to a mini poster by Ukawa J. Naohiro which must largely be an homage of sorts to psych-pop stylings of Peter Max. There is also a hidden picture under each CD tray. There is a limited batch of them on vinyl and all formats are probably only going to be released in Japan. The proposed 3 volumes will be joined by a new mix by the Boredoms' EYE on Volume 0, possibly available around press time.

—Davey Parish

Jett Brando

The Movement Towards You

Gern Blandsten Records

This record deserves to be listened to. Making something original isn't an easy task these days, yet that's what Mr. Brando has pulled off on this album. Is it alternative? Is it blues? Is it rock? Rockabilly? you decide. The only band that even comes close to having a similar style would be Morphine. Song #4 ("Athuna") makes the album worth listening to all by itself. Look for this.

—mike

Anti-Flag

Underground Network

Fat Wreck Chords

While conducting an interview with JJ Nobody of The Nobody's and The Regulars., we asked him if there was any one who he would like to beat up at the moment. JJ thought about it for a minute and said "Anti-Flag, and you can print that!" He told me about how Anti-Flag are hypocrites and stupid. I think he's right. Anti-Flag are all about being anti government and shit. They even got Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn to comment on some of their liner notes. Impressive. Their bio says that they are trying to "empower the voiceless masses around the



"Planet Of The Apes" isn't the theme for upcoming movie remake, but it should be. These favorites made another trip through here at Kilby Court June 4.-
Stakerized!

OOIOO

Feather Float
Birdman Recordings & Shock City

Many fans of the first release by the female quartet OOIOO were pleased to find the Yoshimi led group executing a punky lil' sister to Boredoms. This second full length, originally released in Japan on EYE's Shock City label, shows the band is well beyond pigeonholing and immersed in a reinvention that casts its own shadows. Bubblegum post punk, much closer to the Powerpuff Girls doing Pere Ubu than say a Shonen Knife/Bauhaus, mixes nicely with more psychedelic sounds, ranging from porno guitarisms and cheesy synths to some explorations into no wave space folk and percussive excursions. Among bird calls, casio, jews harp, piano, cover drawing, producing and mixing, Yoshimi shares guitar and vocal duties with Kyoko, along with Maki on bass and Yoshiko on drums. The

world." They are also empowering the mindless with this CD. If you like Dead Kennedy's and shit like that you will probably like this album. If you like to mix your punk rock with political activism, then go piss in the ocean and tell me if you made a difference.

-Mike Brown

Pinehurst Kids

Bleed It Dry

Barbaric Records

Another great release on the fledgling Barbaric label following up on The Standard's self-titled release earlier this year. Pinehurst Kids are one of the most original voices in the emocore movement, and this is one to just advance their reputation that much more. "Deconstruct" deconstructs a form they helped create, and

singing runs from cute pop repetition on cuts like "Be Sure to Loop" to the motherly punk valkyrie screams of "Switch On". Birdman just released *Feather Float*, but a newer one called Gold & Green is out on Shock City, whose releases are usually deluxely packaged with digipack CD booklets or colored vinyl lps. With her work in OOIOO, Boredoms, Free Kitten, PsychoBaba, among other projects, Yoshimi P-we should be elevated to a more Goddess like status usually reserved for New York royalty such as Kim Gordon, Yoko Ono, Lydia Lunch, etc. If you enjoy her drum work and singing, be sure to listen to the tribal/exotic flavorings on PsychoBaba's "On the Roof of Kedar Lodge" and the Easternburia picture disc both from Japan Overseas. You can find a lot of nicely priced Japan Overseas releases at www.clamazon.com, the Bay Area one stop shop of freakdom who also distribute local rock saviors Red Bennies, the whole State of Deseret roster, Ether, and Thirsty Alley.

-Davey Parish

Powderfinger

OdysseyNumberFive

Universal

When you name yourself after a

Neil Young song, you'd better be good. But the Australian group Powderfinger started out covering songs by Young and other classic rock bands like the Stones, the Doors, and Led Zep. It really shows in their own songwriting, too. But their own numbers update that kind of sound to make it fresh and vital. Relatively unknown here, they are already quintuple platinum down under. Now when someone mentions Australian rock you can think of something besides Men at Work and Midnight Oil. See them June 19 at DV8.
-Stakerized!

Uncle Tiki

Psycho Voodoo Rockin' Roll EP
Self-released

Hopefully, everyone who faithfully reads my concert previews and goes to the greaser shows I recommend, was able to go and check out the large BBQ at Burt's Tikki Lounge on the 2nd. These greasers have an huge sound that sets fire to the senses of anyone standing close to the speakers. This disc only has six tracks, but each and every one of the tracks is worth owning. Very tight and inspiring, this three-piece band kicks out the jams with their own brand of greasy hellfire that must be heard and seen to believe.

-Kevalr7

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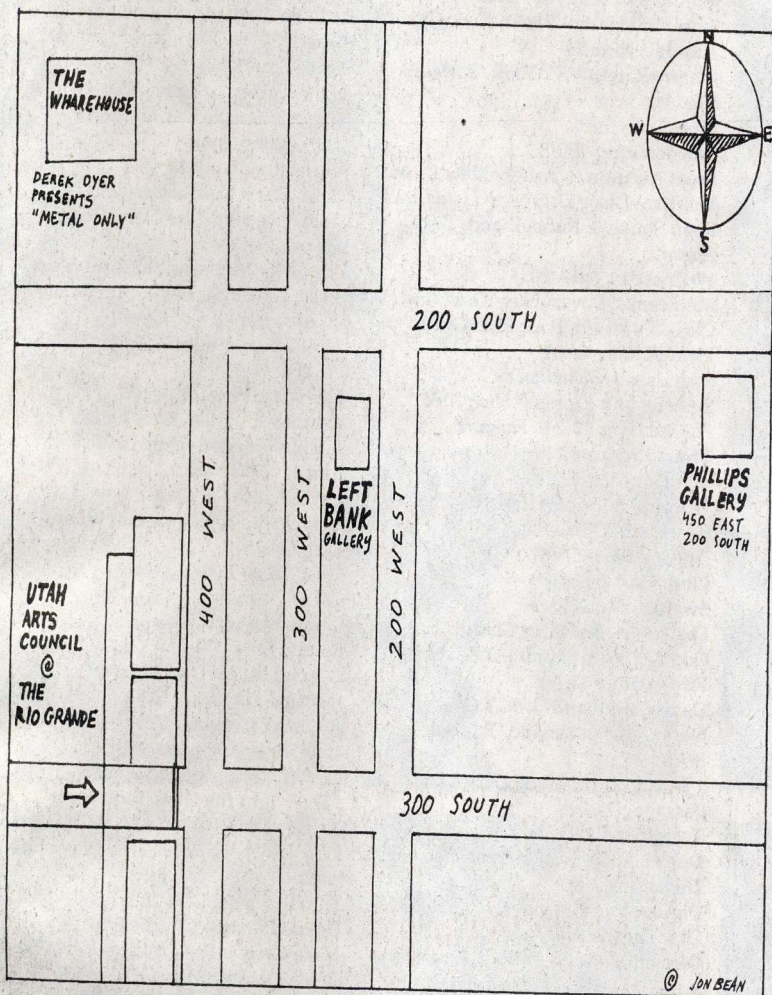
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SLUG MAG's Guide to Gallery Stroll

with Mariah Mann



Well it's that time of the month kids the third Friday, Gallery Stroll night. If you missed last months stroll, it was your loss. Speaking of losses, due to lack of support for the local art galleries we lost another gallery. **The Aperture** gallery was located in the Crane building on 2nd South and 3rd West. With the loss of **Cordell Taylor's** studio last month you can't afford to make excuses, show up! Here's your guide:

The Rio Gallery, hosted by the Utah Arts Council will be showing "Artists from the Neighborhood". This is you chance kiddies to support your local artist and see their stuff before it becomes really popular and expensive. This show will run the whole month of June with the reception on Gallery Stroll night.

LeftBank Gallery will be showing recent work by Carole P. Kunstadt. Carole's work is a combination of drawings and collage work.

Phillips Gallery will be showing large oil on canvas abstract painting by Jennifer Martinson in the main gallery. If you have never been to the Phillips gallery, plan on spending sometime there. They have three floors of art and a beautiful patio where sculptures abound.

"The Metal Only Show", is the only way to end this Gallery Stroll. Located at the **Warehouse** this is not your typical art show. Brought to you by the creator of recent shows such as "Projections" and "Artie Gras". Fifteen artists will be showing their work in metal along with a heavy metal show. This is a benefit for the Utah Aids foundation so the cost is \$5.00, doors open at 9pm and they'll be rocking out until midnight.

If this wasn't enough art to quench your cultural thirst remember the **Utah Arts Festival** is June 22nd-24th at the Fairpark.

ROCKY KNOCKS SANDY OUT

The Richard L. Guthrie Skatepark

by Uncle Dick

Isn't it funny how state politicians are constantly bitchin and moanin about skateboarding. Those kids are ruining my curbs, they are always in the way of our customers and being such a nuisance, and the ever-so-popular we're afraid they're going to break a leg and sue. I guess to a certain extent, some people have legitimate reasons to dislike the sport, but for the most part we all take our risks and deal with the consequences. One solution to this problem is of course building skateparks. While it is a great solution to a bigger problem, the park has to be at least decent to work. So far the state has built some pretty ridiculously terrible parks. Sadly, some kids don't know what a good park is so these sloppy excuses for parks are deemed successful. One example of a good

park however is the new Richard L. Guthrie Skatepark.

The park is located in front of Cottonwood Heights Elementary school (2415 E. Bengal Blvd). It is built in the classic bowl/dish layout that most parks are designed after. The shallow end of Guthrie is approx. two feet deep with very mellow transitions, perfect for little buddies. The deep end consists of a somewhat square bowl tying into a double bowl with a spine. The deep section is about six feet deep and the transitions are built pretty well. At the end of the spine is a small volcano of about three to four feet in height. Opposite from the small volcano is the big volcano which is about six feet possible higher. The park is surrounded by ledges, rails, and other assorted street goodies. One of the most advantageous points of the park is that the bottom of the bowl isn't filled with a bunch of obstacles like many of the other local park designs have fallen victim to. The landscape however....we won't get into that. Can you say dipshits? One bad point is the

times the park is open. The times vary until the city decides on when is the best time to thwart little buddies skipping school to go skate. This tends to be a problem for the older crowd, especially the guys who work during the day. Keep you eyes posted for final times, and if at all possible go early in the morning or possibly late sunday.

As if you couldn't tell this is just one persons opinion of the park, and yes I skate. If you don't agree with this portrayal of the new facility, the best way to gain insight is to go and check out the park for yourself. As the old saying goes "opinions are like assholes, everyone has one and everyone else thinks they stink!" So go check it out, you won't be disappointed. Just be prepared to dodge some little buddies. Go, carve the bowls, that's what they were built for. Thanks for listening and don't grow up. Thanks to Rocky Anderson and Scott Van Dyke for giving and designing the park. Fine job.

DAILY CALENDAR

Submissions for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month.
Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com.

Submissions for the SLUG

Calendar are due by the 1st of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com. You can't B-Lame us if you don't send it in!
Tuesday, June 5

Donny Osmond- *Abravanel Hall*
James Armstrong- *Beatnik's (Ogden)*
Blues Jam- *Burt's*
Lawrence Arms, Cadillac Blindside, Planes Mistaken For Stars- *Kilby Court*

Slumpbuster- *Liquid Joe's*
Victor Wooten- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, June 6
April Wine, After Eden- *Atchafalaya (Provo)*

Repeat Offender, Frankensystem- *Burt's*

Sun Cloud- *Dead Goat*
Monkey, Crashers- *Kilby Court*
Jenn Adams- *Lazy Moon*
James Wood- *Liquid Joe's*

Ozomatli- *Zephyr*

Thursday, June 7
Jason Blakemore- *Brick's*
Big Tee & Specialtees- *Burt's*
Built To Spill- *DV8*

Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
Bran (...) POS, Counterfit, Benton Falls, Mutant Zero, New Transit Directions- *Kilby Court*

Chola- *Liquid Joe's*
Jerk With a Bomb, Flesh Peddler- *Ya'Buts*

Friday, June 8
Blues-a-Fonics- *ABG's (Provo)*
Kaos CD release party-*Brick's*
Thunderfist- *Burt's*

Passage- *Barbary Coast*
Levon Helm & the Barn Burners- *Dead Goat*

Jeanne Marie Rettos- *Egyptian Theater (Ogden)*
Mountain Show- *Fairview (June 8-10, see Rudead.net)*

Curl Up & Die, Blackcat- *Kilby Court*
Given- *Liquid Joe's*

Smilin' Jack- *Phat Tire Saloon (Park City)*
Silicon Monster- *Ya'Buts*

Saturday, June 9
Passage- *Barbary Coast*
Shimmy She Wobble, Hopper in the Attic, Lovesucker- *Burt's*

Jay Johnson Band- *Dead Goat*
Mountain Show- *Fairview (June 8-10, see Rudead.net)*

Gay Pride Dance- *Gallivan Center*
Boyracer, Loveletter Band, Kelly Slusher, Carrie from Jerri Jensens- *Kilby Court*

Fat Paw- *Liquid Joe's*
Smilin' Jack- *Phat Tire Saloon (Park City)*

This Life, Drive, Alchemy- *Wagstaff Music*
KC & Sunshine Band- *Silver Smith,*

Wendover
SLUG Localized Music: Tommy Gun Killers- *Ya'Buts*

Sunday, June 10
Highball Train- *Burt's*
Mountain Show- *Fairview (June 8-10, see Rudead.net)*

Calexico, Kingsbury Manx- *Liquid Joe's*

Monday, June 11
Dan Kay Band- *Burt's*
Todd Tijerina Band- *Dead Goat*

Crispus Attucks- *Kilby Court*
Peter Breinholt- *Sandy Ampitheater*
Alabama Thunder Pussy, Suplecs,

Dixie Witch- *Ya'Buts*
Tuesday, June 12
Blues Jam- *Burt's*

Nemirah, Billy, Spirit Versaille, Dead Lock Freq System- *Kilby Court*
Sauteed Mushrooms- *Liquid Joe's*

Wednesday, June 13
Metal Meltdown- *Burt's*
Trouser Trout- *Dead Goat*

Stabbing Westward, Apex Theory- *DV8*

Insatiable- *Liquid Joe's*
Staind, Cold- *Saltair*
Thursday, June 14
Coldplay, Granddaddy- *Brick's*

Reach for the Skyler, Never Never- *Burt's*

Fig- *Dead Goat*
Arsonists, Beatnuts, Missin' Linx- *Gallivan Center*

Form of Rocket CD Release, River City Rebels- *Kilby Court*
Marmalade Hill- *Liquid Joe's*

Sons of Nothing, DeadBodies Everywhere, Bright Light- *Ya'Buts*
Friday, June 15
Corleones, Compound Fracture- *Burt's*

Brothers of the Baladi- *Dead Goat*
Ladybug Transistor, Lucksmiths, Sticklers- *Kilby Court*

Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
Passage- *Teazers (Ogden)*
Metal Only: Art & Music benefits

UT AIDS Fndtn- *The Warehouse Gallery*
Opposable Thumb, NYC- *Ya'Buts*

Mountain Con, Red Dirt Rangers- *Zephyr*

Saturday, June 16
Topaze & Regency Blues Band- *ABG's (Provo)*
Passage- *Cassady's*

Zion Tribe- *Dead Goat*
Oldies Fest- *Franklin Quest Field*
God's Iron Tooth- *Kilby Court*

Disco Drippers- *Liquid Joe's*
Evren Goknar, Fistfull- *Ya'Buts*
Sunday, June 17
Highball Train- *Burt's*

Keb Mo, Jeb Loy Nichols- *Red Butte Garden*

Monday, June 18
Seed, Commonplace- *Burt's*

Johnny Rawls Revue- *Dead Goat*
Emmylou Harris- *Thanksgiving Point*
Tuesday, June 19

Johnny Rawls, WC Clark- *Beatnik's (Ogden)*
Blues Jam- *Burt's*
Powderfinger- *DV8*

From Autumn to Ashes- *Kilby Court*
Vell-Kro- *Disco Drippers- Liquid Joe's*
Ryan Shupe & Rubberband- *Log Haven*

Wednesday, June 20
Metheenks, Lovesucker- *Dead Goat*
Carissa's Weird, Poor Rich Ones,

Heavy- *Kilby Court*
Soundsend- *Liquid Joe's*
Squirrel Nut Zippers- *Utah Arts Festival (June 20-24), Fairpark*

Thursday, June 21
Memory Man-*Brick's*
Wormdrive, Schmidtaholics- *Burt's*

Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
Angie Aparo- *DV8*
Link 80- *Kilby Court*

Swanks- *Liquid Joe's*
Los Lobos- *Red Butte Garden*
Cooking With Gandhi- *Ya'Buts*

Friday, June 22
Dave Clark Band- *ABG's (Provo)*
Nonpoint, Systematic, Taproot- *Brick's*

2 & 1/2 White Guys- *Dead Goat*
Passage- *Docky's*
Carrot Top- *E Center*

DulceSky, Sunfall Festival- *Junction Theater (Ogden)*

Dignen, Kinah, Underly- *Kilby Court*
Elbo Finn- *Liquid Joe's*
Olodum, Jonni Lightfoot, Lisa Marie & CoDependents- *Utah Arts Festival (June 20-24) Fairpark*

Off Balance, Optimist Prime- *YaBut's*
Chris Duarte- *Zephyr*

Saturday, June 23
2&1/2 White Guys, Venice Shoreline, Chris Murray & Mosquitoes- *ABG's (Provo)*

Fistful, Full-Time Kings- *Dead Goat*
Passage- *Docky's*
Remains of the Day, Frank Jordan- *Kilby Court*

Chola- *Liquid Joe's*
Milo/SLUG Magazine skateboard contest-*Proving Grounds (Pleasant Grove)*

Perla Batalla, Insatiable, Ryan Shupe, Kate McLeod- *Utah Arts Festival (June 20-24) Fairpark*

Quus, Numbs- *Ya'Buts*
Sunday, June 24
Robert Earl Keen, Stacy Earle, Hot Tuna- *Deer Valley*

Monday, June 25
Magic Slim & Teardrops- *Dead Goat*
Monster Magnet, Stabbing Westward, The Cult- *E Center*

Eighteen Visions, Bleeding Through- *Kilby Court*

Tuesday, June 26
Red Shirt Brigade, Oma Yang- *Kilby Court*

White City- *Liquid Joe's*
Aaron Carter, A*Teens, No Authority, Leslie Carter- *Thanksgiving Point*

Wednesday, June 27
Closet Poets Slam- *Dead Goat*
Clumsy Lovers, Mulberry Drive- *Gallivan Center*

Moods for Moderns, Six Going on Seven, Lovelight Shine- *Kilby Court*
Numbs- *Johnny B's (Provo)*
Gerald Music, Sunfall Festival- *Liquid Joe's*

Thursday, June 28
Anthony Hughes- *Brick's*
Hillbilly Voodoo- *Dead Goat*
Sum 41- *DV8*

Ani DiFranco- *E Center*
Curl Up & Die, Strike Anywhere- *Kilby Court*
Royal Bliss- *Liquid Joe's*
Cosm- *Ya'Buts*

Clumsy Lovers- *Zephyr*
Friday, June 29
General Rude- *Dead Goat*
Passage- *Dimitri's*

Amazing Crowns, Tiger Army, River City High- *Kilby Court*
Caroline's Spine- *Liquid Joe's*
"The Night the Girls Took Over": Artists, DJ, Music, Fashion, benefits

UT Women's Shelter- *The Warehouse Gallery*
Sunfall Festival- *Ya'Buts*

B-Side Players, Charlie Hunter, Mike Clark's Prescription Renewal, Robert Walter- *Zephyr*

Saturday, June 30
Lisa Marie & CoDependents- *Dead Goat*
Passage- *Dimitri's*

Tsunami Bomb, Eyeliners- *Kilby Court*
Caroline's Spine- *Liquid Joe's*

Sunday, July 1
Isreal Vibration- *Gallivan Center*
Rainer Maria- *Kilby Court*
Drowningman- *Wagstaff Music*

Monday, July 2
Everclear- *Saltair*

Tuesday, July 3
Tim McGraw, Kenny Chesney Mark Collie- *Delta Center*

Wednesday, July 4
Jerry Cantrell- *Bricks*
Sawyer Brown- *Provo*
SugarHouse Street Festival- *Highland Drive, Wilmington to 21st South*

Huey Lewis & the News, SheDaisy- *UofU*

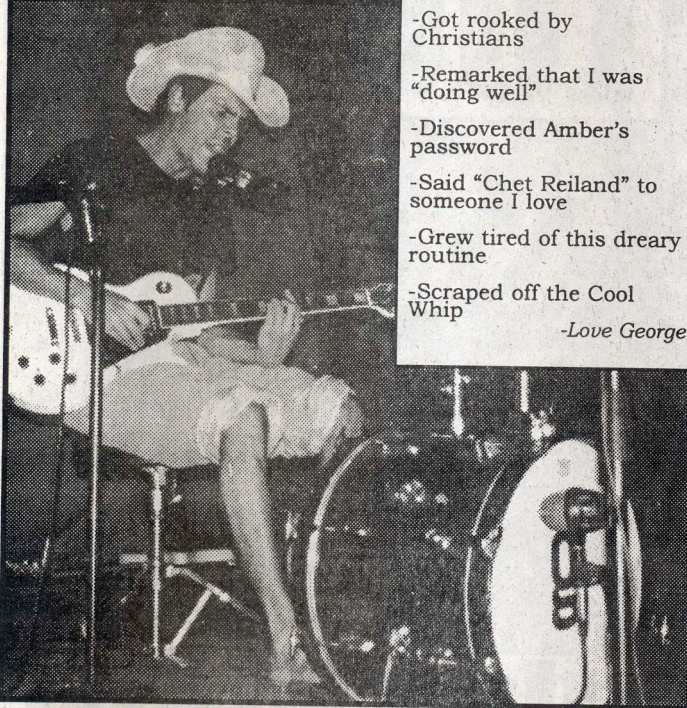
Thursday, July 5
Lyle Lovett- *Deer Valley*
Pick up the new SLUG- *Anyplace Cool!*

What's Up With George?

*Dear SLUG,
This Month I...*

- Marveled at the tiny cowboy hat
- Went to the mall a few times
- Bagged a snorkel
- Got rooked by Christians
- Remarked that I was "doing well"
- Discovered Amber's password
- Said "Chet Reiland" to someone I love
- Grew tired of this dreary routine
- Scraped off the Cool Whip

-Love George



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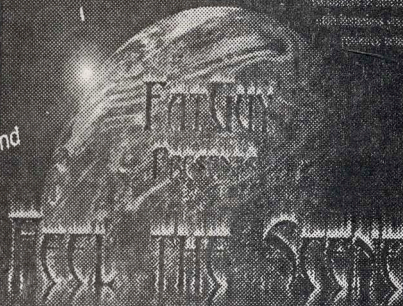
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- Jezus Rides A Rik'sha
- clean
- Royal Bliss
- Fistfull
- Dead Man's Hand
- Prozaq Nation
- Froglick
- Vell Kro
- Kyros GP6
- Un-sound Mind
- Vertical Skinni



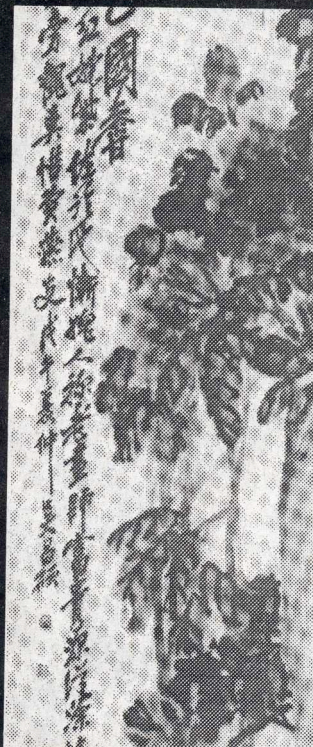
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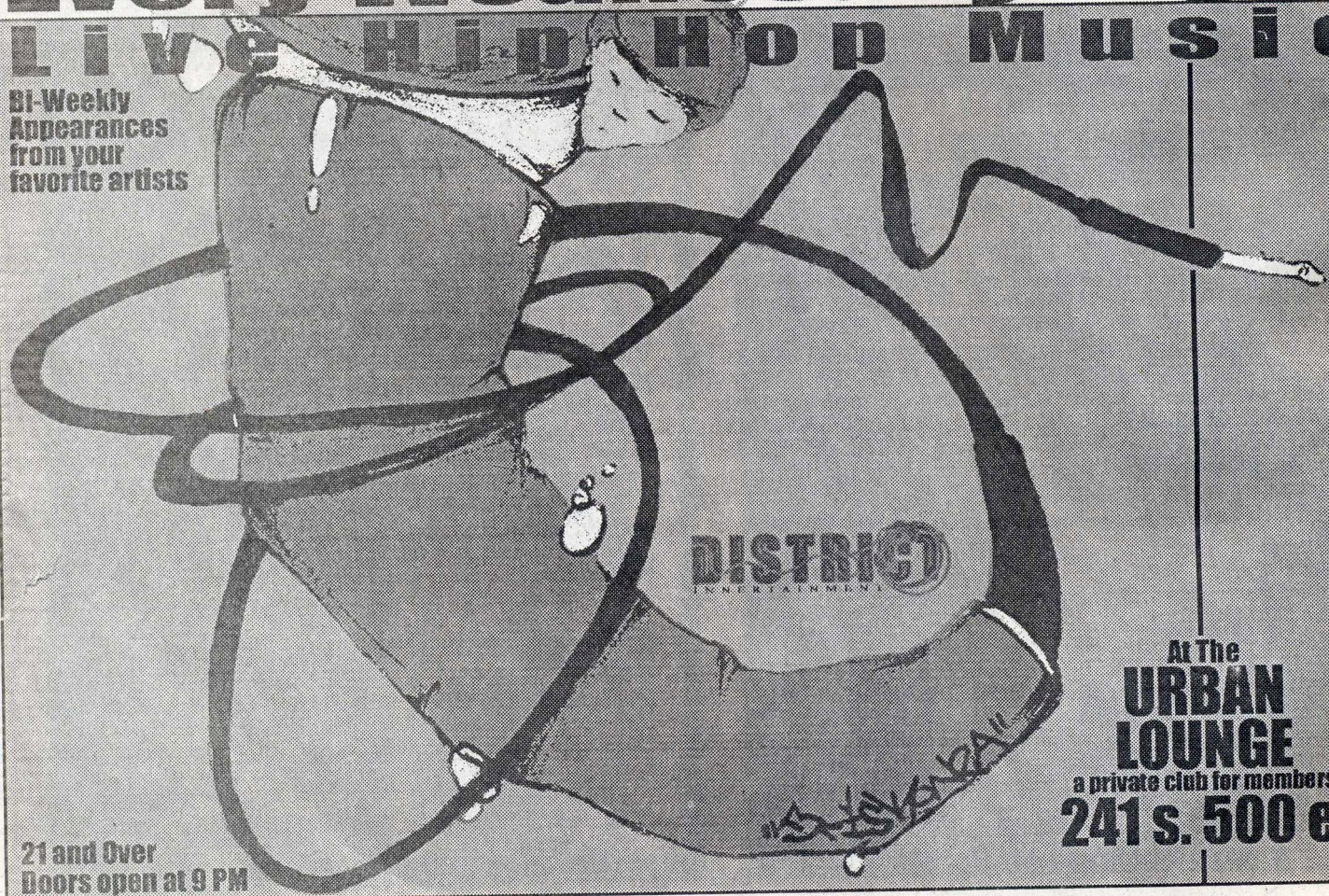
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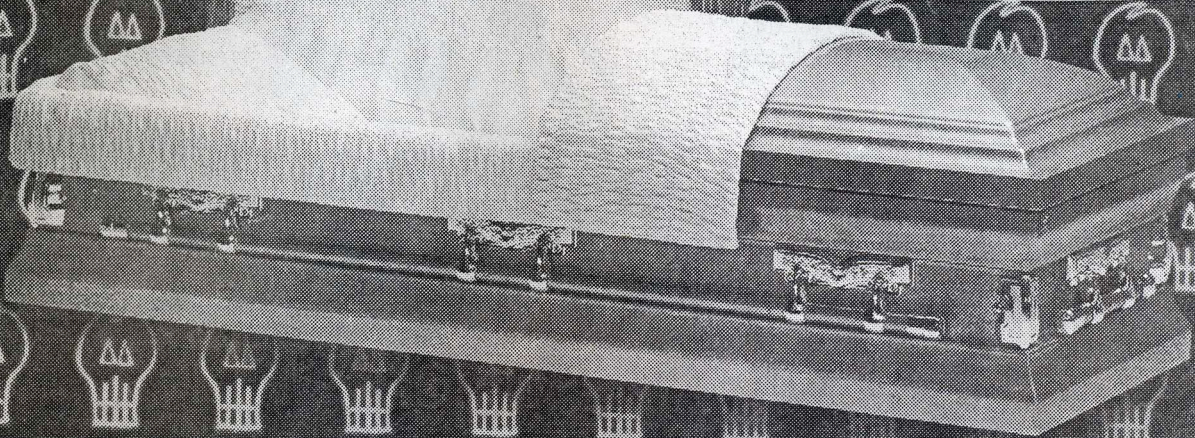
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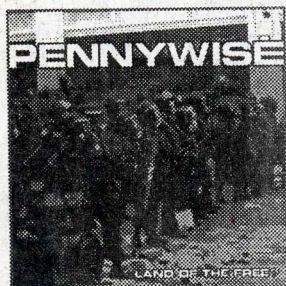
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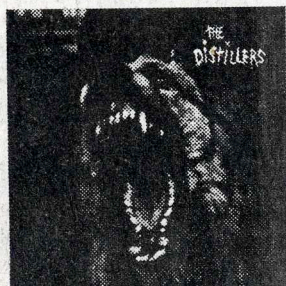
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Pennywise-
Land of the Free?



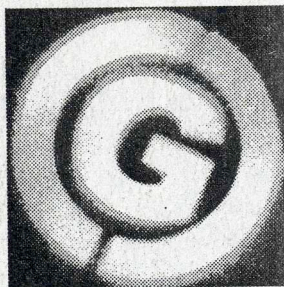
Rancid-
S/T



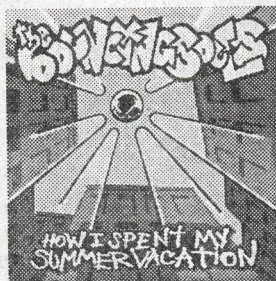
The Distillers-
S/T



Deviates-
Time Is The Distance

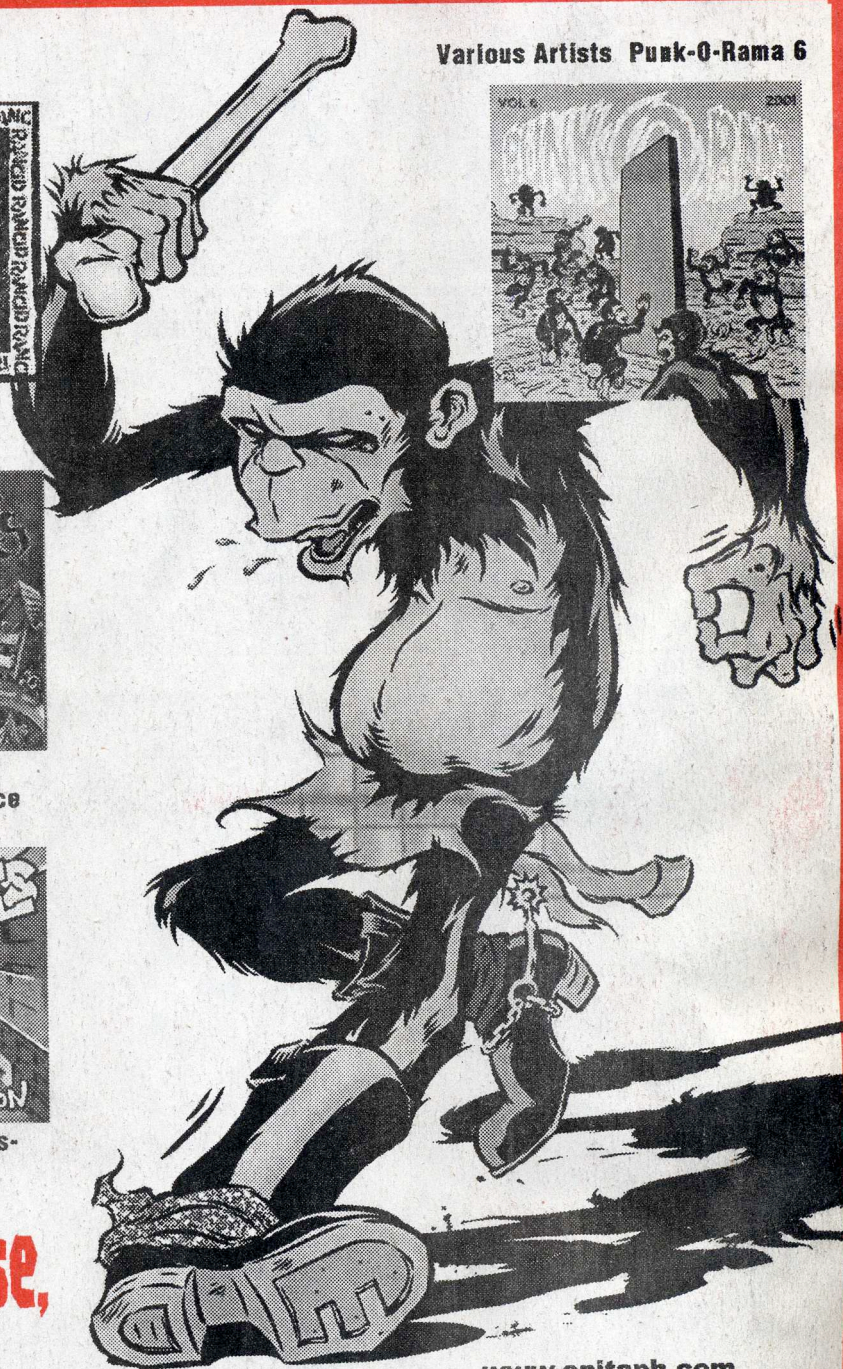
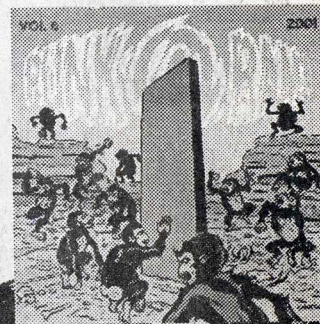


Guttermouth-
Covered With Ants



The Bouncing Souls-
How I Spent My
Summer Vacation

Various Artists Punk-0-Rama 6



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