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Dear Dickheads...

To: slugmag@aol.com

Well I'm finally writing to your shitty but very entertaining mag. I've been reading Slug off and on for the last 7 years. I finally decided to write after reading (the last 7 years) all this bull on the local music here in Salt Lake. I grew up here and have been listening to bands here for the last 15 years. I've been to gigs at the Indian Center, The Pump-a-hore, Studio 505 and many other places that don't seem to last long. Now I'm not telling you this to impress you everybody I just wanted to show you I've been around the block a little. From what I've heard as far as music here in Salt Lake most of it Sucks! Why? Well I see a lot of these kids playing in a band before they even know how to play there instrument! Some of these bands shouldn't be calling themselves bands at all! But I want to make something clear here...Because I think most of the music here sucks DOESN'T mean I don't support it!! I'm just not impressed by it. I will say this though, it is getting better! One of the main reasons that motivated me to write is I went to ZEKE at the B&G the other night and was appalled at the

showing. These guys kick ass! I went to talk to them after the show and apologized for the poor showing. And you (so called Salt Lake "Hard Core" People out there) wonder why the local music sucks?! Zeke is from Seattle, and what do you think there going to tell there buddies when they get back there (you figure it out)? Basically people here in Salt Lake don't know good tunes when they hear them! If you want the music here to get better start coming to the shows, whether the band is local or not! Well I put my 2 cents in. Why don't you do to! Keep reading the band listings and come to the shows!
Old School
abba@burgoyne.com

OK new rule... the term 'old school' will no longer be allowed in this magazine.

Dear Dickheads
I have a serious question; has anybody ever actually read a column or article by LARS/ Laura Swensen all the way through? I bet not.
—Peter Milligan
SLC, UT

Ed: Yea, me.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Well SLUG's 100th is here. Hmmm... Don't know quite what to say. Is it better than it was in December 88/ Jan 89? Is the scene any better or worse because of it? I don't think that was the intention. I asked JR, and before I go into that let me say that JR started this rag. Not Paul or Zay @ the Speedway. There has been some discussion as to who actually started it, and it was JR from the 1st issue. Apparently Paul & Zay were going to be involved, but ended up not doing it. No matter. I think that SLUG serves a purpose that is varied to alot of people. It is funny to know all of the local people involved in music, writing, clubs, record stores or the so called 'scene' can all be traced back to it in some way. Like the Kevin Bacon theory. It also paved the way for some other magazines. The best of which had to be Deisel. As I thumbed through all 100 back issues except #8 (c'mon Shuman get me a copy!) I laughed at how well the writing was done and how funny it was. It seems less funny when you are dealing with it. I also laughed at some of the shows you got to see @ The Speedway, The Word & The Pompadour for \$5. Voivod & Soungarden, TSOL, Living Color, Nirvana, Danzig, Nine Inch Nails opening for Jesus & Mary Chain. I won't comment on that scene, cause I wasn't here. I do remember alot of those tours started in San Francisco where I was living at the time, and after that in Seattle. We paid more than you did though. Now it's all different. Now it all costs more money, there's too many people, too few clubs. The bitch list goes on. The point is that if it inspired you to do anything, then that is a good thing. If I had to say anything it would be stop spreading hate and ignorance. Do something positive, be funny, be an asshole if you want, but leave the place that you are better than it was when you got there. The price of apathy is way too high, and when you wake up and say "I should've.." well then you've already lost.
—G

ON THE COVER... OUR 100TH ISSUE COVER WAS DONE BY JR RUPPEL AND FEATURES SOME FAVORITE OLD COVERS, TITO PUENTE, SHAFT AND JOHNNY ROTTEN

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BEST OF SLUG

August 1996 issue #92

Dear Dickheads,

I read SLUG faithfully and have for years. I just want to know one thing. Why do you always rip on Grid? Just like you did Deisel. I don't know anyone who reads Grid and all I ever see is big stacks of it that no one picks up. Don't you think it just gives them more attention when you say how much they suck? (and they do suck bad)

Your loyal slave,
Michelle

September 1996 Issue #93

Dear Dickheads

Hahahahahahahahaha, hoooooooo, hahahahahahahahaha, he. Yes Comrade - the proletariat underground must rise up against the corporate overlords who rule with an iron fist over our land! Do you honestly believe even half of the filler you come up with? Of course, you do SLUG out of the goodness of your heart - for the people, right? Also, it actually takes more imagination to be inoffensive. Drivel? Read Bustin' the Nut lately? Dip into vast SLUG reserves, buy miserable Dave a shotgun, and let him exercise his God given 2nd Amendment

rights, Kurt - style then maybe they'll move some CD's. For the 100th time, JR didn't create SLUG: the blame belongs to Zay and Paul at the Speedway... I didn't think you printed real letters anymore - did you actually expect anyone to believe that "Michelle's" wasn't a total fraud? Are you that far gone? —Bill

Dear Dickheads,

I read SLUG faithfully and have for years. I just want to know one thing. Why do you always rip on Grid? Just like you did Deisel. I don't know anyone who reads Grid and all I ever see is big stacks of it that no one picks up. Don't you think it just gives them more attention when you say how much they suck? (and they do suck bad).

Your loyal slave,

Michelle.

Ed Note: Eat me Bill

November 1993 Issue #59

Dear Dickheads

Last month you joined the hordes of vegetable-eating, hand-holding, hackysack-tossing faggots by printing a bunch of anti-deer hunting propaganda. Listen up Media Man!!! I don't know where you went to school, but a 30 (6 is a fuck of a lot more powerful than a pen. If you don't think so, try this little test. Shove a pen up your ass and push the button. Next squat your green peace ass over a Remington barrel and pull the trigger. I'm sick of all this anti-man bullshit from you left wing hippie fucks. What happened to tough guys, doing male-bonding shit? Don't get me wrong, I don't need the meat, or even like it, I hunt to kill and that's it! It's like shooting a person, with no prison time. I know some of you are too big of pussies to shoot an innocent creature, let alone slice open its throat while it screams and looks up at you with those terrified brown eyes. Just quit whining about real men doing

what real men do. Stay at Bandaloops where it's safe, pussies.

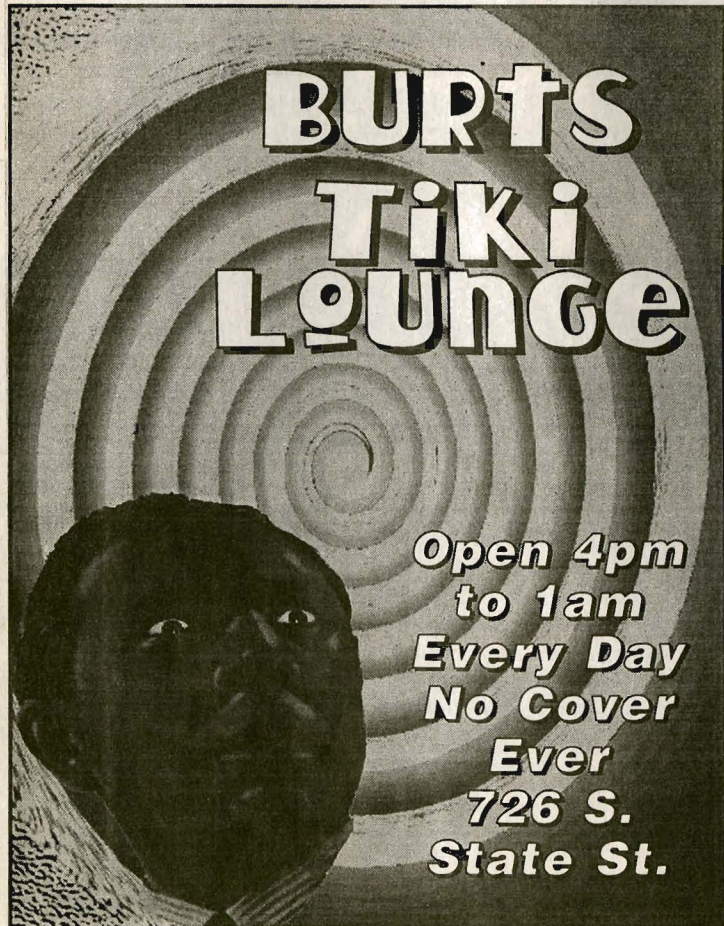
—JON TITUS

December 1993 Issue #60

Dear Slug,

Of all the worthless legions of bad letters you have printed, last issues letter from Jon Titus was definitely not one of them. In fact I will crawl out on a limb and dare say it was... brilliant. Perhaps you should give him a column like Helen Wolf. You could call it "Psycho Corner." After all, anyone who knows JT will tell you he's a dangerously unstable person with a short fuse. Sort of like jack-in-the-box. But in these times of Madonna, Hillary Clinton, the country music epidemic, and the perfume salespeople, isn't it refreshing to hear a voice like a beacon in the night. A sick and twisted voice, yes, but a voice filled with conviction, fearing not who might take offense. While almost provoking them as to say "sure I'm a bastard, but I'm not Michael Jackson." Could he be the new Andy Warhol? No I think Mr. Titus' infamy will last much longer than fifteen. He's the Jerky Boys live. He's the choice of a new generation. He's the only man alive who is actually flirting with turning into a cartoon character. Balls the size of Texas, the temperament of Hannibal Lechter and true satirical passionate attitude. Yes, Jon has left us all behind. Trapped like rats in an aqueduct, we can only hope that like the Pied Piper, he will lead us down the path of righteousness, or maybe just to a real seedy bar. Well that's my opinion (that & a nickel won't get you shit). Forever in awe of our beloved Mr. Titus,

—G



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Zen Guerrilla Retraction

The preview piece I did on Zen Guerrilla last month was taken the wrong way by a number of people including Zen Guerrilla themselves and Jennifer Fisher, the Alternative Tentacles publicist. Jennifer called on the phone and after telling me what an idiot I am she asked for a retraction. There are very few people in this world who command enough respect for me to comply with such a request. Alternative Tentacles, Jello Biafra, Jennifer Fisher and Zen Guerrilla all do. My words were an idiotic attempt to play on some violence that has visited Jello Biafra in the past and also an idiotic attempt to compare Alternative Tentacles to some major corporate giant of the record industry. This stupidity closed with a review of the Zen Guerrilla disc. After Jennifer had finished telling me how my words had made her and Zen Guerrilla feel I was indeed shamed. First of all Zen Guerrilla's CD, *Invisible "Liftee" Pad/Gap-Tooth Clown*, is excellent. Secondly their live performance was easily the best thing I've seen so far in '97, and it was easily among the best I've seen in my entire lifetime and I've seen who knows how many bands. Thirdly, certain Dead Kennedy's songs have shaped my very existence and my entire attitude on life. Every time I get the flu I think of Jello Biafra's lyrics to "Government Flu," every time I'm "Too Drunk To Fuck" there is Jello. When the landlord demands the rent it's "Let's Lynch The Landlord" time and when I walk down the streets of downtown Salt Lake City I can't help but remember "Kill The Poor." "Holiday In Cambodia" needs no explanation, just look at your boss. Jello Biafra called the shots for the '90s in the '80s. If I ever had to select the heroes in my life Jello Biafra would be one of them and I'm not bull-shitting to kiss the ass of any

record label people. The words I wrote were intended to be sarcastic. They were not. Jennifer Fisher humbled me and caused me to realize that the words I write can sometimes carry farther than ever expected and that they can cause pain to those I never meant to hurt. This could well be the only time I will ever write these next words in SLUG Magazine. I apologize to the entire Alternative Tentacles staff and especially to Jello Biafra and Zen Guerrilla. I also send thanks to Jennifer because most publicists wouldn't bother to call, express their displeasure and tell me what an idiot I am, they'd simply say "fuck you dumb ass, I'm not dealing with you anymore." If I ever see music from Alternative Tentacles again believe me I will think twice about the words I write and remember that the people at the label care deeply about the music, just like I do, and that they are fucking real; they aren't just putting in their time and picking up a paycheck! Jello should be proud of the people he's hired to work for him, especially Jennifer Fisher and Jennifer should feel lucky that she can work for a company not run by middle-aged male idiots like I do, and that does not mean the Evil SLUG boss or the meager sum I earn writing for this rag! Hopefully those at Alternative Tentacles and anyone else reading this will also understand that my method for eliminating the frustration and stress brought on by employment in the corporate side of the music world is to sit down at this keyboard and let the hatred flow. I'm sorry that the hatred wound up directed in the wrong direction. Shop independent record stores, support "true" independent labels and local musicians or drown in shit!

—Wa

How about a beer AND a movie!!

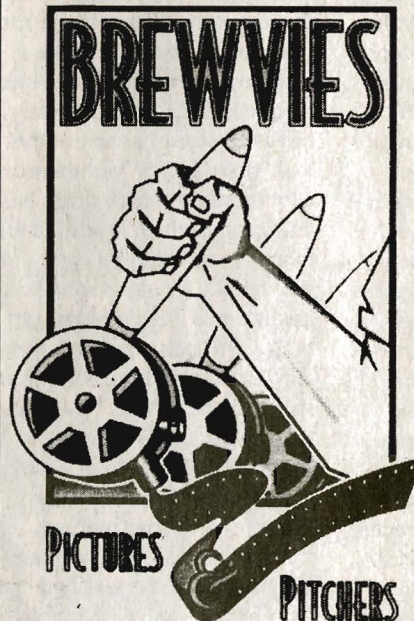


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Busting the Nut

by

David McClelland

I've often said to my friends and family: "It's a long road to divorce, and marriage is the first step..." but enough of my bitching and on with this month's vulgarity contest. Ether and Idiot Flesh put on quite the show at the Holy Cow on Friday, February 21st. If you haven't seen either of these bands then drop whatever it is that you are doing and run right out and get them to put on a private viewing in your living room for your next family home evening. Ether are local boys from Salt Lake City and have recently put out a CD. In fact I think it was their CD release party when I saw them at the Cow. I asked one of the drummers in the band after their set to slide me a disc so I could review it in this article but his band leader and company chairperson/guitarist/ moaner at the front of the stage said he was not permitted to give out such valuable bounty as a promo disc for review in SLUG. What an asshole. It's called free press silly. It's been know to be a good thing in this business. Anyway, Ether comes out all in white body paint or cornstarch or whatever, and they have two stand up drummers/percussionists, a bass player, a guitar player who pretty much just makes wah wah noises and ambient feedback type sounds by blowing into some weird device he puts next to his pickups, and a somewhat lead guitar player who also kind of drones vocal tidbits into a microphone. You can't really hear or understand him so I wouldn't call him a singer, but then again this isn't a Sammy Hagar kind of a band either. A psychedelic slide show and film loops are projected onto the band as they do their songs, which are all blended together and connected like a big

goopy noise fest. The sound that comes out when Ether plays is what I would call tribal rock. More a form of mood music based on various linked together drum patterns than your standard verse, chorus, verse, chorus, bridge, chorus type pop rock song, Ether does a very nice job of creating a wall of sound that is reminiscent of the Velvet Underground, Syd Barrett, and maybe even the Cure. The Cure of course wrote catchy pop tunes that you could hum along to and used weird droning guitar lines (Disintegration) against a shifting vocal melody to create a hook. Ether goes in the other direction writing catchy rhythms backed by repeating musical patterns on the strings that give the music a Zen like quality which I found intriguing. I couldn't hear any real singing going on even though the lead guy was moving his mouth and producing some type of sounds into the mic in a deep guttural voice, but I kept thinking that if these guys would throw some vocal melody on top of what they already have going, it might be nice. It might be (god forbid) radio friendly. It's probably not what they're going for in terms of effect and artistic statement, but then again Sonic Youth used to do a lot of this type of stuff and I never really got into them either. Ether is definitely not as dissonant as any of the real "noise bands" out there and a lot more even time drum based and trippy, which is why I found them so easy to dig. I went outside to take a piss on somebody's Lexus and a couple of typical Holy Cow jock type guys were leaving and bitching about how shitty the band was. I guess they were expecting to hear Booty Quake or Solid Gold do another stupid cover of My Sharona. "Don't waste your money... the band sucks!" is what they shouted to me as I finished working the last bit of heroin out of the syringe and into my bloodstream. I popped two ludes and shotgunned a Pabst, preparing myself for the second half of Ether's set which you could only tell by timing them since all of

the songs sound similar and are run together. You either love this suburban white boy tribal bullshit or you don't. I like it when I'm in the mood for it and when the band is dynamic and Ether definitely does their stuff well. By the time I got back into the club, the fire breathing had already begun. Too bad boy's, even you would've liked this. Yes folks, Ether, as part of their stage show, have people walking around in front of the stage breathing fire and setting oil drums (set on either side of the stage) aflame, inside the club. So you've got the body paint, the slide projectors, the film loops, the tribal drumming and tripped out guitars, the oil drums on fire, a hula dancer (no shit), and two guys walking around in front of the stage spitting ten foot flames out of their mouths into the rafters of the Holy Cow all for five bucks. That's value. You can't get that kind of fun at WalMart. If this was the opener, I couldn't wait to see the headlining band play! Would they pull gold bars from their ass and open an IRA account for every twentysomething in the club ?!?! Idiot Flesh hail from Berkeley, CA. and were very simply the most amazing band I've ever seen play in a bar. It was more like an off-off Broadway rock musical than it was anything else. I've tried to describe the Idiot Flesh show to several people and it really doesn't do them any justice. Just one of those things you have to experience for yourself, I guess. All dressed up in costumes and face paints looking like rejects from the Alice in Wonderland tale, Idiot Flesh begin their show with about ten people all marching in from the street banging drums and blowing horns singing a showtune type nursery rhyme while they accost the audience, in a nice harmless way. After this little brouhaha ends, the four main members/ characters hit the stage and begin to put on one hell of a complex show. And show it most certainly is. One drummer, a guitar player who plays electric violin, sings and

hammers out percussion, a lead guitarist who is also the lead singer, and a bass player who plays a number of different basses and percussion things as well as sings harmony throughout the show. The music is incredibly complex, having the most off time punches and atonal melody's, yet everything is played with such precise dynamics and finesse that not only does Idiot Flesh pull it off, they manage to jump around and put on quite a stage show as they do it. It felt more like a night at a bizarre Frank Zappa/ Cop Shoot Cop adaptation of Through the Looking Glass than a night at the Holy Cow. Again, it seems to be musician's music as far as being listenable and making me want to get out the Hemi-Cuda and run over school children, but even the three co-eds that were pretending to be lesbians and thinking that they were extra special and progressive at the front of the stage were getting into Idiot Flesh. In the middle of one of their songs, all of their costumes inflate around them and it really is beyond comprehension how just a few guys can pull off all of the theatrics and professional looking staging. I can't even imagine what a typical Idiot Flesh band rehearsal or songwriting session is like. These guys definitely push the envelope when it comes to originality. Musically Idiot Flesh seem to be all at the top of their game, able to pull off the most complex song structures and melodies with finesse and flair. Every member of the band sings. Every member of the band plays off each other. From what I could hear (vocals always suck at the Cow), lyrically they are just as sardonic and pithy as you would expect them to be. And yes, I guess for my five bucks it seems that the boys in Idiot Flesh did indeed pull gold bars out of their ass and give me a night at the Cow that I'll be hard pressed to forget.

—David McClelland

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MR. PINK'S OSCAR REVIEW



The Oscars. Somethings gotta give. Either they call it "The Brown Nose Academy Snooze-a-Thon", or hire some people in their thirties to vote. Seems to me, all you have to do to "woo" the Academy is make a movie that's at least three hours long, throw in any rehashed love story, and film it in Africa, Egypt, or some other country where this shit never happens. Then you win Best Picture. Anyway, here's how it went down, and how it shoulda went down.

BEST PICTURE The English Patient , Fargo, Jerry Maguire, Secrets & Lies, Shine.
WHO WON - The English Patient
WHO SHOULD A WON - Fargo. No it wasn't long and boring and you only had to pay admission once. English Patient cost me \$18, as I had to go to the theater three times to finish it. Runner up — Sling Blade

BEST ACTOR Tom Cruise, Jerry Maguire; Ralph Fiennes, The English Patient; Woody Harrelson, The People vs. Larry Flynt; Geoffrey Rush, Shine ; Billy Bob Thornton, Sling Blade.

WHO WON - Geoffrey Rush, Shine
WHO SHOULD A WON - Billy Bob Thornton, Sling Blade. This was truly an original character played perfectly by someone none of you thought was a great actor.

ACTRESS Brenda Blethyn, Secrets & Lies; Diane Keaton, Marvin's Room; Frances McDormand, Fargo ; Kristin Scott Thomas, The English Patient;
 Emily Watson, Breaking the Waves.
WHO WON - Frances McDormand, Fargo
WHO SHOULD A WON - Frances McDormand, Fargo. Well 1 out of 24 ain't bad.

SUPPORTING ACTOR: Cuba Gooding Jr., Jerry Maguire ; William H. Macy, Fargo;

Armin Mueller-Stahl, Shine; Edward Norton, Primal Fear; James Woods, Ghosts of Mississippi.

WHO WON - Cuba Gooding Jr., Jerry Maguire

WHO SHOULD A WON - James Woods, Ghosts of Mississippi. First off, Cuba Gooding Jr wasn't on screen as long as the cab driver, so... James Woods was outstanding, but not a politically correct movie.

SUPPORTING ACTRESS Joan Allen, The Crucible; Lauren Bacall, The Mirror Has Two Faces; Juliette Binoche, The English Patient ; Barbara Hershey, The Portrait of a Lady; Marianne Jean-Baptiste, Secrets & Lies.

WHO WON - Juliette Binoche, The English Patient

WHO SHOULD A WON - Marianne Jean-Baptiste, Secrets & Lies. She was so much better than the other nominees, it was a joke. See this movie. She is great.

DIRECTOR Anthony Minghella, The English Patient ; Joel Coen, Fargo; Milos Forman, The People vs. Larry Flynt; Mike Leigh, Secrets & Lies; Scott Hicks, Shine.
WHO WON - Anthony Minghella, The English Patient

WHO SHOULD A WON - Milos Forman, The People vs. Larry Flynt. This movie didn't win because a movie about a guy who showed tits & ass to America isn't really "Oscar material"

FOREIGN FILM A Chef in Love, Georgia; Kolya, Czech Republic ; The Other Side of Sunday, Norway; Prisoner of the Mountains, Russia; Ridicule, France.
WHO WON - Kolya, Czech Republic
WHO SHOULD A WON - Ridicule, France. Because it was the only one I saw.

SCREENPLAY (written directly for the screen) Ethan Coen Joel Coen, Fargo ; Cameron Crowe, Jerry Maguire; John Sayles, Lone Star; Mike Leigh, Secrets & Lies; Jan Sardi and Scott Hicks, Shine.

WHO WON - Ethan Coen Joel Coen, Fargo
WHO SHOULD A WON - Ethan Coen Joel Coen, Fargo. Well 2 out of 24 ain't bad.

SCREENPLAY (based on material previously produced or published) Arthur Miller, The Crucible; Anthony Minghella, The English Patient; Kenneth Branagh, Hamlet; Billy Bob Thornton, Sling Blade ; John Hodge, Trainspotting.

WHO WON - Billy Bob Thornton, Sling Blade

WHO SHOULD A WON - John Hodge,

Trainspotting. This award goes to anyone who could even write the screenplay to Trainspotting.

ART DIRECTION The Birdcage, The English Patient , Evita, Hamlet, William Shakespeare's Romeo & Juliet.

WHO WON - The English Patient
WHO SHOULD A WON - The Birdcage. What do straight guys know about art direction?

CINEMATOGRAPHY The English Patient , Fargo, Fly Away Home, Michael Collins.

WHO WON - The English Patient
WHO SHOULD A WON - Fargo. No question the most original cinematographers of the bunch.

SOUND The English Patient , Evita, Independence Day, The Rock, Twister.

WHO WON - The English Patient
WHO SHOULD A WON - The Rock. Cuz I said so.

SOUND EFFECTS EDITING Daylight, Eraser, The Ghost and the Darkness
WHO WON - The Ghost and the Darkness
WHO SHOULD A WON - No one. There should not be an award for this job.

ORIGINAL MUSICAL OR COMEDY SCORE Emma , Rachel Portman; The First Wives Club, Marc Shaiman; The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Alan Menken and Stephen Schwartz; James and the Giant Peach, Randy Newman; The Preacher's Wife, Hans Zimmer.

WHO WON - Emma , Rachel Portman
WHO SHOULD A WON - James and the Giant Peach, Randy Newman. Well generally, I like to go with what was best, so...

ORIGINAL DRAMATIC SCORE The English Patient , Gabriel Yared; Hamlet, Patrick Doyle; Michael Collins, Elliot Goldenthal; Shine, David Hirschfelder; Sleepers, John Williams.

WHO WON - The English Patient
WHO SHOULD A WON - Shine, David Hirschfelder

ORIGINAL SONG *Because You Loved Me* from Up Close and Personal, Diane Warren; *For the First Time* from One Fine Day, James Newton Howard, Jud J. Friedman and Allan Dennis Rich; *I Finally Found Someone* from The Mirror Has Two Faces, Barbra Streisand, Marvin Hamlisch, Bryan Adams and Robert "Mutt" Lange; *That Thing You Do!* from That Thing You Do!, Adam Schlesinger; *You Must Love Me* from Evita , Andrew

Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice.

WHO WON - You Must Love Me from Evita

WHO SHOULDA WON - *That Thing You Do!* from That Thing

You Do! This is the only nominated song that wasn't HORRIBLE! And the worst was that fucking song from Evita!

COSTUME: Angels and Insects, Emma, The English Patient, Hamlet, The Portrait of a Lady.

WHO WON - The English Patient

WHO SHOULDA WON - Who cares?

DOCUMENTARY FEATURE The Line King: The Al Hirschfeld Story; Mandela; Suzanne Farrell: Elusive Muse; Tell The Truth and Run: George Seldes and the American Press; When We Were Kings

WHO WON - When We Were Kings

WHO SHOULDA WON - When We Were Kings. How can you argue with Ali? Why even nominate any other movies??

DOCUMENTARY (short subject) Breathing Lessons: The Life and Work of Mark O'Brien; Cosmic Voyage, An Essay on Matisse; Special Effects; The Wild Bunch: An Album in Montage.

WHO WON - Breathing Lessons: The Life and Work of Mark O'Brien

WHO SHOULDA WON - Yea right, do you actually think I would go see these movies?

FILM EDITING The English Patient, Evita, Fargo, Jerry Maguire, Shine.

WHO WON - The English Patient

WHO SHOULDA WON - No one. Film editing is part of movie making. That's like giving an award for gas attendant of the year in a self serve station.

MAKEUP Ghosts of Mississippi, The Nutty Professor, Star Trek: First Contact.

WHO WON - The Nutty Professor

WHO SHOULDA WON - The Nutty Professor. Well, Well 3 out of 24 ain't bad.

ANIMATED SHORT FILMS Canhead, La Salla, Quest, Wat's Pig.

WHO WON - Quest

WHO SHOULDA WON - Canhead, or Wat's Pig. Both were cool, and better than Quest.

LIVE ACTION SHORT FILM De Tripas, Corazon, Dear Diary, Ernst Lyset, Esposados, Wordless.

WHO WON - Dear Diary

WHO SHOULDA WON - De Tripas, because it's written by The Beatles

VISUAL EFFECTS Dragonheart, Independence Day, Twister.

WHO WON - Independence Day

WHO SHOULDA WON - Twister. Helen Hunt is in Twister. That dumb chick is in Independence Day. You do the math.

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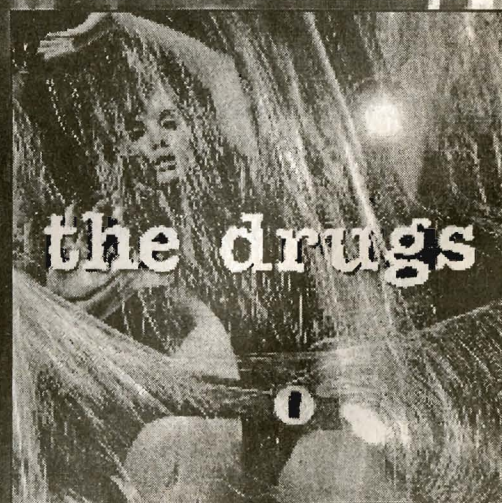
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HOROSCOPE

AQUARIUS JAN 20-FEB18

Faith is the parking stamp in the parking lot of religious fanatics. "FAITH" I can just swing that word around like a dead cat. Because my faith is strong. Some people have "faith" that the UFO behind the comet will give them passage to the next dimension. and some people have "faith" that if they don't drink coffee and wear funny pajamas that they will go to there very own level of heaven (their own of course) because they are the righteous. Who is insane here? every one believes that their faith is the right one and every one else is all fucked up. Well allow me to clear it up for every one right here and now. I belong to the "don't give a rats ass rather be in a 69 than wasting time on my knees for some freaky religion because I can't bare the concept of mortality and when its done I'll be glad" church. and that is the right church and the rest of you are all fucked up.

PISCES FEB 19- MAR 20

for you melted crayons and rabid rats make an excellent Japanese rock garden. your flesh is cold, damp and brittle like egg shells. if your brain wasn't sealed in your head it would ooze out of skull like lava (but I guess that goes for every one. But, when night comes, the blackness wraps around you like a mother protecting it's child. it runs through your hair it baths you and rubs away every discomfort in your body. it is fluid like water and as firm as strong hands. it is warm where it needs to be and cool where it needs to be. it caresses long and slow. it tilts you back ever so slowly and covers you with the feeling of grandma's feather quilt. and hums softly. when it's night you will never be alone this sounds like a healthy relationship you have my OK.

ARIES MAR 21 - APRIL 19

how can we measure our admiration for the ambitious by the cubit? by the fathom? we can only count the green and red swirls and nudge each other nod our heads and say "WOW" mailroom to god Almighty in just a few months. what ambition!

TAURUS APRIL 20 - MAY 20

Walking the razors edge between who you are now and who you were then from second to second. and a life summary at this point would be "there you go" or "wadda ya gonna do"

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 20

scraps of problems usually mush together to produce a nice wallpaper for our personas, but pirates don't get to look at anything but wooden walls. shemp was the real 3rd stooge. And you can repent into the mirror but the will to give yourself permission is under the floor boards chewing on old sweaty sticks of dynamite.

CANCER JUNE 21 - JULY 22

You hit the alarm again. you were already awake "SEEK THE CHAIR" you stand up and turn on the light you are very conscious that it is the first light you always turn on. the voice is always the loudest in the morning. "SEEK THE CHAIR" you go to work and punch the clock you realized a long time ago that the time clock makes the exact same sound as shackles closing. "SEEK THE CHAIR" the good part is the more you focus on work the less you hear the voice "SEEK THE CHAIR" and the cycle runs it's course day in day out over and over. it has been there all of your life "SEEK THE CHAIR" and it becomes a lot like freeway noise when you have your work in front of you. But when you get home "SEEK THE CHAIR" the noise of the world subsides and the voice gets louder "SEEK THE CHAIR" you can fight it for only so long you have to try to sleep and then the visions come you assume that this is the chair the voice speaks of but the fact is it's not a chair of any kind it is more like a cross between some kind of yellow goo and a steam cleaner espresso machine. the chair bubbles and when the bubbles pop they sound like steel poles bouncing off each other. and the night grows long and the voice persists "SEEK THE CHAIR" and your will runs thin and the voice persists "SEEK THE CHAIR"

LEO JULY 23 - AUG 22

What is it? what exactly are you looking for? advice? do you need help? can't find your own direction? DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE PROBLEMS? You got nothing! I have problems pip squeak! so just hike up your belt turn your ass around and go deal with it. I'll be out back having a butt.

VIRGO AUG 23 - SEPT 22

one hand in gambling and prostitution and the cliff notes to "for madmen only" in the other. one foot in the door and the other doing the ol soft shoe. from your lips to Gods ears your forked tongue turns my stomach like a big bowl of spaghetti.

LIBRA SEPT 23 - OCT 22

For every one else in the world things happen by random coincidence. but for you everything is a sign from God. if the toaster kicks out those pop tarts early or the shower runs out of hot water why this very horoscope reads differently to everyone else but you it speaks to you because it was crafted by the hand of God. you are incapable of making your own decision so God has made it his personal business to help you with all of the details like "yes" do the laundry or use stove top instead of potatoes.

SCORPIO OCT 23 - NOV 21

poor stumps the clown. never had much luck doing children's party's. he couldn't juggle or tie balloons. in fact the children always seemed a little scared of stumps and stumps would go home and say "little bastards are afraid of my talent"!

SAGITTARIUS NOV 22 - DEC 21

You pride your self on your 1-2 punch when it comes to bullshitting yourself when the toll man holds out his hand you lick his feet and call it square so wake up cracker jack because I don't know where I am going with this.

CAPRICORN DEC 22 - JAN 19

here are 10 sayings you should incorporate into your every day conversation:

1. Kiss the weasel in the morning and ye shall have good luck the rest of the day.
2. Fuck you punk! (you may already use this one)
3. shiver me timbers
4. "SEEK THE CHAIR"
5. oh I'll leave you alone aright, leave you alone, FOREVER!
6. oh hell!
7. Scram, you god damned kids before I blow your god damned heads off.
8. I live only to serve.
9. Pack up the hacksaw and the latex Hef' robes ma, weer goin ta town.
10. My hover craft is full of eels

time I need to pull out a dictionary to understand just what he's saying in most Bad Religion songs.

more on the new record. I'd say I'm maturing as a songwriter by just doing it more and more. I wrote a lot of the music and the lyrics on the new album, whereas on the last album, I wrote maybe 60 or 70% of the music.

What about growing older in hardcore? Does it affect how you're writing, or how you're seeing the community?

Russ: Someone once said that if you're over 25 and you're still into punk, then you're a lifer. I'm starting to think that's true.

It's a bit

GOOD RIDDANCE

by Sarah Zimmerman

Russ: Me too...

GOOD RIDDANCE

Russ: My name is Russ. I sing, Luke plays guitar, Chuck plays bass and Shawn plays drums. The band's been around ten

years but Shawn's pretty new, Chuck's been in the band for about 2 years and Luke's been in the band since about 1990. We weren't really a serious band until about five years ago.

ME: One of the things I noticed when I got the CD was how political and forceful the lyrics are. I knew it was on Fat, therefore I had some idea of what to expect from it, but I have to admit it was more pop than I imagined. I was expecting more Discharge, or that strain of music...so, why does it work in Good Riddance's case?

Russ: Well, I think that that CD is a really good first album, but you can really see a lot of our melodic influences on it. I think that when you do your first album, especially when you've been around for a long time like us, your first album tends to be the "Best of" all the songs that have been floating around for years and years. Whereas our new album coming out has the songs were written in a space in time with a solid lineup. My main influence' and why I ever wanted to start a band was Bad Religion with their socio-political lyrics mixed with the melodic style; so I think it all stems from that. We're just Bad Religion rip off band!

ME: I'm a college educated person and I consider myself to be intelligent, but most of the

ME: Do you think that pushes people away, or brings people in?

Russ: I don't necessarily believe either. I don't think it attracts too many people, but I think that people will buy the CD because they

like the music, then they might want to understand the lyrics. I like it because it kind of forces you to enrich your vocabulary. Well, it did for me, anyway. With hardcore it's so hard because everything's been said about a million times, that if you actually have something worthwhile to say that isn't just a cliché. So my biggest challenge in writing lyrics is to try to put forth a vital message that's worthwhile.. in a way that people will want to listen to it instead of the same old thing.

ME: Give me three songs that you are most proud of writing...

Russ: On the first CD, there's a song Decoy, Mother Superior, and Flies First Class, too. Yeah, that's a good list. There's a lot

ME: I think in the first album, you could definitely see the

weird to go to shows and see our audience being much younger than I am. I start to wonder where are the people who were going to shows

when I was that age. Where's everyone else?, What am I doing? I guess I just have a blind idealism for what I'm doing. I think if punk didn't stir me like it does, I'd probably get out of it. But I just never stopped to



musical influences, but the ideas that were put forth were from the same roots, but had much more to do with our generation of punk rock than Bad Religion. So what can we expect from the new release?

Russ: Well, half of it is really hardcore, and half of it is complete emo-cheese. **ME:** Hitting all spectrums?

Russ: Yeah...We wrote some harder songs that we've always wanted to play. There are some faster, 30 second long screamers, then there's a super heavy slow, just a real gloomy sounding one, and there's some faster melodic stuff, kinda like the first CD...Maybe because I'm almost 28, and so is Chuck, the other guys are younger- 25 and 22.

ME: Well, what about that?

question it; it's all I do.

ME: When you were young, what was it about punk that moved you?

Russ: That it was honest and passionate, it was raw and it captured a, I don't want to say angst, but that's probably the best word, I suppose. Basically, I grew up in the eighties when Reagan was President and I'd go to bed each night not knowing if I was going to wake up, thinking that there was going to be a nuclear war every night.

ME: Yeah, I think about that element a lot. We don't live under that kind of fear anymore. It was a type of pressure cooker lifestyle, and I think it influenced us because it was all desperate.

Russ: I look back on the time when I was 18 and I did a lot

of crazy things. Punk was much more nihilistic back then with all this unfocused anger and frustration. I think as punk has progressed it has gotten more direct. Kids come up to us and say "What's with all these songs about the eighties and the ReaganBush years? What was the deal? and I just think, 'You'll never know!'. I'm sure that it's scarred me a lot more than I think, but it creeps through in my song writing.

ME: What other sort of influences did you have that have stuck to you from that period?

Russ: Just bands where the lyrics gave you chills and made you want to smash something. And I also saw the movie DOA which documented the Sex Pistols tour and that was the first time I really saw a live punk band. And the Sex Pistols had this energy about them; they hated each other and they hated each other which made for a great live show.

ME: Is that something Good Riddance is going for?

Russ: No, well, actually, it's funny because when we first started this band we only did Sex Pistols covers because it was the only thing I liked. But that was a long time ago.

ME: What an evolution. What took you so long to record the record?

Russ: I think it's because the town we live in is a small town, it's a beach town and everybody there is really laid back. I was friends with- this band and they asked me if I wanted to sing and I said, "I'll sing, but you have to play Sex Pistol's songs". They started playing it and they liked it ...

ME: So you converted them all!

Russ: I started noticing that I really liked it, but at the same time I started listening to some punk that was really politically motivating me to see it as a medium of communication, and a viable tool to express myself. So I got more and more into it and wanted to do it and the people I was with wanted to play birthday parties and hang out, not practice a lot, not tour. So it basically meant finding the right people. We'd get someone to play with us awhile until either they'd quit, or we'd kick them out. Chuck, our bass player, is from Los Angeles and his girlfriend went to college in Santa Cruz and so that's how we found him. Our drummer found out our old drummer quit (he's from Santa Barbara), and he pretty much stalked us all year saying, "I'll try out, I'll try outing. And since everyone who plays drums in Santa C~ has already played in my band, we had to get someone from Santa Barbara. I always had a feeling that some-

day it would all just work out, as long as I just kept trying.

ME: What are your plans for the future?

Russ: I just feel as though it's almost my job to keep good punk music available to younger kids because it was offered to me when I was a kid. I know how awful it all was until I got into punk. I hated everyone; I was angry and I didn't know why. It was the first thing I really experienced that I cared about. And I want to make sure that experience is available for younger people. It's more or less up to the bands around today to keep it real and not let it turn into some big corporate thing.

ME: But don't you think that the kids have to come with the kind of angst and the kind of thinking that we did when we first came to shows?

Russ: But think about how much different the world is right now. If you were growing up in suburban America right now, you'll always have the angst because of it being that time of your life, but they don't have the Cold War and for me, and maybe for you too, that was just...well, there's just nothing like that now. And you won't get beat up at school for wearing a Bad Religion T-shirt anymore. Now all the guys who were beating you up are wearing the Bad Religion shirts! You used to have to go against the grain to be a punk, go to really weird record shops to find the music you liked, do a lot of mail-order stuff, and go to all these out of the way shitty shows...

ME: But don't you think that's what has kept us in it for so long? The fact that it was this gem, you know? It was hard to find, hard to get a hold of...but once you did- it was so worth it!

Russ: Yeah, an analogy I use is that maybe there's a restaurant that you know of that's really, really good, but a lot of people don't know about it. It's a hole in the wall, out of the way place. You love it because it's great and no one really goes there. Then all of a sudden people start finding out about it, and it starts to expand. It sucks, but at the same time I know that's it's not just my own thing, and I can't just horde it. It's just going to go through it's growing phase. I think that a lot of the people who are into it now just because of MTV will be out of it in about two years once MTV stops playing it. And I don't pretend to know how to pick them out- who is real and who isn't...I just try to let them take what they want from it.

ME: Someone just walked in with a Germs T-shirt on. There was a time when this would happen and you knew you had something profoundly in common with this person. I wonder what will bring that

link back.

Russ: I think the history that MTV and Rolling Stone and any media that has to do with music, they pick something up and claim they discovered it, they try to tell you about it, they make up the history of it and try to exploit it and steal anything that was ever good from it! Punk is something that I don't think will ever die out. There were too many people doing it before that it's going to keep going!

ME: You said something interesting about the history; maybe it's better if we don't try to make up a history and assign time frames in some kind of chronological order. Maybe we're forcing it into something that defeats it.

Russ: Yeah, but I think the people who really care about punk don't get caught up in that. I can remember reading an issue of SPIN and they had a thing called the punk timetable, about four years ago: Punk began and then punk died in '81. This is the same magazine that, two years later were claiming it to be the "Year Punk Broke". So if you've been around the scene for a long time, you just have to laugh at that. Rolling Stone, Spin and all those, they have no clue, they never have. In a year or so they'll stop covering it when it stops working for them and it'll go back underground. Maybe we'll sell less records, maybe there will be less kids at our shows, but maybe that's better- I'd rather have it that way.

ME: What do you do with your time when you're not on tour?

Russ: Well, we had to quit our jobs. I didn't want to quit- I worked at an espresso bar and I liked it but I was gone so much they just couldn't keep me. So, when we're home we just write music, surf, skateboard, play ice hockey in San Jose. (I chase around this girl I want to marry but who doesn't want to get mamed yet..)

ME: So what do you want to tell the Japanese readers? Will you play Japan soon?

Russ: Yeah, we're trying to go there this winter, we want to really bad, we just got messed up last time. So, hopefully the people of Japan will see us soon.

ME: Any info as to when the record will be coming out?

Russ: June 18th in the States, I don't know when in Japan. 18 songs with 2 covers of the Kink's "Come Dancing" and Government Issue...So everyone should buy it, and if you don't like it, it makes a good coaster!

ME: Last words? **Russ:** Go vegan!

"Renascent Rude Girrl"

—Laura Swensen

Lugubrious, lugubrious, lugubrious. Now ain't that high-brow? A heady word Heavy-hearted. As an introductory teaser, rather relevant. It's taken me quite awhile to get my poop-in-a-group long enough to invoke the scribe. Silly thing, these slang words. Golden oldies like "druthers".

This new program of Microsoft Word Perfect is sassing me for using improper language. Anyway... here I am, nonetheless. Judging from the lack of journalistic articles in last months edition, I'm not about to plead the affect excuse and slack-off. The rest of you slumpy chumps are certainly earning your slacker status. Seriously! Most interesting how there's this outward appearance of some creative component and yet, the contributions seem to still be missing! And it gives an entirely new meaning to the concept "poseur". Back at you, reader Yes indeedee. The spirit of the ska-inspired Rude Girl has taken-up residency, in her host, welcome the visitation. Actually, the problem is much more pertinent then my supplication. I beseech you vanquish apathy. Would implore you to entreat personal artistic merit The staff of this paper can't maintain this forever. In terms of a timeline, Gianni and I are virtual dinosaurs. thirtysomethings. The torch must be passed on to capable hands. Kapeesh?

Peace—Conformity—For Them That "Like" I Am That Which Tauntingly Compels Men, Women, Nations—Crying, Leap From Your Seats And Contend For Your Lives.

—Dancer Isadora Duncan recites what poet Walt Whitman bids us.

We should not be so quick to dismiss those who have been beyond "the veil" since we know so little of what exists in our own limited world. And to listen to madmen and fools instead of pushing them to outcast status for they may indeed be our true prophets via an episode of the outer limits it is a dangerous thing for us, we people who grow up suckling the steel nipples, of this country's missiles, men who think living in the world is living in a war, women who think their bodies are molotov cocktails that must be detonated, destroyed, before they are munched up by their own metabolisms.

From the book "Welcome To My Country" by Lauren Slater

At a museum exhibition of Norway's famed Edvard Munch, a woman flippantly responded to the angst-ridden painter's oeuvre The Scream with the torpid remark that it resembled her own reflection during a bad sinus headache day. Perhaps Ws is a motif for the residual magnification

of the everywhere, everyday "scream" in Modern society. Maybe a reference to the way we're all in this buggery thing together, no one gets there alone. Just wanted to mention that for no particular reason really.

Telephone invasion -It's all your fault I screen my phone calls—Leave a message I'll call you back—a likely story—don't have the courage to tell you please just let me be—I'm just a girl living in captivity can't go where I please...

—ska clan band No Doubt

The stats on women who have experienced being restricted due to male obsessive and/or dangerous behavior in regards to the examples above would prove a high percentage, no doubt! two years after meeting an older man that became obsessed, I am still screening callers. My sister is undergoing more odious complications of similar, if greater dimension She is also constrained by the later, unable to go places alone or at night, given the stalking circumstance and residing in Long Beach, California Fortunately, I have increased freedom located in our state and given my Amazon stature. But why oh why should this be an issue at all? It gives cause to wonder. .. Will there ever be justice or fairness?

Men's depression is either overt or covert. Overt is the basic criteria and symptomology. Covert is acting out behavior such as workaholism, drug & alcohol abuse, domestic abuse, etc. Men seek help for depression in about the same way they're willing to ask for directions...

—Today Show

You know you're depressed when "so what, life sucks, who cares" is your daily mantra You know you're depressed when your immunities have taken an extended vacation and you finally catch the Winter Flu in Spring. You know you're depressed when you're lazy, lazy, lazy and must force yourself to exercise. You know you're depressed when you've banished Thanatos and slain all your dragons, that is, until the next manic attack of personal demons revive. You know you're depressed when you can't cry save the exception of reading Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems. You know you're depressed when you've stopped swearing and blathering and are competent, logical and rational on the job. You know you're depressed when you know the reason you walked in the other room to retrieve a protracted item versus perplexing what in the blazes you're doing there in the first place. You know you're depressed when a protruding nail in the shank of your pointe shoe is just that-a nail-and not some profoundly esoteric symbol (sometimes a nail is just a nail, kids). You know you're depressed when

you've dried out completely but are a cilantro addict (it's legal, sold in bunches in the produce section of the grocery store and can be carried in baggies with you at all times). You know you're depressed when music is therapeutic instead of fervently bleeding your psyche as it oughta You know you're depressed when writing is no longer therapeutic, only frivolous, and you're extremely motivated so you quote prolific sources (this used to annoy your yonder ex-boyfriend to no end but now you enjoy it for the sheer obvious beneficence. You know you're depressed when attempts at working in watercolor rather than acrylics puts the "pain" back in painting You know you're depressed when your life is imbued with the largess of tedium, formulaic regimen, fuddy-duddy domesticity... wilted, stultified, furtive, brooding, probing blahs, dispossessed. Banished. Easily swayed. Flayed. Chilblains. Intractable. Soggy. Petulant Ejected. Rejected. A bore. Bored. Staunch. Snoozing. Appeased. Corrugated Trampled. Giving grief. Grief-giving. Artichoke grenades. Corrupted. Bothersome. Dismembered. Adrift. Binding ties bound and gagged. Blurry. Choking. Spurious. Mumbo jumbo. CCC(calm cool collected). Compunction. Deduction. Insular. Hackneyed. Antipathy. Puts the fun funeral. Furrowed. Untoward. Besmirched. Pontificating. Concomitant. Shunned. Stoic. LUGUBRIOUS! And on that heartwarming, joyous note, I'll leave you with the faith-affirmed words of conscientious objector Allen Ginsberg

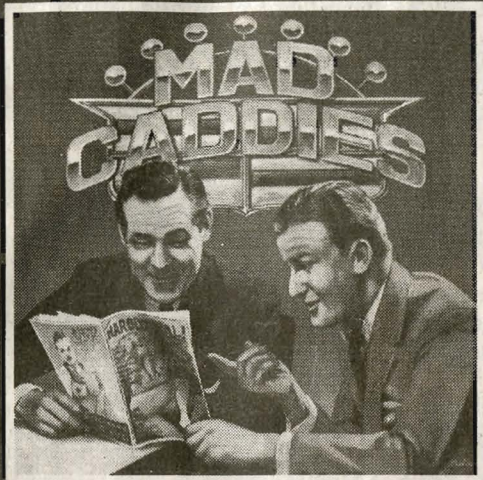
"I saw he best minds of my generation destroyed by madness—who threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballot for eternity outside of time, and alarm clocks fell on their heads every day for the next decade, who cut their wrist three times successively, unsuccessfully gave up and were forced to open antique stores where they thought they were growing old and cried who threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on Dadaism and subsequently presented themselves of the granite steps of the madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech on suicide, demanding spontaneous lobotomy and who were given instead, the concrete void of insulin metrazol electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy ping pong and amnesia, who in humorless protest overturned only one symbolic ping pong table, resting briefly in catatonia..."

spoken word excerpt of HOWL w/Kronos Quartet
Mind your P's and Q's! Shalom! As ever, Lars

p.s. There was a valid criticism of staff writers as self-absorbed Admittedly, I'm quite subjective as opposed to objective. In the interest of obliging the observation made, selected topics shall be engaged. Starting next month, the subject of focus will be prodigies and neophyte rockers.

MAD CADDIES

"QUALITY SOFT CORE"



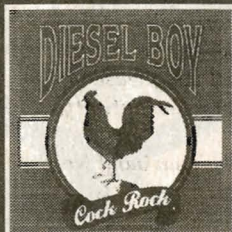
CD/LP/CASS

ska-core!

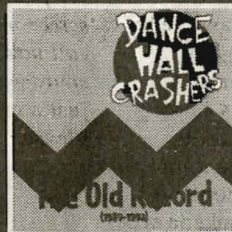
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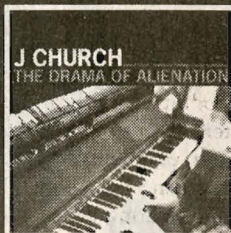
DIESEL BOY
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CD/CP/CASS



DHC
"THE OLD RECORD"
CD/LP/CASS



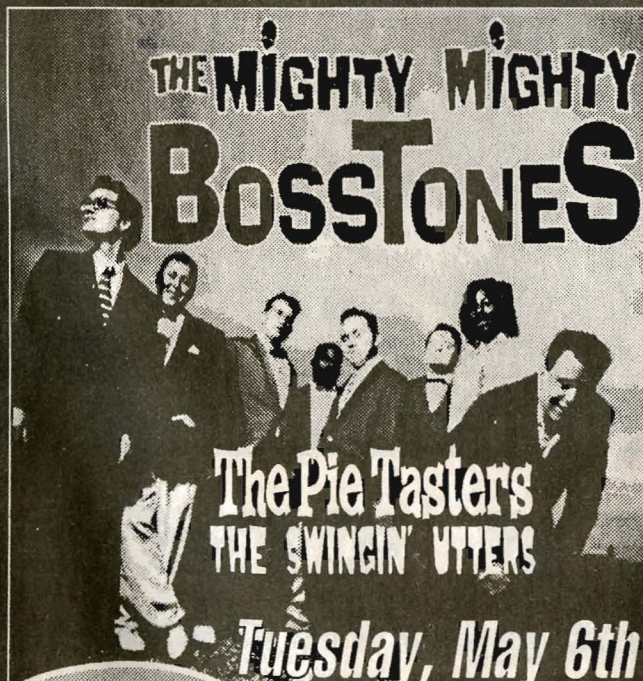
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BEST OF SLUG

"Healing The Homosexual" June 1990 / Issue #18

It has come to my attention that psychologists in these latter-days claim that they can cure the homosexual of his/her camel lust. Well, it's about time that the men of science join with the saints in a combined effort to cleanse our kingdom of this plague, in preparation for the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I'd like to shake the hand of that God-fearing psychologist who so selflessly gave of his talents to rid our promised land of that sexual crime that drags with itself a train of irrepentable, and in most cases, unimaginable sins. Sure, Uncle Ezra would do a few things different than Dr. fix-a-femme, but I can't be everywhere and bless everyone with my wisdom at the same time.

But if I could be everywhere at once, this is what I would do with me and the Lords time. First of all, there is no psychotherapist better than the almighty himself. That is why I recommend the guiding hand of the BYU psychology department for prompt and thorough cleansing of this unmanly lasciviousness. Keep in mind those other "treatment centers" are just out to make a buck, we're out to save a soul! And second, it's time to get the Liahona rolling on our new young adult electroshock devotionals, where our budding Aaronic priesthood holders get a bad y needed jolt during impressionable times of misguided hormonal development. I'm sure my masculine presence will be felt at each and every one of these testimonial gatherings. And may I recommend an outing to your stake farm for a little castration as a subtle visual reminder of what can happen when our God-given powers of procreation are involved in frothful acts of depravity.

Now, a few reminders. When casting out the effeminate seed of Satan through the laying on of hands, never, never close your eyes. You just can't tell where the wayward, groping hands of a pleasure seeking homosexual will prod next.

Also, be sure to use only UNCLE EZRA'S water-based consecrated Od. Take my word for it, any homosexual becomes aroused at the prospect of having petroleum based oil rubbed on his head.

Use caution when embracing or employing tender looks on your younger

boys. Emotions are not essential to attain spiritual happiness, and often do more harm than good. Encourage your young g priesthood holders to hold only to the iron rod of God.

Happy Healings
—Uncle Ezra

"As Righteous as We Wanna Be" July 1990 / Issue #19

Plug your ears brothers and sisters! What I am about to tell you may shock the weak hearted and the spiritually sensitive. There is a Negro-hooligan tramp band from Florida sexually assaulting the fragile minds of our young saints. I personally have heard the so called, As Clean as They Wanna Be version of 2 Live Crew's album, and I was morally appalled - NEA! Abhorred by the filth pummeling my spiritually fine-tuned ear drums.

Last Sunday, after a spiritually riveting K-BYU devotional, where I was reminded of the importance of keeping all things just in the Lords eyes, I took it upon myself to cleanse my nine lovely children's rooms of any wicked contraband. After finding a pack of face cards, a Sears ladies' underwear catalogue, and several chocolate bars, I unveiled 2 Live Crew tape purposely hidden from mine and the Lords eyes. When confronting Ezekial on this blatant transgression, I thrashed him soundly before he could get the words, "but Father," out of his mouth. Upon further extraction, my son confessed that a colored classmate from school had forced it upon him.

After sweating blood through the first song on the tape, "Me So Horny," I was physically ill, and my wife Sariah fainted from over exposure to the horned one. Following the exorcism on my home, I gathered together the hierarchy of our community priesthood leaders in an effort to rid our community of this ethnocentric breach of free agency. We have proposed that all welfare funding be terminated to the rap-appreciating populace until 2 Live Crew is sent back to where they came from and made aware of the rights that would no longer be theirs due to their lack of respect for this great country. They should consider this a sympathetic act.

Back in Brother Nephi's time, they

MORMON UPDATE —UNCLE EZRA

were putting Lamanites to death for far less than this. Sweet melodies mellow the souls of men and help prepare them for the gospel. On the other hand, music can be used for sensuous and carnal purposes. But all the blame cannot be put on 2 Live Crew. Even Donny Osmond is aiding Satan in his quest for immorality. I remember when Donny Osmond used to be such a nice boy - look at what the Satanically influenced music industry has done to I him. I'll personally see that his Holy Ghost is taken away.

It's all a vicious cycle Brothers and Sisters. The music industry has never helped in cultivating a spiritual environment for the Lord's chosen people. Even in the days of Benny Goodman, music was produced solely for the purpose of giving our boys at war something to neck and pet to. And somewhere along the line, some apostate joker decided women were good for something besides having babies and catering to their priesthood holder's needs. Take for example that voluptuous hussy, Madonna. I personally like to see my woman barefoot and pregnant. I sicken at the thought of seeing some sexually promiscuous harlot advertising her wares on MTV (Masturbation Television).

I think it is time we started a music industry of our own. You'll be glad to know your tithing dollars are being put to mine and the Lords use (Uncle Ezra Records). My first album is entitled Spiritual Silence, where only the spiritually fine-tuned (like myself) can hear the angels extolling the sweet songs of God from the rafters of the Celestial Kingdom. Others will hear only silence. Sorry Donny, if you hear something, it is just Satan...Again

*Until Next Month,
Yes to Censorship
Uncle Ezra*

Note: Donny, see me about your church membership, I think a pardon can be worked out with the big guy

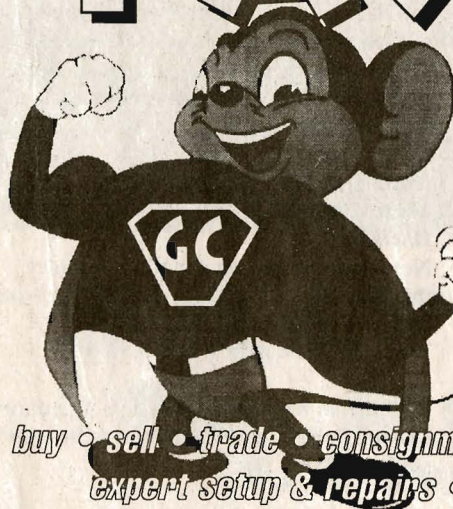
Ed. Note: In response to comments regarding this column; lighten up and recognize satire when you see it.

Mr. Pinks Top 100 Records of All Time

Aerosmith - Rocks
The Allman Brothers - Eat A Peach
The Animals - The Best of the Animals
The Band - The Band
The Beatles - Help, Sgt. Peppers,
White Album, Abbey Road
Jeff Beck - Blow by Blow
Blind Faith - Blind Faith
David Bowie - Rise & Fall of Ziggy Stardust,
Changesbowie
Kate Bush - The Whole Story
Cheap Trick - Cheap Trick
Eric Clapton - Crossroads Box Set
John Coltrane - Blue Trane
Concrete Blonde - Still in Hollywood
Alice Cooper - Killer
Elvis Costello - My Aim is True
Cowboy Junkies - The Trinity Sessions
Cream - Disraeli Gears
Jim Croce - Photographs & Memories; Greatest Hits
Crosby Stills & Nash - Crosby Stills & Nash
Crowded House - Recurring Dream
Miles Davis - Kind of Blue
Deep Purple - Machine Head
Dire Straights - Dire Straights
Bob Dylan - Highway 61 Revisited
Emerson, Lake & Palmer - Brain Salad Surgery
Gang of Four - Entertainment
Generation X - Valley of the Dolls

Grand Funk Railroad - Grand Funk
Al Green - Let's Stay Together
Jimi Hendrix - Are You Experienced,
Axis Bold as Love, Electric Ladyland
Buddy Holly - The Buddy Holly Collection
Ian Hunter - Ian Hunter
Joe Jackson - Look Sharp
James Gang - The Best of The James Gang
Jethro Tull - Aqualung
Billy Joel - Piano Man
Elton John - Goodbye Yellow Brick Road
Rickie Lee Jones - Rickie Lee Jones
King Crimson - Discipline
The Kinks - Greatest Hits
Led Zeppelin - Led Zeppelin II,
Houses of the Holy, Physical Graffiti
John Lennon - Lennon 4 CD Box Set
Los Lobos - Kiko
Lynyrd Skynyrd - Pronounced leh-Nerd Skin-Nerd
John Cougar Mellencamp - Human Wheels
The Moody Blues - On the Threshold of a Dream
Van Morrison - Moondance
Mott the Hoople - All the Young Dudes
The New York Dolls - New York Dolls
Harry Nilsson - Nilson Schmillson
Graham Parker - Squeezing out Sparks
Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers -
Damn the Torpedoes
Toto - Hydra
Pink Floyd - Dark Side of the Moon
The Police - Outlando's d'Amour
Iggy Pop - Lust for Life
Elvis Presley - The Complete Sun Session
The Pretenders - Pretenders
Pretty Things - Savage Eye
Queen - Sheer Heart Attack, A Night at the Opera
The Ramones - Rocket To Russia
Lou Reed - New York
The Replacements - All Shook Down
The Rolling Stones - Let it Bleed,
Sticky Fingers, London Years
Roxy Music - Avalon
Carlos Santana - Abraxas
The Sex Pistols - Never Mind the Bollocks
Patti Smith - Horses
Bruce Springsteen - Nebraska
Squeeze - Singles 45 & Under
Steely Dan - Can't Buy a Thrill,
Aja, Pretzel Logic
The Style Council - Café Bleu
Television - Marquee moon
Thin Lizzy - Live & Dangerous
Richard Thompson - Rumor and Sigh
Van Halen - Van Halen
Stevie Ray Vaughan - The Sky is Crying
The Velvet Underground - Peel Slowly and See
Tom Waits - Small Change, The Early Years
The Who - My Generation Very Best of the Who
X - Under The Big Black Sun
XTC - English Settlement
Yardbirds - Greatest Hits Vol. 1
Frank Zappa - Zoot Allures, Overnight Sensation

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Top 100 Records of All Time

1. Alice Cooper/Billion Dollar Babies
2. Iggy Pop/Party
3. Cheap Trick/In Color
4. Lou Reed/Coney Island Baby
5. Ramones / Ramones
6. Thin Lizzy/Live And Dangerous
7. Black Sabbath/ Bloody Sabbath
8. New York Dolls/ Too Much Too Soon
9. Patti Smith/Horses
10. Graham Parker/Stick To Me
11. Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers
12. Bob Dylan /Desire
13. Aerosmith/Get Your Wings
14. David Bowie/Ziggy Stardust
15. T. Rex / The Slider
16. The Pretenders
17. The Rolling Stones / Get Your YaYas Out
18. The Beatles / 1962-1966
19. Ufo/Strangers In The Night
20. Black Oak Arkansas/Raunch And Roll
21. John Waite/Essential 1976-1986
22. Dead Boys/Young Loud And Snotty
23. Sparks/Big Beat
24. Mott The Hoople/Live
25. Dan Reed Network/The Heat
26. Chainsaw Kittens/Flipped Out In Singapore
27. The Ventures/Knock Me Out
28. Motorhead/No Remorse
29. Roxy Music/For Your Pleasure
30. Social Distortion/Social Distortion
31. John Hiatt/Comes Alive At Budokan
32. The Police/Outlandos D' Amour
33. Generation X /Valley Of The Dolls
34. Slayer/Reign In Blood
35. Prince /1999
36. Sweet /Desolation Boulevard
37. Nils Lofgren / Nils Lofgren
38. The Tubes
39. Led Zeppelin / Houses Of The Holy
40. Iggy And The Stooges ~ Raw Power
41. The Babys
42. Joe Jackson /Look Sharp
43. Peter Tosh /Equal Rights
44. Nilsson /Schmilsson
45. Frank Zappa / Zoot Allures
46. Alice Donut/Dry Humping The Cash Cow
47. Faith No More /The Real Thing
49. Leon Russell /Carney
50. Uriah Heep /Live 1973
51. Alice Cooper /Love It To Death
52. David Bowie/Young Americans
53. Iggy Pop/Lust For Life
54. Ramones ~ Leave Home
55. Sex Pistols /Never Mind
56. Heartbreakers ~ Live At Max's
57. The Velvet Underground /Loaded
58. The Who / Live At Leeds
59. Dead Boys Iwe Have Come For Your Children
60. Cheap Trick ~ At Budokan II
61. The Jimi Hendrix Experience/Electric Ladyland
62. Ian Hunter /Welcome To The Club
63. Alice Cooper/Killer
64. Frank Zappa /Joe's Garage
65. Chainsaw Kittens /Pop Heiress

67. Social Distortion /Mommy's Little Monster
68. John Hiatt / Bring The Family
69. Mother Love Bone /Apple
70. Cheap Trick / Cheap Trick
71. The Stooges /Fun House
72. Rod Stewart /Smiler
73. Thin Lizzy 7johnny The Fox
74. Lou Reed /New York
75. Grand Funk/We 're An American Band
76. John Cale /Sabotage Live
77. Ufo/No Place To Run
78. Alice Cooper/Schools Out
79. Stevie Wonder /Innervisions
80. Aerosmith /Toys In The Attic
82. Dwarves /Blotd GOts And Pusey
83. Slayer /South Of Heaven
84. Queen /Sheer Heart Attack
85. Neil Young / Rust Never Sleeps
86. Sloppy Seconds /Destroyed
- 87.1 Hope Nobody Really Gives
88. A Shit What My Favorite
89. Records Are
90. If You Have Read This Far
91. You Really Need To Find
92. A Hobby/Get A Life Or
93. Maybe Just End Yours
94. Ozzy Osbourne?Blizzard Of Ozz
95. That's The One With
96. Suicide Solution
97. Get The Gun Get The Gun
98. Shoot Shoot Shoot
99. Just Do It Get The Gun
100. Shoot Shoot Shoot

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**Salt City CD
Top 100
Records of
All Time**

(in no particular order). I tried to only pick "true" albums (as conceived by the artists), avoiding greatest hits collections and box-sets, but I ended up making a few exceptions. As for my "picking criteria," it's sort of a combination of my favorites combined with my opinions as to what the most important/influential records have been. If my list was to be truly comprehensive, there would certainly be more selections from the fields of blues, jazz, country, and world music, with fewer from rock — but hey, this IS SLUG magazine, after all.

BEATLES—Revolver, Rubber Soul, White Album, Sergeant Pepper's (if only for "A Day In The Life"), With the Beatles, Abbey Road
JIMI HENDRIX—Are You Experienced?, Electric Ladyland,
Axis: Bold As Love
PATTI SMITH—Horses
SEX PISTOLS—Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols
CLASH—Clash (UK Import version), London Calling
BOB DYLAN—Bringing It All Back Home, Highway 61 Revisited
Blonde on Blonde, Guitars Kissing & The Contemporary Fix
R.E.M.—Chronic Town EP, Murmur
PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC—One Nation Under A Groove
BECK—Odelay
BEASTIE BOYS—Paul's Boutique
NINE INCH NAILS—The Downward Spiral
X—Wild Gift
WHO—Who's Next

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NEIL YOUNG—Tonight's The Night, After the Gold Rush

PHIL SPECTOR—Back To Mono

VAN MORRISON—Astral Weeks, Moondance

HUSKER DU—Flip Your Wig

REPLACEMENTS—Let It Be, Tim

MARVIN GAYE—What's Goin' On

CHUCK BERRY—Great Twenty-Eight

HANK WILLIAMS—24 Greatest Hits

RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON—Shoot Out the Lights

JAMES BROWN—Live At the Apollo (1962)

JOHN LENNON—Plastic Ono Band

SONIC YOUTH—Daydream Nation

TORI AMOS—Little Earthquakes

MY BLOODY VALENTINE—Loveless

BLACK SABBATH—Paranoid

STONE ROSES—Stone Roses

GRATEFUL DEAD—Workingman's Dead

PETER GABRIEL—Peter Gabriel 3

BEACH BOYS—Pet Sounds

THE BAND—The Band, Music From Big Pink

ELVIS COSTELLO—This Year's Model

TRICKY—Maxinquay

TALKING HEADS—Remain In Light

LED ZEPPELIN—Led Zeppelin 2, Led Zeppelin 4

MUDDY WATERS—Folk Singer

ROLLING STONES—Beggars Banquet, Let It Bleed, Sticky Fingers, Exile On Main Street

BIG STAR—#1 Record/Radio City

GANG OF FOUR—Entertainment

B.B. KING—Live At the Regal

STEELY DAN—Can't Buy A Thrill

STEVIE WONDER—Innervisions

THE HARDER THEY COME—Soundtrack

VELVET UNDERGROUND—Velvet Underground & Nico

RAMONES—Rocket To Russia, Ramones

NIRVANA—Nevermind

BUDDY HOLLY—20 Greatest Hits

U2—Achtung Baby

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN—Nebraska

JOHN LEE HOOKER—The Healer

CONGOS—Heart Of The CONGOS

PRINCE—Dirty Mind

BOB MARLEY—Natty Dread, Burnin', Catch A Fire

SMASHING PUMPKINS—Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness

CURTIS MAYFIELD—Very Best Of Curtis Mayfield

PINK FLOYD—Dark Side of the Moon

OTIS REDDING—Dictionary Of Soul

PUBLIC ENEMY—It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back

DOORS—The Doors

MILES DAVIS—Kind Of Blue

JOHN COLTRANE—Blue Trane, A Love Supreme

ARETHA FRANKLIN—Very Best Of Aretha Franklin

CREDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL—Willy and the Poor Boys

ELVIS PRESLEY—Elvis Presley, Sun Sessions

ALICE COOPER—Love It To Death

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE—There's A Riot Goin' On, Greatest Hits

TELEVISION—Marquee Moon

THE LA'S—The La's

FRANK SINATRA—In The Wee Small Hours

BYRDS—Byrd's Greatest Hits

ROBERT JOHNSON—The Complete Recordings of Robert Johnson

WOODY GUTHRIE—Dust Bowl Ballads

Modified

Top 100 Records of All Time

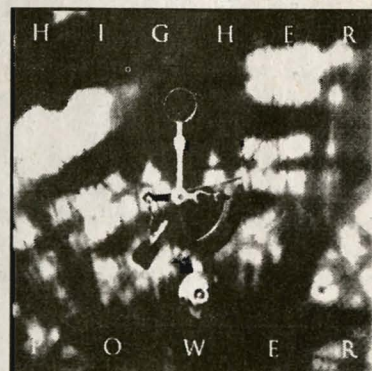
Adorable - Fake
 Tori Amos - Little Earthquakes
 Aztec Camera - High Land Hard Rain
 Bauhaus - In The Flat Field
 Beautiful South - Miaow
 Berlin - Pleasure Victim
 Big Country - The Crossing
 Birthday Party - Junk Yard
 Blow Monkeys - Limping For A Generation
 Blue Nile - A Walk Across The Rooftops
 Bow Wow Wow - When The Going Gets Tough The Tough Get Going
 David Bowie - Earthling
 Bronski Beat - Age Of Consent
 Built To Spill - Ultimate Alternative Wavers
 Kate Bush - This Woman's Work (Boxed Set)
 Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds - Murder Ballads
 China Crisis - Difficult Shapes And Passive Rhythms
 Cocteau Twins - Heaven Or Las Vegas
 Lloyd Cole - Rattlesnakes
 Contagion - Contaminant PCB
 Elvis Costello - This Year's Model
 Cranes - Loved
 Cure - Japanese Whispers
 Current 93 - Thunder Perfect Mind
 Danielle Dax - Dark Adapted Eye
 Dead Can Dance - Into The Labyrinth
 Dexy's Midnight Runners - Too Rye Aye
 Thomas Dolby - Golden Age Of Wireless
 Dream Academy - Self Titled
 Durutti Column - Vini Reilly
 Echo And The Bunnymen - Ocean Rain
 Erasure - Wild!
 Eurythmics - Touch
 Everything But The Girl - Eden
 Frazier Chorus - Sue
 Front 242 - Front By Front
 Front Line Assembly - Tactical Neural Implant
 Grant Lee Buffalo - Mighty Joe Moon
 P J. Harvey - Rid Of Me
 Haysi Fantayzee - Battle Hymns For Children Singing
 Heart Throbs - Cleopatra Grip
 Nick Heyward - North Of A Miracle
 James - Seven
 Jane's Addiction - Nothing's Shocking
 Jon Spencer Blues Explosion - Orange
 K.T.P. - Certain Things Are Likely
 KMFDM - Money
 Leather Strip - Solitary Confinement
 Legendary Pink Dots - Maria Dimension
 Annie Lennox - Medusa + Live In Central Park (2CD Set)
 Lightning Seeds - Cloudcuckooland
 Love & Rockets - Express
 Mazzy Star - She Hange Brightly
 Ministry - The Mind Is A Terrible Thing To Taste
 Ministry - With Sympathy
 Moby - Everything Is Wrong
 Modern English - Ricochet Days
 Morrissey - Vauxhall & I
 Alison Moyet - Hoodoo
 New Order - Law Life
 Nirvana - Nevermind
 Nitzer Ebb - That Total Age
 Heather Nova - Oyster
 O.M.D. - Junk Culture
 Sinead O'Connor - Lion & The Cobra
 Pet Shop Boys - Very Relentless (2CD Set)

Pixies - Surfer Rosa
 Prefab Sprout - Swoon
 Railway Children - Reunion Wilderness
 Raincoats - Looking In The Shadows
 Real Life - Heartland
 Saint Etienne - So Tough ((UK version)
 Scorn - Zander
 Siouxsie & The Banshees - A Kiss In The Dreamhouse
 Sisters Of Mercy - Some Girls Wander By Mistake
 Skinny Puppy - Bites
 Sky Cries Mary - This Timeless Turning
 Smashing Pumpkins - Siamese Dream
 Smiths - The Queen Is Dead
 Sonic Youth - Screaming Fields Of Sonic Love
 Spiritualized - Lazer Guided Melodies
 David Sylvian - Brilliant Trees
 Talk Talk - The Colour Of Spring
 Tear Garden - Tired Eyes Slowly Burning
 Tears For Fears - The Hurting
 The Glove - Blue Sunshine
 The The - Soul Mining
 Throwing Muses - The Real Ramona
 Timbuk 3 - Big Shot In The Dark
 Tricky - Pre-millennium Tension
 Underworld - Underneath The Radar
 Various Artists - Wax Trax Black Box: The First 13 Years
 Suzanne Vega - Solitude Standing
 Verve - A Storm In Heaven
 Waterboys - This Is The Sea
 Wild Swans - Bringing Home The Ashes
 Wire Train - Between Two Words
 Wolfgang Press - Queer
 Xymox - Phoenix
 Yaz - Upstairs At Eric's

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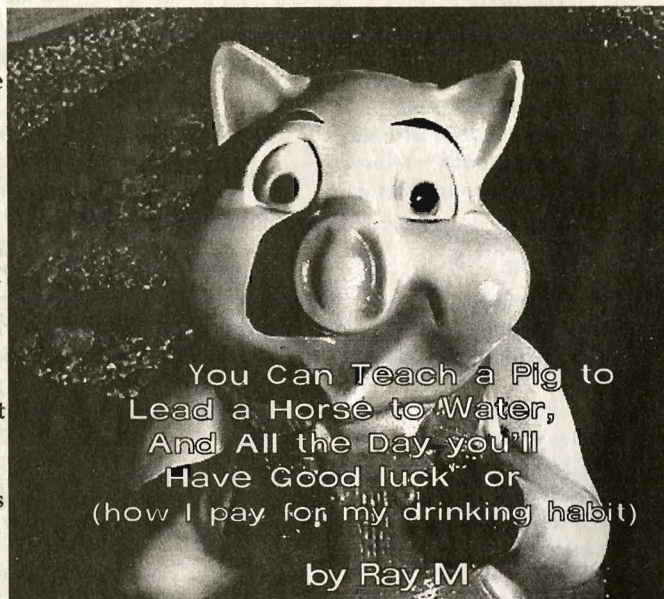
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As a child, I use to think that the monsters in the closet and under the bed, (You know, the ones that would inevitably be the cause of my untimely, and quite painful death.) could somehow be fooled into not pursuing what was only in their nature. My theory was this: If I could somehow make these monsters believe that I was one of them, then they would have to leave me alone. I mean monsters are the one race I know of that doesn't turn on themselves. Little did I know how right I was about this until I started drinking for the cops.

The phone rang. A friend was on the other end. He had a friend who was a security officer and a wanna be cop, to the point where he actually enrolled in the police academy. Scary for this reason; To be a cop takes a special breed of man. You have to sacrifice reason, morals, any ethics you may have developed over the years, and grow a third, blind eye. All for the greater good. Because the greater good is worth any monstrosity, no matter how evil, a person could partake in just to achieve this goal. But a security guard is even more special. The kind of pre-pubescent man-boy who is not only a little overzealous to do the above mentioned requirements, but also has his own agenda apart from the politicians who pull the puppet strings. The kind of person who wants people to pay for not respecting them. To enforce rather than to protect and serve. Scarier still, a large majority of these power hungry tuff guys make it through the academy and become another piece of the problem. But before they can, they have to complete their training. And a part of this training is to test regular citizens for drunkenness. People who are paid by the state to get drunk on free booze. Sometimes they make the cadets have to find these people. My friend's friend was one of these cadets, and I needed a second job.

There I was sitting in the dragon's lair. Cops all around me. Squirming in my skin. Wondering how much longer before this fire-breathing beast discovers I'm here. How much longer before they find out I'm not one of them. I did, however, start to feel a little at ease and the fire seemed to die down, as soon as an officer of the law started pouring me drinks. One after the other. Hand over fist. Then it hit me. I had done it! I had sneaked behind enemy lines undiscovered, and there was a party being held on the other side. Granted, I hadn't made many friends and the others didn't seem to even want to talk to me, especially the more I had to drink, what with blurbs of revolution and crooked governments falling freely from my mouth, but I was in!

After taking the Breathalyzer for the



final time that evening, we all walked out to the awaiting masses of students. There he was, My friend's friend. I had seen him earlier that week at a bachelor party kissing, and finger banging a crack whore who was too high to go on and perform the proposed lesbian acts with her sober, but quite naked escort partner, but he looked different now. Well groomed. A pillar of the community. A picture of a badge across the chest of his uniform. The kind of boy a mother would be proud of. A patriotic tear began to well up in my eye and as the words to God Bless America started to mumble from my lips, The testing began.

A little later, after the testing was over. I was told that I was the drunkest one there. Even though, I was also the only one that passed all their tests. Sure my eyes jumped around a bit, but they all passed me. All but one group. This did not make the teachers of the group very happy, but what the hell did I care what they thought. It was over. I had earned my money. What the hell did they want from me anyway? I was drunk! And it was because of them! I was not responsible for my actions! One of the officers yelled, "It's over! Go home". To this I replied "I have not been paid yet. I still need my money" Still the officer was insistent that they would mail me a check. "Now get the hell out of here"! To this day I have not and will not get paid. Could it be all the drunken talk about crooked cops, how the tree of liberty, as Thomas Jefferson said, needs to be watered with blood? Or maybe they just didn't like the way I looked. Maybe they saw the zipper on my monster costume and had me pegged for a free thinker. Whatever the case, this seemed to be very hypocritical of a group of people that prides themselves on being superior enough to be the enforcers of right and wrong. Almost as hypocritical as a friend of mine who happens to be a cop that drives drunk with no fear from his fellow monsters. As opposed to myself having

to live in fear of just driving, sober or not. You see, a cop had pulled me over lately for a D.U.I. even though I was not drunk. First he introduced himself to me by taking me from my car, bending my hands and hyper extending my wrists behind my back while he patted me down. Putting me at ease by telling me that this was for my own protection as well as his own. This made the pain of my wrist joints bent the wrong way well worth it. got to participate in this ritual five different times before it all ended. One of these times was to be tested. Tests like walking on a line that doesn't exist heel to toe. Standing on one foot while you recite mathematical poetry etc. With all my training I passed with flying colors. How could this be? the officer thought. Just look at him. He has to be guilty. So of

course, they called in a third police car to bring a breathalyzer to put an end to this trickery I must be pulling. The third cop arrived and I took the test. This man must be a witch in league with the devil. We know he's drunk, but somehow he passes all the tests we give him. It's true. I passed the breathalyzer test also. This made them very mad so they made me take it again. I passed again thanks to the dark lord and they were forced to let me go. What is this shit! What next? Are they going to call in a fourth cop with a bottle of whiskey to make me drink? Or maybe act like you're going for my gun so I can at least shoot you. He did write a ticket for a burnt out headlight though since he couldn't get me on anything else. Not for lack of trying.

A couple months had passed by since my first time swilling in the temple of the blue order. I was lying in bed, sound asleep, when the phone rang again. What's this! Could it be? Yes, it was. It was the Police again calling to ask if I would drink for money! What do they think, they can just buy people?! Indeed they can. Everyone has a price and they just named mine. Still, I felt it necessary to express my concern about getting paid this time. He tried to put my fears to rest saying, Don't worry. We're a different academy than they are. And I'll check in to it and see if we can't still get the money owed you, along with what you would make tomorrow. Okay, I'll chance it!

The next morning at 10a.m., two female cops in training arrived at my house to pick me up. What's this? They were friendly. I'd go as far to say nice. We arrived at the school with the fantasy of being frisked by two bi-sexual officers unfulfilled. I was escorted to a room, and as soon as the cop behind the bar knew I was having gin and tonics for the day, the glass was full and the drinking began. Once again, quite drunk, all the groups passed me. All but one. The response was different this time. The teachers were pleased. Pleased enough to ask

me back the very next morning to fuck with their students some more. With a shake of the hand, the deal was closed. I would be there tomorrow morning! But for now, the day is young. I'm going drinking.

After being dropped off at home, once again UN-beaten or sexually harassed by my badge wearing female companions, I sat and drank until later that night when I got picked up again and taken to Wendover, Nevada to film some scenes for a very low budget movie I agreed to be in. The scenes went fast. Fast enough that an hour later, we were in the casino drinking. The drinks kept coming until we had to leave. And we had to leave because the sun had come up and I had to be back in time to go drink for the pigs. I am a man of my word after all. Ah yes, my own bed. And what a sound sleep I had up till around a half-hour later when the same two women showed up and whisked me off to the safest bar I've ever sat in.

The pain was extreme. The hangover to end all drinking. I didn't want to drink but they were making me. Nooo! My plan had backfired! This was the longest day of my life and it ended with every group in the class failing me on the tests even though, according to the breathalyzer I was legal to drive. They were ready for me this time and I still beat them. Would I do this ever again? Well, I feel much better now and this morning I was called again to drink for the pigs. It looks as if my name is on a list now thanks to that first time even though I still haven't gotten paid for it. I did get paid for the times after that though. Yes, I'll be there. I'll be there with hell's bells on doing my part for the community. Like they say, Keep your friends close, but keep your enemies closer.

—Ray M

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This article appears with condolences to those who died at the hands of Ted Bundy, or any of the other monsters who have been discussed since this series began. It is not the intent of this series or its author to make heroic, or enviable the lives of serial killers. The relatively considerate form of death penalty offered by our country are inadequate to satisfy the repulsion one feels at the crimes committed by serial killers in general, and Ted Bundy in particular.

Ted Bundy's career as a serial murderer has been the subject of the American imagination since his story first became known after his conviction for the murder's of Margaret Bowman and Lisa Levy. His bizarre surprise wedding to Carol Anne Boone during the penalty phase of his trial, and his death sentence in Florida's electric chair.

Bundy's story was the subject of some discussion and horror much earlier for those of us who lived in Utah, Colorado, Washington, or Oregon. Ted, it seems was in the news constantly during the summer of 1975, because he was so charismatic, and because he had managed to escape. Twice. From the same police force in the same city. He was, from our perspective, living a movie. Except that this James Dean was really a ice-hearted viscous mass murderer.

Ted Bundy was a smart young man, who attended the University of Washington. He soon fell in love, or in like, with a rich young woman who went to Stanford. Bundy moved to Stanford to be with her. But soon she rejected him. She was a beautiful girl with long brown hair, parted in the middle, to whom all of Bundy's victim's would bare some resemblance. Bundy went away, traveling the country, joining the Republican party as a worker on elections. He returned to Seattle and graduated. With a glowing letter from the governor of Washington, Bundy was accepted as a student at the University of Utah's Law School. With his status as a law student and republican operative, Bundy found his way back into the Stanford woman's heart. When she (her name is not known in order to protect her identity) looked as though she would have married him. He dumped her.

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



TED BUNDY

By then the killings had begun. At the University of Washington, in 1974 Bundy killed three girls, Lynda Ann Healy, Georgann Hawkins, and Kathy Parks.

By day, Bundy was living with Beth Archer, and carrying on a long distance relationship with the woman from

Stanford. Bundy seemed normal enough, a legal assistant waiting for his first year in Law School.

On Sunday July 14, 1974 Bundy lured two women off with him from a crowded beach. The first he took away after she had helped him because he appeared injured. He clubbed her and

then cuffed her for later. The second, he gathered in the same way. Janice Ott and Denise Naslund, one was made to watch the other die. That was just on a Sunday. Bundy was at the top of his bloody game.

When Bundy finally came to Utah, he was ready for new targets. Being a very good looking man, and seeming ambitious he could pretty much bluff his way into whatever he wanted in a city like Salt Lake, where orthodoxy and following orders are required. It was in the guise of a Police man he first failed. After having killed several high-school girls, he picked up Carol DeRonch in a mall, insisting that he was a police officer, she followed him out to his Volkswagen. She submitted and they drove off together. Immediately he attacked her and after some blocks, and a violent scuffle, she escaped. Another car stopped for her. She lived.

Bundy's name finally came up from drawings, and from coincidence. His car was stopped by police, and his burglary items were discovered. When he fit the description of the DeRonch assailant, he failed a police line up. That was the end of Legal Ted. From here on out he would be illegal Ted. (Finally he would become Dead Ted, of course).

Bundy was convicted of the kidnapping of DeRonch, and sentenced to 5 years to life. His next trial was in Colorado.

Being a law student, he insisted upon preparing his trial, and so went to the law library on the second floor of the Parkin County Courthouse. From here he simply jumped out of the window, pulled off one layer of clothes and escaped. He was found the next week, starving, in a stolen car, trying to leave town. Two months later he escaped through a hole he had cut into the ceiling of his cell. He was gone. The next time anyone would hear about Ted Bundy would be in Florida.

Bundy was flying out of control. In Florida he meant to be a new person, a respectable person. But soon enough he was killing.

In the space of 15 minutes in the Chi Omega sorority he managed to kill two and mutilate two women while thirty other people were in the building, and no-one heard a thing. The horrible way he killed and maimed in this particular instance would help convict him in the end. He had torn apart the bodies like an animal leaving dangling flesh and deep teeth marks.

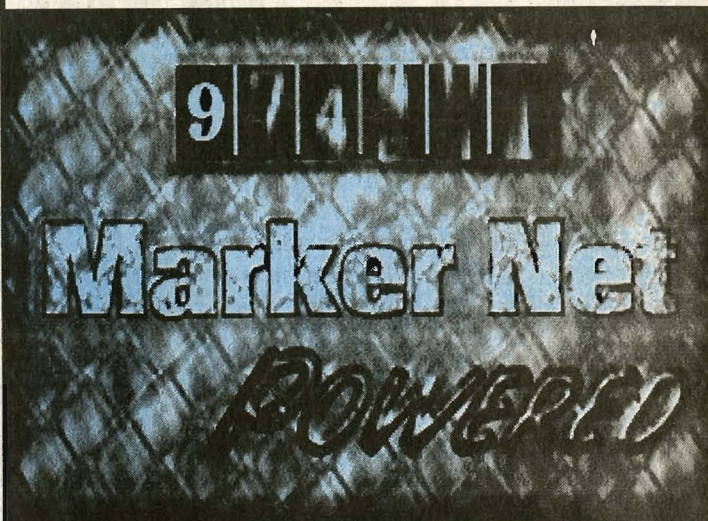
His final victim, Kimberly Leach was only thirteen years old. Not even old enough to satisfy his revengeful rage at some brown-haired beauty. She was killed in a pig-sty. She was butchered while on all fours like a pig. Her body was discovered because, among all the bones that local butchers had left there, was one which came out of a little shoe.

Bundy knew that he would be caught if he didn't leave. He didn't. He was pulled over for evading an officer. For two days he wouldn't reveal his name. Then he started bartering information in order to save his life.

It didn't work.

Ted Bundy went to trial, (the most complex in Florida's legal history), was convicted, sentenced to death, and on Monday, January 23, 1989, to the relief of many, he was electrocuted.

THE SLUG WEB PAGE IS...

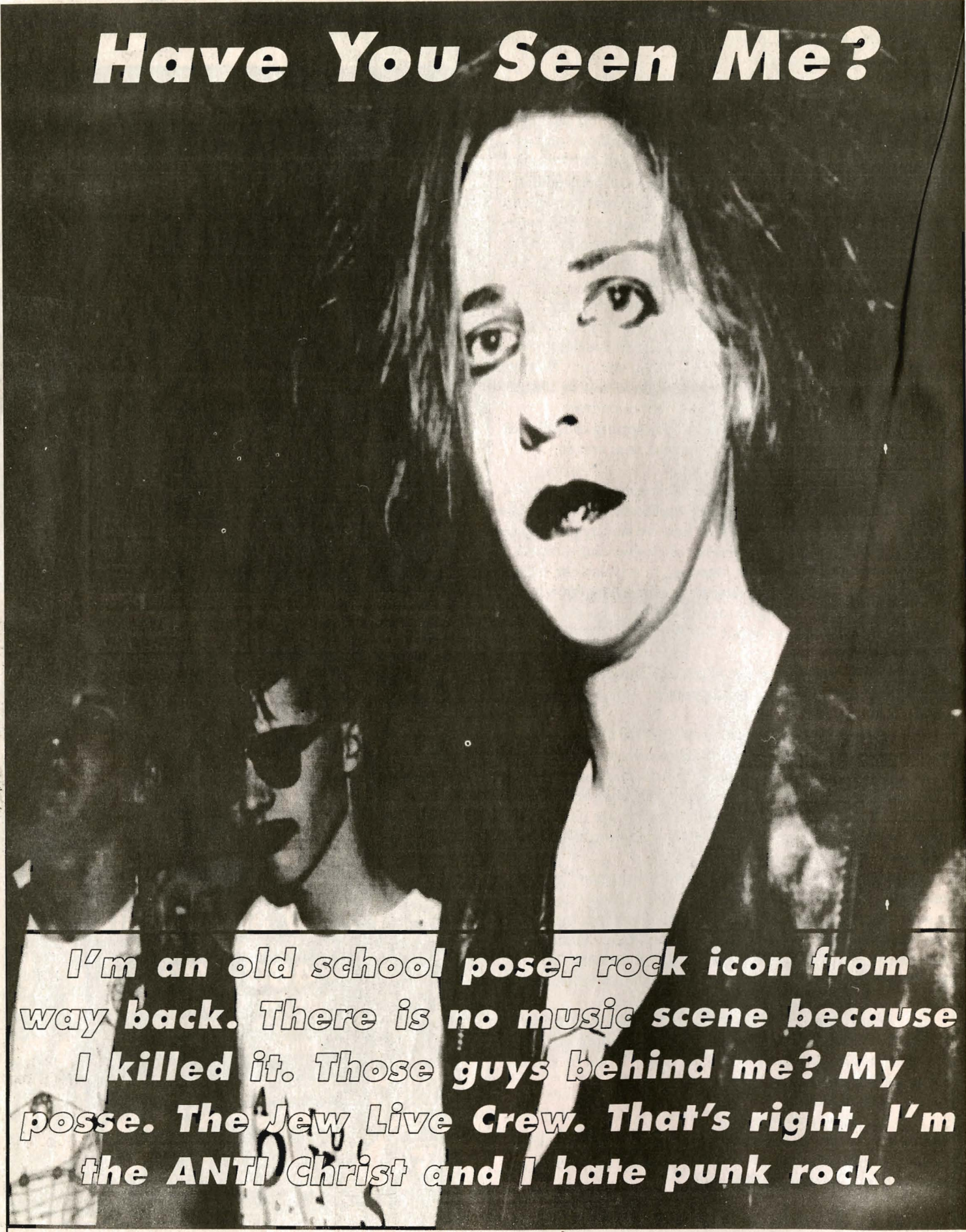


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Have You Seen Me?



I'm an old school poser rock icon from way back. There is no music scene because I killed it. Those guys behind me? My posse. The Jew Live Crew. That's right, I'm the ANTI Christ and I hate punk rock.

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Uz Jsme Doma - Moroccan - April 8

Uz Jsme Doma, pronounced Ooz (rhymes with "rouge") Smeh Dough-Ma, which means "Now I Get It" or Now We're At Home" in English, is a Czechoslovakian avant-garde rock band. The z in their name is supposed to have an upside down tinger over it, but I'll be damned if I can figure out

CONCERT PREVIEW

the typography. The terms "avante-

garde" and "rock" hardly describe what the band does. The band was formed in 1985, a



time when rock music was banned in Czechoslovakia. Their influences came from Western Radio and smuggled tapes- The Residents, Pere Ubu and punk rock inspired them. *Unloved World*, a reissue of a 1991 recording, is the CD they sent to promote their tour. The CD is rock, but strong under currents of jazz, classical and ska music are nearly as prominent as the rock. Folk music from their native land, wild Slavic melodies and passionate, operatic singing are terms used in their biography. Ben Folds Five is at the Zephyr Club, Gene Loves Jezebel is at DV8, and Zuba is at the Holy Cow, but this critic's pick for April 8 is Uz Jsme Doma at the Moroccan. It is located at approximately 200 South 150 East behind the Guthrie Bicycle store. Local band Thirsty Alley will open.

Citizen Fish - DV8 - April 24

Here's something a bit rare. Citizen Fish is a ska-punk band from England and the emphasis is on the ska. Their second American release follows up the critically acclaimed *Millennia Madness* and it is also on Lookout. American ska bands can pretend to be politically inclined, but the English have a lock on the reality base. Reggae music is more in evidence than just plain ska in the Citizen Fish style. Political, British and true to the roots of the originators Citizen Fish will do an all-ages show in the DV8 basement.

Shudder to Think - DV8 - April 9

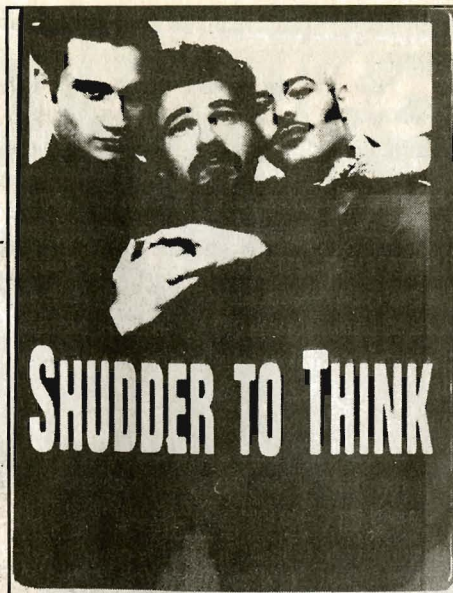
Shudder to Think have left their Dischord roots behind. The newest thing they have out is easily the most mainstream recording the band has ever produced. *50,000 B.C.* is most certainly not "alternative"

rock. Actually the album could be

classified as either a "folk" or "prog-rock" record depending on the song of the moment. Craig Wedren (vocals, guitar) has overcome his illness and toned down the vocals. He is joined at present by Stuart Hill, Nathan Larson and Kevin March.

The opening band is Skeleton Key. Their first major label release came out on April 1. Skip the opening song because that is hardly the Skeleton Key I came to know and love when I first encountered the self-titled indie debut. After the opener *Fantastic Spikes Through Balloon* carries on the noisy nature of the band. Junk-yard percussion, trash drumming, yowling vocals and brain damaged guitar and bass are what it is all about. The band received more press before they signed to Capitol Record's dotted line than any single band deserves, unless they are Skeleton Key. Their appearance on the ticket will draw a host of Salt Lake City's most important radio and journalistic types out of their homes.

This host of celebrities will have their world rocked by Pond. The vast majority are undoubtedly unaware that Pond has been here in the past. They recorded two slices of pure delight with Sub Pop back in the mid-ninety's. The three boys in the band claim to have spent the last two years belly-button gazing, but at least they woke someone at Sony Music up because that is the label their upcoming disc appears on. *Rock Collection* is a CD for tech heads and discerning listeners. A crowd of guitarists will fight for space at the front of the stage and attempt to divine the techniques Charlie Campbell (vocals, guitar) and Chris Brady (vocals, bass) use to create the sounds. The three monkey kings of Pond celebrate their return to Salt Lake City with a new album of incredibly pleasant pop-noise-psychedelia. The show is scheduled for April 9 at DV8.



Brainiac - DV8 - April 10

If the Pond, Skeleton Key, Shudder To Think gig appears a bit staid and laid-back there is something a touch more out there at DV8 on April 10. U.S. Maple is described as "A thread of structure. Twitchy, brilliant guitarwork." Their latest CD, *Sang Phat Editor*, won't be out until May 20, but they will

most certainly give a preview of it. Brainiac are the most insane of the bunch. They are the Moog-rockers of the trio and that doesn't mean Moog Cookbook type of cover material. Prepare for ear-splitting noise to wake the dead. The Delta 72 are the blues band. Every tour needs a blues band, especially one with Farfisa organ and harmonica. So what if it isn't the blues of Eric Clapton. His version is watered down, Delta 72's is more along the lines of Jon Spencer's "let's get fucked up."

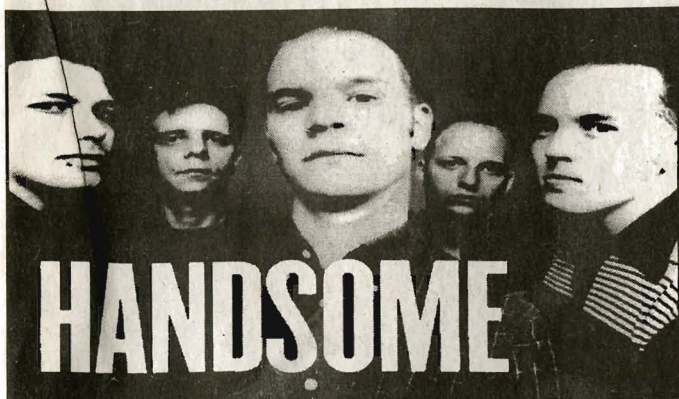
Pennywise/Blink 182 - Wolf Mountain - April 11

Once again the lack of local venues has caused the need for a long drive to a ridiculous spot. It's all Marilyn Manson's fault. Pennywise are poised to become even bigger than the Offspring when *Full Circle* is released. Yes, the album is that good! Song after song of heart pounding, high speed pop punk to absolutely die for. Don't think for one second that Pennywise are doing the Kool-aid version either because they forgot to add the artificial sweeteners. Blink 182 are more of the same. Rumors about a new release from them are all about, but so far it appears that they continue to tour a disc that their legion have fans have memorized. Prepare for sing-alongs, audience members on the stage and a hall full of young punks. Enjoy the ride up Parley's Canyon because Pennywise and Blink 182 are playing at Wolf Mountain.

Silverchair/Handsome/Local H - Saltair - April 15

I really hate to skip over Local H and Silverchair, but Handsome is also scheduled. By now, several months after the release of their self-titled epic debut, all the good souls of Salt Lake City are aware that Jeremy

Chatelain is the vocalist. Iceburn and Insight are two bands from his resume and he formerly lived at a Salt Lake City address. His appearance with Handsome is the first of two April concerts proving the old adage of "you gotta leave to town to achieve fame" (I'll get to the Descendents in just a minute.). Chatelain hooked up with some guys from the New York City underground in 1994 and Handsome came to be. If names such as Quicksand, Helmet, Murphy's Law and the



Cro-Mags are familiar then the names of one Handsome's guitarist, the bassist, and the drummer are familiar. The music they play is heavy and on the edge. The entire city of Salt Lake has a buzz going over Handsome's first local date, but I guess a few people will go to see Local H because they've won over the locals a couple times in the past. Silverchair is the platinum selling headliner drawing crowds in most other towns.

Descendents/Shades Apart/Suicide Machines - DV8 - April 18

Everything Sucks doesn't it? I wonder what Karl Alvarez and Stephen Egerton think about their friends and family hearing their music on "alternative to what" radio? I think K-Beer was the only local station to play any songs from All's Interscope album and no one except KRCL played anything before that. Now that Milo has rejoined the Descendants the band is actually selling a few CDs. Bill Stevenson and Milo Aukerman are the two original Descendents. Karl and Stephen are the Salt Lake City connection. Way back in the history of punk rock this band, along with Bad Religion, created the entire '90s punk sound. As they prove with their new one for Epitaph, they can still blow most of the current generation out of the pop punk pool. Of the other two bands Suicide Machines is the one likely to help sell a few tickets. Skanking ska punk for all the good time punks. Watch for Egerton and Alvarez around town if you can't make the gig. They usually turn up one place or other whenever they visit.

The Urge - Holy Cow - April 16

Ska, funk, punk and hardcore music from a band with over a decade of existence is not a common sight at the Holy Cow. Ska, funk, punk and hardcore music aren't usually something the over-21 patrons of the club endorse, but they will receive a good dose of it when the Urge returns. Fishbone did the preparatory work. I think the last time the Urge was in town they were opening for Korn. The band has toured with another hugely popular group, 311, in the past. Now they get to headline in Salt Lake City and play the songs off *Receiving The Gift Of Love*, an Immortal/Epic reissue of the original Neat Guy Recordings release. Sugar Ray does the hip hop punk as one warm-up act, the other band is Snot, a band with a name attracting a large group of followers.



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"Best Overheard White Trash Quote of the Month"

No these boys aren't gangsta rappers. They are long-haired white trash metal heads with a crank lab in the trunk of their car. "He spilled beer on my bitch. I'm gonna take him out." No man, he spilled beer on my bitch first, I'm gonna take him out." "Fuck you, my bitch was first." "No man, he spilled beer on my bitch first." This conversation took place at the LA Guns concert which was held at the Holy Cow. The bitches in question were in the bathroom attempting to raise their "big hair" to new heights and plotting to ditch the boys and fuck a rock star after the gig.

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Machine Head
The More Things Change...
 Roadrunner



Machine Head, just like several thousand other bands, repeatedly call for revolution in the lyrics to the 10 songs presented. The "man" is to blame and "we," the Machine Head fan club, are not to bow down to his pressure. As I learned by reading the lyrics to "Bay Of Pigs," "a pig a pig, that's all you'll ever be/REFUSE TO COWER TO THE SWINE/I'm sick of it, at the end of my wits/The next time you fuck with me/I'm gonna snap like I never have before." This tune appears to be directed toward the police force that protects each and every one of us from criminals. These moral and dedicated public servants are nothing but "pigs" to the members of Machine Head. The next time an enforcer of the laws of our land shakes down Robb Flynn, Machine Head's lyric creator and vocalist, well, that is when he'll snap.

Young, impressionable males will purchase the disc and pore over the lyrics in their bedrooms. They will emerge with their hearing damaged by the unrelenting power of the heavy metal music and their attitudes changed forever. They will sass authority figures in the homes, schools and churches of our great nation. Oh God how I fear the

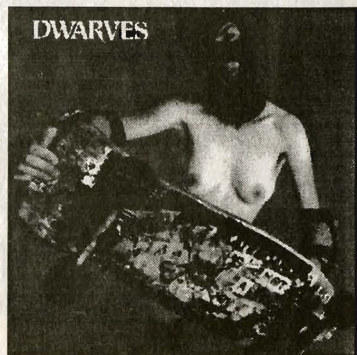
future. Teenagers, like women, should be seen and not heard. They should sit quietly, do as they are instructed and allow the indoctrination process to proceed without interference. The uncompromised beauty of *The More Things Change...* must be banned. Do not be fooled by the cartoon antics of Marilyn Manson. He is a pawn, a diversion tactic used by the evil hordes to draw media attention away from the true danger to our society as it exists today. Heed these words or face the consequences.

Reverend Johnson

Tribhanga
Soul Freak
Global Underground Records

Often I luck out & receive wacked out tunes in the mail from reps at labels I've talked to in the past that know that I'm easily amused by the weird & original, sending some examples my way. Not very often do I really care for it too much in particular, but usually enjoy the chance to step into realms of new style & sound. My buddy at NRA decided to test my palate with this group, which I expected to be death metal (Which it wasn't!), & ended up having another thing coming! Mixing metal guitars with heavy funk bass, the female vocals scream about the environment & growing hemp to save the world. Imagine a LYDIA LUNCH/JOAN BAEZ-combined freak singing with SLAYER & the PEPPERS together...fucked up, huh? I'm still whirling in amazement & surprise! Easily my pick for the freshest sound of the month(if not the year!), I would recommend this only to the truly curious & open-minded. Give it a spin to see if it might sink in!

—Billy Fish



The Dwarves
The Dwarves Are Young and Good Looking
Theologian Records

Is a review of the Dwarves' history necessary? Hewhocannotbenamed is not dead. His death was a very successful hoax, a publicity stunt that resulted in SubPop eliminating the Dwarves from their roster. The Dwarves address the issue with a letter from Greedy Records' publicist Jill Germsteen reproduced on the back cover of their CD booklet. I'll leave the steaming shit pile at that because insiders can glean sufficient information to understand the sarcastic punk rock attitude thus revealed.

Yes, the music is punk rock. Since the Dwarves have been around since 1986 they play the music with astounding expertise. Their songs are short, sweet and to the point. The only attempt at commercial success is "Everybody's Girl," a melodic, verse, chorus, verse radio-friendly analysis of television females which is also available as a single. Topics such as God, blood, the Nazarene and sexual desire almost sums up the rest. "Demonica" has a 13-year-old temptress, "Throw That World Away" is a dare to push the button and "Pimp" describes wanting to be one. Creatively selected soundbites introduce several songs. Blag Jesus is in rare form as he expresses the Dwarves philosophy in song. Hewhocannotbenamed rips through one guitar part after another as the likes of Spike, Vadge Moore, Whölley Smökkes, Mr. Everything and Saltpeter bash and batter their instruments of choice into the unconsciousness. Due to the misguided nature of their publicity stunt the Dwarves are surely relegated to a life of obscurity and that is sad because *The Dwarves Are Young And Good Looking* is a hell of a good album

Wink

Dinosaur Jr.
Hand It Over
Reprise Records

J. is back with another dollop of self-abusing vomitinous garbage. While all along I have believed that Mascis is a

great guitar player he has all the context of a drowning sewer rat, you know used to be vicious and now just looks pitiful as it dies. Some would say this record reflects a more mature and therefore crafty J. But this is just a big pile of pinch loaf pushed out a seemingly a "matured" pimply ass. The songs haven't changed since 'Where you been?' So if you want the same old falsetto voice singing over guitars and sounding more and more like Tiny Tim.

—Sausage King

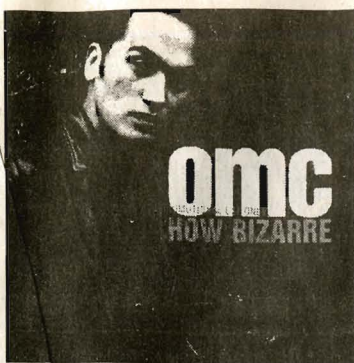
Los Terribles
Napalm Records America

It had been a long time since I had sat down to a full serving of full-on speed metal, & this was quite the treat going in rusty to the genre. 'Wow,' & 'Ouch' were my first impressions, having my skull caved inward at the points between the ears. Besides the traditional demon growls on vocals, the guitars & drumming were earth-shattering, probably sending the levels in the studio far over the edge with redline fever. Their drum kit sounds like a tinny pawn shop special, kicking out beats faster than an AK-47 drops patrons at the local McDDee's...bloody hardcore, my man! Some of the guitar effects reminds me of old SLEEP & NEUROSIS, squealing & chopping up chords as fast as can be humanly possible on any electric axe. What kind of person listens to this stuff on a regular basis? Insane! This is not the shit needed by snot-nosed posers with radio stickers on their cute Hondas. You have to be living this life to truly appreciate the (lower) level of brutality pushed out on this album. Core listeners...buy it! Wienies & knuckleheads...beware!

—Billy Fish

OMC
How Bizarre
Mercury

Expect to hear OMC on the radio soon, if you haven't already. OMC is a one man band comprised of Pauly Fuemana and 17 other musicians helping out on one track or another. He has already achieved success of monster proportions in his native



land of New Zealand. Now he has set his sights on an American market tired of "alternative." OMC is certainly alternative to what. *How Bizarre* is a dance disc filled with hip hop and contrary to the norm acoustic instruments are used to create much of the flavor. The female backing vocals of the title track and most others are too syrupy for my taste, but when live cello, acoustic guitar, violin, trumpet, accordion, saxophone, pedal steel or dobro intrudes on the programmed drum and bass beats... music of uncommon variety is the result. Folk-dub-disco from New Zealand is surely more pleasing on the ears than more overhyped Brit-pop or electronica.

Squealing Dan

Killing Spree

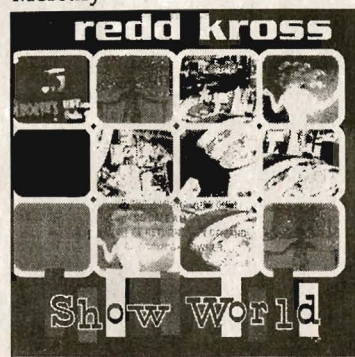
Terror From Beyond Space
Napalm Records America

The San Diego Cult members may not have been the only members looking to the skies to have aliens take them away. Consider the members of Killing Spree, who have an unearthly sound that may be beckoning visitors from beyond, with their spacey blend of metal & industrial, that truly is something not of this world. The drumming is the driving force, like a spacecraft's stellar engine, kicking out beats that are too well timed to come from the hands & feet of any mere mortal human. The screaming guitars sound like a rocket battalion blasting off to points unknown in the distant skies. The vocals are the only thing that sounds partially human, but even with the words in English you feel as if a pod may be behind this hatching, belting out the stories of cosmic invasion that will supposedly be coming soon...yeah, right! But in any case the music is real

enough, spraying hardcore electronic metal across the audio spectrum that is guaranteed to land home every time. If you love MINISTRY & H.G. WELLS, look no further, earthlings!

—Billy Fish

Redd Kross
Show World
Mercury



Are those *Richard Blade* and *Just Can't Get Enough* compilations beginning to sound a bit tired? Does the resurgent interest in Cheap Trick hold the mind captive? Well new wavers and '80s worshippers, Redd Kross and the McDonald brothers have a new disc worthy of your attention. Don't be fooled by their humble beginnings in the SoCal punk scene. Punk rock is dead, just ask Christian Arias, and Redd Kross was never a punk rock band anyway. How long did Ron Reyes and Greg Hetson stay with the McDonald's — about a year? *Show World* is another glowing example of power pop. Harmonies, songwriting, hooks galore, only a dash of sugar and a light sprinkling of the wackiness the McDonalds are known for. It's the Beatles, Bad Finger, Cheap Trick and Huey Lewis recording together and sitting like a dud in a chain store near you. Go find it you wavers, remember when skinny ties were in, remember the first Elvis Costello record, remember his alter-ego Joe Jackson and remember when the perfect pop songs of Graham Parker weren't played on the radio — just like now. What a gorgeous disc, when is Matthew Sweet going to do one like this?

Beano

Matthew Sweet
Blue Sky On Mars
Zoo



Don't let the presence of Roger Dean on the cover and some less-than-favorable reviews in the glossy press create fear in the breast. "Come To California" is another near-perfect pop song. That song opens Matthew Sweet's latest offering. I happen to side with the other critics when the subject is Robert Quine and Richard Lloyd. Their absence is felt, but their absence doesn't ruin the album. Sweet himself plays the bass and guitar parts. I'm not sure who does it live because I skipped the performance in Austin, I guess we'll just hope Sweet brings the music to Salt Lake City again. Anyway "Hollow" is a fine example of Sweet in a dark mood, "Until You Break" is the ballad and as Sweet informs he is "Over It." He is downright ecstatic when the beam strikes "Heaven and Earth." Guitar sweeps and swoons compete for the attention with muscled drums and bass rumble while Sweet creates the moods with his voice. Admittedly commercial gratuities such as this are not exactly my bent, but several sessions with *Blue Sky On Mars* didn't inspire a salacious desire to purchase Wild Orchid or the Spice Girls in search of more sweetness than substance.

The Edgeman

One Hit Wonder
Outfall
Nitro Records

Rancid? Pennywise? No, it's the fellas from the band, One Hit Wonder! But it doesn't really matter, since they sound so much like a wacked-out combo of these two groups, with vocals from the first & back-up band like the second, that unless you're completely sober you might get nostalgic to here these other veteran outfits. I'm not

being insulting, because we all know how damn hard it is these days to sound even remotely original, especially in the swollen waters of the punk river of life. No sweat, just kick it out & enjoy the show, which is what these kids are out to do for you. Zipping through a quick set of 90's speed punk, skaters & flat-heads will surely dig this mainstream punk platter that hits all the high points needed to sell a few indie CD's & make a living out of a van, doing the \$5 shows in most major cities to the enjoyment of most American kids. Grab your board & pack a few greenbacks in the back of your pack to purchase this number. Your friends will think you're hip to the scene & you'll help feed & clothe another hard-working punk band in the process. Cheer!

—Billy Fish

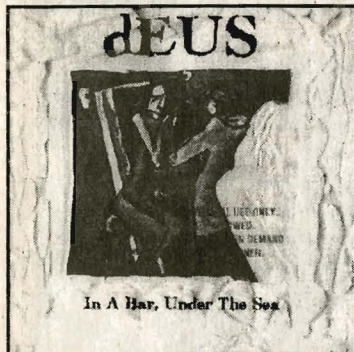
Hotel X
Routes Music
SST Records

Hotel X is a great band that plays some good music. They throw one hell of a party too. This record is not much of a change for the band. It's got swing and it's got a good groove. The musicianship on this album has improved from the last record. Check out the epic Routes clocking in at seven minutes, it's moves pretty smoothly and has a good amount of variations on a central theme. At points this record drifts into an almost Morphine like trance mode. This is not their best work but it's working towards their best.

—Sausage King

dEUS
In A Bar Under The Sea
Island

Any Belgian band opening their disc with sampled country blues deserves a slight amount of attention. Any Belgian band coaxing individuals employed by Girls Against Boys and Morphine respectively to contribute to their music deserves more than a slight amount of attention. *In A Bar Under The Sea* is another of those discs that sits like a lump in the bin at the mall awaiting the flush of the next return authorization.



dEUS don't fit any narrow categorization. They engage in rapping over discordant guitars, they make effective use of samples, they skip lightly by territories marked by Rage Against The Machine and 311 while never accomplishing more than pissing on the graffiti border and what about that Morphine guy? "Theme From Turnpike" competes with the latest, greatest free jazz sensation as it obliterates feeble attempts by the Rainbow Tribes at tribal tempos. The next thing you know dEUS fights an undertow by ba-pa-pa-daing their way through the prettiness of "Little Arithmetic," but don't be fooled because they finalize the activity with noise. "Gimme the Heat" is Nirvana unplugged sitting in with Morphine for heaven's sakes. Sebadoh and Neil Young are other navigational constellations. If that grouping seems impossible maybe it is time to trot the bellbottoms and clogs down to the mall and investigate Belgium's dEUS.

Captain Tony

Orb
Orblivion
Island

Oh shit. Here's the future of music. All guitar players had better pay attention. The hype surrounding this genre of music has me pulling out old Brian Eno and Tangerine Dream records and trying to mix them



with the soundtrack to *Saturday Night Fever*. I visited the pretend Cosmic Aeroplane and purchased a drum, I visited Wizards and Dreams for some incense and the local pot broker for some smoke. With hair in braids, jasmine essence in the air and a mind as confused as an old Vietnam war veteran the disc slipped easily into the willing tray. Hands at the ready I prepared to add my drum beating to the electronic atmospherics. What the fuck is new and original about this music? Didn't Lori Mehan play about two hours of the shit every Saturday night on KRCL? That was back before the boomers took over and the creators used tape splices and antique synthesizers not computers, but damn didn't it sound nearly the same? Keeping those thoughts in mind and as stoned as a motherfucker I dispensed with the drum and investigated the interior of my empty skull. Yeah, electronic music has always held a certain attraction. The Orb's new one is more exciting than anything Kitaro or Deutor have released in the last 15 years. When making a purchase keep the wits about you because I'd hate to encounter you dressed in black with brand new Nikes on your feet the next time the flying saucer people kidnap me.

Steverino Halblainpern

Wayne Kramer
Citizen Wayne
Epitaph

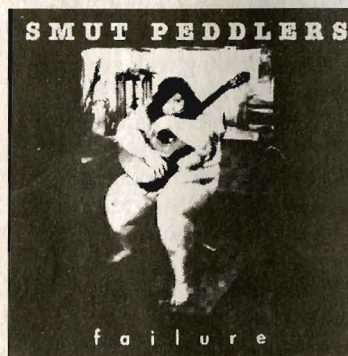
Like any big fan of the Blank Generation sound/noise, I love Kramer as much as anyone. This would account for the pain I feel every time I see one of his solo albums in the discount bin of the used section at the local indie music stores. What's up with

that? Doesn't anyone get it? Apparently not, because if they did, they would hold on to his few precious releases as a torch light against the darkness of the boring music industry we see surrounding us every damn day. That may seem melodramatic, but in all honesty Kramer is one of the few artists today that can both play & produce music that can reflect the cutting edge of today's indie scene, yet still stand the test of time like all of his earlier projects. With a little help from friend/producer DON WAS, Kramer puts together a heavy guitar record that reflects his past with the MC5 & tests the new waters of his current work, that is a molding of strong lyrics & master guitar licks that is the foundation of his music craft. One of the few musicians today that can put down a legitimate solo & not remove attention from the lyrical statement of his songs, more people need to get turned on to this top veteran from the Motor City, who still keeps his sound fresh & changing without isolating those who love his past offerings.

Please, open that moldy cerebrum of yours & let Dr. Kramer in to have a look, & even better...a listen.

—Billy Fish

The Smut Peddlers
Failure
Ransom Records



Here's my dad singing the first song - "Get Off The Phone." "Get off the phone, you're hogging the phone, I don't have a double line." The next thing the Smut Peddlers do is sing about anti-smoking laws. "Fuck You... That's Why" has the boys all angry about helmet laws, homosexuals, commies, Pete Wilson, Bill Clinton, affirmative action and many other

important issues pertaining to their existence in Redondo Beach. The band is bi-lingual and bi-racial, but quite obviously not bi-sexual. Every stupid punk band around is pissed off about something in these the last days. Very few of them manage the creativity exhibited by the Smut Peddlers. Even fewer have a vocalist the listener can understand. Every word John Ransom spits out is clear, the band claims that Elvis entered O.J.'s brain and made him do it, something a former SLUG writer (Public Enemy) would disagree with I'm sure. The surprise of the disc is their total rip-off of not only the Dead Kennedy's but also the Reverend Horton Heat's lounge number titled "7W/Jazz." "Buck Naked On A Big Wheel" is a song title? These guys hate liberals, drug addicts and fags, they probably hate me too. If old school punk rock as done by bigoted, opinionated assholes creates a lump in the jeans, front or rear, then by all means search out a copy of *Failure*. Place it in the unheard of classic file.

Westside Frank

Red Red Meat
There's A Star Above The Manger Tonight
Sub Pop

The packaging is to die for "She Said," a song that isn't covered by Red Red Meat. Based on the enormous overproduction of saliva the opening chords of *There's A Star Above The Manger Tonight* caused my glands to manufacture Red Red Meat is surely aware of the song and its creator. I'll leave the creator as a topic for readers to research and discuss folk music, blues and the impact these topics have on our modern day lives. Blues musicians are mostly white men with guitars today, folk musicians are mostly white men or women with acoustic guitars. Seldom is heard music created by white men with electric guitars and a singer/songwriter sensibility deeply rooted in folk blues that causes the bowls to move. Red Red Meat make the bowls move. Keep a bottle of Pepto-Bismol handy because a session with these boys might require guzzling the pink liquid. Stop flowing you bowls, you motherfuck-

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ers.

Please allow me the freedom to utter a cliché common to the pages of SLUG, a cliché so common that the two words comprising it are constantly in the minds and on the tongues of the entire nation – this music is “fucked up”...man. I’m fucked up, the country is fucked up, my job is fucked up, my girlfriend is fucked up, every God damned thing is fucked up. Red Red Meat made my bowls all fucked up and *There’s A Star Above The Manger Tonight* immediately entered my top 10 for the year as I celebrated the resurrection on Easter Sunday. This event occurred two days before the April Fools and three days after the death of 39. Add 10 to two to three and 39 to find 54, two numbers which when added together equal nine, a number repeated over and over by the Beatles shortly before they predicted the “Helter Skelter” of Charles Manson. This is a cosmic new age type of moment brought to you courtesy of Sub Pop and Red Red Meat. Now go eat some and don’t miss the “hidden” ear drum shattering track because it is really, really fucked up.

Larry Mullegan

Helmet Aftertaste Interscope Records

Page and co. are back to the main line drive they started up with. Page Hamilton has given us some of the more vital musical forces of this ‘alternative’ generation. So after the wildly comical yet imaginative Betty we return to a lean mean rivet stomping machine. It’s not a radical change from Meantime but it is a change. Check out “Renovation” and “Exactly what you wanted.” This is visceral energy with a lot less self hilarity

than the over inflated Rollins. The record was produced by Dave Sardy of Barkmarket another one of this decades best innovators. Sardy is a perfectionist and it shows he has take the time to make sure Helmet Strap(ped) it on and got things right. So until a vital new musical force arrives enjoy this piece of work.
—Sausage King

Dinosaur Jr. Hand It Over Warner Bro.

What can I say about J. Mascis that hasn’t already been said. The man is a genius with both lyrics & words, keeping rock music constantly changing with his undeniable style & originality. One of the few musicians out there in the off-mainstream world that can solo as well as chop a chord, his guitar work can still send chills down the spine. His latest record with Dinosaur Jr. is a giant of sound, splashing through a ton of different styles & moods. Listening to it will reassure all in the belief in that Mascis is far from over in creating music that can continually evolve, but keep the same heavy feel that has captured so many avid fans. Teaming up with his favorite sidekick Mike Johnson on bass, as well as Belinda & Shields from MY BLOODY VALENTINE on a number of tracks, the old crunch of angst is still there, but now with an even larger wall of sound/distortion to sink in. Mascis has always been the whinny sad boy you have to love, & the pain is still there to experience with him, if you wish(masocist!). Is this guy ever going to be happy? He might not, but you will be after listening to this disc & knowing you have a new version of all the reasons why you love Dinosaur Jr. in the first place. Crunchy guitar, heart-ripping solos, nerd love lyrics...the whole nine yards. Dino is back & ready to let you feel the pain(again!).
—Billy Fish

Roger McGuinn Live From Mars Hollywood Records

Some 60’s nostalgia, as if we needed anymore of it. If you don’t know, and I’m sure

you don’t, McGuinn was in the band The Byrds with David Crosby. On his solo album McGuinn treats us to his personal musical history from his rendition of Heartbreak Hotel yet another beautiful Pete Seeger song that was raped by the 60’s, Turn, Turn, Turn. I suppose Seeger raped the lyrics from the Bible, it’s in Psalms. Anyway I know all the hardcore Byrds fans out there who still get a little dewy eyed on the anniversary of The Byrds break up this is the album for you. I’m glad SLUG is man enough to do CD reviews for ex 60’s stars.
—Mad Reverend

Sheep On Drugs One For The Money Invisible

Amy at Invisible saw fit to send an advance copy of this Sheep On Drugs disc and I thank her. It is one of those “white label” dealy wackers that customarily fall into the hands of DJ folk. The shaved and goateed usually encountered during my travels on the earth have taken hardcore as a form of guitar rock. Sheep On Drugs are working another vein of hardcore. Hardcore techno is their forte and this new slice of plastic with an aluminum plated exterior is sure to have the dance club patrons in a frenzy. After dos originals they decide that Lou Reed is too slow. Name the junkie that can keep their head off their chest while listening to “Waiting For The Man” let alone dance on the “shit.” In the biodome of Sheep On Drugs heroin is meth and their version is a seduction. Heroin is so hip that you can smoke it now. The next tune, the title of which is unavailable, takes the pusher to task, “you’re on needle street,” while the unrelenting velocity of the techno keeps the mach 10 G’s at the speed of a bullet shot from a 9. Honesty is always the best policy and I found the creations of Sheep On Drugs tepid disco at best in the recent past. With the knowledge of *One For The Money* firmly implanted in my permanent memory the duo has finally achieved the status the hype surrounding them foretold. Fucking punk disco, what say ye punter? My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult

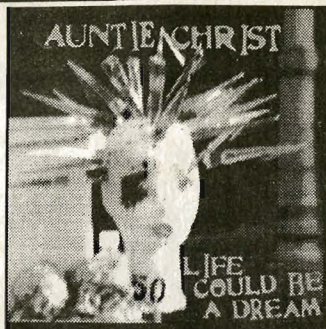
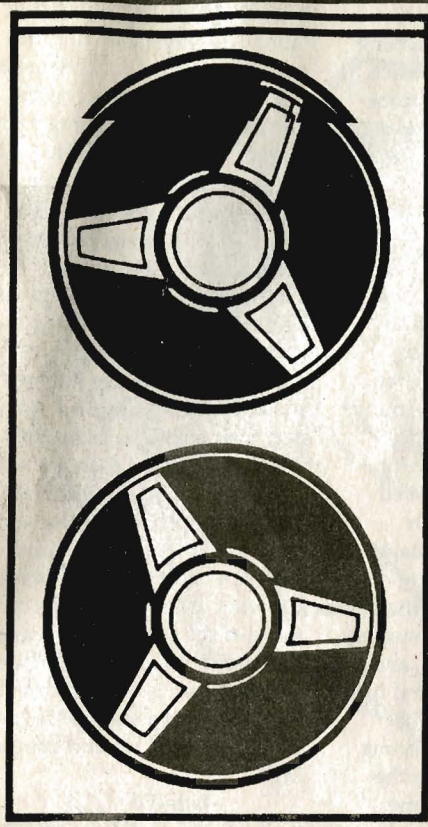
and the Lords of Acid can only shake and shimmy in awe.

Joey Revolting

Underworld Pearl’s Girl TVT



Wasn’t “Doot Doot” just the coolest thing ever to perk up the pointed ears in the ‘80s? Didn’t all the blood and vomit of Trainspotting bring back a memory of “Doot Doot”? Underworld can thank the Trainspotting soundtrack for reviving their careers because no one except the loyal cult fan base really cared much about *Second Toughest in The Infants* or any of their previous releases before the soundtrack hit the shelves. Much like a needle stuck in a vinyl scratch I will once again take the hype of electronica, the savior of the industry to task. These guys have been around forever. Their genre of choice is and always has been disco. Technological developments added to the arsenal over the years and Karl Hyde and Rick Smith have embraced the machines to the joy of all employed by TVT and dance floor patrons worldwide. Supposedly major record labels are currently camped out on their doorsteps with check-books in hand. Shades of Mr. Reznor, how can TVT allow this to happen? *Pearl’s Girl* concentrates more on the hardcore techno aspects of the group’s current incarnation and less on spaced out trip full-filling ambiance of previous releases. My advice is to skip the rapid BPMs and delve deeper into the Underworld. My copy lacks song titles etc. but as the beam follows the 1’s and 0’s into the abyss of the black hole a non-drug inspired trance results. Trance kicks dance ass as far as I’m concerned and with total disregard for “Doot Doot” I discov-

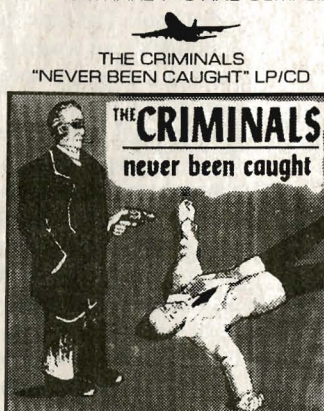


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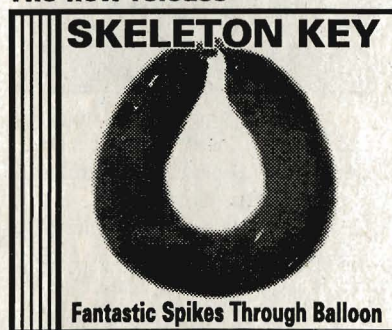
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ered blue sky and clouds in the microscopic bumps and pits of *Pearl's Girl*.

Dave Hole
Ticket To Chicago
Alligator Records

I am still amazed by the grace of guitar and this Aussie exemplifies it with his slide work. Hole's vocals are a blend of smooth confessionals, but that doesn't matter because Hole jumps ship entirely and just goes off. And if he doesn't somebody else will, usually Tony Z (John Popper look-alike) the pianist, who has a mind of his own the whole album. I was amazed with the fluidity that Hole performed, on *My Bird Won't Sing* the slide guitar sounds exactly how you'd think a slide guitar sounds and then a song or two later the guitar is shrieking like an Anthrax stadium anthem. *Wheeler Dealer* sounds as if it's coming straight off hits of the 70's with a prevalent bass and funky accompaniment. Song after song floats in and out with solo's that kick your ass so bad you don't know where you end up.

—Mad Reverend

Billyclub
(It's Better To Be) Pissed Off
Idol Records

Finally! A punk record that reassures everyone that punk still has some creditability in the music word, other than as a fashion statement for middle class kids with nothing better to do than wear fat pants & get a tattoo. Somewhat of an old school supergroup from the 70's & 80's, Billyclub features members from both the UK SUBS & the EXPLOITED, so you know they've got some experience with the real thing. But instead of a regurgitated copy of their old shit, this is the influenced sound

of the 90's with the power of past punk that keeps new & old fans digging it likewise. Ragged guitar & shithouse drums are still there, but far superior vocals & distortion effects are added to take advantage of today's better recording abilities, even in the lowest basement studio(which is where this might have been recorded!). In your face & hard as a rock, this is the best punk record a kid or an adult can buy with their money right this minute without doing any back catalog orders to the old school. The lyrics are fierce & political, not wasting any time beating the bush before going right to the bone of the problem. Guitar...well, watch your ass, cause it's hyper-garage, tearing through chords & solos like a running chainsaw in a hurricane. I loved this record so much, I don't think I will be listening to much more in the way of punk until someone can man up to the huge balls level of these lads. Don't waste time reading about...buy it!

—Billy Fish

Trance Psyberdelic
Moonshine Music



I do believe it is time to haul out the trusty Webster's and define trance. Definition number 4 applies. "An unconscious, cataleptic or hypnotic condition" is the definition. How these fuckers at Moonshine translate hypnotic to their world of high speed repetitive electronic bleeps and blips escapes me. Dub is trance, the guitar of Junior Kimbrough is trance, the ambient recordings Brian Eno made in the early '80s are trance, this disco shit is about as far from the definition of trance as the mind can fathom. Admittedly the fact that most of these "musicians" "create" their music while under the influence

of heavy mind altering chemicals doesn't translate their creations to the land of "trance." Flipping and flopping about on a dance floor in an imitation of a strobe light induced epileptic seizure or a trout on a sandy bank does not encompass the definition of "trance." Call the shit what it is — hardcore bump and grind of the present and leave the "trance" to the likes of Planet Dub, Axiom Dub and Black Uhuru. Johnny Too Bad says that the entire bunch of you are incapable of dealing with the word surrounding you and actual interaction with the human species, your reaction is a retreat to the bedroom and intercourse with machines that cannot damage your fragile emotional state of being. Go fuck the quarterback's main squeeze, have laser surgery on your nearsighted eyes, and log off the "net" for the first time before the "gangstas" in the neighborhood pull off a "home invasion" and fuck you in the mouth and anus at the same time. I don't see many females diddling themselves with a Microsoft Mouse. Maybe you lonely "techno" princes should find yourselves a "new age" princess and become a "boy toy." Her ability to put you into an actual "trance" goes without saying.

Yawning

Birdbrain
Let's Be Nice
TVT



What can one make of a band with a song titled "Youth Of America" which features a chorus of, "You're all dead, wasted." The band must be a reality based outfit. The photographs of a pill-filled palm and a shadowy figure throwing down a "sign" do little to dispel the notion. Due to my amazing inability to pick-

ing the next hit to click I have selected the ballad of the disc, "(She's Always) Glowing," as the next "alternative rock" sensation. It sounds like x with x on the vocals and x contributing to the overall feeling of a classic x song. Place your own band names wherever an x appears — it's a game. TVT is recognized as an independent label with the astounding ability to compete head to head with the majors and beat them at their own game. They've made millions on the Nine Inch Nails back catalog and their stable includes the likes of Sister Machine Gun and Gravity Kills. Sadly Birdbrain's new one didn't create the lump. With the exception of "Youth Of America" and "(She's Always) Glowing" their CD comes off as more of the same, same, same. It's catchy, it just isn't different and different is a requirement when there is a stack of several thousand piled up and competing.

Jade-Ed

Richard Buckner
Devotion And Doubt
MCA Records

Buckner I believe would fit in well in a shady little bar where everyone is hooked on "The Juice". He walks the tightrope between all out depression and a stabbed heart that sings in it's own remorse. Buckner has been called a soulman like Neil Young, he really sounds like Steve Earl before he went to prison for being on "The Juice". "Pull" is the most potent in terms of lyric contemplation and the rest of the CD is troubadour stylings that reverberates country music with his slack voice and occasional fiddle backup. You can't escape the country in the extremely powerful lyrics, "I woke up late and kissed you away. As you packed up your load there was one last look and the U-Haul broke free. Now the back roads are flooded over this stretch of 99 from Lil Wallet Picture. I can get past it though because he is so powerful in his performance of his songs, there is so much devotion in his songs that you are forced to look past those elements, maybe because he sounds like he's on "The Juice".

—Mad Reverend



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Treehouse
Nobody's Monkey
Atlantic

Watch for the band to change their name to the London Treehouse in the very near future. There is already a band claiming the Treehouse moniker. That band is of the hippie variety and they reside in Aspen, Colorado. This Treehouse is from Liverpool and they are the very first band signed to Darius and company's brand new label Breaking Records. Without the tremendous influence of a certain publicist I would have tossed the advance CD into the trash without a listen. As it stands listening to the disc brought a few thoughts to mind. The first has to do with their lack of a British sound. How they do that is a question brought on by too many Pulp, Menswear, Longpigs etc. discs. A second thought is directly related to the British tendency of copycatting America. Treehouse had better change their name and quickly lest the American hippie version discovers the British hippie band. It isn't that they exhibit the jam on philosophy nor are there an abundance of Buffalo Springfield/Byrds wanna be country rock elements presented. The British Treehouse is actually more closely aligned with the frat boy rock of their label owners and the entire Southern coastline of the United States of America than hippie or Brit-pop. I'm sure my feeble attempts at "critical review" have raised the question of radio airplay in concerned consumer minds. If the "Mountain" hadn't gone as soft as worm droppings that would be the perfect outlet. Treehouse fits right in there with John Hiatt, John Prine and John Mellencamp. The next best

choice is still broadcasting on the edge, sorry, the end. When searching out the more staid versions of alternative rock The End kicks it, don't you think? Treehouse will fit side by side with the Counting Crows, Collective Soul, Hootie & the Blowfish, Dave Matthews, Freddy Johnson, the Gin Blossoms, Dishwalla and Mexico 70. Don't leave out Jewel or Edwin McCain. As much as the general public loves those bands I have no idea what any of them sound like because I don't listen to the stupid radio. Good luck Treehouse, at least you broke the mold, you aren't trying to sound like that other Liverpool band...what was their name...the Oasis Beagles?

Jack Pierce

Paul K & The Weathermen
Love Is A Gas
Alias

If I wrote for grid I'd have written a label profile on Alias a long time ago. Back when I was just starting out the label was kind enough to send me copies of their brilliant pop recordings. Once I'd made my mark the mailings ceased until just recently. Since these words highlight the return of Alias to the pages of SLUG, at least under my byline, Paul K is the perfect place to begin. His path to success was hampered by drug addiction and crime. The man did some jail time in the '70s. Curiously enough I find Paul K's work similar to that of another individual returning from the darkness. Jerry Joseph wasted a few years of his life on drugs, Paul K's confessional songwriting style is similar to Joseph's and while the Weathermen ably back him on this recording I can't help but think of the similarities between Joseph and K in an acoustic setting.

As previously mentioned my previous encounters with Alias have been of the pop variety. *Love Is A Gas* doesn't fit that simple categorization. The album was produced by Mo Tucker and K's streetwise songs don't accept the tag. Call it singer/songwriter in a rock setting featuring songs to haunt, songs for smiles and songs of life on the street. Given the refer-

ences and the longevity of the artist in question, not to the mention the band name is it any wonder that elements of hippie enter into the sound? The Joseph comparison is relevant once again because both artists transcend the hippie cliché and bring art masquerading as music to the home system.

Skip Spencer

Matt Keating
Killjoy
Alias

Matt Keating, like Paul K is a singer/songwriter plying his trade on the rock 'n' roll circuit. If these guys had been born about 30 years earlier they'd be as famous as Billy Joel, Elton John, Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Neil Young and the rest of the "classic rock" songwriting crew. Today their music is relegated to the realm of critical praise and lackluster sales. Most sales are generated in cities with a strong college radio and Triple A presence. In towns such as Salt Lake City the baby boomers are locked into the past, the college crowd is wearing their ball caps and Dave Matthews T-shirts and the other tribes are split into warring camps of ravers, butt rockers, skater punks, gangstas or what have you.

Out in the tract homes of suburbia the married with children couples are lost in the world of Celine Dion and Live even as Keating chronicles their lives in "You And Me And This T.V." Petty fights, loveless sex, boring jobs, a stack of bills and a CD collection of 25 similar sounding musical spheres are the stuff of their existence. And aren't the rest of us happy that we've never listened to Kenny Loggins and his Pooh CD, we have the dark world of Matt Keating's wry outlook on life to keep us occupied. Another bar, another band, another drunk and thank goodness I don't live in Kearns with a wife and 2 1/2 kids.

Elliot Nester

Ann Rabson
Music Makini Mama
Alligator Records

Anne's first solo album away from Saffire- The Uppity

Blues Women, the all older woman blues band she founded (with a CD named Hot Flash). She has an amazing deep voice that resonates behind her piano playing (she started when she was 35). Most of the songs are those that influenced her in youth, so the songs jump around from classic slow blues of Later On to fast paced almost jive compatible Baby, Every Once In A While. I even detect a distinct bluegrass sound on Snatchin And Grabbin and Another You. The harmonica of Phil Wiggins was right on the honey, it was the classic way to accompany Givin It Away, sounding just like Jack Cassady's. What else can I say, a great non traditional blues player singing the music she loves. —Mad

Reverend

Peace and Love
A Japanese Punk Rock
Compilation
Allied Recordings



"You have your punk. I have mine," is the Snuffy Smile motto. At least that is the motto printed on the Snuffy Smile T-Shirt. Snuffy Smile is the Japanese label responsible for compiling 20 punk rock songs from 20 Japanese punk rock bands. For whatever reason these bands have yet to discover the modern American version of punk music. There isn't a single example of melodic power pop punk on the CD. All the bands except Dirty Is God sing in English, or some derivative of the same. The printed lyrics reveal a less than stellar grasp of English and that is just fine because the vocalization of the words is incomprehensible. These teenagers run through their hardcore and thrash songs the same as any American

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See the hippie move- ment self-destruct in: MESSAGE TO LOVE

"This witty, scathing portrait features incandescent musical performances...a portrait of a youth culture in the process of devouring itself."

- Stephen Holden, NEW YORK TIMES.

Stuffed in a bottle back in 1970 and cast upon the sea of noncompletion, this rock doc preserves the legendary Isle of Wight rock festival. In a distant galaxy, long ago, 600,000 freaks gathered on a rock in the English Channel to hear The Who, Tiny Tim, Donovan, the Doors, Jimi Hendrix, Joni Mitchell, The Moody Blues, Jethro Tull, Emerson Lake & Palmer, Miles Davis, and Leonard Cohen, among others. Brilliant performances highlight the film. However, the best parts are behind the scenes documentary footage of the promoters, fans, and musicians. All the conflicts and inconsistencies ignored by the counter culture during the Woodstock Festival come out in a total social meltdown of hippie philosophy.



APRIL 4 - 10

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-J. HOBERMAN, VILLAGE VOICE

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-BILL HOFFMANN, NY POST

**"GENUINELY
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teenager. The common theme is disillusion. Modern society is in a state of decay in Japan. Although the bands do not address the subject their words are a call for the New World Order of the WCW to take over the world. Tune in to Monday Nitro, turn down the sound and crank the CD. Violence and mayhem on the screen and violence and mayhem in the ears will relax the body and mind and create a feeling of Peace and Love.

Carp

Guitar Wolf
Missile Me
Matador Records

The band, Guitar Wolf, is quite obviously Japanese. Their disc is without question the most primeval example of trashy garage rock I have yet to experience. Forget production. There is so much hiss and static on the CD that it competes with a 78 rpm record so worn and gray that dust actually rises from the grooves when a needle weighted down with a Susan B. Anthony silver dollar attempts to track them. Teengenerate and Los Ass-Dragers can't touch this shit.

Needless to say the vocals are unintelligible. A Bo Diddley beat combined with think Link Wray guitar distortion is barely audible over the prevailing static noise. While listening for the second time I got up several times in a futile attempt to remove the dust bunnies from the laser beam. It was during the fourth session with the disc that I realized the future of music is not electronic. Trash like Guitar Wolf is the future, the past and the present. It is the music of an infected wound oozing puss, it is the hemorrhoid itch only a finger scratching the swollen glands can satisfy and it is Ex-Lax relief for the constipated. This is the

music of the tawdry every day human existence. The "man" providing the paycheck listens to Jim Brickman - you, the individual doing all the work, are listening to Guitar Wolf while building a pipe bomb in the basement and plotting the onset of anarchy in 2002.

Rosco

Jonny Lang
Lie To Me
A&M Recordings

Monster Mike Welch
Axe To Grind
Tone-Cool

I'd seen the ads and I was thinking, "Oh God, not another one." Next I received the CD and a record label bio and I was thinking, "Oh God, not another one." So I sat down and had a listen. Jonny Lang is a child prodigy of the blues - the same as Kenny Wayne Shepherd. Lang's singing is reminiscent of Joe Cocker. Joe Cocker was never known as a bluesman, I do believe he is more of a white man interpreting R&B. But Lang isn't renowned for his vocal talents; it's supposed to be his guitar playing. Until the CD spins to "Matchbox," the old Ike Turner song, the guitar is not prominent. The kid finally starts to cook with "Matchbox." I'm thinking he can hardly equal any of Ike's versions, but he certainly slays any of the Beatles covers. "Back For A Taste Of Your Love," a Syl Johnson composition, only serves to prove an already stated point. Syl Johnson may have begun his career playing the blues, but he attained his greatest stardom singing soul. Blues guitar is hardly foreign to soul music and Lang does bang away as he sings in soulful style.

Maybe I'm confused here. Maybe I should go back and have a listen to my Luthor Allison, Jimmy Thackery and Tinsley Ellis recordings. The blues are sure enough present, but *Lie To Me* sounds like an old Joe Cocker album with an ace blues guitarist in the band - Clapton for instance? I guess the kid can sing as good as he plays the guitar. For pure blues I'll still take Monster Mike Welch over either Jonny Lang or Kenny Wayne Shepherd. Call me a

purist if you will, but I think the target market for Lang is the 30-to-40-something who thinks they love the blues - not the true blues fan. A bit of marketing muscle from a major label certainly doesn't hurt. Listen for this one on a Triple AAA station near you, if you can find one.

Just as I finished writing those words on Johnny Lang the postman arrived with Monster Mike Welch's new one. Jonny Lang is 15, (according to his bio, but check out the fashion spread in Seventeen Magazine, he's on the cover.) Mike Welch is 17. Lang's first was the regionally released independent *Smokin'*, Welch's first was last years *These Blues Are Mine* for Tone-Cool. Lang co-wrote two of the 12 songs on his CD, Welch wrote or co-wrote 11 of the 12 on his. It could be the two year age difference, it could be the producers, it could be the equipment or it could be talent, but Monster Mike Welch smokes Jonny Lang in the guitar department. Jon Ross is thanked by Welch in the liner notes for "all the vintage guitars and drums." Welch is pictured holding a vintage Gibson hollow-body on the cover of *Axe To Grind*. The biggest difference is tone. Richard Rosenblatt, the producer, took the Monster Mike Welch Band into the studio and recorded a blues CD that recalls the dirtiest of the dirty recordings from Hound Dog Taylor or Howlin' Wolf. For pure dirty, nasty guitar tone *Axe To Grind* is tough to beat. Welch also is a formidable young singer, but the kid is in love with his guitar. Two stand-out tracks are the Beatle's sound-a-like "Palm Of Her Hand" and the instrumental "Elkmont Stomp." Welch has been quoted in the past on his goal to never waste a note and while the notes cascade like a white water raft trip from his axe not a single one is wasted. I'm sure Lang will receive more attention because of his record label, but Monster Mike Welch is the one to buy.

Two young prodigies of the blues guitar square off and Monster Mike Welch is the clear winner. Jonny Lang is a contender for the future as maturity catches up with his talent.

Blues Boy Billie

HOR
SLO N' SLEAZY
SST RECORDS

When I looked at was possibly the worst record cover in decades. I thought o.k. I'm in for something really grand or a byte of techno crappie viral tribal mexican radio friendly crash. So I looked at the playlist and well it's kind of funny with song titles like "Modem Militia, Duobomber Manifesto, and Rub up against the machine." That's comedy. So I put the disc in the player and hit the GO! button. Yep definitely Greg Ginn on here. The Guitar sounds like it cost five dollars and the solos sound like a cat dying. But it's got some good moments to it. It just sounds like other stuff Ginn has done in quality only but it's definitely a Ginn make and model.

—Sausage King

SCREW RADIO
I'M A GENERATION X
SST RECORDS

I just heard their last record like six months ago. I must stop here and bow my hat a little to Greg Ginn he but out no less than six records this year in which he was the main player. But could it be he owes money to lawyers for the negative land Fiassco. U2 sucks. Anyways back to Screw Radio, it's funny and it's got lots of cool radio like segments. I say radio like cause at points I'm not sure if it's shit they actually pulled off the radio or stuff they made up. Those clever bastards. I don't know if this is as good as their last record but you won't be wiping your ass with it's cover. And to Greg for the love of God man take some flippin time off and give my ears a rest. By the way if you were wondering Hor and Screw Radio are basically the same band except one lists a vocalist, you figure out why I like one more than the other.

—Sausage King

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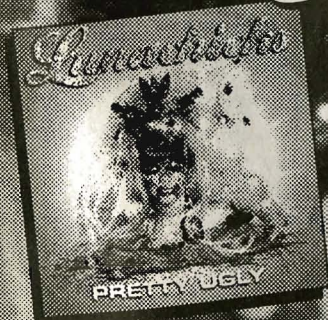
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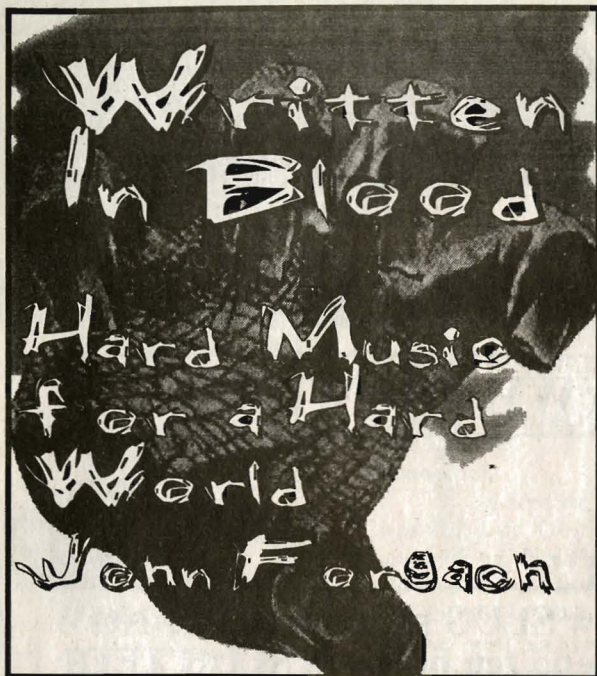
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GRYN
16 Stitches EP
Heavy Eleven Records

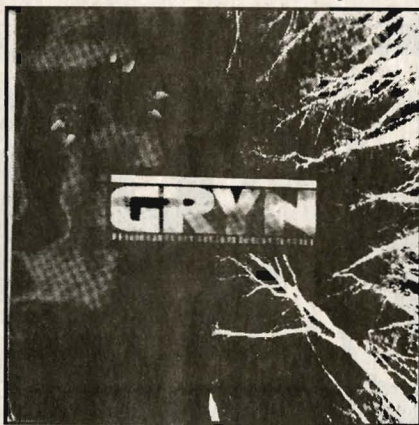
O.K. Gryn - Out with a full-length dammit! When you here THE 16 STITCHES...E.P. your going to be saying the same thing. Track one, "Veto" has guitars that remind me of the band Indestroy (remember them?). Track two, "Self-Hate" has more of a Tool feel to it. Track 3, 4, and 5 will round out the e.p. showcasing the band's talent and wide range of abilities. Gryn is definitely a band to look out for. For more info write: Gryn P.O. Box 574 Hays, KS 67601.

GARY HOEY
Bug Alley
Surfdog Records

Gather around guitarists, Gary Hoey is releasing his latest, BUG ALLEY. This is mainly an instrumental, but Gary sings on two of the songs. The disc starts off with "Desire". That track

reminds me of "David Chastain meets Eric Johnson". It's got the heaviness of Chastain with that single note picking style that Johnson seems to have made so popular. By track three, "Black Magic

Woman" Gary reverts back to his blues/rock style. Track three is one of the covers that there is vocals on, though, I couldn't tell you who origi-



nally did it (my knowledge of classic rock wouldn't fill a thimble). This is a really good disc, but there is something missing. Mr. Hoey doesn't have the narratives in the liner notes that explains what the inspiration was for each song. They usually go something like this - "I had a dream one night that I was on a train speeding down a track. I had a cigar in one hand and a snake in the other. Just as the train I was on was about to pass into a tunnel it jumped the track. I remember sitting there watching other trains passing me into the tunnel. One after another...Well, that's when I woke up and wrote track five, "Long Dry Summer"."

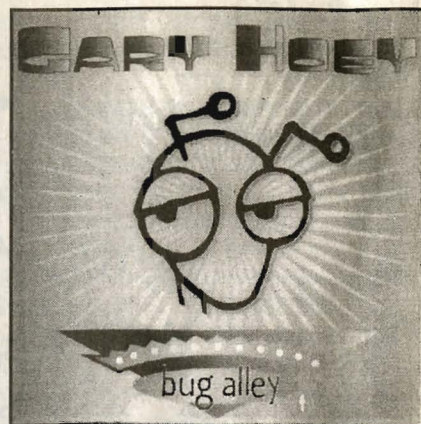
FUELED
In The House Of The Enemy
Energy

Fueled's, IN THE HOUSE OF THE ENEMY will have you giving thanks for heavy music. From beginning to end, this disc is what it's all about. Fueled combines crushing guitar rhythms, pulsating loops and samples, and a great production to come up with their sound. The band's use of electronics and samples adds to the heaviness without being overused. "...and they wonder why we're fueled with anger". Check out Fueled with other Energy bands on the Energy Records 1997 sampler. These bands are hot. The sampler has two songs from Fueled, Hanzel And Gretyl, Heavy Water Factory, Sunshine Blind, and Bile.

FLEDGLING
DEATH
Watchmen Records

Upper State N.Y. is the home to Fledgling Death.

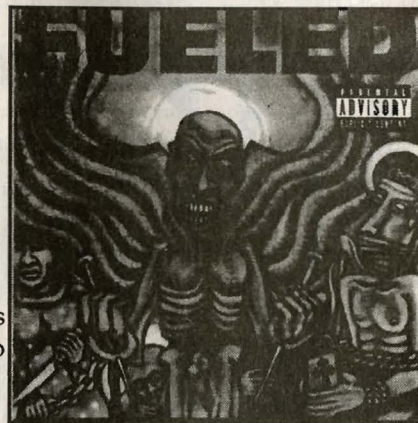
This band strives to be the "heaviest band in the world", and I guess in their own way, very well may be (hah, decipher that one.). The music is slow and grinding, the guitars are de-tuned, and the vocals have that meat-grinder quality to them. There's even neat little sexually explicit samples right in the songs. Lyrically, well track one is titled "I'm In Love With A Filthy Whore"...enough said. If you just can't get enough offensive music into your day, then this is definitely for you. You might have to dig for this



one, or, just go to the source: Watchmen Studios P.O. Box 882 Lockport, N.Y. 14095.

CAUSE FOR ALARM
Cheaters And The Cheated Victory

Cause For Alarm, originally formed in 1982, is releasing CHEATERS AND THE CHEATED. Well, that's all I know about hardcore music, so here's an observation. Now that Victory Records is my good friend, I'm getting exposed to a broader range of hardcore bands. In listening to these bands, I'm realizing how much hardcore has influenced many forms of music, including metal.



Slayer's latest disc is hardcore covers, but it sounds a lot like...let's say REIGN IN BLOOD. Cause For Alarm's bio says that the band is staying away from the metal sound that is prevalent in today's hardcore, but the disc reminds me of old M.O.D.. Damn, this whole time I thought I was listening to metal. I guess the hardcore/metal crossover thing has always been there, and probably just makes the two stronger.

—Forgach

100 issues. We couldn't have done it alone, and too often too many go unappreciated, soooo...

A SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL WHO HELPED US GET THIS FAR...

of course our writers... (past & present) William Athey, John Forgach, Scott Farley, Mark Ross, Laura Swensen, Billy Fish, JJ Coombs, JAND, Royce Jacobs, Trevor Williams, David McClelland, Bryan McNamara, John Wilde, Robert DeBerry, Brian Staker, Tania Paxton, Tanya Cintron, Jon Titus, Kevin Moritz, Stimboy, Matt Taylor, Dave Neale, Less Nessman, Clark Stacey, Uncle Ezra, Ziba Marashi, Steve Midgley, Jon Bray, Chuckles, Kevin Kirk, Papa Pilgrim, Jeff Vice, Scott Vice, John Zeile, Scott Bringard, Lara Jones, Matt Monson, Jo Yaffe, Sly & The Wiz, Charlee Johnson, Amber McKee, Beth Sutton, Alisa Hunsaker, Stormy Shepard, DJ Evil, MisHell, Paul Kreutz, Eric M. Zeebenyi, Stephanie Bailey, Dan Keough, Darryl Smyers, Kaj Valentine, Adam Weishaupt, Carrie Hall, Dee Wolfe, Kelly Mounteer, Ryan Workman, Chopper, Padre Beelzebub, Helen Wolf and last but certainly not least, Crystal & AJ who did more than just write, and Mike & Laura Harrelson who did more than just type.

Dr. Edo Lubich, who got me started. Literally.

our friends... Mark Ross (Photoshop Diety, Marathon Man). Captain & Mrs.? America. Mom & Paul (English) Jason Big Daddy Barker, Jon Titus (a very scary man) Scott, Michelle & Tamrika. LeRoy for Zen guidance, Peggy for No Zen guidance. Tiger & Elaine for Giants tickets. Johnette Napolitano. Henry Rollins. Tracey Fischer. Joozy & Di, Anthony, Kirsten & The Dominator. Christine & Bruce (the Iron Duke) Paoli. Nicki, Sharon & Estelle Rivera. Uncle Shame & Bloodfish. Lisa, Mark, Kevin & Anthony @ Burts Tiki Lounge. Bambi & Brian @ Ashbury Pub. Sam, Otto & Charlie @ Zephyr. Bill @ Redbones for feeding the crew. Dave @ Big Daddy Productions. Steve & Co. @ Bar & Grill. Jason & Mary @ Spankys. Fred Reitz & Totally Cool Music. Bradzig (MacMonster). Big fat kisses to Tony, Faith, Angelene & Dionn @ Blue Boutique. Adrienne & Dale. The best extra foam latte makers in town COFFEE GARDEN. Tony, Dan, Jeri & Freewheeler Pizza. Casee & Hank (my new best friend) Carrie Ann, Tanner & Canyon. Eric, David & Rehan @ Guitar Czar, Jon, Brad & John @ Dr. Volts, Tanya & Pepper. Voodoo Dog Dan & his imaginary girlfriend Debbie. Hoffine Printing. Mic & Bones @ Southern Thunder. Chopper @ Tattoo Fever. Michael & friends @ Wizards. Greg & Crew @ Tower Theater. Garry & Jana Marie McAllister. Jonathan Valania & the Psyclone Rangers. Mary & Michael (Sweet Loretta), Derek & Ned @ Holladay Records. Tony @ Fast Forward, Mimi @ Night Flight, Don (Buddha) & Suzy DeBusk who we only see during "Don Season" except for that one time you poured beer in my ass.

the bands... Bloodfish, Honest Engine, Surly, Lugnut, PCP Berzerker, Bohemia, Riverbed Jed, Anger Overload, Godspine, Slaughterchrist, Boxcar Kids, Decomposers, ASA, House Of Cards, Wicked Innocence, Sugarhouse, Daughters Of The Nile, Wish, Reverend Willie, Thirsty Alley, Abstrak, Scabs On Strike, Crapshoot, Amphouse Mother, King Trance, Polestar, Elanvital, Blankshot, Quaango, Cokleo, In Effect, Elbo Finn, One Eye, Loose, 9 Spine Stickleback, Pijamas De Gato, Insatiable, The Feel, Maggot Heads, Red #5, Athlete's Butt, Mouthbreather ... if we forgot you ... SORRY!

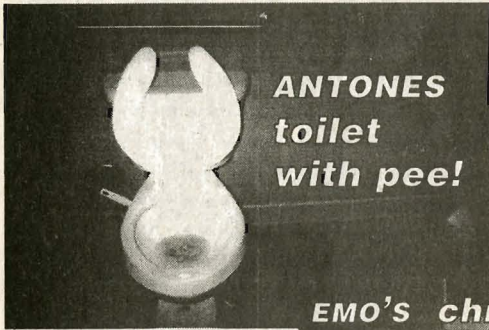
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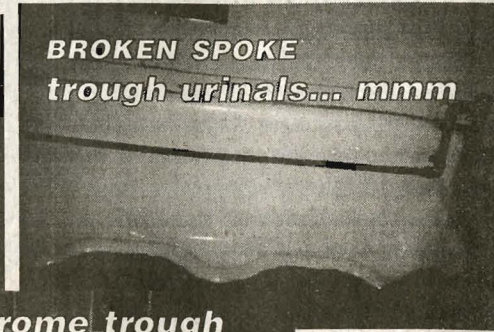
and lets not forget our favorite record company weasels... Kristen Welsh @ Capitol, (mmwaah!) Daria & Barbara @ Sony, Erv @ Sony (IDOL) Tom @ NG, Jody @ Chud, Brian & Chris @ Fat Wreck, Isa @ Caroline, Andrew, Gina & Kathy @ Epitaph, Greg @ Go Kart, Ilene @ Netzwerk, Miwa @ Grand Royal, Chris @ Lookout, Susan @ PGD, Brian @ Polygram, Victor @ Primittech, RJ & Caesar @ T.O.N., J, Thor & everyone @ TimKerr, Bill & James @ Tooth & Nail, Theresa Bruce & Jeff @ Triple XXX, Teresa @ United Concerts, Dave @ World Domination, Bruce Larsen @ EMI, anyone we forgot... SORRY!

and a very special thanks to JR & Maile.

WE SENT ONE OF OUR CRACK WRITERS
(OR IS THAT CRACKHEAD?) TO SXSW AND
THIS IS WHAT HE CAME BACK WITH...



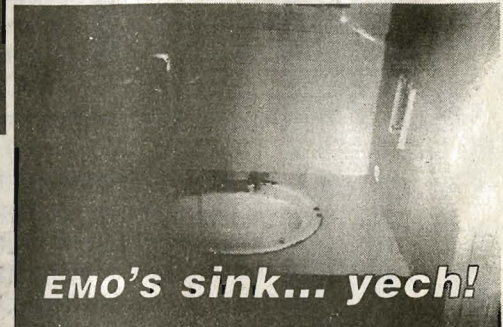
ANTONES
toilet
with pee!



BROKEN SPOKE
trough urinals... mmm



EMO'S
mmm beer...



EMO'S sink... yech!



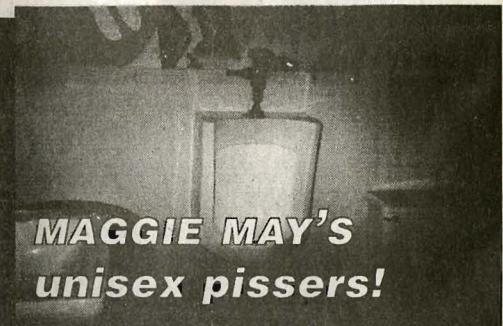
EMO'S chrome trough
pisser whew hoo!



JOE'S
i peed here



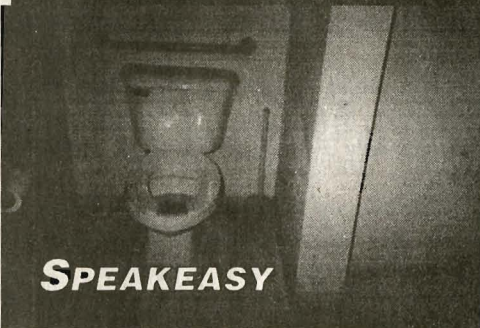
JOE'S door
Sparkler Rox!



MAGGIE MAY'S
unisex pissers!



SX SAN JOSE -
MOTEL?



SPEAKEASY



GIRL @ SPEAKEASY
lookin for a date



STEAMBOAT



GUY @ STUBBS
also lookin for a date



... not sure
am
pretty
drunk by
now

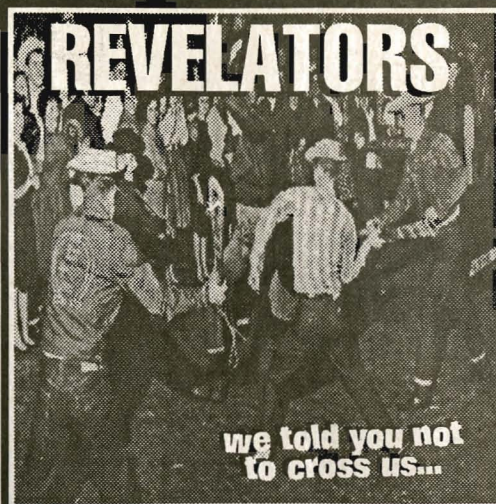
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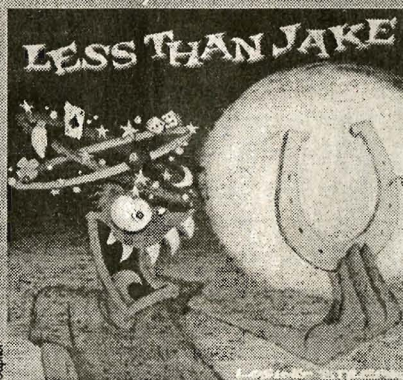
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