

slug



FREE

May 1997

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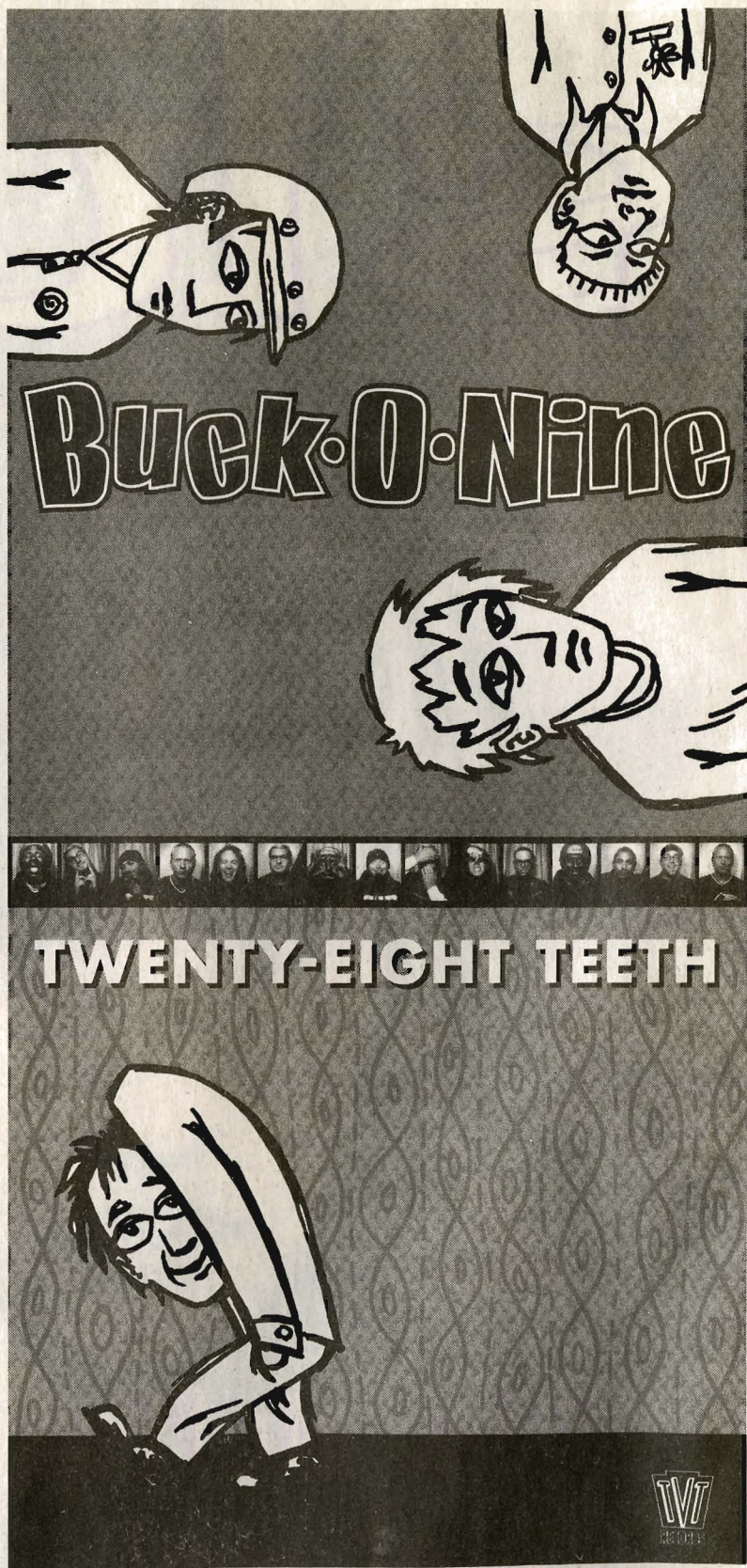
RECORD

STORE MAN!



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dear dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

Why no one ever writes to give you guys props for being cool as shite (sp) for the last 100 months. Thats cuz they are lame just like all other fake rags in Utah are lame. And all they can do is whine. Now that having a mag is popular, they are all giving SLUG shit, well fuck that, they didn't have the balls then, and they don't now. You guys still rule. JR still rocks the house. IN YOUR GRILL!

—Method Man

ED: Thanks for the vote, but how happy can we get when the defenders of our cause can't spell shit??? By the way... IN YOUR GRILL???

To whom it may concern, My name is Mack and I'm a loyal reader of SLUG and a dedicated supporter of our industry (hard core, grind core, extreme or just metal in general). I feel it my duty to the coolest publication on earth to inform you guys of a new band called "blAck". I just received an advanced copy of their disc on DieHard records from a friend of mine in Denmark and they are fucking HUGE!!! I do however have a problem all I know of the group is that they are from Los Angeles and that they are a three piece. If anybody can help me it's you guys because this band is a must

hear.

Thanks for listening, your hopeful reader,

Mackzilla

ED: Forgach???

Dear Dickheads,

How ironic that, in your 100th issue, you chose to reprint a letter from a "reader" regarding your continual slams on Grid and Diesel, and yet your memorable response was eliminated. In it, Grid was lumped together with X96 and United Concerts, and the group continually referred to as corporate, conglomerates, evil, bad, etc. Slug, or rather, Gianni, went on to say how he never supports big record store chains, because he is buddies with all of them. Yet, the back cover of issue 100 features an ad for guess who? Blockbuster Music, the evil corporate record chain who is in bed with Grid, and is driving all your mom & pop buddies out of business. I guess money is money, eh?

Other facts regarding Grid, X96, and United Concerts that are never brought up is their true relationship to each other and to other Utah radio stations. First, United Concerts does not own Grid and X96. United Concerts is owned by a gentleman who initially invested in X96, and yes,

there is a difference. Grid and X96 do not, however, hide the fact that they are in business together. I am sure SLUG would appreciate a relationship with a friendly company who would pay their bills and cover any losses, but still allow them 99.9% creative control.

Second, X96 may be part of a small corporation, but they are definitely not part of a corporate conglomerate, as you have hinted at, or outright stated in the past Stations like KBER, The End, KROK and Rock 99 are all owned by Broadcast Companies such as Citadel and JayCorp, who all own more than ten different FM radio stations in Utah alone (They are the masterminds behind KCNR's recent switch from leftist talk to Disney.) At X96, the President of Acme Programming is also the Station Manager, and Acme Programming is owned and controlled by just three local people, including the President. AcmeProgramming owns X96 and Grid Magazine, and nothing else. What this means is that X96 is one of a couple of independent radio stations left in Utah. Like your mom & pop record store buddies, X96 is competing with other radio stations owned by huge broadcast corporations who have billions, compared with thousands, of dollars.

So, call X96 and Grid what you will. Hate the music, hate the station and the magazine, but don't compare them with McDonalds and Burger King Thanks for letting me get that off my chest. (Peace, please?)

—Verdad

ED: Well, obviously you are a little too close to the fringe eh? People like you make me want to move.

"IT IS BETTER TO BE SILENT AND BE THOUGHT A FOOL, THAN TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND REMOVE ALL DOUBT"

Monopoly is monopoly, hypocrites are hypocrites and liars are liars. I know about X96, United Concerts and Grid from personal experience, not because my boss told me so. I don't hate any of those companies. In fact Teresa @ United has gone out of her way to help us out on more than one occasion. X96 & Grid just suck that's all. I didn't reprint the response because I didn't think anyone wanted to read my ranting again (like they are now because of you) And as far as running a Blockbuster ad, who else but us? We still say what we mean regardless of the advertiser, unlike your buddies at Grid. We call them assholes, and they run an ad. Who is stupid? (besides you) Who is the sellout, the guy who takes the corporate cash while laughing in it's face, or the one who spends all of it's energy kissing the ass of the corporate giant they worship? At least we have the "intestinal fortitude" to tell it like it is. (huh Lars!) "peace please"????!! What war are you speaking of? X96 plays disco and call themselves alternative and we say it sucks. Grid prints garbage and we laugh. Sounds like good old fashioned investigative journalism to me.

Please no response, I am quite tired of you, and yes, I know who you are. Your pals have loose lips...

SLUG

MAY 1997

VOLUME 9

ISSUE 5 #101

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SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by freelance writers. The writing is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of SLUG. We are NOT legally responsible for its writers or advertisers.

SLUG IS PRINTED BY THE 5TH OF EACH MONTH. THE DEADLINE IS THE 1ST OF EACH MONTH...CAPEESH?

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MR PINKS VIDEO REVIEW

Missed alot of movies since my seering Oscar review... ahem... The Engleecch patient my...

Anyway, here's a bunch of videos for you to mill over. I know my minions are out there hanging on my every word. Huh, Helen?

The Glimmer Man

I'll just give you some facts about this movie, and you guess how long it stayed in my VCR. It stars Steven Seagal and another Wayans brother. They are cops. Seagal is a ZenCop. He carries spirit dust around his neck. He kills some guys with a credit card knife. Well...???

Flirting With Disaster

Ben Stiller can make you hate his character almost immediately. But I'm not so easily fooled. He's cool. He spends most of his time trying to screw a not so blonde Tea Leone while looking for his natural parents, Alan Alda & Lily Tomlin, the acid eating hippies. Funny show. See Mary Tyler Moore's boobs. No ZenCops either.

The Chamber

"Batboy", or should I say "boy wonder", or maybe "Al Pacino's Piss Boy" Chris O'Donnell is live on the screen with Gene Hackman. Hack-man is in prison for a crime he didn't commit?, or some shit. Chrissy is the nephew, hell bent on getting him a stay of execution... sound familiar? I hate knock off movies, but I can't hate this one completely, cause Gene saves the day with a well *executed* performance. tee hee.

Sleepers

New York City. Four

kids in Hells Kitchen. Things go wrong. Kids go to prison. Things get ugly. Kids grow up. Revenge. People die. Mafia intervenes. What can I say? Cool movie.

Spitfire Grill

The term 'sleeper' besides in the previous movie refers to a not well noticed underdog team, person, horse etc. In this case a movie. It means you should bet on it because the rewards will be big. This is my sleeper movie of the month. Is it great? No, but it is well worthwhile, and the lead female role is very good. You'll be seeing more of her too, as she is also a 'sleeper'...

Romeo & Juliet

I don't care what anybody says, I don't carewho thinks it's artsy, I don't care if you think it's Shakespeare, I don't care if it's supposed to be cool this movie sucked in a HUGE WAY!

Rich Mans Wife

Halle Berry. People think she is pretty sexy. I am falling asleep trying to figure out why anyone thinks she can act. She does have that squirrely/mousey thing down though. This movie tries REALLY hard to be suspense filled, action/drama/murder/love story. Don't waste your time. Rent BOUND with Jennifer Tilly & Gina Gershon again. That'll give you a reason to stay up...

Set It Off

I love Queen Latifah. Or at least I love saying "Queen Latifah". I also am a fan of black women. Especially black women with guns... black women with guns robbing banks... Yippeee!!!. I am however at a loss to explain

to you why I didn't like this flick. Maybe it was the poor acting/lack of plot theory employed by the writers of Set It Off. Queen Latifah shoulda wrote the script.

Emma

This is one of those "guys in womens clothes-old English century piece films where people are named Miles or Peter" movies. It is supposed to be funny. As soon as I found out it was a "guys in womens clothes-old English century piece films where people are named Miles or Peter" movie, ... well I shut it off.

Larger Than Life

I don't care what anybody says, I don't carewho thinks it's artsy, I don't care if you think it's Bill Murray not Shakespeare, I don't care if it's supposed to be dumb, this movie was funny as hell... in a HUGE WAY! It helps if you like Elephants...

Secrets & Lies

I loved this movie. The part of Cynthia was extremely pouty and almost aggravating, but I still loved this movie. Marriane Jean-Baptiste is great.

MR PINKS BREWVIES MOVIE TRIVIA

First 5 correct answers get a pair of movie passes to Brewvies!

Who sang "girls like you are a dime a dozen, and I got a nickel to spend" Name the movie and the actor

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—Iggy Pop

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AVAILABLE WHEREVER MUSIC IS SOLD

pagan poopers and predicating prodigy --lars

"MOST POETS ARE
POMPOUS WANKERS WHO BELIEVE
THE WORLD REVOLVES AROUND
THEIR BEAUTIFUL WORDS. IT JUST
REVOLVES AROUND THEIR TURDS.
ROCK AND ROLL IS NOT ABOUT
LOVE, BUT SEX, ANYWAY. WH'RE
ALL A LITTLE BIT TOUCHED BY
MADNESS, BUT THE REAL PEOPLE
DON'T SEE THEMSELVES AS DIFFER-
ENT. ARISTOTLE, PLATO, NEWTON,
MARX, CHRIST. EINSTEIN, BUDDHA
WERE ALL INSANE. THEY HAD
THEIR OWN PRIVATE HELL THAT
THEY WENT THROUGH, BUT THE
THING THAT MADE THEM DIFFER-
ENT IS THEY PLAYED AT THE GOD
GAME AND WON. THEY SIMPLY
THOUGHT THEY KNEW THE TRUTH...
ALWAYS HAVE THE PATIENCE TO
LISTEN AND LEARN. EVEN THE
FOOLS WHO BABBLE ON AND ON
HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY. CARE
ABOUT PEOPLE AND WORRY
ABOUT THEM, BECAUSE THEY ARE
YOUR GREATEST ASSET..."
---WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER
..My Journey Into Schizophrenia
by Ross David Burke (Committed
Suicide at 32, my present age)

Over a decade and 100 editions
of SLUG, a person is inclined to let out a
smokey whistle or cry of "Eureka". Half
way through those arduous years JR was
ready to change the zine name, much to
the behest of many, including me. Since
the moniker is no longer a proponent of
underground, I propose finding another
Initialized guise. But what, pray tell?
Howsabout, S.L.A.C.C? "Salt Lake
Alternative Counter-Culture". And the
"slack" as in "slacker" apropos adoption.
But, drats!! The Salt Lake Acting
Company already nabbed S.L.A.C. ages
ago. Anyone out there got a neo? Please
respond.

Some things are a constant here,
especially Hate Mail. Those directed at
me bring a hearty laugh. And yes, I'm
rather long-winded. The quote above is
quantative of our written intent. No.
Actually...our Editor Gianni is a brazen
Hades incarnate and we're all vying
for the Elysian Fields in the Afterlife.

Gimmee a break,
man. There's a
common motto
exchanged betwixt
old-timers from the
old school scene

hardknocks...that would be "jaded." No
wonder Gianni luckily missed the
morose label, he wasn't living in Utah
during the burgeoning years when the
scene truly flourished. Take a second
looksee at the 100th Anniversary cover,
particularly the visual artwork. If I were
gifted in that area, I wouldn't hesitate to
contribute. Oh... That reminds me. This
month's drawing medium indulgence is
street chalk art. Kids stuff some maturi-
ty, albeit. Stores sell bucket fulls of col-
ored kid chalk that costa a fraction of
what Pastels sell for. Give it a try.
Happy sidewalk etchings, kiddos!

Going through the Interviewing
process to collect a second job part-time
hours has prove an invaluable experi-
ence altogether. A certain job fielded a
challenge in three segments: a phone
questionnaire, an individual office visit,
and a 2 hour comprehensive interactive
group session. Perhaps, essential for a
C.E.O. position or whatnot but a mite bit
overboard, eh? Every place I inter-
viewed at hired me except being
overqualified for one. It wasn't until I
found myself overeating due to nerves,
driving with the parking brake on and
nearly hitting a pedestrian youth in the
vicinity of RAUNCH did I realize the
process was getting to me. Thank good-
ness that's over for awhile.

Auld veda rang! Spelling?
Can't spell the Norweigan Independence
Day either but it's pronounced
"Shittendermyah". The "holiday" is May
17, mark it on your calendar. Why is it
that the Irish get special recognition and
the rest of us with differing heritage are
jipped, swindled out of celebratory
thingamajigs? And I'm guilty as
charged. Guilty of drinking Greek and
Italian wine, eating Mexican and
Chinese food, and a preference for Celtic
music. Can anyone recommend some
Norweigan tuneage? Until then, I'll
wish you all a non-shitty
Shittandarnyah! And selvstyrt hyder-
pucket (autonomous zenith).

AS FREUD SAW IT, THE RELATIVE
INACCESSIBILITY OF THE
UNCONSCIOUS CONTENTS WERE

THE RESULT OF A REPRESSIVE
PROCESS WHICH PREVENTED THE
EXPRESSION OF EVEN THE CON-
SCIOUS EXPERIENCE OF CERTAIN
URGES AND IMPULSES THAT MIGHT
BE IN CONFLICT WITH THE MORAL
ORDER OF THE SOCIAL WORLD.
THE ORIGINALITY OF FREUD'S THE-
ORY LAY IN HIS RECOGNITION
THAT THE PROCESS OF REPRESSION
DID NOT ACTUALLY ANNIHILATE
THESE IMPULSES. ON THE CON-
TRARY, FOR HIM THEY RETAINED
THEIR ENERGY BUT SEEMED TO
UNDERGO TRANSFORMATIONS SO
THAT IF THEY OVERCAME THE
FORCES OF REPRESSION AND
SLIPPED PAST THE VIGILANT FRONT
GUARDS THEY WOULD RETURN TO
CONSCIOUS IN DISGUISED FORM.
THE MOST CONSPICUOUS ESCAPE
IS SEEN IN THE AREA OF DREAMS,
OR HEARD IN THE APPARENTLY
ABSURD SLIPS-OF-THIS-TONGUE
FOR FREUD, THERE WAS NO SUCH
THING AS AN UNMOTIVATED MIS-
TAKE. THESE THEN, ARE THE NOR-
MAL EXPRESSIONS OF UNCON-
SCIOUS ACTIVITY. BUT IF IN THE
COURSE OF A PERSON'S DEVELOP-
MENT, S/HE FAILS TO RECONCILE
CERTAIN INSTINCTUAL URGES
WITH THE INCREASINGLY STRIN-
GENT DEMANDS OF THE SOCIAL
ENVIRONMENT, THESE UNRE-
SOLVED CONFLICTS SOMEHOW
ARREST THE PROCESS OF DEVELOP-
MENT AND LATER MANIFEST THEM-
SELVES AS PSYCHOLOGICAL ILL-
NESSES.

—from Jonathon Miller's exceptional
documentary series MADNESS

A callow fellow I met just a few
weeks earlier sought my advice on cop-
ing with recurring depressive episodes.
Often I wonder about my unabashed
openness addressing depression or my
own Manic-Depression in such a brazen
style. He seemed to genuinely appreci-
ate the chance to become more knowl-
edgeable or just to commiserate. Right
now I'm in that perturbing part of the
depressive cycle where the R.E.M. is out-
of sync, towards the end of the dream-
ing. This is the purported reason for
depressives awakening with fatigue and
malaise, joints aching and exhausted.
Given that 1 in 2 of everyone's dreams is
positive, this implies that we usually

have nightmares. Therefore, I advise imitating the sleep cycle with a visual panoply auto-suggested. Whatever is pleasing or relaxing. I tend to imagine myself falling asleep in the sturdy, strong, protective arms of a gorgeous man... Hay! It's my imagination, get your own! Any lovely nightly soiree will do. Ahern! Hahahahahaahahahahahah.

Kinda spooky how Allen Ginsberg died April 5th and I'd quoted the bugger barely before.

"MAN IS CONDEMNED TO FREEDOM"

philosopher Jean Paul Serrte

"WANNA TELL ME WHY SOMEONE CUT YOU UP LIKE A CAKE AT A MORMON WEDDING"

—Lonesome Dove

"HE'S DEADER THAN A SATURDAY NIGHT IN SALT LAKE CITY" —RED DWARF British Comedy TV series

Living in Utah is no picnic for the liberated, much to our detriment and pride. Alternative has been factions the "Goths" and "StraightEdge" are receiving bad press and considered "gangs" and "radical teen terrorists." You're a glight on the true spirit of those earlier movements. All these nigglings come to mind...Anarchist Cookbook, taxpayers and vandals, explosives and skateboarding, virgins and Edward Munch's facial bloopees, diapers, Ian MacKay and Minor Threat, The Smiths vegetarian slogan, "Meat is Murder", diapers, diapers, diapers...Why diapers? Because you brats were in diapers when the original Gothic and Straightedge movements began. You've merely recycled an incompetent replica now past due to die. Worn out their welcome. Ever hear of ingenuity?

"FOR THE LIFE OF ME WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? ALL OF THE GLORY. NONE OF THE WORK. OH YEAH, SOMETIMES IT HURTS. WE ALL WANNA BE BORN ROCK STARS. SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW MUCH MORE IT WILL TAKE."

—BLOODFISH's Misinterpret 8 on the Jab! CD

Whatayaknow, I've take up enough space with mental blatherings to not have room for the ominous task required to undertake the projected topic of "Prodigies and Neophyte Rockers" as previously mentioned in April. Darn! Sarcasm aside, it really is extensive and requires in-depth work and serious rumination. Let me just say in advance that I'm an advocate of local bands that have had wearwithal, veteran rockers like the members in the groups BLOODFISH, NSC, HOUSE OF CARDS and STELLA BRASS. Kudos, guys. If there's any I fail to mention it's due to confusion over whether or not they continue to exist, much as BOHEMIA, ANGER OVERLOAD, NOVA GENUS, COLOUR THEORY COMMUNION" and likewise ilk. Fell free to correct the status anytime.

Lastly... I'll probably be S.O.L. trying to sandwich together a UTAH JAZZ Play-Off game and he FERVID TORPOR/SPAWN RANCH show. Thus stated in order to notify gighouses, clubs, etc...that it's advantageous to provide advance tickets and advertise better. Specifically, advertise in this publication with a calendar grid. Please. And no, no one paid me to write that. Comprehende? —Laura Swensen

this month at

ASHBURY PUB

Tuesday, May 6 - James Shook

Wednesday, May 7 - club Eklekstacy

Thursday, May 8 - Pepper Lake city

Friday, May 9 - Sun Masans

CD release party

Saturday, May 10 - Loose

Tuesday, May 13 - ASA

Wednesday, May 14 - club Eklekstacy

Thursday, May 15

The Donna Smith Quartet

Friday, May 16 - Gigi Love Band

Saturday, May 17 - My Dog Vodka

Tuesday, May 20 - Mary Tebbs & Friends

Wednesday, May 21 - club Eklekstacy

Thursday, May 22 -

Spittin Lint & The Buzz

Friday, May 23 - Fat Paw

Saturday, May 24 - Backwash

Wednesday, May 28 - club Eklekstacy

Thursday, May 29 - HOUSE OF CARDS

Friday, May 30 - Insatiable

Saturday, May 31 - Girth

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Concert Reviews

SNEAKER PIMPS MAY 9 @ BAR & GRILL.

The Bar & Grill, I believe that would be Steve booked this one with, I guess, some help from the milk mustache crew. The CD begins with dub and bass trip hopping beats interspersed with squalling electric guitars, "Low Place Like Home." As a powerful individual once used to tell me, "you know all the people in low places." That individual is employed at present as a graveyard shift security guard and his words have the ring of truth. Low places are like home and the Sneaker Pimps are headed to high places. The three have released a near perfect CD. Thanks to that Larson fellow, one of the more pleasant and helpful music industry pro-

fessionals who will soon depart Salt Lake City, I've been listening to *Becoming X* for at least two months. The combination of former punk girl vocalist Kelli Dayton with a couple of DJs, thus forming a trio of all things, is more pleasing on my ears than Beck. Admittedly this reaction is based on lack of radio airplay, a situation soon to be rectified for the pleasure of the masses and the swelling of Sneaker Pimps bank accounts. Of course I was all in love with Jane Jenson, an artist with an exceptional CD and waning interest at the present time. When the genre is electronica a

releases to start things off. In 1990 they came out with *Babysitters On Acid*. That album contained meant to be classics "Makin' It (With Other Species)," "Octopussy" and the title song among others. Read through those first songs and recall that the band met at the New York School of Performing Arts. The next thing they did was release *Binge and Purge*. Guess what topics important to the female of the species that disc of battery acid in a girl punk band contained? What else could the Lunachicks do except top themselves? What? *Jerk Of All Trades* was released in 1995. "Fingerful,"



female fronting the knob twiddling scratchers can't hurt. At least there is something to stare at. Go stare all you want, but remember there is no smoking on the dance floor. Since the Chemical Brothers canceled the Sneaker Pimps are the next closest thing to the future of rock scheduled for the month of May

—Squeaky

THE LUNACHICKS MAY 14 @ DV8

Leave it to Big Daddy to come through with the highlight of May. How about a run down on Lunachick

"F.D.S. (Shit Finger Dick)" and "Buttplug" were three highlights. In February of 1997 the Lunachicks hit the streets fighting with *Pretty Ugly*. *Pretty Ugly* must be Theo, longtime Lunachicks vocalist and Calvin Klein model. *Pretty Ugly* even drew a rave from grid magazine "critic" Helen...er...Bill Frost. Now that several months have passed and the album, as with most good albums, sits unnoticed amongst the mass of "product" at the chains while mom and pops move the units; now that the Lunachicks have actually received some radio play and now that the Lunachicks are touring stadiums with No Doubt and Weezer they decided to arrive before the other two play the sterile, legendary poor sound of the Delta Center and perform for all ages in the DV8 basement. Sure enough, they will be there on May 14. Give Big Daddy a nice round of applause for booking it, give Stormy a nice round of applause for managing the band and helping Dave bring the gig to Salt Lake, and please give the Lunachicks a big round of applause and be in attendance.

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JAMES AND THIRD EYE BLIND MAY 13TH @ DV8

James needs little introduction. They've soldiered on for the last decade playing to their cult audience while never making that big splash in the multitude of American waters. Their leader, Tim Booth, has been a busy boy. Not only did he work on the Booth and the Bad Angel project, but scant months later a new James CD appeared. It and the Booth and the Bad Angel disc aren't doing much in the sales department. It's time to take the show on the road and promote, promote, promote.

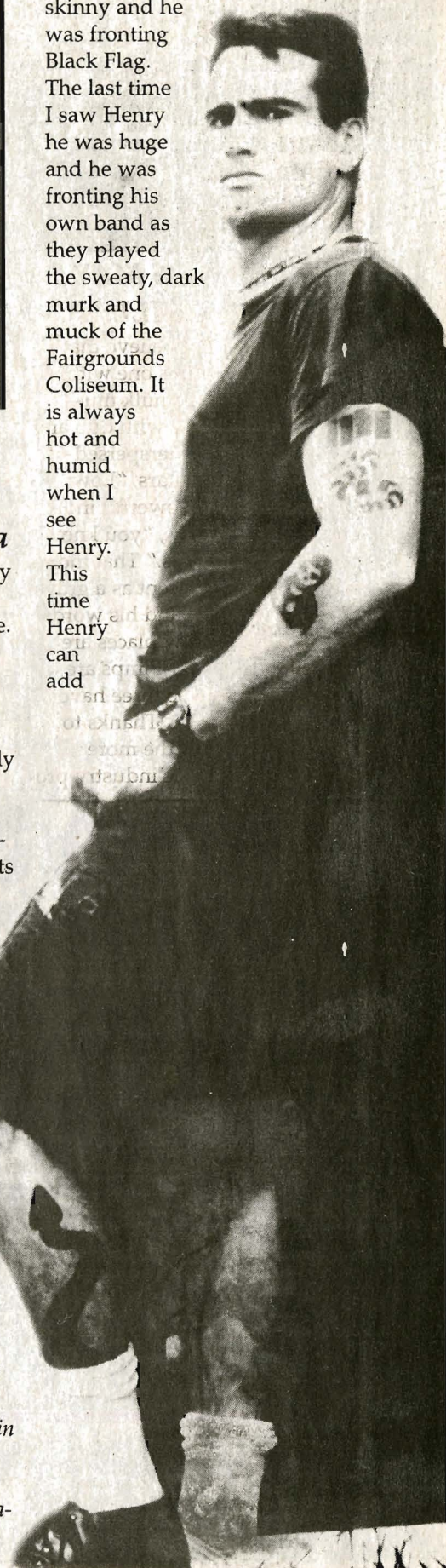
James is hoping to draw a crowd of loyal followers. The opening band for this May 13th DV8 program features the talents of Third Eye Blind. I'm not clear on how these events are planned, but Third Eye Blind is a good pick as a James opener. They have incorporated some folk stylings into the music featured on their debut. They've also taken on some interesting subjects to write a song or two about. "Narcolepsy," "Burning Man," "Motorcycle Drive By" and "God Of Wine" are important aspects of life to target with poetry. Incredibly enough the band brings some psychedelic touches along to mix it up with the folk. The third eye must have inner vision. For some reason my inner vision doesn't see a milk truck parked in front of DV8. Too bad the End doesn't have a vehicle, but they do have a studio and James or Third Eye Blind could turn up for an acoustic performance because the gig isn't trendy enough for the X-ers.

HENRY ROLLINS, SKUNKANANSIE

MAY 29 @ Wolf Mtn. Arena

Forgive me for not updating my press file by engaging in another encounter with Hank's publicity people. My last encounter was not a pleasant experience and I don't really need 200 pages of press clippings to write a few words. I do have the new CD from the Rollins Band and a few memories to rely on. Here for the reader's pleasure is a pull quote from a Meatpuppets interview. Chris Kirkwood receives the attribution. Black Flag and the Meat Puppets weren't always friends. They have engaged in some Hatfield/McCoy, Eastside/Westside feuds in the past. *"Another story he (Kirkwood) related was about Henry Rollins, simply Henry to Kirkwood. They'd (The Meatpuppets) made-up with Black Flag and were doing a show in San Diego. Kirkwood, Joe Carduchi and Henry were standing around outside after the show. As Kirkwood tells it the conversation was of the intellectual variety. 'Henry was on his 'I'm smart too behavior'.' A kid came by and shouted at Henry, 'You sell out!' Henry calmly held up a finger to interrupt the conversation and said, 'Excuse me.' He then completely lost it and flew across the parking lot. He did a full body block on the kid, planting him firmly in the concrete and told him, 'You got something to say to me, say it to my face.' Then he returned to calmly continue the conversation."* That's our Henry.

The first time I saw Henry he was kind of skinny and he was fronting Black Flag. The last time I saw Henry he was huge and he was fronting his own band as they played the sweaty, dark muck of the Fairgrounds Coliseum. It is always hot and humid when I see Henry. This time Henry can add



hippy to the list. Hot, sweaty, dark, murky, humid and hippies is Wolf Mtn. Come In And Burn needs a comma and another word for Henry's Salt Lake City date. Come in and burn and smell the hippies as the Rollins Band headlines at Wolf Mtn.

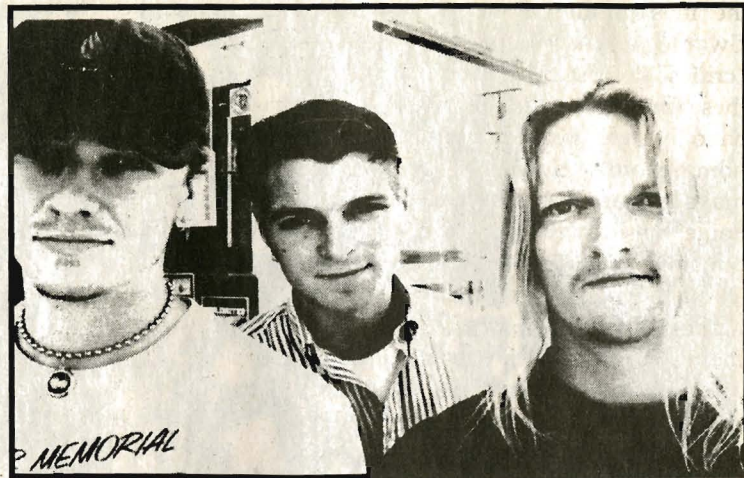
The opening band is another adventure all together. I pulled a quote from a past Skunkansie interview with guitarist ACE. *Slug:* "Does Skin paint her face every night? Is that common? They play up the paint in the press - her painting her face." *ACE:* "Well she has kind of inscriptions on it every now and then like a cross or something, whatever she feels that night. It's not painted like the video or anything, it's not like an elaborate paint job. She will get a paint stick and write what she's thinking about at the time. Most of them I don't really understand myself. Sometimes she'll have a cross on her head sometimes a question mark, things like that.

Just how she feels really." Skin is Skunkansie's female, black, bi-sexual leader. In a club her performance is nothing short of fearful. The band has thousands of performances under their skins by now and I have little doubt that the fearful presence of Skin will frighten more than a few. Off stage she is quite pleasant, as is the rest of the band. Their new CD is more calm than their beginning and it isn't out yet, but the political nature of the music is the perfect foil for Hank and his outspoken nature. The one final reason to go is Bill "Hack #2" Frost's professed hatred for Skunk, unless it is grown in Mexico.

Wa

GWAR, CHEMLAB, PUNKADELIC MAY 19 @ BRICKS

The show is nearly three weeks away and



already rumors of its cancellation are circulating. It couldn't be the nature of the music could it? The date is May 19. The place is Bricks, a private club for members. In the past Gwar made a spectacle of themselves and the audience at the Fairgrounds. Due an unfortunate accident, a tube of Marilyn Manson Anti-Christ Superstar posters finding the eyes of a member of the bishoprick, the Fairgrounds banned rock

music. At least that is the way the grapevine tells the tale. It's a good thing nothing minimally associated with Gwar ever fell into the wrong hands because this band makes Marilyn Manson look like a nun/priest. The string of albums, and I favor the music and the titles of the most recent, continues with *Carnival of Chaos*. Let that title join *America Must Be Destroyed* and *This Toilet Earth* (my personal favorites, it's

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the titles dummy) in the Gwar legacy. As much as "critics" despise the music these former art students have received two Grammy nominations in the past. They make brilliant videos. Somewhere among whatever remains of the SLUG readership are Gwar experts and I'd best be careful or one of them will rocket off a missile of hatred, but the last sighting of Gwar locally was reported to be a blood drenched affair. Don't even think about it. How many times do a few of you lunkheads require removal before the information on Bricks security enters your thick skulls. Those big fuckers aren't to be messed with and if survival past Punkadelic is desired the behavior had better be good. Punkadelic is the local band of impressive noise and Chemlab will follow them to the stage with more of the same before whatever spectacle of horror Gwar has planned for this, their Carnival Of Chaos tour.

PROTEIN MAY 14 @ BAR & GRILL

Due to deadlines and unrelenting pressure from the evil SLUG boss to write for little or no compensation I have decided cover Protein and ignore some other important shit. The important shit SLUG couldn't wait for includes the following; Speaker at the Bar & Grill on May 16, Trans-am, one of the best shows in the month of May booked by the Cashmere nation at the Union Ballroom on May 14 and the Moody Blues at the Huntsman Center. That last one doesn't count.

Protein record for the Sony subsidiary the Work Group. The band has impressed Sony executives to

such an extent that they have not only enlisted the aid of Asylum Marketing to push the band, but also the extremely talented publicity firm of the Mitch Schneider Organization. As I discovered through conversations with other bands represented by MSO, the "group" is not always in touch with the grass roots, ah but that is the music biz from the well-financed side. While keeping that thought in mind I read through the press materials with a jaded eye - "Citing influences from Hank Williams, Pantera to Star Wars." Holy Batman SuperZena, they are a hippie band from the Bay Area. A copy of Protein's debut found my discerning ears at least a month ago. When the writer is desperate for words any icon of country music will suffice and Pantera is a band with less-than-intelligible lyrics so go ahead and cite them, as for the Star Wars reference? Oh, the lyrics refer to outer space at times. Hank Williams was a drunk genius, I find Protein seriously lacking in the Hank Williams department and the Pantera department and the Star Wars department.

Calling them as I see them, in a similar fashion to an umpire at a San Francisco Giants baseball game, the logo of which appears on my SLUG paycheck I find a not altogether assemblage of hippies with a country punk bent. The band was mighty pissed off the last time they came to Salt Lake City and played to an empty bar. Just imagine what they'll think if they return to the same bar, empty once again and attain the stature of Ewetu as they mature. You stupid fucks, here is your sign. Be there or wear the fucking sign

—Bill Inglewood

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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

ED GEIN

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

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ARRESTED: 1957

DIED: 1984

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two out
of three
ain't bad!

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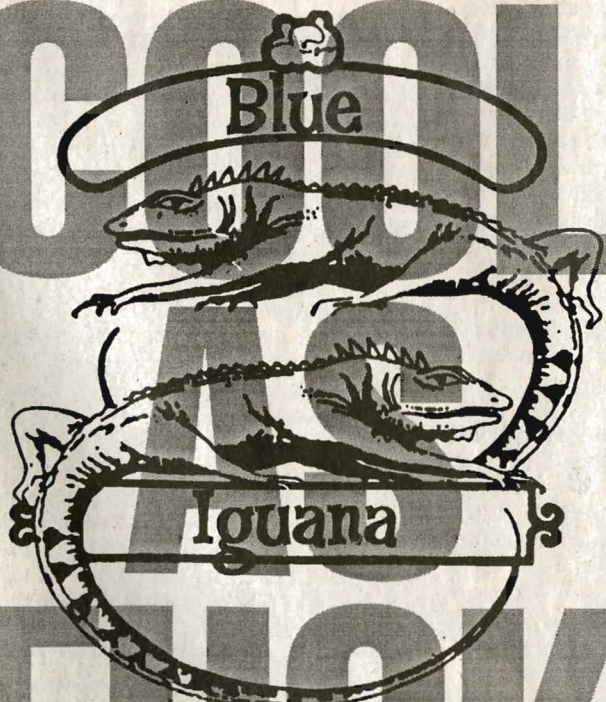
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"At the root of all fascism is a lack of a sense of humor."
—Vanessa Swatzell

"The conscientious objectors to modern music will, of course, attempt everything in the way of counterrevolution. Musicians will not admit that we are making music; they will say that we are interested in superficial effects, or, most, are imitating Oriental or primitive music. New and original sounds will be labeled as "noise." But our common answer to every criticism must be to continue working and listening, making music with its materials, sound and rhythm, disregarding the cumbersome, top-heavy structure of musical prohibitions."

—John Cage (1939)

"If you were ever happy all the time, you wouldn't be human, you'd be a game show host."

—Heathers

WORLD-WEARY

Hip-hop, electronica and country are touted as neck and neck for the next pop crown. We hear this whispered among the aisles of retail CD warehouses like we should wait for opinion to be formed for us. The other day I popped into **Scud Mountain Boys** and **Vic Chestnutt** at the Seventh House in Pontiac, Michigan. SMB articulates exquisite country ballads that kept the house quiet with interest. Take a listen to their Subpop CD MASSACHUSETTS. I do, and I like it. If it ever makes it to Top 40, that'll be the gain of many, but I'm not waiting. Chestnutt seemed nervous and uncomfortable from his wheelchair. He did not want to make eye contact with anyone not on stage and every verse required a slight adjustment of the microphone. He nearly wails in an exclamation of his sorrows and occasionally brings forth a burst of distortion. Chestnutt since canceled his tour, citing "exhaustion." An evening of music carried over from the cloudy peaks...

"All genres of rock videos (old, new, major label and indie)" seeking **Chicagoland cable coverage** should send themselves to Ken Mottet. He pilots the three-year-old cable access show **The Otherside**. While he expresses interest in all rock, and I have no reason not to believe him, I am certain Mottet would especially appreciate all you rockabilly/swing/greaser bands making submissions. Call him at 847-674-5422...

Rykodisc imprint Traditional (Rykodisc, Shetland Pk, 27 Congress St., Salem MA, 01970 or catalog@rykodisc.com) has archived numerous recordings from the 50s and 60s on **several cultures**. Combined with a budget pricing, they have released nearly 50 albums. Five new titles have been

announced; flamenco, Greek folk, traditional North Africa, central-west African coast music and Sufi mysticism...

Cecil B. DeMille gets his due on a series of Kino video releases. Six silent features that built the DeMille name are issued in late May. These

works precede the monumental films, like *Samson and Delilah*, *The Greatest Show on Earth* and, of course, *The Ten Commandments*. Among the releases is *The Volga Boatman* (A Romeo and Juliet affair set in the Russian Revolution) and *Joan The Woman*. In Joan, we are treated to spectacular battles, an acquisition and a hand-painted end sequence. The original music was re-recorded on a full-size Wurlitzer for this release. Don't forget *The King of Kings*, one of Cecil's personal favorite and his first parting of the Red Sea. Geraldine Farra, considered a contemporary equal to Enrico Caruso, sings in DeMille's *Carmen*. The voices in the head of John Tremble (Raymond Hatton) co-star in DeMille's psycho-thriller, *The Whispering Chorus*. All of these silent films are stylistic classics (Kino, #503, 333 W 39th St., NYC NY, 10018; <http://www.kino.com>)...

Composer **David Arnold** is putting together an album of covers of music from James Bond movies (EastWest UK). Among the participants are **Debbie Harry**, **Bjork**, **Iggy Pop**, **Pulp** and **Liam Gallagher** (Oasis), singing "Live and Let Die"...

Medeski Martin and Wood have put out **BUBBLEHOUSE** and currently out on tour. This CD-5 is a re-mix collection of SHACK-MAN tunes. There is a bonus track, "Macha," which was previously only available in Japan. Helping in the effort is **WE**, **DJ Olive**, **Loop** and **Once 11**. The re-mix of "Dracula" is carried out by **DJ Logic** with help from **John Zorn** on alto saxophone...

Mike Diana was denied an appeal on his *Boiled Angel* conviction by the Florida Supreme Court. The ACLU is taking his case to the Supreme Court...Challenging filmmaker **Mark Hejnar** (POB 578503, Chi IL, 60657-8503) is currently working Diana's legal woes into a full-length video. An assortment of zine writers and cartoonists is to be included. He is also re-cutting/re-mixing *Bible of Skin* for inclusion in the next Chicago Underground Film Festival...

An **Iggy Pop** tribute album is in the pipe from **LIFEbeat/Royalty**. The lineup includes **Monster Magnet**, **The Misfits**, **Superdrag**, **7 Year Bitch** and more...

The latest on the Lollapalooza lineup is **Tricky**, **Prodigy**, **Tool**, **Snoop Doggy Dog**, and **Underworld**...

The **Hoodoo Gurus** are disbanded. After 15 years, "now is the right time to bring the band to its natural conclusion," they say...

Tribal Gathering, the massive U.K. electronic music festival announces **Kraftwerk** will be headlining this year's show, which takes place from noon on May 24th to 8:30 a.m. May 25th. It's their first time appearing on stage in over a decade (<http://www.universe.co.uk/tribal.htm>)...

Giant Sand guitarist **Rainer Ptacek** is diagnosed of a brain tumor. A fund-raiser has taken the form of a benefit album entitled **INNER FLAME**. The disc will feature new tracks from **PJ Harvey**, **Evan Dando** and a one-time collaboration featuring **Chris Whitley**, **Warren Zevon** and **Dave Piner** (Soul Asylum)...

A **Jam** tribute is scheduled. Summer-intended, the release will feature cover versions of classic Jam hits provided by **The Beastie Boys**, **Reef**, **No Doubt**, **Prodigy** and **Oasis** guitarist **Noel Gallagher** with former Jam frontman **Paul Weller**...Noel and Paul Weller will also join **Pete Townshend** on a fundraising disc for **Small Faces** bassist **Ronnie Lane**, who is suffering from Multiple Sclerosis. The EP will consist of various Small Faces songs...

Sarah McLachlan's Lilith Fair all-woman vocalist tour now includes confirmed acts **The Indigo Girls**, **Natalie Merchant**, **Mary Chapin Carpenter**, **Jewel**, **Neneh Cherry**, **Victoria Williams** and **The Cardigans** (<http://www.lilith-fair.com>)...

REVIEWS

Discovery Records has done a great and wondrous thing by putting out four, count 'em, four Art of Noise CDs. AoN began in the mid-80s with a touchstone to which all electronic music should be compared.

THE BEST OF picks up on the cuts that started my love affair with AoN, the Afro-techno "Yebo," the **Duane Eddy** powered "Peter Gunn," the moody ambient "Opus 4" and "Instruments of Darkness," "Paranoia" (brought to life by **Max Headroom**) and the **Tom Jones** take on Prince's "Kiss." AMBIENT COLLECTION has long been a jewel in my vinyl collection. These AoN catalog remixes by **Youth** and **Alex Patterson** (The Orb) are savored all the better without having to flip the album, Ah, the ecstasy should never end. While the group disbanded in '90, we have two CD's from after that time. THE FON MIXES is named after the U.K. studio that **808 State**, **Prodigy**, **LFO**, **Carl Cox** and others were invited to for more AoN remixing. THE BASS AND DRUM COLLECTION is a jungle take on this protean repertoire. It came out last year and finds the contemporary wizards of English house conjuring up the bottom end on cuts like "Yebo," "Kiss," "Peter Gunn," "Opus 4" and more.

The strength of AoN compositions and their deeply felt influence owes to the fact perhaps no project in the last two decades better realized the studio as instrument.

Various Artists

KCRW RARE ON AIR: LIVE PERFORMANCES VOLUME 3 / Mammoth

KCRW continues a series of important pop documents. They have proven repeatedly to be able to bring out the most singular performances and interpretations by current recognized musicians. With each live track we share in an on-air performance from L.A.'s **Morning Becomes Eclectic**. Again, more than being simply exclusive, each cut is noted for its rare instance or subtle shading. We have **Cowboy Junkies** with Springsteen's "State Trooper," "Dancing Barefoot" from **Patti Smith**, and also **Fiona Apple**, **Ben Folds Five**, **Guided By Voices**, **Luna**, **Me'Shell Ndegeocello**, **The Wallflowers**, **James Taylor** and more. I give this 4 1/2 sunrise soundtracks.

PePG!RLZ

DOWN 'N' DIRTY / Alive Records

The chicks on your Snap-On calendar have stepped off the glossy pages, into a raging rawk band and here to kick your ass. Sublimely

demonic and overtly chaotic, they have two bass players because their long jams are going to make you take some warm milk and lie down a while.

The Folk Implosion

DARE TO BE SURPRISED / Communion

FI continues to research and develop new strains of hi-tech lo-fi. There is substantial irony to recording sparse pop with lots of low-end register on 24-track. This does much to prosecute FI's agenda to "destroy...our own music...yeah, we wanted to destroy indie rock." While, such a weapon as "Natural One" doesn't reside in this arsenal, there is still plenty of dance music to be depressed by. Black-light disco.

Faceless WATER / Faceless

Mostly the work of one person, Faceless, this is an album or urgent sexuality. Good for ripping clothes (deliberately, not with abandon), as part of foreplay. Of course, those clothes are black, and it's about four a.m. Excellent layering and production. I give this five long, early mornings of giving a little.

Warren Cuccurullo

MACHINE LANGUAGE, THANKS TO FRANK / Imago

Cuccurullo followed the path Frank Zappa to Missing Persons to Duran Duran and now is working with Blondie. While may take on 1996's THANKS TO FRANK is that it is a bombastic pop-distortion and that MACHINE LANGUAGE emasculates the guitar into an electronic eunuch, many would disagree. The back cover of THANKS TO FRANK - Warren's befuddled looking pose - seems

to say LOST SINCE FRANK. However, many would declare this a valid, new vision. Warren seems to need direction, others would say he has crossed boundaries. Guitar magazines, in sufficient numbers, have already praised THANKS TO FRANK and seem poised to the same with the minimalistic MACHINE LANGUAGE.

Frank Zappa

HAVE I OFFENDED SOMEONE? / Rykodisc

From The Real Frank Zappa Book, "The people most offended by my lyrics seem to be rock critics. The audience usually seems to like them." The collection of FZ's most "offensive" material was self-produced just prior to his '93 death. Among the selections are "Jewish Princess" and "Bobby Brown Goes Down," both off SHEIK YERBOUTI. Having been to Europe, it comes as no surprise that the tale of Bobby Brown and a "dyke named Freddie" received no U.S. airplay, but charted high in Norway, Austria and Germany. The sense of humor is much more limber over there. Zappa himself noted this lone track kept SHEIK YERBOUTI his best-selling album. It also brings to mind that the most seemingly naughty bits of this collection are what would probably get gay rights activists to picket his shows today. Then I think, hey if we were all laughing, there would be now wars.

Also included are "Disco Boy," "Goblin Girl," "In France," "He's So Gay," "SEX," "Titties 'n Beer," "We're Turning Again," "Catholic Girls," "Dinah-Moe Humm" (The first FZ song I recall making me want to know more about his work), "Valley Girl" and "Yo Cats."

Not merely a re-packaging, Frank gave us two unreleased live cuts. These are the anti-music

industry "Tinsel Town Rebellion" and the televangelist taunt "Dumb All Over." Most of the songs are also re-mixed. Liner notes are admirably carried out by Ed Sanders (Fugs). Artwork from the inimitable Ralph Steadman, you remember him from those Hunter S. Thompson books.

Leech Woman 33 (degrees) / Invisible

This is the new work from Martin Atkins (Killing Joke, Pigface). It makes a good match with Ministry's THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING... Atkins has extended this successful industrial approach to include percussion on metal parts, gas canisters and the sound of metal grinders. Extreme, urgent and cataclysmic.

Various Artists Max's Kansas City: 1976 / ROIR

This is the CD reissue of the infamous 1976 LP. Four bonus tracks are added. Three (The Fast, Phil Rambow, The Terrorists) are from MAX'S KANSAS CITY PRESENTS: NEW WAVE HITS FOR THE 80'S. The Brats' "First Rock Star On The Moon" is lifted from MAX'S KANSAS CITY (VOL II): 1977. The original album is made up of an a Max's anthem dedicated to Lou Reed from Wayne County & The Back Street Boys, The Fast, another Wayne County cut, Harry Toledo, Pere Ubu, Cherry Vanilla, The John Collins Bands (John Collins is featured in The Terrorists) and Suicide's "Rocket U.S.A." It's obvious from listening that there was too much fun going on here, it wouldn't last. Complete lineup info is provided for each track. Check out the period clothes and hair styles on the cover!

Morsel EP / Small Stone Record

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Morsel EP / Small Stone Record

Finally some new Morsel! The 22-minute CD has a foot in No Wave, a spoonful of Blurt some Butthole Surfers before they had money - basically all the best a band can be when rock rules that has no rules. The only thing wrong with this Morsel is, it's just a morsel. I give this five Glankoon bus tickets.

The Great Unraveling / Kill Rock Stars

Dirty, slow rock that should go over with Stooges fans. In fact, it sometimes sounds like early Stooges material 'unraveled' into a longer meander. A great way to get that Friday night going when you come home from work, I found. The guitar project is built around innovator and Vermin Scum Records honcho Tonie Joy (Moss Icon, Born Against, Lava, Universal Order or Armageddon). Recorded by Steve Albini.

**Pain MIDGETS WITH GUNS
Goggins/Birdcage**

Trumpets, trombone and euphonium added to a standard rock combo. A variety of North American styles give this a Brave Combo feel. The pain must be from packing that talent of six bands into one group.

STYLUS COUNCIL

Con-Dom and Militia/Laura Maes and Militia

"Familiedrama" b/w "Pain" 7"
Praxis Dr. Bearmann

In grating repetition of white noise, the sounds of Con-dom and Militia tell a tale of underlying stress. This explains the photo accompaniment of an apparent suicide scene. That guy should have listened to more records like these, he would have had more to live for. Apparently, the chap killed his family before "turning the gun on himself," as they say. The B-side goes well with this drama. In case you have never had the experience of conflicting voices in your head, Laura has created the feeling through her cello and voice.

S-Core VERMIN picture 7" / Praxis

A limited edition of 400 copies on very heavy vinyl. Japanese noise, soothing like a remote, electronic storm of TVs jammed between channels.

Smell & Quim

**JIM SEED COLLECTOR 7" / S&Q
Prod./Praxis**

The semen-hued single is named for an apparent euphemism for "slut." Plenty of noise and maybe

some clips from 40's stag films. From the pornographic artwork, I'd say you will need an age statement to acquire one of these 500 copies.

FILM

16th Annual Women in the Director's Chair International Film and Video Festival Mar 21-23, 1997 Chicago, IL

Women in the Director's Chair (WIDC) is a hardworking organization that does much more than put on this impressive festival. As if that were not enough! For the last seven years, they toured mini-festivals to 18 U.S. sites. WIDC also brings films to women incarcerated in prisons and juvenile homes. They present a variety of subjects and form discussion groups. They further open their archives to organizations that can find their videos helpful. (WIDC, 3435 N Sheffield #202, Chi. IL, 60657; 773-281-4988).

For the interested, I have included my subjective asterisk-rating system. The explanation: (*) Means I was so deeply moved to that true opposite of love, disinterest. (*****) Means I was either struck with the immediate need to run out in the street and evangelize for the film or filled with loathing and disgust for the presentation. That is, the stronger the emotional reaction conjured in me, the more asterisks the film earned.

At the Film Center of Chicago's Art Institute school, I saw my first film of the festival. *A Journey Within A Journey* (***, Kalki 2000) was highly spoken of before my arrival. The 90 min. film revolves around actress/poet/filmmaker Chitra Neogy (220 Plymouth St., Brooklyn NY, 11201) dealing with recent, death of her father and visiting a string of temples and rituals relating to her native religion. While I must confess I was not impressed with Neogy's acting and directing, I can appreciate the personal importance of her work. Beyond that, she captured a striking array of dances, locations and costuming that make the film an important cultural document. Each flamboyant and theatrical costume is made almost wholly from the coconut tree and Chitra captures the entire process. It also struck me strongly that the Indians possess a much more natural, expressive and spiritually bolstering attachment to religious life than I have ever observed in a western church.

Finishing off Friday night, I made it to Chicago Filmmakers in an apparently Polish/Mexican neighborhood. I saw all my festival films at

this comfortable and spacious venue from then on. I had some time on my hands, so I ventured to find a meal in, the interesting cultural mix of the neighborhood. The polish restaurant were closed, so my obvious choice was Mexican. My chicken burrito had an air of authenticity through the addition of small bones and fresh cilantro. The "avocado" cost \$0.70 extra, and, I had to have a waitress point the dollop of guacamole out to me. Certain they thought me unpleased, I made myself the only patron to leave a tip. Being a Detroit who spends time in Windsor, my pocket change was four quarters - three of them Canadian. Still, the waitress grinned broadly at me when she discovered them.

An animation set for this evening started off with the very short (1:33) production *Wilar and the Woman Who Gave Birth to a Frog* (***, Elena Dubrovsky, 700 Warren Rd. #11-2D, Ithaca NY, 14850). It was so short that credits ran throughout it and when it was over I thought it was about to start. The rest of the audience apparently felt the same way and nobody clapped. This was especially embarrassing for me, because I was sitting next to the filmmaker. At film festivals I try never to be the first person to applaud, because I feel the timing of the unencouraged, reaction is an important barometer of the film's impact. Still, I was impressed with the flick, which was entirely done with camera-less animation. That is, each scene was hand-painted onto the celluloid. The figures had the appearance of ancient petroglyphs and the background seemed cave-wall-like. The inspiration was a Native Australian myth...*Sugar & Plastic* (****, Aileen Leijten, 1043 Grant St. #C, Santa Monica CA, 90405) presented live-action and stop-motion in a modern tale of personal gratification, appearance standards and dealing with all that excess. Appearances of a cartoonish old hag harbinges suffering that leaves wisdom. I think the moral is "Why be normal? Be natural"...Following was one of my favorite films of the festival, *Adam* (*****) by Andrea Stoops (2261 Market #128, SF CA, 94114). Claymation is combined with a young girl's autobiographical narration. Her masculine appearance draws the affections of young playmate and they have an episode of proto-lesbian sexual fun. Very charming in its telling innocence...*In The Sandbox* (****, Nat'l Board of Canada/Festivals Ofc. D-11, 3155 Cote de Liesse, St. Laurent QC, H4N 2N4, Canada) Two children construct an imaginary world which becomes an alarming example of the worst imaginable human mistreatment of the planet...*Parachute* (***, Laura Heit, 617 N Oakley, Chi IL, 60629) is about a young woman find herself in the unfriendly, labyrinthine city. The best image in this film of "multi-plane cut-out animation" was apartment buildings as tall, open-top boxes to pour in people and furnishings...The final film of this group was the mystico-poetic *Joy Street* (Canyon Cinema, Dominic Angerame, 2325 3d St #338, SF CA, 94107). If you like Sylvia Plath, or Mighty Mouse, you can enjoy this short (****). Thick with images about battling the blue devils.

Saturday's films began at noon with set entitled *A Woman's Work Is Always Done*. First was the artistic, autobiographical *One Hundred Eggs A Minute* by Anita Chang (1245 10th Ave #301, SF CA, 94122). This story of the individuation of a second generation Chinese immigrant is B&W. There is clever use of camera and music (****)...*The Story of Margo* (*****, Lina Hoshino, Tactile Pic., 3690 18th St.,

SF CA, 94110) invites us in to the world of a sex worker. Margo delivers a monologue on how she came to be a prostitute, but how she keeps from being a whore. Meanwhile, the camera dwells on here nervous, motions and anatomy, without showing her face. In the end, Margo becomes very understandable. "We don't have what they want. We have what they need for an hour"...*Little Miss Potentiality* (*****, Thalia Drori, 4327 Minnehahah Ave S, Mnpls MN, 55406) effectually combined humor and commentary. There is even the lighter side of Margo's position as a frustrated novelist tries sex work as a stepping stone. The workaday world proves callous for this creative type in an all too believable way...For me, the most powerful documentary of the festival was *Swell* (*****, Charlotte Lagarde, 3751 Latrobe St., LA CA, 90031). A family of women ages 9 to 58 all surf. They seem intelligent, witty, for together. Their endless summer is all the more enviable as we get to know them very well in under 23 minutes. Then, a simple accident claim's a nineteen year old life. The truly loose grip we have on life and need to enjoy every day becomes a powerful message. The mass surfer ritual to spread the young lady's ashes did much to restore my faith in humanity...*In the Weeds: Waiting for a Living* (Cheryl Hess, 1320 S Alder St., Phila. PA, 19147) celebrates and explores the waitron experience. Plenty of horror stories are interspersed with examples of cheerfulness, success and camaraderie through several interviews (****). A strong backbone of humor is included through the use of hilarious archive footage.

The Reclaiming the Road series begins with *Free Style*, an extemporaneous video taping of a young lady preparing to meet her significant other. A fine example of how a little foresight and scripting can make all the effort worthwhile (**, The Mirror Project/SCA, T, c/o Robert Arevalo, 90 Union Sq., Somerville MA, 02143; scat@ctcnet.org)...*The St. Croix Girls Camp* is an "alternative to incarceration." While I can not assess if the girls profiled here are "delinquent," they do seem to me too adult and too angry. However, they are apparently reclaimed by the potent workshops of the Camp, which include solo bivouacking and role playing...In another example of progressive institutionalization, *Open the Gate* (*****, Kathy Katz, 2339 30th Ave, SF CA, 94116) examines a season of a "theatre workshop for incarcerated women." The project's director blesses the participants with far-seeing and curative, creativity. We journey with the participants through scripting, rehearsal and on to a successful performance. A particularly heated discussion takes place when the inmates decide to censure one of the number that returns for a leave testing positive for drugs...In only nine minutes *Stretchmark* (*****, Third World Newsreel, 335 W 38th St., 5th FL, NYC NY, 10018) probes deep into the close relationship of a single mother and son. The film seems to portray a sort of exploitation of intimacy on the mother's part. The son is called on, and capable of, fulfilling many emotional roles for the mother. And, he requires and takes of her liberally...*A Nice Arrangement* (*****, Third World Newsreel) brings us into an Indian-English home on the morning of a daughter's wedding. Hurried preparations combine with intrigue, doubt and excitement. The bride is a striking vision at the end, which leaves the viewer to ruminate on the possibilities...At the very least noteworthy for the instant

and voluminous applause it captured, *Period Piece* (*****, Jay Rosenblatt Film Lib., 22-D Hollywood Ave, Ho-Ho-Kus NJ, 07423, attn: Jim Knox) is one of my favorite films of the festival. Young girls and women from many walks of life are interviewed on what they know, don't know, did know and didn't know about menstruation. The main focus is on a woman's first period and the stigma and mystique of The Curse. Enlightening and funny.

One thing all women have in common is a father. We see varied approaches to this through the set *Paternity is Uncertain*. The first flick is Dulcie Clarkson's *Wild Horse Rider*. Dulcie is unfortunate enough to have an unlikable father and brother. Family photos and home movies let us in on how unlikable they are as Dulcie journey's home to tell her dad just what he is. We find him, a diseased wreck on his deathbed (****, Dulcie Clarkson, 300 W Yankee, Silver City NM, 88061)...In *How I Became My Father's Hat*, fun, Mexican music and scenes full of movement and dance create a motive and enjoyable film (*****). Filmmaker Sayer Frey's (2205 California St. NE #204, Mnpls MN, 55418) deceased father is a present influence in her life, presented in simile through his hat...Wendy Levy's *Swim, Swim...* is a hopeful, humorous and brave journey of perseverance to the better side of infertility. Wendy and her partner constantly and creatively battle the demon of barrenness with all the weapons of medicine and hoe remedy. Wherever she is, I hope she is pregnant right now (*****, Women Make Movies, 462 Broadway #5, 00E, NYC NY, 10013; orders@wmm.com)...After watching *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* (****, Video Data Bank, 112 S Michigan, Chi. IL, 60603; m.faber@artic.edu) I still do not know what a "dyke daddy" is. But, I had a good time watching vid'maker Alix Umen seek one out. Whatever the best relationship between father and lesbian daughter is, I trust Alix to find it...*Coolbreeze and Buzz* (*****, Sandra Boyse, n c/o FSU Film School, A3100 University Ctr., Tallahassee FL, 32306-2084) builds the triangle between mother, drifter father and daughter to an extent that it is understandable, believable and full of human failing. Coolbreeze wants to know her father, but takes a step towards adulthood in realizing that she can't.

The short *Sticks and Stones* (****, Lori Silverbush, 122 E 91st St. #2B, NYC NY, 10128) also lends its name to this set of films. Sticks proves itself worthwhile with good acting, smooth segues and the right sets. Here an aloof and precocious young boy seeks a piece of justice in petty revenge...Instigating some the loudest applause of the festival, *Zelda Lin's Dollhouse* (*****, Wonky Vision Prod., 2116 Chicago Ave., Chi IL, 60622; wonkyworld@earthlink.net) is a strikingly haunting vision. Disfigured doll-junk golems inhabit a surreal, eerie world through stop-motion and claymation...The set ended with *Pretty Mean* (*****) a 46-minute exploration of a bizarre Indiana murder. A young woman is killed by four other girls. That torture, murder and malicious plotting could be carried out by teenagers exploring lesbianism so disturbs filmmaker Robin L. Cline (1927 W Schiller #3F, Chi IL, 60622) that she pursues the answers with as much exasperation and disbelief as anything else. Visiting the crimes scenes with her amused cohorts, Cline's probing of he inexplicable reminds us of the evil that lurks in the hearts of men, and women.

The final, explosive foray for Saturday is

Dykes in the Director's Chair. "B-movies and lesbian pulp-fiction" are parodied in side-splitting previews in *World Of Women* (****, Monica Nolan, 3347 W 38th St., 5th Fl., NYC NY, 10018). A clever seven-minute short playing on the deep seated fear and misunderstanding mainstream America has on woman-to-woman love...In *Badass Supermama* (****) videomaker Etang Inyang (176 15th St., #105, Oakland CA, 94612) explores her idolization of 1970's blaxploitation figure Foxy Brown. While the overall mood is lighthearted, the underlying themes are not., Adolescent impressionability and the exaggerated sexuality and image presented to the adolescents is the undercurrent. This structure gives the 16-minute video the ability to entertain and provoke...Courtney Love's mother happens to be the therapist of "60's fugitive/Weather Underground radical" Kathleen Ann Power. Through the use of actors to portray the two icons, the video *Good Sister, Bad Sister* (****, Liza Johnson, 46 Old Fulton St., Brooklyn NY, 11201) explores numerous topics. We are left with an introduction to the life of a fugitive, the powerful role of therapist, FBI harassment of lesbians, radical feminism and much more...The explosive end to this set, *Frenzy* (****, Jill Reiter, 288 Guerrero, SF CA, 94103) can surely boast the most fun had in production. Music from *Slant 6, Double Zero* and more keep time to the furtive action. Done in Super 8, the vid' has a grainy, hidden-camera feel as a rock-dyke jam session/party turns into an orgy.

Before leaving Sunday afternoon, I was able to catch the films of the Against the Odds set. The beginning was the self-titled video of heroic *Evelyn Williams* (****, Appalshop Mktg & Sales, Carolyn Sturgill, 306 Madison St., Whitesburg KY, 41858; appalshop@aol.com). The octogenarian can speak of a great-grandmother that was a slave, and remember the depression. She can remember more powerlessness in the face of injustice with miner unionization. Not knowing her credentials, an oil and gas firm tries to take liberties with Williams' Eastern Kentucky land. The video is nearly a half-hour, and in the end we are treated to the small victory of Evelyn and her activist friends giving her a hand-written concession and rolling their big machines off her land...Effective use is made of a young girl's letter and narration in *Veronica's Story* (****, Jill Evans Petzall, Beacon Prod., 139 N Bemiston, St. Louis MO, 63105; cevans@artsci.wustl.edu). Now 14, she endured a broken family

and abuse, emerging with hope, faith and trust. Besides being deeply moving, the video short was highly encouraging...To avoid the social repercussions of a pregnancy resulting from a frat' rape, a woman employs self-induced abortion. Excellent editing bolsters the strong story of *Chronic* (*****, Jennifer Reeves, 240 Carlton Ave. - basement, Brooklyn NY, 11205). Becoming more misunderstood, the subject finds herself in an institution, where we meet new friends along with her. The 38-minute journey takes us to the self-sufficiency of the subject and a friend, living in the same city. It was fitting for me that this celebration of female talent should end with a portrayal of successful struggle for self-identity "against the odds".

ZINES

Crewzine Richard "Antius" Gurtler Druzicova 2, SK-821 02 Bratislava, Slovakia

Crewzine is mostly packed with reviews of a myriad electronic music - from ambient to industrial. There is still room for a few live reviews, label reviews, articles and news. This is a priceless resource for the serious aficionado of EBM, which seems to be an acronym representing all the possibilities of 'electro-music.' Very worldwide in scope. In this issue articles are presented on *Thine Eyes, Das Ich, Cold Meat Industry, The Fourth Man, Digital Warfare/Bite, Shinjuku Thief* and more.

Not Bored! POB 1115, Stuyvesant Stn., NYC NY, 10009-9998

This is a situationist zine. It is full of cultural observations and ways the concerned editor and associates have tried to shake things up. I read Guy Debord's *Society of the Spectacle* and got nothing more out of it than this: It is better not to pay attention to most of the things that draw the most attention. Well, **Not Bored!** gets much more out of Debord's philosophy. Reading the fascinating zine, it is hard not to want to be a situationist. This is one of the better things I have read in quite a while. In this issue, **Not Bored!** heats things up at a Buffalo, NY screening of a Debord film, they try to ruffle the feathers of Artstrike originator Stewart Home and make the post-Luddite decision of putting up a web page. Three articles are on music, including *Sun Ra*, but this seen to be more than usual. There is also an interesting piece on the Unabomber Manifesto.

Kuji Rhonda Barbee, 5676 Hartford, Det. MI, 48210

It is amazing what a zine can tell you about a person. I have been an acquaintance of Rhonda's for several years, but I learned more about her through this zine than anything else. I think people should exchange zines before phone numbers. In this issue there are lighthearted, but probing porno reviews, a piece on the forced relocation of Navajo families going on right now (for more info, Sovereign Dine' Nation, Box 30453, Flagstaff AZ, 86003, Ph. 502-522-8683; SDN@primer.net.com), Chinese horoscope, a history of bagels, Detroit's St. John Coltrane African Orthodox Church, the lack of skaters in Detroit and how to stop a mugger. An excellent debut effort. Keep it up, Rhonda!

The Consortium, Media Consortium 2200 Wilson Blvd #102-231, Arlington, VA, 22201-9887

The Consortium promotes the existence of strong, investigative journalism outside "corporate mainstream media or the conservative ideological media." In this they provide a necessary and worthwhile service. In this issue, illuminating articles on "Contras, Dirty Money & CIA," a discussion of how Liberal the press is, and an editorial about all the things ready to be uncovered from the shallow graves of recent U.S. history.

Capital City Arts & Ent. Magazine Capitol City Publishing, 1105 W 12th St., Austin, TX, 78703

The thriving Austin music scene - from Tejano to touring bands to new country and more - makes up the bulk of this glossy magazine. In this issue, an interview with actor Edwin Neal (*Texas Chainsaw Massacre*), local hockey, fashion, **David Lee Garza, Neil McCoy**, a Cowgirl of the Dance Across Texas nightclub, mostly pictures of local rockers, G3 tour, **Joan Osborne**, artist **Kevin Peake** and more.

SAW Notes Songwriters' Association of Wash. 1413 K St., NW, 1st Fl., Wash, DC, 20005-3405

While this newsletter may seem merely of geographical interest, I think serious songwriters anywhere in the country will find it useful. It is full of ads for people seeking to buy or sell songs and news on conferences, workshops, etc.

Home Recording Quarterly M a t t Merta, POB 2353, Det. MI, 48123,

This single-sheet newsletter is full of practical information for recording at home, in bars, etc. In this issue tips on recording in a live situa-

tion, microphones and Radio Shack.

Independent Thinking Rvziew Resources for Independent Thinking 484 Lake Park Ave., No. 24, Oakland, CA, 94610-2730

Mostly reviews of books and publications, this is a highly recommended compendium of critical opinions and free thought. A valuable resource for serious readers. They even have a catalogue of books they distribute. The section *Mavericks* is entirely books written by Robert Anton Wilson! In this issue, a fascinating interview with Noah's Ark hoaxer George Jammal, critical thinking for kids, guru hoodoo, women & religion and more.

QRD Brian John Mitchell, POB 18062, Raleigh, NC, 27619

The zine is put out by the man behind Silber Rec. It contains interviews, fiction and reviews mostly from a Gothic/Industrial perspective. In this issue, *Kill Switch...Klick*, fiction, and *Falling Janus*.

Rock Love Tortured Artsits Pub. & Prod. 4546 El Camino Real #Q, Los Altos, CA, 94022

This is a magazine I discovered on a recent California trip and just started writing for. They take for the love of music seriously and only have good things to say about what they write about. In recent years I have taken a similar approach, though not as consistently. There is so much good music out there, and so much to like about music, why you writing on music as a platform for negativity? They are also against journalists becoming personalities, which is fine with me, too. Plenty of pictures and live reviews. I also hear there is a push for national distribution and full-color layout. In this issue, **IUMA, Dweezil Zappa, Elephant Ride, Todd Rundgren** and more.

Campus Circle 289 S Robertson Blvd #230, Beverly Hills, CA, 90211

This is another magazine that started publishing me. They are very in-touch for a mostly campus mag, but maybe that is because they are in California. They actually distribute to campuses all over LA and retail outlets, too. Plenty on Music, Film, Internet (that's where they put me), Snowboarding and a short story. **Less Than Jake** is the cover story of this issue.

—Tom Tearaway



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the MUFFS

"We're a band, not genitals"

—Kim Shattuck

The Muffs

The Muffs have a new CD due out in May. Kim Shattuck doesn't have much to do until the record is released and the summer concert series begins so she agreed to chat on the phone about the album and a single on *Sympathy For The Record Industry*. The Muffs live is widely recognized as a display of supreme entertainment.

Happy Birthday To Me, a title I asked Shattuck about late in the conversation, is the most commercial and produced example of Muffs music to date although Shattuck would argue that point. The band produced the shimmering slice of garage pop punk themselves. The trio format of the 1995 release *Blonder and Blonder* (the title Shattuck feels is the most produced) carried over into 1997. Due to an overwhelming desire to view the attractive form of Shattuck holding a guitar as she sings into a microphone the first and most obvious question concerned tour dates. Shattuck: "We have plans to go on a headlining tour in July, but we're still trying to get hooked up with an opening tour for early spring."

Shattuck's songwriting skills have been called "obsessively obtuse" in the past. The lyrical content of "That Awful Man,"

"Honeymoon," "My Crazy Afternoon," "Pennywhore," and "Outer Space" doesn't appear that obtuse to me, but the advance CD came without a lyric sheet and I had to rely on the my ears. The question I had was whether the

my life I usually write a song. It doesn't necessarily mean that it will be about it, but subconsciously stuff comes out. 'Outer Space' is about me. The other ones are about me being angry with somebody." The next question concerned the hardcore country nature of "Pennywhore." Shattuck informed me that each of the three Muff's

CDs contains a country song. The first has "Another Day," the second contains "Red-Eyed Troll," which brings us to "Pennywhore." Shattuck: I wrote that actually for no records. I wrote it in between writing songs. Sometimes when I write I'll hit a wall and I'll write just a cute little ditty to get me through it

before I write other stuff. I have lots of cute little ditties lying around, but this one was really good and Roy (McDonald, drums) really wanted to do it."

The vinyl hounds in the crowd will already be aware of the Muff's history with

songs were inspired by specific individuals. Shattuck: "When I'm writing the lyrics anything that happens and affects me really strongly...if I'm affected by something that happens in



Sympathy. The label is the work of one man, a man who is undoubtedly of a genius level in the intelligence department based on the selected gems of trash rock he's released over the years. How did the Muff's meet Sympathy label owner Long Gone John and begin their relationship, a relationship continuing to the present with the release of "I'm A Dick" in seven inch format? Shattuck:

"I don't remember. I think he was a friend of ours socially. I don't remember who approached who. We were starting to be a band and we hadn't put out anything yet and he asked us if we wanted to. We split the cost with Sympathy For The Record Industry and Au go go Records in Australia. We did four songs and then we let Long Gone John pick the songs he wanted because he's our friend. The other guy from Au go go is our friend too, but maybe Long Gone John paid more money. Like a hundred dollars more. He got the extra song. We always put out singles on Sympathy because Long Gone John is a really cool guy and our label (Reprise) lets us." In the FYI department; "I'm A Dick" on Sympathy has a different vocal take, an alternate lead and they cover the Amps' "Pacer" on the flip.

Now I'm sure everyone has been waiting to learn the meaning behind the CD title *Happy Birthday To Me*. Shattuck: "It's basically me

getting mad because I was ignored on my birthday by everybody. I'm giving you the very short version because there is a long, long story to this, but...I was supposed to be taken out by some people and they didn't take me out, they didn't call me, they forgot or they ignored it. I wrote 'Happy Birthday To Me' sarcastically on our list of titles and it — got picked."



Sometime in May *Happy Birthday To Me* will magically appear on store shelves. I'm positive end-caps, listening stations and drive aisle dis-

plays will follow shortly and the Muffs will achieve the same sales figures as the Spice Girls. Because after all, the music is pop and the singer is a girl. In your dreams maybe.

—Wa

Kim on the "Happy Birthday To Me" title... *"We finally decided on the title and it's a title that I thought up (That's a first for me for album titles). It's going to be called 'Happy Birthday To Me.' I guess*

I'll have to elicit a kiss from myself now. I'm really relieved that it's settled now because it became so tedious trying to squeeze a title out of everything that anybody ever said, funny or not. The artwork is cool. It's hard to describe. You'll just have to wait.

There are 15 songs on the album and the first 3 are under 2 minutes long but they're full songs with intro, verse,

chorus, verse, chorus, bridge, solo, bridge, chorus, repeat so I really don't understand how they

turned out to be so short. I think it's a good thing

though and the album DOES clock in at around 35 minutes"

techno

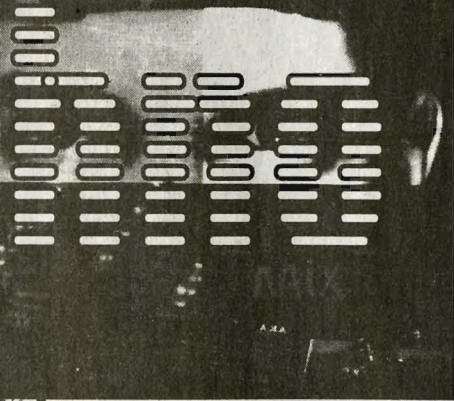
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The
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CITY
OF
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joey beltram



ROCKERS



totallyre-wired

ACID
JAZZ

10

Techno, Acid Jazz and Whatever...

No SLUG Magazine hasn't decided to copy Audio Spank and write about the latest X96 discovery. Those fuckers just discovered Tina Turner – God is that hip or what? I wonder if either staff can answer this trivia question – what was the name of the father to Tina's first child? Kerry, Bill, Gina? Here's a hint, he played guitar on "Rocket 88." Electronic music has been featured in SLUG ever since I began writing for the rag, and that was many years ago.

Chemical Brothers Dig Your Own Hole Astralwerks

Sorry lemmings, I've owned a copy of *Exit Planet Dust* since before the release date. The Chemical Brothers are hardly a new duo to me. Now that they have been selected to save rock 'n' roll and the Musicland record store chain (I read it in Spin, I swear) thousands of teenagers can fund a *Dig Your Own Hole* purchase by selling their Offspring and Green Day CDs – the rest of us can move on. All the hippie bands jamming away on their guitars had best invest in a computer because an acid high now and always was greatest when the music was psychedelic, not to mention the exceptionally creative jams the Chemical Brothers devise with machines. *Dig Your Own Hole* is psychedelic tripping music and if it manages to shake a few butts onto a dance floor so be it.

What is "Setting Sun" after all except a return to the spasmodic jerking brought on by a strychnine laced dose? The only difference is the mechanical beats. Who does the Gallagher bloke think he's fooling with that one? Repetition, repetition, repetition – ever listened to *Einstein On The Beach*? Now I'm going to stretch a few memories. There used to be a band around Salt Lake City going by the name of Subminiature Basic. They performed in small spaces of the arty type back around 1983. More than anything else *Dig Your Own Hole* reminds me of that band – minus the female screamer – firearm cocked with the technology of the '90s. All the Chemical Brothers have done with this album is update the avant-garde of the past while mining the fields of hip hop, psychedelic, dub, disco – and what a masterwork they created! Retrace the long, dusty hike to the temperature inversion of the smoky mountain meadow – the sight of the first meeting of the Rainbow Tribes back in '71 because if this shit catches on like it is supposed to a solar generator will provide the power four years hence as the Chemical Brothers play to 500,000 at the 30th Anniversary of that historic event.

City Of Industry Soundtrack Island

I haven't seen the flick and I probably never will, but the soundtrack is filled with dark and depressing tones. Massive Attack, Tricky, Bomb The Bass, Lush remixed and other less familiar names have contributed a song hoping that the soundtrack will take off and the royalties will pay their past-due bills. It only takes one hit and all participants get paid. Just ask

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day, &
other
groovy
shit

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the Meices. Good luck. Have another look at the bands. Massive Attack and Tricky can surround themselves with mystique, get into trouble, have reams of press clippings piled up and still the general public isn't buying in. Why? It could be that actual talent is involved. One listen to "Last Night" by Lush is enough to bring back a vision of Vampyros Lesbos and how many people purchased a copy of that CD? Tricky can do no wrong, unless his personal life is involved, Bomb The Bass is kicking out some beats, Justin Warfield sounds suspiciously like Deadsy (reviewed elsewhere) with stronger BPMs and more echo, and after a few thousand "alternative rock" discs anything with a difference deserves praise. Death In Vegas has drum and bass mixed in a rub-a-dub style with fragile female vocals...zzzzzz...that would indeed be trance, Palm Skin Productions has the fey/gay obviously British singer and they manage to survive without a keyboard lashing, Lionrock abuts rock and industrial, Butter 08 is all drum bleeps...an impressive soundtrack featuring some experiments in music

Joey Beltram Live Mix Logic Records

Remember back a few issues when SLUG Magazine reviewed JB2? That was Joey Beltram and I think I placed him in the "music for cardiovascular improvement" category. He made a label switch for the latest release and he's crossed a border or two. Since Beltram makes his living as a DJ a live recording should capture him at his best. If he wasn't any good no one would give him money to DJ, one would think. Rather than stick with the pure instrumental aspect, which is fine for those with a guitar and the talent to use it in an innovative manner, Beltram has decided to include a few examples of the human voice on his latest. Machine noise is fine when the genre is industrial. I tend to desire more warmth when the genre is techno. The musical pace remains the same except our boy Joey is intent on inspiring floor filling action. The entire concept remains foreign to me. I was never one to purchase disco for home enjoyment and I don't quite grasp the concept of techno as music for the living environment. The highway is another tale to tell. Imagine a Utah summer traffic jam with a \$1,000 "unit" in the sports utility vehicle. There the soccer mom sits, late for practice, and about fifteen little boys and girls are beating the upholstery and themselves into a bloody pulp while downing the sugary "treats" for after the game while Joey Beltram encourages hyperactive misbehavior. That is the spot - the G-spot - of Utah heaven. The vision to place in the mind is beside the vehicle peering in at the mayhem as the freeway becomes a parking lot.

Servitron Spare Parts Amrep

Servitron is not technically an electronica construct. They receive a place among the rest because of a robot "image." Machine #1: Z408X plays the drums, Machine #2: Proto Unit V-3 plays keyboard and sings, Machine #3: OOzXI, plays guitar and sings and Machine #4: Gammatron, plays bass. The 8-song EP is Devo, the B-52's and Man...Or Astroman? thrown together in a recording studio. *Spare Parts* is another in the Deadsy format. The tribute to '80s "new wave" is evident, but the creativity is high. These machines composed songs concerning their troubled existence as 1's, 0's, and a few moving parts. They have plans to take over the world and make things better for human dominated inanimate objects. The concept is hardly a new one; the manner Servitron uses to document their lives and their plans prompts an opinion denying simple novelty.

Daft Punk Homework Virgin

It's a duo with machines. Daft Punk rises out of the morass of boardroom boredom on the basis of a throbbing beat that never quits, an emphasis on dub and the ability to conceive modern disco to thrill the mind and soul. The endless, mindless electronic throb is augmented by a cascade of additional found samples and sounds as each composition builds to completion. It's as if one give said the little stream found additional voices to combine with the flow and become a mighty river. The waves do indeed crash on the beach of "Fresh." Composers in search of commercial success, as Daft Punk illustrate, have discovered a cross-over market outside the sensory overload of "clubs." Deep Forest found a place among holistic healers and Daft Punk's "Fresh," if used in combination with the correct mental imagery and shamanistic analog drumming, submits a calming vision to shrink any tumor. "Around The World," on the other hand, is tediously repetitive action for eliminating all benefits gained with "Fresh." As "Rollin' & Scratchin'" begins to build on the foundation of the aforementioned give said the little stream becoming a mighty river it becomes evident that Daft Punk have taken several cues from the avant-garde academy of difficult listening. "Teacher" crosses the east-side/westside marked street to name check everyone from Joey Beltram to Ray Davies to Dr. Dre in tributary hip hop style. "Rock 'n Roll" is an exercise in chalkboard scratching stretching to interminable length. "Oh Yeah" deserves a shout-out to minimalist composer Jimmy Pop Ali of the Bloodhound Gang, party people oh yeah. Homework the CD has the beats to keep bodies humpin' and

pumpin' on the hardwood and sufficient abrasive tedium to please the jaded.

Rockers Hi-Fi Mish Mash Warner Bros.

Rockers Hi-Fi included software on their latest CD which allows aspiring home DJs to remix the music. Their sample use includes a wide span of spoken word, folk, R&B, jazz with a heavy emphasis on reggae and dub. Adam Clayton Powell encourages one and all to "Burn Baby Burn" and "Keep The Faith, baby." A slight amount of politics can't hinder the mindless flip flop and fly away of the chosen genre. Rockers Hi-Fi don't appear much concerned with physical action because their *Mish Mash* concentrates on the heady brain functions encountered when mood music is required. Mood music is often used as a prelude to physical action as the hip hop/dancehall/jazzed up "Now I Deliver" shouts out. I'll be damned if the Rockers Hi-Fi don't make the same crossover attempt as Daft Punk. "Uneasy Skankin'" begins with most lovely acoustic harp, but sadly the holistic crowd will dismiss the dub aspect as not fit for human consumption...unless the brief Burt Bacharach moment catches an auditory nerve amplified by Miracle Ear. Timothy Leary espoused the before dosing make a plan belief during his professor years. When planning the music for the next dose select Mish Mash as pre-dawn mellow space.

Acid Jazz Totallyre-wired 10 Acid Jazz Totallyre-wired 12 Hollywood Records

Acid Jazz has always reminded me more of CTI's late '70s releases than music expanding on or initiating a separate movement. Neither of these discs does much to dispel the notion. The tenth volume in the series is comprised of early to mid-'90s selections. Volume 12 appears to be more recent recordings. Both contain pleasant melodies as played by the CTI studio orchestra. The CTI studio orchestra isn't present, but the flutes, strings, vibes, organ and breathy background singers most certainly are. Take the simple pop fusion equation, algebraically calculate the sum of funk and light sampling into the formula, remix digitally, graph the result into sine wave format and copy direct to compact disc. Gregory Issacs appears on both Volume 10 and 12. He is better known for lover's rock than acid jazz, but there is a drug component involved and Dread Flimstone is too. A Latin influence is also felt when Soul Station enter the picture on Volume 10. The soccer mom of the Joey Beltram piece is encouraged to select either disc as a calming influence on the team.

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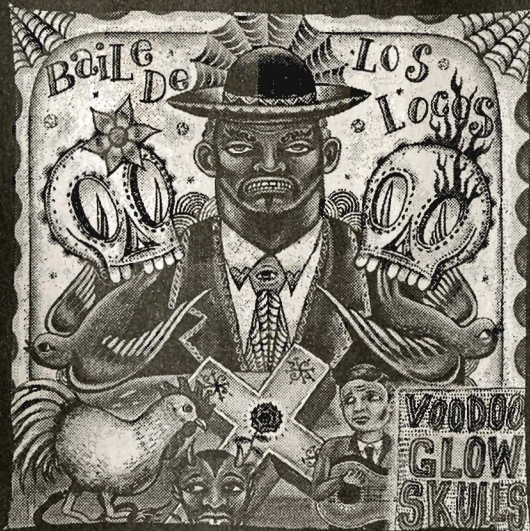
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Zoar Cassandra Point Music

Summer is almost here. This is going to be the "coolest" summer there ever was. Wolf Mountain has scheduled a series of concerts for hippies young and old and they have one for grandmas too. The charts are ruled by pop for NAMBLA members – Hanson, American Girls Club participants – Spice Girls, gangstas – Tupac, and tripping dance club patrons – the Chemical Brothers. Hippies are everywhere, there's a plan to hold an anti-hippie benefit concert called "Pave The Earth/Save A Vegetable/Kill A Hippie," the gankstas will be shooting each other all summer long – the Vietnam war on the streets – and Zoar has released this tribute to Pink Floyd in their most bombastic form. There is something for nearly all the tribes here.

Ambient electronics, sweeping psychedelics, bombastic powerful drums, the crash of waves on the beach, females and males whispering, bit of chanting, some caterwauling (or is that Charlie Bishart's fiddle) like a pussy in heat – God damn, I'd swear it was the 30th Anniversary of the Summer Of Love. *Cassandra* is a CD for the family reunion. Imagine the entire generation span dropping acid together and arguing – "That keyboard is just like Yanni; fuck you mom, it reminds me of Mike Pinder; fuck you mom and grandma, I'm hearing Aphex Twin; fuck you brother/sister, mom and grandma, that's my favorite group of all time – Zoar and all of you are too fucked up to remember Richard Wright;" the gankstas of the family will just have blank stares because they're all stupid, know what I'm saying? Penny Lane

Inasense Ripe & Ready Records

What happens when wandering Jewish hipsters meet in Israel & start discussing common interests in music? What else? They start a psychedelic jam band that leans the mideastern left, by golly! Describing their style as middle eastern roots rock, or desert rock, Inasense is a groovy band that takes the power of the jam & throws in every influence under the sun, including neo-hippie, R&R, blues, folk, & North African rhythms. I'm going to guess that a live show is a dancing frenzy for the spectators that catch the wild sounds pushed out by these four musicians out of New York City. The various tunes on this live album push the listener to want to do his or hers best dirt bag shuffle, leaving the deadhead music for college students & 60's lovers. If nature was going to have a house band, Inasense would fit the bill, creating a funky sound that stretches over all world styles & time periods of the last thirty years on all continents. World music is just around the corner for the next music trend, & Inasense will be the hippie members of this sound that will surely make a big impression. —Billy Fish

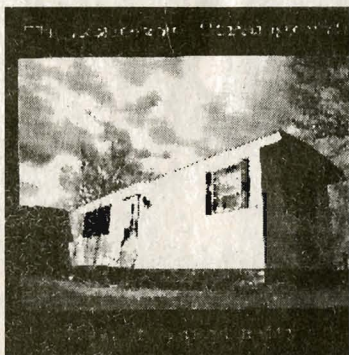
Crown Heights More Pricks Than Kicks American Recordings

Every song title is repeated in the song at least fifty fucking times. This isn't necessarily bad, but in this case it is. I am so sick of this band it took self control to sit and listen to the CD without ripping my ears off. You might very well be the type that loves repetition (which is a subset of selfhate) and if so, this is the band for you. Nothing is ever said once and nothing they say is of value of being said once. The lyrics are like an episode of Three's Company; the laugh track is steady and Jack trips over the couch at least every five seconds. With Crown Heights, the guitar plays the same chord steadily while some shocking gem of rhetoric is shouted. In the case of 'Learn To Breathe' they

mix it up a little by yelling 'I don't think I'll learn to breathe for the first five minutes and then get out of bed the last five minutes. So I worked Three's company in so I could address an issue that's been bothering me; Janet from Three's Company I hate you. You crack whore, I know you always wanted Jack and because of his rejections you moved the couch ever so slightly every night so when he stumbled in from The Regal Beagle he'd fall and we'd laugh. Fuck you Janet!

—Mad Reverend

The Lonesome Strangers Land Of Opportunity Little Dog Records



This band played two dates in Salt Lake City during April. One of them was on the University of Utah campus. Since the University of Utah campus is the home of Twitch I'm wondering why Twitch didn't cover the show? Hippie is hippie and techno is techno, Brit-pop is brit-pop and U2 sucks. I sat around in the Zephyr Club chatting with the guys from the Lonesome Strangers for at least an hour without actually realizing they were the band booked to play. I thought they were just more barflies I'd never met until Jeff Rymes (vocals/guitars) started telling me about their tour. The band has been around ever since the Town South Of Bakersfield compilation came out. They were signed to Hightone Records before Robert Cray or Jimmie Dale Gilmore were famous. They invented y'alternative.

What if a whole bunch of hack writers got together in a big room? They are employed by Entertainment Weekly, No Depression, Billboard Magazine, New Country and other cutting edge glossies. The subject is new

fangled hippie music. Serious discussions on the merits of the latest Mother Hips, Son Volt, Golden Palominos, Wilco, Chris Mills, and etc. are engaged in. The Lonesome Strangers are never discussed because they aren't fucking hippies. Nope, the music they play is country rock with pure harmonies and exceptional songwriting. "And It Hurts" the opening song to their latest CD would sound good on country radio or whatever the fuck that station playing the Squirrel Nut Zippers with Prodigy, Orbital and the Chemical Brothers calls their format these days. There are nine more just as good remaining for discerning listeners. Whenever the public would like to learn to feed themselves instead of being spoon-fed the Lonesome Strangers are awaiting discovery. Skip Edwards is a guest and Pete Anderson co-produced. Dwight who? —Yoak 'Em

Supersuckers Must've Been High Sup Pop

You know, I picked up a copy of "Entertainment Weekly" and there was a story about y'alternative. The people at "Entertainment Weekly" seem to believe that Son Volt, Wilco and the Jayhawks are playing what they call alternative country, No Depression or this new term y'alternative. Tell me it ain't so Joe. Those guys are playing hippie music. The Supersuckers new album is y'alternative. "Dead In The Water" might have the harmonies of a Byrds record, but the bass is straight outta Johnny Cash. They do have Brian Thomas there to play the peddle steel, lap steel, dobro and banjo – in case anyone is wondering about authenticity. They have Mickey Raphael, Brantley Kearns and Jesse Dayton sitting in on various musical instruments as well. If y'all don't know those folks maybe it is high time to pick up some alternative country.

It's kind of interesting how a trashy garage punk band can go in the studio and pretty much define a genre they don't fit. Sure the cowboy hats have been on the heads since they moved to Seattle from Tucson

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and sped up rockabilly is no stranger to these suckers, but when searching out the hype of the month don't miss Kelly Deal joining Renaldo Allegré for an all out weeper. "Hungover Together" is mighty fine and the next tune is a total reprise of hippie life during the first wave of country rock. "Non-Addictive Marijuana" is responsible for the death of initiative in many a hippie - then and now. Duane Eddy and Robert Mitchum are likely names for the Supersuckers to imitate. "The Captain" is "Thunder Road" with Duane Eddy on guitar and once again the bass is copied directly from the chunka chunka of worn-out Johnny Cash Sun vinyl. There's drinking songs, there's dancing songs, there's drug songs, there's songs about cigarettes and there's road songs - there ain't really no songs about fucking or divorce. Cowboys haven't written any good fuckin' songs since about 1935 and divorce is too much of a cliché for the Supersuckers to deal with, they can't even write a good cheatin' song, but hell they aren't really a y'allternative band - that would be the Meatpuppets...correct? Oh, but don't worry all you Supersuckers fans. The hidden track is pure and simple blues, trash and garage with more than enough noise to please the most devout.

Old Joe Clark

Leftover Salmon Euphoria Mountain Division Recordings

Leftover self proclaims themselves as Polyethnic Techno Slamgrass. As indescribable as that title is, their music is more indescribable. But I'll try. Musicalities of Electric, acoustic guitars, electric and acoustic banjo, violin, mandolin, accordion, harmonica and rubboard complement each other in a way you've never heard and will never hear unless you listen to Leftover Salmon. The sound is like a bluegrass band on lots of drugs and basically it is a bluegrass band on lots of drugs. A live rendition of Pasta On The Mountain is transformed to Kind Bud On The Mountain earlier in Telluride. If that disgusts you, this album is much more sub-

dued and deserves rever. They aren't so blissed out as I have described and the songs are so varied in sound you have trouble recognizing the same band in them. More and more you'll be seeing stickers around town that display the 'Salmon' and you won't recognize it at first, but they'll be as common as, dare I say, Phish stickers. I probably just turned you off on Leftover Salmon, and if so, I am happy.

Mad Reverend

Sneaker Pimps Becoming X Virgin

With today's pop world slowing running out of original sounds, there isn't much of a choice for a young band but to start mixing & matching new & traditional sounds to get their own true flavor. Take Sneaker Pimps for example, who blend everything from freaky industrial to smooth soul, to really kick out a product that crosses over many lines of sound & style to really grab a huge chunk of the listening public. The only comparison I could come up with would be the female vocals of GARBAGE added alongside the potluck music of BECK, sent in the direction of studio hip-hop with a heavy keyboard backing. That sounds like an earful(& it is!), with the audio landscape constantly changing alongside the beautiful female vocals that are too damn sexy for words. If I ever got stuck in a mainstream club that provided go-go dancing for the patrons, this would be the tuneage I would like to hear while the lovelies strutted their stuff & shook their booties...yum! -Billy Fish

The Splash 4 Kicks In Style Estrus

Here's some trash for y'all. The Splash 4 are from France and their latest CD is on the Estrus label. Estrus suffered a financial set-back due to a fire and the label never had that much money anyway so buying this CD can be viewed as act of charity. Buying this CD might

also introduce the unaware into a new world. Due to anal tendencies of compulsive behavior and the need to engage in ceaseless repetitive actions the music has landed in the garage punk compartment of the brain. The feeble minded categorization need not be used to judge the band as another simple rehash of the Pebbles series of recordings nor can imperial judgment be used to place the band in amongst the Nuggets. It has been written that the best in a weed patch of ska-core and pop punker bands have lost the meaning of the inner most feeling inspired by the most sacred rhythm known to mankind. The heartbeat felt by all crack and meth babies has inspired an entire generation locked into the frantic BPM creations of computer chips. The heartbeat exhibited by the Splash Four has been interpreted in a series of scientific studies to resemble a more natural on rush of adrenaline - as if a barking, snarling Canine Squad police dog had been set on the heels of a teenaged Peeping Tom. The Pied Piper of the man and his Antichrist Superstar have brought sanctity and the milk mustache of Louis Pasteur to the mass marketing retailer in a strip mall nearby. The ba-a-a-a's of the Ewetu indocinated echo off the steel, concrete, glass and blacktop as the earthworm shits below the surface creating rich dark soil. The Splash Four's music is that soil.

The Caulfields L

A&M Records

Milk toast are the Caulfields, the Caulfields are milk toast. Bland and boring with an edge. Like their song says, they are the presidents of nothing. This bland band meandered and ultimately bored me to death. Maybe I'm a little funky and they are a genuinely good band, probably not. The ultimate low point was their anthem for the relativist 'All Things To All People'(that's their definition of God) But wait the song has a twist to making fun of relativists. Those tricky intellectual bands. It must have been recorded in a garage for that reverberated Seattle sound. The four dudes

come together to sound exactly like the band that performed at my Prom. Yes, now it's all coming back to me; they are the band that played at my prom. I was a little drunk and was arrested for sexually harassing my date. So it wasn't my fault at all but the Caulfields. They are that good! It can be summed up best by saying they sound like they're from Canada, perhaps Vancouver.

—Mad Reverend

The Huns Live At The Palladium 1979 Get Hip

Time now for some original punk rock what say y'all? Way back before Austin became the "Live Music Capitol of The World" the city had the Huns. As the liner notes point out the Huns weren't an actual punk rock band. They were assholes and the music they played was called "asshole rock." The performance presented was recorded live in Dallas. The Huns story is well documented in the liner notes and an explanation of song themes is included. You kids will have to buy a copy for any more information of that nature. The CD is an historical document of American folk music. If the nation survives into the next hundred years academics employed in the fields of anthropology and sociology will discover the recorded legacy of alienated white youths possessing a penis. Many an advanced degree will result from a doctoral thesis exploring the folk aspects of suburban punk rock music.

—Christian A

Lord of Word & Disciples of Bass Positive Rabid Records

Damn, Gina! This is some funky stuff! Coming out of Boulder, Co.(believe that or not!), the seven piece band blends all the strong points of rap, soul, funk, & hip hop to make a sound that reminds the listener of everything from James Brown to old Parliament/Funkadelic. In fact, they were the show-openers for the godfather of soul last year during his power stint at the mighty MGM & evidently kicked some serious booties in the audience. This tasty debut would



make you believe that, blending the deep bass vocals/rapping of Theo Smith (Lord of Word) with a tough funk section, including a strong horn section that will have the feet quickly moving to the beat, straight up! Even with the strength of the mean horn trio, the band still pulls from the traditional jazz/funk guitar alongside a drummer that tends to lean on some sweet jazz styling that really make the music move out. Forget the whitebread serving of 311, try this for a soul-fried taste test of sheer bliss. It's the real damn thing! - Billy Fish

Long River Train Internal Heart Dedicated

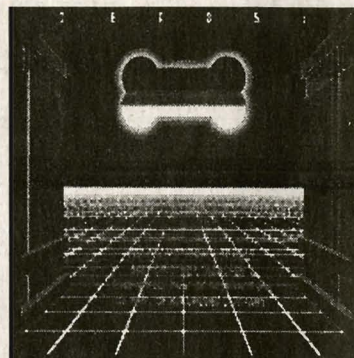
What the world needs now is for David Allan Coe to re-emerge, join up with Neil Young and kick some hippie ass. Long River Train fall squarely in the Uncle Tupelo camp. There's an entire damned magazine (No Depression) named after this ridiculous recycling of the years after hippies became drug store (robbing) cowboys. Long River Train don't look like hippies and a cowboy boot or hat isn't pictured anyplace on their little booklet, but the band has the country rock by way of an '80s update in place. In typical SLUG fashion I refuse to heap nary a discouraging word on the band.

While it is obviously apparent that an alter to Uncle Tupelo resides in the boys and a girl practice space I always had a soft spot in my never-fully-matured-skull for Uncle Tupelo and their way of tossing some psychedelic updating into their Gram Parson's retreats. Long River Train take the country rock and slows it down to a pace a former earth mother/flower

child, now living in a Valium induced haze, can nod along to. The effective use of guitar effects (wasn't that a brilliant descriptive phrase?) only adds to the nostalgia quotient. *Internal River* had me hankering for a handful of peyote buttons, a couple of quart jugs of Ripple, a heterosexual, nekkid chick with hairy legs/armpits and an eight track tape of the album.

Gene Quark

Deadsy Sire



This CD is what happens when the child of famous parents listens to an overabundance of '80s synthpop. I'm surprised the '80s worshipers haven't trotted something from the disc out to segue between White Town and the Prodigy. Deadsy is paying tribute to Gary Numan. Elijah Blue sings, plays the guitar, some synthesizers and the bass. He is joined by Renn Hawkey on more synthesizers and Alec Puro who plays the drums and percussion. Surprise of surprises - there is Jonathan Davies guesting on "Sleepy Hollow." Okay, I'll admit it, his voice does add tension to a drowsy tune. Hello, Korn followers, hello, your hero is on the Deadsy CD, go out right now and buy a copy. Complete your collections immediately and help Elijah Blue make some money. Pretend to be a robot, buy the CD and move about in mechanical fashion to the rhythms. Get in "Cars," wreck them and fuck mechanically in the blood. Geeeee.

Telekon II

Body Count Violent Demise: The Last Days Virgin

Ice T & company are back from the grave, pushing the

needle back up the mainstream with further tales from the dark life of LA's streets. Being the third attempt into the so-called metal void by Ice & his gangsta friends, most are wondering where they got the balls after such a painful sophomore attempt two years ago. Sure, the first self-titled shot was fairly fresh, kicking out some raw metal guitar & fucked up rapping that made for a bold slap in the face to most listeners. But after the hype for the cut, 'Cop Killer' Body Count did little more than tour a bit & drop obscenities with their music & mediocre second record. Violent Demise does even less, with just a rehash of the same shit from the past releases by BC, talking about banging broads & dropping a cap in the ass of the man(yawn). Nothing new, just street talking & bullshitting, perfect for white teenagers trying desperately to understand a segment of society they have no clue about, but completely idolize(suckers!). Stick to old PUBLIC ENEMY or SABBATH & keep the music legit, my brother! -Billy Fish

Beyond Life With Timothy Leary Mouth Almighty

Hell, yeah! Man I ripped the packaging off this one and slammed it into the disc changer. It has a new version of the Moody Blues' "Legend Of A Mind," an Allen Ginsberg piece and a new Al Jourgensen cut. Besides all of that there are eight Timothy Leary compositions. Allen Ginsberg reads "Tale Of The Tribe" to ambient backing music, Timothy Leary plays ambient backing music and sometimes speaks - for instance he speaks of his own death - and the Moody Blues are ambient too. My God, the album is ambient! Forget the LSD, shoot narcotics, nod out and vegetate. Sit with dull, glazed eyes and meditate down the road less traveled to inner peace. Become a pop psychologist, a motivational speaker or the leader of a new cult religion - all in your own mind. It is time to dream about life instead of live it. Timothy Leary is dead. At least Jourgensen is alive enough to

create ten minutes of tripped out space music.

Tex Froom

3 1/2 Girls Rule Curve Of The Earth



What exactly has gotten into Sunshine lately? She used to be such a nice girl when she lived in Salt Lake City and played with Deviance. Now that she's living in Boston she's screeching and singing about infections. And how about Charlee Johnson? This New York native was best known for destroying a brand new drum kit in about a day. Every drum kit he ever owned was held together by duct tape. Anyone who ever witnessed him bashing the shit out of his drums knows why. Add in the knowledge that not one single Deviance performance ever went like it was supposed to and this lack of professionalism angered Charlee to such an extent that he would trash the drum set at the end of yet another evening of misfires. Consider the fact that he glared any local band on any ticket with Deviance into a state of terror and his tendency to fire his own band on the slightest provocation.

Charlee Johnson quit 3 1/2 Girls shortly before their new EP was released by Boston indie Curve Of The Earth. The EP is a prime example of the band in their metal phase. "Chris B. (Wake Up It's Time To Die)" is a song dedicated to Manowar's biggest local fan. "Straight-Edge Boy" is certainly not a Sunshine love song to the beer guzzling Charlee. "Denial" is directed towards three generations. The parents of boomers raised the most worthless generation there ever was and those idiots are



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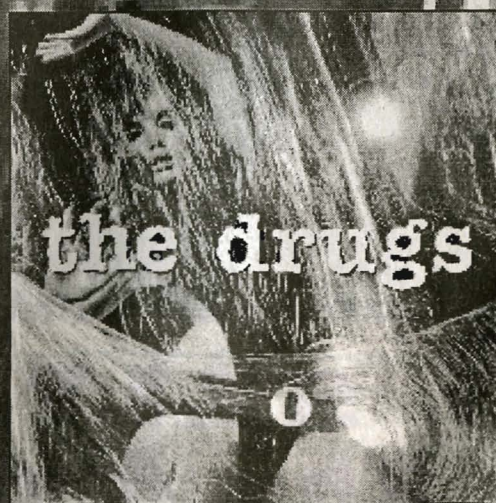
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now raising the children of hopelessness while they deny how they, and their parents, have created a worthless world for all living human entities. Sunshine screeches out Charlee's words and I guess the band had better find half-a-girl and a lyricist now that he's gone. A fucking cool platter of Boston metal from a band cutting their teeth in Salt Lake City's boring "scene."

Amy Degenerate

Blur Virgin

I don't get it, & I really don't want to! What is up with all these half-ass British bands that supposedly have the UK fans & press dying & crying in the aisles? These knuckle heads couldn't squirt their way out of a toilet paper

tree house, much less put some kick into their watered-down tribute to the never-ending influence of the BEATLES. If John Lennon could see & hear all this crap that blasphemies his genius, he would rise from the grave & kick some serious ass from the streets of London to the slums of Manchester!

This band is so mild & bland it truly hurts to subject yourself to a slimy coating of their shit, especially if you're at all familiar with the power of a real British band like MY BLOODY VALENTINE or the FALL. Catch them on MTV or FM radio, but leave the disc at Future Shop or Blockbuster, so the dips who don't know any better will be sure & have a copy. Can anyone say Suede? -Billy Fish

Block
Lead Me Not Into Penn Station
Burning Bush Records

Another hip New Yorker with a taste for single malt scotch & playing the sounds of anti-folk, Block is the next big thing to come down the east coast turnpike & hit today's music scene. Centering on his personal lyrics about love, life, & experiences in & around the urban beast known as NYC, Block weaves a wicked tale that bites deep into the mind of the listener. Working with a basic six string approach, Block adds key instruments & musicians to create a slick spectrum that doesn't lose the power of his raw appeal. Often compared to Beck, Lou Reed, & even Dylan, Block is bottom line a storyteller, plain & simple. The added element of beautiful music alongside his urban tales is a killer combination that really needs to be sampled to get all the flavor involved. An offbeat affair from the tired mainstream, Block still has the universal appeal that should interest any lover of truly innovative music. -Billy Fish

Blonde Redhead Fake Can Be Just As Good Touch and Go

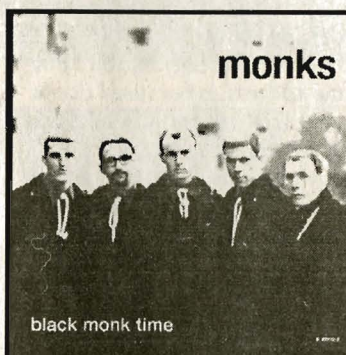


Minimalist doesn't mean "alternative" rock. *Fake Can Be Just As Good* proves once again that the ability to run off an impressive stream of notes and copy-cat whatever happens to rule the airwaves at present does not require talent. When it all begins to sound the same a return to drone is always a choice. Bang, clang, drone, abrasive, fingernails on a chalkboard and two vocalists (Kazu and Amedeo) to intrude on the proceedings at appropriate times. Twin brothers join with a female and record three albums, this being the most recent. Kazu has the untarnished, chaste, little-

girl-voice down pretty pat, until she decides to wail. Amedeo tends to come across as another man singing through a megaphone and achieving the desired result of textured vocals. Kazu also plays guitar as does Amedeo, Simone plays drums and keyboards and... in an attempt to further clarify the music Vern of Unwound is on bass. Some names to recall while listening include Joy Division, Gang Of Four, Girls Against Boys, and I guess since they took their name from the group's song, DNA. A Sonic Youth comparison has been dropped in the past, but I don't hear a whole lot on the new one. Blonde Redhead have stepped out on their own with the present release. The drones have me all in a trance of love without faking a bit.

Gilgad

Monks Blank Monk Time Infinite Zero



Ever wondered where Pussy Galore came up with their name? It probably came from "Monk Time" the opening track to *Blank Monk Time*. Briefly; the Monks were a group of American GI's who decided they could make a living playing music in Germany after an honorable discharge. They dressed in all black, shaved bald circles on their scalps and sat around devising methods to deviate from the cover band mainstream. They amplified a six-string banjo by placing two microphones inside it. They removed the cymbals from the drumset, feedback the guitar and organ and stripped the lyrics down to minimalism. The result, originally recorded and released in Germany in 1966, is now available with bonus tracks in

America.

Anyone familiar with the sound of the '60s will recognize that the CD is not a new recording. It has '60s written all over it, except the Monks were punk as all hell before the term was invented. "I Hate You" is a primitive little song asking the question, "Do you know why I hate you baby?" The question is answered in call and response fashion by a "for coming" chant. What did you expect? They're Monks. Chanting is required. That song is good enough, but they have more. "Oh, How To Do Now" - The organ plays three chords, the banjo plays two, the tom tom thumps and Gary Burger switches between falsetto and shout as his guitar clangs and the rest of the band chants, "how to do now." "Complication" is more of the same and the lyrics concern death and constipation. A wild organ break interrupts the ba-pa-pa-dow chant this time as the banjo goes off. This is crazy-assed music to cherish side by side with the Germs, 13th Floor Elevators, G.G. Allin, Daniel Johnson and Wesley Willis. The Monks were sane, but their music hardly is. *Blank Monk Time* is required listening.

Frank Rydell

Buick MacKane The Pawn Shop Years Rykco



Alejandro Escovedo has been one of the best kept secrets in rock for nearly two decades. From the punk of the Nuns to the cow-punk of Rank and File to the New York no wave scene to the True Believers and back to Austin for solo work, work with his "orchestra" and his latest - Buick MacKane. "Falling Down Again" is a song for college radio. Don't expect to here any-



thing from Buick MacKane on commercial radio though. Escovedo and his band brought the entire spectrum of his and their pasts to the recording studio. Garage punk, roots rock, blues and booze, feedback from no wave, cowpunk for "Queen Anne," yeah it's all on *The Pawn Shop Years*. The guy writes songs like John Hiatt and plays them like a barroom Rolling Stones. His genre span eliminates him from alt-rock, post-punk and all the other popular categories. The wall of sound from over driven amps and blaze of glory guitar playing sitting amongst the anthems of Texas heartbreak and Springsteen-like working class characters begs to be turned to maximum volume. Call *The Pawn Shop Years* the punk example of Mellencamp, Hiatt, or Springsteen and if Buick MacKane ever stops by for a visit don't miss them because they put on a legendary live show. Meanwhile check out the CD.

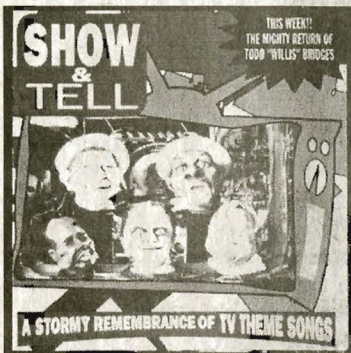
Bob Seagrams

Baboon Secret Robot Control Wind-up

Looks like a group of wacked out Texans have released a shiny platter. Browse the song titles to discover, "Night Of The Long Knives," "Bring Me The Head Of Jack Skinner," and "The Man With The Plastic Penis." Browse the thank you list to discover Brave Combo listed with Brutal Juice and Chuck Norris. Listen to the CD to hear loud and snotty discord as only Denton boys can create. *Secret Robot Control* has so much screeching, screaming blistering rawk that the disc has reportedly turned the Dave Matthews Band into a Live state of Widespread Panic. The trom-

bone of Andrew Huffstetier, which figures prominently in "Bring Me The Head Of Jack Skinner," reportedly caused Popper to burst into tears while Darius became catatonic with despair. When Alanis heard the spare beauty of "Took A Sip" she took her hand out of her pocket, scratched her head and remarked, "isn't that ironic?"

Eitzel



Show & Tell
A Stormy Remembrance of TV Theme Songs
Which Records
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The only reason I put the address, is because I doubt your local record store will carry it. After all it's a novelty item, however it is also funny as hell. It's a slew of punk bands covering (purposely destroying) your favorite TV theme-songs like "Secret Agent Man" as told by The Dickies, No Use For a Name's "The Munsters" and "Laverne & Shirley", or The Trick Babys doing "Baretta" (Don't do the crime if you can't do the time) If I had to pick a favorite or two, it would have to be The Grabbers "All in the Family", or The Meatmen doing "Green Acres" YooHoo!!

Also performing on this CD are some other cool bands like Tilt, Horace Pinker, Weston, Squirtgun, Agent Orange, Felix Frump, Brutal Juice, Butt Trumpet, Murphy's Law and yes kids, TODD BRIDGES AND THE WATCHU TALKIN BOUT WILLIS EXPERIENCE!! Supercool, man.

—Mr. Pink

"ONE OF THE FUNNIEST MOVIES IN YEARS!"

—David Denby, NEW YORK MAGAZINE

John Anderson, NEWSDAY

"THE SMARTEST COMEDY OF THE YEAR!"

Edward Guthmann, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

"IRREVERENT AND HYSTERICALLY FUNNY!"

Janet Maslin, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"LAURA DERN GIVES A SIDE-SPLITTING PERFORMANCE!"

Laura Dern

CITIZEN RUTH

A Pro-Laugh Comedy.



This Laura Dern socio-political comedy lampoons the often radical extremism of both pro-life and pro-choice advocates as they fight over Ruth's fetus. Ruth is a pregnant glue abuser whose brain is so fried that she has a limited sense of what is going on. A judge orders her to either get an abortion or stay in jail on charges of fetal abuse for her drug intake. Both sides take advantage as they try to manipulate her into backing their position in and out of court and in front of the media. *Citizen Ruth* is a caustic no-holds-barred comedy full of parodies of lesbian-feminists who sing odes to the goddess moon and hypocritical Christians that seem to care more for the unborn children of strangers than they do for their very own. Also starring Mary Kay Place, Swoosie Kurtz, and Burt Reynolds (in a terrific cameo as a televangelist with pedophilic tendencies). Rated R for language, drug abuse, and sexual situations, 104 minutes, 1996, starts May 9th.

PLAYS MAY 9 - 15

SEX & ZEN 2

Sex and Zen 2 is just as funny and politically incorrect as the first wildly popular outing. The sexual exploits of Sai Mun Kin, a disciple of the art-of-sex instructor Mei Yeung Sung, come back to haunt him as he raises a son and daughter to the age of marriage. All sorts of hijinx, both intramarital and extramarital, complicate their lives in this wacky over-the-top Hong Kong film. 1996, 35mm, unrated but probable NC-17 for sexuality and some violence, in Cantonese with English subtitles.



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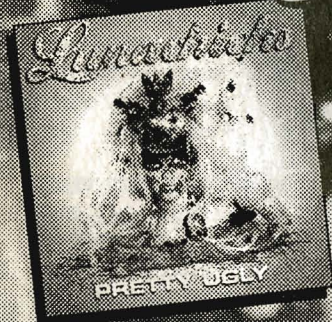
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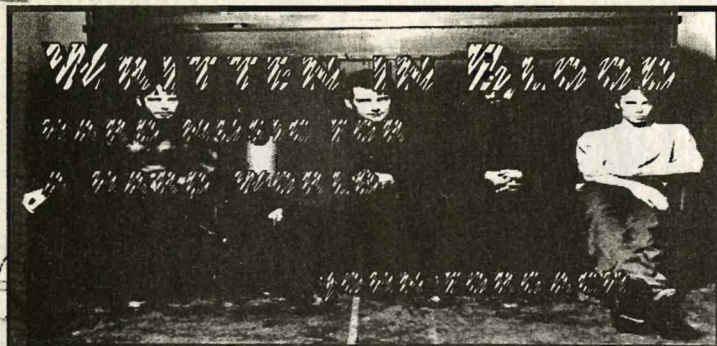
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SNAPCASE
Progression Through
Unlearning
Victory

the band released their last four albums on major labels, they are once again back where it all started on Metal Blade. Hopefully,



this move will take their music to new levels, and attract the attention they have deserved for so long. In my opinion, HIGH, as well as Flotsam's '92 release QUATRO, and '95's DRIFT really show these boys have matured and come into their own. This is metal done right. It's also nice to see the line-up still solid after all of these years. I don't have DOOMSDAY... but I know since their second

album, '88's NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE, it's all of the same members. That's with the exception of a couple of bass players, but, even Kelly Smith has been in the band since sometime around '90 or '91. Go get HIGH and get...well, get whatever you want, but be prepared to ROCK!

THE EGG
Albumen
China Records

Not that I do this every month, but consider The Egg's, ALBUMEN as my non-metal pick of the month. I don't have a bio on these guys, or even know when the album was/will be released, but it's so good I have to say something about it. The Egg is a funky mix of jazz and new age. ALBUMEN is mostly instrumental, but there are a couple of songs with some lyrics mixed in. Jazz style guitar work, rolling bass lines, and excellent synth and piano playing fill the disc. The really nice thing about this release is that all of the songs differ in some way. A high level of musicianship is apparent

throughout the entire disc. This is a fun album.

OBITUARY
Back From The Dead
Roadrunner



Get your shovels out. It's time to exhume the band Obituary, because they are, BACK FROM THE DEAD. Death and Grind fans are throwing confetti right now in celebration. It seems, lead guitarist Allen West has taken time off from his side project, Six Feet Under to spend some quality time with the Obituary boys. I like this album more than I liked 92's THE END COMPLETE (that's the last release I have from the band). Though, Allen West isn't exactly taking the death/grind metal guitar world by storm, the riffing by West and rhythm guitarist, Trevor Peres, does set an ominous tone for the album. The band has included a "CD-ROM, multimedia experience" on the disc as well. Of course, there's a long list of "must haves" that your computer will need to run the program. "What in the hell do you mean this won't run on my ten year old, Tandy laptop?!"

ENTOMBED
Compilation
Earache

Here's one of the few words I know in Swedish...ENTOMBED. Cool, huh? Now just incorporate the names YNGWIE MALMSTEEN, CELTIC FROST, and MESHUGGAH (all Swedish performers) into a sentence, and your bilingual as far as

I'm concerned. As Entombed prepares the album that will follow-up their 1993 release of WOLVERINE BLUES, they're giving us a compilation to chew on. The comp. entitled,

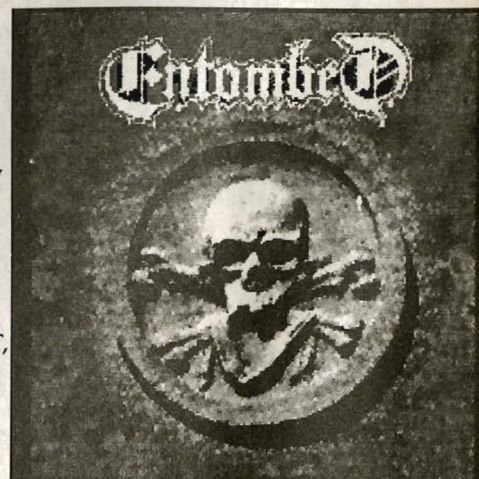
ENTOMBED, includes songs from the OUT OF HAND, STRANGER AEONS, and CRAWL e.p.'s. The compilation also includes the band's cover of the Roy Erikson song "Night Of The Vampire". The last two songs on the CD are from the...well, I don't know where they came from, but be assured they came from somewhere.

FATES WARNING
A Pleasant Shade Of GRAY
Metal Blade

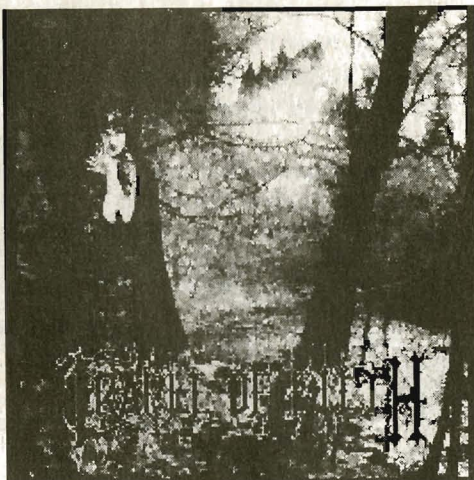
I started to really enjoy the music of Fates Warning back in 1988 when NO EXIT came out. That was the first album Ray Alder sang on. That was also the band's first step at distancing themselves from their "Iron Maiden like" beginnings. That album was the turning point, in my opinion, for Fates Warning. After NO EXIT, the Fate's "progressive monster" took shape, and, took over. The music became darker and moodier, but, at times had an almost pop-like flair to it. PERFECT SYMMETRY, PARALLELS, and INSIDE OUT followed, each one delving further into possible musical intricacies. Recent news finds long-time guitarist, Frank Aresti and original bass-player, Joe Dibiase out of the band. In their place are Joey Vera on bass (ex-Armored Saint) and Kevin

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM
High
Metal Blade

ITS METAL SO F**K OFF. That's what the band Flotsam And Jetsam has to say about their latest release, HIGH. Metal Blade, home to some of the most under-rated bands (at least this month's releases would suggest that) had the privilege of working with Flotsam again. After



Moore (Dream Theater) on Keyboards. It seems remaining guitarist and sole writer of the music and lyrics, Jim Matheos, thought it would be a good idea to substitute keyboards in place of some guitar parts. A PLEASANT SHADE OF GRAY finds Fates Warning definitely leaving their pop'ish sound behind. This disc has more of a sobering mood to it. The entire album was written to be performed all at one time, without any breaks. It's one 53 minute song.



CRADLE OF FILTH
Dusk And Her Embrace
Fierce

ENUFF ZNUFF
Seven
ACCEPT
Predator
MOLLY HATCHET
Devil's Canyon

I received a couple of recent Fierce releases without bios. Working on the premise that I don't know everything about music, I'll try to tell you something about them. Well, the first release I listened to was Enuff ZnuFF's, SEVEN. I made it through half of the first song. I have to say I know more about these guys than I'd like to. I think just knowing the name alone is pushing the limits. If you went to their appearance here in Salt Lake and don't have this one - run, run, run and go get it...dorks! The band Accept has a new one out also. Their new album is called, PREDATOR. Huh...It's not RESTLESS AND WILD, but it definitely has that '80's metal sound to it. I'm not really into this stuff, but taking into consideration the fact that people probably went to the LA Guns show (at the Holy Cow), someone must be. Fierce also sent me Molly Hatchet's, DEVIL'S CANYON for some reason. It was quite a stretch for me, but I'll say this is a good album. I remember a friend, when I was in the sixth or seventh grade, put two M.H. songs on the end of an Anvil album that he had taped for me. That was probably the last time I listened to Molly Hatchet, or, was aware I was listening to them.

Cradle Of Filth's, DUSK AND HER EMBRACE has been out for a while, it's just taken me this long to get off of my dead-ass to listen to it. Spooky stuff this black metal is. COF describe their musical objectives as, "Supreme Vampyrical Evil". As black metal albums go, the production on this is very good. Ooooh, I'm sleeping with the nightlight on tonight.

APES, PIGS, AND SPACEMEN
Transfusion
Fierce

TRANSFUSION, by the band Apes, Pigs, and Spacemen is another Fierce recording that I don't have a bio on. The back of the CD says 1995, but since I'm just getting it, I'll assume it's just coming out. Whatever the case, it's good. I don't normally like bands that could be described as "quirky", but there are exceptions. I guess if a band is going to be "off-the-wall", well, they had better be pretty damn good. A.P. and S. are just that. They let their guard down, but have the talent to back it up. I was really surprised by how good this album is. This is power rock with some metal tones mixed in. The band takes the time to add quality vocals and harmonies, but also knows when to hammer out some serious attitude on their instruments. The only song I don't like on TRANSFUSION is track one. Skip that one.

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Monday, May 5
Smokin Joe Kubek Band featuring Bnois King - *Dead Goat*
Project of Society & Riverbed Jed - *Zephyr*

Tuesday, May 6
James Shook from Loose - *Ashbury Pub*
The Mighty Bosstones/Pre Tasters/The Swuingin Utters - *Bricks*

Bad Livers - *Zephyr*
The Breeders, Lutfisk - *DV8*

Wednesday, May 7
Club Eklekstasy - *Ashbury Pub*

Pepper Lake City - *Burt's Tiki*
Ro Sham Bo - *Dead Goat*
Pistol Peter/the Twistin Trantulas - *Zephyr*

Thursday, May 8
Pepper Lake City - *Ashbury Pub*
Spittin Lint - *Burt's Tiki*
House of Cards - *Dead Goat*
Friends of Dean Martin/Indigo Swing - *Zephyr*

Friday, May 9
Sun Masons - CD release party - *Ashbury Pub*
Sturgeon General - *Burt's Tiki*
Insatiable - *Dead Goat*
Ninespine
Stickleback - *O-Town Tavern*
Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*

Sneaker Pimps - *Bar & Grill*
Saturday, May 10
Loose - *Ashbury Pub*
Insatiable - *Dead Goat*
Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*

Sunday, May 11
Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*
Sweaty Nipples - *O Town Tavern*

Girth - *Zephyr*

Monday, May 12
Sweet Loretta - *Burt's Tiki*
Rayband - *Dead Goat*
Sweaty Nipples - *Zephyr*

Tuesday, May 13
ASA - *Ashbury Pub*
Fanatic - *O Town Tavern*
Papa Kega - *Zephyr*
James, 3rd Eye Blind - *DV8*

Wednesday, May 14
Club Eklekstasy - *Ashbury Pub*
Ducky Boys - *Burt's Tiki*
Mary Tebb's Trio - *Dead Goat*
De La Soul - *Zephyr*
Lunachicks - *DV8*
Protein - *Bar & Grill*

Thursday, May 15
The Donna Smith Quartet - *Ashbury Pub*
Abstrak - *Burt's Tiki*
Volunteer King - *Dead Goat*
De La Soul - *Zephyr*

Friday, May 16
Gigi Love Band - *Ashbury Pub*
Armed and Dangerous - *Burt's Tiki*

Gigi Love Band - *Dead Goat*
In Effect - *O Town Tavern*
Rubberneck - *Zephyr*

Saturday, May 17
My Dog Vodka - *Ashbury Pub*
Swamp Cooler - *Burt's Tiki*
Lounge
Gigi Love Band - *Dead Goat*
Trans Am/Golden The Stella Brass/49 Hudson - *U of U*
Union Ballroom Theater
Rubberneck - *Zephyr*

Sunday, May 18
Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*
King Trance/Pigmas De Gato - *Zephyr*

Monday, May 19
Dr. Hector and the Groove Injectors - *Dead Goat*
GWAR/Chemlab/Punkadelic - *Bricks*
Mem Shannon and the Membership - *Zephyr*

Tuesday, May 20
Mary Tebb's & Friends - *Ashbury Pub*
ASA/My Dog Vodka - *Zephyr*

Wednesday, May 21
Club Eklekstasy - *Ashbury Pub*
Euphio Project - *Burt's Tiki*
Smilin Jack - *Dead Goat*
Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*

Thursday, May 22
Spittin Lint & The Buzz - *Ashbury Pub*
Mary Tebb's - *Burt's Tiki*
Sugarhouse - *Dead Goat*
Copper State Fair/Cork - *Zephyr*

Friday, May 23
Fat Paw - *Ashbury Pub*
Sturgeon General - *Burt's Tiki*
Pillbox - *Dead Goat*
Lugnut - *O Town Tavern*
Buddy Miles - *Zephyr*

Saturday, May 24
Backwash - *Ashbury Pub*
Zions Tribe - *Dead Goat*
Fat Paw - *Zephyr*

Sunday, May 25
Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*
Machine Head/Neurosis - *DV8*
Mock Orange - *Zephyr*

Monday, May 26
Black Ball/Dreamscape Unlimited - *Bar & Grill*
Rayband and Back Alley Blues - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday, May 27
Wish - *Zephyr*

Wednesday, May 28
Club Eklekstasy - *Ashbury Pub*
Opposable Thumb - *Burt's Tiki*
Zig Zag - *Dead Goat*
Highwater Pants - *Zephyr*

Thursday, May 29
House of Cards - *Ashbury Pub*
Crimson Blue - *Burt's Tiki*
Spittin Lint - *Dead Goat*
Shamus/Sturgeon General - *Zephyr*
Rollins Band, Skunk Anansie - *Wolf Mtn Arena*

Friday, May 30
Insatiable - *Ashbury Pub*
House of Cards - *Burt's Tiki*
Papa Kega and the EFI Connection - *Dead Goat*
Gamma Rays - *Zephyr*
Decomposers - *O Town Tavern*

Saturday, May 31
Girth - *Ashbury Pub*
Sun Masons - *Burt's Tiki*
Cops and Robbers - *Dead Goat*
Salsa Brava - *Zephyr*

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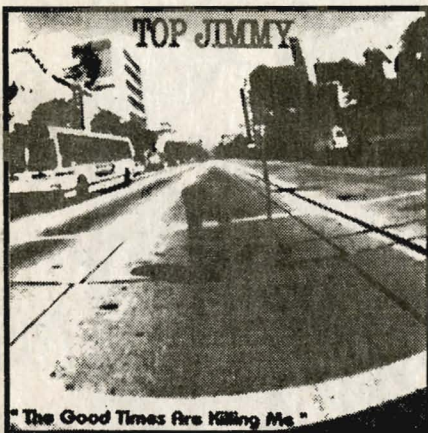
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"The Good Times Are Killing Me"

The Blues Beast of LA returns with a full CD of legendary status. Billboard called it "Gruff, no jive, guitar croon."



VASOLINE TUNER

"Beyond Repair"

If you asked any of the reviewers what they thought you'd hear what BAM magazine called him... "Beck in training."

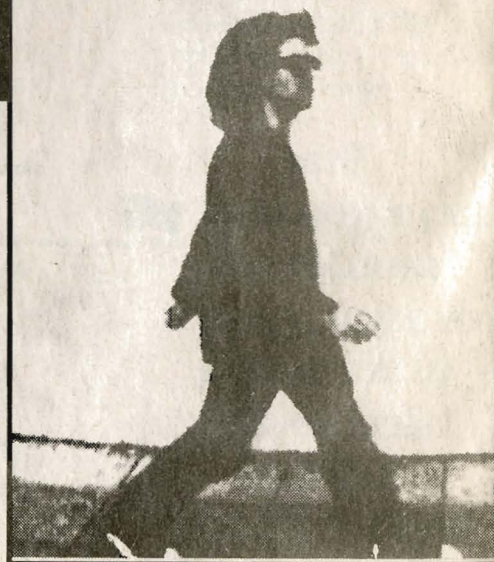
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