

AT WOLF
NEIL YOUNG
RAI
PRIMUS
RESER

MEGADETH

cryptic
writings
tour 97-98

731

PHER

SLUG



GUEST

SUPPORT 6/20

THE
BLASTERS

DON'T TREAD ON ME



DATE: 9/12

UOFL

08/11

Friday, October 1998

SPEEDWAY PRODUCTIONS PRESENT

FAITH NO MORE

AND

POLO ELASTICA

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inch nails: self destruct tour

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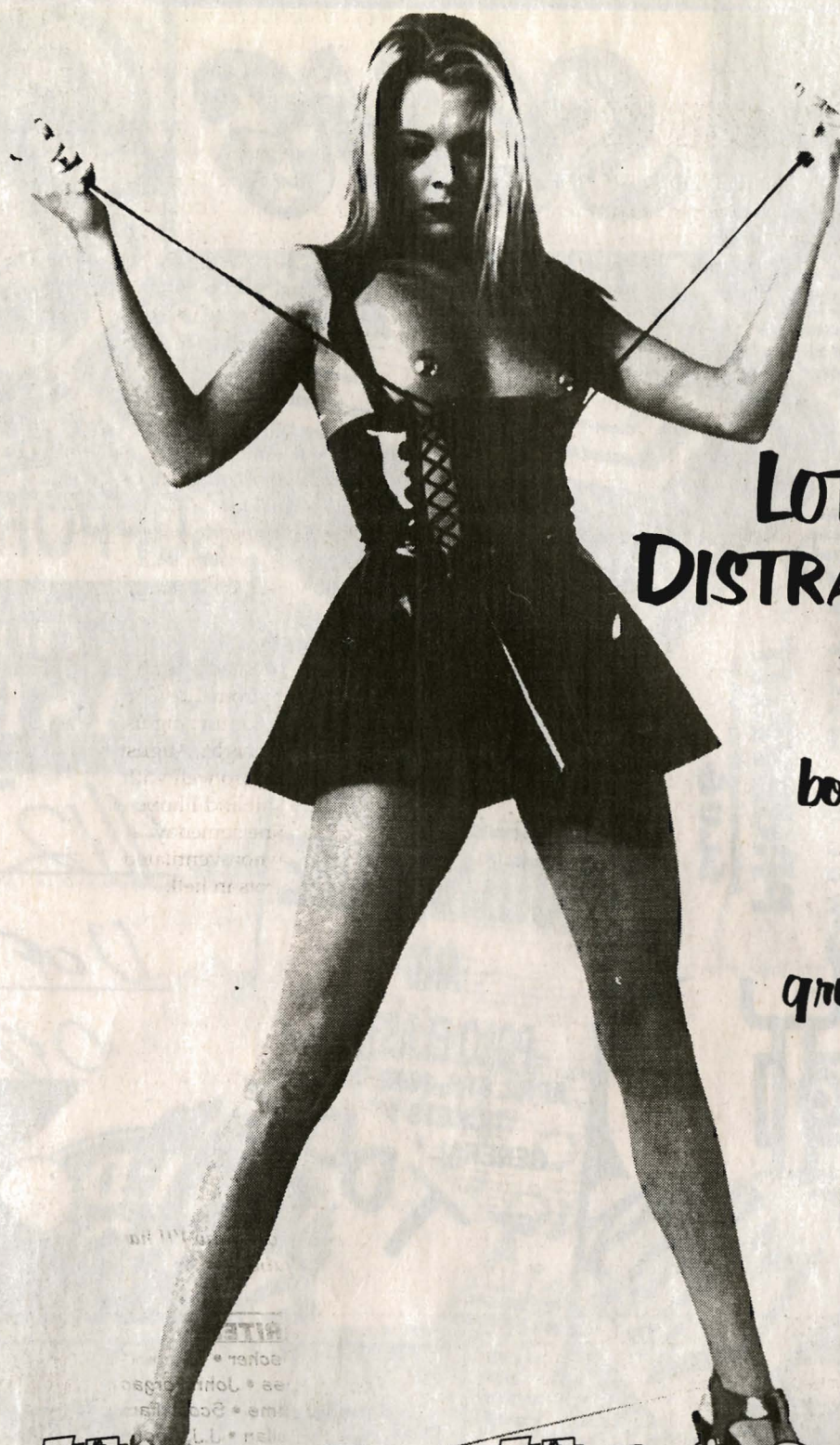


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dear dickheads...

Hello,

This mail is directed to Emilio who did a review on the Dagan CD "The Awakening" First and foremost let me say thank you. You seem to be an up-front and honest person and your review was creative at it's best but a bit shortsighted. First let me address the topic of Dagan's music. Dagan is a band that is focused on writing "songs". What does that mean? Well we feel that falling on your guitar with the volume set at 11 and having the singer gargle with COMET (not including bands like Pantera) before your record is not exactly our version of music. Dagan is committed to making music that is interesting to listen to and writing lyrics that mean something. Even if the music industry is taking us to the "edge" of insanity. Why can I say this? Well everyone knows that music sales have been declining to an all time low in the last 2 to 3 years. Why? People are just getting sick of crap that has no meaning.

The second thing that I would like to address is the type of music Dagan writes. (With no disrespect for some new bands I will continue.) I am confused with the current trend of "music" coming out today. What exactly is ALTER-

NATIVE MUSIC??? Is this something that when you are eating in school lunch and you go up to the counter and see the mushed beets and you order the ALTERNATIVE and they give you moldy lima beans?? I personally like my music with some meat and potatoes to it. SUSTENANCE PLEASE!! Following your review.. I do agree that Dagan may need counseling.. because we need it to filter out the crap we hear and still write with distinction and style. Thank you for your time,

Bret (the extended but sensitive guitarist)
P.S. Thank you for the comparison to Black Sabbath. It is an honor to be placed in that music genre. They not only changed music as we know it today but their songs have lived on ... even through your Disco Duck albums.

To: dicks@slugmag.com

You guys must really get sick of all the low brows and nobody statistics writing to bitch at you just to fill some time in their boring lives (ah shit, I just described myself) but I'm just writing to give a couple of suggestions. You guys should concentrate more on the local music scene. I've read probably two articles on local punk bands in the last six

months. Your supposed to show Salt Lake mainstream a little peek at Salt Lake underground for Christ sake. If I wanted to hear about mainstream sellout shit I'd watch MTV or read Rolling Stone. I don't. I read SLUG. Salt Lake has a small but growing following for local music, not just punk, I'm talking Hip-Hop, Blues, Ska, etc. Try to show a little of what these bands are capable of.

Yours Truly, Alan

Ed: All my friends are low brows and nobody statistics... I make them call me 'il duce'. We will print as much local stuff as there is written... You want to write it? We'll run it.

Dear Dickheads

I just wanted to publicly thank Rich from The Cozy up in Park City for turning us out on Saturday night, August 2nd and working so well with us. You suck shit and I hope you grow a spine someday. I also hope your non-ventilated, little piss hole rots in hell.

Adios M.F.

—Royce

Dear Dickheads,

Someone wrote "Slug sucks" on a bathroom wall of a local bar I was pissing at and I crossed it out with black marker so you couldn't read it. How about a reward?

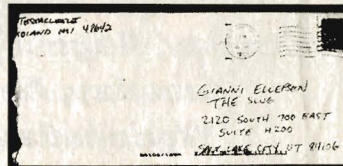
—Scott

Ed: Thanks Scott, now I'll have to write it again

Dear Dickheads,

This Christian Arial guy sounds like some bonesmoker dying to be buggered up the ass with a hot poker. Now I'd be the first to tell ya that a guy like this, one who gets his winky all twisted over literary semantics obviously has nothin better to do than diddle his little puckered sphincter with his left thumb while writing his little whiny ass shit with his free hand. I bet this guy wipes his ass, then smells his fingers before washing up. Just an observation. By the way, the slug rules. All the breast, Rocco Testacleaze p.s. Christian, my uncle's a proctologist, 3 fingers or 4?

Ed: That letter was almost too hard to believe, so we scanned the letter and the envelope to prove it. There you go.



Dear Dickheads,
This Christian Arial guy sounds like some bonesmoker dying to be buggered up the ass with a hot poker. Now I'd be the first to tell ya that a guy like this, one who gets his winky all twisted over literary semantics obviously has nothin better to do than diddle his little puckered sphincter with his left thumb while writing his whiny ass shit with his free hand. I bet this guy wipes his ass, then smells his fingers before washing up. Just an observation.
By the way, the slug rules. By the way, how's Eric's broken appendage?
All the breast...
Rocco Testacleaze
P.S. Christian - my Uncle's a proctologist, 3 fingers or 4?

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ASHBURY PUB

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Wednesday, August 6 -

Klub Eklektika

Friday, August 8 - Donner Party

Saturday, August 9 - NEBULA

Monday, August 11 -

J. Nelson Ramsey

Tuesday, August 12 - Mary Tebbs

Wednesday, August 13 -

Klub Eklektika

Thursday, August 14 - Chola

Friday, August 15 - Back Wash

Saturday, August 16 - NEBULA

Monday, August 18 - Full Spectrum

Tuesday, August 19 - ASA

Wednesday, August 20 -

Klub Eklektika

Thursday, August 21 - Chill

Friday, August 22 - Atomic Deluxe

Saturday, August 23 - NEBULA

Mon. August 25 - James Shook

Tuesday, August 26 - Mary Tebbs

Wed. August 27 - Klub Eklektika

Thursday, August 28 -

House of Cards

Friday, August 29 - Sun Masons

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—David McClelland

Out of the night they arrive, unseen, undetected, unnoticed by everyone in the room. They slip in through the front entrance and pay the cover charge just like everyone else. They order their libations with no particular poise or grace and slip past the dozens of bodies that are suffering from Trendinitis and low self esteem, never once issuing condescending judgment to gain the respect of the other. Eventually the band will go on. Ninety five percent of the embalmed crowd will either move to the front of the stage and writhe inexorably or just sit and stare at the performers with the glossed over look of the lobotomized patriot, formulating opinions based on MTV, 3.2 beer, and the occasional chicken salad sandwich regurgitated from earlier in the day. The Dancers however, are immune to such repression. In a flash of the dulllest light and out of the corner of your eye they appear: two aberrations slicing through the void that encompasses the front of the stage. With reckless abandon they hold hands for one last second and then detach and begin to cut-the-rug with wild fervor and uninhibited insanity that is their Jitterbug. It is the spirited misgivings of Fosse, Astaire, Kelly, and Barichnykov that possess them now as they dance the dance of a thousand deaths in front of every lost soul in the club. He, standing like a pigeon, his long hippie hair pulled back tight in a pony tail, right foot in-shake, left foot in-shake, right foot in-shake... A never ending battle to ward off the evil that he has done. To forget for just one moment that he has slaughtered thousands of innocents with just the simple motion of a glance. He wears the glasses not to correct his vision which is as perfect as an eagle's, but to contain the potency of his unrelenting stare. All the power of Hitler circa 1941 contained below his pelvis as he orders the killing of thousands, millions of innocent ne'er-do-wells. He is a Greek God of the highest caliber repeating motions that were assigned to him genetically from ancestors who have conquered and ruled with such precision: left leg in-shake, right leg in-shake. He is rivaled only by his woman, as she performs the psychotic gyrations of a David Lynch ballet. Playing off his energy like two lawyers in litigation, she swoops down like a buzzard and stands tall like a crane, stomping her foot in rejection of worldly possession and slashing at the void between her and her lover with the razor whip of her dress. Like Twyla she moves in archaic spasms of energy, conjuring the spirits of the dead to possess and move through her body

passing into this world for only a second and then on to the afterlife where the saints all eat cheese and drink Franzia. Hers is the violence of Athena, the terror of the twins, the act of unprotected sexual violation to the degree that only Howard Stern could concoct. Spinning and plummeting, a gyroscope with secret attachments to him as she wildly seduces every man, woman and transsexual in the crowd to "look at me... defy me and be slain!" To be like her is to accept sadness, to reap death. To ignore her is to embrace shame. Together they are Bio-Mecha-Godzilla of the dance floor. In a world without a Mothra, well even yours truly must lay down and obey. And then, in the wisp of a chord change, like the stomping of a phase pedal, the dancers are gone... We are none the wiser. Why is it that we see ourselves as impenetrable beacons of light with justifiable mood swings when we would never let a lover or a friend get away with such a pompous notion of themselves? Even custom built barns and hundred thousand dollar sailing vessels are reduced to former remnants of themselves after the corrosive adolescence of Mother Nature takes its toll. Yet we see ourselves as immune. Time falls us all. It saddens me to think of rotting away or even worse fading away unnoticed and diminished, with just my own memories of victories I came so close to attaining that the smell of fear, of death was locked in my sinus cavities for minutes after I had let winning slip from my hands. Three chords and the truth. Writing songs in 1997 is a painful and almost impossible ritual. Your songs will almost never live up to anything ever written by Hendrix, Zeppelin, or The Beatles, and more likely than not they will sound unassumingly similar to something either played by or influenced by Hendrix, Zeppelin, or The Beatles. Having lived in Zion now for over three years I have acquired many close friends and colleagues whose quest to conceive new and interesting song ideas is only rivaled by their vigilance to point out to each other how much our stuff and everybody else's stuff sounds like Hendrix, Zeppelin, and The Beatles. In fact we pride ourselves on being able to listen to only fragments of songs and telling each other which HZB material was robbed from and how blatantly offensive it is to have this regurgitated fodder thrown back in our faces and sold at twice the original asking price. Then we go home and secretly rob from HZB and try like hell to blur the lines and throw out the template. Just when you think you're on to something some wiseguy calls you up and plays you the double live bootleg of the private living room concert for the Queen back in '70 that contained all the outtakes—the shit songs that weren't even good enough to make it on the record. Your face goes white as you stare at yourself in the bathroom mirror holding the cordless phone up to your ear, listening to your song and smile the toothy yellow smile of the mid morn-

ing unbrushed coffee stained sycophant, realizing that once again you are fucked. Yes we do torture each other over analyzing why things happen, or more often why things don't happen. Some days the depression of it all is much easier to take than others. Caffeine and the Stairmaster are what keep me going. So in the end it's pathetic narcissism and the fear of slipping away mindlessly into the past that act as motivators. How absofuckinglutely droll. LUGNUT gloriously enough got handed some killer shows this summer thanks to KBER radio, Discount Music in Bountiful, and United Concerts. We also nixed a guitar player due to apathy and went back into the studio to record some new material. The culmination of all of this excitement was of course playing at the side stage at the WARPED tour. We were the last of the local bands to play and were going on just in time to compete with Social Distortion. In fact one memory I will always retain of that show is how we ended a song with a tight punch only to hear Social D. playing "I Was Wrong" in the midst of our silence. It was strange and surreal and for me unforgettable, simply because at about this time we had acquired a bit of a crowd around the locals stage and the people were actually listening and getting into LUGNUT's rehashed HZB songs and not Social Distortion's rehashed HZB songs. They were clapping and yelling for us and not running in fear and dismay like so many do when we play at Spanky's. It was weird. Anyway, the real highlight of this summer will come when LUGNUT plays with DEADBOLT, the scariest band in the world, at the O'Town Tavern in Ogden on August 28th. All I can say is that I put on my Deadbolt CD "Tiki Man" like twice a day and stand in the living room wrapped in a towel staring at the CD player and laughing. Just howling and cracking up at how these guys avoided sounding like HZB by playing this nuttball voodoobilly surf music. If you can make it on the 28th I guarantee you will love it. Oh, and about my current mood and outlook on things. I've just been doing a lot of careful introspection lately, having changed jobs and virtually turned my personal life upside down for no other reason but that I am a bored, vile, spoiled, suburbanite bastard with a compunction for winning at any cost. Thank God I'm not a Kennedy. So I think that the image of the dancers is justifiable and real and to me courageous and innovative in my own absurdist way. You only have to go out to a show tonight and look toward the front of the stage... if you dare. Sitting in traffic makes you think. Perhaps its not about winning at all but about giving and mercy. And if it is the smell of death and fear that lingers upon engaging in battle, then maybe it is the smell of one's own death and fear that forces us to abandon what could be a shameless victory.



I will readily admit I am the first one to laugh when a big corporate monster does something stupid, loses a bunch of money, or goes out of business. As a matter of fact I am tickled 'pink' so to speak. The downside however is that good people lose jobs because of the ineptitude of an idiot corporate moron. Such is the case with Blockbuster Video on 21st South & 7th East. It is now closed. Out of business. A million dollar a year plus store, and the #1 store in Utah. Why? Because some incredibly below average person in the Blockbuster corporate offices forgot to sign the lease!! Yes that is exactly what happened. That was also that person's sole responsibility. I hope she is liking her new job, working at Circle K. Anyway, the shitty part is the cool people who worked there are gone. John, Alison, Brandon, Dave & Larry. Thanks for all your help. And now da flicks...

Beverly Hills Ninja

Are you kidding me? You think I want to see that fat fuck Chris Farley gain more fame & money for acting like the no talent jackass that he is? Thinkagain.

Dangerous Ground

Ice Cube. Hey Bernie or Dexter, or whatever your real name is, stick to your dumb ass rap videos and making movies with 30 foot snakes and guys with big guns and little dicks. Leave the movies that deal with the plight of the black man and 'the struggle' to people who know what they are doing. This movie was horrible.

Fierce Creatures

Jamie Lee Curtis and John Cleese are just funny together, period. This movie made me pee. Don't look for the Fish Called Wanda sequel, this ain't it, but the situation setups are just as good, and Kevin Cline should never play a serious role. He was made for this shit.

Absolute Power

Clint has made some great movies. If I had to recommend a few, they would be *Fistful of Dollars*, *Pale Rider*, *Hang 'em High*, *Unforgiven*. This could be Clint Eastwood's best movie. Definitely top five. The opening scene is worth the price of admission by itself, but the story develops in a great way. An absolute don't miss.

When We Were Kings

See the genius of ALI. See him talk shit about the **BADDEST MAN ON THE PLANET** at the time (George Foreman) and then see him whoop George mentally, get an entire country chanting "Ali, kill him" and then kick his ass. Ali was the best fighter of all time, and this is a small segment of why.

Ghosts of Mississippi

Good show. It is not as good as the previews would have you think. The courtroom drama is absent, the story of Medgar Evers life is missing, and the truth is pretty evident from the first scene. So no mystery, but a good flick.

Metro

Eddie, Eddie, Eddie. Predictability is not a good mix with Eddie Murphy. He is about as convincing as Pat Boone at Lollapalooza. But Eddie Murphy makes white people like him cause he is funny, and black people like him cause he is smooth. Even though Eddie cannot sell me the tough guy thing, he is still cool. Lose the Spice Girl chick with the bad accent, and this movie is twice as good.

Donnie Brasco

The true story of Donnie Brasco still sends a bad taste through the mouths of old Brooklyn Italians. Al Pacino said that while filming, Depp looked so much like the real Brasco, some locals gave them looks that could

have easily been followed by gunfire. Al Pacino is perfect in this role. Johnny Depp never acted as good as he does here. Of course, if you stand close to Pacino, something has to rub off on you. Great movie. Squeemish females need not apply.

Private Parts

Howard Stern is the biggest predictable, hoax, talentless media bozo to come along since Milli Vanilli. This movie, however, is funny as hell and well worth the three bucks, if you can get past the fact that you are making Mr. Needledick even richer than he is.

Sling Blade

As I said in my Oscar review a few months ago, this was the best movie of the year, hands down. See it again... ..I like the way you talk.

Mr. Pink's Brewvies Movie Trivia

**first 5 correct answers
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**What was the name
of the movie in
which Marlon
Brando's
character was
Carmine Sabatini?**

**Last Month's answer was
WAY TOO EASY
It was of course
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Greetings all you slick-hipsters in the valley of Zion! I've got great news, so prick up your ears! On September 9th the fine people at Epitaph will be releasing the *NEW* Joykiller CD. It's called "Three," and yes, it is their third release for Epitaph, and yes, a lot of thought did go in to the title!

The main puppet master here at SLUG HQ passed along the advance-copy CD to me for my listen-

love and make you a little misty eyed because, "you've been there, man!"

I liked the disc so much, I had to call Jack, (That's Mr. Grisham to you,) my self and tell him how stoked I was about it! After we conversed about the fluctuating stock market, endangered species, the problems in Ghana and the capturing of Pol Pot, we talked about the new CD, the ever changing scene

and when it comes to dressing, or hairstyles or what ever they are very open minded and on the cutting-edge, but when it comes to music, they don't want their favorite bands to change and they are really not interested in different directions their fave bands might be going. Tell me about your philosophy on this.

Jack Grisham: Yea, well, this whole punk rock thing is supposed to be about how you

about a lot of different issues, they hate something because their friend hates it and they don't know anything about it. And I don't know, to me it's just real stagnant, it's bad, that mentality is killing punk rock, it's killing creativity and it's killing the scene. It used to be you could go and see shows and you would see the craziest bills, like really cool line-ups. I remember one time I saw Black Flag with the

Go-Go's, they were on the same bill. That's unbelievable. But it was so cool because there were so many different kinds of bands playing and everyone was for a common cause. It really felt like a whole gathering of people united for the same thing. Now it's not like that, now today if you try to do something dif-



ferent pleasure. Well, that and because he knows The Joykiller has one of my all-time favorite set of vocal chords, that's Mr. Jack Grisham to you. I've got to be honest with you mashing, moshing, stage-diving, balls-o-sweating Punk Kidz, this is my favorite Joykiller CD. This shit is so original, so new it's going to blow you away and put a smile on your mug. And for the crowd that feels like they've grown out of the punk-phase, but once in a while you still like to live a little dangerously, even if the experience is vicarious, there's even a hand-full of gems on this disc that you'll

of cutting-edge music and what it means to really be a true-Punk.

Right now the current Joykiller team is looking like this: Jack Grisham, Mouth, throat and other organs-Sean Greaves, Guitar- Billy "Bad-ass" Persons, Bass (Jack told me about your fights Billy!) -Ronnie King, Piano, Fuzzbox, Mellotron, B-3 and Kurzweil 250. They are currently searching for their third drummer, (three records, three drummers...Humm.)

Slug: The other day we were talking about how Punks always want to be different from the rest of the crowd

express yourself, you do what you want, individuality, don't follow along with the norms, so you step-out, and they say all that crap, but then they want to be confined within their stepping-out.

It's like 'Ok, we're not going to follow this, we're not going to follow this,' but to do that, you've got to follow this, and to me that's just ridiculous, that's not punk rock man, there's no freedom of expression. You get these kids that want the bands to all sound exactly alike, to dress alike and look alike and they all want to hate the same things and basically a bunch of them are just ignorant

ferent, all of a sudden you're not a punk anymore; or because you do this, or you don't do that or because you use strings, punks don't use strings, punks aren't on major labels, just that whole crap.

Slug: A lot of people just don't get it, that punk is more of a lifestyle, a mentality, an attitude, than it is a certain type of music category.

JG: Right, right. I've seen guys in lounge bands that are way more punk than a lot of the so-called punk bands. To me it's always been about the same thing and that is you try to have a good time, you fuck around, you try to help out

somebody else, but you have fun, don't follow any rules, do what ever the hell you want, cause some trouble, stir some shit up, you know? I guess I was raised different, I was raised to be a little bit more open-minded. Also, the kids that attack major labels, they don't want anything on a major label or the corporate label but they are probably driving Fords, or Chevy's or Dodge's, ya know what I mean? Everyone seems so concerned with selling out, but to me selling out is a compromise of your standards, no matter what, no matter what you're doing.

Slug: No matter what, so money doesn't become an issue?

JG: No.

Slug: The size or the enormity of the label doesn't become an issue of 'Selling Out', all selling out is a compromise of your standards.

JG: Yea, and that's how I look at it. Money is not a bad

thing. Money feeds people. Money can educate people. Money can clothe and house people. There's nothing wrong with that. Let me give you an example of selling out and compromising your standards. There's this so called hard-core punk band and I won't tell you their name, but they had songs that slammed major labels. In one song they attacked Epitaph. They gave us shit for being on Epitaph. After all this, Epitaph gave them a chance to sign-on. They did and in doing so they changed their lyrics in the song that was attacking Epitaph and major labels. To me, that was selling out. I think they should have kept the lyrics even after signing-on Epitaph. If they would have done that, or not had that attitude in the first place then that would not be selling out. Once again, selling out is a compromise of your standards. I guess it all

goes back to the fact that we are using a lot of strings, keyboards and shit on this record.

Slug: Yea, because you want to try different things and break out of the norm.

JG: Yea. Radio stations don't play our stuff anyway. Do you know what I'm saying? We don't sell any records and they don't play us on the radio and...

Slug: So it doesn't matter what you do.

JG: It doesn't matter what we do. We don't do stuff to get played on the radio. We just write what comes out. I mean the next record, who fuckin knows, it could be just a bunch of chain saws with me screaming, 'Fuck', I mean who knows? You don't have to like it, but let the band have the freedom to do what ever they want. You don't have to like it, you don't have to buy it, you don't have to go to the show. But don't criticize them for doing what

ever the hell they want.
Slug: Tell me about 'Once More.' How come you wrote a song like that? Same reasons we're talking about? Did Ronnie come up with that and you lay down the lyrics or what happened there?

JG: No, actually Ronnie wasn't even here. What's funny is I had just a little idea for the melody. It was just three chords, right? We were just messing around in the studio. I went back and listened to it and I thought it was a cool melody. The song is all strings and piano, right? Well, Ronnie wasn't here when we wrote it, it was actually guitar. Then when we recorded it, we just switched it and said, 'Hey look, instead of putting guitar and a real drum kit on this, let's just do it with conga's and strings and see what happens.'

Slug: I think it turned out way cool, it's a cool effect.



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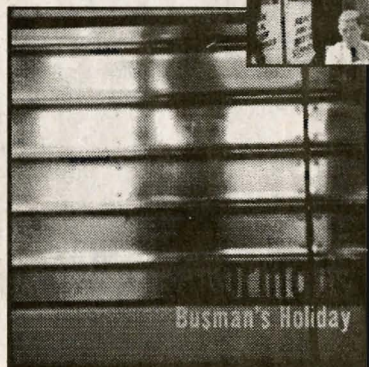
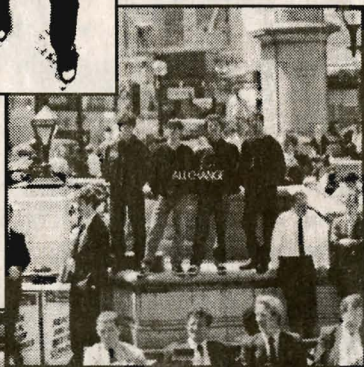
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The JOYKILLER Continued

All right people, if you want a brief glimpse into the life and times of a Joykiller, pick up this CD. Remember, September 9th is the release date and Epitaph is the label. I think it's going to take you by surprise because it's so good, and yet so different than anything out there right now, I love it. And if you don't want change or don't like change, sit at home and don't come out to play with the big dogs, you may get hurt. Check out the songs, 'What it's worth', 'Ordinary' (my favorite), 'Super Vision', 'TheDoorway', and of course the last song on the disc, 'Once More,' which is a perfect way to end everything. Also, watch the local listing for upcoming shows because The Joykiller will be passing through here again to wreck shop in yo neighborhood probably in the next six to eight weeks. Thanks to Jack, (That's Mr. Grisham to you reading the article) for your time, as always, it was great to talk to you. Until next time, pull up those baggy pants, wipe your nose and get some direction in your life, Loser! I'm out!!!

—P. Parker

JG: Yea, and that's what happened and I love the way it feels.

Slug: This is really the first time you've ventured out and really sing without the grinding guitars to back you up, right?

JG: (Ha-Ha-Ha) Yea and it's frightening as fuck, man.

Slug: No doubt man, but it came off good, it sounds great!

JG: Well thanks, but you put yourself out there and there is no way your not going to get attacked for it. I was talking to the producer, Thom Wilson about it and I told him, I'm in a bad spot, I know I'm going to get attacked for it. For writing a song like that, for a 'punk' band putting out a four minute long string ballad.

Slug: What was Thom's response?

JG: Well he loved it, he thought it was great! But it's like I know I'm going to get attacked for it, but I've got to do it anyway because that's what I believe in.

Slug: Do you do all the lyrics?

JG: Yea

Slug: Are the lyrics autobiographical or are they day dream type stuff, like 'what if'?

JG: No, a lot of the lyrics are real. It's based on real events or things but the names are changed to protect the innocent, you know what I mean?

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Please do not read this page expecting an in-depth interview with Boston's Barry Goudreau because he isn't in the band anymore. SLUG attempted to contact Tom Scholz under the pseudonym Little Christy, but Scholz' publicist reads the Salt Lake Tribune. "You're not Little Christy, you're Lou Christie and Tom doesn't want to speak to you." Boston is playing in Orem at the David O. McKay concert hall on August 19.

The first concert, after the expected date of SLUG publication that is actually worth a shit is Jesse Dayton. He will play Spanky's on August 7. Think really loud country & western music. On that very same night, just two days after Transistor is released 311 plays in Park City. 311 will attract many thousands of people I don't want to be around. They will pretend to be from Jamaica and many a natty dread-head

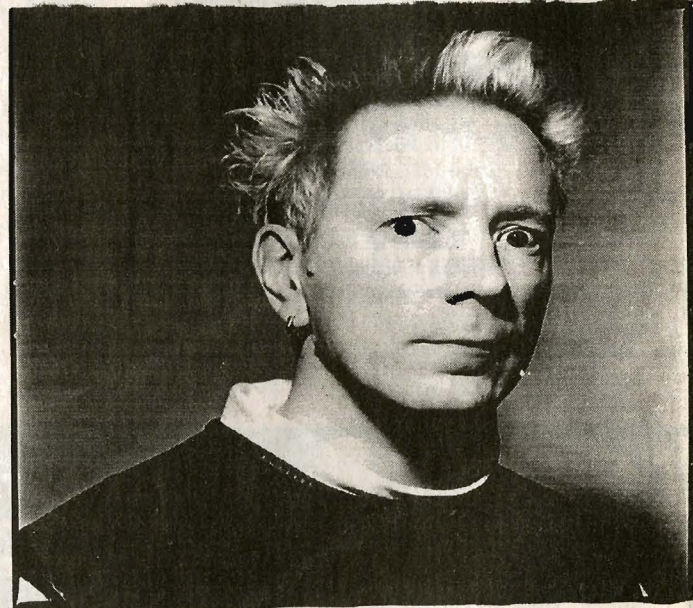
Lame Ass Concert Previews

will fire up a big blunt as they also pretend to be from Jamaica. During the set 311 will play rap and engage in a bit of pseudo-heavy metal music. Wesley Willis will sing about 311 rockin' over London and the crowd will combine dance steps learned from listening to Betty White's new The Mosh/Hippie Dance instruction cassette. Previous to 311's appearance Spearhead will do what 311 can only hope to do. The band will demonstrate the diversity of their heritage and culture. Michael Frenti will attempt to educate the drugged and dread-locked on

the evils of television, but the song is old and the audience never paid attention before. Why should they pay attention to Frenti, "Hole in the Bucket" didn't do much for the plight of the homeless?

have Kim Shattuck. Girls always win. Murphy's Law beats Chixdiggitt and ties with the Groovie Ghoulies, as does Hi-Fi, and the Spanky's show comes out the winner, at least in my shallow mind.

Now I'll lump the country, blues and jazz together. These forms of music are interesting to a number of us, but they are usually covered in other less-astute "street" rags. Francine Reed is at Red Butte on August 10. She does gospel, jazz, blues and R&B. If these



"Food For The Masses," "Madness in the Hood (Free Ride)" and "The Payroll (Stay Strong)," continue the message, but few are listening. At least the beats will be hopping.

August 9 is the next time two worthy live music experiences occur. The Muffs, The Groovie Ghoulies and Chixdiggitt are at Spanky's. Icabobs, located at 666 South State, has Hi-Fi and the Roadburners and Murphy's Law. I believe the Muffs' show wins by a chin whisker. Sure Hi-Fi and the Roadburners have Erik Kish and Murphy's Law live is more fun than Sunday at Liberty Park, but The Muffs

forms of music confuse the listener please attend the concert and if you are male give the ticket taker a big wet kiss, then duck. Females know what's up. On August 11 Andrew Jr. Boy Jones brings the Texas blues to the Dead Goat. The Fabulous Thunderbirds are at the Zephyr Club on the same night with the Texas blues transported to California. The last blues show that I'm aware of occurs on August 25. Jimmy Thackery is at the Dead Goat. A most rockin' night of blues and psychedel-ic guitar is expected. Jazz is actually booked for a couple of clubs in August. Charlie Hunter contributed to the

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SPEARHEAD



success of Spearhead by donating members. He's the first of two Bay area jazz acts to arrive. Actually Junk beat him to town in July but they return in August. Junk is jazz and funk, imagine that? Hunter is at the Zephyr on August 15 and Junk is at Spanky's on August 21. On the country side of things and still downtown I discovered the Derailers. Straight out of Austin by way of Portland and Bakersfield - the band has the suits, they have the big beat, they have the hair and they have the voices. August 12 is the highlight of a strong August Zephyr club calendar. The next night the Old 97's play the Zephyr. Read all about them elsewhere in this issue. Deanna Carter has the big hit record with the feminist title - Did I Shave My Legs For This. The woman will play the Salt Lake County Fair and get this, Bam Davis is opening for her. Taken directly from his "newsletter is this quote, "We're busier than a one-legged man at a butt kicking contest," and our record still isn't selling. The same night finds Kim Richey, a pop singer some have termed "alternative country" performing without an admission charge at the Gallivan Center. That's it for the country folks, but I forgot about

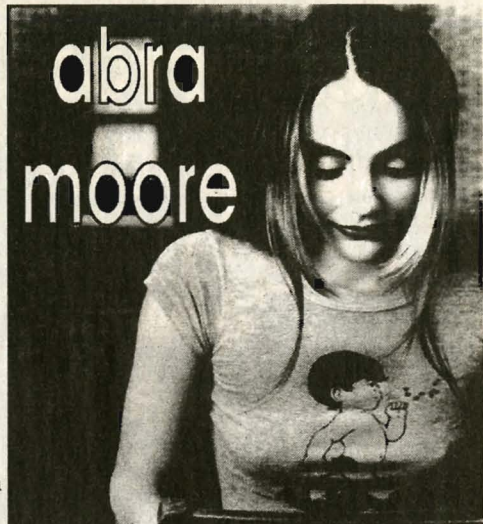
some jazz. Maybe because it isn't strictly jazz? The Los Angeles Guitar Quartet improvises with classical music and play a few original compositions. Don't attend this one unless you are really, really smart. Only smart people are allowed at the Gallivan Center on August 21. Bela Fleck is at the Tower Theatre. He began

with bluegrass, but he took the form so far from tradition that the bluegrass community won't claim him anymore. His music is psychedelic jazz with traces of bluegrass. Park at Smiths and pretend you are grocery shopping, then sneak over to the Tower on August 25.

The Folk and Bluegrass Festival is held each year at Deer Valley. The Festival deserves a mention because in spite of heavy BWE involvement Catie Curtis is scheduled. Do the BWE corporate executives realize that Curtis is an outspoken lover of...well, this is SLUG and we don't talk about what Curtis loves, we love it too. This year the festival features a lot of bluegrass and the folk is light. Except Greg Brown live can't be considered light, but be there on August 17. Ska and straight-edge Hari Krisnas together at Bricks is one of the weirder "concerts" in recent memory. The Voodoo Glow Skulls are the rightful headliner, but Goldfinger has the larger sales figures. Shelter has a brand new CD to sell. Of the three I'll pick the headliner as most entertaining. The low-key locals Blanch have planned a party to celebrate the release of their first CD. To say that the CD is the most awaited local release in my

memory is an understatement. Full on acid rock is the live description. Who knows what is on the disc. See Blanch at Spanky's on August 16. Allegro returns to Spanky's on August 18. The duo has a new CD to sell and they love Salt Lake City or maybe not? The Portland boys titled a song about a town they visit frequently. Just down the street on the same night is another of August's best shows. Beth Orton, the hippie, folkie, techno artist snuck her way onto the Zephyr Club calendar, I think. I haven't seen the calendar, but I have a postcard from a publicist and I already own the CD. Expect an audience of females who love Catie Curtis and whatever it is she loves.

Believe it or not John



Lydon is actually touring Psycho's Path and he is bringing his music to Salt Lake City. The concert monopoly couldn't manage a Sex Pistols reunion appearance, but leave it to the cutting edge to bring Lydon on his own. He played all the instruments, wrote nearly all the songs and how he plans to play all the instruments live is a big question that his publicity people don't answer. Don't spit on him,

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—nme

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—mojo

check out these other
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this isn't 1977.
One more

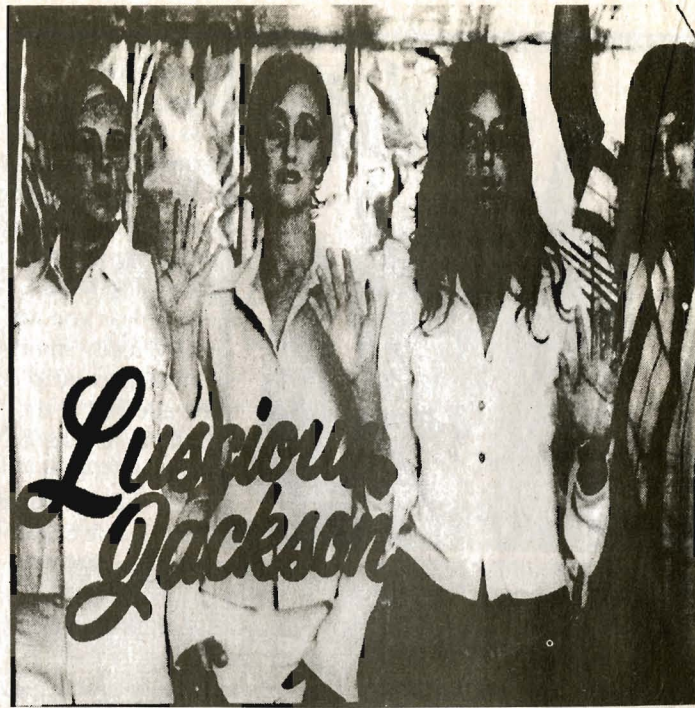


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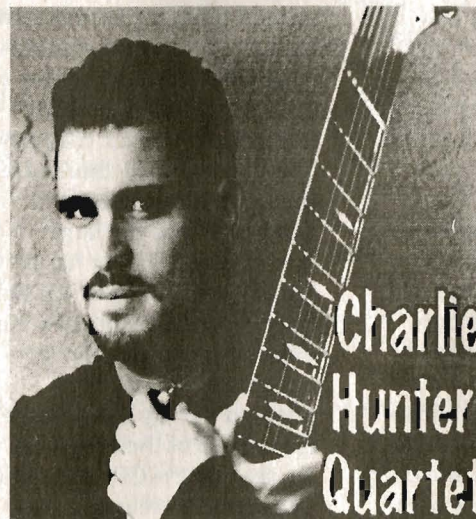


punk show is scheduled before I list all the radio shit. Lagwagon and No Use For A Name have new CDs. They are of course touring them and they will play punk rock at Bricks on August 23. All ages can "circle 'em up" as they say. England appears at DV8 on August 20 with two bands trying to break through to the American audience. After all, if they do it is worth millions. The Seahorses and the soon-to-be greatest band in the world - Mansun are scheduled. Collective Soul and Abra Moore? Whatever. The new millionaires of Sugar Ray

return with the soon-to-be millionaires of Smash Mouth and the new kids on the block without a hit song on the radio (Yet) Plexi on August 25. Be prepared for a long month of radio ads and endless repetition of "Fly." Sheryl Crow with Wilco and Michael Penn? Whatever. Del Amitri with Cowboy Mouth? Whatever. Live? Whatever, but Luscious Jackson and Jimmie's Chicken Shack are the opening acts. Beat the roadblock and leave before Live. Oh yeah, an SST band, Oxbow is at Spanky's on August 30. Fucking heavy rock is expected. Thank you

for reading SLUG Magazine

—Lillith Christy



P.S. Late breaking deadline news... The quartet of riot chicks who coined the phrase "smell the magic" will be here September 1st or 2nd. Yes kids it's L7 with guests Shift.

IF I RULED THE WORLD...

If I ruled the world...

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All people in the service industry would have to be nice like the people at Freewheeler instead of that whore at my spa

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Don King would be bald... from head to toe

All stores would be forced to carry Flintstones ice age cherry popsicles

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Richard Gere would have to come clean with the gerbil story once & for all

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The Old 97's have received their share of press due to an album appearing on Bloodshot Records. *Wreck Your Life* was their second full-length and immediately upon its release the Old 97's became the darlings of "No Depression," the fanzine. They've probably received a "review" in grid because grid is on Bloodshot's mailing list while SLUG is not. That does not mean that SLUG Magazine is unaware of the Old 97's. We have in our possession not only a copy of *Wreck Your Life*, but also a copy of a rare ten inch split single. The Old 97's are from Dallas and SLUG Magazine has a Dallas contact. Ervin "Erv" Karwellis operates Idol Records

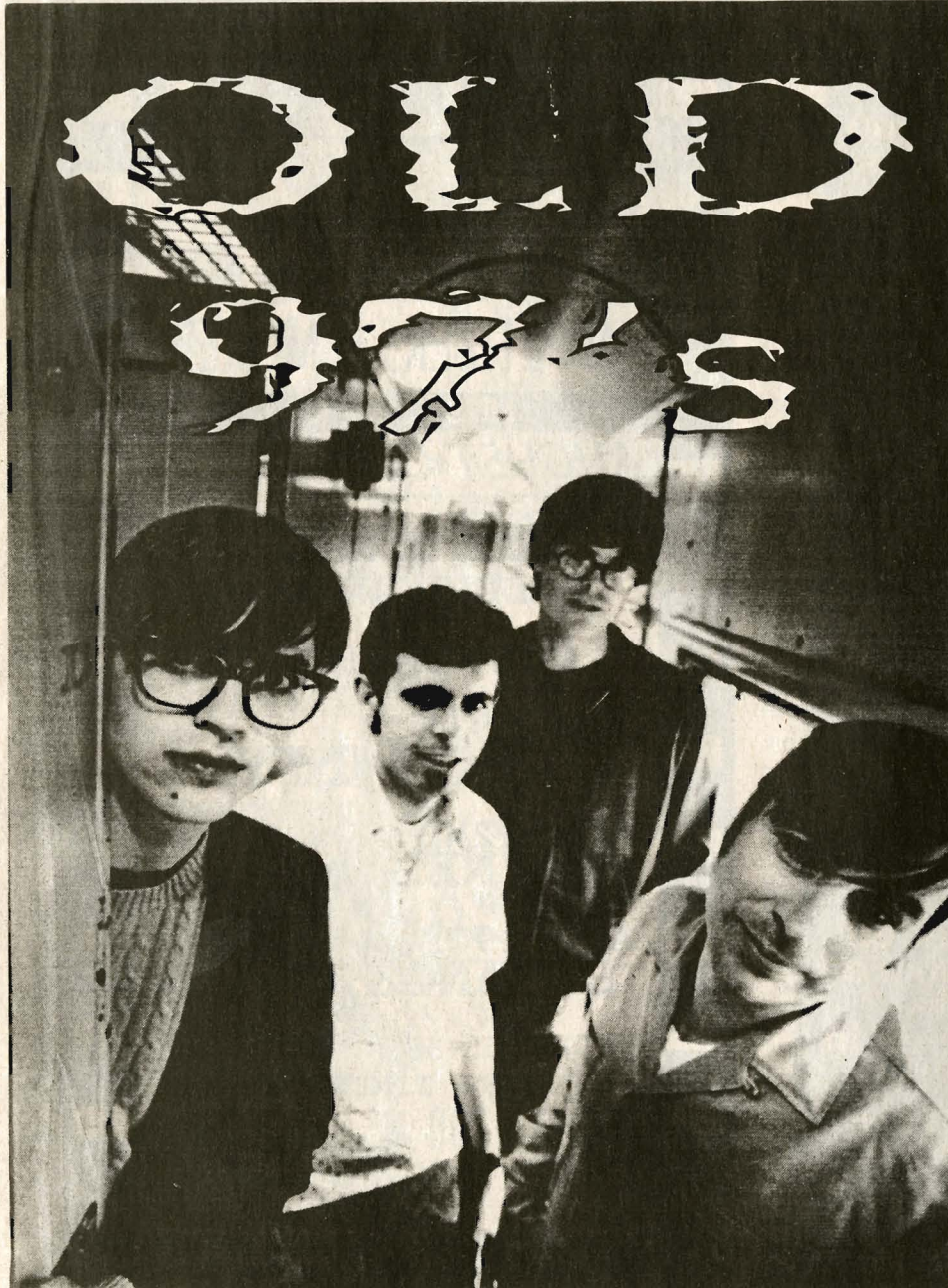
when he isn't slaving away as "progressive music manager" for the multi-national Sony corporation. He sent the split, which contains the Old 97's covering a Funland song and Funland covering an Old 97's song. The ten inch split moved the Old 97's from the "insurgent country" or "alternative country" bins into the country-rock with punk influences bin.

The Old 97's have developed a sound all their own. Before including a few excerpts from a telephone conversation with Rhett Miller, the Old 97's guitarist and one of two vocalists, I'll delve more deeply into their history. Rhett Miller and Murry Hammond (bass, vocals) played together in the punk

bluegrass band Killbilly for a year. The Old 97's covered X's "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes" on their first album, *Hitchhike To Rome*. Exene Cervenkova is present to sing a duet on "Four Leaf Clover," the last song on *Too Far To Care*, the new Old 97's CD. Miller does backups all over Auntie Christ's new album. Jello Biafra stayed with Hammond during the 1984 Republican Convention. The Dead Kennedys were playing outside the convention. Miller appeared on stage with Biafra in 1994. Killbilly was backing Biafra as he cut loose with versions of "Let The Circle Be Unbroken" and "Too Drunk To Fuck" on an Austin stage. Wally Gagel, known for his work with Folk Implosion, Tanya Donnelly, Superchunk and Sebadoh produced *Too Far To Care*. Gagel plays melotron, tack piano and some percussion on the album. Gagel plays bass in Orbit. Orbit is a band sometimes confused with the Orb and Orbital. Orbit is not a techno band. They are a rock band. Could someone please inform the Musicland Corporation of this fact?

Rhett Miller called me from his Dallas apartment. His "air conditioning was busted" and he was standing beneath a ceiling fan attempting to "stay cool" in the Dallas heat. He had just returned to Dallas after two weeks playing the second stage of Lollapalooza. SLUG: "How was Lollapalooza?" Miller: "Freaky. Imagine how many ever thousands of Korn fans?" SLUG: "Were there a lot of fat screaming girls?" Miller: "More like a lot of angry dudes in Marilyn Manson shirts and Korn rows, with their moms picking them up. There were a lot of teen-age girls too." SLUG: "Were they screaming?" Miller: "I couldn't tell over the din. I'm sure they play along with a pre-recorded cassette too. I heard from somebody backstage that he (Jonathon Davis) can't sing what he sings while doing that chicken arm flap dance and also the bagpipes are phony." SLUG: "He doesn't really play them?" Miller: "That's what I heard, but then I listened to him play and he's so bad, how can they be phony?"

There's the dirt on Korn. Miller gave me some dirt on the Toadies, another highly popular band with a certain segment of the Salt Lake City population, but I'll skip over it for Mark Rubin and the Bad Livers. SLUG: "You played with Killbilly." Miller: "Briefly,



for a year." SLUG: "Was Mark Rubin in the band?" Miller: "No, I missed Mark, but I'd known Mark from years and years before actually...back when he was only known as "Big Fat Elvis." SLUG: "How did he get that name?" Miller: "I think he told people to call him that, that's the impression I got." SLUG: "He told people to call him 'Big Fat Elvis'?" Miller: "Okay, maybe he didn't." SLUG: "I'll try that the next time he's around." Miller: "What if...I was just a kid, I was fifteen...what if that's just a name that people called him and he never knew about it?" SLUG: "I'd just like to antagonize him, that's why I'd call him that." Miller: "I heard him on a National Public Radio show, 'World Cafe,' and he was talking about Dallas. He said some mean things about Dallas."

The Old 97's press kit states that guitarist Ken Bethea and drummer Philip Peeples had played together in the Red Devils and Smeg Wentfields previous to joining the Old 97s. My brain was locked into the Red Devils as a Los Angeles blues band made famous by the Rolling Stones. I was wondering when the duo had played with the Red Devils and how they arrived in Dallas. As is

turns out there were two Red Devils. Bethea and Peeples were in the Denton, Texas band. The Denton Red Devils, as described by Miller were "a total, lo-fi, indie rock, actually they called it shit rock, a weird rockabilly band." Rockabilly, shit rock, punk bluegrass, Sebadoh and Superchunk? How about the Cervenkova connection? The Old 97's met Cervenkova in Santa Monica. She came backstage after seeing them play and Miller hit it off with her. He wrote an entire Tammy Wynette/George Jones duet and he was hoping Cervenkova would sing the tune with him, do a Knitters-type of song. When he presented the song to her she said, "You know what, I don't feel comfortable singing something that pretty. Do you have a rock song?" I mentioned Bloodshot Records at the beginning. I already knew the label had some distribution problems and a curiously inept system of mailing out "review" copies. The entire label roster confuses grid writers and Miller confirmed my feelings about the label. When people ask the band about Wreck Your Life sales figures the band replies, "Hell, we sold like 15,000 and that was all mail order." But Miller understands the "system" which

keeps Bloodshot out of the stores. "It's not like they don't spend 24 hours a day trying to make it work. Their hearts are totally in it. The majors have such a strangle-hold on the way the whole machine works."

Miller plays roller hockey, Peeples owns a Dallas bike shop and Bethea plays amateur baseball. A band of jocks? Hardly, as Miller informed me Hammond was off interviewing "old" people for his upcoming "History of Central Texas Short Line Railroads." The bass guy is a railroad history buff.

Now for the music. The country influences are more Johnny Cash and Waylon Jennings than Gram Parsons and a bunch of hippie country-rock bands from the '70s. The Old 97's take punk rock, bluegrass and old fashioned country, blend in a few Social Distortion influences Ness stole from Johnny Cash and the shit-rock-rockabilly history of the lead guitarist and drummer. The result is post-punk, post-alternative country, post-neo-rockabilly music for the "hip" '90s consumer. The band will play at the Zephyr Club on August 13.

Elli Mae Morse

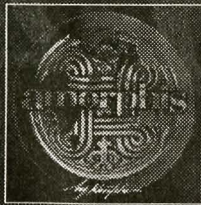
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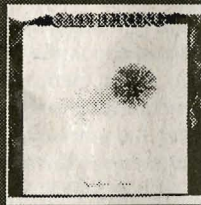
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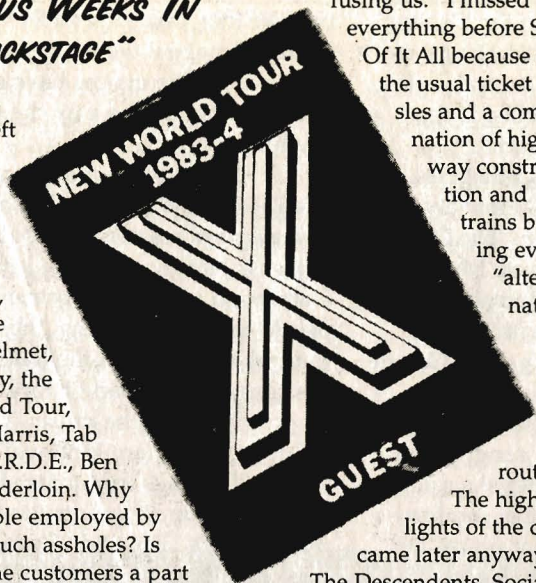
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TWO PLUS WEEKS IN THE "BACKSTAGE" LIFE

I left the bunker again to see a bunch of "rock" concerts - Brad, Verbow, The Melvins, Helmet, Skeleton Key, the Vans Warped Tour, Emmylou Harris, Tab Benoit, H.O.R.D.E., Ben Harper, Tenderloin. Why are the people employed by promoters such assholes? Is harassing the customers a part of the corporate philosophy? It's not like I can shop elsewhere if I don't like the service.

Brad and Verbow were the intelligent ones. Helmet with Chris Traynor of Orange 9mm was unspeakably heavy and thoroughly brilliant. The Melvins remain the Melvins and no more words are needed. Skeleton Key continues on their path to fame, or is that ignored? Great band, go see them the next time they open for someone famous. The Vans Warped Tour was certainly better than the Biggest Ass Show ever. How about that local stage? The Swamp Donkies ripped things up and the Decomposers featured Chopper/Jim Henson reincarnated as the Muppet From Hell. I missed the Mighty Mighty Bosstones featuring two local skin-head, Zeig Heil! wannabe Timothy McVie/Hale Boppers hand-picked from the audience because "I support local music." Sick Of It All was grating, just like always and the straight-edge "fans" were fighting, just like always. The "security" and the "cops" "expelled" some innocent individuals while leaving an unchaperoned 14-year-old to fend for himself in the "concert" environment. "We don't give a fuck if he's your brother, just git out, you vegan, straight-edged, non-smoking, non-drinking, non-drug abusing motherfuckers. You scare us, if you carried a Book Of Mormon and were dressed in white and black we could understand, but your polyester, dyed hair and bright clothing is con-



fusing us." I missed everything before Sick Of It All because of the usual ticket hassles and a combination of highway construction and trains blocking every "alternate

route." The highlights of the day came later anyway.

The Descendents, Social Distortion, HepCat and Royal Crown Revue blew the entire Biggest Ass Show Ever line-up out to Antelope Island. Why were there members of nearly every other band on the Warped Tour watching the Descendents? Could it be that they were trying to pick up a few pointers on how to fucking play pop punk and work the crowd into a frenzy during a 30 minute set? "Security" was tricked into letting three individuals use the same guest pass. "Steve-O" and Karl were reunited with old friends despite the misguided efforts of the "yellow" clad. "Backstage" is a "sacred" area as I found out later in the month.

Social Distortion and Mike Ness have so many hooks mixed into their old fashioned punk music that the radio and MTV can't understand. Actually the entire radio and MTV audience can't understand a band with a full CD. Sorry kids, it isn't one "hit" song and filler. Social Distortion has White Heat, White Light, White Trash available. Mike Ness shamed all the other punk vocalists of the day, except maybe Milo Aukerman. HepCat is a ska band. No, they aren't some new fangled ska band, nor are they a ska band with punk roots. Their ska is so old fashioned that the roots of reggae are easily identified. It's smooth and easy ska with the horns tastefully adding to the vocals and the rid-dim. How come the guitarist uses a big fat hollow-body. Could it be tone? HepCat was

followed by Royal Crown Revue. I don't know why Royal Crown Revue was on the Warp Tour and I don't care. Those fuckers can swing anytime and anyplace they want to, I'll be there. "Swing's hot right now, it's the thing." Nice of you kids to notice the band eight years after the release of their first album. When is X-96 planning to add "Hey Pachucko," and when will the video air on MTV? Backstage? Who cared? The bands walked freely about the grounds without anyone trying to "touch" them.

Before a few words on H.O.R.D.E. and a band curiously similar to Royal Crown Revue, I'll do a couple the average SLUG reader surely missed. Emmylou Harris was at the Zephyr. Martin Renzhofer mentioned that Emmylou somehow managed to silence the "chatty" Zephyr club crowd in a Salt Lake Tribune article. Is there a need to continue? The typical Zephyr club patron doesn't visit to hear music. Attendance is aligned with fashion, being seen in the

right place and "hip." In order to demonstrate the proper "hip" etiquette the patron must shout-out their "hip" thoughts to their companions at such a volume that the music becomes secondary. This they did during Julie and Buddy Millers' set. I think the only time they shut up was when Emmylou appeared to duet with Julie Miller. Couldn't you bald headed, pony tailed wrinkled boomers handle the beauty of a song and the twang in the vocals? Shut your fucking mouths. Emmylou Harris was a vision dressed as a "working girl." A very high class and high priced working girl - I'd say a minimum of \$1,000 a night if she were actually working on her back and not singing for her supper. The woman is fifty and she is more beautiful than most 20-year-olds around this town. There are those who believe Emmylou Harris should simply play all the old songs they recognize and keep the famous names from her old bands employed - thus eliminating their present

"HEY MAN... WHERE'S MY BACKSTAGE PASS?"

Backstage is the dirty secret of rock music. Times have changed from Elvis to Hendrix to Nirvana, but the myth & mystery of being backstage is still the same. Getting free tickets is one thing. Getting backstage is quite another. Then there's the Photo Pass. That gets you in, and lets you shoot pics for the first two songs, then you are another chump in the crowd. What every hot tart groupie slut wants is the almighty "ALL ACCESS ALL AREAS BACKSTAGE PASS". This will get you anywhere, including the dressing room if the band permits it. (Queen let NO ONE in thier dressing rooms.) I have played in bands and seen big acts since I was twelve. Deep Purple at the Salt Palace. Special guests, Thin Lizzy. Queen at The Forum twice, at The Cow Palace once. Van Halen @Perkins Palace in Pasadena (capacity 200). Graham Parker @ Parkers in Seattle. I shook his hand afterwards and some security geek stood

in front of me as he left saying "don't wash that now"

I have seen girls blow entire bands backstage. I saw one band member blow another. I saw a girl backstage get bent over and poked by a guitar player, then while he reached over for his beer, the singer jumped right in. She just turned her head around and smiled. Then she blew the guitar player while the singer poked away at her behind. Feminists and Womens Rights Activists hate reading this shit. But it's true. It happened. It happens today. Somewhere it is happening right now. The now famous scene from Pink Floyds "The Wall" where the girl goes down on the security guard for a backstage pass did not need a screenwriter to make it up. It is reality. Ask any guy in a band if he has ever had sex with a groupie or had the chance to, and the answer will be the same. Of course. If he says no, he is lying, or he is in a shitty band.

It's rock & roll baby, and that's the way it is. —Maxx

solo careers. She is a lady and SpyBoy featuring Buddy Miller on guitar is the perfect band for her new musical direction.

She played a few oldies, the renditions of which brought tears to the eyes of many a boomer and she engaged in a lot of the trance rock heard on

Wrecking Ball. Wrecking Ball is the reason Buddy Miller is in the band. Without his ability to play space guitar SpyBoy becomes a rhythm section with a famous singer. Emmylou Harris at the Zephyr Club was the "Queen Of The Silver Dollar" live and in person. "Backstage" at this one was the alleyway behind the Zephyr and the "tour" buss. I spoke briefly with both Millers and I could have "touched" Emmylou...but why?

Tab Benoit was a disappointment. Benoit needs to do one of two things. At the beginning of his second set he played some solo Chicago blues with the country roots sticking out of the soil. That short set was the highlight. For the most part the rest of his performance was journeyman. Here's a man who earned his chops playing in Cajun/zydeco bands. He is a brilliant guitarist and he did show a touch of that brilliance at the Dead Goat. I believe that if Tab Benoit took his history and used his obvious talent he could create swamp blues that would surpass anything Eddie Shuler ever recorded. (Every other "critic" in town is surely muttering, "Eddie who?") I enjoyed the show, but again, it was journeyman blues. The countless drunks thought it was killer, but I've seen a hell of a lot better. There wasn't a "backstage."

H.O.R.D.E. What a fucking mess. The Warped Tour was disorganized, but at least the tour personnel were cordial. Give me a punk rocker over a hippie

any day. From the actions of the event security one would have thought Primus and Neil Young were playing. I was waiting for some fucking United Concerts moron threatened to drive me from the "venue" with his horse if I didn't wait for "my friends" at the bottom of the hill. Bean burritos were selling for \$5, bottled water was \$2 and for the price of a cup of beer I could purchase a six pack of Corona at the Utah State Liquor Store. There was a booth advertising gyros for \$5. It was your choice of beef or chicken. This was indeed a first. I don't believe I've ever consumed a "chicken" gyro. I've eaten a lot of lamb, but chicken? I wonder what the Greeks think of this new development in the history of the gyro? New this year to the annual Greek Festival menu is your choice of a chicken or beef gyro.

I believe that the "square, green, backstage" passes were handed out to a third of the audience. Some individuals received "green" triangles. Others were wearing "blue" circles, I heard of "orange" circles and I was supposed to receive a "blue" triangle V.I.P. pass. "Hey man, don't take the green squares man, it's a bad trip man." Plastic "disco" medallions and "blue" triangles were the only "passes" worth a shit. A "wristband" and a ticket stub were required for entrance to the "reserved" seating. Seating that was most certainly not "reserved" because there were fifteen stinking hippies taking up my two seats. I was alone, but I needed two seats. If I only had one, where would my backpack sit? Standing or dancing in the aisles was not allowed, unless the individual was engaged in "politically correct hippie dancing," they were smoking 20-year-old "pot" they'd found in their mother's "cedar chest" and they possessed a "red" pentagram.



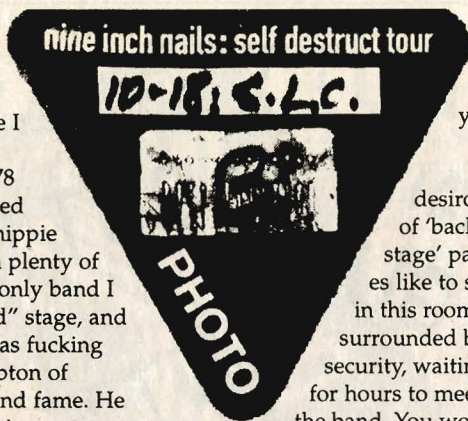
GUTTERMOUTH
GUTTERMOUTH
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GUTTERMOUTH
GUTTERMOUTH
GUTTERMOUTH

MUSICAL MONKEY

AVAILABLE AT
HEAVY METAL SHOP,
SALT CITY CD'S, GRAY WHALE
CRANDALL AUDIO (OREM)

I enjoyed Primus in spite of the idiocy of their fans. I loved the Squirrel Nut Zippers because I own jive and viper music that spins at 78 rpm. Hell, I even liked Leftover Salmon, a hippie bluegrass band with plenty of chops to spare. The only band I viewed on the "third" stage, and I saw them twice, was fucking Colonel Bruce Hampton of Hampton Grease Band fame. He was an original hippie so deranged and obscure that Ken Kesey, Jerry Garcia, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and the Quicksilver Messenger Service didn't buy his records or idolize him. Leftover Salmon jammed away with him and if there was a highlight of H.O.R.D.E. it was Bruce Hampton.

Neil Young is so rich and famous that he had his own "compound." I swear, I took a guided tour of the "backstage" area (available only to those holding piss yellow octagon passes) and Neil Young's "compound" was circled in red on the H.O.R.D.E. "backstage" tour souvenir map. "This is Neil Young's compound, please whisper as we pass by. Neil has his own specially designed tour bus, notice the two Volkswagen Beetle bodies welded into the roof. Neil tours with his own recording studio, a gym housed in a semi-trailer, his dog, his Harley Davidson motorcycles, a satellite dish and a Weber barbecue just in case the catered food isn't up to snuff." Continuing, "We, the H.O.R.D.E. tour organizers want you to understand what things are like 'backstage.' Here is the cafeteria where the staff and bands eat. There are over 150 H.O.R.D.E. staff members and we hire 200 locals to help out on each stop. We arrive at 7:00 a.m. and we leave at 2:00 a.m. the next day. I tell you, I am earning my money. If you see a 'rock star' please don't talk to them, try to 'touch' them or ask for their autograph. Allow me to pull back this curtain. Please view Toad the Wet Sprocket and Big Head Todd's dressing room. You will notice that they are sharing the same dressing room and that it is far from glamorous. How would all



miss the entire concert. 'Backstage' isn't as glamorous as you thought is it? Now for your special treat. I am going to take you on a guided tour of the H.O.R.D.E. staff tour bus. This is our way of demonstrating how much we care for you fans." Fuck you sir, I've toured Temple Square before.

So Neil Young was great. Sky Cries Mary were better, and they aren't used to playing in the daylight. "We're still getting used to it." Morphine was better, Ben Folds Five brought a string quartet and the grand piano. The reason Toad the Wet Sprocket and Big Head Todd shared a dressing room is because they are the same band. Man...Or Astroman? is not a slogan I created and screen printed on a T-shirt, I don't have any pot or acid and if you are so fucked-up that you ask me for some and I reply by sticking my cigarette between my lips and giving you the traditional "straight-edge gang" sign of crossed arms, a sign you stare at all bleary-eyed and say, "What's that mean man,?" you deserve to die. Finally, hippies can't dance.

Due to my harried work schedule I missed Coolbone. The band is currently touring the country with an eight-piece horn section, a "rapper" and a DJ. They are from New Orleans, the home of the eight-piece horn section, and their CD, Brass Hop, grows more cherished each time I listen to it. The audience at the Holy Cow responded favorably and the band might return. Ben Harper. After the show a female somehow recognized me. I don't like recognition and she certainly had the name wrong, but she knew I was a hack. "Are you

going to write something about the misbehaving audience?" I simply pointed to the Holy Cow name above the club and replied, "What did you expect?" Ben Harper had to interrupt his set after about one song and call security. Two "baseball caps" were fighting or some damn thing. Silicon implants on well past 40 blonde bimbos in search of a young boy toy were present. Drunken frat boys mingled with hippies and the dancing was atrocious. Ben Harper was like, man, he was like, you know, ride-on, but I couldn't get into the percussion heavy music much because the bar was crowded with the people Bill Engvall wrote "Here's Your Sign" for. He'll be at the Utah State Fair on September 14. The final atrocity occurred when some juvenile set off a smoke bomb inside the club. Holy Cow! Why don't I visit that bar very often? Frat boys, blonde, balloon-breasted bimbos and hippies - Salt Lake City, you're all stupid! There wasn't a need for "backstage" because Coolbone was a part of the audience and who would want to go "backstage" with Harper after the embarrassing audience behavior?

Tenderloin at Spanky's ripped many a new asshole. I think I was supposed to be at the big Headshake CD release party and I attended for three songs, but I happen to prefer a broiled tenderloin over a baked, shaken head. And besides, I was on a "Date With Kate." She ditched me after I ran out of money and I believe she went home with Charlie, but I nearly lost my life to the drug dealers while walking back and forth between bars. Is there a police force in Salt Lake City? "Tu puta madre con esa mierda" didn't go over very big as a reply to the constant "Coca? Chiva?" For all of those who believe that a fat John Popper blowing a harp into hippie heaven while denying that he is one and hiding all of his fat in baggy clothing and collecting guns is the ride-on shit, you need to see Tenderloin. Taz Bentley alone is big enough to kill an entire H.O.R.D.E. audience, but when the butt crack of a shirtless, low slung pants Ernie "The Buddha" Locke interfered with my enjoy-

ment of the platinum blonde, "come fuck me" permed girls in stiletto heels I realized that it was rock and roll. Tenderloin is a loud fuckin' band. Spanky's usual sound guy was off playing bass at the Zephyr and that didn't help alleviate the muddy factor, but Tenderloin was greasy, dirty and nasty. I believe I viewed one stiletto heel shoved up an orifice usually reserved for...sorry I almost forgot this is SLUG...because that big butt crack did cause excitement. John Shuman's gig as PCP Berserker unplugged was highlighted by his Slayer covers and his closing medley of Sonny Curtis/Eddie Cochran songs. "Backstage" was a table in the outer Spanky's lobby.

I did one more before the end of the month- The Misfits and Megadeth. I laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed. I had a great time at the Misfits. I spoke briefly with Jerry Only after the show. He is genuine and he cares about the kids. The Misfits had their pictures taken in the middle of a Great Salt Lake sunset. "Backstage" was the beach where the Misfits met their fans. The Misfits ignored "security" and they certainly didn't need those pussies to protect them.

The butt-rockers, including the Deseret News' Scott Iwasaki, didn't get it. When the Misfits played "Mommy, Can I Go Out And Kill Tonight," after encouraging the audience to make a giant "pit," butt-rockers scattered in terror. I saw one girl with "Mummy's Little Monster, Sam '93" tattooed on her back. I'm glad I don't have to live with that one. I saw a man wearing a Megadeth T-shirt attempt to start a fight with another man wearing Misfit's leather and I saw the entire television audience of both the WCW and the WWF. I saw complete idiots have the Misfits sign Megadeth T-shirts, like I said Jerry Only is genuine, and then I left. The desire for a Megadeth experience was lacking. You kids receiving a "Grateful Dead miracle" at a Misfits/Megadeth concert owe me. I gave away two "backstage" passes and kept one for this article. Fuck y'all

-R.J. "Kool" Morris.

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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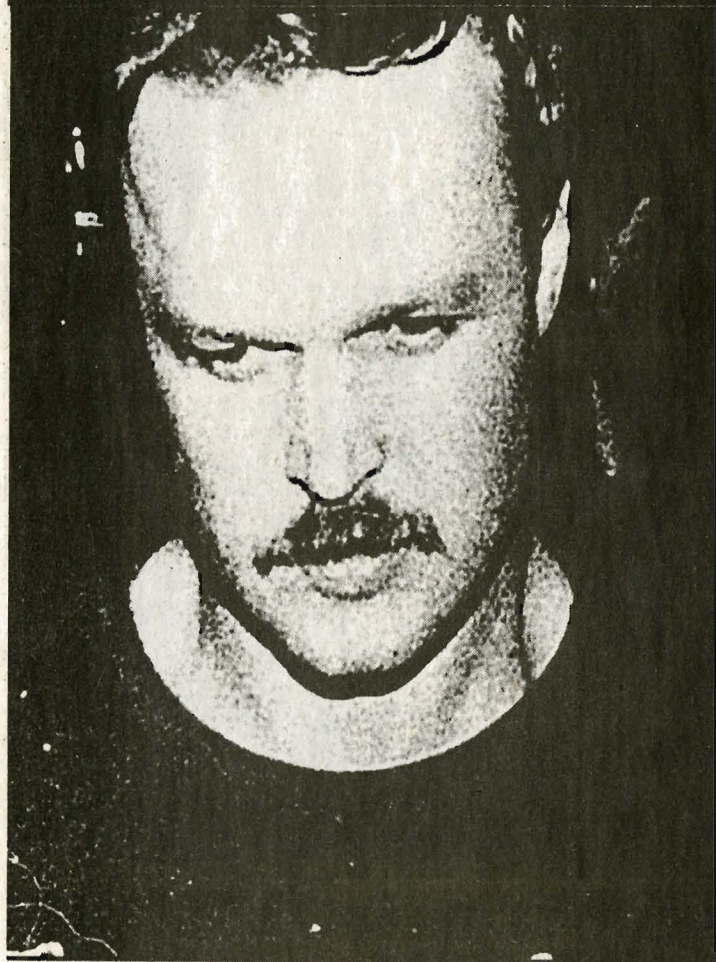
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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



Larry Eyler

The Interstate Killer

Larry Eyler, then 31 had been a house painter and liquor-store clerk. In the summer of 1983 a string of murders across the dusty cities of Indiana and

Illinois had similarities: all the victims were young men, and they were all bound and stabbed. Eyler had been arrested in 1978 for handcuffing and stabbing a young hitchhiker. He was a notoriously mean and short-tempered man. He traveled the roads where the murders had happened: the liquor-store where he worked in Greencastle, Indiana; a friend's house in Terra Haute, and Chicago where he lived with his lover and his lover's wife, and on the weekend where he cruised the bars. The highways connecting these cities had been littered over the summer with these punctured, corseted corpses. He was soon, appropriately enough, suspected in the murders.

As the summer was ending another body, Ralph Calise, a 28 year old Chicagoan, was found bound and seventeen times stabbed in a field. Nearby were clear car tracks and boot sole impressions in the dirt. On September 30, Indiana state troopers stopped Eyler for speeding and found that his boots and tires matched the murder evidence. As October rolled around evidence implicating Eyler in the summer's murders gathered like x-girlfriends on a first date. The FBI profile of the highway killer fit: "He is a macho-image,

beer-drinking homosexual with a hatred for himself because he is homosexual."

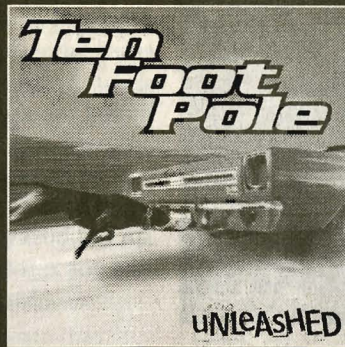
BUT WAIT!

Charged with the Calise murder, Eyler was freed on February 1, 1984 on bond to await trial. This came about because a judge ruled that Eyler had been the victim of illegally obtained evidence. The police, once again (remember O.J.?) had behaved criminally, thus doing a double injustice to society: freeing a killer and destroying the, already tenuous public trust of the police.

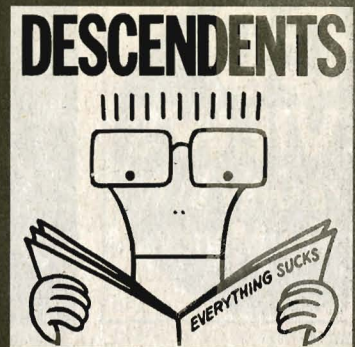
THERE'S MORE!

Seven months later, police received a call from a janitor. Eight trash bags Eyler had heaved into a dumpster in Chicago contained the dismembered remains of a teenage boy. Eyler was arrested and charged with the murder and kidnapping of Danny Bridges. This time the cops followed the law. A conviction based on finger-prints and blood traces earned Eyler that most exquisite of punishments: Death. After four years on death-row Eyler has offered complete information on twenty other killings in return for life without parole. The state was not interested. As of 1992 Eyler was still on death row.

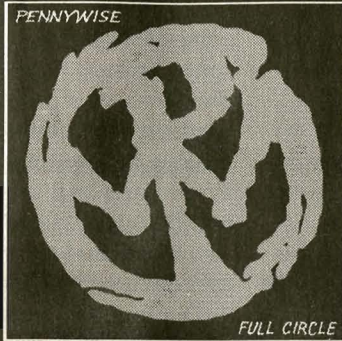
stay out
of my
body bag



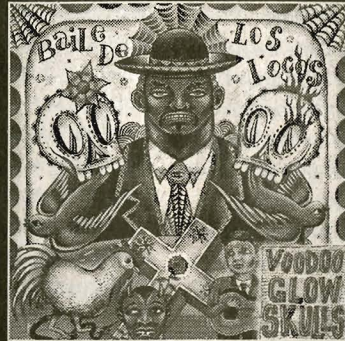
Ten foot Pole
Unleashed 7801, 7802



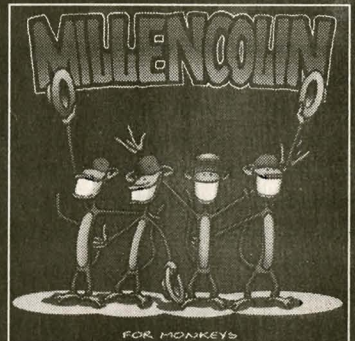
Descendents
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Dreamscape
Unlimited-Ignorance,
Submission, and Dark
Realization.

This is not just another loser band trying to jump on to the industrial bandwagon, they are far above that! The band, (consisting of two main members Dave Andrus and Jeremiah Savage), describe themselves as "the battery acid on the skin of right-wing society." Do I fall for that? HELL YES!! This band is not only musically harsh they are also lyrically ingenious. With influences such as Skinny Puppy, New Order, and Joy Division, they offer the listener a techno-industrial "Enlightenment".

Their latest CD, Ignorance, Submission, and Dark Realization is sure to appeal to industrial fans, techno fans, electronic fans, or anyone who wants to drive a stake into the heart of Organized Religion and/or Government. Oh ya, did I fail to mention that these guys are from right here in Happy Valley? Seems odd, huh? That a band from Utah trying to do something different.

Ignorance, Submission, and Dark Realization is said to be out REAL soon but as for now listen to it and drop an E-Mail off at their extremely explicit and highly offensive website. WWW.BIGUGLY.COM/DREAMSCAPE. This is one band with a very bright future, or shall I say a dark realization!

—POPE XXX



The Vegas Beat
Car-21
Candy-Ass Records

The Vegas Beat played at Mecca Joes in July. I didn't attend the gig, but I have little doubt the band roared. Whoever is booking these shows needs to get the information in the correct hands in a more timely matter. Your August shows are already lost forever in the great SLUG shit pile of missed opportunities. The band on the CD is Marci Martinez, known as the drummer for Team Dresch and Calamity Jane on guitar is Amanda Kelley, who helped create the Portland queer music scene; Sal played bass on record and on the tour Tamala from Longstocking is the bassist. The Vegas Beat supported Sleater-Kinney on their successful tour of the West coast in 1996. Jody Bleyle, Team Dresch, Hazel, Free to Fight, owns Candy-Ass Records. The address on the bio reads Olympia, WA. and when all the information is combined together The Vegas Beat is revealed as three girls doing indie label, lo-fi, folk inspired punk rock. The CD is quite brilliant in a jarring way with "She Got Away," "What's Your Freedom" and "Gotta Know You" being the strongest songs. The usual guitar noise and melodic vocals are intermixed with short segments of pretty guitar. Most songs are of the girl to girl love song variety. Anyone interested already

knows where to pick up a copy and most of those interested were probably at the show. Again, to whoever promoted the show, get the word out earlier and your shows will receive coverage. Keep up the good work. Salt Lake isn't as boring with people like you out there.

—Mr. Puddle Jump

Erasure
Cowboy
Maverick/Mute/Warner
Brothers

Despite a wane in popularity—as the newly-termed 'electronica' is currently all the rage—synth pop, that at times dubious yet intricate music made popular in the 80's, has continued to thrive; especially here in Utah.

One of the genre's pioneers remains one of its most enduring legends:

Erasure. This remarkable duo, comprising synth guru Vince Clarke and the divinely voiced Andy Bell has lasted an amazing 11 years, putting out an impressive 10 albums and an even more astounding 29 single releases (with number 30, "Rain," coming in July on import)!

While one might argue that so much of this 'genre' sounds too artificial and is often interchangeable, it is indeed a remarkable feat that Erasure's 10th LP, the ironically-entitled "Cowboy," sounds so fresh after repeated listenings. After the disappointing sales of their brilliant 1995

self-titled release, the duo has returned to the basic format that put them on the map in the first place: the 3 minute pop gem. This concept is executed perhaps best in the form of what is their greatest asset: the mid-tempo ballad.

"Cowboy" is chock-full of them. "In My Arms," the album's lead single, is a great example: a hypnotic melody and a beautiful, hummable chorus intertwine magnificently together.

Credit in part is due to this album's co-producers. Neil McLellan, producing the music with Clarke, and Gareth Jones, producing the vocals with Bell, in separate countries nonetheless, have cultivated some of the best songs Erasure have written. This process of both members working separately and then hearing the seamless result is as stunning as it is fascinating. (Many of "Cowboy"'s eleven original songs were first demoed by Clarke & Bell in Dublin, then literally swapped back & forth, from England to Spain, to finished product.)

Clarke's greatest strength on this album is how intriguingly he programs (being truly one of the genre's originals) analogue synthesizers, with just a little digital technology thrown in, and comes up with music that is both rich in depth and warm sounding. Bell has rarely sounded so vibrant.

Witness the transition on the ominous & brilliant "Treasure" from his mysterious whispering, to the full vocal; or the drama on the killer "Don't Say Your Love Is Killing Me"; or the irony on "Boy" & "Save Me Darling"; and finally the longing & passion on "Love Affair."

Although comprised mainly of ballads, "Cowboy" is not without its dance tracks. On the contrary, "Rain" and especially the amazing "Don't Say Your Love Is Killing Me" measure up easily to their best classics "Sometimes," "Stop!" "Chorus," etc.

Clarke has said that the title "Cowboy" stems partially from the duo's feeling like 'cowboys' riding the range of the ever-changing record industry. Credit Madonna then, with her flair for marketing and business finesse, for snatching the duo up after Elektra dumped them due to poor record sales, and signing them to her Maverick label. Someone's great marketing skill has enticingly included two US-only bonus tracks to the first pressing of "Cowboy." First up, their phenomenal version of Blondie's classic "Rapture," complete with Vince Clarke rapping! Like the best of their prior cover versions, Erasure have captured the original's inventiveness while still updating its sound. The second bonus track, Burt Bacharach's "Magic Moments," was oddly first used on the ill-fated "Lord Of Illusions" soundtrack. Never radically changing a classic, more rather reinterpreting it, somehow "Magic Moments" fits remarkably well on this collection and is a great closing to the "Cowboy" album.

—Dino

Texas
White On Blonde
Mercury

The album has already topped the UK album chart. The sound is described in a blurb on the rear of the advance CD as, "distinctly Texas and startlingly commercial." Well! If Texas can remove the likes of Puff Daddy, Hanson, Robyn, Notorious Big and the Spice girls from teeny-bopper bedrooms with "Say What You Want," "Drawing Crazy Patterns," or any of other pol-

ished lower intestine discharge songs on the CD all the better for them. I hate this garbage, but I believe I picked OMC as a hit a few months back. It is so bizarre, this prescient power. However, it is entirely possible that the disc will go no where. It could be that Texas as a group is too damn old for the teeny-boppers. Pitch the damn disc to the AC format and another brain dead form of wasted Earth life. I can see the office workers now. It's lunch hour in the strip mall and the lemmings all have a copy of White On Blonde clutched beside the Franklin Daytimer. Four songs passed by in what seemed like a week trapped inside an Eddie Bauer store. That's it Sharlene Spiteri, go shriek elsewhere.

—Ifu C. Kayoff

Submissives
An Anvil Will Wear Out
Many a Hammer
Honest Don's

These are some seriously twisted individuals playing some fucked up tunes! All of the speed/hardcore cuts center around the S&M antics of perverse males that like to dress up like little girls & be tortured by leather-clad Nazi bitches from hell. It wouldn't seem so bad if the linear notes weren't all too explicit with lyrics & pictures of clients/victims consuming the urine & feces of these dominating woman they worship. I haven't seen these much angry & grotesque imagery since viewing the JOHN ZORN import section at CELLOPHANE SQUARE in Seattle. My advice to the band would be either masturbate or visit the local leather whore house before visiting the studio. Actually, what am I thinking? That's probably exactly what they did in the first place...

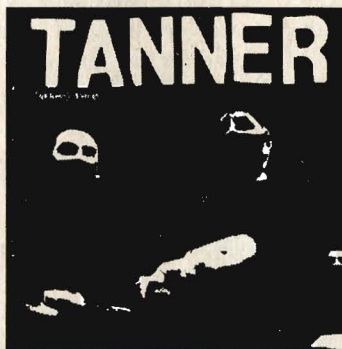
—Billy Fish

Skavoovie & the Epitones
Fat Footin'
Moon Ska Records

First there was the punk resurgence...now ska, but how legit is most of the sounds coming down the turnpike? Few, but rest assured, since Skavoovie & company are most definitely the exception! A big band by any measure(10 very cool cats!), they push out a big sound as well, with a horn section that would make a skank lover shiver with excitement. Not a band to rush through a tune, the cuts off of this album are works of art, laying down some prime examples of rocksteady & ska alongside a sweeter big band sound.

Half the songs are just instrumental, flowing like wine to the listener's ear, making you really want to shake your rump! By the time this review is printed, the band will have hit SLC & made their mark on the few lucky kids that get to enjoy their live show at the ska-fest on the west side of town. Barring any gunfights or gang warfare, this will be a tasty show to have missed, my fellow lovers of ska.

—Billy Fish



Tanner
(Germo) Phobic
Headhunter

As we all know Tanner will never make a dime from CD sales. It's the

music stupid. What can I say? The usual detuned guitars, the vocalist lacking operatic training, current events as song topics, jazz deconstructed into "free rock 'n' roll" Cargo released the CD. (Germo) Phobic is a disc begging for some sort of extreme listening experience. I suggest one of those portable CD players with special anti-skip "memory." Take the in-line skates, the BMX bike or the skateboard to the top of City Creek Canyon on a day when automobiles are allowed. Place the disc in the player, plug in the headphones, max out the volume and punch play. If you survive the trip down the canyon without an automobile striking you or an encounter with U.S. Senator Orrin Hatch singing his latest "hit" song while peddling up the canyon on a bicycle then continue the experience down State Street until one of two things occurs. The disc could end, but it is more likely that a wreck with "2002 Olympic Road Construction" will interfere. Good luck, enjoy Tanner's latest and hope they return to town very soon.

—Kimmie Walsh

Oxbow
Serenade In Red
SST Records

Dark & spooky like an old Hitchcock film, this album gives me the creeps like nothing I've heard in a long time. The slide guitar is heavy, screaming out in pure angst alongside the howling of the male vocalist that is too similar to DAVID YOW of the JESUS LIZARD...I love it! In fact, these guys sound so much like the Lizard & the MELVINS, I can't help but put this disc at the top of the list for "Must Buy!" on the summer choice list. It's just so damn heavy! The songs aren't even structured, really, relying mainly on power &

**CD
REVIEWS**
*We're Only In It
For The Money*

aggression, to blast the listen right out of the listening seat. Oxbow really reminds me also of the first time NEUROSIS moved from speed punk to just plain mean & angry noise from the depths of hell, which is where this young band is just starting from (good choice!). The guitar is the key tool, backed up by thundering drums, that sink rusty nails into coffin of this wall of sound that is too huge to be ignored. Don't bother picking this puppy up if you don't have the system to turn it up & capture the true experience of Oxbow that it guarantees to deliver with enough volume. This shit's for real!

—Billy Fish



RL Burnside
Sound Machine Groove
HMG

Time now for some motherfuckin' blues in the pages of SLUG. A lot of blues lovers were disgusted by RL's "A Ass Pocket A Whiskey. That is as it should be. Jonny Lang is the blues for the fools. Burnside didn't start playing the blues when Jon Spencer took him on tour. This partic-

ular recording was made in 1979. Burnside was playing fucked-up blues all the way back then. His band was the Sound Machine and a Burnside appearance at the time was a combination of plugged-in and unplugged. Burnside made three tours of Europe as a country bluesman before most Americans had ever heard of him. The first Burnside recordings date back to 1967. Arhoolie Records issued one-half an LP that year. All of this has gone way beyond those educated in Utah public schools and that is as it should be. Utah is very similar to Mississippi. In Mississippi the untutored are white and black. In Utah the untutored are just plain white. I've spoken with some Mississippi residents and I've discovered a certain affinity with their manner of speaking. I am of the firm belief that the only person able to immediately understand the rural Mississippi dialect is a public schooled Utahn.

Sound Machine Groove is a combination of trance blues and simple plugged-in Mississippi blues. It's the motherfuckin' blues. If the reader doesn't understand what motherfuckin' blues means then head on down to Salt City CDs where I found the disc. Ask the employees to set y'all down wit a copy and educate yerself. "Yeah and I begged fer lick 'er? What the fuck? That my friends is from one of Burnside's "country" tunes.

—Bukka

Mad Caddies
Quality Soft Core
Honest Don's Hardly Used Recordings

Ska fans will usually agree that the difference between a band's live show & their album is that they can sound fairly different. Most ska shows I've attended are

full-on energy blasters, with the horn sections loud & heavy, & the group pushing an insatiable dance groove. I don't dance much (at all), but have been known to dig a rock steady band that can play it smooth & rough at the drop of a hat. Mad Caddies are a cool band to catch (I caught their act last time I was in Caly), but their latest vinyl endeavor falls short of their live performance & energy. I recognized many of the same songs on the album as tunes they performed live at the all ages show, but none of them moved me to digging them further than one spin on the turntable. It's a damn shame when a young & talented band can't get the production they deserve in the studio to live up to their true talent & sound. In the end, save your money & catch the live show!

—Billy Fish



Monaco
Music For Pleasure
Polydor

No problem here. The Evil Slug Boss told me to keep it short. Instead of hanging himself Ian Curtis should have taken a shotgun and blown the heads off Peter Hook, Bernard Sumner and Stephen Morris. Peter Hook is the only one present in Monaco. Sumner's off with Electronica and who knows or cares what happened to Morris. "What Do You Want From Me" opens the CD and I believe that if I were forced to listen to any more of Music

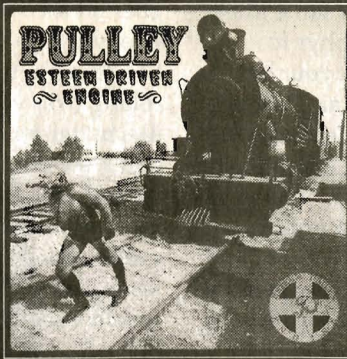
For Pleasure than that tired, synth pop derivative of a song I would experience supreme displeasure. I would stake out a CD store and become a synth pop fan mass murderer. I've donated my copy of Monaco to the "Exterminate An Aging English Synth Pop Musician" charity. Reportedly the charity has a John Travolta look-alike assassin/stalker on retainer. If sufficient funds are raised...

—Mark "Almon" Joy

Lutefisk
Burn in Hell Fuckers!
Bong Load Custom Records

I was lucky enough to catch this cats open up for the Breeders awhile back, & was blown away by their act, so finding their latest disc in my box was a cool treat to follow up an amazing live performance. Imagine, if you would, the vocals of THURSTON MOORE with the jamming style of old FLAMING LIPS, especially in the trapkit section, & busting your nuts with every damn song! A lot of psychedelics had to have been consumed in the studio with this recording, 'cause the shit is flying everywhere & coming down like a rock to the cranium...it's huge, baby! If the BEATLES started something in the studio with RUBBER SOUL, then the guitar sounds of Lutefisk have finished the job, floating in like a butterfly to land like a shot-down pterodactyl in a fucked up Godzilla movie. This album is sheer genius with the power of the studio, for distorting the live sound with tape delays & samples of recorded & assorted shit, mixing up a stew of audio pain that kicks it right in the ass the more it's listened to. I've heard this morsel at least twelve times in the last

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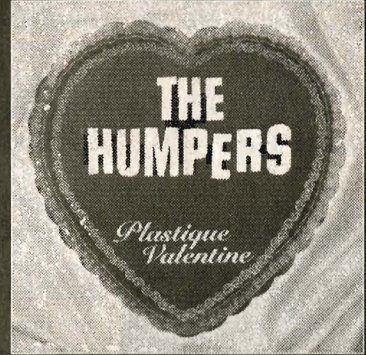
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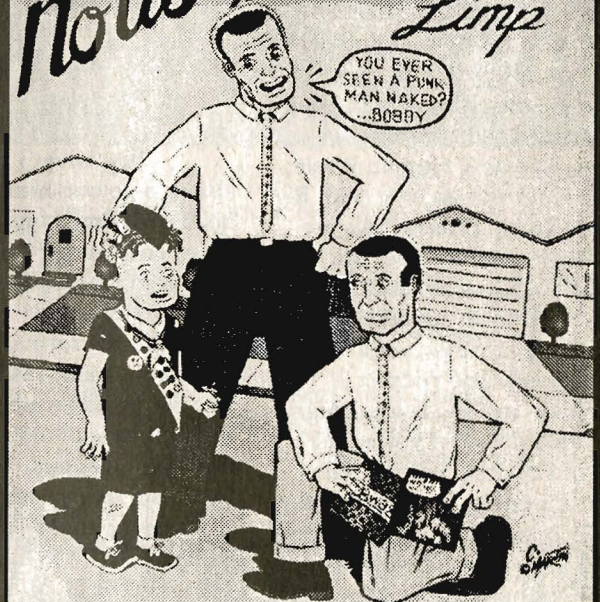
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month, & it still sounds new to my senses.

Try a new shot of druggie tunes & take a trip worth seeing again & again & again...

—Billy Fish

Human Waste Project
Electralux
Hollywood



From the Disney home of the crazed bastards going by the Insane Clown Posse title comes Human Waste Project. The band was a late add to the Zephyr club's July calendar and as usual I hope some of you idiots were present. I'm writing this before the show actually happened and attempting to imagine how Human Waste Product will go over with Big Ass Truck. Eclectic bills are always my favorites. Stir up that Zephyr club audience. The CD is an advance totally lacking any information on the band. The vocalist is female and she is very angry with a little girl voice. The band backing her is hard rocking with some tiny little electronic effects (also present on some vocals) added. Electralux actually comes off as somewhat reminiscent of

Drill. Maybe that same idiot will be at the Zephyr to scream "show us your tits," over and over again. Maybe someone in the Zephyr will take him outside and beat his head in the gutter. "You poured it into me until I drowned." What kind of lyric is that? The words appear in "Drugstore." The fourth song, "Exit Wound," has a Black Sabbath with a female singer opening, the funksters are all head banging at the Zephyr and whispering vulgar comments to the singer as she begs her penetrator not to go. How is Salt Lake City treating you so far Human Waste Project? Does it appear that numerous sexually repressed males are in the bars? Is this the wrong city to sing, "hold me down, I think I'm ready"? What does one call modern cock rock coming from feminine lips? Clit rock perhaps?

Why hasn't K-Beer picked up on Human Waste Project? Uncle Nasty would wet himself with these songs. Oh, for a lyric sheet. "I wake and shudder to see I'm bleeding again, again, again. Fer heck's sakes. I'm convinced, I'm going to see the band. I might report on the experience next month.

—Grandma Nasty

Jack Drag
Unisex Headwave
Hep-Cat

Just when I was about to go out of my bloody head over tired sounds from new bands, along came this little gem that made it all worth it, by golly! This album screams, "Fuck the mainstream!" as it dives into uncharted waters with the influence of old sounds that fade in & out. Taking the wild sounds of a spectrum that has the range from TEEN-AGE FANCLUB to DINOSAUR JR., this album is a kicking rollercoaster that

goes off all over the place! The lyrics & vocals are the first thing to tickle your fancy, rolling over your eardrums like butter on a corn cob, so damn sweet! Slipping up behind, like a dirty dog looking to do some humping, the guitar slides in, cranking some chords & crunch that would make the MC5 proud. Backed up by a drummer that would make KEITH MOON stand up from the grave to rave, this band can kick it out like nobody else I've heard since the whole damn 60-70's revival started up in this tired retro-decade. The 90's will probably end up being known as the decade of the influenced (punk, ska, disco...ugh!), but at least some of the kids pushing the music will make an attempt to recreate old sounds will new style, like this tough trio. I dig this disc, & I'm sure most with a need for the new will too!

—Billy Fish



Greg Garing
Alone
Paladin/Revolution

Alone was released a couple of months ago. I believe the gentleman works out of Nashville. He supposedly worked the streets and paved the way for BR5-49. Don't stop reading, this isn't another report from No Depression land. Garing is all fucked up. He's playing country music, sort of. Garing's country music is similar to Guitar Wolf or Zen Guerrilla playing the blues.

He has a plaintive nature similar to that of Gillian Welch, but this boy isn't some throwback to Appalachia. He's Hank Williams, Roy Orbison and Chris Issaks together in one head after about 20 hits of acid chased with two dime bags of heroin and a fifth of gin. If Emmylou Harris moved country music into the techno age with Wrecking Ball then Garing is the new trip hop/trance country music superstar. "Alone" is all funky groove with squawking fiddle. "Dream To Real" is as bleak as Gillian Welch writing songs with 16 Horsepower. Garing plays flute, mandolin, banjo, fiddle, guitar and acoustic piano on the CD. Peter Rowan (What in the hell?) is playing mandolin and singing harmony on "Where The Bluegrass Grows." "Walk Away From Me" is as trippy as anything ever recorded by Portishead. "How The Road Unwinds" has more tributes to surf, garage, and classic rock 'n' roll road music per minute than the casual listener can comprehend. "Where The Bluegrass Grows" would drive a bluegrass purist completely crazy and I'm beginning to understand why Peter Rowan added his voice to Kate MacLeod's Constant Emotion work of melancholy. To date Alone sits in a record shop bin unnoticed. Revolution is off promoting the Cunninghams while the treasure of their entire roster has escaped attention. Watch for the CD to appear on countless year ending best of lists and hope that some radio guy picks "How The Road Unwinds" for airplay.

—Ifu C Kayoff

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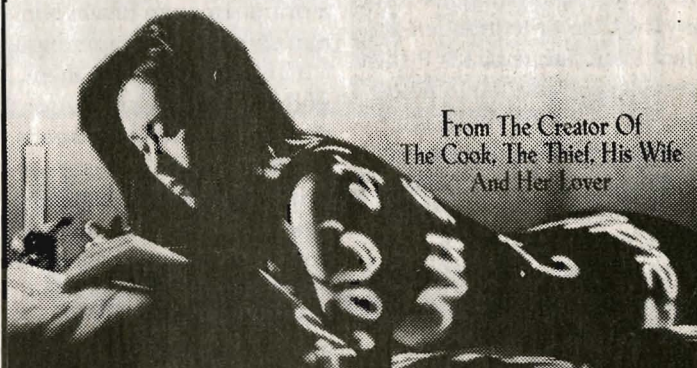
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From The Creator Of
*The Cook, The Thief, His Wife
And Her Lover*

VIVIAN WU EWAN MCGREGOR

The Pillow Book

A PETER GREENAWAY FILM

The association of writing and eroticism. Burning books. A spectacularly gruesome death and a desecrated corpse. It's a Peter Greenaway picture all right - as stunning and inscrutable as ever. Place *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover* in an Asian setting, replace the books with calligraphy, and you've got *The Pillow Book*. Nagiko (Vivian Wu) seeks to recreate with her lovers a childhood ritual in which her father, a writer, would paint a poem on her face, and her mother would read to her from a Japanese erotic classic called *The Pillow Book*, which recounts objects of sensuality. She begins by seeking lovers who are calligraphers and evolves into writing her own *Pillow Book* on the bodies of men, including Jerôme (*Trainspotting's* Ewan McGregor), with whom she falls in love. Iconoclastic director Peter Greenaway (*Prospero's Books, The Draughtsman's Contract, The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*) has created another stunningly beautiful film that stretches new bounds. 1996, 35mm, 126 minutes, unrated but probable R for sexuality and violence, in English, Japanese, Mandarin, and Cantonese with English subtitles.

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obviously a caffeine addict of some sort and she is in close competition with Alternative Tentacles' Jennifer Fisher for my most favorite independent label publicist. Ms Fisher keeps me in line, Amy makes me laugh. Ashtrayhead is a sexual deviate with an array of electronic equipment. His music fits in the industrial niche market the "mom and pop" CD shops cater to. His music is quite entertaining, but his lyrics are more so. Here is an excerpt from "Home Movies." I do family, I do Mummy Daddy, 99s from Mr Softee/It's a private hobby, I do Mr Whippy on the side/I do polaroids, I do possible home movies/I do what goes on behind your curtains/Private situations in the kitchen, in the bedroom." His CD contains songs with the following titles; "Good Doggy," "My Private Pornostar," "Playmate," "Phone Call" and more. He has included remixes titled "Handyman-extended" and "Good Dubby." I'd say you could dance to them all except...I don't believe that is Ashtrayhead's mission. Take the camcorder and a signifi-

cant other. With the remote in one hand and your..."equipment" in the other have the "significant" place the CD in the "unit" and press play.

—Nurse Ruth

Film Star
Super Cottonmouth Records
Southern California really is good for few things, especially new music, but can still pump out a band or two & surprise me. Film Star, out of Santa Monica, is a strange crossbreed of PAVEMENT & DINOSAUR JR., putting psychedelic guitar leads at the forefront, with a cool & sassy band that includes the cheesiest organ out on the circuit, barring Paul Shaeffer's on the Letterman Show. There are some bands you can just feel in their music that they love to play live, & these fellas are a prime example of a group that sounds like a jamming is a daily occurrence for them. The drummer is a blaze of rhythm, smacking the heads so damn hard, I'd be surprised if he wasn't punching holes in his kit. I'm sure the reason for his amazing sticks is just to keep up with the blistering guitar work that goes off like an AK-47 at a redneck roundup, then slow & easy like a snake in the grass. Hopefully with a little luck & a whole lot of touring this kids will get more exposure. & a bigger audience to dig their groovy sounds that are aching to be heard.

—Billy Fish

Auntie Christ
Life Could Be A Dream
Lookout

Listen to the CD twice without programming or arising from the couch. The secret eleventh track contains the entire album. Auntie Christ is Exene Cervenkova's new entry as a punk rock entity. Girlfriend is back ruling the cock rock alternative

nation. Spit on the fuckers Exene. Tell them what it was like back in the day. "The Nothing Generation" is Exene ranting and raving about the fashionable state of the music industry and the "fans." I believe she thinks they are all sheep. I was listening to Life Could Be A Dream in the presence of a brainwashed MTV sheep and the individual didn't think much of Cervenkova's new album, actually neither did the Evil SLUG boss. Imagine that! Here are a few lyrics.

"They're not into Johnny Thunders cause he's not on MTV, Stupid fucking kids, Wake up stupid fucking sheep you're asleep & you'll follow models & you'll follow ghosts & you'll swallow anything they shove down your throats." If anything Life Could Be A Dream sounds like X from the Los Angeles days with more edge and more bounce. The first six songs are designed for an old-fashioned slam dance which does not mean a circle or mosh pit. Auntie Christ has the format down perfectly and the two-minute tunes cause heart palpitations and a strong desire to jump around. The lyrics are political in nature - crack, wild mustangs, strip mines, the future is a war - there's two or three cynical love songs and...well Cervenkova covers all relevant topics. "Not You," "A Rat In The Tunnel Of Love," "The Future Is A War," and "With A Bullet" rent asunder all those ska-punk songs the radio has suddenly discovered. If I hear "Sold Out" one more time...

—Ernie

Geezer
Black Science
TVT

I guess the Ozzfest tour is still visiting other portions of the continent. The

gentleman responsible for the disc of interest is on the road with his old mates. Geezer Butler is back with the second Geezer album and the band will reportedly begin touring this month. The newspaper reported recently that the ridiculous radio station helping to promote Michael Britton has moved into a more ridiculous format. Geezer need not worry because the station never played real metal anyway, but Britton's career is certainly finished for the third or fourth time. Black Science is an honest to goodness head banger of a disc. Bass heavy is the description, go figure with Butler heading the band. Clark Brown is the new "singer" with leather and melody in his throat. Science fiction is a theme and portions are tiring, "Mysterons" discusses "men in black," and a song titled "Area Code 51"? Geezer, for shame, but advertising in comic books is part of the marketing plan. In the sue happy climate of the United States Geezer is expected to fight off thousands of parents suing to recover damages. Teenage boys will develop chronic neck pain after head-banging continuously for about 49 minutes.

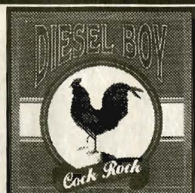
—Louie Christy



Blind Pigs
Sao Paulo Chaos
Grita!

I don't have any idea who reads this rag anymore. I've heard that Helen Wolf

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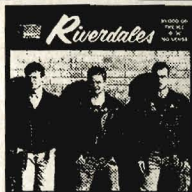
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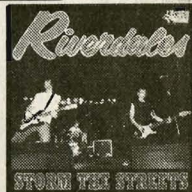
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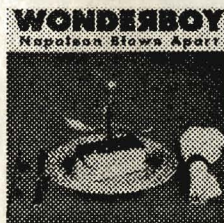
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doesn't read it. Ms. Wolf only reads grid these days. I read all the "street" rags. If there are readers who enjoy punk rock then Grita! is a label of major interest. The label is located in New York City. Most of the music they release comes from South America. It's all punk rock and every Grita! CD I've ever listened to has been excellent. The Blind Pigs aren't any different. "Lost Youth" has the sing-a-long chorus every punk rocker loves. It's simple, 1-2-3-4, get ready, now - "Fuck you." "In Love With A Junkie" is as good as anything the Queers have ever done. The Blind Pigs play pop punk with the pop portion mostly sugar-free. The band is as foul mouthed as anyone could ever desire. They do the punk rock in Brazil and I believe the singer teaches English in public school as a day job. Shades of the Duckie Boys. Interestingly enough the Blind Pigs have written a song dedicated to Johnny Rotten and his Sex Pistols reunion tour. Mr. Rotten will be in Salt Lake City during the month of August. Please check the "Lame-assed Slug Concert Preview Page" for more information. Fucking punk rockers, listen to this Rotten, you sod, look what you started in South America. All you little boyfriends who believe you are hip to the greatest punk rock of the present: If you don't own at least one Grita! CD you are a poseur.

—Mr. Orange

Eric's Trip
Long Days Ride 'Till
Tomorrow
Sub Pop

These poor saps broke up last year on tour, calling it quits for whatever reasons, & few really cried over their departure. This CD is a collection of various tunes, both live & studio, thrown together to let Sub Pop pick the carcass of the now defunct group for any leftover scraps of income. I saw these people play a few times in the Northwest awhile back, & I don't really remember anything too outstanding to remark on. The trouble with the kiddies from Portland to Seattle is the repeat sound of whining & semi-angst that just seems to be more over the shitty weather than anything heart-felt.

How many times can you really cry over a spilt Rainier? I'm not trying to diss on legitimate bands of emo-core like SOME VELVET SIDEWALK & BUILT TO SPILL, which play the same circuit, but Eric's Trip just didn't do it for me, & this disc is a gentle reminder of that fact. If you're going to boo-hoo over something, make it love or drugs, but not losing your car keys or your friends finishing the last beer in the frig. Let WEEN or HALF JAPANESE do that & shed some comedy on the topic in the process. Besides, that way you can laugh with the band, not at them!

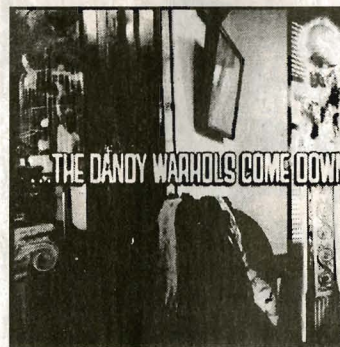
—Billy Fish

Coolbone
Brass-Hop
Hollywood

A New Orleans brass band is nothing new. A New Orleans brass band with a lead singer and a lead rapper

is. A shout out to their style of hip hop is nothing new and a shout out to Mohammed Ali isn't either. The first three tunes are all braggadocio. The next one, "The Rescue," has Coolbone rescuing a female from unfulfilled romance. It's all hype and little substance after five songs. Juxtapose the braggadocio with the complaints over working for minimum wage and attempting survival as a black American. One minute the Brass-hop crew is living the high life and the next they are down and out. As the disc moves along it becomes clear that the group has worked their way up from the street. Their best material appears on the second half. The pure jazz interludes, their two tributes to the city of New Orleans, "Phat City" and "The Saints," the Bill Withers' cover, "Use Me" - a complete listen is required to capture the message. The message is clarified with "Nothin' But Strife (groove mix)." The jazz is supreme and while the raps could use some work Brass-hop is a debut.

—Earl



The Dandy Warhols
Come Down
Capital/Tim/Kerr

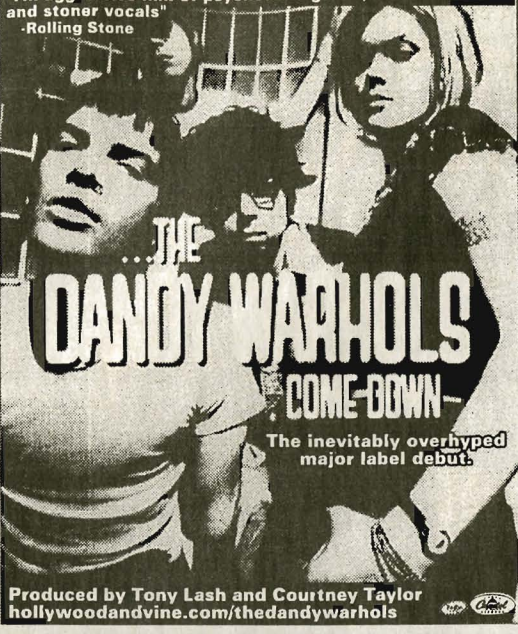
It seems like years have passed since the Dandy Warhols sold out to Capital. Their new disc is finally released. If "Not If You Were The Last Junkie On Earth," a hell of a long name for a hit single, sounds like the

Warhols actually did sell out, press play again for the first song. There is the droning psych that brought the Warhols to our attention back in '95. If "Minnesoter" is more Presidents of the United States Of America than dandy the Warhols are immediately forgiven with "Orange." It is a dreary tune, a dreary tune filled with drone, a dreary tune filled with droning psychedelic music from a paisley past. The words psychedelic and paisley are not meant as references to "hippie music." After another Warhol-like experience, "I Love You," the big hit single happens. "NIYWTLJOE" and "Minnesoter" are the Warhols as the Beatles, forget the previous Presidents' reference. "Everyday Should Be A Holiday" is another dazzling pop tune with barely enough psych to keep the radio programmers grimy hands off it. Finally the Lou Reed impression. "Good Morning," it is certainly nice that the Dandy's remembered to thank their inspiration and "(Tony, This Song Is Called) Lou Weed" from the first CD. "Cool As Kim Deal" is pure Brit-pop. Ba-pa-pa-ba-bop? "Hard On For Jesus" is like, man, it's like, man are you seeing tracers too? Keyboards as theremin? Stop, I'm freaking, stop...who put strychnine in my dose? Call Art Linkletter. Call Timothy Leary. Help, thorazine, where's the thorazine? Help...Oh my God, I'm seeing Timmy. Timmy help me, I'm freaking, talk me down, Timmy, Timmy come back, Oh my God...Jerry, Oh my God, don't leave...I can't Come Down!

—Kenny Queasy

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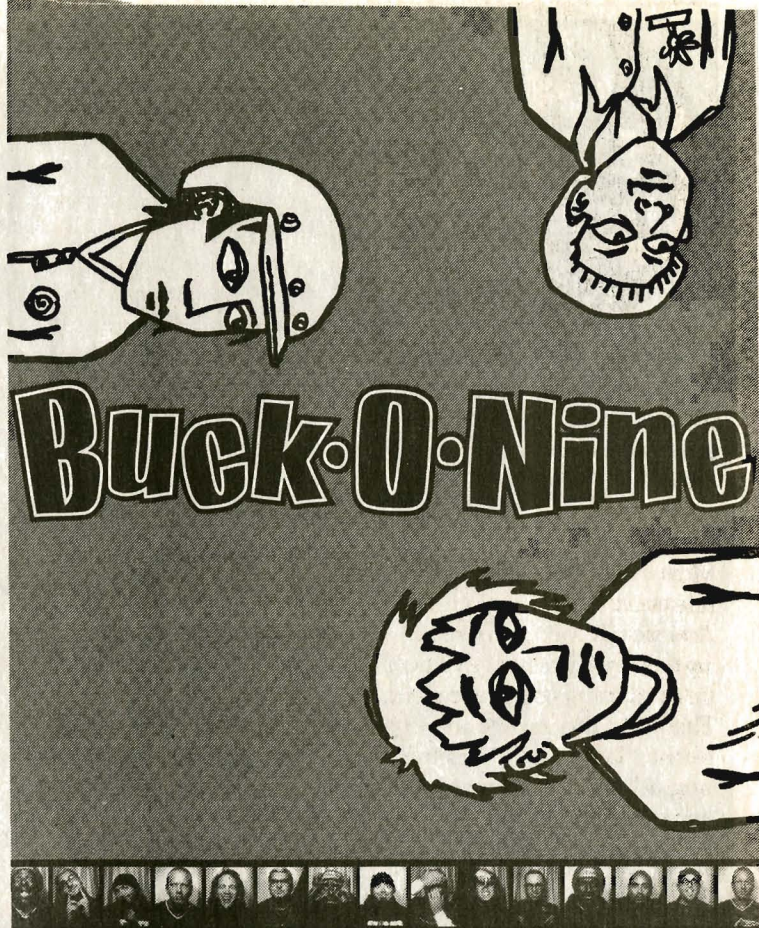
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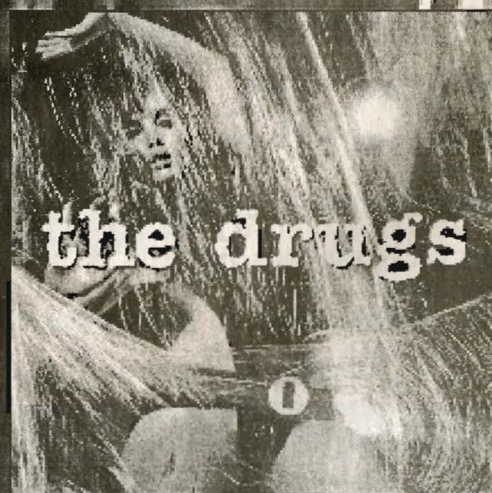


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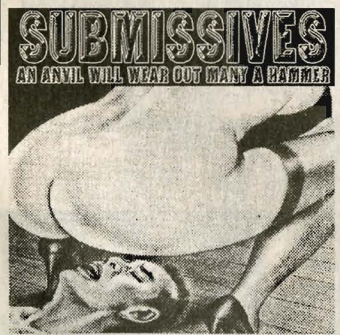
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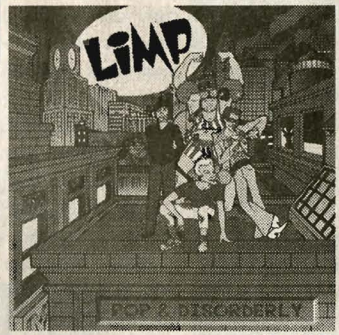
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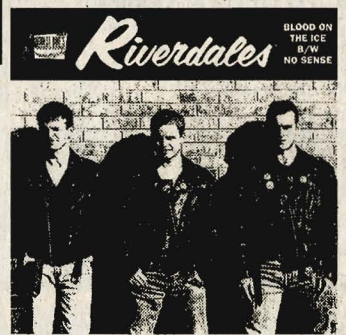
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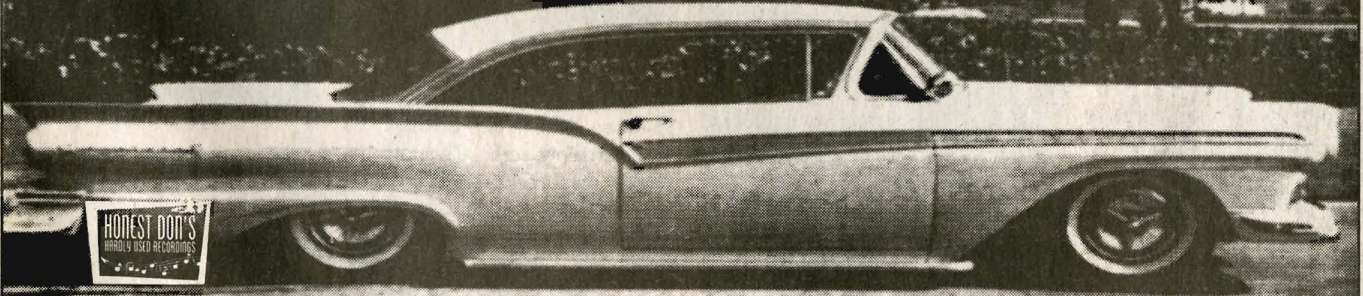
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Written in Blood

Hard Music for a Hard World

—John Forgach

SKINLAB
Bound, Gagged, And Blindfolded
Century Media

The Bay Area's latest creation, Skinlab are blasting onto the scene with their debut, **BOUND, GAGGED, AND BLINDFOLDED**. These guys tune their instruments so low, it's rumored only humpback whales are able to enjoy certain parts of the disc. Though the Machine Head, Neurosis, and Sepultura comparisons have some merit, Skinlab have combined these influences with their own creative visions to come up with something supermarket, produce-aisle fresh. The incredible production values alone [courtesy of guitarist Andy Sneap (Sabbat)] will take you in and send you away bloody.



HANZEL AND GRETYL
Transmissions From Uranus
Energy

Hanzel And Gretyl's, **TRANSMISSION FROM URANUS** is a bizarre, spacey look into the universe and beyond. The electronic and much manipulated sounds of Hanzel And Gretyl are ultra rhythmic and heavy in that "dance-beat" sort of way. Lyrically, the songs read like the members of the band are all a bunch of NASA drop-outs. "Contact globulus. Orbit incubus. Phaze out of phaze. Intergalactik". Uh, I didn't see

anything about that on "Mr. Science". Grab your photon lasers, your 3D glasses, a can of PIB, a yo-yo, and three twinkies, then travel with Hanzel And Gretyl to a place far, far away.

GODFLESH
Love And Hate In Dub
Earache

After being accused of recording an album (**SONGS OF LOVE AND HATE**) that sounded "human",

Godflesh will show on their latest release that the "human" sound will be short-lived. Justin Broadrick (vocals/guitar) has taken **SONGS OF LOVE AND HATE** and remixed it into **LOVE AND HATE IN DUB**. Broadrick's objective for the new release was to make it, "...more mechanized and alien sounding". The band's obsession with incorporating hip-hop into their music is a major theme of this album. The result being an industrial, danceable (if you must), romp into the extreme.

EXODUS
Another Lesson In Violence
Century Media

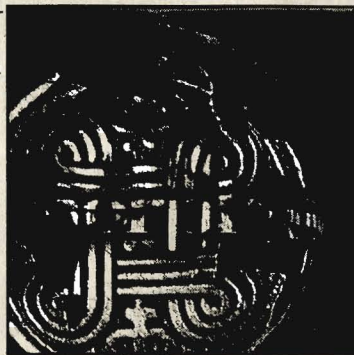
I was in the tenth grade. I was with Bryan Bobel. We were on our way to a guitar store in Seaford, DE. That was the first time I heard Exodus's, **BONDED IN**

BLOOD. Some people remember where they were when they heard that Kennedy was shot, and I remember where I was the first time I heard Exodus's, **BONDED IN BLOOD**. I guess that pretty much sums up my life. If you haven't heard, or figured out from my rambling, Exodus has reformed (with original singer Paul Baloff). The band decided to give it one more go, in part, because of Exodus's abrupt end in 1992. Reasons for the reformation really come across on **ANOTHER LESSON IN VIOLENCE**. The recording was done live at San

Francisco's, Tracadero, and it sounds like these guys wouldn't want to be doing anything else. I must say this is one of the best live metal recordings I've ever heard. The dual guitar attack of Holt and Hunolt is just as razor sharp as ever. These guys take to their guitars like synchronized swimmers to water. Though no studio release has been planned, the band is preparing for a tour of U.S. and Europe. From what I can gather, a studio album will be up in the air until it's recorded...or, not. It may not be the real thing, but **ANOTHER LESSON IN VIOLENCE** is probably the closest Salt Lake is going to get to an Exodus show, so enjoy.

DECEASED
Fearless Undead Machines
Embalmer
There Was Blood Everywhere
Relapse

Zombies! AAAAGGHHH! The band Deceased pays homage to George Romero's movies "Night Of The Living Dead", "Dawn Of The Dead", and "Day Of The Dead" on their latest release, **FEARLESS UNDEAD MACHINES**. In ways Deceased is like the zombies they sing about, they just won't die. This band has been around for twelve years, subsisting on gigs they get up and down the east coast. In listening to **FEARLESS UNDEAD MACHINES**, I get the impression these guys are really serious about this stuff. Playing metal keeps these guys going, so more power to them. Trust me on this - When you get done listening to **FEARLESS UNDEAD MACHINES**, you WILL feel like your brains have been sucked clean from your skull. Another nugget from Relapse is Embalmer's, **THERE WAS BLOOD EVERYWHERE**. This relatively low-tech piece of macabre is actually their '96 7" EP, **THERE WAS BLOOD EVERYWHERE** and their '93 demo, **ROTTING REMAINS** remastered onto disc. This raw piece of meat will have you thanking your lucky stars that the guys in Embalmer have music as an outlet.



Watch It Burn Victory
WATCH IT BURN. With music like this, I could watch it burn all night. Cast Iron Hike, one of the latest additions to the Victory roster of talent, will be pleasing the ears of fans on both sides of the hardcore/metal fence. Big fat guitars, "in 'yo damn face" grooving rhythms, and cleverly varied song structures will have everyone praising the gods of heavy. The songs were written about oppressing factors the boys have run into in their lives. **WATCH IT BURN** seems to be Cast Iron Hike's way of breaking out and saying nothing will stand in their way.

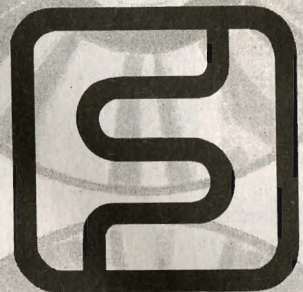
AMORPHIS
My Kantele
Relapse
Your favorite Finnish, metal, folk band and mine have recorded **MY KANTELE**

as a finishing touch (...finishing touch...they're Finnish... spooky!) to their last album, **ELEGY**. The EP contains an acoustic version of "My Kantele", which originally appeared on **ELEGY**. Amorphis have once again tapped into their heritage, traditions, and philosophical beliefs for inspiration to write two new tunes for the EP. Additional highlights of **MY KANTELE** include covers of the songs "Levitation" by Hawkwind and "And I Hear You Call" by Kingston Wall.



CAST IRON HIKE

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ON
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Daily Calendar

The Waters - Holy Cow

Wednesday, August 6

Yuri's World - ABG's
Klub Eklektika - Ashbury Pub
Decomposers - Burt's Tiki
Cartel - Dead Goat
Barenaked Ladies - DV8
Nebulus with Fade - Ichabobs
The Smacks - O-Town Tavern
Zina, Hammell on Trial - Spankys
John Mayall - Zephyr

Thursday, August 7

House of Cards - Burt's Tiki
Euphio Project - Dead Goat
Solid Gold - Holy Cow
Waist Deep - Ichabobs
Jesse Dayton, Swamp Donkeys -
Spankys
John Mayall - Zephyr

Friday, August 8

Jesse Daltons - ABG's
Donner Party - Ashbury Pub
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki
Backwash - Dead Goat
Society's Child - Ichabob's Tavern
Fat Paw - Liquid Joe's
Strong Intention, Godspine - O-
Town Tavern
Summer Jack with Cokleo -
Spankys
Gamma Rays - Zephyr

Saturday, August 9

NEBULA - Ashbury Pub
Pagan Love Gods - Burt's Tiki
Chocolate Hippie - Dead Goat
Abstrak - Grizzly's
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Murphy's Law, HiFi &
The Roadburners - Ichabobs
Fat Paw - Liquid Joe's
Summer Jack, Porno Carpet - O-
Town Tavern
The Muffs, The Groovie Ghoulies
with Chixdiggit - Spankys

Sunday, August 10

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Randy Baldwin & Trial by Fire -
Zephyr

Monday, August 11

J. Nelson Ramsey - Ashbury Pub
Andrew Jr. Boy Jones - Dead
Goat
Fabulous Thunderbirds - Zephyr

Tuesday, August 12

Mary Tebbs & Friends - Ashbury
Cream Abdul Babbar, No Less,

Agents of Satan - O-Town Tavern
The Derailers - Zephyr

Wednesday, August 13

Cannibal Buffet - ABG's
Klub Eklektika - Ashbury Pub
Unlucky Boys - Burt's Tiki
DiKayl & the Retreads - Dead Goat
Jeremy Toback, Chaser, Artificial
Joy Club - Holy Cow
Cactus Tea with Seeds & Stems -
Ichabobs
Abstrak - Liquid Joe's
Randy Baldwin & Trial by Fire -
Spankys
Old 97's - Zephyr

Thursday, August 14

Chola - Ashbury Pub
Mountain Hippie - Dead Goat
Solid Gold - Holy Cow
Psychic Machine with Paris
Green - Spankys
Girth CD Release Party - Zephyr

Friday, August 15

Ditch Bank Oldes - ABG's
Back Wash - Ashbury Pub
Pagan Love Gods - Zephyr
Ro Sham Bo - Dead Goat
Fat Paw - Holy Cow
Abstrak - Ichabob's Tavern
Twelve Speed, Soil - O-Town
Twistedead Fable, Moc Orange -
Spankys
Charlie Hunter Quartet - Zephyr

Saturday, August 16

NEBULA - Ashbury Pub
Voodoo Glow Skulls, Goldfinger,
Shelter-Bricks
Smak Daddy - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Hostage - Dead Goat
Stout, Driver II - O-Town Tavern
Bootie Quake - Spankys
The Jackmormons - Zephyr

Sunday, August 17

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Roadside Ruins - Zephyr

Monday, August 18

Full Spectrum - Ashbury Pub
Joe Houston - Dead Goat
Jug or Not - O-Town Tavern
Beth Orton - Zephyr

Tuesday, August 19

ASA Acoustic - Ashbury Pub
Johnny Rotten, DJ Bam Bam -
Bricks

9 Spine Stickleback, Rot Iron
Smile O-Town
Ozomatli - Spankys
King Trance - Zephyr

Wednesday, August 20

Klub Eklektika - Ashbury Pub
Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki
Tanya & the Townsmen - Dead Goat
Seahorses with Manson - DV8
Star Motel with Marmalade Hill -
Ichabob's
Pompeii Sneak with Side Show -
Spankys
Papa Kega - Zephyr

Thursday, August 21

Chill - Ashbury Pub
Dale Lee, Phil Miller, Bob Smith -
Burt's Tiki
Jive Cats - Dead Goat
Solid Gold - Holy Cow
Go Cart - Ichabob's Tavern
Junk with Brother Sage - Spankys
Black Uhuru - Zephyr

Friday, August 22

The Surfniks - ABG's
Atomic Deluxe - Ashbury Pub
Sun Masons - Dead Goat
Elbo Finn - Holy Cow
Motherload with Society's Child
- Ichabob's
Brooklyn Steamer, Higher Power
- O-Town
Plonk, Verbena, I Could Never Hope
- Spankys
Black Uhuru - Zephyr

Saturday, August 23

NEBULA - Ashbury Pub
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki
Sun Masons - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Insomnia - Ichabob's Tavern
Stone Fly, Mean People - O-Town
Tavern
Headshake - Spankys
Office Party, Highwater Pants, -
Zephyr

Sunday, August 24

Acoustic Goat - Ashbury Pub
Showdown 76, Belvadere - O-
Town Tavern
Patio Banton - Zephyr

Monday, August 25

James Shook - Ashbury Pub
Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues Band -
Dead Goat
31 Knots - O-Town Tavern

Tuesday, August 26

Mary Tebbs & Friends - Ashbury
Sugar Ray - Holy Cow
Subincision, Cop Killer - O-Town
King Chicago - Zephyr

Wednesday, August 27

Klub Eklektika - Ashbury Pub
Scrotum Poles - Burt's Tiki
Mudd Puddle - Dead Goat
Piper Down - Ichabob's Tavern
Copkillers, Eastwood - Spankys
Red Hot Blues - Zephyr

Thursday, August 28

House of Cards - Ashbury Pub
DiKayl & the Retreads - Dead
Goat
Eastwood with Fade - Ichabob's
Deadbolt - O-Town Tavern
ZZYZX - Spankys
Sun Masons, We the Living -
Zephyr

Friday, August 29

Dead Bolt with Swamp Cooler -
ABG's
Sun Masons - Ashbury Pub
Pagan Love Gods - Burt's Tiki
Cartel - Dead Goat
Swamp Donkeys with Porno
Carpets - Ichabob's Tavern
Inneffed, Unsound Mind - O-
Town Tavern
50 Lashes, Higher Power - Spankys

Saturday, August 30

NEBULA - Ashbury Pub
Sun Masons - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Irie Heights - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Beatiful Losers, Cactus Tea -
Ichabob's Tavern
Oxbow, Swamp Donkey - Spankys
Salsa Bravo - Zephyr

Sunday, August 31

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

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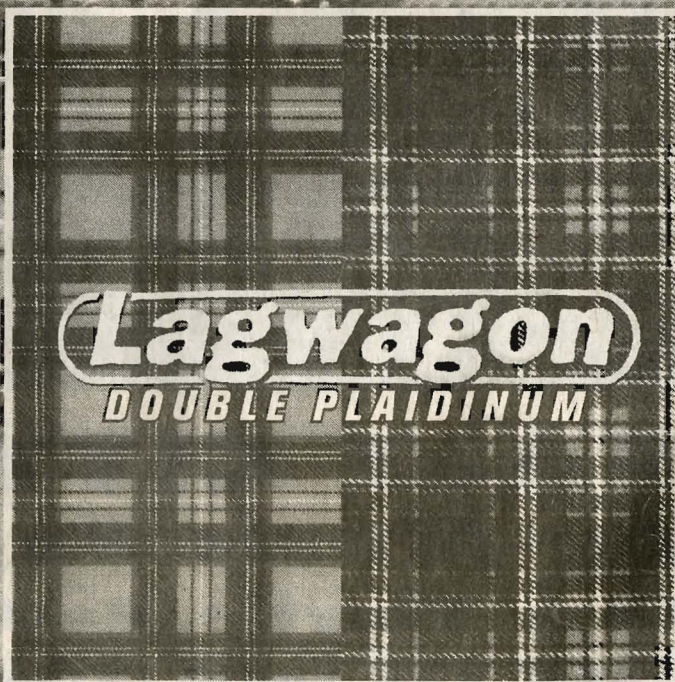
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