

# SLUG



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**JUNE 97**

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# dear dickheads.

She is being poetic. Her word choices provide a depth of meaning that is transcendental. She

like others, or to affix a label to myself. I am straight edge as a commitment to keep my mind and body free and completely avoid the damaging and trapping characteristics of substance abuse and addictions. Perhaps too many people today are straight edge because it's a fad, or to make a name for themselves, but my motives are pure and simple. If by my example or through my words, I could deter one kid from starting a life of drug abuse and captivity, or motivate one person to stop and change for the better, my whole life as straight edge, my whole existence would be a success.

a CD review I didn't author is not only underhanded and unfunny, it's also illegal. If I wanted to, I could leverage a hefty legal sum out of your operating costs, probably more than enough to put you under. I suggest you run a retraction stating I've never written anything other than a letter to the editor to "Slug." If you're going to run CD reviews using my name, at least be clever enough to use anagrams. Here are some suggestions for the future: "Ristchrian Liara" or "Laura Naitsirhc." The variations should astound you. Let the gerbils go wild in your minds, or other vacant cavities. —Christian Arial  
P.S. My uncle's a decent attorney.

Dear Dickheads,

Now that your favorite bands are getting back together i.e. Journey, Styx, I would have to assume you'll be first in line when they come through Salt Lake. Don't forget to stock up on butane lighters, Zebra striped tank tops, and chewing gum.

—TProutl

To: slugmag@aol.com

I've got a new name suggestion.

Piles Of Unread Pulp (POUP) haha!

Keep it comin', dickheads

To: slugmag@aol.com

Howzit?

I just got around to reading Issue #100 (congratulations, by the way) and I noticed the letter from Peter Milligan. I just wanted to say that I most definitely do read Lars/Laura's stuff. I read her stuff when she wrote for SLUG years ago. I read her when she wrote for the Private Eye. I read every issue of her zine THE ZION DISPATCHER. I read her Fax zine. I read her contributions to NOT FRAGILE. And I will read whatever else she writes. Lars is a brilliant and gifted woman. Sure you may need a thesaurus to read some of her stuff but she isn't being pretentious at all.

illuminates simply through her command of the language. Over the years I have learned a lot from Lars. Her insights and freely shared personal struggles with Bi-polar disorders have given me the knowledge and frame of reference to better deal with my students who suffer the same "problem" (as defined by narrow societal constraints).

What she has written has made me a better teacher and thus she has touched and improved the lives of my students.

Men and women she has never, nor will ever, meet. I salute Lars. I love Lars. And, yes, I read Lars. —Jeb Branin  
jeb.branin@snow.edu  
....Remember to pillage BEFORE you burn!!!!

Dear Lars,

I would like to speak concerning the May issue of SLUG, where you labeled the straight edge of today as "recycled" and "an incompetent replica now past due to die" You infer that because we were "in diapers" when straight edge began, we can't really know what it's about. Well, I will admit that straight edge has changed since it began, but I cannot agree that it is past due to die.

To begin, I am not straight edge out of rebellion, to be different than others, to be

On another note, by attacking straight edge verbally or otherwise, you accomplish nothing. Many people hate straight edge. As long as there are still people who are true and believe what they say and are not just trying to be cool and fit in, attacking straight edge will simply make martyrs and serve to advance the movement.

Thank you for listening to me bitch and I hope to see this letter in SLUG. I would like people to know that there are still straight edge who truly care.

—xDANx

*ED: The following are three letters e-mailed to us from longtwitch@chronicle.utah.edu (Christian Arial) they are printed verbatim*

To: SlugMag@aol.com

Dear Assfuzz,

It's obvious you kids don't know jack about media law and slander. Signing my name to

To: SlugMag@aol.com

I've never met such small-minded colloquial imbeciles in my life. I bet the bulk of your staff were gleaned from inbred Mormon stock. "Slug," the king of the cretins. What a distinction. I'd rather read "Grid." Even if they know jack about music, the returned missionary writers at "Grid" don't spend space bagging on Bill Frost and other local writers and their rags. I like to read about music, not cat fights between small-time, small town egos.

Yes, I do have an attorney uncle. His name is Lynn Harris. You may be familiar with his affiliated firm, Spence, Moriarty and Schuster. Jerry Spence (the Spence in the firm name) is known as a maverick lawyer, who wears cowboy boots into federal courts and takes cases based upon injustice, not money. Brief discussions with a couple of editors and a professor

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

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have assured me that I have a clear cut case, if I want to pursue.

Thanks for your brilliance,  
—Christian

ED: (our email response)  
OH MY GOD you cannot be this stupid... can you?? Is this a joke? If it isn't then you are definitely the most idiotic shithead of the year or maybe you are just a dumb kid with nothing to do here are some suggestions

1. learn how to write
  2. know what you are talking about prior to opening your mouth
  3. get your own internet acct and stop wasting the Universitys money on your childish quips and finally STOP EMAILING US YOU ARE FULL OF SHIT, YOU ARE BORING, YOU ARE WASTING OUR TIME FUCK OFF
- bye bye

To: SlugMag@aol.com  
Listen Asshole/ Assholes,  
The last thing I want to

do is waste time writing e-mail to "Slug." However, when your publication attributes my name to something I haven't written, I think a response is called for. I certainly don't give a fuck what you say in your piece o' shit rag. You can talk shit about me all day, if it gets you off. I do have a generous sense of humor. However, attributing writing to me is illegal. If you're going to publish a publicly distributed magazine, you should at least know the basics of media law. Attributing a CD review to me necessitated the last two messages. I have better things to do than to piss off time writing to you. Rather than "YOU ARE WASTING OUR TIME," you asshole(s) are wasting MY time. A retraction is not too much to ask, and more importantly, I'm in a position to demand one.

—Christian

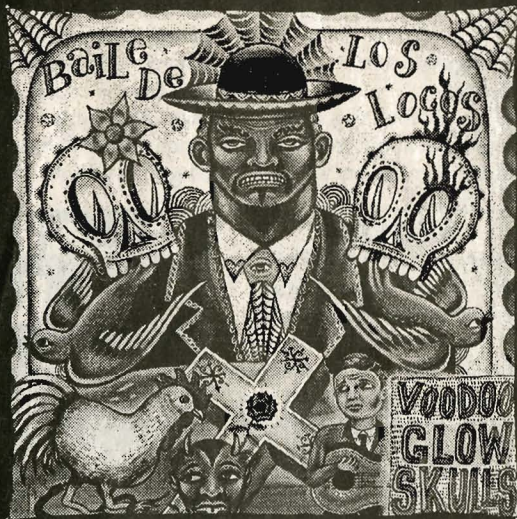
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Dear Dickheads  
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## Attention Readers:

The following cryptic pseudonyms  
**DO NOT** necessitate the  
following proper names.

**Bob B is not Bob Barker**  
**Sam M is not Sam Malone**  
**John L is not John Lennon**  
**Karl M is not Karl Malone**  
**Tina T is not Tina Turner**  
**Moses M is not Moses Malone**  
**Hiromoto K is not Hiromoto Kashayuki**  
**Jeff M is not Jeff Malone**  
**Pinky T is not Pinky Tuscadero**  
**Kelly M is not Kelly Malone**  
and last and certainly least,  
**Christian A IS NOT**  
**Christian Arial**  
it stands for **Christian Asshole**  
or **Christian Atheist**

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Wow, it seems like a ton of flicks this month, even though I don't remember renting that many. Thanks to John & Allison at the corporate video store whose name I can't mention for printing out my list and getting me the movies.

**The People vs. Larry Flynt**

Obviously this is a fave of any SLUG hack. A movie about a guy who said and did whatever the hell he wanted, and stood by the 1st Amendment when all the moral majority came after him. This movie is funny, it is true, and there are some things you didn't know about the King of Smut. One bad thing here is Courtney Love. She's a better actor than a singer, but she's a horrible actor. Seeing her naked made me puke, but I would still watch the movie again.

**The Associate**

Whoopi Goldberg cannot be blamed for appearing in a bad movie. The girl has to work.. or does she? I guess if it's a slow night and you have no hope of seeing your girl naked... this movie is ok. But it is NOT worth seeing if sex is a possibility.

**Blood & Wine**

Jack. (pause) Jack has a ceramic dish on his coffee table that is two feet wide and filled with shredded \$100 dollar bills. This is to remind Jack that money is not art. Jack does not work for the money. Jack is the man. Always has been. Always will be. This is a new Jack movie. It is a killer.

**Ransom**

Mel. (pause) Mel has a life size statue of Mel in his house. Mel is no Jack. Mel is still good though. This movie is good because it raises a good question. To get into that debate see the movie. If you need any more prompting, how about Rene Russo. Man that

is a sexy woman.

**Meet Wally Sparks**

Didn't see it.

**Thug Immortal**

The life & times of Tupac Shakur. Oh, OK... here's a must see. What did this guy do? A) he was a shitty actor and 2) he was a shittier musician. 3) He was a GANGSTA HOOPA who got killed by his own little wanna be mafia pals.

**Big Night**

Big Daddy Barker hipped me to this movie. Stanley Tucci and Antonio Scarpacci (taxi guy on wings) are brothers/ restaurant owners. This is my pick of the month. What a movie.

**First Wives Club**

Whiny trio of insecure, unstable, bitter women wonder why they are divorced. Hmmm. It is IMPOSSIBLE for this movie to be any good.

**Swingers**

Hey little honey babies, little sugar babies, you're money. If you don't know how money you are, well baby you're just money. It's the bomb, baby... If you like guys who talk like that, you will love this movie.

**Heavy**

Liv Tyler just continues to impress me more every time she makes another movie. There are some great characters in this show, one of which is none other than my teen heart throb, Deborah Harry. Something missing in this movie, but it has nothing to do with the fine acting.

The ending is weak. Maybe because it was written by a musician instead of a screenplay writer. See it anyway, it's very cool.

**Thinner**

Gimme a break. Stephen King has gone from the Master of Horror, to the Master of bad ABC after school specials with spooky themes. Rent this only to agree with my assessment of Mr. Goofball's career landslide.

**Star Trek 1st Contact**

Let me make this perfectly clear. I have been giving my pal Mark shit for being a Trek Boy for years. If you think I am going to throw all of that hard work down the drain by reviewing this TrekBoy movie, then you are insane.

**The Funeral**

When Jack is taking time off from being "the man", he let's Christopher Walken be "the man" for awhile. While Chris is doing it, he likes to run the gangster/killer thing to the hilt. This is a movie along that vein, HOWEVER, it has a freaky finish that will shock you. I give this flick two severed thumbs up...

**Imaginary Crimes**

Harvey Keitel. What an actor. This is a departure from the standard Harvey role, but he pulls it off with amazing power. Faruza Balk does a great job as

Harvey's daughter, in a well written script that is elevated by some fine acting. Definitely a DO NOT MISS.

**Sex And The Other Man**

Stanley Tucci twice in one month! Too cool. This time he gets tied up and forced to watch Kari Wuhrer and the idiot from Men Acting Badly (the blonde one) have sex with each other. YooHoo! What a life. I can hear them saying "cut" about a hundred times. Go get this one. Well worth the three bucks.

**Daylight**

The difference between an Ahnold flick, or a Jean Claude flick, or a Seagal flick and a Sly flick, is that Sly is the king of that shit. Daylight is the best of all these guys latest hard to believe action flicks. Not that it's a great show, but surprisingly it is pretty good, and much better than the other movies in this genre.

**Jerry Maguire**

Show me the acting. I need to feel it Tom, SHOW ME THE ACTING! This time with some emotion Mr. Cruise, SHOW ME THE ACTING! H-y Karl SHOW ME THE free throws! Ooops! I mean SHOW ME THE ACTING!

*VERY impressed with the response to the Brewvie Movie Trivia Quiz. Of course it was Victor Argo in "Blue in the Face" the sequel to "Smoke"*



**This month's Trivia Question Name the actor & the movie**  
**"LOOK, IF YOU ASK ME TO SIGN SOMETHING THAT SAYS THE GOVERNEMNT SHOULDN'T DO THAT, I'LL SIGN IT. PUT IT TO A VOTE, I'LL VOTE FOR IT, BUT WHAT I WON'T DO IS PLAY BALL, AND AS FOR THIS NON-COLLEGE BULLSHIT I GOT TWO WORDS FOR THAT: LEARN TO FUCKIN' TYPE"**  
**First 5 answers get a pair of movie passes to Brewvies / Mr. Pink Trivia 2120 S. 700 E. Suite H200 s.l.e. ut. 84106 NO PHONE CALLS!!**

# Bustin' The Nut

--David McClellan

*"If your band gets popular in Salt Lake City, something's wrong..."*

*—Excerpt from a drunken conversation overheard at a SLC bar.*

The Bar & Grill closed it's doors for good last week in a quiet, humble manner. So quiet that almost nobody found out until after it already happened. One less place for bands to play in Salt Lake City. Especially if your band plays original heavy music. Most clubs won't take a chance on a band that is up and coming and trying to build a following and define a sound for themselves. Steve at the Bar and Grill did. Jason at Spanky's still does. Bands are a draw to bring people into an establishment to purchase alcohol. End of story. Sell enough booze and the club stays open. Bootyquake keeps The Holy Cow open by doing just that every Saturday night. The cover charge to get in usually goes to pay for sound, doormen, and hopefully to the bands. Most every local band I talk with resents clubs that support and rely on cover bands for the majority of their income because cover bands not only keep the public entertainment dollars out of your band's purse, they also take away opportunity. Bands like Climb, 9 Spine Stickleback, In Effect, and 12 Speed all play heavy original music and all feel that the bar scene is not really geared for their type of music. Inconsistent attendance at shows as well as lack of any local radio or industry support means that here more than anywhere, bands interested in playing more than the hippie hippie shakes need to rethink strategies for getting people out to their shows. People go out to bars to get drunk, get stupid, and get laid. Bands seem to work best in a bar when they play unimpeachable music that flows along at a tempo and groove that everyone can bop to without having to pay too much attention to the four saps up on stage. Musical wallpaper. If people really wanted to go out and listen to live music, they'd go to a concert, not a bar. So the trick is how to get your band to become popular without trying to look like you desperately want your band to become popular. Write good songs? Sure, but there are plenty of great songwriters in bands who play for three people four times a month all across this town. Learn how to promote your shows? Most definitely. Promotion is the name of the game at every level of the entertainment industry. Why should your dinky Wednesday night headliner at The Stag barber shop be any different? Change your musical style for something that would be

considered more "commercial" to the bar going, CD buying public? You gotta do what you gotta do, but music is art, my friends, and art not only comes

from the heart, but it is also judged, bought, and sold by the heart: people can tell when you're faking. So you've got Soundgarden calling it quits on the one hand, and nothing but R&B, techno, and country filling the Billboard charts on the other. Crowds are lining up to see all of this summer's reunion rock tours, but it would appear that people these days just don't have the interest in new rock like they used to.

Has rock and roll in 1997 become nostalgia? Classic rock seems to be the pool that even most of today's new bands are dipping from when they do hit a score. If you don't believe me just give a listen to The Wallflowers, The Verve Pipe, Kula Shaker, Our Lady Peace, the newest Corrosion of Conformity, Live, Tonic, or even Geffen record's most recent race horse: Snot. All of the above mentioned bands cite The Stones, Queen, Kiss, AC/DC, Zeppelin, The Who, The Cars, Springsteen, Bowie, and The Beatles, as musical references throughout their newest releases. In 1997, though, classic rock is safe. And safe rock sucks. Rock is supposed to be frightening, on the edge, and just a little bit evil. We all grew up worshipping at the temple of the giant shining drum kit high upon a riser surrounded by jet black stacks of Marshall cabinets and mysterious figures that blared sex, noise, and aggression at 'ridiculous volumes for all the world to hear and see. Fuck you is the sound an electric guitar makes. Fuck your mother is the sound a great rock band makes. So while the world awaits the next big thing to hit and save us from the death of alternative as well as the nostalgia from hell tours, I have a few suggestions for getting through what promises to be an interesting summer. Sound Image Studios (SIS), locally owned and operated by Toby Seljaas, has recently put out a compilation disc of all the local bands he has recorded over the past six months. The packaging is stripped down and the production is tight, energetic and surprisingly high quality for a local recording that didn't come from the analog lab at L.A. East. "Urban Mayhem Vol. #1" features some of SLC's hardest and best rock/metal/punk acts that this town has to offer: Ineffect, Maladjusted, Casa Diablo, Higher Power, Black Parade, & 5 Minute Major. Having the bands help pay for the manufacturing in exchange for mixing time and services is a great way for both musicians and SIS to benefit from this surprisingly well done endeavor. It's about time that someone decided to put out a compilation of local talent without making a competition out of it. No winners or losers. No specific genre type either, though Vol. #1 does appear

to be chock full of heavy metal and Korn Tones. If you record at SIS and desire to be on the next compilation, all you need do is inquire. CD's cost \$4 and are available from SIS (801) 466.1210 or from any of the bands directly. The next compilation disc will be out sometime in July and my only request is that there be more diversity of artists lining up to put songs on it. Even you hippie fucks. Instead of six bands having three songs each, you really only need one song from each band. That way you can conceivably get over 20 artists on a disc. And yes. Toby does send out copies to record companies and help with the promo. Next up is Snot. Now these guys blew me away when I saw them at the Holy Cow Last month opening for Sugar Ray and The Urge. I'd never heard of them and wasn't there to see them. Lucky for me I was unfashionably early and got there before Snot went on and totally ripped the place apart. Sounding alot like Korn and the Deftones meets ProPain, Snot raged through a forty minute set that left me and my bandmates staring at each other and thinking of how badly we sucked compared to what we had just witnessed. Nothing too technical, just a great, tight, dangerous new rock band that had every element in place, pulling off a show that looked effortless and sounded flawless. I talked to the guys in Snot for an hour after their set, helped them load their shit into their brand new white van that Geffen bought for them, and grilled them all about how they got signed, what it felt like to be on Geffen, and were they ready for all of the obvious comparisons and criticism that their sound will elicit. They were all very cool and answered any question I put to them, without acting like pretentious inside joking assholes. First off, Snot is a five piece hailing from sunny Santa Barbara with two of its members coming from the east coast. Snot was formed as a "party" band after all of the members other bands had fallen apart at the brink of getting signed. After being together for several months and gaining popularity for their live energetic performances, Snot was on the verge of a record deal with Geffen. Acquiring former Souls at Zero drummer Jamie Miller, Snot was complete and signed the contract. Geffen flew them out to Boston to record their debut disc "Get Some" which was released last week, and has insured this band's success with an upcoming video on MTV which the guys were getting ready to shoot when we last talked. Blending east coast hardcore with southern Cal. punk and metal, Snot is my pick for best new band of 1997. "Get Some" rocks front to back and has replaced Tool's Aenema in my walkman as my raging workout tape. Tight, dangerous, a little bit evil, and a whole lot of fuck you guitar and fuck your mother grooves, the future of rock might well be saved.

—David McClellan

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# INAMORATA AND THE GLOAMING --Lars

Excuse me for gushing over...(delineating from the Hardcore text)

...Gardening, flying kites, running through sprinklers, soothing aloe vera gel on sunburns, virgin or spiked SLURPEES, lilacs and gloxinias, soul compatibles, spring romances...

Un momento mi amore...Halcyon Days!!

For the apogee of summer resides not in the daylight hours but in it's gloaming (a.k.a. twilight/dusk/evening) enhancing fragrant trees, especially mock-orange. And a profusion of Nature's choruses, as if to say C'ead Mile Faighte ("a hundred thousand welcomes" in Irish). Rescued from the empty of Winter, buried alive.

Ahh...Praise be the harbinger of life as summer solstice takes capious notes on growth.

**I'VE TRAVELED OVER MOUNTAINS AND SEAS, SEARCHING FOR THE LAND CALLED ECSTASY. EVERYBODY'S PERFECT IN THIS PLACE. "YONG RAHMAT" THE HIGHEST FORM OF HUMAN RACE BUT IS IT ECSTASY? I WANTED IT ALL FOR NOTHING...**

—Zam Abdullah & Shadowplay

**CLUTCHING TO OUR EXTREMITIES - NO CONTROL IS OFFERED HERE - IT'S ALL COMPLETE FREE - THINKING AND HOLDING A TORCH OF PRIDE - DIVERSITIES ARE NIGH - WE ALL LEAVE OURSELVES AT TIMES TO ENTER DIFFERENT SOULS - THE NEW STRENGTH OF OUR MAGNITUDE IS MORE EXCITING THAN THE OLD...**

—Jeremy Chatelain,  
Gentry Densley & Brainstorm

Lets take a refresher course on the prototypical dream that once comprised SALT LAKE

CITY, UT 84's scene. Scene-schmean and all that fuckadilly-ack, we were a familial clan, factionalized or not since that. Nope. I'm not about to launch into Glory

Days reaped and already sown by those that kept faith in the dream. "Boring" it never was. Time passages and adulthood demanded other pathways...But "bring"?!? Boredom isn't a contender where memory is concerned.

**I HEAR THE FATAL SILENCE - APATHY IN VOGUE - STARE INTO THE WASTELAND - WILL WE EVER KNOW - I SEE IT IN THE STREETS AND FEEL IT IN THE AIR - MILLENNIUM - THE LAST MILLENNIUM...**  
—Paul Dury & Colour Theory

Testaments in songs, forewarning like the mystic predicts.

**WE LOVE TO SUFFER - BE THE MARTYR OF THE GAME - MAGNET OF CHARITY - OUR PAIN THE ARTISTS GAIN...**

—Brad Barker & Anger Overload

Summarily depicted. Succinct.

Bridging the topic of "Prodigies and Neophyte Rockers is this precluded via commentary remitted to Amy Degenerate's review of 3' Girls Rule last month. Particularly, that of the ex- local recording artist Charles Johnson. Given the el rapido percussionist focused on a musical trajectory intrepid, those included in the goal and vision should've known exactly what awaited at the promontory. Charlee is/was hyper-flighty, Chameleon, impressionable - an attention seeking dynamo. His "stage" tableaus' consistent since way back w/power slave. Rockn-rollicking deliver and the juvenile persona. Rat of the damned often destroyed his drum kits 20 years prior. Anyway, I digress. My point? A musician that hoins-up w/a group propelled by a singular mastermind creator type ought not to feign ignorant w/the ensuing results. Integrity vs sublimation. In other words,

just get your sorry ass out of that outfit. Even creative dictatorships can snowball on the founder. As certain other bands have suffered the same fate.

Hmm...It would seem I'm defending an old flame's behavior and likewise "killing the messenger." Aye, there's the rub, saga, and dilemma. Once a kuetch, always a kuetch... Actually, may I suggest that the unemployed "half" musician's metier is journalism. Speaking of writing...I'm still waiting for a winter - diva to take over the helm (don't hold your breath, Lars). Either way, I plan to hone in on Interviews and restrict columns. Probing, unique interviews. Included participants" STELLA BRASS, HANDSOME, and ...

Stay Tuned! (Sequeway teaser). Rrroarr! BEAST WARS! Who'd have thought that a 3-D cartoon would rob the work weary of weekend slumber. No sleeping-in, gotta catch the maximals and "bad guys" Predacons' strategic travails. Indestructible? You betcha. Relying on computer-simulated graphics instead of the old-fashioned 2-D hand-crafted artwork will surely spoil the next gen. Still, from the MINDS EYE series, to BEAST WARS, to our updated computer, we're hooked. The "transformers" have staying power firm.

As an aside, I'm convinced that the deafening volume emitted during NBA Playoffs in the Delta Center is a Hearing Physician's Conspiracy. Win, win, win, Jazzaroonio, win the title and I'll gladly sacrifice crucial decibels and happily cry through the ticker tape parade... Chris Carter and Co. Hath rendered the beloved "Spooky" Mulder hari-kari, giving x-Philers a gnarly case of insomnia. O'ye x-file barflys of little faith! Resurrection cometh!

**TRIED TO LIVE WITH HOW I FEEL - HIT THE WALL A THOUSAND TIMES - PICKED UP MY OWN BROKEN PARTS - AND FOUND THE ANSWERS IN MY HEART - TRY TO FIND A WAY TO REACH - THE PEOPLE I CAN NEVER TEACH**

—Clarke Walker & Fractal Method

Selected for a film documentary on prodigies, "BRINGING UP SUPERBABIES", I was expected to exemplify the apothecosis of dance. Having experienced the demands placed on a Geist-bearer, the epitome of prodigy, humor me as I provide the following apropos pabulum...Here goes...

Awe, panic, wonder, pressure-cooker, damaging effects, naturally curious, opportunistic parents, accelerated development, stimulate interests, genetics or environment, ultimate determinants, pronounced growth, random or organized, coercion or free agency, nature or nurture, exposure or shelter, I.Q. variables, sensitive or robust, aptitude & attitude, plasticity or fixed, heredibility or society, emotionally disturbed, super-achievers, enriched performance, bolster esteem, appropriate roles, excel, enjoyment, image, validation, instinctive, peel & reveal, investment in/formal, in/dependent, challenging, rigorous, amazing feats, discrepancies, curriculum, time line and burn-out, critical periods, magic moments, learning process, talent, motivated, commitment, hurried, late bloomers, controversy, optimum potential, empathy, define & tailor, boat-rockers, imposed programs, perfection syndrome...

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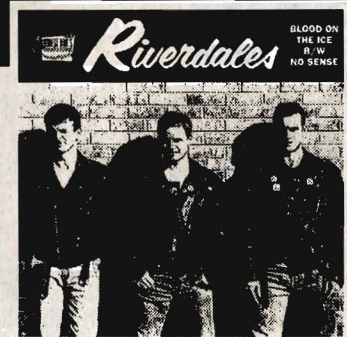
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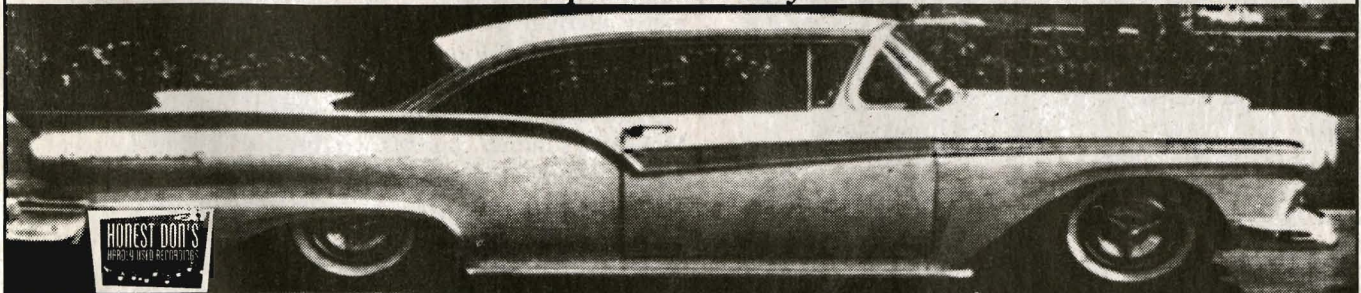
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# The Summer Concert / Coming Attractions / Preview Thing

**Luther Allison**

opening act – Rusted Root, a band taking their name from an Elmo & Patsy Christmas song (or was it Da Yoopers) and a vegetable. Hmmm, vegetables, hippies, hmmm, Da Yoopers, Elmo & Patsy? That would make Jerry himself nod out, as if he weren't nodding already during the countless jams he engaged in under the influence of "horse." Speaking of which, Neil Young brings Crazy Horse without Pearl Jam on their backs. Amazingly enough Young also visited the second version of the Salt Palace during the early years. Old war "horses" never die, unless they take too much of it, and Young has managed to stuff his music

up the white flecked nose hairs of two generations of music industry executives. At least H.O.R.D.E has Big Head Todd and Leftover Salmon to carry the torch of the past even as Primus, a band with crazy music and idiots for fans spits a loogie on the entire stinking Popper (I am not a hippie, I'm just fat) inspired jam session. Morphine is another aptly named group for this celebration. Finally, what in the fuck are the Squirrel Nut Zippers doing with a hit single on formerly alternative radio?

new ownership before SLUG hits the street, but at this moment it is closed. The Wooden Dog was forced out of their space by apathy and several large corporations. Three dead Dog shows might appeal to the discriminating SLUG reader. These concerts are actually at Green Street. On June 11 Dar Williams is in town with Peter Mulvey. Dar Williams is a petite folk singer with two mighty impressive CDs to her credit, but she isn't the reason to go. Peter Mulvey has a CD of trip hopping folk music available. Go over to Salt City and have a listen, it's the best "folk" CD I've heard since Ani DiFranco messed around with some Utah Phillips songs. On June 17, again at Green Street, Gillian Welch and David Rawlings are scheduled. Gillian Welch last appeared in SLUG Magazine in January. Her one and only disc was selected as one of the best of 1996. Her songs are tales of desperation. She isn't really a hillbilly, but she's the closest thing to Mother Maybelle Carter around in the '90s. The final "folk" concert is Rosalie Sorrells. She will be at Green Street on June 18. Originally "folk" music was a form of protest. Sorrells is still protesting. She will ridicule the "establishment" and bring a little honest commentary to Green Street.

## Summer Concerts

Now that the newspapers have done all the background work for us SLUG Magazine can state the truth and ridicule yet another summer of tributes to the past. Pay attention though, "our critic's picks" for June are included.

Did anyone read Lori Buttars ridiculously misinformed essay in the Salt Lake Tribune? Hey Buttars, who in the fucking hell is Little Christy and why should I go to Oldies Fest '97 to see her? The Warped Tour is on July 12, not July 7 as Blonde Bimbo Buttars prophesied and most "critics" around town have known that date for at least two months. Somehow Buttars' bad puns, simplistic metaphors and general lack of knowledge didn't surprise me, because her associate Martin

Renzhofer might inform Buttars that Royal Crown Revue is scheduled for the Warped Tour and they most certainly do not fit the skateboarding, new music stereotype she placed on the tour. I believe their latest CD, *Mugsy's Revenge*, placed in the Top 10 of Billboard Magazine's Jazz Chart?

Where in the fuck is Bluffstock '97 by the way? Ted? Ted? Ted?...he's probably buried under the stack of *Beatles Live At The BBC* records he duct taped to the walls of his mother's basement. Duct tape doesn't stick very long does it Ted? Ted? Ted? The much hailed Summer Concert season looks like a rain-out again. Santana played the second Salt Palace soon after it was built. Now that the third installment of the Palace is in place the band travels to Park City with an

Before continuing anymore with the amazing, incredible, astounding Wolf Mountain summer concerts I'll give some information on the shows requiring attendance. As a few people already know two more venues have closed. The Bar & Grill might open under

the shows requiring attendance. As a few people already know two more venues have closed. The Bar & Grill might open under

as the reprise their dance club and introduce the audience to the sleaze of *A Crime For All*

place in town by now. Their lo-tech version of old fashioned rockabilly music has



*Seasons*, their latest moist release.

The best bet for June 10 is the **Hate Fuck Trio** and **Los Infernos** at Spanky's. Potty mouths and trashy rock and roll is always good entertainment. The Hate Fuck Trio have the ability to play numerous instruments. How many they actually play will depend on how much space is in the van. Los Infernos are bar band bliss. They are recommended for those into the oily sound of Tenderloin. Phaser Fun will host **The Criminals** on June 13. The Criminals are one of those bands who forgot to consult Mr. Arial before they formed. They don't know that punk rock died over a decade ago. Their version of punk rock is closer to Richard Hell & the Voidoids or the Dead Boys than the sugar coated sweetness their producer made millions on. Billy Joe Armstrong produced *Never Been Caught* and it is on Lookout. I'd hazard a guess that the Criminals will appeal more to Pinhead Gunpowder fans than those into Squirtgun.

Without question the trashiest, most exciting club show of the month is at the Zephyr. **The Flat Duo Jets** are on the road again and this time they are bringing **The Woggles**. Dexter and Crow have played at nearly every

thrilled thousands of drunks in the past. Don't even think traditional rockabilly, neo-rockabilly, psychobilly or some other word coined in Europe. The Flat Duo Jets have souped up their '49 Ford interpretation with modern, high octane power and they are all set to shut up the bald businessmen who stumble into the Zephyr believing the club is for loud, obnoxious conversation. The Woggles are a plain and simple garage band. No more no less. They reside on the same monument to old fashioned raunch and roll as the Monomen, the Makers and the Nomads. True trash is a rarity in Salt Lake City. We have some fine bands playing it locally, but when of the greatest of all visits it is best to be in attendance. The Zephyr Club has booked **Mem Shannon** on June 19 and on June 30 the Dead Goat has **Steady Rollin' Bob Margolin**. If there are SLUG readers who enjoy the blues then these two dates are of major interest.

The last show of our abbreviated picks for the month is at DV8. Three Ozzfest bands will jump off the tour and bring slammin' metal to Salt Lake City after all. **Machine Head**, **Coal Chamber** and **Vision of Disorder** are all signed to Roadrunner. That means

pansy assed metal bands can hang their heads and cry. This show is so damned heavy that X-96 is expected to vacate the DV8 neighborhood on June 25. The sissy techno and industrial bands they play on the radio can't touch true death defying, ear drum shattering power. I believe this show is too frightening for the K-Beer crowd as well. We are talking intensity and the DV8 security will likely be a very busy. If fear of noise is a factor and a night of entertainment is desired stand on the sidewalk in front of DV8 and watch the staff remove the idiots.

Then there's Styx. One listen to their latest double disc set brought a vision to my head. There used to be a farmer who piled up manure two stories tall in my "hood." That was cool and good for a youth spent smelling and fucking the barnyard, (Which the Pride Day '97 program informed

me is legal in Utah, while eating pussy is not.) he had the tendency to toss dead cows on the pile as well. Imagine a pointed stick poked into the bloated belly of a week old dead cow - Pat Benatar? (It's the CMC International Tour! One day, one day soon CMC International will have every single bad metal, stadium metal and musician who can't fit into Spandex anymore signed. It will become the largest label in the world! It will put Alshire and Rhino Records out of business. Rest homes will subscribe to CMC International satellite broadcasts, the drooling, tattooed patients in Depends will view old videos transferred digitally to the DVD format and wheel chair and walker bound musicians reprising their past hits!...) Expelled gas can hardly describe the resulting stink and that is what Styx has released in their latest effort to swell the airwaves worse than...Dan

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Fogelberg??? Sara Hickman is opening for him. One and all are encouraged to rise up and leave after her performance. Whatever. UB40 released one good album no one bought. After that they pretended to make reggae music while cashing royalty checks provided by consumers pretending to listen to "pop" covers masquerading as reggae music. David Grisman has made the same album over and over and over again for at least 20 years. Hey Grisman, dawg gone it, it sounded fresh back then, but can't we move on? *Shady Grove* or something ...Grisman proves how cutting edge he is by opening for another band that has recorded the same album over and over and over again. There is widespread panic over the very thought of recording the next one. Hint, just remix songs from the last three, it all sounds the same anyway. Queensryche??? Oooh, art

rock, music for musicians!! Is Empire opening? 311???? Hippies who rap???? I have Boston in Orem in August. The nightmare concert of all time remains unbooked. This is what the CMC International deal was all about. I'm waiting for 1999 when Foreigner, Styx, Boston, Journey, Kansas and REO are all signed to CMC. The big six can launch their own "shed" tour.

If my sources are correct Devo is touring with Korn and Tool as part of this years Lollapalooza. Don't worry though, Devo has decided to skip Wolf Mountain. Johnny Mathis is the perfect prescient vision of the future. The population is aging. The Wolf Mountain Summer Concert series brings increasingly tired old men...and women... to play their increasingly tired old music for increasingly tired old concert patrons. Johnny Mathis will attract the audi-

ence that reared the entire increasingly tired old bunch of them. It is best to stay away from the Parley's Canyon area on August 13. I've heard that Chrysler, Lincoln, and Cadillac have shipped extra auto body parts to Utah in preparation for the expected car wrecks after the gig.

Red Butte? Forget visiting unless some forsaken soul passes close to Salt Lake City by sheer accident. John Prine is another of the same ilk as the Wolf Mountain group and so is David Wakeling.

Remember the audience at English Beat tearing down Kingsbury Hall...sorry, that was General Public wasn't it? Who can tell the difference these days. John Tesh is coming, the faggott, but where the fuck is Yanni...ooh that's right...he's off destroying the Taj Mahal and why isn't that gentleman coming to the Jazz and Blues Festival? Because "they" have booked Little Milton, as if anyone in Salt Lake City understood the entire "chitlin" circuit or soul blues in general. Next up the bar band led by Coco Montoya, some gospel and a local blues band - The Tempo Timers? Excuse me? I think I just wet myself! That certainly sucks doesn't it? The local clubs have already booked a better line-up of summer time blues than the idiots in charge of the "Utah Jazz & Blues Festival." Jesus Christ! Jazz has tried to make a resurgence with the likes of Wayne Horvitz, a new record from

## Thrill Kill Kult



James Blood Ulmer paying tribute to Ornette Coleman, and another new Ulmer disc with funk-masters present and accounted for but fuck all that. We get more old men. Jazz night does look better than blues night though. Barry Manilow???? I vomited blood and a Kathie Lee Gifford video tape describing the perfect marriage without any instructions on the sex portion.

The Utah Arts Festival should be free!!! A bunch of fucking yuppies banded together a decade ago and started charging admission. What will it cost to enter this year? Another price increase perhaps? Ten dollars? Why not, Luthor Allison is playing and he just received three or four W.C.Handy Awards. Allison is the highlight, but do not miss Michelle Shocked or Paul Dresner - that is - if you are living above the poverty level and can afford to support the "arts." That would

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eliminate most of the local bands scheduled to play – except at least they get a paycheck and maybe charging admission is good after all? Not. Charging \$5 for a 12 oz cup of beer is price gouging enough.

The Warped Tour is still coming (more on that next month) and as if Wolf Mountain didn't offer enough nostalgia X-96 has selected the Violent Femmes to headline the Biggest Ass Show of them all? Hopefully the street corner buskers will offer up a moment of silence in tribute to the destroyed Fairgrounds Coliseum, the sight of their first Utah performance. Forget Ozzfest because Ozzie's audience destroyed the sacred David O. McKay building right before the priesthood arrived to dedicate it and Marilyn Manson isn't allowed to perform live anymore. He has sex with animals and children? Well, how in the fuck do you expect him to top Alice Cooper? Except I think Alice is the top and Marilyn is the hole. But I've already discussed the small portion of the Ozzfest that will reach Salt Lake, haven't I? Forget the Lillith Fair because lesbians aren't allowed in Salt Lake City, unless they're the Indigo Girls, Melissa Etheridge... or a substantial portion of the tax-paying residents. The Biggest Ass Show and the Warped Tour are United Concerts/X-96/grid magazine's condescending corporate nod to the young (to fucking truth "Verdad" lame-ass letter writer; a monopoly remains a monopoly no matter if the corporation is big or small). Since I'm on the subject of Biggest Asses. X-96 should hold a contest to decide who has the "Biggest Ass" in Utah. We already know who has the biggest heads, for the details

refer to last summer's concert issue. I've viewed some mighty impressive large asses around this state, (ice cream will do that to a butt) butt I somehow doubt that I've seen the biggest. True story here. I used to work in a place where one woman had an ass so big that her husband brought her to work in a flatbed truck with a hydraulic hoist on the back. The skinny little fucker would hook the chain up to a belt loop reinforced by steel belts, power up the engine, lift her out of the truck and lovingly place her on the ground to waddle in to work. We (my co-workers and I) set up 55 gallon drums in corridors and measured the distance between them in an attempt to determine the exact width of that ass. Sadly we could never positively determine whether or not the woman had turned sideways in order to pass through a space more than 48 inches in width. An ass three to four feet wide is impressive, but there are some exceptionally large male asses around the state as well, maybe the contest could be bi-sexual with males and females competing butt to butt? Maybe LL Cool J and Sir Mix A Lot could be employed as judges? ...Well, that's the summer. How about it J.C.? We did a summer concert thing too.

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Little Christi Ann

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# SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

-Jerry Brudos



Jerome Henry Brudos was a fetish murderer. His fetish: shoes. His style: escalatingly violent, homicidal. His undoing: a photograph of one of his last victims hanging from a hook in his garage. The camera shows clearly the demented photographer reflected in a mirror setting on the floor. She is wearing high-heeled shoes, he is wearing a satisfied smile.

Five year-old Jerry found a pair of high-heeled shoes at the dump. When he brought them home his mother punished him violently. Sixteen year-old Jerry dug a tunnel in a hillside; he hoped to take a girl there and make her do as he wished. Jerry began stealing high-heeled shoes and underwear during break-ins while their owners slept. In 1956 Jerry was arrested for assault and battery after trying to force a little girl to undress.

Twenty-three-year-old Jerry married a seventeen-year-old who was pregnant with his child. Five years and two children later he would start to kill. He needed models for his underwear and shoe collection. Dead models cooperate; dead models are cheaper, dead models aren't afraid of knives.

In January, 1968, in Portland, Oregon, Jerry strangled a 19-year-old girl who had come to sell encyclopedias. In his basement workshop he dressed and undressed her cooling corpse. He cut off her left foot, shoed it in a glamorous shoe, and put it in the deep-freezer. The body he attached to an engine block; he dumped the leftovers in the Willamette River.

Ten months later Jerry killed again. He photographed the body in various clothes, and amputated one breast. He photographed that, and where it had been. Again with the river.

March, 1969: Jerry kills again. He rapes a young beauty before and after strangling her. He cuts off both breasts. He photographs the whole event. He photographs more clothes and shoes.

A month later: Jerry's last victim. First rape, then murder, then rape, then electrical shocks to the breastless torso to see if it really would jump. It doesn't. Many photographs.

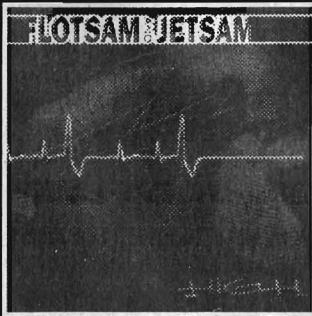
Mistake number one: Jerry kills with a particular set of knots in a cord. There are examples of these knots all over the house. When the police are investigating, and they get to Brudos, there are these pesky knots all over the house. And the stash of souvenirs. That darn photograph with Jerry smiling in the mirror.

Found guilty of three counts of murder, Brudos comes up for parole in 1999. Are you sure you want to move to Portland?

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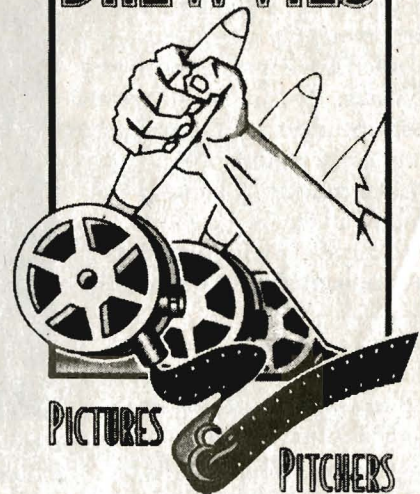
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# NO DOUBT

## The end of solidarity

### in irony

No Doubt and that "just a girl"

Gwen Stefani are certainly having their fifteen minutes. Cover stories in *Details* (April) and *Rolling Stone* (May) . . . And, of course, they'll be here in Salt Lake in June. All of which calls for some old-school (read: came of age in the 80s and grumpy in the 90s) reflections on the changeless theme of changing times in music.

I'm not going to tell you No Doubt suck — the experts on that issue can be overheard in food courts across the land. Nor am I going to tell you about the far cooler (and consequently obscure) band I know that just can't get a break because of mega-bands like No Doubt. I'm not even going to warn you that the wrong type of people are listening to them now that the band is so popular and that the Delta Arena will be a vortex of air-fisting yahoos on June 7th. No, Gwen expounds on that herself (with all the faux-angst of the recently successful wondering how they're perceived on the indie scene) telling *Details* just how much those "jocks and nerds" snapping up *Tragic Kingdom* bother her. That's fine, but not germane. The gist: No Doubt is loathsome because they are the surest sign yet that "alternative music," once merely domesticated by capitalism, now actually propels the most insidious aspects of commercial culture. No Doubt's nefarious marketing strategy heralds the end of an era — the end of irony as way to carve out a little mental autonomy in a consumer culture run wild.

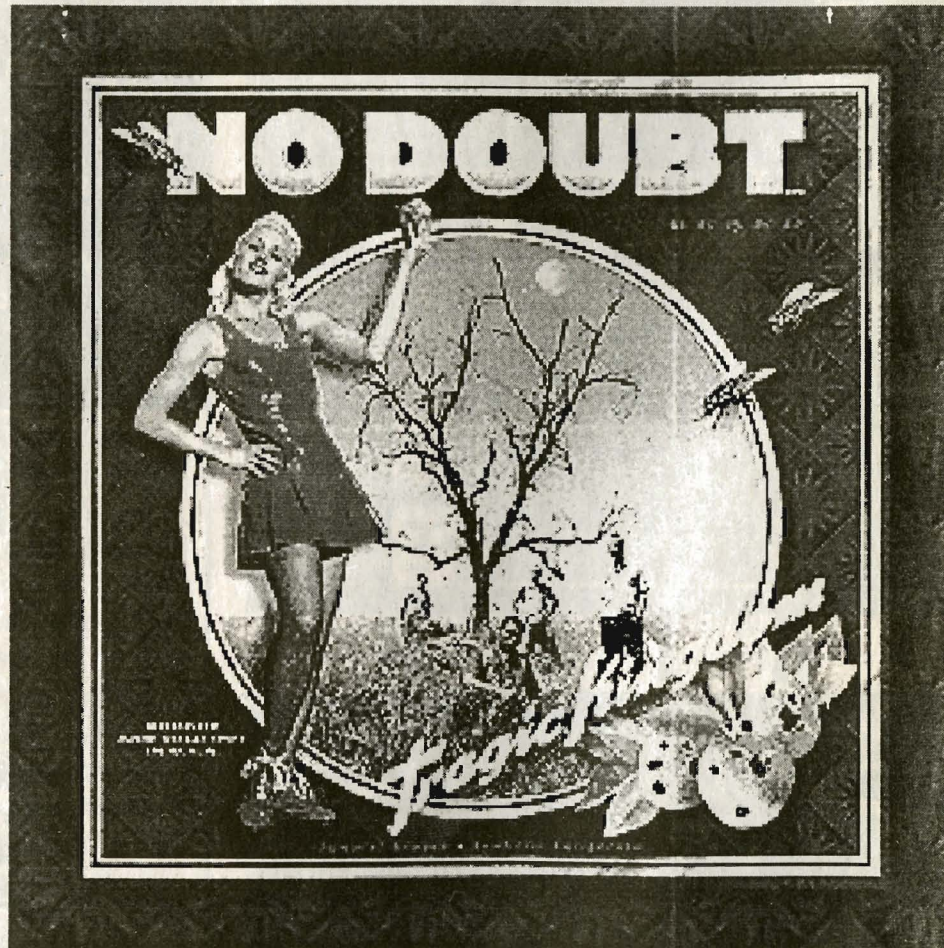
There was a time (say, 10 years ago) when alerno/indie was still playing coy with the idea of remaining free of big label record contracts and compromises. That semi-mythical golden age, celebrated in films like *Hype*, was defined by the interaction of artist and audience. Tendrils of irony spun off the stage and united clubbers and performers in a delicate bond that bespoke a shared knowledge of the nasty world

outside and its enmeshing schemes and scams. Sure, you plunked down your eight bucks for sonic assault and slam-pit battering in the classic exchange of capital for commodity, but you

knew what was going on and so did the kids on stage. And the anti-bullshit guarantee was irony, expressed in mimicry, mockery and moshery. The rituals were all there, but leavened with a wink: the pit was only violent from a distance, and the "rock stars" crossed the country in a van. If Van Halen was a church then the indie crowds were the atheists. It was, in the end, just a scene, but it sure made the 80s more livable. The worst that could be said about it was that it was

that appears almost as often as Gwen herself in the photos. "We're one of you," the references tell us, "we hate advertising and consumerism as much as you do." But as gen-X philosopher Ethan Hawke taught us all in *Reality Bites* (and I challenge you to remember his character's name), irony is the difference between intended and actual meaning. But with No Doubt, there isn't any difference — they're the moral equivalent to Microsoft on stage, but with better fashion sense.

To understand why, don't read the pierced-navel gazing journalism of *Details* or *Rolling Stone*, which gush about such pressing concerns as Gwen's romantic life (she's not pregnant) and her struggles with success (it was hard at first, but she's OK with



populated by the annoyingly earnest, and policed by rules of indie-dom that bordered on elitism.

Gwen and friends seem to have the familiar irony down. Ironic winks to consumerism infuse their album art, from the word "brand" slapped next to the band's name to the shopping cart

it now). No, the best information about No Doubt appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*, snuggled in suggestively with the stock quotes. There, on April 10th band managers Rob Kahane and Paul Palmer revealed to other captains of industry how they boosted No Doubt's sales from lame (their first album barely

breathed before disappearing and the second was dumped as unsellable) to SIX MILLION UNITS. Theirs was no run of the mill marketing plan with fliers, posters, touring, ads, and plentiful payola. No, that would have been understandable, even forgivable in the music world. Mssrs. Kahane and Palmer had, in fact, concocted a scheme so masterful that you could almost hear the Journal staff cooing with delight: expose teenagers without their knowledge to ads for No Doubt and get the tax-payers to subsidize the whole thing to boot.

To understand their scheming, we must return to the 1980s (a suitable mantric prelude to most explanations these days). Crumbling public schools in poor neighborhoods strike a Faustian bargain with media giant Whittle Communications, Inc.: in return for badly needed audio-visual equipment, principals agreed to Whittle's television programming (under the vaguely Soviet rubric of Channel One), complete with ads. In fact, the twelve-minute news segments themselves are often thinly veiled ads. And here's where No Doubt comes into the picture. Kahane and Palmer arranged to have "perky" (the Journal's word) Gwen beamed by satellite to more than a half of a million students in public classrooms as the host of the program in January of 1996. The result? Surprise! According to the Journal, the next week sales shot up across the country. Your tax dollars at work.

Granted, none of this has anything to do with the basic reason for seeing any band, the music. But remember: that brand sign (indie/alterno rock) used to connote something a little

different before it metamorphosed. Maybe the progression from DIY to SubPop to Indie/Alterno Inc. was inevitable and we were even more duped than the honest dupes slurping up Van Halen. Maybe all the irony was just arrogance. Maybe the brand sign was just too powerful to undermine. But is it really too much to ask of the self-styled alterno crowd to avoid inventing invasive and lets just say it - evil - forms of advertising that would impress even the greediest of Harvard MBAs? Maybe.

But bear the following in mind: another ploy has bit the dust. The irony — "I'm just a girl", oh no I'm not — that once set a scene apart has been adjusted and commodified. Notch another victory for the market. So enjoy the show, and keep that Wall Street Journal tucked firmly under your arm. It just might be your best source on the next big thing.

Fritz Umbach — has taught popular culture at Cornell University and currently lives in Salt Lake City while researching a book on Mormonism and consumer culture.

Dan Kimmage — is a professional musician, Russian translator, and free-lance journalist who lives in Ithaca, N.Y. His most recent article (also with Fritz Umbach) on the use of the drug qat in Yemen and in the rave scene of London will appear next month in aJuice: The Journal of eatin', drinkin', and screwin' around.

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# Kinesphere, U of U Dance Department

I am watching a performance of Modern Dance. Can anybody even define that term anymore without dropping into the science, the belabored recall of names, creators of specific movements that defined time in the art of dance. I've seen Modern performances before, repeat was of creations, resurrected, but something always happens to magic once its been buried six feet under and dug up, it ossifies into Wood. Modern dance has been a sign of our age, that of an emerging art form gone down the established path of the aging minds that created it, while the precocious art envisioned in the eyes of the tireless feasting bodies, those with nodes of energy pulsing through them from limb to limb, simply dies unseen, or fused in conformities.

So never willing to deny a new phase of evolution, like the hope of seeing a dormant mountain spring to life with sparks in the air, I went on campus at the University of Utah, dodged the parking booths guarding the empty parking lot in front of the Marriott Center for Dance, overcame the competition to find free parking and went to see Kinesphere, a collection of the senior student compositions, which I will discover to be inspired, raw movement choreographed by fervent minds. The price - two bucks at the door.

Walking up into the unknown territory of the Marriott Center, I am paced through the rectangular halls by encouraging signs. I feel wanted as a stranger, welcome to enter an atmosphere created for the show. Before I am even in the performance room, I sense the missing tension given off by the tight clothes and snotty sophistication that always makes me feel guilty, convicted for showing up late at professional dance performances. And then the mood conjured up by those coaxing signs is reflected in the sensitive face that asks me to take off my shoes and enjoy the show. Just the thought of an entire theater of shoeless people allowed me to join the standing room only crowd already feeling a strand of connectivity.

The program I received and set folded on my lap. I am going into this blind, no preconceived notions to mislead me, no flattering approvals from a single soul in the land I am visiting. What I am looking for is something that induces a metamorphous, taking me from the place that I am to a place that I've never been. I want to be pulled in deep, seduce me, not with sex alone but with a movement that is all absorbing, not just following the music, but adding layers of moody rhythms that are not even there, but maybe could be if the music was afforded such chaotic intuition.

As the curtain parts and we enter the first dream, I question. Are the movements done or done for me with confidence and bursts of energy flowing from the points of collection to the moment of release, do they flow full circle, re absorbed, not lost or distracted by the blare of static within or between spirits. And once I am there inside the *sueno*, where does it take me, do the pulsing motions expose continuing voices, is there mystery to raise my passion, rather than a dance choreographed by a brand name, the task of singularity. After the first number "Scream" choreographed and performed by Dora Teraoka - I would say so.

The lights dim, the energy dwindles to not much more than the bond of 200 bare feet and then we are in *Dream #2*, "inside the Walls" choreographed by Rebecca Good, where I real-

ize, if a movement starts on one foot and drops to the ground, groveling forward to the point where it is prostrate, propped up on arms and a weak voice emerges, it is bound to do it again to music, music that inspires expression and graceful flow and only then do I feel the draw, the gentle tug that slides me forward on the bar that I am perched on and make me grin.

In the evening, when before the ghostly forms in slumber party attire create through sloppy mockery of controlled movement, an atmosphere that transcends from the pacifying voice of a *Latin Dream*, with words like *Estrella* and *Arena*, the challenge begins to decipher the intent of "Sincera" choreographed by Natalia Valerdi. If it's not a parody, when does it end.

And then the lights come back on and I am back in the "Blue Room," choreographed by Sara Kuhn. Are all these other people in there too? Where is the lady with a baby who only cries at times when static silence, not darkness, pervades the atmosphere in the audience? Had everyone else's heart stopped beating in the presence of eyes appearing behind swirls of permanence diluted in the drifting bubbles? Did they feel teased by tangent grooves that only flowed to the chorus of "Spill the Wine" Or was the pleasure only mine.

It is amazing, the bombardment of senses to the unprepared mind, an improv of reactions that escape the learned observers eye, but it seems that the silence in "A Duet for a Woman and a Piano" choreographed by Julie Kane, slaps a wave of suspense across the sea of bare feet, the slow turning motion of a piano pushed ahead by a static crawl, draped in a satin robe of an impossible color, a creature that moves with such presence, such weight that the walls hum to the reverberated friction of toes drug over the ground. But we pity the creature, so powerful and densely stuffed with matter that wants to, that needs to, that cries to be converted through music to flowing kinematic energy, unbounded. And then we cry as the creature collapses, anguished and throws up to the piano a last strike chord and we realize that with it, the movement dies, unseen.

As blackness lapses us from *sueno* to sleep and back again, the energy is high, a potential hovering overhead, waiting to spring alive as it did in the "formative Years" choreographed by Rachel McClallan. I feel a chill roll down my body and stare in frigid anticipation of soulful recognition. This piece has heat and blasts me right off of my chair. I am swept up in the current which leaves me naked, defenseless, under attack on the battlefield called love. Between the ranks of tempting Weibs, my gaze drifts from the one with long controlled strides and sulking eyes to the grace of inspired movement, guided through a body, flexible for the passage or pass-off of rhythmic pulses in perfect time. It is an ecstasy that wants to make me "Scream."

Dreams that take me places that I have never been are even better if they take me to realities that don't even exist, like the one created in "strange Bed Fellows" choreographed by the Arm?? Here we dive inside subtle expressions between states of consciousness, like the first moments in the morning when masks are revealed and a smirk betrays what the mind would hide. The effect of such motion not guided by direction but a thrashing trance is more powerful than dance.

Now the curtain is red with the blood of the Public's Enemy for "three Minutes" Choreographed by Monica Campbell. Movements are tossed from confused invasion and work me through cohesive actions of a committed folk willing to fight and form unity, but not into marching in lines.

I feel with them the impulse to feign obedience to gain time for their energy to rise, but then my rising emotion is checked as cold reality denies the a desired fate,

and I cry as I see something really beautiful suddenly die.

And I wake up dead to the somber tones of a poem by the Chilean tormento (Pablo Neruda) in "oil and Water on Canvas, choreographed by Valerie Walker Holm. But even mystified behind the cloak of a strange tongue, the story is one that's been played before, at least we think it does has a quick flare of passion glimmers with evolution that never happens as the translation makes clear.

In "protect me from what you want," choreographer dawn Levingston steals my attention completely, she offers a simmering expressive connectivity to coax me to breath after living under a rock, and the performer Cathy Wright, does this with incredible ease.

Finally, when a moral rigid code is allowed to spin in the wind as eddies in a vast ocean of air, a mocked ballet, "put Asunder" choreographed by Don Decker turns into a passionate coupling interrupted by evil stares, stares that break through unconvincing Lust to reveal eddies spiraling unguided as the comedy covers up the dancing because it must.

Leaving this performance I feel brilliantly refreshed, my interest in the Art rekindled by the warmth radiating off of a mountain I used to love. Kinesphere contained atmospheric dance that carried me beyond moods into dreams I would never have had. Let the evolution continue.

—Scott Lazar  
leftylazar@Juno.com

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Dwight Brown, EMERGE MAGAZINE

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Sometime during the early hours of The Biggest Ass Show Vallejo will play...maybe. If this year's Biggest Ass Show goes like last year's the more interesting bands will be scratched from the schedule. The band has actually played at another X-96 sponsored event. They were here with Soul Coughing and the no-show Space. SLUG Magazine hooked up with the band through less-than-cutting-edge technology. Vallejo called on the phone. These are some southern

parking lot hemp peddlers would shred their tie-die apparel in a mosh pit. The first time I heard their self-titled album I was mighty impressed. For me that is a common occurrence because most of the music I receive is completely unknown. Vallejo is becoming known. Here are a few reasons why the CD struck me. Actually while I was writing this I was listening to the CD yet again and my son emerged from his bedroom to inquire, "Who is this?"

The lo-fi vocal techniques heard

you're here, one day you're there. The radio promoters just stick you were they want to put you." Here's what A.J. had to say about the reasons for playing the radio station circuit. "It's a vehicle for bands like us to get exposure they wouldn't get just by themselves. Radio stations put together five or six bands that they're playing as a bill and that way they can draw a decent audience. It works real well, it's a new kind of thing. It gets a little bit weird at times, but it's cool, it works for what's

happening with radio today."

Here's is what A.J. had to say about the reception Salt Lake City gave them the last time. "We get out there and they're like 'here's Vallejo this is a new band that

we do on the radio' and everybody was like 'Who the hell is this?.' At the end it got nuts, it was great. Sometimes gigs like that, where you're turning heads, are more rewarding than playing in front of a regular crowd that has already been there." He also commented on the downside of the radio station tours. "They aren't all that great. Some of them turn out to be a mess. You get a cluster fuck



boys. They were born in Wharton, Texas and they grew up in Birmingham, Alabama. They moved to Austin after deciding to get serious about their music and they broke out of that town. There are three Vallejo's in the band. Identical twin brothers A.J. (vocals, guitars) and Alejandro (drums) are joined by little brother Omar. Bruce Castleberry (guitars, harmonica) and Steve Ramos (percussion) complete the line-up. A little history on the Vallejo Brothers background helps explain their music. Their mother is Guatemalan and their father is Mexican-American. They were surrounded by Latin music and culture as they grew. When the band formed they played hard rock. Gradually the Latin roots became more important and today the music is soul/funk/Latin/reggae/rock. They could almost be mistaken for another of the endless series of neo-hippie bands except when these boys get a groove going the

on "Just Another Day," the Santana-like percussion jam/break heard on "House (Casa de Amor)" with more lo-fi vocal treatment and guitar crescendos building to a climax, and Vallejo's ability to dance on the precipice of a cliched cliff and never fall off into the valley of redundancy.

I began my conversation with A.J. talking about Vallejo's radio station tour schedule. They've been on the radio circuit for months and it appears that they are still on it. I learned that these tours aren't really planned. The band has their own tour schedule which they interrupt to do radio station shows. Vallejo boards a plane and flies to one and then they might be off or they might board another plane and head off to another city for another one. A.J. had just arrived in Tallahassee from a show the night before near Little Rock when he called. "That's the nature of radio, they sort of just throw you here and there and before you know it...one day

like that with a bunch of bands together..." Finally some dirt. But wait, there's more. Before Vallejo moved to Austin they played the Southeastern college circuit. We all have favorite bands who broke out of that "scene," don't we? We have our own little college circuit right here in the West. I think Bootie Quake is about the most popular band on the circuit, except any hippie band from the Boulder area receives immediate attention. I believe there is one band at the Biggest Ass Show fitting the A.J.'s description, can anyone guess which one? I asked A.J. about the difference between the college circuit and Austin. "They're band wagon people, they follow whatever is laid out in front of them. They do like to listen to college music, that's why they have college stations, but you have to have a buzz to be down with that whole trip. Where as towns like Austin, there's many other towns around the United States that are known as music

towns where the fans come out. They know they're going to hear music, they know they're going to pay a cover to hear an original band play original music, not get in for a dollar and do Jello shots and listen to a fuckin' cover band. That's what the Southeast college is." I love this guy. God damn it. Did he just describe the entire Salt Lake City audience?

During his comments on the college circuit A.J. imparted a bit of wisdom, wisdom a few local bands have hit upon and wisdom the rest should read. "Austin had the reputation for being a real musical town and it challenged us because there's a lot of good music coming out of there. It's good to be challenged. That's why we moved to Austin. It's been very rewarding. We got a record deal out of it, we got a publishing deal out of it, but a lot of it we sort of worked on it. Down in the Southeast. It's not like we didn't do anything while we were there. We were building a game plan. We went to Texas and executed it. It was the second part of our plan." Did you get that Mr. Local Band? They had a plan, they worked on it and they succeeded. They believed in their own talent and when the local "scene" wasn't working they got the fuck out. Vallejo's TVT CD is not their first. A tiny Chicago label released the rarity. A.J. didn't have a bad word to say about their first label. It didn't have the financial ability to take the band to the next level and that's why they signed with TVT. The current state of the music industry is such that ever: the larger independent labels are getting screwed by the chains. That is why we shop at independent stores, am I correct? The big six can go fuck themselves and so can the chains.

I'm going to finish with these next few words from A.J. Vallejo likes to jam live and

the jams are on their CD so I asked him if Vallejo would welcome a H.O.R.D.E tour invitation. "We'd welcome that. We like to jam, but we're not one of those noodle bands, that's what we call 'em. We're into the song and the melody, we like a good hook and we do like to jam, but the way we go about jamming is...instead of noodling around for ten minutes with the same time measure, where most rock bands would go into a 4/4 thing we just go into a samba or a Latin thing...that's where the Vallejo sound comes in. That way when you go back to the melody it sounds fresh, it's not like you sat there and noodled around for ten minutes. We're not that kind of jam band."

Fuck yeah! Vallejo is part of the Biggest Ass Show. Their tour plans might bring them back sometime in August for more than 45 minutes - thank you, see ya, give us our money, buy our CD, we're gone. I guess I'll join the rest of the farm animals to see them this time through, but I'm still hoping for a more proper Vallejo experience and I'm hoping that it does indeed occur at a club later in the summer.

—Little Christy



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**The Excrements / Uranus  
Immune Records**

Teenagers today following their testosterone path. I'll run down the list of fascinations of The Excrements; fecal fetishism, testicular fetishism (exemplified in the song Big Nuts), marijuana addiction (I Want More) and alcohol abuse (all of their songs). For being so macho they curiously sing about guys butts and nuts with never a mention of their woman who no doubt stare adoringly at these giants of adolescent sexual repression. No to psychoanalyze, simply put we need to take these misguided youths and make them confront their homosexual repression. Maybe lock them up until their late 20's, give them estrogen, make sure they know that they aren't the Beastie Boys. But primary we just need to make them shut the fuck up because they simply suck dick. Which I'm sure is another one of the gangs fetishes that they chose not to tell us about.

—Mad Reverend

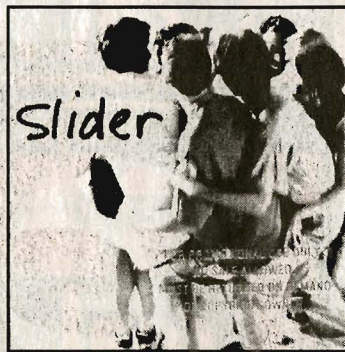
**Vaughn / Identity Crisis  
Derek Vaughn**

A few questions to ponder. Who got a hold of their little brothers Casio piano, scanned the instruction booklet and messed around for a half hour? More importantly who recorded themselves with their little brothers Casio piano for a half hour? Even more important, who shelled out money so

that whoever recorded themselves with their little brothers Casio piano could send CD's out to people like me? Even more importantly why would that person think that anybody else would want to listen to this shit? Although I'm sure Vaughn had fun punching in number 63 to see what "bubbles" sound like on his little brothers Casio piano, I found Vaughn to be diarrhea set into synthesized mode. I think diarrhea is number 38, Derek.

—Mad Reverend

**Slider / Sudden Fun  
A&M**



Slider is Matthew Winegar and Josh Freese. Winegar wrote all the songs, sang all the songs, and played all the guitar and bass parts. Freese played the drums. The Winegar name might be familiar to a few Primus fans. He's been around the music scene for some time. At the present time he is living in Salt Lake City. The first two songs of Sudden Fun are hard rockin', but the third is the first one showing what Winegar has. It is one of those quiet, loud, quiet, loud songs favored by an entire nation, but the lyrics remove the song from the common. Suicide, drugs and love are the topics. The three tunes picked to click on the cover, "I Wanna Go," "All Along" and "Corduroy" remind me of early Cars for some reason. Winegar certainly doesn't have the voice of Ocasek, his

is more of a cigarette and whiskey ravaged sort, but he knows his way around a pop hook. Although the CD is a studio recording it is easy to imagine it as a live disc. The energy level of the playing has somehow survived the mix. Slider live would be a good show for sure. The overall impression left after the last notes of "Long Long Time" have faded away has a lot to do with the early '80s. Boys with guitars used to play power pop and jump around. Some of them were listed as new wave and others went on to become Tom Petty. Slider has all the energy and the hooks of '80s power pop/new wave and the edge that made Seattle famous. A new wave grunge band? Something different for a change? The CD is out, now we wait. Nothing is left to chance anymore. If the record label works the disc and if the radio consultants like it and if they are paid a lot of money Slider might be on the radio soon.

—Little Christi

**Pollen / Peach Tree  
Wind-Up Records**

Pollen is good, plain & simple, but for all the right reasons. First, there are the lyrics; intelligent, thoughtful, yet tearing a bit at your insides because you know you've felt this bad/angry at some point. Then there's the music; strong, guitar-driven, full of angst & reality that hits home whether you want it to or not. This is their third album, the first two being released on Grass Records & long out of print, so it leaves little chance to enjoy them, other than this strong release that leans out of the mainstream, yet keeps the traits of many indie-to-major-hoppers that make underground giants turn into superstars. Is this possible for Pollen?

Maybe, but instead of waiting for their next video to pop up in the buzz bin, buy the disc & get hip to the sound, not the look, of a great & obscure band today.

—Billy Fish

**SLIDER / SUDDEN FUN  
A&M Records**

So I'm thinking to myself as the disc starts Mr. Pink better blow me because he makes me review this ass dribble. Slider sounds like retro punk the kids will eat it up I'm sure I can't figure out if this was done by some British blow hard or a small minded So. Cal twit. It's like a mix between Failure and X. It's got less originality than the beginning of this sentence. Sure you can sing along to it but it's crap. So stuff you're mouth full of it. The music lacks creativity and ingenuity. It's just too bad somebody paid these guys and continued to flood an already overcrowded market. Please A&R guys quit fuckin' me in the ass it's sore enough from all the payola I'm not getting. If you want somebody to kiss you're ass send the record to Grid Magazine, I refuse to let garbage multiply.

—Sausage King

**Bush Tetras / Beauty Lies  
Tim/Kerr - Mercury**

Some days I just feel like crying. When I discovered the advance cassette of a new Bush Tetras album in my box I did. The Bush Tetras are back together, can we even hope that the Slits will make an attempt to capitalize on '70s/'80s nostalgia and reform as well? The Bush Tetras were a short-lived outfit that emerged from New York City's "no-wave" jazz scene. I have a well-worn copy of *Wild Things* from 1983. The tape-only release is a live recording. The only

other releases from the band were a couple of singles, an EP on Stiff and another ROIR cassette which collected all of their studio recordings together. The Bush Tetras were playing fucked up punk/funk seventeen years ago. Now that they are back together fashion has caught up. Beauty Lies doesn't explore any new territory, at least for the original Bush Tetras, but to the ears of MTV and X-96 raised scenesters the discordant guitars, funk references and haunting female voice will sound as fresh as their latest Korn/Tool/Poe purchases. Nona Hendryx, best known for her close association with Labelle, Chic, and Material, produced it all except Henry Rollins stepped in for "Page 18" and "Find A Lie." Tim/Kerr released those two as a single in late '96. "Satan Is A Bummer" has the groove, the hip hop flavor, the metallic guitar and a citation of evil. Mr. Big Pants will just love it, unless the Bush Tetras make a video of the tune and Mr. Big Pants discovers that the women are as old as mummy. "Silver Chains" discusses operations of the self-image improvement variety. A major feature presented to the ears is bang and clang. Since the Bush Tetras were present when bang and clang was invented they have every right to bang and clang away. Second side, same as the first. The guitar opening "Mental Mishap" had me searching through my crates for *No New York*. "Find a Lie" is call and response. "Basement Babies" is a grinder. Those in the adult entertainment industry might investigate it as a possibility for titillating their patrons in funny underwear. Stick it right in his face and earn a tip. "Skin so soft you'd never guess she's called the table top." Two versions of

"World" appear on the tape. Pat Place still hasn't learned to tune a guitar correctly, seventeen years later. It sounds like Cynthia Sley tore a page from the Celine Vigil book and used some lo-tech equipment for the vocal. Play world for a baby and make it squall. Now for the cherry on top. The second version of "World" is nine minutes and 40 seconds of dub. Motherfuck! They do trip hop too? The release date is sadly lacking. Few ever heard the Bush Tetras on the first go-round. The original line-up is present and Beauty Lies is as good as it gets these days. The band is touring to support the release! Don't worry, they won't come to Salt Lake City. Meanwhile go down to the chain record store and ask the idiot clerk why his corporately trained moronic superiors aren't stocking the Bush Tetras by the thousands on an end-cap display. Spit on him/her and please visit the nearest independently owned and operated Mom & Pop to purchase the CD.

—Corporate Whore

**Baboon / Secret Robot Control Wind-Up Records**

Last year when Baboon released their EP 'NUMB,' I knew that this was a band to look out for, & their latest full-length record proves that & then some! Still as heavy & hard as a 34-inch Easton baseball bat, catching the first tracks off the top of this number will smack you around like a pimp beating a lesson into his drugged-out coke whores! It's damn loud & raunchy, giving a flavor similar to the production power of STEVE ALBINI(although they weren't fortunate enough to have his mastery behind the controls of the studio!). If you like the ass-blasting

power of early JESUS LIZARD or LUBRICATED GOAT, this is right up your stinky alley. I like to crank this shit up after a long day working for the Man & needing an eye-bleeding release of pure animal anger, which can make the short hairs stand up on your AMREP-loving head & force you to bite the top off of your PBR beer can...it's that good! But try it yourself, but buckle up first, cause it will tend to be a nasty & bumpy ride, my friend!

—Billy Fish

**Nineteen Wheels / Six Ways From Sunday Aware**



The band appeared at the Zephyr Club on June 4. I first heard about them when scanning the pages of *No Depression*. I've found *No Depression* to be less about underground country and more about hippie bands as time marches on. Since the band was coming to town I called Aware and requested a copy of *Six Ways Of Sunday*. Is Nineteen Wheels another hippie band? Do they really sound like Wilco? The answer is no. One need only listen to "I Knew It Well" to discover the answer. Admittedly "Colorado," dips into the endless jam jar, but Nineteen Wheels keep it short. There are nod out tributes to Neil Young as a member of Buffalo Springfield, not Tom a band Nineteen Wheels are often compared to, and the Flying Burrito Brothers Gram

Parsons made famous are a present in children's portions. Since we're all into comparisons I'll state that Nineteen Wheels is closer to the Meat Puppets as sidemen for a Nirvana project. Chris Johnston, Nineteen Wheels main singer, has all the creaks and breaks in place. "Country Girl" is obviously indebted to Uncle Tupelo, but the crack of Greg Williams rimshot drumming removes the song from the already tired alterna-country routine. A purer example of the reason the band has been lumped in with a host of others is "Settin' Sun." Mike Lynch guests on accordion and "Settin' Sun" is indeed country. After that the boys in the band put the pedals to the metal and create some noise. Noise in a country band is good. Just ask the Geraldine Fibbers and I don't see that band of outlaws compared to Wilco. Nineteen Wheels has only been around since 1994. As their press kit informed me Six Ways From Sunday is a phrase meaning "scattered" or "various." It is their first full-length. For debut it ain't half bad. Nineteen Wheels is a band to watch in the future. Depending on the direction they take they could become yesterday's news or the hottest sensation on next summer's H.O.R.D.E., Warped, Lollapalooza or Further Festivals.

—Back Alley Jake

**Zuba / The New Cruelty Cool Therapy Records**

Crossover artists & bands are often thought of as mixing sounds to reach a wider audience, but sometimes along the way the reverse is achieved instead. Without setting specific perimeters, a band can spread the jam too thin & leave little to tickle the taste buds. Take for example the young & tal-



ented band Zuba, who push a style that draws from funk, hippie, & even a slice of old-fashioned metal. Sure, on the surface this would sound interesting at first, but listening to the platter is another matter. Trying to touch every base can leave a listener lost, especially if each style isn't hit hard enough or with the right feel. Jack-of-all-trades are fine in construction, but with music it's often better to stick with one sound & get it down before playing a medley of tunes that just end up alienating an audience, who just want the real stuff, especially in it's purest form. Don't get me wrong, plenty of artists have experimented with all forms & kicked bootie doing so, but with Zuba it's another case(which is too bad!). With this in mind, try the multi-flavored sophomore release & see if it's a good mix, or maybe just a cornucopia of crap to you...!

—Billy Fish

**Shoegazer / Intoxicated  
Birthday Lies  
T.O.N. Records**

This album opens up like a cheap whore's legs. Quick and not very satisfying. I think this is the wrong fucking record the cover says Shoegazer the disc says Shoegazer, but the music sounds like very bad eighties classical influenced metal in the vein of Yngwie Malmsteen. At least Yngwie could play. There are only six tracks on the disc, but the sleeve says 14. When I was in

Richmond a friend of mine had a band called Buttfinger and we were going to take a bunch of bad C.D.'s from college radio stations and put labels on with the Buttfinger logo on it and the Buttfinger sleeve would have made a great joke so if that's what this is kudos to these guys. However, if they would like to send me another C.D. I'll give them a fair shot.

—Sausage King

**Lard / Pure Chewing  
Satisfaction  
Alternative Tentacles**



I am certainly on Jennifer Fisher's shit list. She did not send a copy of the new Lard CD my way. These things happen. Those living under rocks might need a refresher course in Lard. The band is Jello Biafra, Paul Barker, Bill Reiflen, Al Jourgensen and the late Jeff Ward. Jello Biafra wrote all the lyrics except for the one song Al Jourgensen helped with. The man with the biting wit and the uncanny ability to put American society in perfect perspective has returned. The free booklet enclosed with the CD if filled with news clippings. Headlines jump out at the reader. "Officer Friendly turns gun on himself," "Thousands ask for T.V. without O.J.," "Among students murder is more popular than sex," are but a few. There are 28 pages of clippings. Before listening to the music a quick peek at the song titles, "I Wanna Be A

Drug Sniffing Dog," "Generation Execute" and "Faith Hope and Treachery" gives a hint on what to expect. Mr. Biafra is about to educate the public.

As Jourgensen and company begin their throbbing, industrial nightmares Biafra sings with the most unmistakable voice in music. "Let there be peace on Earth/What ever gave you that idea/Economy depends on guns/We'll have an arms race with ourselves." "I wanna join the Christian Coalition/So I can molest my children/None suspect me cos I've been saved/Til my stepdaughter drowns her kids in a lake." "Bring the pretzels, bring the kids/Have a party, have a beer/Phil Donahue got his wish/Executions on live TV." "I got my back yard bunker/Machine guns and grenades/To protect myself from you." You go Jello, there isn't anyone alive who is better at making the entire military/industrial/corporate complex appear as fools. Pure Chewing Satisfaction is Jello Biafra at this best backed by Ministry. If that sounds intriguing it most certainly is. Based on the employment of a national publicity firm to help promote it the Alternative Tentacles family has high hopes for this new Lard album. I would love to see the album enter the Billboard charts and reach platinum sales. If Marilyn Manson and Trent Reznor can do it with less inspired work why not Lard? The answer is simple. The United States of America has become one huge strip mall. The radio stations are all owned by corporations, the music stores are all owned by corporations, music purchases are influenced by what is on MTV and since Biafra is making fun of them all his only hope for success is a thinking, record

buying public. As I'm sure Biafra is well aware, that public is sadly missing.

—Little Christi

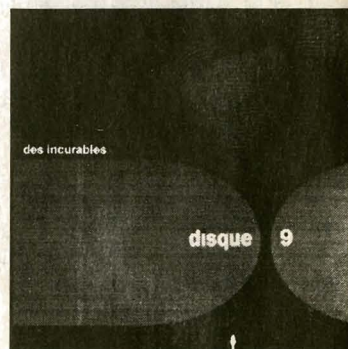
**The Derita Sisters & Junior /  
Too Lazy To Steal  
Real George Records**

This is fucked up basement punk at it's very rawest! For as little as these dips seem to take themselves seriously, they still end up putting together an original set of punk tunes that will have you throwing yourself down a flight of stairs while laughing your hairy ass off. The shits legit, even if it's blatantly rude to the point of sick(singing about watching parents poke & jumping in...nasty!), but produced with a wild side of six string madness that is very similar to old GERMS on crusty vinyl. The lyrics are sung to entertain the insane, but the music is played to kick everyone in the seat, blowing amps with the over-the-redline production of a four-track home studio(where it was obviously made for a few miserable bucks!). These kids aren't planning on going anywhere big soon, but they sure seem to want to have fun on the way, playing sloppy punk that stems to the origins of old school with it's raw & flagrant sound. Don't buy it just to listen to it...buy it to love it as well!

—Billy Fish

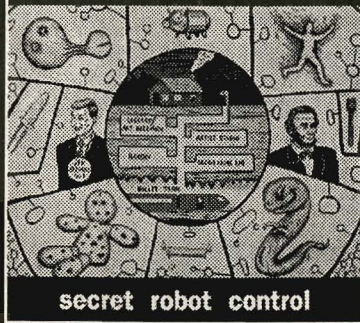
**Disque 9 / Des Incurables  
Slow River/Ryko**

To state that the

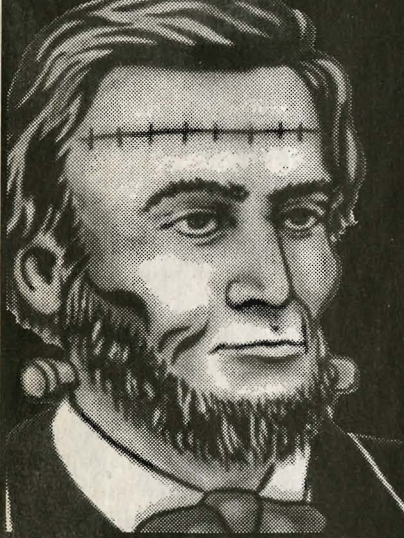
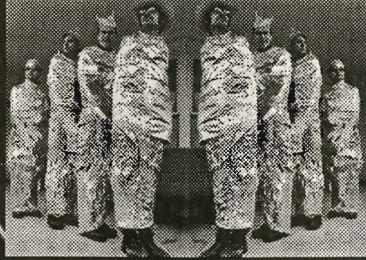


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secret robot control



**Baboon** secret robot control

**Pollen**

Peach tree



**Pollen.**



Peach tree.



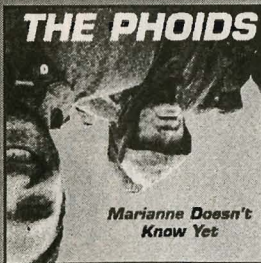
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recording is eerie does not suffice. While the music was composed in much the same manner as other trend-of-the-moment examples of what has landed under the electronic umbrella it is not similar. Disque 9 used a Casio SK-1 sampling keyboard, a pitch shifter, a pile of old records and a home 8-track to create the music. Another tool was a box cutter used to slice records in search of an interesting skip. Disque 9 or Keith Fancy or Fancy or Disque is obsessed with dated erotica, sexual research, red-light burlesque night life and histories of transforming dementia and manias. There is little doubt that *My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult* was an inspiration. Fancy has a weekly New York club/cabaret titled *The 999999's*. This cabaret has a floor show with drag kings and weird circus tricks. Fancy the DJ tries to get people to dance to synthesized Bach, punched up Casio beats, old French and German disco and records with off-center holes. Portions of this CD were used as the score/soundtrack to the film *Kings*, the story of a woman living as a man in New York City. The characters in the film, which will never arrive in Salt Lake City, are tortured by erotica, lust and murder. In other words Fancy is one crazy fucker in a city filled with crazy fuckers.

As expected *Des Incurables* is extremely experimental music with brief snatches holding enough logic for the mind to grasp.

The opening piece, "The Collapse & Capture" would seem nature based. Music to accompany a National Geographic spider pursuing and capturing a fly? "The Transport & Arrival" is the spider carrying the still living fly to the nest. "The Seduction" is the consumption portion of real life. Based on the information in the press kit all of these scenarios are flawed because there is little doubt that human sexuality formed the basis of the compositions. To the vast majority of humanity the sexuality expressed by the music is present only during periods of REM. To the denizens of Disque/Fancy/Keith's world and a large percentage of SLUG readers the activities are a part of daily life.

—Little Christi

**Faith No More**  
**"the album of the year"**  
**Slash Records**

I have no idea how much the FAITH lineup has changed since the last album hell I don't even know what the last album was ANGEL DUST. The record is not trying to be as hip as was THE REAL THING but there are a few definite improvements in the sound of the band. Mike Patton still wishes he was somebody else though. They've tweaked up a bit and mellowed out a bit. But over all they are just the same bad band they always were. I might be a bit unfair about this because Faith No More is associated with the ex-girl friend who ripped my heart out my chest stuck it in a food processor and gave it back to me like it was a milkshake. Honestly the record is just the band doing what they've always done. I will take up the only challenge there seems to be and guess if this record will make them rock stars again. Look for

FNM to end up in the where are they now section of you're Hit Parader magazine in a few years. This is a wash up folks just another case of what happens when you sell some records how a record company will suck you dry till there is not a creative thought left in you. It's time to put the horse down.

—Sausage King

**Terry Allen & the Panhandle Mystery Band**  
**Smokin' The Dummy/Bloodlines**  
**SCHD 1057 Licensed from Iron Fate Records**

One CD reissues two out-of-print LPs from the very early '80s. The band contains the three Maines' boys and Joe Ely among others. That information is sufficient to cause heart palpitations among the few who need to know. The rest of you can skip to the latest punk/post-punk/post-alterna/post-life-worth-living crap review. It would seem that Terry Allan & the Panhandle Mystery Band were playing alterna-country down in Texas of all places a long, long time ago. It isn't really alterna-country because the tributes to the Flying Burrito Brothers are missing. Not only that; the instruments include slide trombone, saxophone, clar-

inet, trumpet and tuba. I get it, this must be Texas ska. I'm sorry to say that the music defies a genre. There's a song dedicated to Lowell George, there's a song called "There Oughta Be A Law Against Sunny Southern California" that has more attitude in its verses than a van load of mohawked SoCal wannabes and there's songs about fightin' and drinkin'. There's a Tex-Mex song and there's songs about jails and guns. As John Shuman pointed out in *Audio Spank's* May issue, a whole bunch of frat boys still believe that fightin' and drinkin' is what punk is all about. Fightin', drinkin', guns and jails are topics frat boys don't know much about. A visit to a Lubbock, Texas barroom might learn them boys about how tough they really are. Actually the cowboys in Lubbock bars are probably a hell of a lot smarter than what passes for culture in Salt Lake City these days. Alterna-cowboys, punk wannabes, frat boys, big buckles and the rest need to check into the days when cowboys like Terry Allan and the Panhandle Mystery Band were as punk as Bad Religion or the Massacre Guys.

—The Red-Headed Stranger



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of three  
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## Women Seeking Men

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**Twisted Sociopath SF-** Seeks male for violent nights and nightmare days. must like not knowing what the fuck is going on and beer bottles to the back of the head.

**Angry at the world SF -** Hates men but needs one. Must like to fork over the dough and to keep yer yap shut, separate bedrooms and taking orders a must.

**SF-** I am the unbelievable woman you always see with some loser. Am in-between losers right now. and I am seeking a new loser before some guy who actually would show me the love and respect I deserve comes along and snatches me up. (only morons and fuckups need apply)

## Men Seeking Women

**Uptight Malcontent SM-** Seeks virgin super model who is just as good as mom. Said super model will give up zillion \$ career to bare my children, and listen to endless hours of me covering up my inadequacy by complaining about my job and my boss and how I could have been something if it wasn't for you.

**My Shaman Has Advised Me To Try The Classifieds. SM-** pony tail sportin tie die wearing megga hipster seeks pot smokin hippie soulmate for groovy times. Must like staying up late with other hipster couples debating philosophy and hope that arrogance will mask the fact that the entire conversation is pieced together from overheard conversations and people magazine periodicals. Likes trips to all of the cool coffee shops and drinks cappomocajujufraputino half calf double caff crapamundos. Bring bullshit neo lit major

books and act like there is no place more conducive to reading than a busy coffee shop.

**DUMBFUCKRED-NECK SM (God only KnowsWhy)-** Needs woman to clean up my god damn house and to get me a god damn beer once in a while! Jeezus H Christ! Must like: my undisciplined bratty goddamn kids from previous six marriages, gun racks, big trucks, the Dallas cowboys 8 seconds worth of my own brand of lovin followed by the sound of snoring. sound too good to be true?... not at all. don't fight girls plenty of ol' JimBob to go around.

**Frustrated Artist SM-** seeks a woman who understands my pain and the commitment that I have given to my art and the endless hours it takes to perfect that art! And you.... you are trying to control me **AREN'T YOU ??** **YOU ARE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM BLA BLA BLA WHY WONT YOU MEET MY MOTHER?? BLA BLA BLA WE NEVER GO OUT!!**

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?? DAMN, YOU WHORE GET OUT OF MY LIFE I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!!! LEECHES YOU ONLY LOVE ME FOR MY TALENT!!!

## Women Seeking Women

**LDS SF-** Cowgirl, I collect duck patterns and make cute things out of used plastic containers am seeking nasty lesbian like the ones in penthouse (no real lesbians please) for fun times like spankings and scolding. Must be prepared to be sealed in the temple (as soon as it is allowed) no smokers, drinkers or people who cuss or work on the day of the lord.

## Men Seeking Men

**SM-Flamer** Seeks, big rough ranger to heard me around the house and brand me with your big hot branding iron. while I yell, "brand them bad little doggies Rough Ranger, brand them bad little doggies" no head games please.

**SK-** Klingon warrior seeks same for hours of head butts and singing war songs. Must be able to enjoy yourself in battle, and not be afraid to cry.

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*"Building more prisons to fight crime is like building more cemeteries to solve [AIDS]"*

—Dennis Luther, former warden of FCI McKean

*"The dumber people think you are, the more surprised they're going to be when you kill them."*

—William Clayton

*"All governments perpetuate themselves through the daily commission of acts which a rational person might find to be stupid or dangerous (or both). Naturally, our government is no exception..."*

—Frank Zappa, *Liner Notes to JOE'S GARAGE, 1979*

## MENTOR VS. TRAIN

Rumors of the death of drummer/bandleader El Duce for pornrockers The Mentors are nothing new. However, I have it on a reliable source that on of the first evenings of May he was carrying three Olde English 800 40-ouncers and some sandwiches. El Duce crossed some railroad tracks at an inopportune time and they found three pieces of him later, along with his burden. His cremated remains were sent to Seattle...

Former Detroit band Fang has long since relocated to California. They are no scheduled to play their first show in six years with The Dwarves. Rumor has it that Fang and The Dwarves will be part of the Milwaukee Metal Fest...

Mark Eitzel (American Music Club, guitar/vox), drummer Steve Shelley (Sonic Youth) and bassist James McNew (Yo La Tengo) are working on a new release together for Matador...

## LIQUID ASSETS

Anne Rice is promoting a red wine known as Cuvee Lestat 1995 Syrah. Rice says the wine is "richly extracted fruit coupled with the scents of lavender and pepper in the nose"...

Rykodisc (Shetland Pk., 27 Congress St., Salem MA, 01970) has released COPENHAGEN, a live recording from the final Galaxie 500 tour. There are bonus tracks outside the Dec. 1, 1990 performance and a CD-ROM track with a video. Produced and remastered by Kramer...

AXT Records (c/o Scott Corken, Box 24036, Hilton Head Island SC, 29925) is set to release 5 BILLION PINHEADS CAN'T BE WRONG from Zoogz Rift (the Liquid Moamo)...

A new King Crimson 2-CD set, EPITAPH: LIVE IN 1969, is available from Discipline Global Mobile. The contents are a previously unreleased studio material, live highlights and a complete 1969 concert by the original lineup. Thus, included in one release, the earliest and latest recordings of the original King Crimson. Material sources range from BBC Radio masters to the musicians' own cassette copes to audience bootlegs. Included is a 60-page booklet...

Detroit-Hollywood musician Jerome T. Youngeman is now without his Hamtramck, MI sub teaching position. It seems Hamtramck Public Schools Superintendent Thomas Betlramo let Jerome go after local bluenoses held that his public access cable show, Bring it to Jerome, was obscene. The ACLU is handling his case. Jerome's co-host, a.k.a. "The Heavy Weasler," played bass for Spirit. He has released a new CD, LINE and is currently mastering a 2-CD out of 20 years of studio tapes. For more info call Mutant Press at 810-353-1476...

## MOTHERS AGAINST MIKE

Cartoonist Mike Diana was arrested in 1993 for his zine Boiled Angel. Mike was on probation for three years, after being jailed on three obscenity charges: distribution, advertising and printing pornography. His probation required him to: Pay \$3000 in fines, serve over 1200 hours community service, undergo psychiatric evaluation & take journalism ethics courses at his own expense, maintain full-time employment, have no contact with children under 18, and was subject to searches of his premises, at any time, without warning or warrant, to learn if he was in possession of or creating obscene material. In March '97, after three years of serving probation, Mike was convicted of two obscenity charges (distribution and selling) and is back on probation for two more years, with another \$2000 in fines and more of the above. In the last couple months, Mike's final Florida appeal was denied without comment. His only recourse is to file in the appropriate Federal District Court or a direct Petition to the US Supreme Court. The ACLU and the Comic Book Legal Defense fund are considering both options. Mike Diana is serving his new probation in New York, doing work for NY Press, Screw Magazine, promoting The Worst of Boiled Angel and contributing to TESTicle PRESSure...

## FILM

The Ohio Independent Film Festival Apr. 19, 1997  
Cleveland Public Theater, Ohio

The Ohio Film Festival was held in Cleveland at the Cleveland Public Theatre on Detroit Road. The film and video festival happens twice a year. The impressive enthusiasm and dedication of its leadership will bring a return visit from me. For more information on the festival, including how to go about submitting material, call 216-781-1755

I honestly did not expect to be as impressed with the festival as I was. Being limited to Ohio artists, I felt the geographical stipulation would limit their pool to something less than necessary for a remarkable festi-

val. On that account, I was entirely mistaken. I found the work of these Ohioans exemplary in their technical ability and in the content of their work. As usual with film festivals, I have rated them with asterisks. One asterisk (\*) represents extreme disinterest and six (\*\*\*\*\*) are reserved for a film that brought in me an intense reaction. This reaction is probably positive, but even a film that deeply disturbed me would receive a high rating.

Two feature films screened at three p.m. Both chose Ohio institutions for their subjects, though of an entirely different nature. Chip Karpus' Buzzard Day takes an hour-long look at the annual return of the buzzards to Hinckley, Ohio. This is quite an important public event in Hinckley. Through interspersed interviews with different parties, Karpus draws out the story of two rival Hinckley Chambers of Commerce fighting for control. The upstart head of one Chamber comes to bear more than a passing resemblance to the bird he suggests to celebrate. An entertaining look at small town American and an enlightening tale of human nature (\*\*\*\*).

Amusement park enthusiast Ed Learner chooses a retrospective of the 100-year life of Chippewa Lake Park. His hour-long film of the same name is packed with "over 400 photos and extensive vintage film." No interviews used in this documentary, but nickelodeons and big band recordings made at Chippewa Lake help intensify the narrative. Through these authentic artifacts this film becomes not only local history, but a window into a century long summer of water sports, cabins, rides and ballroom dancing (\*\*\*\*).

In the evening a program of shorts was presented. In Lucky, Laurance Bennett Grossman uses for a basis the old joke about mistaken identity at a costume party. Not only an enjoyable watch, but effective commentary on the peculiar behavior of people in relationships (\*\*\*). Good dialogue and attention to set detail helped this film a lot. The old joke receives a twist at the



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end...The Signing is a juxtaposition of an uncaring institution and a tortured individual in the hopeless attempt to escape the past. The world we exist in and create for ourselves presents implication that would be self-destructive to try to remove. Beginning with his refusal to deal with the bureaucratic aspects of his wife's death, the main character finds himself in this classic trap. Fine acting and a perceptive story (\*\*\*\*)...For the intermission we were treated with a guerilla trash pickup "action" by the crawling duo Sally Hudak and Thaddeus Root (\*\*\*\*)...

The screenings returned after the intermission with the video Home On The Range. This was an encouraging look at actual community development. An abandoned inner-city driving range is reclaimed by concerned citizens. Through editing, candid shots and interviews we are treated to a 'range' of characters that patronize this urban recreation. We are also treated to exercises in neighborliness that find the range accepting nonpaying customers and making peace

with burglars (\*\*\*\*)...I have two funny bones, and one is four feet long. It was my oversized funny bone that reacted to the obvious, corn-ball humor of The Interview (\*\*\*\*). Not one cheap video editing technique missed in this hilarious take on the stressful process of job application. See videomaker Mark Rakocy's web site at <http://www.entityprod.com>...The video Shots (\*\*\*\*) was the most complex film that I saw at the festival. Comedian Steven Wright has a one-liner that goes, "would you consider me a stranger if you knew me?" Jennifer Phang's video presented the possibility of having a human, vulnerable conversation with a child-killer. Would you consider him evil if you knew him? The dense layering of dialogue and images represents the complexity and impenetrability of this problem...Closing out the evening was the funny, witty The Second Coming (\*\*\*\*). The premise is a woman brings home Jesus Christ from the bar and sleeps with him. The mere thought of a bar-hopping, sexually active messiah provides comic

possibilities, and filmmaker Kellie Benz uses that. However, Benz not only forces his icon into this role, but dresses him in the current vogue apathy. It forces us to confront the ridiculousness of slacker mentality. An impressive debut effort...

**The Ohio Film Festival c/o Bernadette Gillota 2258 W 10th St. Cleveland OH 44113 [bernadette@juno.com](mailto:bernadette@juno.com)**

**Todd Robinson, director Wild Bill: Hollywood Maverick (video) Kino on Video, 333 W 39th St., NY NY, 10018 [kino@infohouse.com](mailto:kino@infohouse.com) <http://www.kino.com>**

**William Wellman, director Nothing Sacred (video) Kino on Video, 333 W 39th St., NY NY, 10018 [kino@infohouse.com](mailto:kino@infohouse.com) <http://www.kino.com>**

Bold enough to frame shots occulting the faces of famous stars and brash enough to boldly take on Hollywood moguls, William Wellman was truly a renegade filmmaker. His films still are ahead of their time thanks to stunning cinematography and strong female characters. Wild Bill: Hollywood Maverick exhibits all this through clips from 32 films and interviews with Clint Eastwood, Robert Redford, James Garner, Burgess Meredith, Sidney Portier, Nancy Reagan, Jane Wyman and more. An enlightening and educational documentary.

Nothing Sacred is a classic Wellman film. I could not help but think that that Vermont woman who attempts to fool all of the Big Apple is a shadow of the raucous WWI vet, William Wellman, who did bluff all of Hollywood with his fire. It is a frank tale of the pains of conscience and the falsity of public life. Kino also reissued a Star Is Born, which has been twice remade.

#### REVIEWS

Various Artists / USED TO BE: BLUES FROM THE PACIFIC DELTA, FOR BILL MONROE Undercover Records

Few musicians so singularly mark the genesis of a genre

of music as Bill Monroe. Monroe is universally accepted as the father of bluegrass music. Undercover Records has released a very diverse tribute compilation to him. For two contrasting examples of Mr. Monroe's pervasive influence, compare Lisa Miller's ode to love and togetherness before wealth and status ("Trailer Park Love") and the Prairie Dogs' High Lonesome interpretation of tradition Ukrainian material. I give this five bright strums of the mandolin.

Various Artists  
A CRASH COURSE FOR THE RAVERS: A TRIBUTE TO THE SONGS OF DAVID BOWIE Undercover Records

Undercover Records is among the compilers of tribute albums. This release more fully fills my desire for 'new Bowie' material than Bowie's own recent album! The first cut is from one of the most criminally unrecognized bands in America, Swell, with their take on "Golden Years." Further cuts by The Dambuilders, King Black Acid, Mercury Rev and great rendition of "Queen Bitch" by Capsize7

John Lee Hooker  
DON'T LOOK BACK Pointblank Rec.

DON'T LOOK BACK starts off with the Los Lobos-John Lee Hooker combination of "Dimples." Right away, you know this is not going to be the typical Hooker fare. The rest of the album is produced by Van Morrison and features the interplay of Morrison and Hooker on vocals. A mesmerizing combination of Delta Blues (most of the writing is done by Hooker) and White Soul. Four of the eleven cuts also feature a Dirty Dozen horn section. This superlative effort will long remain a testament to Johnny Lee's importance.

Chester Monkfish  
EDITION #3: CHEMICAL BABYLON

The main crags in this topography of Monkfish studio conjuring are taped conversations over droning sounds. One conversation is a pair of radio hosts reacting to a Monkfish

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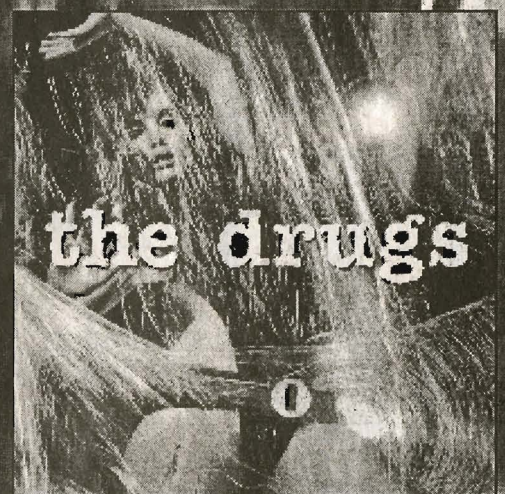
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memo. Fascinating in its depth and weblike consistency from beginning to end. Chester is always good for an eerie amusement park of electronica and sounds.

Etta James LOVE'S BEEN  
ROUGH ON ME  
Private Music/Windham Hill

I am sorry to hear love's been bad to Etta, but her voice has surely been good to me. The versatile vocalist takes her talents into a country music setting. "I've always wanted to do a country record and here it is," says Etta herself. She brings feeling and expression into every song. The music is in the background, allowing her to showcase her talent. A truly fine vocal record.

President's Breakfast  
BAR-B-QUE DALI  
Disc Lexia

"100% Improvised Music - Live Recording." Here, San Fran sonic experimenters President's Breakfast back Nonesuch clarinetist Don "Donzo" Byron. This is music of the moment - captured for artifact, extemporaneity preserved. Harsh, freeform funk. Drums, piano, bass and guitar introduced to sudden noises, mechanical tones, radio sound bites and more. Subversively creative.

Walter "Shakey" Horton  
WALTER "SHAKEY" HORTON  
WITH HOT COTTAGE  
Stony Plain

This recording is from obscure session work done by the legendary harp master in Edmonton. Horton was not trusting of many, and his evasive moodiness comes across here, giving the album variety and character. WITH HOT COTTAGE works well as an exhibition of Horton's talent's and a window into this enigmatic man's personality. I give this four and a half blue notes.

Morphine LIKE SWIMMING  
Rykodisc/Dreamworks

Morphine is the very sonorous essence of simplicity. Here, they provide an album that is the sonic embodiment of "less is more." Morphine's

narco-jazz vision has become clearer, more expressive. Court musicians to the languid King Morpheus.

Test Department PROVEN IN  
ACTION

Invisible Records

Another valuable reissue from Martin Atkins' Invisible Records. TD was originally caught live in Montreal in 1990 for this recording. The Department forgers the majesty of religious epics and the forced grandeur of national anthems into an indictment of Babylon. Dangerously subversive.

## PUBLICATIONS

Space & Time World Enterprises  
John Trubee, POB 4921, Santa Rosa, CA, 95402

Most known for his escapades as a phone pranker, Trubee also distributes such recordings by other such meddlers. Trubee himself quit such activity long ago, he says. From his catalog you can get other candid recordings, music by him and his band, Ugly Janitors of America and other musicians. Don't forget videos and tee shirts....

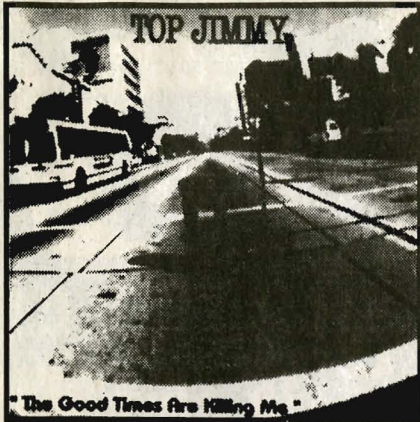
TSV

Sepulture Productions, POB 30624, Osahawa, ON, L1J 8L8, Canada

Black metal, death metal, grind. If it's severe, brutal and extreme - it's probably in TSV. Lots of news, reviews and articles. Serious inquiries only. Fans of recent King Diamond releases need not apply. In this issue; Brutal Truth, Cryptopsy, Inner Thought, Kataklysm, Pro Pain, Solus, Sacramentary Abolishment, Black Scriptures and more...

Tom "Tearaway" Schulte  
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**TOP JIMMY**  
 "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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# Written in Blood

hard music for a hard world  
—john forgach

Dano, Kingsize, and Junkie XL) that possessed an even wider range of abilities and styles. The band also had more of an affect on the final product by contributing ideas that went into the mixing

## FEAR FACTORY *Remanufacture* Roadrunner

The band Fear Factory have fully embraced technology on their latest album, *REMANUFACTURE*. Their music has taken leaps forward into the digital world, leaving analog far behind. Early recordings by Fear Factory hinted to their fondness for a hi-tech approach. Hyper-tight, computer-aided riffs, sampling, etc.. *REMANUFACTURE* finds the band taking previously released material, breaking it down to the core, then build-



ing it up again into not just a remix, but, something very different. Fear Factory's first run-in with remixing took place in 1993 with, *FEAR IS THE MINDKILLER*. The biggest difference between the two projects, being back in '93 F.F. gave total control to Front Line Assembly's Rhys Fulber and Bill Leeb. This time around F.F. used mixing gurus (Rhys Fulber, D.J.

process.

## WITHSTAND *...And Anger Was A Warm Place To Hide* Fierce/Mayhem

Withstand was formed in 1991 when Kevin Maloney and Bill Scoville (in high school at the time) met at a Slayer concert. (I'll just imagine what happened next) After failed attempts at selling their souls during the performance of "Angel Of Death" by Slayer, the boys decided to form a band and be known as Withstand. Everything from this point on

really went down the shitter. I tell you half their bio reads like a real hard-luck story, yadda, yadda, yadda. Anyway, Withstand finally got their big break when they got signed to Mayhem/Fierce and recorded *...AND ANGER WAS A WARM PLACE TO HIDE*. The vocals kind of remind me of Rollins. The music, while not being particularly complicated or technical, has definite substance. End of story.

## RADISH *Restraining Bolt* Mercury

All of the guys from Death Angel are probably in their 30's these days. The band members from Old Skull are probably the thugs I had to flee from earlier this week.

And...someone else is making money off of Silverchair. Mercury has finally found their "child prodigy" to fill out their roster of talent. Radish was Ben Kweller (15), John Kent (17), and Bryan Blur (29). Fifteen, damn, this kid's got what I wanted growing up. According to articles I've read, major labels courted Kweller, who finally signed with Mercury for a six figure sum of money. The little bastard. I will not be unbiased on this one. It's not metal, so my narrow-minded musical opinions don't really matter much anyway. The music is light-hearted and pretty simple technically speaking, but, no worse than anything else that is played on the radio. I'll bet if Radish and Silverchair did a tour of the middle schools they would really clean up. Just a thought.

## NAPALM DEATH *Inside The Torn Apart* Earache

I finally removed *INSIDE THE TORN APART* by Napalm Death from my car's CD player. The player is acting up and will keep CDs for weeks at a time. I guess that answered the age old question that has plagued mankind throughout the ages, "If your stuck in I-15 traffic and only have one CD to listen to...". At least it was a good one. The album opens with a huge number, "Breed To Breathe". Napalm have created and captured on this disc a sound that really brings across the band's aggressive style without out being "muddy". The guitar parts stand out well, and also mix well with the rest of the band. The final result is Napalm's signature sound.



## CINDERELLA *Once Upon A...* Mercury

If I'm ever found in my car, dead with a self-inflicted gun shot wound to the head, this tape would be found in the cassette deck.

## BILE *Biledegradable* Energy

After the release of *SUCK-PUMP* and *TEKNOWHORE*, the band Bile is releasing *BILEDEGRADABLE*. Did I say the band Bile? There are five people pictured and given various duties in the band, but the credits go like this - All instruments performed by Krysztoff, except *SOME* keys in "Rubber Love" by Jaymz Alexander. Way to ruin the "band effort" illusion I had going here. This album finds Bile delving further into experimental mixings of various styles which include metal, techno...and other stuff. Krysztoff even finds it necessary to add not one, but two remakes of the song, "My Generation". 'Who' did that song originally? The Stones?

—Forgach

## MACHINE HEAD, VISION OF DISORDER, COAL CHAMBER June 25th DV8

For anyone who fell victim to last month's "accurate" SLUG calendar regarding the

The show is actually June 25th at DV8, and it's Machine Head with Vision Of Disorder and Coal Chamber. These bands are three of the hottest prospects that Roadrunner Records has to offer. Machine Head are supporting their long awaited album, THE MORE THINGS

CHANGE... The buzz about V.O.D. being the fact that for a fairly recent show in NYC, they drew a larger crowd than Fugazi. Concerning the band Coal Chamber, I can't believe Salt Lake hasn't scooped up their song, "Loco". Trust me on this one.

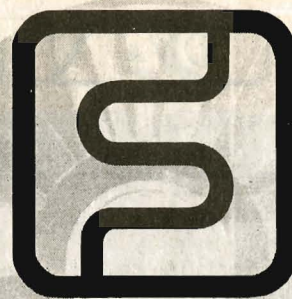


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# DAILY CALENDAR

Thursday, June 5

Copper State Fair - Ashbury Pub  
House of Cards - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Clots - Dead Goat Saloon  
Moc Orange - Ichabob's Tavern  
Los Infernos & Dr. Bob - Spankys  
Reverend Willie/Blanch - Zephyr

Friday, June 6

Doriella Vu Sostaine - Ashbury Pub  
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Backwash - Dead Goat  
Jesus Rides a Rikshaw - Ichabob's Tavern  
Moonshine Willie - Spankys  
Five Fingers of Funk - Zephyr

Saturday, June 7

Loose - Ashbury Pub  
Atomic Delux - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Backwash - Dead Goat  
Grain w/Gigi Love - Ichabob's Tavern  
PCP Berzerker & Riverbed Jed - Spankys  
Five Fingers of Funk - Zephyr

Sunday, June 8

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Ronnie Davis - Zephyr

Monday, June 9

Latin Jazz - Jam Session - Burt's Tiki  
The W.C. Clark Blues Revue - Dead Goat  
Cola - Spankys  
Magic Slim & the Teardrops - Zephyr

Tuesday, June 10

ASA Acoustic - Ashbury Pub  
Hate Fuck Trio, 9 Spine Stickleback Spankys  
Riverbed Jed/Abstrak - Zephyr

Wednesday, June 11

Club Eklekstasy - Ashbury Pub  
Humungus Fungus - Burt's Tiki  
DiKayl and the Retreads - Dead Goat  
Tim Ray, James Shook - Ichabob's Tavern  
Wooden Slats - Spankys  
Bjorn Again Abba Tribute - Zephyr

Thursday, June 12

Pepper Lake City - Ashbury Pub  
Gigi Love Band - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
The Whickles - Dead Goat  
Abstrak - Ichabob's Tavern  
Fat Paw CD Release Party - Zephyr

Friday, June 13

Baby Jason & Spankers - Ashbury Pub  
Pepper Lake City - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
I-Roots - Dead Goat  
Audio Spank Party w/Cactus Tea, Donner  
Party, Riverbed Jed - Ichabob's

Headshake - Spankys  
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Saturday, June 14

Baby Jason & Spankers - Ashbury Pub  
Trouzer Trout - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band -  
Dead Goat  
Euphio Project w/Cactus Tea - Ichabob's  
Pajamas De Gato & King Tance  
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Sunday, June 15

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, June 16

Jazz - Jam Session - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band -  
Dead Goat  
Papa Kega - Zephyr

Tuesday, June 17

Mary Tebbs & Friends - Ashbury Pub  
Wooden Slats - Ichabob's Tavern  
High Water Pants - Zephyr

Wednesday, June 18

Club Eklekstasy - Ashbury Pub  
Scrotum Pole The Poles - Burt's Tiki  
Roadside Ruin - Dead Goat  
Zyzz - Ichabob's Tavern  
Poink - Spankys  
Flat Duo Jets/The Woggles - Zephyr

Thursday, June 19

Earth Jam Benefit - Ashbury Pub  
Tempo Timers - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Sketch - Dead Goat  
Crimson Blue w/Hostage - Ichabob's  
Sons of Spyburn, Unlucky Boys - Spankys  
Isabell Haze - Zephyr

Friday, June 20

Girth - Ashbury Pub  
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Smilin Jack - Dead Goat  
Loose - Ichabob's  
Thirsty Alley & Promisque - Spankys  
The Zombies - Zephyr

Saturday, June 21

Pill Box - Ashbury Pub  
Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
House of Cards - Dead Goat  
Society's Child - Ichabob's  
Sketch & Surly - Spankys  
Insatiable - Zephyr

Sunday, June 22

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, June 23

Latin Jazz - Jam Session - Burt's Tiki  
House of Cards - Dead Goat  
Kamakazi Joe - Zephyr

Tuesday, June 24

ASA - Ashbury Pub  
King Trance - Zephyr

Wednesday, June 25

Club Eklekstasy - Ashbury Pub  
Unlucky Boys - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Tanya and the Townsmen - Dead Goat  
Mary Tebbs and Friends - Ichabob's  
Twisted Fable - Spankys  
String Cheese Incident - Zephyr

Thursday, June 26

House of Cards - Ashbury Pub  
Up Your Sleeve - Dead Goat  
Beautiful Losers - Ichabob's Tavern  
String Cheese Incident - Zephyr

Friday, June 27

ASA & Chill - Ashbury Pub  
The Decomposers - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Irie Heights - Dead Goat  
Papa Kega w/ Cactus Tea - Ichabob's  
Mary Ryan & Kris Zeeman - Spankys  
Jerry Joseph, Jackmormons - Zephyr

Saturday, June 28

Blue Healer - Ashbury Pub  
Irie Heights - Dead Goat  
Little Heathens - Ichabob's Tavern  
ASA, Lugnut, Blanche - Spankys  
Salsa Brava - Zephyr

Sunday, June 29

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Girth - Zephyr

Monday, June 30

Bob Margolin - Dead Goat  
Wish - Zephyr

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