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dear dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

This letter is a warning to all SLUG readers;

The editor of this paper is a Steve Young loving, Jerry Rice wanna be San Francisco 49er's fan, or is it the 69er's? Its probably not hls fault though, being brainwashed from birth. The only good move the 49er's ever made was taking Ken Norton Jr. from the Cowboys. Get a life Gianni, admit your mistakes. You should apologize to all the loyal readers of SLUG. You really think anyone would even pick SLUG up, if they knew what you stood for? Are you the dumbfuckredneck from page 28 of last issue? Do you masterbate (sp) while looking at Steve

Young's photo on your bedroom wall? You need to seek

professional help
ASAP Signed,
Concerned

ED: the photo is in my living room NOT my bedroom... by the way, how's the Dallas Crackhouse doing anyway?

Hey Fucker

Here's your writing turned in two days before the usual deadline. You want articles, I got articles. You want reviews, I got reviews. You want previews, I got previews. My phone has been disconnected for two days so I could write. Your harrassment doesn't help me. Stop it. Okay fucker? Your task, if

you choose to accept it, is to fuck with these words in your graphic design mode and make them attractive to idiots. If the words are made to appear attractive enough the idiots will read the words and have their information overloaded brains filled with more useless information. That is my life. See ya!

—William Ass Burrows

Dear Dicks

I see you have sunk to new levels of stupidity when trying to be cute. You are not. The Jew Live Crew??? Give me a break.

—M. Olsen

ED: I'm assuming the M. Olson stands for 'Mrs.' as in the Folgers lady. I thought you were dead. Apparently your sense of humor is though. Thanks dumbass, now you've made JR cry.



you got something to say?

write us...

SLUG
Dear
Dickheads
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3 SLUG



Michael

This is an example of just what the public will buy. Anything. An angel who smokes cigarettes and drinks beer, has wings but can't fly, and eats sugar by the pound. Sounds like every guy I ever met at Burts.

Marvins Room

Whiny, mousy, horrible acting by Diane Keaton ruins this movie. Some people think she is a great actress. I think she is a pain in the ass. Not to mention what this movie could have been with a little thinking and maybe Keaton replaced by Teresa Russell (the worlds worst actress).

I'm Not Rappaport

"hey rappaport, you used to be a tall skinny guy, now you're a short fat guy with glasses, what happened?..."

This is my favorite movie of the month, possibly the year. Based on a play, Walter Matthau and Ossie Davis (do the right thing) are pretty much the entire dialogue of the movie. No one else speaks for more than two or three minutes. To pull this off, you need genius acting, screen charisma and great stories. This movie has all of that and more.

The Boys Club

Chris Penn and some of his buddies laughing and yukking it up. Wow... This movie turns ugly quick. I had friends over to watch this flick, and I haven't seen any of them since. As they left the green room (The Pink Theater) they all said the same thing... "Nice movie". Well, that's what you get. It is cool. It is not funny. It is a killer story. People die. That's life.

Citizen Ruth

Abortion. Me commenting on abortion would be like Janet Reno writing a column on jock itch. I will say this though. This movie shows how incredibly sickening these people can be (both sides), and if you think the government has any business inside a womans body, then you should do us all a favor and move to Saudi Arabia and commit adultery where the penalty for that crime is to be beheaded in the public square.

Mars Attacks

Some people didn't get this movie. That's because those people are stupid. This movie is supposed to be cheesy. It is cheesy. The Martians blow people up and then laugh until we let them do it again because we thought they didn't mean it the first time! Get it? It's funny.

Gridlock'd

Warning: if you are trying to quit smoking or doing drugs, this movie will be very difficult to watch. Now, let me tell you a few things. A) I hate Tupac. 2) I don't think he could act. 3) This is a very good movie even though he was the lead. Apparently, he could act. Too bad he had to die for us to find out. If you ever tried to get ANYTHING done at any number of State Government offices, then you will appreciate this story. Also Tim Roth scores again. He is always good, regardless of the film.

Curdled

Yawn. Twiddle, twiddle. Yawn. Doobly abba dooby. Skiddly wompa doot doot. Scoodly adda doodly abba diddly doo doo.

Shitty shitty shoop shoop.

Scream

Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!! Nobody gets filleted quite like Drew Barrymore. This is a horror film that breaks horror film cliches, while telling you which ones they are breaking and where they came from. (the school janitor's name is Fred) This movie was the best... after I watched it, my arch nemesis Casey Fantasey knocked on my window at two in the morning wearing the mask of the killer in this movie. I pissed myself.

Caught

There are certain rules that people live by, which keep them out of certain situations that might tend to cause stress in one's life. The first of which is this one: Never, never, never, EVER sleep with your boss's wife. Especially if you live in their house. OK?

Last's month's trivia question was answered almost immediately by

Rich Murray of SLC via e-mail. It was of course, Steve Buscemi as Mr. Pink in Reservoir Dogs

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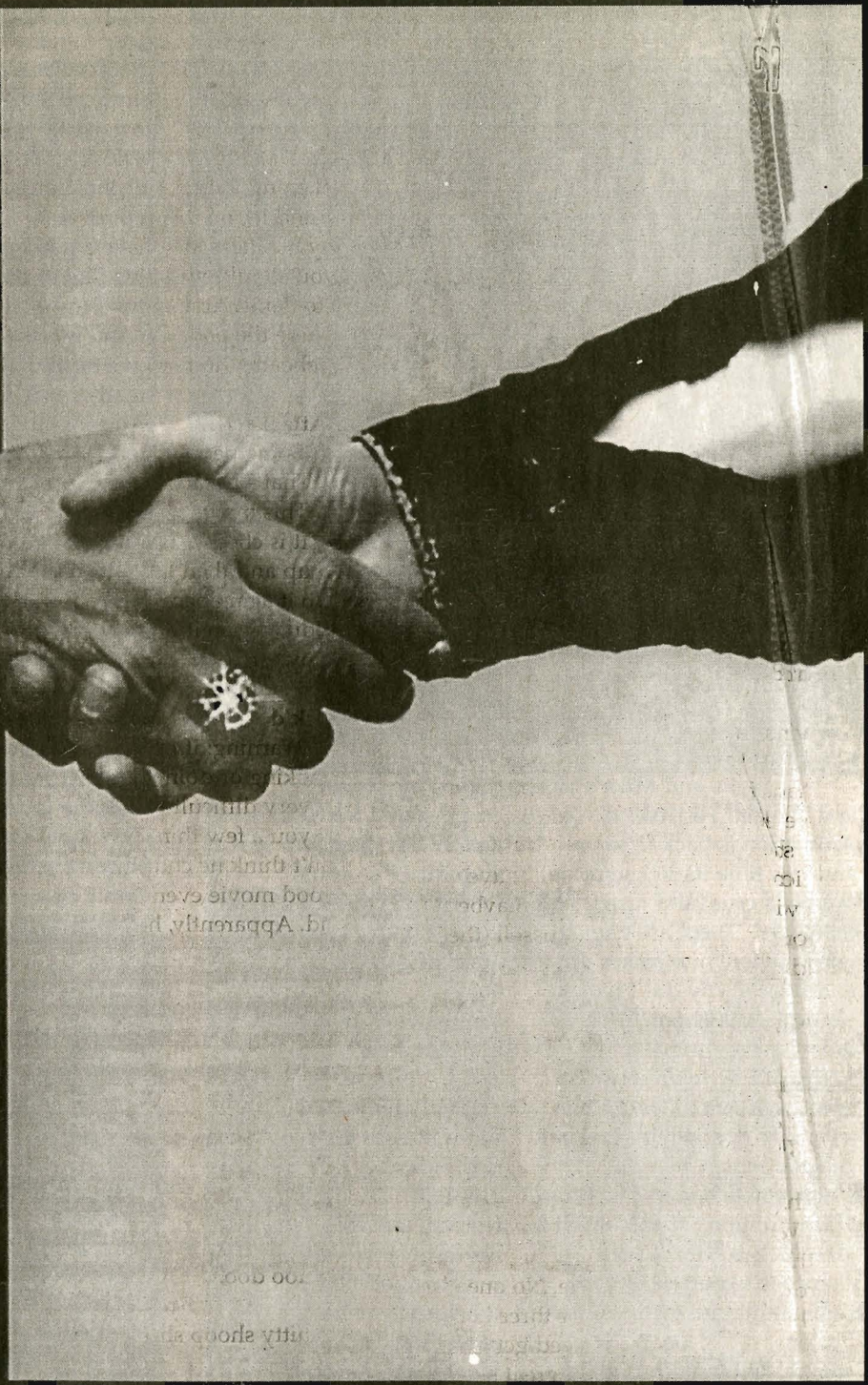
*This months trivia
question...*

**In what film did Sean
Connery utter the
phrase:
"just like a wop,
brings a knife to a
gun fight"**

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Spike and Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation is back in town and this time its sicker, more moronic, cruel and tasteless than ever. There are days, I know, where one wakes up and says, "Why did I hate Junior High School?" "Why didn't I enjoy puberty?" "Why did my own sense of sexual and social frustration so totally overwhelm me with psychic acne, and inconsolable boners?" "Why wasn't it funny then?" Well it wasn't. But here is your chance to experience those same immature feelings, frustrations, angers, and misdirected sexual urges, once again, for the first time. Spike and Mike have compiled some of the most witlessly funny, cruelly hilarious, and adult-oriented childish animated shorts (and I'm not talking dancing boxers) into one fantastically focused show ideal for the fourteen-year-old in all of us. As the saying goes, "I hated it, it totally

turned my stomach, and insulted me again and again with the depth of it's stupidity, But you'll love it!!" (This, incidentally, is not a bad way to approach reading any professional movie criticism.)

Now to be perfectly honest, I thought both the first Sick and Twisted festival, and this newest one were a fuckin' hoot!. But it helps if you have access to your inner child, not the innocent one that lets you cry when you see a hurt animal. The child you need to bring along is that horrible little brat that thought it was fun to burn butterflies with magnifying glasses, and liked to stick its

finger up its butt, then surprise a friend with a whiff of mother-nature's own natural birth control. And sometimes to get to that sick little tot that lives in all of us, alcohol helps. So if you need a push to have a good time, come see this film at Brewvies, where they supply the liquid lubricant that lets you give birth to the little horror in all of us.

And if you have a pretty good relationship with your inner brat, take him to the Tower, and show him what its like to be crude in a sophisticated setting.

Make fun of the foreign language video's, prove you don't need anything difficult to have a really complete emotional evening.

Anyway, I'm not going to paraphrase, what are basically crude, and sick jokes: how can one paraphrase a really good power vomit, or a skydiving

accident. (Yes I'm talking to you "Faces of Death" fans) Some things don't seem funny until you see them. And some things aren't funny to write about.

So just see the show, be offended, have a laugh, and then, for God's sake, grow-up.

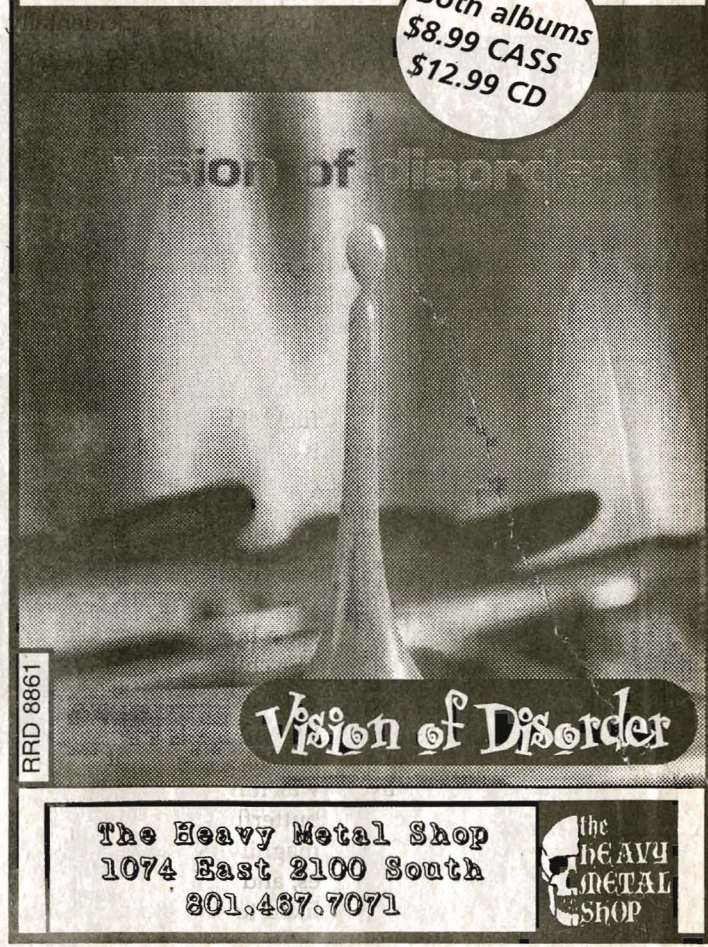
Spike and Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation will be playing at Tower Theatre (297-4040) and at Brewvies (355-5500). It will be at Brewvies June 30 - July 2, and July 7 - 9. It will be at Tower Theatre July 3 through July 6. Ticket Prices are Seven dollars. Be prepared for a shitload of fun with two live MC's in tasteless clothes, and huge rubber penises.





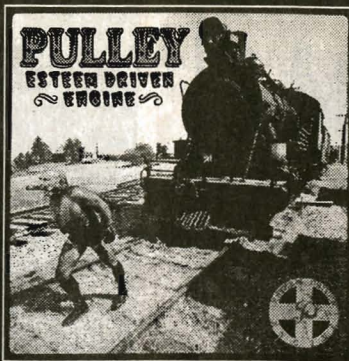
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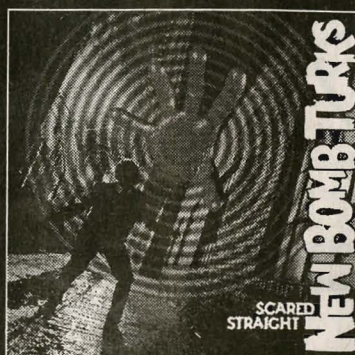
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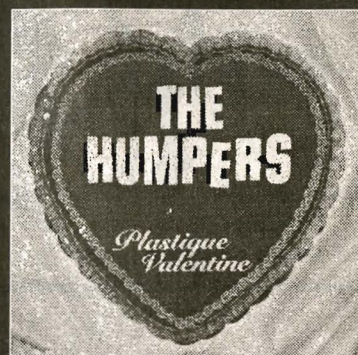
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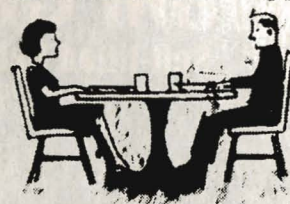
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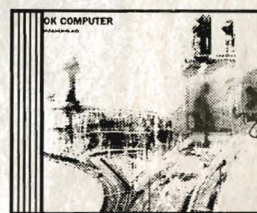
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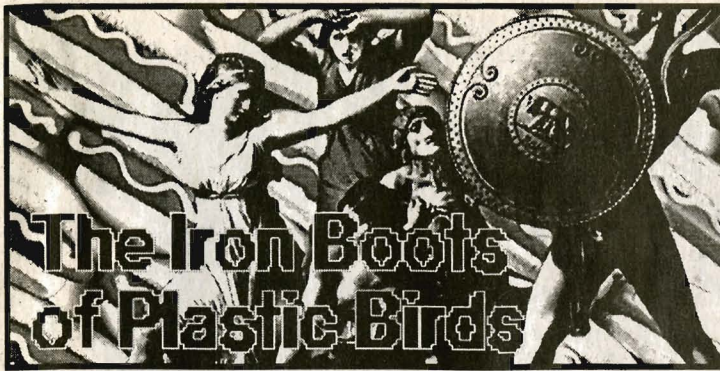


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"THE IRON BOOTS OF PLASTIC BIRDS"

Continuing chapter 31 "pizza delivery boy surprise"

Where we find BooBoo confronting Timmy on the steps of fathers mansion....

"You Bastard" BooBoo shouted as he grabbed Timmy by the scruff of the neck, and licked his head not once not twice but thrice.

If you come back from bigcitysville with one of those damned automatic yam pickers, I will be forced to tell the towns people about your evil experiments. "Damn you BooBoo" Timmy slapped BooBoos hand away witch caused his hair to be pulled and this was painful. no one likes the hair on the back of their head pulled. but Timmy was so angry that somehow it was tolerable and he almost didn't notice.

You think you are the boss of me! But let me let you in on a little secret my misinformed friend, it is I who encompass your doom! At that moment blanch burst through the front door.

BooBoo, Timmy, this is not about yam pickers or who is the boss of who. this is about me isn't it? as blanch passed through the screen door her hand scraped a rusty old nail, and a single droop of her lily red blood caught the eye of both brothers as it dripped from the nail it seemed to take an eternity as it

and she was moving so fast that it ripped her arm clean off. She did not hesitate for a second, the truth had to come out, she had been living a lie for too long. you two are so consumed with who has the biggest dick you have blinded your self's.

I don't love either of you. I am in love with Kibosh my Hindu servant. who is kind and loving and is familiar with a yoga exercise where his tongue moves faster than light.

Nether of the brothers had any idea who this madwoman was, but the

Winterworthintonroe family tradition demanded a response to this outburst. having been trained by their father and grandfather they knew exactly what to do. they began flapping their arms wildly and shouting "coo coo for co,co,co,co, cocoa puffs." Blanch frightened and somehow aroused, retrieved her arm from the floor and ran away into the thick away from the house. BooBoo thrilled from the victory turned to Timmy for the traditional victory

dropped to the floor and splashed on the whitest porch in Cupoluppeepee County. unfortunately the damage didn't stop there the nail dug deeper in her hand

smooch. but he saw that Timmy was cold. forget it BooBoo don't think that one scaring off of the mad-woman dance is going to solidify our more than unnatural relationship. and if you utter a word of my experiments with croutons and other food groups, I will kill you! and now if you will excuse me, I am off to bigcitysville to purchase the much coveted automatic yam picker! Timmy turned his back to BooBoo pulled his goggles around his eyes, and his trousers to his ankles put his finger in his butt and started to run down the driveway, slowly at first, but he began to pick up speed as he utilized the pants around his ankles factor... and a tear swelled in BooBoos eye.

Join us for chapter 32 next week "roller blade women's prison cat fight"

—Thornton Snubwell

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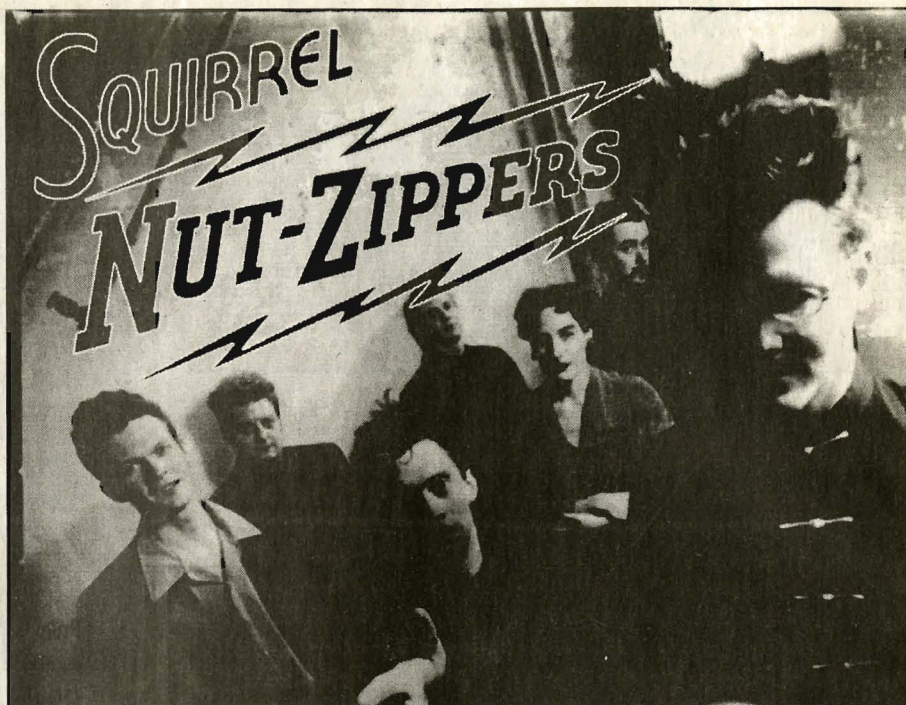
Utah's Mole Kings

SLUG Magazine Lame Ass Concert Previews

This is the SLUG quickie concert preview section. There's a lot of shit coming to town during July. Most

worthy show of the month has several versions of noise and metal in the cozy confines of DV8. It's summer so if you are downstairs and

of it isn't worth paying money for. The first



moisture lands on your head it isn't someone upstairs pouring beer on you or spitting – the pipes are sweating. **Helmet, the Melvins and Skeleton Key.** The guitar Gods have smiled upon the sacred valley with this one. Look for those interested in technical proficiency to bump the moshers out of the way when Helmet takes the stage. Watch the same individuals cover their ears when the Melvins appear and look at their confused faces as Skeleton Key attempts to blow both bands off the stage. It won't happen this time, but that Skeleton Key band surely has a future if they keep at it. They do have that commercial aspect and some who haven't listened to the entire album or never knew about the EP have compared them to Oingo Boingo. Please don't head in that direction.

The **H.O.R.D.E. Tour** is trying to become respectable and not some hippie festival. I'm seeing five bands worthy of some attention. **Neil Young** is headlining and what can I say. Crosby, Stills and Nash are merely caricatures of fat and

bald. Young refuses to appear with them and he's correct. I just received a copy of the new **Primus** CD in the mail. One time through isn't sufficient, but believe me **Primus** is going to confuse the pot smokers. The **Squirrel Nut Zippers** were one of my favorites when their first album was released. I'm not sure why they became darlings of the radio consultants, but I wish them luck and a wise investment banker. They're going back underground faster than I can say **Big Head Todd & the Monsters.** **Morphine** is reportedly quite boring live. That is not the case with their CDs and the person relaying the information is known for being clueless on occasion. **Ben Folds Five** is okay, but I'm expecting the ghosts of Elton John and Billy Joel to take over their next record. **Cake Like** is the curious one of the entire festival. Their first record was released only in Japan. **Eli Jenny** (Girls Against Boys) produced it. **Rick Ocasek** produced their next release. A rockin' pop band fronted by a woman with Breeders comparisons.

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What and how did they end up on the H.O.R.D.E. tour. Visit the booths, check out the second stage, where that will be at Wolf Mountain is a big question, and drink plenty of beer while the rest of the hippies play.

Ben Harper at the Holy Cow is a sure winner. He's poised, man is he ever poised. *The Will To Live* might be the record to break him out of the clubs. But then it wouldn't be any fun to see him. Pick up a copy of the disc and have a listen to "Faded," "Jah Work," or "Mama's Trippin'." Any random track is good for some pretty nice acoustic guitar. My favorite track is "Number Three." Keb who? Harper is at the Holy Cow on July 16. My most confused moment came when I listened to "I Want To Be Ready." Is that Tracy Chapman singing? Keb Mo and Tracy Chapman on the same Ben Harper record? Like I said, the man is poised. I'm sure there are people who believe Tenderloin is a local band. The same people probably believe that PCP Beserker is from Los Angeles. **Tenderloin** plays Salt Lake City nearly as often as PCP Beserker. This time they have this monster album from the Time Bomb label newly released. The advance cassette the label sent me is certainly a way to beat the freeway traffic. I forget I'm even stranded. The band will play Spanky's on July 18.

Space rock, did someone say space rock? Oh sorry, you said **Pressurehead**? Now I'm not big on space rock, but I've derived some pleasure from past Pressurehead releases. Not that I've heard anything for about three years, the length of time Cleopatra's new publicist has been on the job. "I've been here three years and I've never talked to you." Well

sonny, I've been here for eight or nine and I've never heard of you. Now that the issue is resolved he sent a copy of *Explaining The Unexplained* which is apparently the latest from Pressurehead. I talked a bro' into giving me a dose and while I don't remember much of the album the hallucinations were intense. The genre is as rare as a Cleopatra signed band visiting Salt Lake City. I believe the last one was Helios Creed? Go check these guys out for something different and some of the biggest freaks in town, these people go out about as often as a Cleopatra band makes it to town. Spanky's is the place and it's on July 19.

The Holy Cow mixes some weird shit in with their profitable Bootie Quake weekends. **The Little River Band**, L.A. **Guns** and **David Wilcox** are three of their latest bookings. Is this a club in search of an identity? Now they've booked a complete unknown. Remember Zoo Records? Remember Dogstar? Well it seems that Zoo is now Volcano and Dogstar has been dropped.

Don't worry, the band will play at DV8 later in the month. Meanwhile **Lusk** joins Tool on the Volcano roster. **Lusk** will perform at the Holy Cow on July 23. What do they sound like. In a sound-bite minute I'll tell you. Oh, shit! I'm seeing words like experimental, pop, organic and accidents in their bio. Shouldn't this

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be at Spanky's or the Bar & Grill? The Bar & Grill closed? I'd better get out more often. Stop with the yeah, yeah, yeah's Jesus Christ. These

guys are yeah, yeah, yeahing like they're British. The bio states that *Free Mars* was a Seattle home recording. There are layers and layers of



strings and horns and such all over it. A theramin, a Korg MS-20 and a Mellotron appear as well. Shouldn't Lusk be playing with Pressurehead? The CD is great, the question of how they'll pull it off live is the best reason to investigate Lusk.

Did I mention that **Dogstar** is coming? On July 26 movie stars will appear at DV8. I don't think they have a label at the present time, unless they've been picked up by the massively financed Dreamworks or Revolution entities. Meanwhile look for a promotional copy of their advance on Zoo and try to avoid the autograph hounds on the street. **Silverjet** makes their return to Salt Lake City, this time at DV8 on the exact same night. That would be July 26. The band is Virgin's great white hope for entering the "pop" market. In case anyone hasn't listened to the ardone lately (Me?) the pop

Silverjet is playing isn't of much interest right now. Oh sure, artist and repertoire guys are always in search of that perfect pop record and **Silverjet** comes close, but I'm expecting the late '90s "pop" resurgence to end up in special 2002 Olympics cut-out bins. MTV ignores the movement, the radio doesn't play it and the public is overwhelmed by confusion. All this music sucks. Why don't any of these bands sound like the Dave Clark 5? Well, some have made the attempt, but no one noticed.

Finally we have a riot going on out at Saltaire. The last day of July, when the temperature will hopefully be over 100, thus increasing the stink factor of the "lake," is a chance to see who exactly lives in Magna. Don't worry Tooele will be there too.

Megadeth is coming! **Megadeth** is coming! **Megadeth** is coming! I've heard that one from a drunk



tenderloin

Indian for two months now and he was right. **Megadeth** is coming. They have released *Cryptic Writings* in an attempt to revive Manowar's career.

There is a difference. **Megadeth** kills, **Manowar** can only play. Okay, **Megadeth** will draw the audience with their black T-shirts turned to ribbons. Is there a name for that fashion statement? You cut the T-shirt off at rib-base, all the better to show off a pot belly, and then you rip it into ribbons up to the nipples. What is that called? Anyway, the crowd will be there. Since the **Misfits** have been signed to their first major label contract ever someone thought, "Hey, dude, why don't we book the **Misfits** with **Megadeth**?" Hello? The fucking **Misfits** are a band to see. I don't care if Uncle Glenn isn't present. But I'm thinking that the **Misfit** cult probably won't mix very well with the **Megadeth** headbangers? Maybe I'm wrong. If anyone employed by United Concerts is reading **SLUG**, ha-ha-ha, might I suggest that you lose

the wimps you had at the **Slayer** fiasco and call up **Bricks** or DV8 to inquire on where to hire actual concert security?

One final concert deserves a mention. The last time **GWAR** attempted to enter Utah someone got killed. It wasn't a **GWAR**, but I'm sure the experience was traumatic for everyone involved. The band will make the attempt once again. At this time I don't have an update on **Chemlab** involvement. Hopefully that band will also return to Utah as well. A lot of people enjoy making fun of **GWAR**. I'd rather see the **GWAR** cartoon at **Bricks** on July 29 than the bleating, mo-o-o-o-ing and ba-a-a-ing I've encountered at every single Wolf Mountain or Delta Center "concert" I've ever attended.

Peace and fuck y'all
—Little Christy

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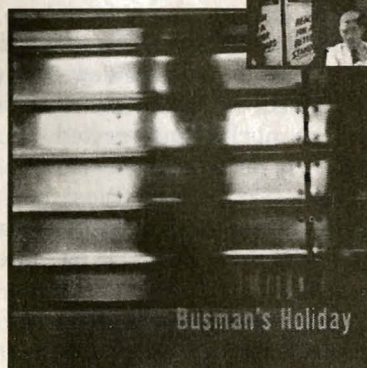
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SHOOK (LOOSE) & LOVED ONES

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 16 - KLUB

EKLEKSTACY

THURSDAY, JULY 17 - PILL BOX

FRIDAY, JULY 18 - GIGI LOVE BAND

SATURDAY, JULY 19 - APRICOT JAM

MONDAY, JULY 21 - CHOLA

TUESDAY, JULY 22 - ASA ACOUSTIC

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23 -

KLUB EKLEKSTACY

THURSDAY, JULY 24 -

EUPHIC PROJECT

FRIDAY, JULY 25 - BLUE HEALER

SATURDAY, JULY 26 - JUNK

MONDAY, JULY 28 - CHILL W/JOHN

KAVANAUGH

TUESDAY, JULY 29 - MARY TEBBS &

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13 SLUG

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



David Berkowitz The Son of Sam

History takes the memories of many people and, by a kind of nostalgic superimposition, blows them up into great devils or gods. Being responsible for the largest manhunt in New York history, being one of the most obviously insane, and oddly, one of the most unsexual of serial killers, David Berkowitz, the Son of Sam murderer, has grown from absolute obscurity to terrible immortality. He did this by prowling the streets of New York, not just Manhattan, but all five boroughs; by

approaching parked cars in which were seated brunettes with long hair, by shooting them point blank, and then, by disappearing into the night. He murdered to appease the voices in his head; the voices in his head, he said, were from among other sources, a dog owned by his neighbor. The dog was, in Berkowitz's mind, inhabited by an ancient demon named Sam.

David Berkowitz began life as a nobody, the son of an abandoned but industrious woman named Betty Falco

who was the mistress of a married businessman, Joe Kleinmann. Her pregnancy, angered Kleinmann, and the child was adopted by a loving couple, the Berkowitzs. To tell of an average childhood is to tell the story of young David. In his own head, however, David felt persecuted by girls, keeping insults and embarrassing incidents involving slights and rejections from females, fresh in his mind many years after the fact. And, although he joined the army and was stationed in Korea during the Vietnam war, where he says he slept with the local prostitutes, David probably never had sex with anyone except his own right hand. In this he is a very strange serial killer.

Serial killers are defined by experts as being slayers who kill three or more victims, with cooling-off periods in-between. The killings are sexually motivated, and usually the victim is used as a sadistic outlet for the killer's sexual fury. It is for this reason most all serial killers are male, and most of the victims are of the same race as the killer. Berkowitz

certainly killed women who resembled a particular type; the long brunette hair attracted Berkowitz, and it was brunette women who mocked and rejected him. But Berkowitz never actually spent enough time, and never got close enough to the victims to sexually abuse them. He was a shy killer. He was also a very sick man.

To go back one step in the growth of serial killers is to catalog a common set of pathologies that such people share. As children almost all such killers practice bed-wetting (even into their teens), cruelty to animals, and arson. Berkowitz, when they caught him, had kept a copious journal of his arson, listing over three-thousand fires in the New York City area, the time of day, the weather, and the method of ignition. Some of these fires ended up with major buildings being destroyed. Indeed, if Berkowitz hadn't been captured and convicted of murder, he could many lifetimes of prison sentences for his accumulated torchings.

Cutting to the chase, the story becomes particularly interesting, on March 3, 1975, when, having dropped out of any society, and having finally begun to slip into schizophrenic mad-

ness, he took a newly acquired shotgun out and drew a bead on a muzzled German Shepherd and killed it. But the voices in his head remained. They wanted human blood. On the walls of his apartment he scrawled, "Kill for my Master", and "I turn children into Killers!" Around a gaping hole in the plaster on his wall a message proclaimed: "In this hole lives the Wicked King."

The screaming voices in his head finally had their day on Christmas Eve 1975. He, according to his own account, approached a woman on a bridge, and stabbed her in the neck. But she didn't react. Then he tried to stab her in the chest, and when she saw the knife she screamed, and when his stabbing wasn't working, she wasn't bleeding, it wasn't like in the movies, he ran away. No victim ever came forward for this attack, and it is likely that Berkowitz simply was too incompetent to use a knife for murder.

His second attempt also used a knife, and this victim, Michelle Foreman, a 15-year-old, suffered a collapsed lung, but lived also. Berkowitz ate a huge meal after the attack, where the voices in his head tortured him for not providing them with the blood they desired.

Berkowitz got a job as a postal sorter shortly after this second attack, rented a new apartment, and almost immediately identified himself as a madman. Focusing on his landlord's German Shepherd as the cause of the noises in his head, Berkowitz became convinced that there was a network of demons headed by his landlord and the dog that were out to get him. He came into the landlord, Jack Cassaras' apartment screaming that the "noise in this place is a kennel" when there had been no barking from the dog. Within weeks Berkowitz had arranged a demon filled cosmology where Jack Cassaras, renamed General Jack Cosmo was the commander of the dog demon army, privately out to prosecute young David. Berkowitz recounted, "I thought they were members of the human race, but they weren't."

Having run to escape his torment he moved to Yonkers, leaving Jack Cosmo far away. But in his new apartment he found the neighbor, Sam Carr was a sub-general for Cassaras. And Carr's Black Labrador Retriever was torturing David something awful with psychic noises. And next door lived a prince of darkness, known only as the Duke of Death. And next door to that, at 22 Wicker Street, was the home of evil John Wheaties, who ran a hostel of sorts for the demons who tortured Berkowitz. Demons and evil spirits from all over the world came here to rest and to torture David.

When he killed, he said, the demons would come and take the spirits from the dying, take them to the hostel, where they would have sadistic sex with them for all eternity.

So to make a longer story still shorter, Berkowitz killed six people in their cars with a forty-five caliber pistol. He was caught after writing bizarre and threatening letters to most of the major demons and the New York Daily News's Jimmy Breslin. On the day he was caught he had prepared to do some mass slaying, but the weather was rainy, and therefore it was a bad day for killing.

Denied insanity as a plea (most psychiatrists agree that if anyone was insane, Berkowitz was - bad dog, no biscuit!) he pled guilty, and received six consecutive terms of 25-to-life. He has been a model prisoner ever since (good dog!).

—St. Feltcher

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Brad has just released their second CD and they are planning to visit DV8 on July 7. This paper may or not be out by then depending on how late this article makes the paper. Brad is comprised of Stone Gossard, Jeremy Toback, Regan Hagar and Shawn Smith. With the exception of Toback they all record for Epic as members of other bands. The history of Brad goes farther back than the 1993 release of *Shame*, their first album. Green River and Malfunkshun shared rehearsal space in the early '80s. Stone Gossard was in Green River and Regan Hagar was in Malfunkshun. Today Gossard is a member of Pearl Jam and Hagar is in Satchel. Along with their other projects Gossard and Regan run the record label Loose Grooves. Shawn Smith is in Satchell with Hagar and sometimes he gets together with Steve Fisk to record as Pigeonhed. Jeremy Toback has his solo career to worry about. I spoke with Regan Howard about Brad and actually Loose Groove.

Shame was released with a Loose Groove logo, but Brad is not a Loose Groove band. Loose Groove was not in business when *Shame* was released. The label was formed shortly after and Loose Groove worked the Brad record for about a year and a half. Weapon of Choice is probably my favorite Loose Groove band and Howard told me that they hope to have a new Weapon of Choice record out before the end of the year.

The band is rehearsing for their tour, but when I spoke to Howard James Hall, who will tour in place of Toback, hadn't yet arrived in Seattle. Howard, who is obviously well-educated and not at all like most of the musicians I speak with, was supposed to be the most talkative one of the bunch but he didn't start to open up until I asked him about "Upon My Shoulders." The song is a ponderous, dark piece with keyboards reminiscent of a pipe organ and a stunning cello interlude played by the Seattle Symphony's Wendy Sutton. Smith's vocal is like Neil Young at a funeral. The song isn't close to rock. It's a hymn. Do they plan to play it live and if so how are they going to do the cello part? "We are doing that song live and Stone is doing the cello part on guitar. He's gotten a sound that is amazingly like a cello. It really has shocked us in rehearsal. James (Hall) plays violin and we thought about him doing it, but Stone is doing it so well that he's going to do that part."

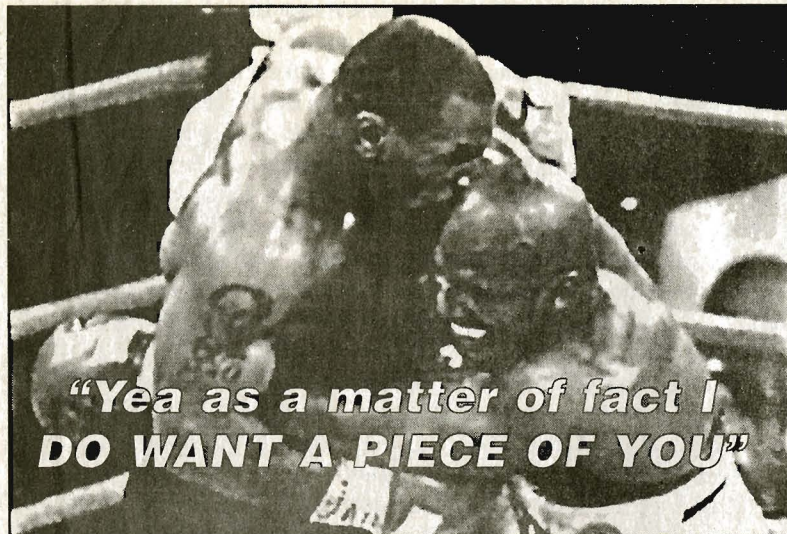
I love to ask about radio, it's about my favorite question because the radio is so narrowly formatted and I enjoy the different responses. Does Brad hope to use the push tactic and force radio to play the music by touring? "Hopefully, although, I don't really

anticipate that. Radio would be an asset in getting this record to people, but it hasn't happened in the past and we think we'll be okay if it doesn't happen this time. We're going to make our attempts at radio." Referring to *Shame*'s lack of radio play, the lack of a tour and the sales created mostly by word of mouth Hagar said, "That's how this one might end up although, with touring hopefully we'll turn some new people on to it. We anticipate people who knew the first record being the people at the shows." The Salt Lake City date is the first show of the first ever Brad tour. According to Hagar, "That will be the most nervous show, but that might be the most special show because of it."

Opening for Brad is Verbow. Verbow is another story all together. Maybe Brad could ask Alison Chesley to accompany them on cello. She was working on her masters degree in cello performance when she met guitarist Jason Narducy. What is it with these cellos anyway? There are cellos all over the place in rock music right now. Verbow is one of those critically praised bands with enticing music that is too intelligent to gain mass acceptance. Sorry. I love your album, but "art" doesn't attract money in America at the present time. Go ask the man who produced *Chronicles*.

Armpit



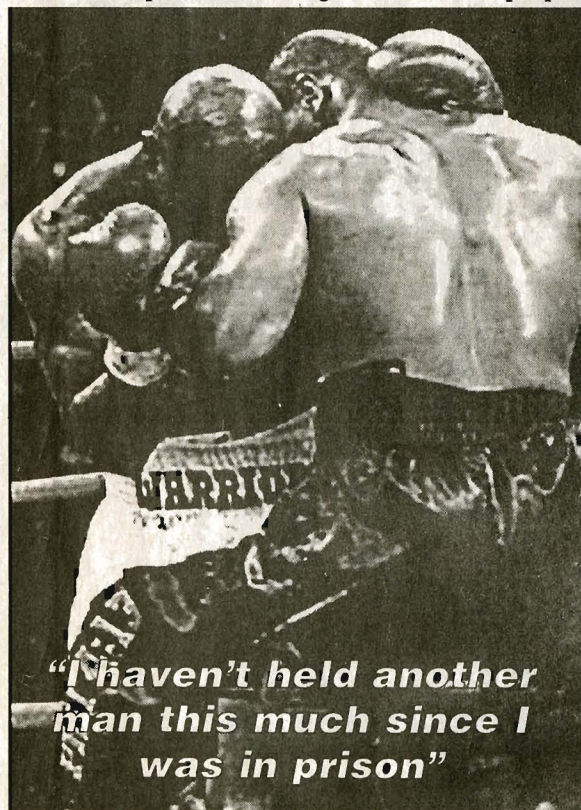


**"Yea as a matter of fact I
DO WANT A PIECE OF YOU"**

The facial flex?... Come on.

I know, this is not a sports magazine but... Maybe it's not as much about sports as it is about the condition of today's society. Maybe it is a statement about what the American public will buy, accept or put up with.

It seems like we will buy pretty much anything. We bought the Pet Rock. The smokeless ashtray, sure why not. Spray on hair?, yea we'll buy that. We bought every fad that anybody said was ever cool and made it 'Americana'. We continually buy any product that tells us we will look better. No matter what it is. Liposuction, oh yea. Face lifts, why not. Stomach staple, sure that's good.

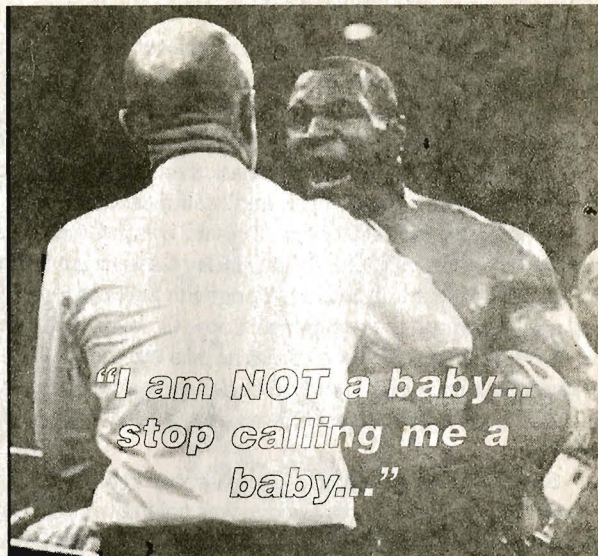


**"I haven't held another
man this much since I
was in prison"**

What about the things we will accept? We accept almost anything. Our televisions are filled with stupid disgusting talentless people who drag shit in front of a camera and talk about it like it is important. We accept that.

Tiger Woods speaks at a Leukemia benefit and requires a six figure fee for appearing. But we all love Tiger, so that's Ok. He's good at hitting a ball with a stick. Those cancer victims need to hear what Tiger has to say more than they need a cure. Very acceptable by our standards. Half of the kids that go to public schools cannot read or form a proper sentence, but we think they need to learn 'ebonics' That's alright, as long as they "wanna be like Mike"

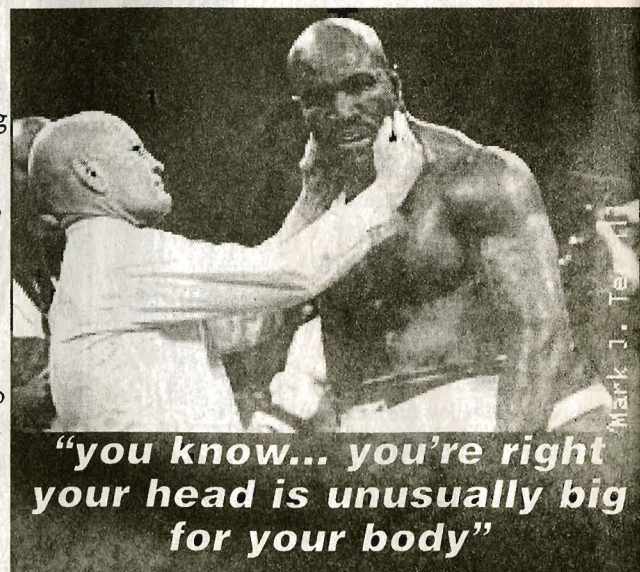
What about what we will put up with. Well, let's see. Will we put up with murder? Sure, just let us win the civil suit so we get the money. We put up with the grieving family all over the TV getting rich off the crime too. So long as Geraldo has material for his next show. We will put up with people who kill little kids too. Unless they are rich white kids from prominent families, then we are outraged. I'm sure no 8 year old poor black girls from welfare homes were killed last year.



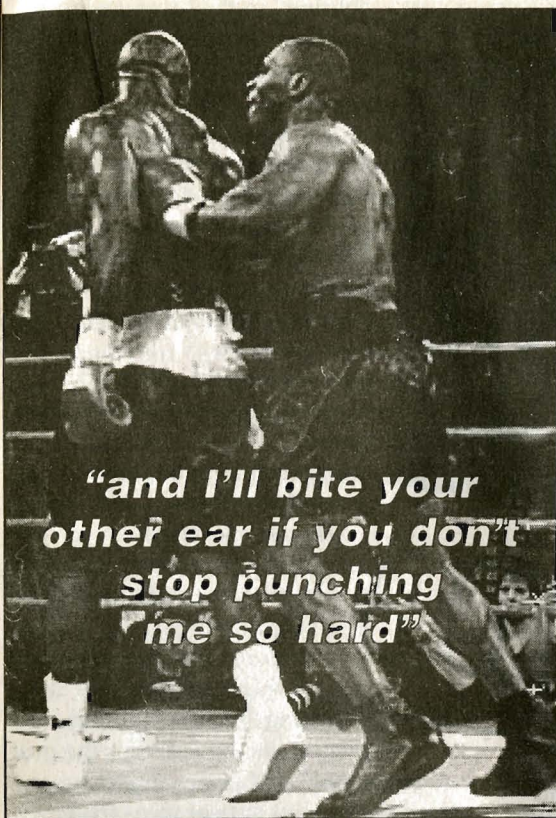
**"I am NOT a baby...
stop calling me a
baby..."**

So when a sport like boxing that has the tag of being fixed, full of thugs, convicts, rapists, organized crime and people like Don King who was convicted of manslaughter, why is this Tyson thing so bad?

It's not like he raped anyone... well not for a couple of years. It's not like he refused to go to war for religious beliefs like Mohammed Ali did. Then we would be really upset. They took Ali's title for that. And America called him a nigger for it. Now Tyson the "black man" does the most disgusting, chicken shit, foul act his little mind can think of to get out of a fight, and you think we won't put up with it? Sure we will. All the TV guys and boxing people are upset and talking like they are going to do something about it. Well, they aren't going to do anything. They can't. They made the rule. The worst they can do is take ten percent of his winnings, which is 3 million dollars.



**"you know... you're right
your head is unusually big
for your body"**



"and I'll bite your other ear if you don't stop punching me so hard"

And I guarantee he will not be banned for life. He may retire, but if he decides to box again, Don King will get 40 million suckers to pay \$50 a head to see it go down live on pay per view. That is the way it is.

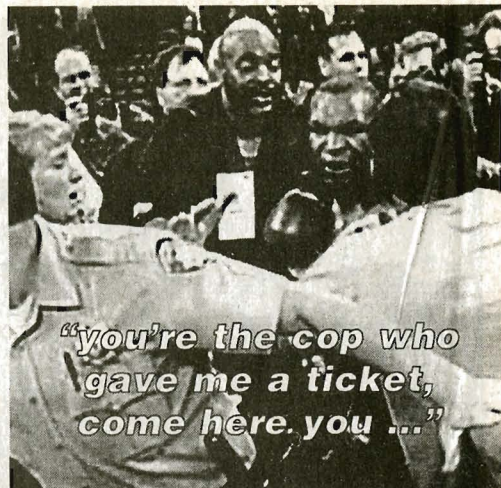
The ironic thing is that Evander Holyfield, who donates millions of dollars every year to children's charities will not be paid back for getting his ear bit off while he was in the ring. He will have that story to tell forever.

So what would Tyson have to have done that would have got him banned from boxing forever? Two bites didn't do it. Hitting a Nevada State police officer didn't do it. Mike is worth way too much money. What if after the bites, he kicked Evander in the balls?

Probably not. Suppose after the bite and the kick in the balls, Tyson whipped out his prick and pissed all over Holyfield and the referee?

Banned forever? Maybe? Maybe

not. How about biting Holyfield twice, hitting some cops, kicking Evander in the balls, pissing all over him and the ref and some spectators, and then take a



gun from one of his thugs and rape somebody else right there in the ring and then kill all of the judges...

How about then.

Then would we finally say "no" to Don King?

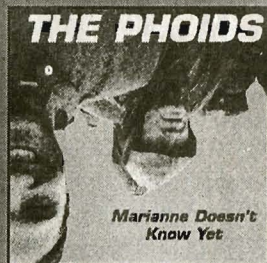
Or would we wait for the rematch..

—Maxx

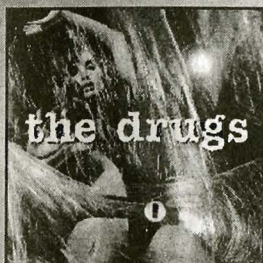
The bottom line is that after Tyson gets his suspensions and fines and all is said and done he will get paid in excess of 20 million dollars.



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Buck-O-Nine trombone player Dan Albert is

Buck-O-Nine

optimistic about his band's future with the release of the long-awaited major label debut *Twenty Eight Teeth* on the New York-based TVT Records. Just listen to this testimonial: "This project has a variety of different styles we've incorporated. It still has the Barfly-type sound, but we've also done a rockabilly song ("Rock At Billy's") - which will be released independently but was recorded during the *Twenty Eight Teeth* sessions - a campfire song ("My Tiny Tummy"), and a traditional reggae dub instrumental song ("Peach Fish"). It's still has punk rock on it as well as ska, it's pretty cool."

It comes as no surprise that TVT would also hire veteran producer David Kershenbaum to re-work three of the band's new songs. Based on his long list of credentials (Madness, Elvis Costello, Duran Duran, Bryan Adams and Tracy Chapman), Kershenbaum lends a commercially viable touch to Buck-O-Nine. Horn player extraordinaire Albert elaborates: "We're trying to incorporate our live concert sound and a more polished approach to our recordings now. We did extra stuff on the album like us horn players

doing some background things vocalwise, but we're playing at the same time. So to do it live we've got to choose which one we're going to do. On this album we did not want to hold back anything." In an attempt to get the inside scoop on a potential single, Dan is pressured to let us in on his favorite track on *Twenty Eight Teeth*: "I like everything about this album. We all really feel that we've put heart and soul into the making of this album. You know, this album is Buck-O-Nine. The one song that really stands out is 'My Town.' It's about living in San Diego and how we love San Diego and being home. It's like a good feeling for us. Being on the road, we've seen so many towns that you actually enjoy your town that much more. For me, the weather is great here, people are real laid back, and it's just a cool place. There's all kinds of things to do. You've got the mountains, the beach, the desert, and Mexico is right next door. You've got everything here. I mean you can't go wrong." And that name, is it some kind of Wu-Tang Clanish numerology trick; something that's predicting the end of the world waiting for the twenty-eighth day of the birth of the seventh son of a seventh son? Not quite. While no one would ever dare utter and Buck-O-Nine and the word

"boring" in the same sentence, boredom is exactly what this album's (title at least) all about.

"Twenty Eight Teeth is about being super bored," says Albert. "John wrote the lyrics on the road because one time I think we had a fourteen hour drive or something. Put eight guys in a van for fourteen hours, and you get pretty bored. He really counted his teeth. He was that bored."

But get them out of the van and on the stage and you'll know one thing: Buck-O-Nine live show is a force to be reckoned with. Despite their rigorous touring schedule which has included an average of two hundred

live shows annually for the past two years, Buck-O-Nine manages to keep their concert appearances fresh.

"We stick by the set list every night, but we throw in songs the crowd wants to hear," says Albert. "I mean they came out to our show, and if they want to hear a song we'll play it. We just like to play music, and we like to play live. We get up there and have a good time. Hopefully, everyone is happy that they came to the show. Playing live keeps us going." Despite being original and unique in their songwriting, Buck-O-Nine are known for their share of cover songs including "Sound System" by Operation Ivy, "Pass The Dutchie" by Musical Youth (both featured on Barfly), "Teenagers From Mars" by The Misfits, and - their newest addition as heard on *Twenty Eight Teeth* - "I'm The Man" by Joe Jackson. Other Buck-O-Nine oddities include a video offering of their life on the road. "We're coming out with a home video type of thing of us on tour...Just us on tour with some footage of us in Japan," says Dan. "We were there for a week supporting Voodoo Glow Skulls for a couple nights. Ska is really big there for some reason now. It was weird because you'd be walking down the street and people would just come up to you and go 'BUCK-O-NINE!'"

Citing reggae as a major influence on the band, Rasta Dan meditates: "I listen to a lot of reggae. We listen to reggae all the time when we're on tour in the van. My main reggae influence is Don Carlos (of Black Uhuru fame). But I don't hold any boundaries for music. I listen to everything, and pretty much everyone in the band does too. I like classical, punk rock, jazz, I like it all. Horns have always been an important part of the band. As far as horn players go, I like Rico (Rodriguez) - that guy can play" As far as the Buck-O-Nine songwriting process goes, it's a team effort. It's a big band and one which isn't afraid to tap into its collective skulls. "All of us are writing songs," says Dan. "This is how a typical song comes to us. Scott (bass player) or Jonas (guitarist) come up with a structured song on guitar. Then Steve adds more bass and guitar parts. >From there we incorporate more like writing horn parts. When we're writing music, it's weird. Someone's idea generates another one. Sometimes guitars are telling us like 'Why don't you try this on your horns?'

Sometimes us horn players go 'Hey, try the bass like this or try the drums like that.' So we're all throwing out ideas for each other's parts, or we're coming up with our own. If you asked us who wrote a particular song, I could tell you who came up with the original idea, but all of us write the songs." Songwriter Dan identifies what he considers to be notable tracks: "'Tear Jerky' is one of the few love songs we've ever written and probably the most emotionally charged songs on the new album. 'My Town' is a mid-tempo kind of tune. The punk-edged 'Round Kid' and 'Jennifer's Cold' - a song about a girl who over exaggerates the severity of her cold - are real cool. 'Record Store' - a tune about when Jon (singer) used to work at a record store - is right on. 'Twenty Eight Teeth' - which goes from a reggae groove into a power kind of feel to it - is there. 'Peach Fish' - a reggae dub instrumental which guitarist Jonas named after reading the title somewhere showcases my Rico horn influence. 'My Tiny Tummy' serves as a cool outro to the album. It came about when our guitarist was looking at lyrics the singer had written. He wrote a

song to the lyrics and came up with that campfire style. Then everybody contributed to the song." After performing at the infamous South By Southwest Music Conference in Austin as well as many other cities in the South, the band returned home for a short week-long break before embarking to Canada as the support for Victorville's face to face. After a month of exhausting tour dates, Buck-O-Nine returned to California for a CD release party at Some Live in their hometown of San Diego much to the delight of fans. With the third full-length now firmly under their belt, Buck-O-Nine is certainly music you can sink your teeth into.

—Robert Agnotti



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Telephone interviews with two Warped Tour bands were set-up. Instead of separating them I'll

appear on that stage, but complete

Vans Warped Tour

include them in the coverage for this upcoming (I'll quote the Salt Lake Tribune's schedule as compiled by Lori "Little Christy" Butters) "day-long skateboard and music event." Along with the skateboards Butters knows something about are demonstrations from a few of the world's best BMX athletes, rock climbers and in-line skaters. Local skateboarders get the opportunity to compete again in the Vans Amateur Skate Competition and new this year is the Mega-Pump Climbing Wall Competition. Water skiing and wind-surfing are the big water sports in Utah. Are those lakes safe for skiing and surfing? The Surfrider Foundation will announce the local water conditions at each tour stop. The Foundation is also sending visual petitions to the White House and Congress. Send water samples to Johnny Dripp, Surfrider Foundation, 122 E. El Camino Real #67, San Clemente CA 92672. Spike & Mike will bring a version of The Sick & Twisted Festival of Animation for those who missed it at the Tower Theater. Another new feature of this year's Warped Tour is the Locals Only showcase stage. I've heard that some kind of battle of the bands is going to take place to decide which lucky local bands

information is lacking. Take a can of food to the food bank table and receive a sticker good for \$1.00 off Pennywise merchandise. In addition a portion of the ticket sale proceeds will be donated to Camp Pacific Heartland, a summer camp for children who are HIV positive or living with AIDS. The Vans Warped Tour is a little more than skateboards and music, but then I missed Bluffstock last year and I'm sure it was a lot of fun for Butters.

Now for the music portion. I spoke with Rodney Sheppard, the Sugar Ray axeman. Sugar Ray is back with their second Atlantic CD and high hopes for massive success. Hell, if Sublime can do it why not Sugar Ray? Which brings me to *Floored*. David Kahane has produced both Sublime and Soul Coughing, now he can add Sugar Ray to his resume. Most people probably don't recognize the band name because *Lemonade* and *Brownies* didn't exactly light up the charts. Let me spark the memory. This is the band that held a "streaking" contest to promote their *Lemonade* and *Brownies* tour. Send in a

video of a naked person running around holding a copy of the CD and the best one received a 1965 Cadillac. Record label hype? Nope. As Sheppard informed me a girl from Montana sent in a video of herself hitchhiking on top of her car, entering a restaurant and ordering coffee with sugar and shopping for clothes all completely naked. She didn't take the Cadillac, she took the money and bought a 1963 Impala.

Angelica Cobb is an Atlantic Records publicist, actually quite a famous one, because I've seen her name in the "thank you list" of albums not released by

But "Fly" appears on the CD twice and according to Sheppard a single featuring both versions was shipped to radio. The second version closes the disc. This version sounds a lot like Sublime. Sheppard doesn't have a problem with the comparison. "We admire them and we admire what the producer David Kahane did with their most recent record. That's one of the reasons we picked David Kahane because he understands having a variety of different styles of music, he understands how to put it all together. If it sounds like Sublime then rightfully so, the guy created "What I Got" created "Fly. The song isn't a Sublime song, but the way it was produced...simply



because of David Kahane."

Sugar Ray is a little more than dancehall and Sublime's producer.

There's another charming little song on *Floored*. "Speed Home California" brought Jello Biafra with Mojo Nixon to my mind. Is it cow punk? Close, but, "Cow-punk? Yeah it's sort of like the Vandals, another group we like and are friends with. Most of the band grew up listening to L.A. punk. I suppose that's where that influence shines through. Lyrically. We toured in Europe a lot. It's about

Atlantic and in several recent books. She informed me that *Floored* was a great CD and she expected big things from it. That remains to be seen. On the West Coast and on the East Coast the dancehall version of "Fly," featuring Super Cat is a hit. Salt Lake City is always behind. Ini Kamozi and Shaggy are the only ones to break through the Zion Curtain with dancehall so far.

being in Germany in the dead of winter, at some club in the middle of nowhere and really missing home. Speed me back home to California. Of course it's a play on "Sweet Home Alabama." "American Pig" is an interesting title. What's the story behind that one? "We're making fun of ourselves. Recognizing that we're from a culture of mini-malls. That came about from being in Europe. We go over there and see how set in our American ways we are. You get over there and it's a whole different culture. It's a culture shock. That's what that song comes from. We're calling ourselves American Pigs, we like everything in giant portions." As if all that weren't enough the band has another punk song on the CD. "Cash" is another ripper with some rockabilly/punk guitar from Sheppard. "I need some fucking cash" is the major lyric. Don't we all. Take the dance-



hall, the metal/rap hybrids, the punk and, besides "Fly," the radio friendly "RPM" and "High Anxiety" and get Floored. Sugar Ray started out playing frat parties in San Diego. Their name at the time was the Shrinky Dinks and their crazed live shows were

legendary. The crazed nature of the live shows continues and their off-stage stunts – singer Mark McGrath reportedly did an entire interview with Bikini magazine while his right nut was exposed. Their drinking, friendship with Howard Stern, drug

abuse, opening gigs for the Sex Pistols, Kiss, Korn etc. is all simply life as a rock 'n' roll band. They'll play the Warped Tour Club Stage.

Social Distortion is playing on one of the two main stages. Mike Ness is the one always quoted, but Dennis Danell has been with him since the band released their first single in 1982. *Mommy's Little Monster*, their 1983 release, is regarded as a punk classic today. The band was surrounded by West Coast hardcore, but the album has more in common with their forefathers, the Dead Boys and the Stooges and going way back, The Standells, than hardcore of the day. Social Distortion has covered Creedence Clearwater Revival, Johnny Cash, The Rolling Stones, Willie Dixon and Ersel Hickey in the past. They've moved from punk to country-tinged punk to rockabilly tinged

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THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES

punk over the course of their career. At present the band is right back where it started – brilliantly played and composed punk rock that owes nothing to the power-pop-punk-hardcore-ska brigades. *White Light White Heat White*

Trash is a sparkling diamond in bins filled with lesser works. Danell missed the first appointment the publicity people set-up. He was off fishing. I'm certainly not holding it against him because if I had the choice of

couldn't remember Britton. The press materials state that "Don't Drag Me Down" is the new single and video. I sure as hell don't know what's on the radio, so I asked him if he knew about airplay. "I don't really listen to the radio much

fishing or speaking with the "media" I'd take fishing too.

Here's what he said about his last Salt Lake City experience. "Pretty cool club, you know. Other than the fact that we had to load up all those stairs." He was around the L.A. scene in the late '80s and I couldn't resist. Nope he

and I'm not concerned too much with what's going on with radio. It's kind of depressing for me. The way the program directors now days just play the same shit over and over all day long." That answers that question, but what is the video like? "Actually we didn't do a video for 'Don't Drag Me Down.'" Oops. Better tell the publicity end of the business. "We did one for 'When The Angels Sing,' and one for 'I Was Wrong,' but it was...sometimes we find it frustrating with videos too because dealing with MTV is...they're thinking they're so cool and hip and they're just as bad as any other corporation. They edit everything and have censorship and you gotta do this and you gotta do that and we just find it hard to go out and spend the money to make a video and then they don't even play it."

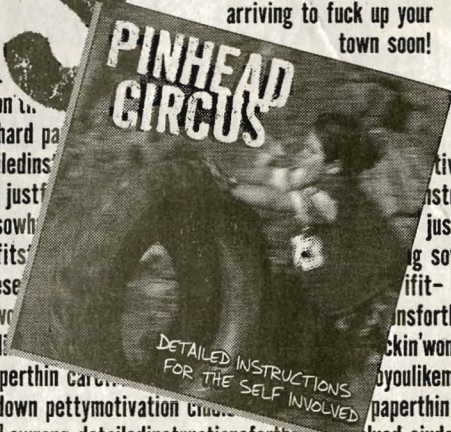
An interview with Mike Ness was printed in

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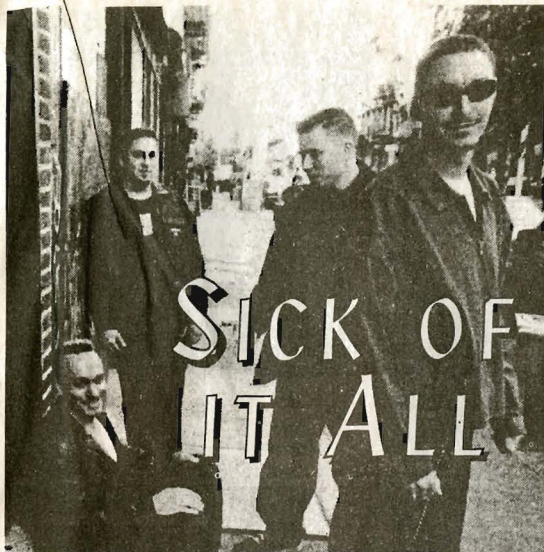
These boys have come along way since blowing up their van in Waco, TX five years ago. This BYO debut belts out 14 impressive, gut wrenching songs of drinking, youth and sorrow, bringing back the raw elements of punk that have been glossed

over in the newer school. If you like your punk loud, raw, and tough, then throw this disc on and let your neighbors know what's up! Dedicated to the almighty tour, the Circus will be arriving to fuck up your town soon!



Produced by Steve Kravac & Mark "Big Daddy" Stern

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SICK OF IT ALL

BAM and the writer did the usual Green Day/Offspring bashing, so I asked Danell how Social Distortion gets along with the younger punk bands. They've done dates with the Offspring and the Warped Tour has a host of young bands. "We'll have to wait and see. I'm a big fan of Rancid and Green Day and stuff. We're playing with the Descendents and they've been around forever. It'll be good playing with those guys. I want to see what Pennywise is all about. I know they're from around here, but I really haven't seen too much of them or really heard too much of them. It's going to be good to see what they're about. It's always

good to see new bands and fresh new talent coming around." Ness' listening habits have been described elsewhere. He was quoted as saying that he draws inspiration from what he's been listen-

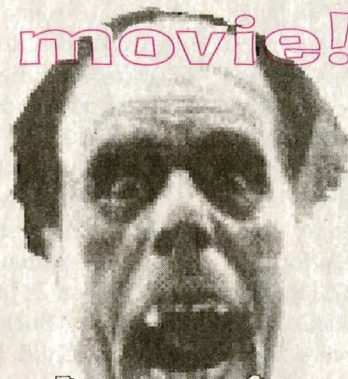
ing too in the six months prior to recording an album. Does the guitarist share his taste and how about influences? Danell: "A lot of stuff I do. He's been getting into a lot of obscure doo wop and rockabilly, which is pretty cool, but I'm pretty much influenced by everything I've ever heard. Not just in the last six months. It seems to me that I like a little bit more contemporary bands than he does. I try to keep my ear open and see what's going on."

What does Danell do when he isn't on the road? He already said that he liked to keep his ears open for what's new. As it turns out besides fishing, motorcycles



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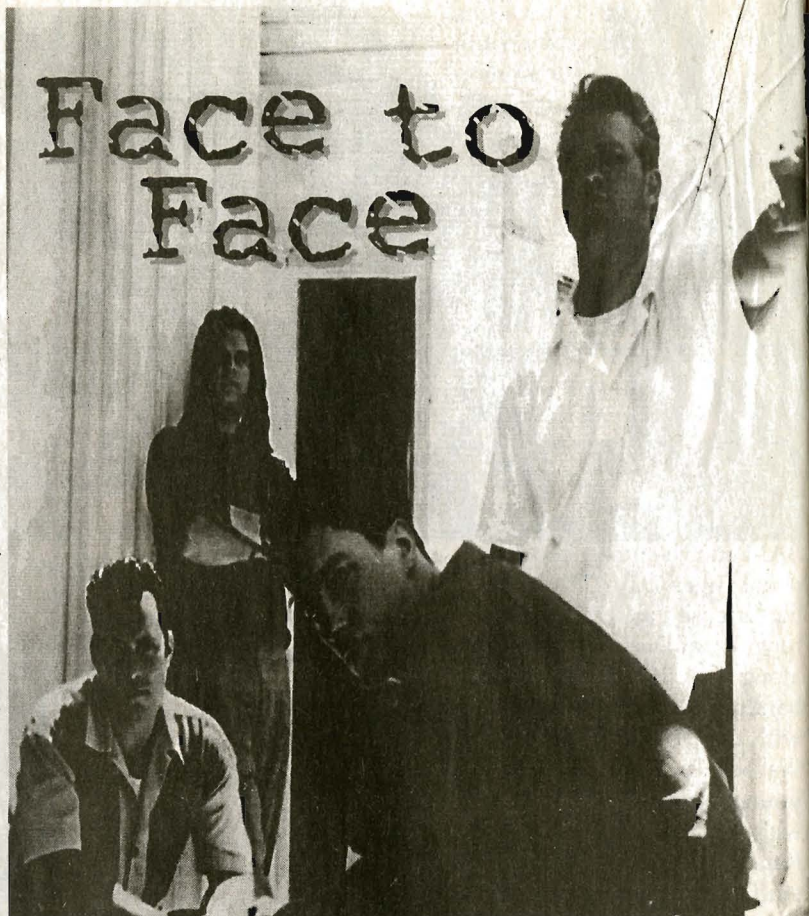
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and mountain bikes Danell works in the recording studio. "I do a lot of studio work, a lot of recording – do some producing and engineering – things like that." He's planning to work with Automatic 7, a band with a Face To Face member. Mainly he works with local bands, bands he didn't think I'd know. He does demo work etc. Who knows, maybe one day there will be a big name, a former local band with a CD in the stores listing Dennis Danell as the producer. As everyone should know by now Chuck Biscuits is the Social Distortion drummer. How is Chuck Biscuits working out? "Chuck Biscuits is killer. He's outstanding. We've known him forever and we feel so fortunate to be able to play with him."

Who else is visiting as part of the Warped Tour? I'll list the names. On the two

main stages look for The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Descendents, Pennywise, Sick Of It All, Blink-182, The Vandals, Face to Face, Royal Crown Revue, Hepcat, Reel Big Fish, Limp Bizkit and Tha Alkaholiks. The third stage, the club stage or the surf stage, whatever they're calling it this time has, Millencollin, Lo Presher, 22 Jacks, Sugar Ray, Buck 'O'9 and Sun Child. I'd say the third stage is a good place to kill time. The bands aren't well known and there's a range of styles. Warped Tour arrives in SLC and rather than hold it at a stupid place like Wolf Mountain, the friendly, worn-out Utah State Fairpark is the location.

—Heber J. Arnold



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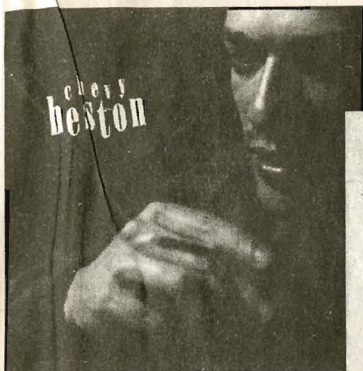
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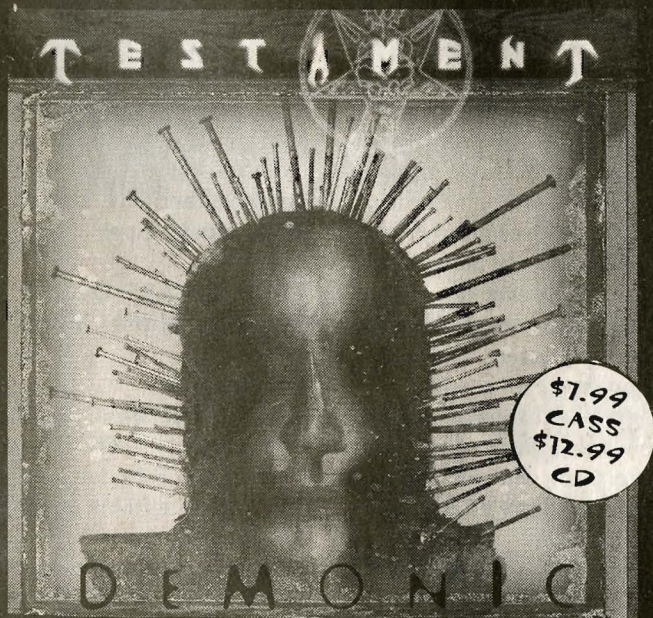
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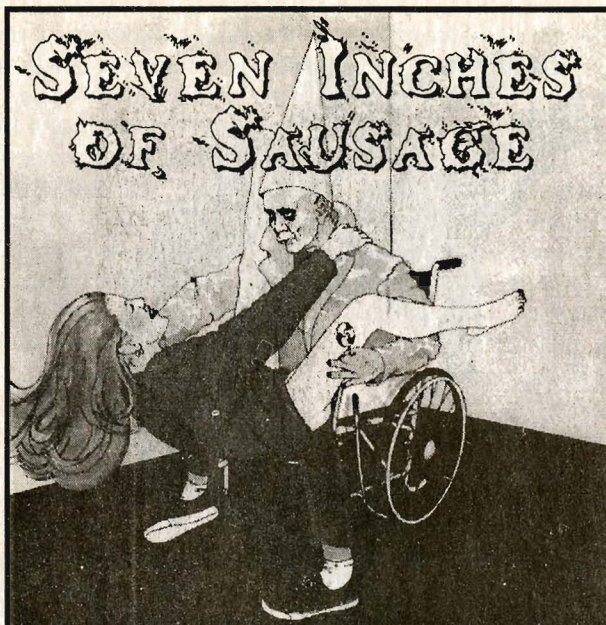
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with The Cro-Mag name tag. Hey Buddy! We know you don't like the smashy pumpky's but I don't give a shit ring up my smokes and my Big Gulp and let me get the fuck out of there.

The Goons sound like D.K. without the integrity to pull it off. The Boils got some catchy fucking Bass lines along with a bad sense of timing. God bless, the boys for trying though. Indy labels lived off this kind of stuff for years. Hey hello it's all retro now my friends no matter what you think. Agnostic did it years ago and they did it better. If you're into fast loud quick songs this is the trio of records for you. Every once in awhile a band like this will come along and address with something that needs to be heard. This might do it for you.

Less Than Jake "Muppet Covers"

Discount split with JCHURCH

Liquid Meat Records

Less Than Jake is not one of my favorite bands. So this was not an anticipated listen. But it was funny and well put together. With Four songs in all on the record. My favorite being the song for moving right along. Now I don't know if as the name implies these are really covers of Muppet songs, 'cause the Muppets scared me (Ms. Piggy: Blood thirsty transvestite who's in love with a little green man). But not bad over all I like it more than what I normally get.

Discount, surprise. Not bad for a group I know nothing about. I only have one bad thing to say about this record. Ladies if you are going to record your voice on to record don't let that stoned, drunk, balding piece of shit producer make you're voice sound like everybody else's. I

would rank this in with some band you saw play at this killer party where you always had something good to talk about and the drinks never ran out.

J Church is a great band. I think they are the epitome of what a good time should sound like. What does a good time sound like well get hopped up on crystal meth and after about fifteen hours strip down to nothing and take a long shower just before you're totally down get in a bed with clean sheets and doze off. That's a good time and that's what a J Church song sounds like when they're hot. But this time They are not.

TRAITORS

Johanns Face Records

I love music from Chicago. The city not the band. I don't know if these guys are really from there but I don't care. This is the only Record out of everything I reviewed that I was singing along to before the damn record had playe even once. Four guys, playing Aggressive music well. It's even got a cool swing to it. If you don't like this you're a goth or a hippie, either way an idiot. Street music, yipee!

TRIBE CALLED QUEST Check the Rhime/ Award Tour Jive Records

I like Tribe. But this record is only really geared for D.J.'s or Tribe fanatics. The instrumental is good on Check the Rhime which I think is the better song. However, Award Tour has the best music groove. Check this out if Your into the whole De La Soul - Digable Planets vibe.

Peace MF's
—Sausage King

No Knife "Jackboots/Communist China"

Time Bomb Recordings

Phew I love opening up a group of review with something that actually sounds good. I remember this groups first record Drunk on the Moon it sounded a little less mature than either of these two songs. Jackboots is the single here high energy good delivery peicemeal. Communist China is the better song it shows maturity, it's got some technical integrity, and it sounds Kinda interesting. Check these guys out at the Warped tour if you go or went or whatever. Buy the record for a good time.

Damien Jurado "Vary" Tooth and Nail Records

Remember the first time you heard Sonic Youth or Dinosaur Jr. when the world looked like a fresh faced child with boundless musical horizons. You could listen to Daniel Johnston and Black Flag and not feel like a hypocrite. Everybody was in a band. I like this record for that feel. It's downside is that it sounds much like everybody's band did good almost really good but cop-

capitol city in the nation.

the interpreters "in remembrance of that fine evening"

Volcano Recordings

Two Ho' humming songs. Nothing spectacluar here, but nothing that marks the end of civilization either. All these beats are starting to sound the same to me. It's got a groove to it, but, I can't help but wonder if this was made at some hip Japanese Kaoroke bar. Souless vinyl begone.

Shoutbus The Goons The Boils "obedience is your obligation" Torque Records

Shoutbus sounds like some very old school Punk shit. Through a little G.B.H. in with some S.O.A. mix it up in healthy punch of satire and here's it's bastard child. The record reminds me a little of old Hardcore shows I went to at the Safari Club and 9:30 club in D.C. 'course back then I would have seen Judge or the Cro-Mags. But shit every crew must have it's own sound. I think the guy at my 7-11 would like all three of these records. Yeah that guy

Make-out or play Mario? Make-out or play Mario?
Aw, heck, Betty will still be around later . . .
I've got to conquer level five!

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"...I like Wagner's music much better than anybody's. It's so loud that one can talk the whole time without people hearing you."

—from Oscar Wilde's
The Picture of Dorian Grey

"Bah...dust isn't a bad thing. Besides having the taste of ancient biscuit and the smell of an old book, it is the floating velvet which softens hard surfaces, the fine dry wash which takes the garishness out of crude colour schemes...Who than can despise it..."

—from J. K. Huysmans'
La-Bas

"I'm for anything that gets you through the night, be it a prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniels."

—Frank Sinatra

I LIKE TO WATCH

Fetish photo-man Steve Diet Goedde is working with Pigface on their artwork for A NEW HIGH IN LOW, their next release (Invisible; <http://www.invisiblerecords.com>). If you keep such mags as Taste of Latex, Marquis or Skin Two at your bedside, then you've probably seen his work.

Ohio filmmakers have a great opportunity in the Off-Hollywood (2258W 10th #5, Clev. OH, 44113). This is the home organization of the twice annual Ohio Independent Film Festival The next festival is Nov. 20-23 at the Cleveland Public Theater and they also offer a college credit Intern Program and a Screenplay Reading Program. Independent Film and Video Monthly is a sponsor of the Festival and is featuring the event in their

November issue. Their newsletter is packed with information of interest to filmmakers. For instance, The Independents is a cable show featuring independent film, contact Matthew T. at 216-939-9350...

The 80s chestnut "Da Da Da" by Trio found its way to a Volkswagen TV spot. Volkswagen aired their new commercial during the infamous "coming out" episode of Ellen. Since, a backorder situation has been created with the EMI-Capitol imprint The Right Stuff which has the song in print on volume three of its SEDATED IN THE EIGHTIES series...

DO YOU YOKO?

Yoko Ono is seeing her entire eleven album catalog reissued on Rykodisc (Shetland Pk., 27 Congress St., Salem MA, 01970). Each remastered album includes bonus tracks and updated liner notes with original art.

J. Yuenger (White Zombie) is producing the new Fu Manchu record. Part of J.'s payment seems to include some rare B-movies Fu has. This will also exhibit a new Fu line up; Scott Hill (vox/guitar, founder), guitarist Bob Balch (guitar, 20 years old), bassist Brad Davis (long-time Fu member) and drummer Brant Bjork (Kyuss). Fu tours in support of C.O.C. this Summer and the album comes out in the fall. When I last saw the band, they struck me as an answer to Blue Cheer...

Blasting out of the Pacific woods comes the North by Northwest festival Oct. 16-18. The event, based at the Portland Hilton Hotel, promises "300 bands - 3 days - 20 clubs." While the application deadline is June 27, registration is accepted right up to the festival itself. Artists are nominated by a committee asking for no recordings or registration fees. The only things accepted are postcards from publishers, managers or artists naming the band, contact information and including a description. The

NXNW Selection Committee then notifies invitees by Aug. 31. NXNW, Box 4999, Austin TX, 78765; 512-467-7979; <http://www.nxnw.com>; nxnw@nxnw.com.

WAGES OF SIN

Metal Blade Records and Roadrunner Records together paid out \$11 million to a woman who was attacked and shot by teens. Supposedly, they were influenced by the music of Cannibal Corpse and Deicide. The labels did not admit guilt, but in their paying the settlement demands, have set a precedent...

Jeff Buckley singer/songwriter, Columbia recording artist, son of Tim Buckley disappeared late Thursday, May 29, in the Mississippi River outside Memphis. He disappeared while standing waist-deep in the water, which has a strong undertow. I understand they have since found his body. He was in Memphis waiting to begin pre-production on his next album with producer Andy Wallace. A friend of mine comments that no sober individual would wade into the heavily polluted Mississippi River...

Tori Amos was successful in passing a bill to make May 16th RAINN Day in the U.S.A. RAINN (Rape, Abuse and Incest National Network) will support the day by having radio and TV stations interrupt regular programming to discuss the day's purpose, then play Amos' song about her own experience, "Silent All These Years." A hotline has been setup in the States at 1-800-656-HOPE...

The Michael Stipe-funded movie, Velvet Goldmine, based on the adventures of The Velvet Underground, will use songs meant to sound like early David Bowie/The Stooges-era hits. Grant Lee Buffalo will be writing the Bowie-like pieces while an Iggy Pop-like band to appear in the film will include Thurston Moore and Steve Shelley (Sonic Youth), Mark Arm (Mudhoney), Mike Watt (fireHOSE) and original Stooge Ron Asheton...

The Jam (Mercury/Polydor) is celebrating

its 20th anniversary of existence with the release of a hefty box set retrospective that will include 117 remastered tracks, 22 previously unreleased recordings, six B-sides on CD for the first time and an 88-page booklet...

Former Judas Priest lead singer, Rob Halford, has been in the studio with Dave Ogilvie (Skinny Puppy, Nine Inch Nails). Halford is signed to Reznor's Nothing Records for this release, and though he doesn't have a name for the project yet, he says that Reznor will contribute to the tracks in some capacity or other...

FRONT LINE'S END LINE

Front Line Assembly has one more album to do, according to Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber. The two confirmed they will work together one last time for an upcoming new release...

Tim Taylor, lead singer of the band Brainiac, was killed instantly Friday, May 23rd when he lost control of his vehicle. He hit two telephone poles and a fire hydrant, causing the car to burst into flames. An account has been set up to offset his family's funeral costs under the "Tim Taylor Memorial Fund" at Citizens Federal Bank, 1 Citizens Federal Ctr., Dayton, Ohio 45402 U.S.A., account number 15001 20470...

It's probably too sunny to think of Halloween, yet. But, I am still going to suggest the Expo of the Extreme. "Three days and three nights the damned shall gather!" This Metal Fest happens at The Congress Theater in Chicago, Halloween Weekend - October 31 thru November 2. There will also be booths filled with porn stars, bondage demonstrations, tattooing, celebrities, magazines, labels, bizarre art, and more. Details are in the June issue of Metal Fest Magazine (MF Magazine, 360-23 W. Schick Road, Suite 116, Bloomington IL 60108)...

A STICK A DAY

A National Institutes of Health (NIH) panel said recently that the potential therapeutic uses of marijuana deserve further

research. "For at least some indications, there is a rationale for looking further into the therapeutic effects of marijuana," said William Beaver. Beaver is a professor of pharmacology at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. and chaired the panel. Separately, the Federation of American Scientists last month urged President Bill Clinton to instruct the NIH to carry out marijuana research. They argued such research is neglected "primarily for political reasons." It looks promising enough to recommend that there would be some new controlled studies," said Beaver. At present the NIH - the only legal source of marijuana for experimental purposes - does not fund any studies on the therapeutic use of marijuana. But last year NIDA, which supplies NIH institutes with the drug, provided marijuana for three studies on its side effects. NIDA director Alan Leshner stressed NIH's "openness and willingness" to consider proposals from extramural investigators on marijuana as therapy. Beaver stressed that there is a lack of data on smoked marijuana as a therapeutic agent, although THC is a legally prescribed drug for nausea and vomiting in cancer chemotherapy and for appetite stimulation in wasting diseases including AIDS...

Rykodisc points out that "advertising's top award, the Clio, went to a Snickers ad, in which a man painstakingly applies the finishing touches to an end zone paint job meant to read The Chiefs, but which instead reads The Chefs. Upon realizing his mistake, the exasperated painter cries out, 'Great Googly Moogly!' - an FZ-coined phrase from 'Don't Eat The Yellow Snow,' proving yet again that Zappa fans are everywhere"...

REVIEWS

**Jimi Hendrix
WOKE UP THIS MORNING
AND FOUND MYSELF DEAD
Red Lightning/Stony Plain**

One night a tape was made of Hendrix and Johnny Winter backing up Jim Morrison in an informal jam. Later in the

evening, Buddy Miles joined on drums. This is the result of a tentative and effects-free session. Morrison screams expletives, mumbles and occasionally sings. Winter and Hendrix lock in eight different blues-based grooves from Hendrix' own "Red House" to the Cream staple "Sunshine of Your Love." A listener may be inclined to think Jimi would be embarrassed to even know this artifact existed. But to hear his recorded comments (for instance, insuring Morrison is singing into the recorded mike) verify he at least wished one copy of the evening would be available.

**Los Straitjackets
VIVA LOS STRAITJACKETS
Upstart Records**

The Shadows/Ventures of a new generation arrive as a quarter in Mexican wrestling masks, burgundy turtle-necks, black jeans, black Converse and bedecked in silver sun pendants. Live Los Straitjackets effect an inscrutable demeanor and rock from a stage uncluttered with monitors. Because they actually listen to each other, the drummer sits in their midst at the stage's edge. The band is tight, fused and rocking. If I am going to hear a better guitar-based instrumental rock album of '97, Los Straitjackets must be recording it right now.

**The Dirty Dozen
EARS TO THE WALL
Mammoth Records**

World renowned brass band superstars The Dirty Dozen (formerly, The Dirty Dozen Brass Band) usher in an expanded lineup. They are going beyond mere brass and deeper into the funk. Still rooted in the New Orleans tradition, they have forged a Dixie soul.

**Lisa Germano
EXCERPTS FROM A LOVE
CIRCUS
4AD**

Germano radiates a gloomy aura of that same sad beauty known from Nico. It has been said that it is hard to tell when one is in love, but easy to tell when one is not. These songs are about the hard to tell part. Luckily for us, Lisa chose at the last minute to record this album



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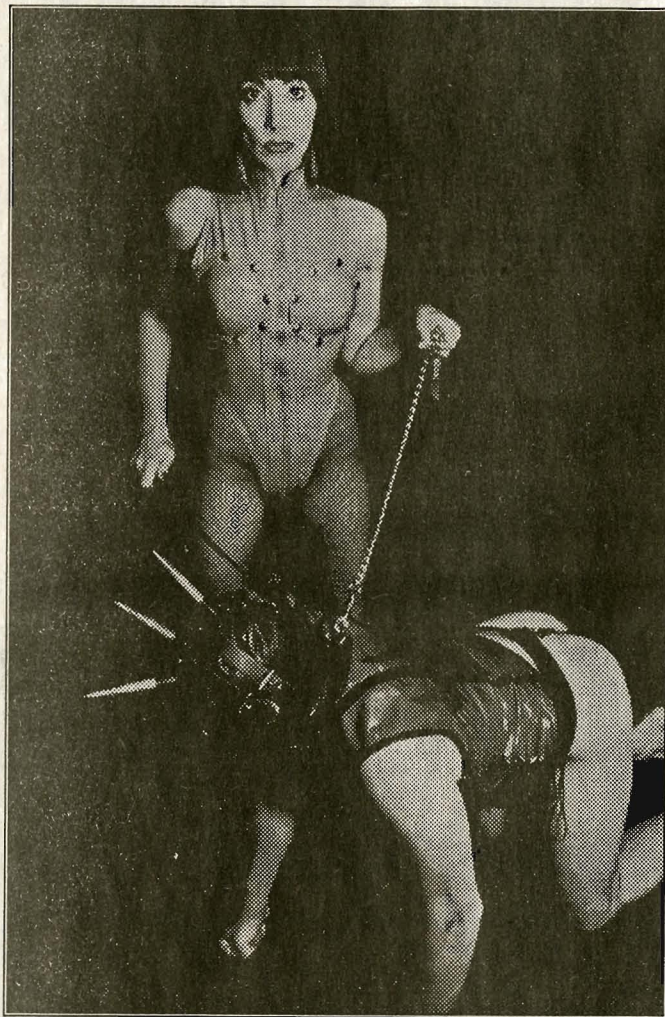


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FETISHES



People interested in the subject may find curious appeal here. Snooping documentary filmmaker Nick Broomfield (*Heidi Fleiss: Hollywood Madam*) takes his camera into an underground New York City sadomasochistic parlor where some predictable and a few odd things occur at the hands of leather-clad women who like to hurt. *Fetishes* sets an adventurous course - up-close candid glimpses of the lurid, twisted sexual thrills some people (mostly men) seek. Beyond revealing specific encounters, Broomfield wants to investigate the psychology of fetishes. The result is a strangely alluring film about a rarely discussed subject. Unrated but probable NC-17.

STARTS JULY 25TH

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at home on a 16-track recorder with "just her cats...and a bottle of red wine." The result is an intimate and very human recording.

Charlie Musselwhite ROUGH NEWS Pointblank/Virgin,

This album was recorded in Chicago, New Orleans and Los Angeles. Each town has left its stamp on the material recorded there, but the recording is thoroughly Musselwhite. This is a tough blues album, with variety and integrity and a healthy dose of the master's harmonica. Check out his version of "Sleepwalk."

STYLUS COUNCIL

Stau / V-3

Stau is noise rock. The emphasis here is on "rock." I had a chance to jam with these guys (now friends of mine) while in Hamburg. From that experience and listening to the record I can see that they are approaching the genre from a rock perspective. This gives their material more definition and direction than most in this style. Merzbow in 4/4 time. Insistent and explosive. This LP is issued on very heavy vinyl, 220 grams.

Chicklet PREMIERE 7" Satellite Records

Dreamy pop from Toronto. There are three songs on the duo's 7 inch. This is very bright and trebly in sound. Teen psychedelia.

7 Speed Vortex DRINKING FLOWERS Starfish Records

Four very short pop shots with an occasional burst of noise. Very catchy, really and vocals from Paris Triger that are more than just easy on the ears.

Arab on Radar "Kangaroo" b/w "Pig Roast" Heparin Records

Strange rock minimalism with electronic effects and ultra-compressed vocals. Who knows though, they could be Residents in training.

MODERN ACCESSIBILITY IN BRANAGH'S FILM ADAPTATION

My general impression of the film *Much Ado About Nothing* was that this classic comedy had been successfully interpreted as a modern cinematic experience. Success here lies in the fact that the original text is adapted, changed. Kenneth Branagh allowed the story to emigrate from the end of the 16th Century and be naturalized into the end of the 19th Century. Branagh allows the contemporary viewer to enjoy his version of Shakespeare through directing for the camera, liberty with the language and clarity of plot.

When we see Orson Welles' *Macbeth* or Laurence Olivier's *Richard III*, we see a stage-play carried out in front of a rigid camera. The actors are as stiff in their delivery as the eye observing them. Especially through Emma Thompson (*Beatrice*), however, we have actors that are motive, ambulatory and alive. The opening nod to *The Magnificent Seven*, *Benedick's* (Kenneth Branagh) romp in a fountain and the far-away procession to Hero's tomb are given sights no stage could hold. The story is still intact, but the telling is multidimensional and in the lingua franca understood by today's movie house patrons. The first use of the camera takes us from a painting (a convenient metaphor for the more purist early Shakespeare interpretations) to the larger, Tuscan view and into the opening picnic scene. Our moving camera is an acrobatic observer holding our interest as it explores plot and subplot.

As the opening credits roll, *Beatrice* reads the 'Sigh No More, Ladies' right out of the original text. Through delicate and strategic delivery, we are enticed into "simplicity, gravity and beauty" of this antique diction. Now convinced of this, we are treated to the play in the Elizabethan, but without every archaic inside joke of the original Shakespeare. Branagh knows when to change and when to leave well enough alone. When Don Pedro speaks to "County Claudio" our ears would hear a distracting diminutive, so in the film we always "Count." I do not feel capable of using "jade's trick" authoritatively in a sen-

tence. But, in the film it is left intact because the delivery and directing makes plain the implications of how Beatrice has sized Benedick's wit.

Through the nimble camera, the plot becomes readily clear. A look at Benedick's soliloquy (Act II, Scene III) after hearing Don Pedro and company's ruse is a good example. In the play, this monologue tells us of Benedick's deceit and advances the plot. Of course, this would be a single "take" of the actor speaking to the audience. In the film, three extra shots tell us much more than the mere text, which is used unaltered. Benedick starts, "This could be no trick!" and the camera glances toward the deceivers. For the main part of the speech we are treated to a closer view of Benedick's shocked expression than most theater goers would have. As Benedick remarks on the "fair lady" and her "marks of love" the camera shows us the perturbed juggernaut Beatrice really is. We now know how completely taken in he is.

In summary, the directing techniques, a reworking of the text and a focus on presenting an understandable story line has made Much Ado About Nothing thoroughly approachable for today. I think Branagh has shown there is room between an utterly removed West Side Story (for Romeo and Juliet) and a staid stage performance for a lively, modern retelling of the Shakespeare works.

Slot, Colfax Abbey, Brian Jonestown Massacre
The Magic Stick
June 4, 1997

Detroit band Slot soundchecked their way through their first couple songs. Probably due to the bad mix, these sounded awkward and noisy. A third-rate space rock band. After everything was set just right they sounded like a second-rate space rock band, only really loud. After the soundman found the bassist and the female vocalist even this material improved. Often, less is more and their final songs proved richer in dynamics and interpretation. I would see them again, and hopefully under better circumstances. Oh yeah,

this will be important later - the band had one guitar.

Colfax Abbey
(<http://www.tt.net/prospect/colfaxabbey.html>) is cushy, magic carpet ride fueled by two guitars. Their full sound and on-stage looping created a numbing headspace. I am right now listening to their first CD DROP (TRG/Prospective Records is a shimmering, swirling, solar escapade. They a rich, sonic mosaic. Sound like the shoegazers? Well, even good shoegazer music is good music. Now that the showgazers are gone, it's time some good, stand-up texture music returned. They may stare at their feet, but their songs have backbone.

Closing the night was The Brian Jonestown Massacre. They had three guitars and, later, four. And a massacre it almost was. Just as the 60s British garage rock time capsule was being unearthed, a chaos effect arose. I don't know who through what at whom, but eventually lit cigarettes, mic stands and beer bottles were exchanged in volleys from the audience to the stage. A bit of a brawl occurred, then the night was over. Much too soon. Check out their albums on Bomp! and if they come again, get on their altitude and leave your attitude at home.

PUBLICATIONS

Toothsome Zine
Chris Gillis, 29 Potonumecot Rd., Chatham, MA, 02633

This is the debut issue of a prejudiced little zine focussing on snowboarding, animal rights and the punk scene. There are also sections for record reviews, zine reviews and some guitar tabulature. In this issue, the information is about snowboarding and the opinion is about animal rights. The punk scene shows up in two interviews. One is with The Marshes, the other with Plow United.

Asterism
Jeff Berkwitz, POB 6210, Evanston, IL, 60204
astersismsf@aol.com

While Jeff focuses heavily on sci-fi and electronic music, this is not just a zealous fanzine. Each review is in depth and

critical. Occasionally, relevant articles can also be found here. This issue is dedicated to the music of Star Trek. Professional and informative.

FilmMaker
5858 Wilshire Blvd, LA, CA, 90036-0926
<http://www.filmmag.com>

This is the most informative magazine I have seen targeted toward the independent filmmaker. From financing to production to criticism, it's all here. In this issue, articles on starting a festival as well as an overview of existing festivals. More pieces cover right to work states, pitching your film, Fassbinder through his associates and analyses of several independent films.

Doniar Schvice
Phish, POB 4400, Burlington, VT, 05406-4400
<http://www.phish.com>

Phish keeps its fans up to date with tips on how to survive at their Great Went festival and when and where Phish is playing. All sorts of merchandise is offered, of course. It also oper-


ates as a forum for the fans and band to interact.

Black Promises Magazine
Lori Burton, POB 98072, Pitts. PA, 15227-0472
blackmag@hotmail.com

This is a zine that explores writing and music with a dual nature. Mostly writing of a dark nature is encouraged, with the dichotomy more evident in music. One editor (Starr Blacke) seeks Gothic, darkwave, folk, etc. while the other (Lori) seeks glam, punk, power metal, etc. This publication has formerly gone by the names Underground Music Connection, Rock Injection and The Rock Warrior. Pen-pals and tape traders are greatly encouraged, including free ads. The actual creative writing in this issue is small. Mostly, there are interviews with several bands. Also, they have given space to my column here.



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CD REVIEWS

we're only in it
for the money

Wonderboy Napoleon Blown Apart Racer Records

There are some publicists who realize that hundreds of CDs are released each month. Sometimes a worthy disc gets lost in the stacks. Wonderboy needs to thank their publicist because she believes in the band enough to follow-up. Unlike a few other publicists I could name her band is good enough that repeated phone and E-mail requests for some press don't become irritating. Wonderboy is another of those guitar pop bands. They have a punk edge and lo and behold the ability to mix hornless ska with their pop. That's right, "Unconditional Love" is the skanking song. Robbie Rist is the singer/guitar/keyboards man. For some reason his distinctive vocal style brought on a memory of one Feargal Sharkey, an Irishman of some renown.

If *Napoleon Blown Apart* has a low point it is the ballad. Wonderboy is at their best when they are jumping about with their light hearted pop. "Empty" is a downer in more ways than one. The band recovers with pure silliness - "Happy? That's Me." Sharkey was always mildly irritating to my ears. Rist is the same. A mildly irritating vocalist is hardly a reason to write the band off. Mildly irritating is better than gruff boy or growling and that is certainly a relief in the days of Counting Crows, Live, Hootie, Seven Mary Three, Our Lady Peace and last but far from least the Freewheelers.

The CD and the band are as pleasant an example of modern pop as anyone could desire. Pop doesn't mean Hanson and that is a problem for Wonderboy. If the English can't do it with the likes of Menswear, Longpigs and Pulp how in the hell do Americans like Wonderboy expect to break through the anti-pop conspiracy? Critics don't buy CDs and the general public is too musically challenged to seek out

anything that isn't endorsed by Mr. Radio Consultant. Allow me to steal a word from Larry Miller and give out this information. I first encountered Racer Records when I dialed up their 800 number and asked for a free sampler. That is a "neat" idea. Call 1-800-5-RACER-5 for more information on Wonderboy and the entire Racer catalog.

—Little Christy

Walt Mink Colossus Deep Elm Records

What's important to you? Guitar? Drums? Vocals/lyrics? How about all of the aforementioned? Good! If this is the case for you, my friend, then the sounds of Walt Mink will come on strong to you like sweet whiskey at the old Bar & Grill. Whipping up smooth vocals that tease the listener, not attack, they draw you into the seemingly innocent swirl of sound & noise before putting the hook deep into your attention. The obvious secret to the power of this trio is the complex simplicity that pours out of every song, blending many factions of rock(funk, core, metal, punk?), with a direct pop formula that makes for easy listening & enjoyment, no matter how crazy the rhythms or guitar work becomes(which is also a greater part of their appeal!).

The sweet note to make on this veteran indie band is you just can't categorize them, only recognize styles & influences, & bottom line-enjoy the experience! It is truly unique! Measure them in extremes, but set the dials wide, since they will hit all sides. Melodic & smooth, rough & tough, Walt Mink sets new standards for new music in this age of endless copycats. Face the future...Face Walt Mink!

—Billy Fish

The Minus 5 The Lonesome Death Of Buck McCoy Malt Records

When last viewed the Minus 5 had released one full-length CD and an EP on the ESD label. Today Scott McCaughey (Young Fresh Fellows) has started a new label

and released another Minus 5 album. Some names have departed, some names are added and some remain the same. The Minus 5 is a side project for members of REM, The Posies, the entire Presidents Of The United States Of America, and other groups.

The band had a song on the John Lennon tribute album so it is no surprise that much of the CD sounds like an extended tribute with Peter Buck and McCaughey, not Lennon, writing the songs. Light jangly guitar pop with a few studio tricks thrown in for good measure. With the Presidents' on board it is slightly surprising that the songs are grounded and well written. No wacky stuff allowed. This isn't a common everyday garage pop album, nor is it a sloppy, thrown-together fast-buck project. The mid-sixties shine all over again and they even close with a "Sweet Jane" rewrite titled "Hate Me More." When searching the bins for a pleasant way to spend an hour look for the Minus 5.

—Cory Dini

Sunday Puncher The Livid Eye Tumbuckle Records

Oh, yeah! this is my favorite new unknown band of the month by far! You just can't go wrong with a powerful & crunchy guitar followed by a tight & punchy bass/drum mix. Pushing the harder core sound, try mixing the sound of old

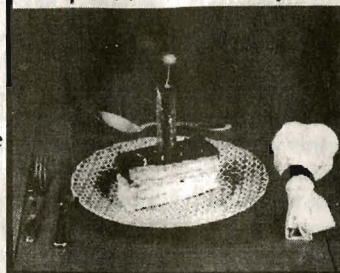
ROLLINS BAND with the kick of HELMET, adding just a touch of Discord days JAW-BOX. Wow! I let this disc spin at the station & my fellow electronic employees went bloody bananas! I felt a little nostalgia for the time I first heard QUICKSAND, giving me a refreshing slap across the face as well. This band is tight, going through the heavy chords & sounds of a true post-punk band with a taste of semi-metal thrown in to boot. The production on this album is amazing, pushing the tip of the redline without

losing any of the punch of this hungry band's raw sound. Tumbuckle has quite the lineup of bands, & a label to look out for in the near

future. Get turned on to Sunday Puncher at your local indie store today!

—Billy Fish

WONDERBOY Napoleon Blown Apart



Kenickie At The Club Warner Bros

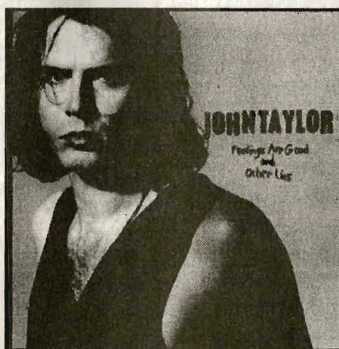
The latest British sensation is three girls and a boy

singing punk-pop. The girls play guitars, bass and sing and the boy is left to drum. The girls are 19 and the boy is 20. The band has opened for the Ramones and toured with 60ft Dolls. Their American debut contains all of their English hits and some new songs. The songs have some attitude and the girls are competent with their instruments, fitting someplace between the Muffs and Sleater-Kinney. Their professed love for Gary Numan is best demonstrated by "Robot Song" - a profound analysis on my part? The disc pretty much chirps and flutters along with a lot of the yeah-yeah-yeahing, la-la-laing, ah-ah-ah common to British bands. "Punka" might be the best example of the audience for the CD. "When I grow up I want to be a punka too. P-U-N-K-A, punka, P-U-N-K-A, punka." We have Hanson, we have the Spice Girls, who Kenickie don't care much for, and we have Ruby. Now we have Kenickie. Their audience might have their hair in spikes and a collection of Chubbies, Bikini Kill, Lunachicks, Hole and Lois - possibly Team Dresch CDs, but the teenybopper factor remains in place. Bring them across the ocean and let's see how they do live.

—Icky

John Taylor Feelings Are Good and Other Lies Rock

Ann Leighton is nearly as insufferable as that guy who was attempting to find someone to interview Kip Winger. "As a publicist I'm committed to John Taylor, as are many national publications and baby magazines including those created to honor John's former band Duran Duran." What? "HYPNO magazine editor David Jenison wrote that Duran Duran was 'the most impor-



tant band in the world for their time period." Fer sure, dude. The thing is this new John Taylor CD is a hell of a lot better than the Kip Winger release. I could give a shit what John did with Duran Duran, Power Station or Neurotic Outsiders. What has he done with *Feelings Are Good and Other Lies*? For one thing he lost the mindless, vapid nature of Duran Duran. The disc doesn't have any disco! There's some funk, actually quite well done, and a lot of rock. I wouldn't call it the greatest CD I've ever heard, but at least I can make it all the way through, more than once. "Everyone Is Getting It But Me" becomes an annoyance long before the extended nature has expired and "Always Wrong" seems more than a little contrived, but remember this man was involved in creating some of the worst music ever released. He's studied what's hip and happening, at least as of 1992. Extensive vocal treatments are used, he ventures into the feedback/folk territory Neil Young staked out a long time ago, "Look Homeward Angel," and his sensitive singer/songwriter/pony-tail guy nature is on full display, "Losing You." "Nothing can compare to you is an original lyric? But hell at least he mixes things up when imitating.

All the sorry freaks who purchased all those pathetic Duran Duran discs might want to check out John Taylor's new one. You won't like it because it doesn't sound like Duran Duran, but at least it can be a part of your "collection." I'll give him a C+. Welcome to SLUG Entertainment Weekly.

—Giovanni

Shiner

Lula Divinia

Hit! Records

What does the rest of the world listen to these days, besides the radio & MTV-inspired consumer bullshit? I'm still confused about the commercial success of Marilyn Manson...didn't ALICE COOPER do the same damn thing almost thirty years ago? Damn you, TRENT, for letting that infection rise to the surface! Anyway, unless you're living in an oblivious hole or floating in the middle of the mainstream culture, indie music is so huge & diverse that everyone should be able to find something that can tickle their fancy, no matter what the taste. Take Shiner, a sweeter new band with plenty of pop overtones alongside an

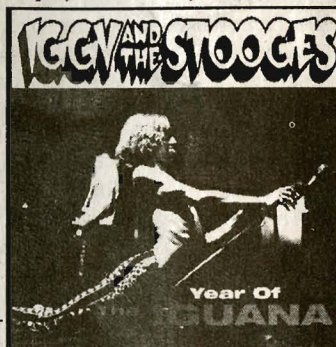
urgent guitar backing that makes for some serious good tuneage. Without the constant radio play or art school dropout video interpretation, bands like this either have to tour constantly, or luck out & find a spot in a local rag like the wondrous SLUG to get any publicity. Well, they did luck out & found a voice through this reviewer. No comparisons or clichés, just full-on praises for a new band that deserves it for a change. But don't listen to my written word, check them out & see why indie scene is, & will always be, the most innovative place for new music in the industry today.

—Billy Fish

Iggy and the Stooges Year Of The Iguana Bomp

Year Of The Iguana is the seventh in the still to be completed Iguana Chronicles, one of Greg Shaw's most ambitious projects. Two completed masters from the Raw Power sessions appear. The rest of the disc is gleaned from rehearsal tapes and outtakes. According to Shaw's liner notes "Scene Of The Crime" and "I Got A Right" offer a tantalizing glimpse of the original, suppressed version of *Raw Power*. This information seems strange in light of the fact that Iggy himself has remixed *Raw Power* and has endorsed the CD in advertisements. Whatever. I can certainly never get enough Iggy and *Year Of The Iguana* is prime example of why the Stooges were such an influence on countless current and past objects of style. Rare and trashy rock and roll without any pretentious artiness or musical proficiency. No Julliard or Berkeley trained infiltrate with cascades of technically precise, yet creatively lacking notes. Even as the entire left channel drops out in the middle of "Rubber Legs" the mood remains. Decadent, deranged, addicted and for at least one these recordings living in a mental institution — here's Iggy going off. The live "Open Up & Bleed" and especially "Gimme Some Skin" are as punk as it gets. Everything coming later merely built on the foundation.

—Thorazine Boozer



Various Artists Creepy Crawl Live Another Planet Records

When was the last time you got to see 15 bands for eight bucks? I'm not talking the 15 minute wonders of the MTV generation at the local buzz bin show, but some serious underground sounds from bands that are so fresh & spastic they play & tour just for the sheer love of punk/hardcore. From the heart, man. the heart! Last year the suckers at Coney Island High put on a show of unequalled proportions, recording the live sounds of the angst & anger of some of the nations toughest new bands, including MURPHY'S LAW, CROWN OF THORNZ, KILLING TIME, & SUB ZERO. Damn, but this is this a heavy recording, especially for live show. In fact, this is one of the best compilations/live discs out in the last year. If you want a taste of the new & nasty hardcore scene, this is right up your alley.

—Billy Fish

Goodbye Harry I Can Smoke Cruz

This release has been neglected for too long. *I Can Smoke* is your basic everyday punk rock with talent in the band. Any band can finance a punk rock CD these days. The cost of CD duplication goes down faster and faster. Goodbye Harry rock around the clock with ass-kicking songs and ass-kicking attitudes. I'm not about to pull out a magnifying glass to investigate the lyrical content, but as the words fly by it is certain that their lives are in the usual fucked-up state. Speedy picking and the ability to enunciate in rapid fire spoken word fashion are the result of two decades of public school recommended Ritalin prescriptions. Really. Why do you think most of these bands play so fast? It's fucking Ritalin. It's a government sponsored punk rock spawning Ritalin prescribing conspiracy. The reason I'm attracted to Goodbye Harry is their lack of sugar coating. I've heard too many of those sweet little punk rock discs. A sugar overdose is fine once in a while, but when the family doctor enters the picture and prescribes amphetamines to children the result is usually more

"artistic." These boys can do metal, country and bluegrass just as good as they do punk. Greg Ginn and Jello Biafra have been down every road there is. SST, Cruz and Alternative Tentacles remain the labels to watch when in search of authentic, ear-pleasing music. Since Ginn has given this band his stamp of approval I'll add mine.

—Idiot Savant

The El Caminos Reverb Explosion! Del-Fi Records

Riding the wave of retro surf sounds, this latest group from Japan is hitting American shores & kicking up a lot of sand & attention. The El Caminos are a truly unique band, playing classic reverberesque 60s surf tunes, but from the viewpoint of the far east meets DICK DALE. What a cool & wacky combo! Using only vintage equipment in the form of old Fender amps & jag/jazzmaster guitars, the old school sound is deep in twang & electric slurp. They even have the balls to pull off an old HENDRIX solo, entitled iHorretis Nest,i & give it a fresh & tasty new surf sound. Inspired by the classic sounds of old California bands like the SENTINELS & the ROMANCERS, this dynamic foursome is a force to be reckoned with, especially with the lack of real surf bands created in the 90s, not thirty years ago, & seems to be one of the only true sources for beach guitar work these days. Like taking a ride on the crest of an electric Tsunami, the El Caminos play the music that first surfaced in early 60s California, but now rages worldwide to represent a lost age of clean-cut surfing & pure sounding guitar.

—Billy Fish

Duke Robillard Dangerous Place Pointblank

Don't worry people. You won't be reading a review of Duke Robillard's new CD anyplace else in Salt Lake City — except SLUG. The CD might have made its way to the dailies, it might have made its way to grid, it might have made its way to the Private Eye or whatever in the hell it's called nowadays and it might have made its way to the Event or Audio Spank, but the writers, excuse me, "critics" at those tree wasting papers won't get it.

Duke Robillard founded Roomful of Blues. The band has con-

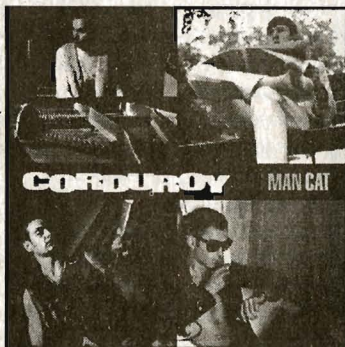


tinued without his input since 1979. Roomful of Blues hasn't suffered from the lack of Robillard, if anything, they've become better. In 1997 it is interesting to hear Robillard going all the way back to early Roomful of Blues and in fact, further back than what they do. *Dangerous Place* sounds like a record. It sounds like a cherished and valuable vinyl circle from about 1953. It appears that Robillard has given up on blues and rock 'n' roll completely. The CD isn't rock or blues in the most rootsy place. No sir, this is complete and total R&B from back when R&B meant something besides slick Bobby Brown or, as much as I enjoy her music Erikah Baduh. The man entered a time warp and came out with his best recording ever. I've viewed Robillard on several occasions and while his belly is currently competing with his ego in size there is little doubt what he can do when a guitar nearly as fat as he is reaches his hands. No one is cleaner, no one can swing like Robillard, no one is more deserving of the big ego. If the DJ computer at the "oldies" station programmed "Take My Word For It" or "Can't Remember To Forget" the phones would light up like a drag-strip Christmas tree. "Who is this and why don't I remember it?" Because you're stupid? *Dangerous Place* plays all pretenders to the throne. If this CD doesn't top the Billboard Magazine Blues Chart and the Jazz Chart in upcoming months then I've lost any remaining faith in the credibility of that magazine and the record buying public. If Robillard tours the disc I'll be there to argue with his asshole "road manager" once again and marvel at the ability of one of the all-time greats of time.

—Weezing

Camber Beautiful Charade Deep Elm Records

OK, I'll admit it, damn-it! I like melody! And not the trite, repetitive manure of today's sing-along, pop, MTV-buzz bin that sticks in your head like dogshit on your shoe. I'm talking about the subtle bite that creeps up under your skin & lays down a foundation that surfaces on the tip of your tongue when you least expect it, man! forget the groups that beat you over the head with their all-too-catchy tunes to breed idiots, give me the band that will blow a musical kiss into my ear that won't leave, because I love it! Emocore has always centered around this style, mixing complex harmonies & guitar that bleeds emotional response. Like other postpunk bands like SEAWEED & SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE, Camber is a thoughtful band that pushes more bittersweet power than can be handled in just one seating. The CD begs to be played again, spewing tense aggression & loving anger that needs to be heard numerous times before catching the true flavor of this musical event. The closest comparison of its effect would be hearing BUILT TO SPILL is Alternative New



Wavers, I for the first time. Maybe not the same sound, but the same feel. It's that strong, really! Never settling for one feeling or emotion, Camber will take the listener through the wringer, drained from the experi-

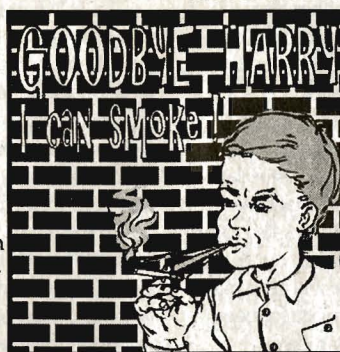
ence & still wanting more of the same treatment.

—Billy Fish

Dead Boys Younger, Louder & Snottier - The Rough Mixes Bomp

Here's another treasure from the vaults of Bomp. The Dead Boys Young, Loud & Snotty is an all-time classic of punk. This CD is that album as originally mixed by the

Dead Boys themselves. An apparent bootleg of these tapes has appeared in the past, but this is the authorized version. The most interesting aspect



of the CD is the drum mix. "Sonic Reducer has them swirling from one channel to the other in pretty much classic rock fashion. There instances of drop-out all through the CD. Cheetah Chrome gives Genya Raven the

well-deserved credit for the final mix. The guitars on this version don't scorch the eardrums. The entire production is flat. When Raven entered the picture some of the excessive soloing was removed, that drum mix from "Sonic Reducer" was removed, Batons vocals were pumped up and the snap and crackle missing from the rough mix was added. As an artifact Younger, Louder & Snottier is fine, but I prefer the 1977 Sire release in vinyl form.

—Elliot

Dagan The Awakening

Oh dear. The end is near and someone has listened to an excessive number of Black Sabbath albums - science fiction, fantasy, and Dungeons and Dragons. It is time to pull out the hood and cowl, stick the scepter in my fist and call on the Wizard of the Wasatch alter-ego. Battles, souls, living day by day, taking what you can from the warrior's way? Toss in Monday Nitro with the previous Dungeons and Dragons reference. Warrior souls, trapped in dreams in the night? What? Time for the customary guitar solo - bass, drums, keyboards, sensitive guitar and then back to the vocals. "Some way, somehow you'll find your peace?" What?

Low end. "How stupid do you think we are to not see your disguise." How stupid do you think I am to "never break my vow of silence" and my attempts at "always fighting the system" while I never "break the silence." I will "never break my vow of silence." I promise, I swear, don't make me break the silence - guitar solo, bass break, drum rumble, cymbal crash, vocals. This Dagon disc pretty much stinks. But wait. Who is that on the guitar for the opening chords of "Midnight

Lady"? Someone has listened to Grady Martin or was it Chet, or was it Roy, or Cliff, nah it had to be Knopfler. Shut that singer up and play the guitar boy. No, no, don't retreat to posturing, don't do it, don't... Oh well. And then there is a sister giving herself to the demons. Look here buddy, I know Tania and while she might be possessed by demons that "sister" would never "give" herself to them. Extended guitar solo, more extended, yet sensitive, guitar solo, vocals. Now everyone sing! Cliché, cliché, cliché and prepare for the finale, 1-2-3-4, silence. Next song. Bring on the acoustic, plant the trademark of every single metal album ever recorded right on the forehead. 666 we're Dagon. Thank you and good night. I suggest that you contact Scott Iwasaki at the Deseret News. Get some counseling, it can't hurt and maybe you'll stop playing Dungeons and Dragons before you kill someone.

—Emilio

Bailter Space Capsul Tumbuckle Records

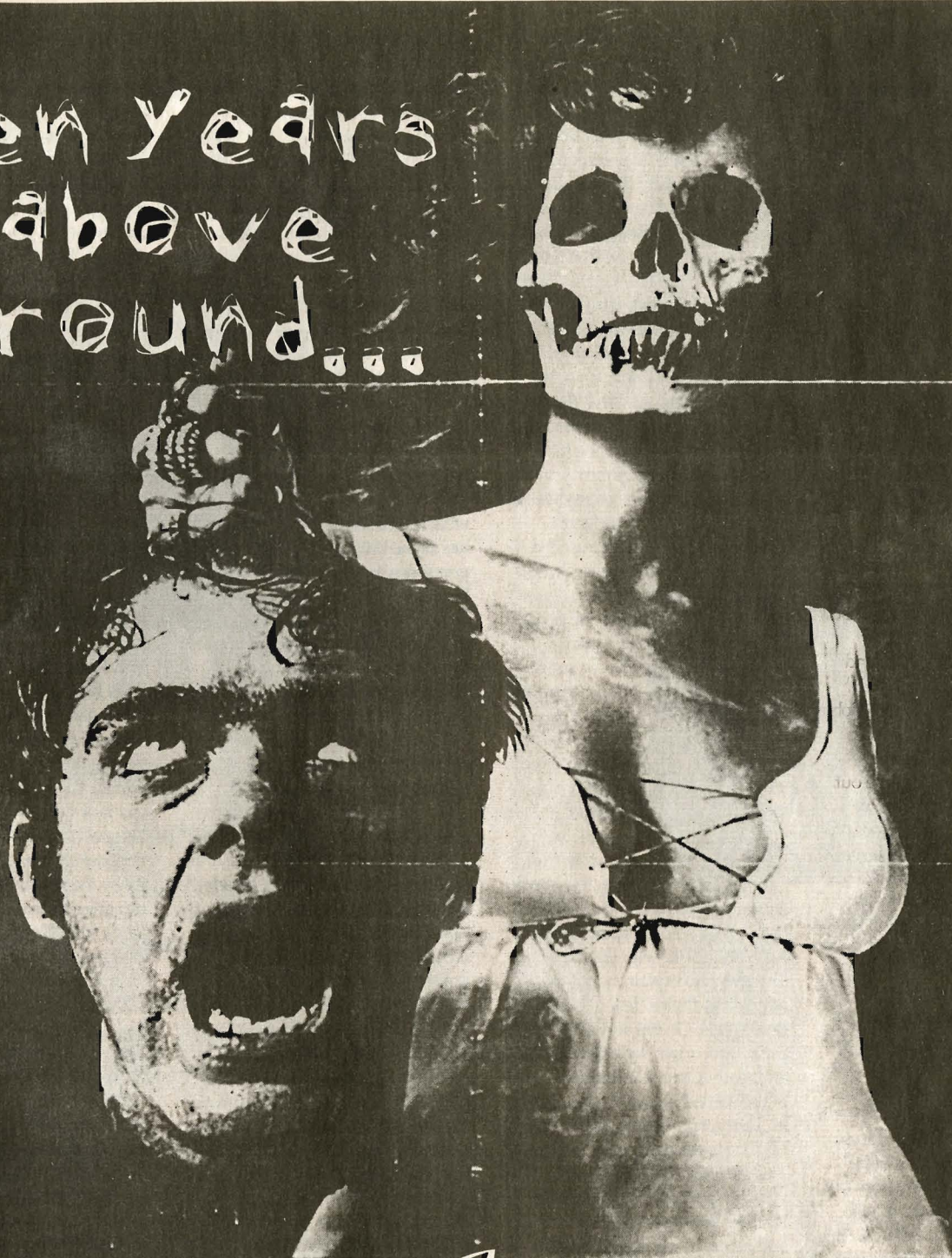
The space cadets from New Zealand are back to raise the decimal levels to high reds with this latest slice of yummy pie. In the past Bailter Space attacked with an overload of sonic terror, but with iCapsul, the catchy solo efforts that had been thrown together very sloppily in the past. I hate to use the term immature, but that would be how I would describe the album, especially considering the poor mixes in the past with their otherwise amazing work. Newcomers to the band will find a vital power trio that stands out easily from the usual drivel of today's rock, while old fans will hear a new sound from Bailter that hopefully keep them loyal & digging the progress changes that stand out.

—Billy Fish

Corduroy Dad Man Cat Hollywood

Time now to get all funky and "hip." Time now to pull out our old-time Hammond B-3 instruction manual and to remember that the king of all Hammond B-3 jazzbos will appear at the local Jazz and Blues Festival. SLUG: "Who do you claim as your greatest influence? Corduroy: "Why Jimmy Smith of course." Keeping the thought of Jimmy Smith forefront in the brain as

ten years
above
ground...



THANKS!

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CD REVIEWS

we're only in it
for the money

the old CD spins away the disc becomes a slice of instrumental magic. It's all funky and shit, it's like watching '70s reruns on the USA Network. It's like Hawaii Five-O and Miami Vice all rolled into one nice little neat soundtrack package. Big 'fros, big bell bottoms, bare mid-ribs, hip huggers, the Brady Bunch, my God, Corduroy is so '90s. How come Bootie Quake and Disco Dridders don't do this shit?

Acid jazz sounds so retro to me. That doesn't mean I don't eat up every single disc I encounter (Thanks Kate), but I just can't visualize the music as modern. I would certainly rather listen to retro acid jazz than some ridicu-

lous, new, what-do-they-call-that-trash, contemporary instrumental recording. If Corduroy ever came to town I'd be at the front of the line to see them, except hauling a Hammond B-3 around the world is more work than the band probably wants to deal with. Dad Man Cat is a CD for pot smoking. Get some exceptionally high grade pot, none of that hippie-burn-out skunk. You pay for what you receive. Take about three hits, if it's high grade more than that will cause a psychotic episode and hallucinations. Place this CD in your home unit and fly. The world stood still, I swear.

—Cheeba-coca?

Britton
Rock Harder
M2 Records

The first time I listened to *Rock Harder* I couldn't believe the CD was released in 1997. How could anyone transport every imaginable pop metal/cock rock cliché into the present? Is Michael Britton Rip Van Winkle? As it turns out he isn't. The CD was released before in LP format.

Nirvana destroyed the careers of countless "cock-rock" musicians including Britton. Now that the shell shock has worn off some of them are making comeback attempts. In 1997 *Rock Harder* appears on CD and this time it is a "Collectors Edition."

"Bring on the body, bring on the beat, she's got you sitting on the edge of your seat, 1-2-3-4, Bring on the body, bring on the beat," now that is an impressive lyric! The song is "Bring On The Body." Keyboards, anthemic choruses where the whole band joins in, guitar solos, guitar solos, guitar solos and Michael Britton wailing. Man! That is rock and roll! *Rock Harder* is highly recommended to anyone who purchased the latest Styx, Boston, Poison, Journey and Cinderella CDs. Apartment dwellers are encouraged to consider it a "headphone" album because the neighbors will surely believe a dolt



lives next door if the music penetrates the walls. I can only smirk, except...there is a final song - "On Top And Ready." Check out these lyrics, there isn't a lyric sheet and I'm hoping I've transcribed them correctly. "Hey babe,

come on in, so nice to see you. I've been told, you play it bold, and I'm ready for a wild with you. You've something to explain, about the whips and chains. Tear it up, get lost, don't let go. On top and ready. Tie me up, get down, let it flow. On top and ready. On top and ready." There is also something about slamming it in. That song was not on the original LP. Due to the downright dirty guitar and the lack of keyboards or backing vocals it is entirely possible that Michael Britton actually composed and recorded it in his home studio. If Britton has more of those he's ready for a career scoring porno flicks or working as the music director for American Bush. Sell the cock-rock to the sex industry.

—Emilio

Brilliantine
Vainglory
Hepcat

Brilliantine's publicist is another squeaky wheel getting the grease. She's hounded me like Gianni trying to get writing before deadline. Brilliantine is comprised of

Dave Derby of the Dambuilders and some other people. The other people aren't listed anyplace and press releases disappear faster than beer around my house. "Goodbye to St. Bishop's Park" isn't my favorite song of the CD. That song opens things and there are times when I don't make it past the first song. The second song is much better. "At Least That's The Way:" begins the Sebadoh tribute which makes up the rest of the album. I happen to love Sebadoh and I can't find fault with a band wanting to sound like them, as long as they mix things up with enough creativity to sound partially original. So what if Brilliantine has all the brilliant pop songs and hooks. So what if Brilliantine engages

in some guitar feedback and noise when the mood strikes them. So what if Brilliantine has worked a lo-fi feeling into the production. When I can't find the Sebadoh CDs in my stacks I might run across Brilliantine and that is the next best thing.

With the exception of the opener *Vainglory* is filled with engaging rock and roll. Darby, I'm assuming he does the majority of the vocal work, is in superlative voice throughout. If he were female his vocals would be described as "breathy." I don't know what the male equivalent of breathy is. I can always stand some dissonance with my hooks and Brilliantine has plenty. The hit, as if, would be "Mistake" or "Moving Forward." It doesn't get much better than those two. Both tunes bring the craftsmanship of Beach Boy Carl Wilson to mind. A band could do a lot worse in the influence search than Barlow and Wilson. There's your review Miss Publicist. Nice disc. Now go talk to the radio and retail people and see how they're doing with the corporate structure responsible for breaking any band in America today.

—Corporate Whore

Beat Angels
Red Badge Of Discourage
Epiphany! Records

The CD cover mimics a cheap crime novel. The band name, The Beat Angels, when combined with the cover brings an image of garage, surf, lounge or even rockabil-

ly. Turn the disc over and discover "produced by Gilby Clarke." Okay, it must be a metal band. The Beat Angels are none of the above. They are in fact a power pop band from Phoenix. Cheap Trick is mentioned in their little biography, but the Who is also mentioned and that band is nearly as relevant. T-Rex and the Beatles receive a mention, why I'm not sure. The T-Rex reference is probably directly related to the glitter aspects of two song titles - "My



Glum Sugar-Plum" and "Glitter Girl."

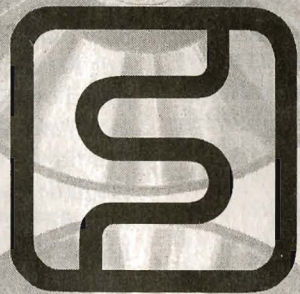
The major question has to be: why do power pop and glitter in the '90s? The answer must be the current love of all things '70s. The lyrics only continue the weirdness. The

Beat Angels would get along well with Disque 9 and My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult if either of those made the mistake of actually entering a Phoenix sex parlor instead of a discoteche. The lyrics describe cheap drunks, cheap drugs, cheap whores and trailer park love. The girls are all tarts and the boys are all heavy alcohol abusers. Take the lyrics of life on the wrong side of the tracks and imagine the Who doing the "Kids Are All Right" or "Tommy." Imagine Cheap Trick and "Surrender." There are direct thefts all over the disc. What makes *Red Badge of Discourage* an interesting disc is the way these guys have compined all the hooks of power pop with all the trash of countless trailer park metal and garage bands. Kerrang loved it. I'm listening to it more and more as the freeways around Salt Lake City become two lane parking lots and the side streets turn into dirt roads. So far power pop hasn't caught on, but then again, glitter hasn't enjoyed much of a resurgence either. If the Beat Angels somehow managed to come up with the right costume, a combination of trailer park and glitter they might spark a new revival of retro.

—Little Christy

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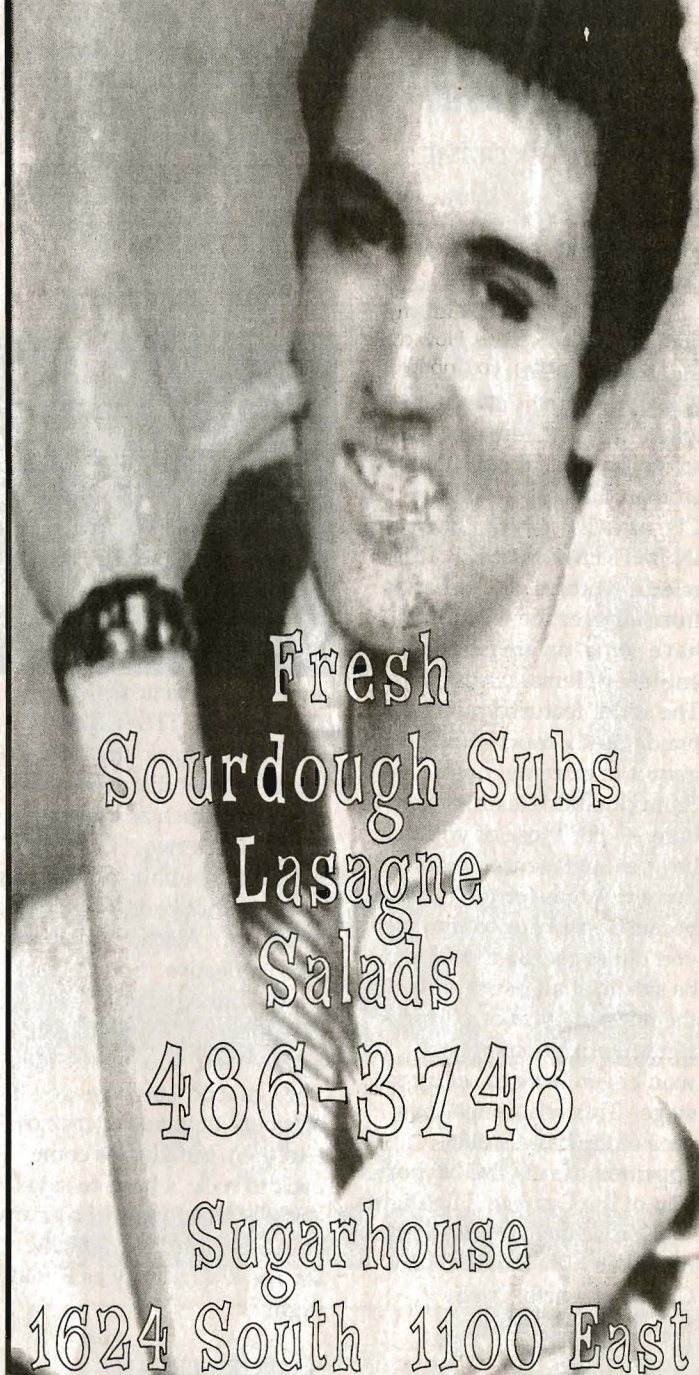
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AWAKENING, FEMALES IN EXTREME MUSIC

Dwell
THE OZZFEST
Ozz Records

"Girls, Girls, Girls, blah, blah, blah, (now sing with a higher pitch) Girls, Girls, Girls..." Something tells me when Motley Crew wrote that song, it wasn't about the women that appear on the CD, AWAKENING, FEMALES IN EXTREME MUSIC. This release features eleven bands from all over the world that have some, or, are made up entirely of female musicians. The styles featured by these bands pretty much runs the gamut in extreme music. From doom to death, it's all here. — For those of you that have enough sense not to drive to Vegas for the Ozzfest, because you know damn well you'd just get too drunk and be sick for half of the show (in the hot sun), you can bring it right to your home. You won't even have to set up a stage. This release features nine of the band's that appeared during the '96 portion of the Ozzfest. Highlights of the disc include live performances by the bands Coal Chamber, Earth Crisis, Sepultura, and Slayer.

GALACTIC COWBOYS The Horse That Bud Bought Metal Blade

It's Friday night and I've just gotten done watching "Boy Meets World" and "Sabrina". What can I do now

to keep that warm fuzzy feeling I get from watching pre-adolescent primetime? Let's look through some of the CD's I have for review...O.K.? What's this? Skinlab's, BOUND,

GAGGED, AND BLIND-FOLDED. No, I don't think that will do it. Here's another one, ANOTHER LESSON IN VIOLENCE by Exodus. Maybe next month. Here's



one! The Galactic Cowboys, THE HORSE THAT BUD BOUGHT. Track one, "Tilt-A-Whirl". Now that song rocks almost as much as the real thing. Track two, "Evil Twin". A little too bubble gum for my taste, but not bad. Track three, "Oregon". A little darker and more reflective. Sounds real good. Track four, "Tomorrow". We're rock'n again. Well, you get the idea. The Galactic Cowboys go off on goofy tangents every now and then, but always come back to rock. I have to save some of this fun for tomorrow, because Saturday night TV. isn't as kid friendly as Friday night.

SAVIOR SERVANT Dominion Records

Staten Island, NY's, Savior Servant has released their first album on Dominion Records. The self titled release starts out strong with two

"rock/metal" tracks. By track three we reach the obligatory rock ballad, which is inevitable when a band has a singer that actually sings. Never fear, track five will find us up and running once again. Over-all, the song writing is pretty good - a bit on the Alice In Chains side. The production is good as well, and even the packaging (for what I'm guessing was self-financed) is a pro job. One thing I found funny about the package was their bio. First off, there's a picture included with the whole band giving their best "I should be in a "I Can't Believe It's Not Butter!" TV. commercial"". Then, the bio is the sappiest thing I've seen since a maple tree in Vermont. "...Behind this collective vision is the sight of a haughty vocalist...; a serious and steadfast guitar player, who's quietude belies his ambition; an inward taciturn drummer...". Taciturn drummer? What in the hell? Does that mean he eats too many oranges or something? Maybe Lars can decipher this for us.

FALL FROM GRACE Fierce/Mayhem

Former Exhorder guitarist, Jay Ceravalo is getting a second chance to spin the big metal roulette wheel. The debut album from his new band, Fall From Grace has this metal fan stacking the odds in his favor. Ceravalo and Co. keep this self-titled release heavy and tight. Crisp tones, intricate rhythms, and liberal use of the E chord keep the guitars out in front. With the lack of a better description, I'd have to say the guitars sound down right perky. Catchy musical composition and hooks will interest fans of bands like Machine Head.

TESTAMENT Demonic Fierce/Mayhem



Remember back when you first listened to Testament's last album, LOW? You were completely digging it until you reached track seven, "Dog Faced Gods", at which point you were completely blown away and thrown clear over the edge by the heaviness [all the time suspecting that James Murphy's (guitar) influence was behind all of this]. You were saying to yourself, "Good God! They should do more stuff like this!" Well guess what? They've done a whole damn album like that. Founding members Chuck Billy (vocals, of course) and Eric Peterson (guitars) were joined by Derrick Ramirez (bass) and legendary metal drummer extraordinaire, Gene Hoglan. Dammit Murphy, I thought we found you a home! Anyway, DEMONIC brings back the energy the band had in THE LEGACY days. I've heard that Glen Alvalais (former Forbidden guitar-wiz) has stepped in to fill the lead guitar position which has been vacant since J.M.'s departure. Shout it. DEMONIC!

THOUGHT INDUSTRY Black Umbrella





Metal Blade

The members of the band Thought Industry dragged each other out of their favorite coffee bar; they tore themselves away from their art house-goon friends; and they stocked up on plenty of cigarettes and vodka. These things accomplished, and the band was ready to lay down their latest gloom-laden, "my life should really suck with the crap I have to go through", laugh at themselves and the world around them tracks that reside under the shelter of their latest, **BLACK UMBRELLA**. I get the impression these guys take the "screw it" attitude in the studio, but they are so good that the final product can't help but be great. Thought Industry is like no other. I found out about T.I. when their last album, **OUTER SPACE IS JUST A MARTINI AWAY** was released. **BLACK UMBRELLA** has more of a grounded feel to it. It just sounds like the band is more comfortable with their instruments, the recording process, or, maybe a combination of the two. Whatever it is, it's a winner.

SUNDOWN

Design 19
Century Media

The band Sundown was only meant to be a side project. Once together, members from the bands Cemetery and Tiamat decided they had much more (enter the band's first release, **DESIGN 19**). Electronic drumming, key-

boards, and heavy handed guitar strumming fill the tracks on the disc. The vocal styles used by Mathias Lodmalm are the real highlight of the disc. His Goth-like approach to singing contrasts the rest of the band, and carries the bleak, emotive messages of the songs.

DIVINE REGALE

Ocean Mind
Metal Blade

Divine Regale, or, "Buick Regale" (coined by their biggest fans) are one of the newest bands signed by Metal Blade. D.R., a six piece out of New Hampshire, are trying to find their place in the realm of progressive metal. With bands like Queensryche, Dream Theater, and Fates Warning dominating this sect of the metal world, I'm sure this task will prove to be difficult. Lyrically, the song writing was done with many of the members getting involved. The songs are reflective and have enough questions about life and mankind's role to keep a case of magic eight balls busy for hours (Will Bobby ask me to the dance? shake, shake, shake....NOT LIKELY....damn!). In an attempt to distance themselves from other bands that are sometimes labeled as "progressive", D.G. stray away from long instrumental sections in their songs. Personally, I feel that's one of the best parts to music like this, but Divine Regale have placed their emphasis on writing songs with the entire band in mind. This is a very solid first release, they should just stuff a sock in the singers mouth every now and then.

Don't get pissed off...



piston



Number One



Mayhem

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DAILY Calendar

Saturday, July 5

We the Living - Ashbury Pub
Pagan Love Gods - Burt's Tiki
DiKayl and the Retreads - Dead Goat

Dexter Groove - Spankys
Disco Dridders - Zephyr

Sunday, July 6

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Girth - Zephyr

Monday, July 7

Gigi Gigi Love Band & Friends - Ashbury Pub
Chevy Heston - Burt's Tiki
Harry Lee and the Back Alley
Blues Band - Dead Goat
Loud Silence - Zephyr

Tuesday, July 8

ASA Acoustic - Ashbury Pub
Calobo - Zephyr

Wednesday, July 9

Klub Eklektacy - Ashbury
Unlucky Boys - Burt's Tiki
Wishbone - Dead Goat
Wooden Slats w/Thirsty Alley - Spankys
Calobo - Zephyr

Thursday, July 10

Pepper Lake City - Ashbury Pub
Gigi Love Band - Burt's Tiki
Roadside Ruin - Dead Goat
Chuck Mosley Theory - Spankys
Emmi Lou Harris - Zephyr

Friday, July 11

Loose - Ashbury Pub
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki
Spittin Lint - Dead Goat
Lugnut/Abstrak - Spankys
Sweet Loretta - Zephyr

Saturday, July 12

Sun Masons - Ashbury Pub
Trouser Trout - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Pill Box - Dead Goat
ASA/12 Speed Spankys
Fat Paw - Zephyr

Monday, July 14

James Shook (Loose)/Loved Ones - Ashbury Pub
Dave Bennett Band - Burt's Tiki
Tab Benoit - Zephyr

Tuesday, July 15

Mary Tebbs & Friends - Ashbury
Satellite - Zephyr

Wednesday, July 16

Klub Eklektacy - Ashbury Pub
Trouser Trout - Dead Goat
Azalia Snail & 5 Lives - Spankys
Leon Russell - Zephyr

Thursday, July 17

Pill Box - Ashbury Pub
Chris Zenan & Up Your Sleeve - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Mary Tebbs Trio - Dead Goat
Nine Spine Stickleback/Swamp
Donkeys - Spankys
Black Dog - Zephyr

Friday, July 18

Gigi Love Band - Ashbury Pub
Atomic Deluxe - Burt's Tiki
Carolyn Wonderland and the Imperial Monkeys - Dead Goat
Tenderloin/PCP Berzerker - Spankys
Head Shake - Zephyr

Saturday, July 19

Apricot Jam - Ashbury Pub
Decomposers - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Zion Tribe - Dead Goat
Pressure Head - Spankys
Gamma Rays - Zephyr

Sunday, July 20

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Tina & the B-Side Movement - Zephyr

Monday, July 21

Chola - Ashbury Pub
Latin Jazz Jam Session - Burt's Tiki
The Sonny Rhodes Band (Mike & Laura's Best Man) - Dead Goat
Turbo Negro - Spankys
Hypnotic Clambake - Zephyr

Tuesday, July 22

ASA Acoustic - Ashbury Pub
Cherry Poppin Daddies/Bob Goblin - Spankys
Papa Kega - Zephyr

Wednesday, July 23

Klub Eklektacy - Ashbury Pub
Unlucky Boys - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Blue Healer - Dead Goat
Brother Sage - Spankys

Walking Cane Mark - Zephyr

Thursday, July 24

Euphio Project - Ashbury Pub
The Weed - Dead Goat
Louder Than Love/Agent Kaos - Spankys
Loose - Zephyr

Friday, July 25

Blue Healer - Ashbury Pub
House of Cards - Burt's Tiki
Cartel - Dead Goat
Wash/Wooden Slats - Spankys
Rubber Neck - Zephyr

Saturday, July 26

Junk - Ashbury Pub
Pagan Love Gods - Burt's Tiki
High Water Pants - Dead Goat
Suck Face/Wicked Innocence - Spankys
Rubberneck - Zephyr

Sunday, July 27

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Ratt - Zephyr

Monday, July 28

Chill w/John Kavanaugh - Ashbury Pub
Dave Bennett - Burt's Tiki Lounge
L.A. Jones - Dead Goat
Edwin McCain w/Treehouse - Zephyr

Tuesday, July 29

Mary Tebbs & Friends - Ashbury
Madder Rose/Junior
Cottonmouth - Spankys
The Specials - Dead Goat

Wednesday, July 30

Klub Eklektacy - Ashbury Pub
Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki
Jive Cats - Dead Goat
Bird Dog & Epoch Arhsan - Spankys
High Water Pants - Zephyr

Monday, July 31

Yuri's World - Ashbury Pub
Roadside Ruin - Dead Goat
Fred Green - Zephyr

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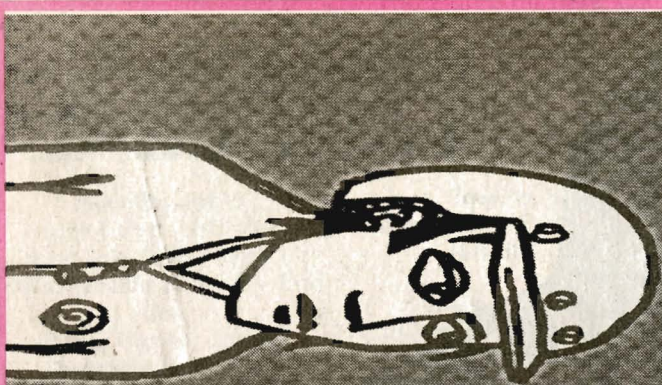


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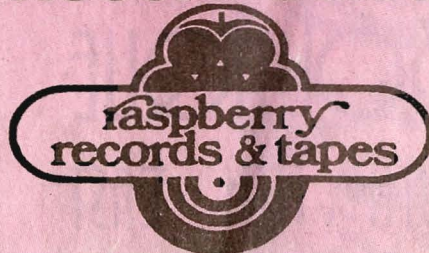
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