


SLUG



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Dear Dickheads

Tell that worthless decoy fucker from GRID magazine (or is that SLID, as in slid into bankruptcy court) that nobody cares about snoop puffy dog so shut the hell up. By the way where is the almighty resurrected GRID? In your fucking dreams cowboy.

Peace out yo yo know what I'm sayin'

—Cracker

Dear dickheads,

What the hell is up? You have a whole god damn page of tits one issue, then not a tit in the bunch. Please stop teasing me. Make up your little minds, are you a tit mag or not?

—Jon Titus

Dear Dickheads,

Hey we haven't heard from any of those environmental bastards, them grateful dead, fucking hippie, vegetarian types lately! Did Jerry's lard ass poluted (sp) the planet that it's beyond saving it? Now, guess what me and my evil friends had for barbecue last month? It was a manatee. I shit you not. This stuff ain't bad dude.

Late last night my friend from Florida phoned and a half hour I had to listen to his story about a bad phishing day; didn't get anything at all. On the way back to shore, in his huge diesel burning boat he was so pissed he harpooned a big dolphin while listening to L.U.G.N.U.T. New disc!!

We will roast a big chunk of this fucking fish in April when he comes here on a ski vacation. I guess it tastes like whale meat. Have you idiot-earth saving bastards ever tasted whale? Tastes like a manatee. Come to the dolphin party, as always there will be a bunch of us with some wasted whores, (plenty of food), we'll have to keep my buddy away from lugnut cd's, because when he starts bitching about some weird religion in this fucked-up state while on drugs, it wouldn't be pretty.

This guy is a big supporter of the "kill a hippie and save the planet" program. And this friendly little note is brought to you by waste our canyons and kill a mormocrite missionary fondation (sp).

God, I hate the fucking Mormon minivan army! Blow me if you don't believe me.

Richard Cranium

P.S. The first environmental idiot who calls to notice that dolphin isn't really a fish but something else, will receive a stuffed spotted owl. By mail!

Dear Dickheads

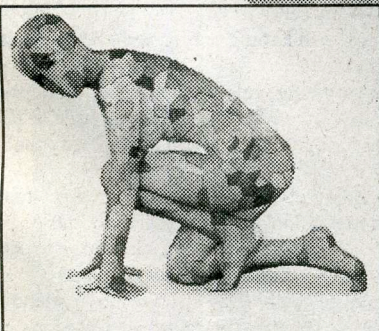
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ON THE COVER



This months cover was built in Photoshop by our website guru Mark Ross.

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He calls her Moon Woman, but we like

"Falzika the Alien Female"

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SLUG

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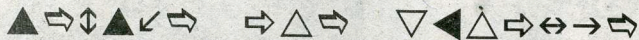
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...people are strange...



The men were tallying up the will. Some were brothers and nephews to Tray. Others were not men at all. In fact, they were a certain breed of parasite, indigenous around the world in one form or another. The particular species in this part of the world was known as wife.

With tusks stained with blood from the kill and tentacle like limbs with razor sharp grabbers on the ends ready to lap up any remnants left by Tray's quite dead father. Two other limbs protruded from the bodies of these wives. One was held above the head of the man she would nag at the end of the day with puppet strings hanging from the hand, and the other was disheveled up his ass. Working him like a ventriloquist's dummy. The lawyer had told Tray earlier that if he showed up, no strings would be attached, but this was not the case at all. Then again they tend to lie a little when it suits them and this suit did not suit this man in the least. He wore a black leather suitcase that was full of all sorts of information. The kind that would do no good. He had to keep it somewhere and although his head was empty, it was so small to hold it all. The referee's whistle that hung from his neck accented his ensemble perfectly.

"Tweet! Please be seated". He said.

This seemed odd to Tray since everyone was already sitting, but he was considered the odd one in the family, so instead of saying anything, he sat there quietly.

The lawyer continued.

"It has come to my attention that one of you is not present. That is also the very reason you are all here and accounted for.

The lawyer had a rigid rhythm to his speech pattern. No doubt as a result from the board he had up his ass. Just then it donned on Tray that he was the only one there without something up his ass and instantly felt under dressed for the occasion. As if this gathering wasn't uncomfortable enough as it was. Now a dress code violation had taken place.

"Since your Father, Uncle Brimstone to some of you, Old Scratch to his friends



that wanted something from him, or just plain old Grandpa has passed away, I have been delegated, as his attorney, the job of waiting on each of you. And I will wait as long as it takes too.

The dinner bell rang.

"If you will all be so kind as to join me in the dining area, we will get the appetizers out of the way." With this said, everyone got up and followed the lawyer into the next room.

Everyone sat down and watched the lawyer circle the table, passing out menus, asking everyone to have a seat. As a center piece, lay a silver platter, and resting on top of this serving tray was the decapitated head of the missing guest of honor and host, Tray's father.

"This is very unnerving" Thought Tray. I don't know if I can take much more of this. I just know someone is going to notice I don't have anything up my ass and make a big deal about it.

Tray looked down at the menu. On it were all the worldly possessions his father had owned including fame, fortune, sex, power. But the prices. The prices were outrageous. You could pretty much have anything on the menu and wash it down with a nice wine for the price of your soul. Around the table he noticed that everyone else was ordering up a storm. They were acting as they hadn't eaten in months.

His dad use to tell him when he was growing up,

"Why do you insist on meddling with music? You're no good at it! You've got no soul! Why don't you become something useful like a doctor, a lawyer, beggar man, or thief? I know they all sound like the same thing, but any one of the bunch would be a lot better than a musician.

You have to have soul to be a musician and that's something you just ain't got boy."

But Tray knew he was wrong. He was wrong then and he's wrong now. If he wanted, he could buy dinner for the whole family. He was loaded. The lawyer came around to him and asked.

"Are you ready to order sir?"



"I'm not really hungry."

"But you must eat sir."

"seriously, I'm not hungry."

"Your father made it very clear to me that you were to have something. Now what will it be?"

"Alright. I'll just have water"

"Sir. As your attorney I would advise you to order something a little more substantial"

"But you're not my attorney"

"Ah, but for a small, one time fee, I could be"

He didn't have to say it. Tray knew that it was the same fee that was scrawled all over the menu.

"I'll pass! Thank you anyway. Just water"

"you couldn't afford anything on there anyway you little piss-ant!!" The head shouted.

"You're wrong about that! I have plenty of soul! That's the one thing you couldn't take away from me!"

He retorted back at the head that was frothing at the mouth now and very angry. The room became completely silent, except for a faint gurgling coming from the center piece on the table. Like one would picture lava in a cauldron, brewing. Everyone else at the table sat there frozen. Jaws sauce covered and crooked open in disbelief at the gall of one man. The strange one in the family.

"Sir, please, there is no reason to raise your voice," whispered the waiter.

"Sorry. I'll be going now. Excuse me everyone. I apologize for the outburst."

With this said, Tray got up from his chair, and turned past the waiter. The waiter pressed a two quarter tip into his hand as he walked by and said,

"Remember, I'll wait as long as it takes"

"How could I have behaved in such a manner?"

He thought. No one was laughing. Even the midget looked down at him while handing back his coat at the door.

"I don't think I'll be coming back to this place. Not for a long while, if ever."

It was a long way from home, wherever that was. Tray shoved his hands deep into his pockets and felt the cold metal coins. Never referred to as William. Always known as a Bill. The reading of the Will was over and these two coins are what were left him. Just enough for bus fare out of here.

It feels lonely when you're the only one that makes any sense to you. The world seems so bizarre. Am I going crazy? Or is it the world around me?

It's a very long walk to the bus stop from pretty much anywhere and the cotton balls he had eaten for breakfast never went down all the way.

This little Pub should have the cure for what Ales me. It looks like they serve food too.

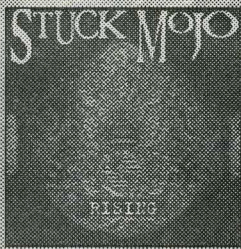
Good. It's about time I had something to eat

There was a sign on the door that read Employees Only Tray opened the door and went in. The place was empty except for a big

continued on page 6

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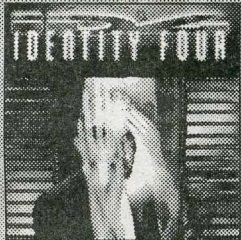
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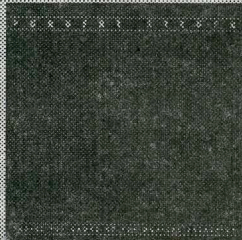
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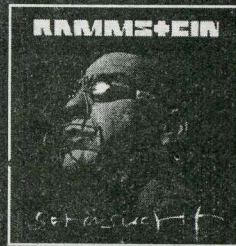
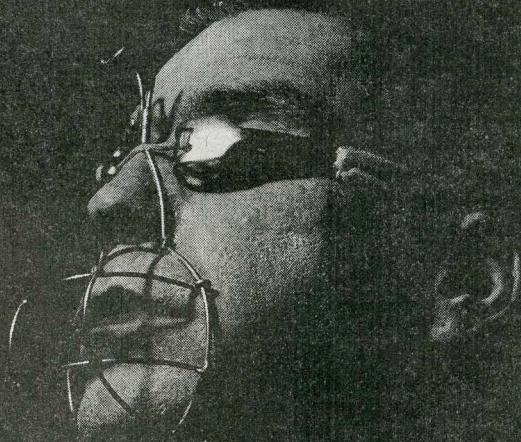
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burly man who was obviously the bartender and a midget who was obviously the short order cook.

"What can I get for you comrade?" asked the bartender.

"Yeah, what!" said the midget as he slammed his little fist on the bar.

"I'll have a beer and a Reuben sandwich please" replied Tray.

"We don't got no Reuben sandwich palsy. You should know that by now. All we got are pickled eggs. Made to order."

"Alright, a pickled egg and a beer then."

The beer was already sitting in front of him by this time. The midget climbed up on a stool, unscrewed the lid to a jar he could have fit in, shoved his whole arm inside, and started fishing around for an egg. His little nubs finally clamped on to one. He yanked it out and threw it on the counter next to the beer.

"You want me to run you a tab?"

"Yeah, please"

"You got it. If we can't trust our own, who can we trust?"

The midget jumped off the stool and ran into the back. The bartender spoke.

"You look down. Is something Eating you?"

"My father passed away recently"

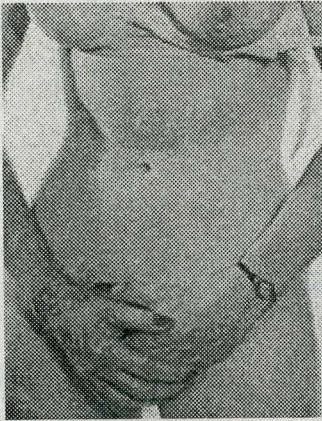
"Well boo-hoo. You think you've got it bad? My wife left me for another couple. She thought I was cheating on her thanks to the radio station she never listened to always playing cheating songs. I'll get that disc jockey though. Oh, don't you worry about that. I'm a black belt in Makada and I meditate daily. Did you know that? I also saw the nuclear bombs go off in Nevada. If I can survive radioactive poisoning I can survive this I suppose"

The door to the bar opened up. A man with a camera ran in, took a picture of the bartender and ran immediately out again. "God damned paparazzi! Why can't they leave me be? They're trying to catch me cheating again so they can show the pictures to my wife. I never cheated on her a day in my life. Except for a hamburger and a cup of coffee that is. I've got a thing for hamburgers maybe it's a case of mistaken identity"

"You may have something there. I have this twin brother that gets me into all sorts of trouble. I heard he's in town too. I haven't seen him since we were kids. Matter of fact it was back when I was Eight years old and he was

nine. That's the last time I saw him. He's in prison now. I'll bet it's him giving me a bad name alright."

Tray noticed a lovely little lady sitting in a booth across the room. Wanting the conversation to end with the bartender, he got up and began to walk towards her. The bartender kept talking as if someone was still there to talk to.



"can I buy you a pickled egg?" Tray asks the girl. "no thanks I had a big breakfast. You could suck on my feet though" she said as she propped up her feet on the table. They were covered with scum from the floor and her yellow toenails hadn't been cut in what looked like a year. "do you usually let strangers suck on your feet?" "well yeah, doesn't everybody?" "I think I'd rather sit and talk. Maybe get to know

you"

"well then that makes you about the weirdest person I've ever met in my lifetime"

Tray looked down at the floor, watching the cockroaches scurry around.

Assembling together so they were spelling words with their bodies. S.O.S., CRAZY, PSYCHO, NUTS, OFF KILTER, 99 CENT DRAFTS, and so on. He walked back over to the bar to settle up his tab.

"so what are the damages?"

"let's see. You had one beer at 99 cents and a pickled egg. Minus ten percent for your employee discount, that comes to..."

"My employee discount? What do you mean?"

"You don't think we would make one of our own employees pay full price do you?"

"but I'm not an employee" "I hope to hell you're lying to me right now boy.

Are you or are you not an employee of this here facility"

"no sir I am not, but"

"but!! But what! didn't you read the sign on the front door?! That's what I thought! Now get the hell out of here before I call the cops! You just came this close to seeing what Makada can do to a man. You better beg to the person that answers your prayers that you never run into the likes of me again! If there's one thing I cannot stand, it's an impostor! What kind of weirdo would even think of pulling such a stunt! Nobody but a freak that's



who. I'll tell you one thing..."

Tray wasn't sure what the bartender was babbling about now. It wasn't as easy to hear from half a block away. The bus stop was just ahead. Never before in the history of mankind was anyone this happy to be taking public transportation. He walked up to the bench and had a seat right next to an older woman with parts missing. An arm here. A leg there. An ear. A finger or two. "What the hell are you staring at?" the woman yelled at him as he was staring straight forward.

"Nothing"

"Are you calling me nothing"

"no"

"just because these eyes are glass doesn't mean I can't see you galking at me all high and mighty. You think you're so much better than me? I'll have you know that plasma isn't the only thing you can sell for money. Luckily I made my fortune while I'm young enough to enjoy it. I'm only 21 years old and the world is my oyster. I'm so rich now, I could buy and sell weirdos like you at the drop of a hat"

"then why are you taking the bus? Only losers ride the bus ma'am"

"the state took my license away. They've got some stupid law that says at least forty percent of you has to actually be with you at all times in order to legally drive. It's really too bad now that I can afford some nice wheels. What's it to a strange freak like yourself anyway?"

Tray could see the bus down the street coming towards them.

"I'm sorry. I haven't been having a very good day."

"what's the problem?"

"no offense, but I would feel funny about complaining to someone who is missing so many body pieces"

"sounds like you're missing some pieces also" "but I've still held on to the one piece they were always after."

"then what's the problem?"

"nothing.. I just can't stand it here. I can't seem to fit in anywhere."

"You are pretty weird. Though I'm sure there are people as freakish as you are somewhere. Have you thought about moving?"

"moving?? Huh?"

Tray thought about it for a while. "that's a damn fine idea madam. The answer has been looking me in the eyes the whole time. Thank you"

As the bus pulled up, Tray stepped in front of the right corner of it, letting it strike him. The force threw him down on the ground cracking his skull open against the pavement. Then nothing. Just a smile across his face and peace. The old lady was right. There was a piece missing from him and all it took to find it was moving to another place.

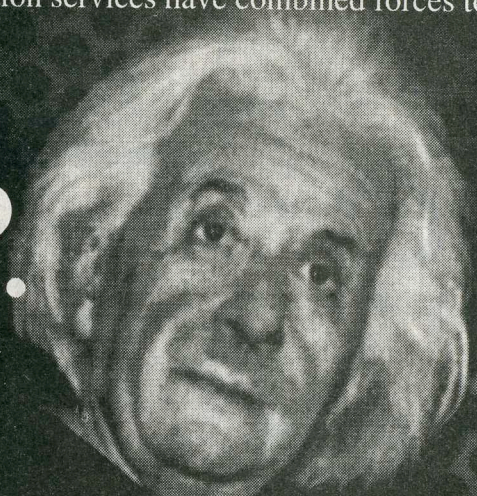
—Ray M.

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8 Heads In A Duffel Bag

Joe Pesci is a hit man who loses 8 severed heads. The plot ensues. Not his best movie but way better than "Gone Fishin". There is some funny scenes in this movie, but not enough to carry it all the way through. You could do worse, like maybe that new Segal movie to which I've only seen the preview.

The Matchmaker

Janeane Garofalo. I think we all know how I feel about Janeane. She should make all the rules for the world and everyone should follow them. As far as this movie goes, it would have sucked if she wasn't in it. As far as everybody else? Leary was

Leary, the Irish guy was good, and the old Irish guy was better. I want to see Janeane in a cool movie like LA.. Confidential, but Hollywood is too fucking stupid to see how good she is.

G.I. Jane

Didn't see it. However Mrs. Pink did. So here's the first "Mrs. Pink Video Review"... I liked it.

If you're a man with normal to low testosterone levels or you're a chick, you will probably like it too. If you have unusually high levels of testosterone I would recommend you watch Reservoir Dogs (probably for the 15th time).

Air Force One

Didn't see it. However, I can tell you all about it. The President's plane gets hijacked by some 'mad-man,' and his group of kooky terrorists. Things go wrong, and Harrisob Ford (the President) has to kick ass all by himself. Expect a slew of bullshit stunts like people hanging from planes, blowing holes in planes, and White House staff actually getting something done. Yawn...

Dream With The Fishes
David Arquette

tries to off himself, and then this guy finds him and...

Well, all I can say is that my review would not get you to see the movie, so just see the movie. It is very cool and very stimulating.

Breathing Room

A little like "If Lucy Fell" in that a man & a woman make a love pact. This time though they agree to have no contact from Thanksgiving to Christmas Day, to let their relationship "Breathe." This is what happens when people want to "Examine the relationship." Don't do it. It makes for a good movie though, and is worth seeing if you can find it. The girl's friend is played by the sister from Ned & Stacey. There's an obscure reference for you.

—Mr. (& Mrs.) pink ☺

The Man Who Knew Too Little

Bill Murray is the best comedic actor out there today. So it doesn't matter how good a movie is if he is in it, it will be funny because he's so God damned good at the silly actor funny shit, you forget everything else. A spoof on the classic spy movie, Murray is perfect as the naive super secret agent. Definitely a keeper.

If Lucy Fell

This is a love story with a twist. Roommates make a pact to find love by the time she turns 30 or they kill themselves by jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge. The girl (Sarah Jessica Parker) goes out with Ben Stiller, and the guy goes out with Elle Macpherson. O.K. sure but they end up in love with each other. Whatever works works, but this movie does because the guy (Joe) is so good. The jogging scene is perfect. Watch this movie. It's not great, but it's pretty cool.

The Game

Michael Douglas is perfect for this role. He's got that bullshit look on his face like someone trying to sell you a house that's not there. In this "Game" he's selling you a story/plot that is also non existent. Bullshit wrapped in bullshit surrounded by boring plot twists. It's supposed to be deep and intellectual. It ain't baby it's crap.

Devil's Advocate

After a truckload of so-so to good movies, it was great to finally see a great movie. This is it. The gem of the month. Best movie of the year so far. Al Pacino is the man. In this case, the very bad man. Keanue Reeves is the shitty actor who is made to look good due to Al's dominating presence. Great imagery & cool effects.



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STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT

Last month the Stanford Prison Experiment made a stop in our backyard. They played the Holy Cow with the Jesus Lizard. What a great night, and a great turn out. We had record business people there, we had magazine people there, we had the who's who of the Salt Lake music underground there, we had your usual flailing idiots that tried to impress the little ladies, we even had Salt Lake's finest, the cops there by the end of the show. This was ten times better than watching Smellrose Place, or what ever you were watching that night.

The Stanford Prison Experiment, SPE from here on out, comes to us from the glittery, fly by freak streets of, (yawn) Los Angeles. Mario Jimenez is on Vocals, Blah-blah is on Drums, Mark Fraser is on Bass, and Blah Blah is on guitar. They let me and my rough boyz corner them in a room and ask a few questions-

Slug: Ok, so I wear my SPE t-shirt to the gym and once everyone reads it, they all scatter. I don't think anyone wants to know what kind of experiment or prison I've been in.

Drummer: Are you sure it's the shirt and not your stench?

Slug: When I walk in, it's the shirt. After about 30-45 minutes, it's the stench. So, where did you guys get your name from?

Guitar: We got it from the Stanford Prison Experiment in the early 70's.

Slug: I'm not familiar with that. What was the Prison Experiment?

Guitar: They got a lot of college students, then they divided them up. Some were guards and some were prisoners, in this simulated prison. In a nutshell, the conclusion was that your role shapes

your actions and beliefs. The guards starting acting like guards and the prisoners started acting like prisoners. There was more to it than that, but that is essentially it. And we thought that would make a some what, interesting band name.

Slug: Where are you all from?

Guitar: L.A..

Slug: All of you?

Guitar: All of us, except for Mark, who

are the best. They are great, great guys. On top of all that, they are a great band.

Slug: So what's coming out, anything new?

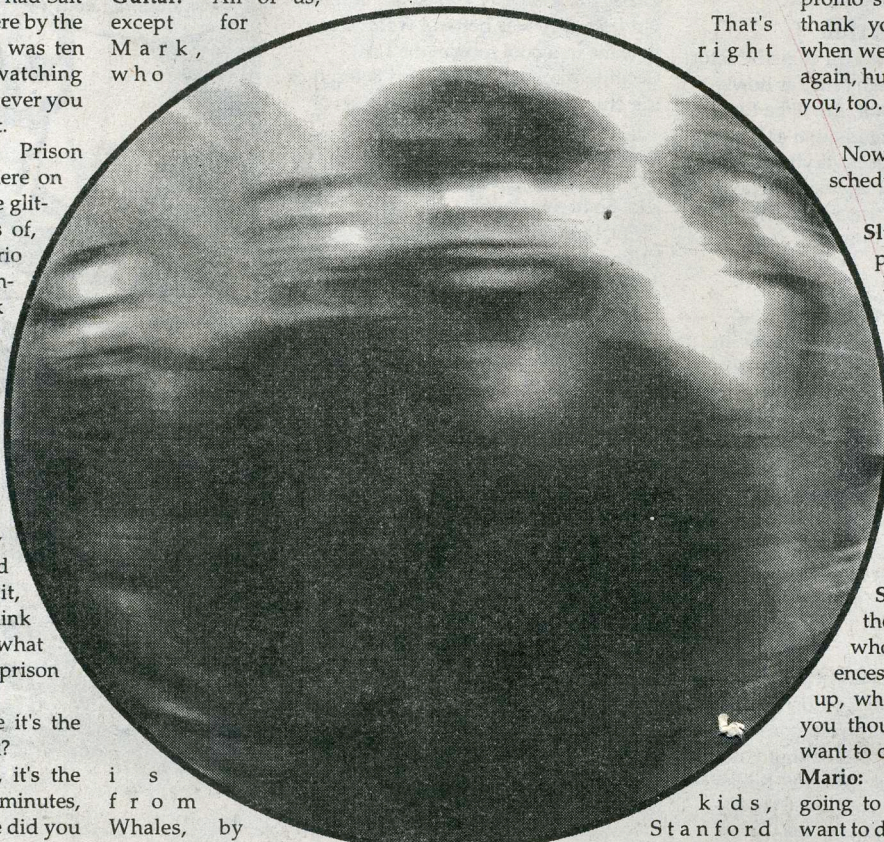
Guitar: Yea, we've got a CD coming out in May.

Drummer: May 7th.

Slug: Is it done or is it in post production?

Guitar: It's totally done.

That's right



Right now, I would just like to break and say if it wasn't for Barbara Mitchell at Deluxe Media, this interview would never have taken place, she showed us some love, here at SLUG. Barbara, a big deep, slow, wet, kiss goes out to you, baby. And, on behalf of SLUG, I give a special thank you to Island records. No help, no bio, no promo stuff, nothing, nada. So, thank you Island, let us know when we can bend over for you again, huh? A big kiss goes out to you, too. A big KISS MY ASS!!!

Now, back to our regularly scheduled program-

Slug: Why do record companies wait on something like this, why May?

Mario: It's better for them to take their time and focus. They can plan the launch, all the advertising, sell through's ect. if they plan and take their time.

Slug: A little bit longer than the DIY labels.

Mario: Oh, yea.

Slug: I want to go down the line on this one, but who are some of your influences? As you were growing up, who did you listen to that you thought, yea, that's what I want to do?

Mario: I never thought I was going to be in a band, or did I want to do that at all. When I was a kid I was into Black Flag, Minor Threat, stuff like that. Those bands tend to have the idea that anyone can play music. And anyone should be able to pick up an instrument and express themselves. So, that's kinda where I started.

Drummer: I liked DJ Bonebreak alot, I use to go see X all the time. I liked the guy from the Smiths. I liked the guy from the Smiths too, bands like that. I also liked

is from Whales, by way of New York.

Slug: How did you hook up?

Guitar: With an ad in the paper.

Slug: How long have you been on tour this time?

Drums: We are half way through it and it's a month long tour.

Slug: How's it going with the Jesus Lizard?

Drums: It's going great

Guitar: All of the shows have been sold out. The Jesus Lizard

kids, Stanford Prison Experiment will be releasing their third album on Cinco de Mayo. The title is, Wrecreation. It is co-produced by Ted Nicely, who has produced and worked with such bands as Fugazi and Girls Against Boys. The word on the street is that Wrecreation is 'leaner, meaner and more melodic and focused' than the previous material by SPE.

the early ska stuff, Madness, the Specials, all that.

Guitar: I listened to so many different kinds of bands. Echo and the Bunnymen were a big influence for me. We all listened to basically the same bands. We all like the Smiths alot. The Psychadelic Furs, bands like that. I got into the old, classic shit too. I really like Led Zeppelin.

Mario: I like Depeche Mode

Slug: Really?

Guitar: I do too, I like Depeche Mode

Mark: I guess growing up, I was more of a metal head than these guys. Growing up I would listen to Iron Maiden, Rush and Metallica. A lot of just the heavier, more metal like bands, I guess.

Slug: Can you sing like that guy in Iron Maiden, can you hit those notes?

Mark: No, I can't. I wish I could though. I guess recently I've been

trying to listen to different stuff. These guys have been turning me on to a lot of stuff they listen to, like Echo and the Bunnymen.

Right now Joy Division is a favorite band of mine. I've been trying to listen to Jazz, check in out Charles Mingus, ya know? A lot of rap music I like, Public Enemy, the Roots. I just try to check out different kinds of music, see what's out there.

Slug: How do you like touring?

Drummer: We like it.

Slug: What do you like about it?

Guitar: Don't have to work.

Drummer: We get to play our music night after night, and we get tighter as a band.

Slug: So what do you hate?

Mario: All the stuff that comes from being away from home, like family and friends, stuff like that. Bad sleep, no sleep.

So there you have it. File this under, "Tales from the road..." The Stanford Prison Experiment will be coming back to our happy valley sometime between now and May 7th. Make sure you keep your eyes peeled and don't miss them next time around. These guys are like a sonic assault on your senses and in my opinion, everybody should partake. I'm out.

Jerry Joseph and the Jackmormons



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LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEWS

To begin at the beginning here is what you've missed already this month. Fishbone played with Capricorn Records' newest signing, 2 Skinny Jays. Is Capricorn finally moving beyond the hippie hold? Big Jack Johnson was at the Dead Goat. Most SLUG readers didn't attend because they believe Jonny Lang is the blues and that the *Blues Brothers 2000* is a "cool" soundtrack. Not even close. Marcy Playground was at the Holy Cow, ha, ha, ha, ha, and so were you the reader, ha, ha, ha. Steel Pulse was at DV8 and the readers who missed Marcy Playground were there with all the Cosmic Aeroplane employees. The very next night you lazy fuckers who never leave the house for live music went out again. The band? Matchbox 20. Didn't they rock? Too Slim & the Taildraggers were at the Zephyr. The third good show of the month happened at Bricks on March 4. I know three nights in a row is a lot to ask and most of you stayed home for BT and Crystal Method. That completes March in review. Now for March in preview.

As usual here's what to skip arranged by category. In the "hippie" and "funk" categories are God Street Wine, Five Fingers of Funk, Baby Jason & the Spankers, Jorma Kaokonan, Mango Jam, Gov't Mule, Sky Bop Fly, Robert Hunter, the Meditations, String Cheese Incident and Moses Guest. In the "new age" or "contemporary instrumental" category is Jim Brickman and Yanni. In the get the fuck out of town and don't ever come back is the long overdue end of Joseph and His Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat featuring Donny Osmond.

Now for some choices. The Recliners and the Nightcaps are playing at the Zephyr on March 5. This particular show is a night of lounge and swing. Either band could offer up a lounge cover of some completely unexpected

"oldie." This is the first show in a string of "hip" factor shows that will probably receive a review in the *Deseret News*. You know? Those two girls who go to bars and write the most vacant words? Blondes receive all the credit for dumb, but those two brunettes are dumber than any blonde. The next night, March 6, has all kinds of entertainment and it is a Friday night. The Autumns are down in Provo as part of some X96 promotion. Swamp Cooler and the Moxie Tonic Medicine Show are the local openers at ABC's. The Damned, yes the real Damned, the Damned that formed while most of you were in kindergarten is at the Holy Cow. The very thought of seeing the Damned is better than a Rolling Stones gig. Over at Spanky's is God Lives Underwater. What to do? It's all about choice. The next night, March 7 the choice is easier. Greg Brown is for the folkies, Crystal Gayle is for the oldies, Holly Cole is for the FM 100 crowd, but not always, Jim Brickman I've already discussed and down in Provo is the actual show. Hepcat, The Slackers and The Gadgets all record for He'



Cat and Hepcat alone makes the drive worth the effort. Let me interrupt for the blues rundown. Smokin' Joe Kubek is at the Dead Goat on March 9. On March 16 Johnny Rawls is at the same club and on March 17 the blues merges with acid jazz in the person of Greg Piccolo, also at the Dead Goat. The Zephyr has one blues act during the month. They claim Commander

God Lives Underwater



Cody is blues, and he's there on March 19, but I keep hearing "truck stop rock" for some reason. John Mayall returns to the Zephyr on March 21. After that the Dead Goat really heats up the Salt Lake City blues scene on successive Monday nights. On March 27 it's Eddie Shaw and the killer show of the blues during March is Long John Hunter on March 30. As if all SLUG readers are educated enough to realize when a must-see blues show hits town.

Fuck the schedule. Here's what to see. Dianna Krall is actual jazz and she'll be at the Hilton on March 10. Incubus is in a rage of hip-hop-metal-jazz and they will be at the Holy Cow on March 9. Reportedly this show is an all-ages affair, but call the club to check. On the rockabilly/swing scene there are a few dates. The Hillbilly Hellcats are coming back. They're from Denver, a town with an actual scene, they have a new CD to sell and Atomic Deluxe is the opening act. The date is March 11 and the place is the Zephyr. Don't be confused by the ad in City Weekly. The New

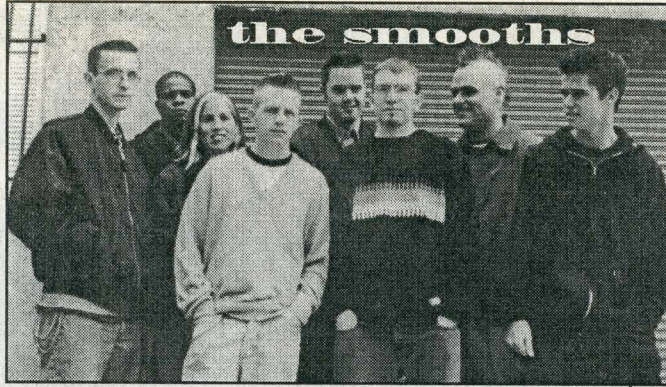
Morty Show is actually playing at the U of U Union Ballroom on March 13. Two Provo acts will open. The New Morty Show is an honest to God big band. They cover Metallica and others in swing fashion and the entertainment factor is high in spite of the atmosphere. On March 20 Money Plays 8 is at McCullough's. Just like the Hillbilly Hellcats they come from Denver.

Just like the New Morty Show they are a 10-piece band. The music is jumpin' jive and swing. Covers of Louis Jordan, Big Joe Turner, the Treniers and others are mixed in with originals. On March 21 the band heads to Provo for a show at ABC's. Hot Rod Lincoln is a Southern California rockabilly band. They hit town on March 29 and the place is McCullough's.

The "techno/industrial scene" is massive in March. After the God Lives Underwater gig look for the biggest, the best, the show of the entire month for live industrial entertainment. Pigface, Scorn, Not Breathing, FM Einheit and Bagman are all playing at Bricks. FM Einheit is of course from Einstürzende Neubauten. He's leading a five piece band for the tour. Bagman is Lee Fraser of Sheep On Drugs and Pigface has members of TKK, Test Depart., Chemlab, Dead Can Dance and Hanzel und Gretel and whoever else can join them in Salt Lake City. There could be someone from Cop Shoot Cop, Thrill Kill Kult, 77 Luscious Babes and even Ogre. He was here the last time Pigface hit town and the show was incredible, unforgettable and just so intense.



Scorn is the drum and bass entry. Mick Harris used to be the drummer for Napalm Death. Expect live dub and big fat beats when Harris takes the stage. Bagman is expected to offer up trip hop, drum and bass and hallucinations. Not Breathing has didgeridoo mixed with the electronics and it appears that more than a few of the hippie element will find something of interest on the Bricks stage. Five bands, with who knows how many people involved, arrive on March 14. Miss this one and be stupid, but once again there is a choice and competition. No the competition isn't Five Fingers of Funk. Metal is at the lake. What a transition! From techno/industrial to metal. Clutch, Limp Bizkit and Sevendust are all scheduled for Saltair on March 14. Limp Bizkit I can take or leave, but Sevendust and Clutch are heavy and rockin'. What to do? Well, Pigface gets my vote because the other bands will probably return during the summer. As if all that weren't enough for a Saturday night Spanky's has Agnes Gooch and Lucky Me booked and the World Wrestling Federation is at the Delta Center. It's white trash heaven in Salt Lake City! Continuing



with the metal is the X96 Great Expectations show. Everclear and Jimmie's Chicken Shack? Shouldn't K-Beer be doing the show. The date for those who care is March 20.

Now for some punk stuff. Kerosene 454, Blue Tip, Sweet Baby Freakdown and Lyndal Control are at the U of U on March 17. The PeeChees are, I believe, in the DV8 basement on March 15. Unwound is at the same place on March 27. On March 22 Spanky's checks in with the show for all the garage punk fiends and boys who love to stare at girls with guitars. The Groovie Ghoulies are coming back and they are bringing The Donnas with

them. Think Ramones and Runaways and we can't play very good and we're horny and we're young and we are going to fucking rock your world. An excellent gig that one! Swervedriver isn't really punk, but that swirling, psychedelic guitar music holds some appeal for punks looking for a sit down rest. The band plays the Zephyr on March 26. On March 29 punk is mixed with ska for a DV8 show. The bands are No Use For A Name, the band drawing the crowd, along with the Smooths and Anti Flag. That's it for my punk information. Our Lady Peace and Head Swim return and this big, big, radio show

is at DV8 on March 24. Please allow me to clear up the City Weekly ad in closing. The Skatalites are playing at the Union Ballroom on March 16, not the thirteenth and not the seventeenth. It's March 16 and for \$18 the music fan gains entrance to both the New Morty Show and the Skatalites. Considering the talent the price isn't bad.

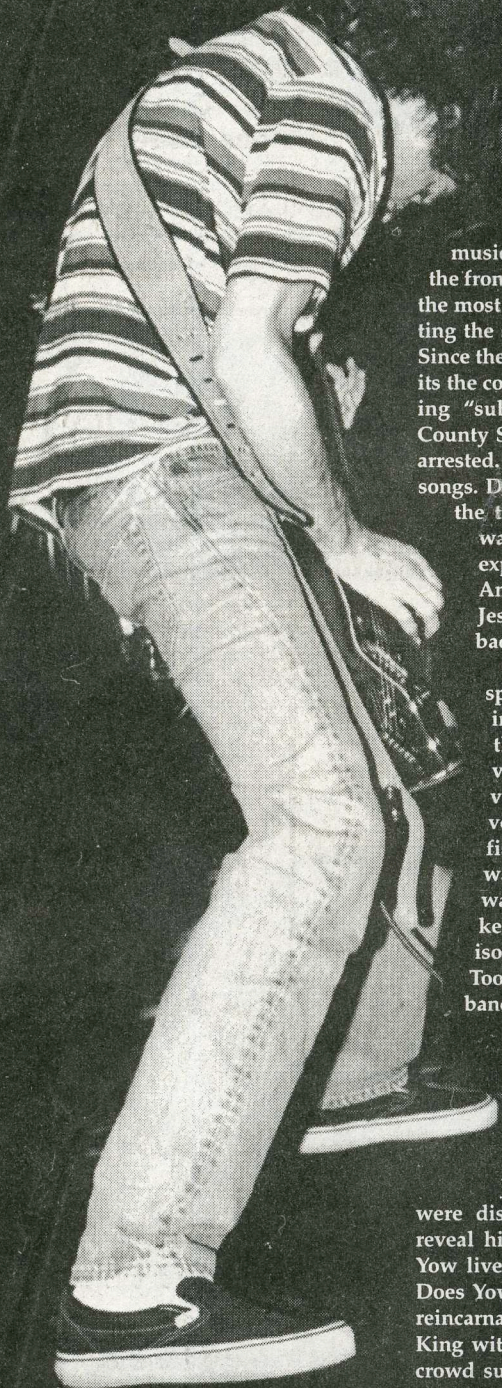
I apologize again for interrupting. Look at the tits in the Blue Boutique ad and read about the Serial Killer of the Month. Sit your fat ass down just like always because I know none of you fuckers are leaving the house. That fact and some liquor laws are why Salt Lake City will never have a "scene." Now it's time to get drunk until next month.

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Two Nights In The Life Of A Holy Cow



The first night of a week opening experience at the Holy Cow consisted of the Stanford Prison Experiment and Jesus Lizard. The two most prominent images concerning the live music occurrence were the spit factor and the front-man factor. The third, and probably the most important image, was the cops shutting the show down. Punk rock riot anyone? Since the concert was held inside the city limits the cops were cool. The yokels from outlying "suburban" cities and the Salt Lake County Sheriff's didn't respond. No one was arrested. David Yow announced two final songs. Due to the presence of the police and the threat of pulling the plug the band was only allowed one. What can one expect? Thank Joseph Smith and His Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat that Jesus Lizard consented to visit this backwater berg in the first place.

Spit. The last time I viewed so much spit Henry Rollins was wading around in it barefoot at DV8. Mario Jimenez, the Stanford Prison Experiment vocalist couldn't spit out a complete verse without spitting. The guitar was very detuned, the bass kept the goldfish from feeding and the drummer was kicking so hard that a sandbag was placed in front of his bass drum to keep it from moving. Previous comparisons to Rage Against The Machine and Tool are non-relevant at present. The band has a new CD coming out this month and the Stanford Prison Experiment hard-core fans present at the Holy Cow were like girlfriends at a 1990 Ani DiFranco show. Hug, kiss, sing-a-long, "mosh" and we all fall down.

Jesus Lizard. Many in the audience were disappointed that David Yow didn't reveal his penis and gonads. After viewing Yow live again there are but two questions. Does Yow believe that he is the Lizard King reincarnated or has he combined the Lizard King with the Iguana, Hank and Jello? Spit, crowd surf, drop your drawers, confront the audience, 1, 2, 3, do it all again. The man is a complete maniac and his band ignores him as they kick out the drone heavy on the bass rep-

etition. At one point in the show Yow somersaulted into the audience, landed on the floor, was kicked in the head and climbed back on stage with the words, "I think I've just been scalped." Fuck yeah! Those who missed it will be sad forever.

Two nights of good music at the Holy Cow is rare, but it happened. Yer Highness opened with Aldine singing like a whiskey drinker smoking three cigarettes at the same time as he plays the guitar with his teeth. Does the feat seem impossible. You have obviously never seen Yer Highness. After that finished a petite woman with dreadlocks to her waist took the stage to imitate Keith Morris in a mad mood. The dreadlocks swung about, barely missing the other band members on occasion and Karyn Crisis took time out to do a Selene Vigil imitation as she kneeled with her back to the audience and expressed all the inner pain she holds. Crisis is not even close musically to & Year Bitch or the Circle Jerks but the stage presence of Karyn brought images of both to mind. Fu Manchu have a difficult road ahead of them. As much as "critics," including the likes of Bill Frost, John Pecorelli and Lief over at Salt City CDs, have praised *The Action Is Go*, the band can't buy any airplay and the consumer isn't intelligent enough to catch on. Live and in person Fu Manchu cranked out the old school metal as if Poison and Cinderella had never worn spandex. None of that poofy hair and stage costumes for Fu Manchu, they were there to work and work they did. The highlights were "Evil Eye," "The Action Is Go," "Grendal, Snowman," and "Strolling Astronomer" in their full live glory. For some reason the cops didn't shut this show down. Could it be that Scott Hill's voice doesn't have the concrete and brick splitting irritation of David Yow's? There isn't a need to answer the question. Go buy *The Action Is Go* and pretend you were there. Turn it up really loud and experience metal as metal should be, not as it is imitated by the likes of tired out '80s bands still on the road. Jackyl and Mötley Crüe are two that come to mind. The Holy Cow isn't that bad of a place. Put a good band or three or more in the club and forget the baseball hats who hang there for Bootie Quake every Friday. The Cow was alive and well - at least for two nights.

Theodore Bikel



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OUTSIGHT

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"A hero is someone who rebels or seems to rebel against the facts of existence and seems to conquer them."

—Jim Morrison

"The highest art is the art of living an ordinary life in an extraordinary manner."

—Tibetan proverb

"[Music is] time made aesthetically perceptible."

—Herman Hesse

AFTER THE FALL

Acrimonious poet Mark E. Smith led The Fall through two decades of suicidal artistic integrity and decidedly non commercial pop noise. The result is both a substantial body of work and legendary cult status. Their faithful cover of The Kinks' "Victoria" is what first brought this Kinks fan into the knowledge of The Fall. As a chopless guitarist with big dreams and aspirations in a small town called Ortonville, The Fall's simple melodies and effective hooks made it all seem so possible. Three bands and five years later I resigned myself to a more passive involvement in the music industry. I can relate to the antipathy toward the music industry and more that Smith chronicles in his songs. I further respect the man's unflinching honesty and resolve. While you are hearing this from an avowed fan of the group, do not let the fact escape my bias. The Fall is responsible for substantial influence in every anti-rock and concept-pop movement that followed their inception. Beggars Banquet released a slew of the albums onto CD toward the end of 1997. I recommend making 1984's THE WONDERFUL FRIGHTENING WORLD OF the first scratchy record to replace or the point of departure in a voyage of discovering The Fall. Most adherents of the group seem to agree it is their most coherent and accessible album. I like to zero in on the half-dozen tracks from "Elves" to "Pat-Trip Dispenser" as a particularly luminous moment of lucidity from The Fall. This is the full eleven tracks of the original American release, guaranteeing that we get to hear the highly infectious "C.R.E.E.P." THIS NAT-ION'S SAVING GRACE from 1985 is often beat around as the most fragmented of releases from The Fall. Personally, I find it's fractured oddity inimitably charming. It contains there most noisy material

("Bombast") with the incredibly peculiar fantasies "Paintwork" and "I Am Damo Suzuki." For 1986's BEND SINISTER The Fall show us their shadow side. It also displays a perhaps corrupting multiple personality.

Whereas, until now, the dissonant guitar of Craig Scanlon has been the salient sound signature of the band, here we have the "keys - machines - guitar" ornamentation of multi-instrumental embellisher Simon Rogers. The resulting clash of gloom and pop is a heady challenge of an album. Beggars Banquet also makes available the relaxed antidote THE FRENZ EXPERIMENT (1988). In our journey we now hit another oasis of clever pop subversion. This time we start with everybody's favorite "Victoria" and cruise on to "Bremen Nacht Alternative" for a five-song jaunt from the most clearly conceived and accomplished of albums from this moving target of a group. Also available on aluminum are two albums from 1989. SEMINAL LIVE is an excellent example of what a truly seminal and law-breaking anti-trend band can do from the stage. Released previously was the 'soundtrack' for the zany ballet I AM KURIOUS, ORANJ. In three songs on the disc Smith intones "check the record/check the guy's track record." Excellent advice for his fellow outsiders worldwide and for any music fan considering an idiosyncratic and prolific musician.

HOUSES OF BLUE LIGHT

"Unity and diversity" and "Help ever hurt never" may sound like neo-pagan cheers, but they are actually slogans you can find on many releases from the House of Blues Music Company (8439 Sunset Blvd., LA CA, 90069). Between their two ESSENTIAL BLUES collections you can put your hands on over thirty "Classic Blues Songs." Each volume is a 2-CD set fit into a cover box along with a picture and text-filled book. Artists like Elmore James, Rufus Thomas, Koko Taylor, Jimmy Reed, Clifton Chenier and Robert Cray are brought together from different regions, decades and styles. The ESSENTIAL BLUES series continues with more focused editions. For instrumentation, we have ESSENTIAL BLUES HARMONICA, as well as PIANO and GUITAR. These are each 2-CD sets, but without the cover and extra booklet. There are over thirty cuts on each volume and the same eclectic mix of blues periods and approaches. Getting regional, we have double-CD compilations for TEXAS BLUES and CHICAGO BLUES. Again, over one hundred minutes of music on each release, and a twenty-four-page booklet full of words and pictures. I have been saving one 2-CD set for last, because it is my favorite. ESSENTIAL WOMEN IN BLUES offers plenty of material that leaps out for its innuendo and playful suggestiveness. Ruth Brown's "If I Can't Sell It, (I'll Keep Sittin' On It") and songs by Bessie Smith, Etta James,

Blu Lu Barker and more make this album especially fun and frolicsome. There are also two single-CD compilations that deserve special mention. ROADHOUSE BLUES will keep the join jumping, that's for sure. The material here from Little Walter, Lonnie Brooks, B.B. King and another baker's dozen brings a juke joint to your living room or favorite bar. But, after last call it's only time to wind down, not turn in, right? That is when the SMOKEY BLUES collection comes in handy. Songs like "After Hours Joint" (Jimmy Coe) and "Blues After Hours" (Pee Wee Crayton) make for seeing the dawn in. HOB also puts out material from original artists. Some of this is gospel music and one of my favorites from this group is the I BROUGHT HIM WITH ME album from The Blind Boys of Alabama. The liner notes cover their long career and the relationship gospel has to R&B and soul. One of the greatest living blues singer/guitarists is Taj Mahal. HOB represents this man with AN EVENING OF ACOUSTIC MUSIC. Recorded in Germany in 1993, this is the classic Taj, alone with a guitar. On four of the tracks, Howard Johnson shows up to add some tuba to this classic blues evening. Luther Allison was a hardworking and peerless blues master who left us in 1997. The HOB recording WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? samples four of Allison's energetic appearance at the Montreaux Jazz Festival 1976-1994. Like many blues greats, Allison found a better reception across the big lake than he did here in the cradle of the blues. House of Blues is releasing a cornucopia of excellent recordings to remind us are own fine and diverse, world-class and unforgettable blues tradition. Indeed, House of Blues, where have you been?

STOP THE PRESSES

Signed posters by Mark Arminski hang in my home. When music and poster fans are first over, they recognize his style and his name. Often, his distinctive work has gone far to promote a single show and spread across time and space the name of an up and coming group. With his name around so much, people are bound to notice. Some of those people prove to be the litigious management for Phish and The Dave Matthews Band. Suits against Arminski for posters he did independently promoting their shows add up to \$100,000. It seems we had a similar thing between U2 and Negativland a few years ago. Cannot these big bands control their management from attempting to wreck the lives of fellow artists that are not as powerful?

ELECTRIC LADYLAND

From Big Mama Thornton to Nico to Tori Amos, those women in rock just will not go away. Razor & Tie (214 Sullivan St. #4A, NY NY, 10012; razrtmie@aol.com) decides to go with the flow by teaming with Rolling Stone magazine for a three-volume CD retrospective of their

Continued on next page

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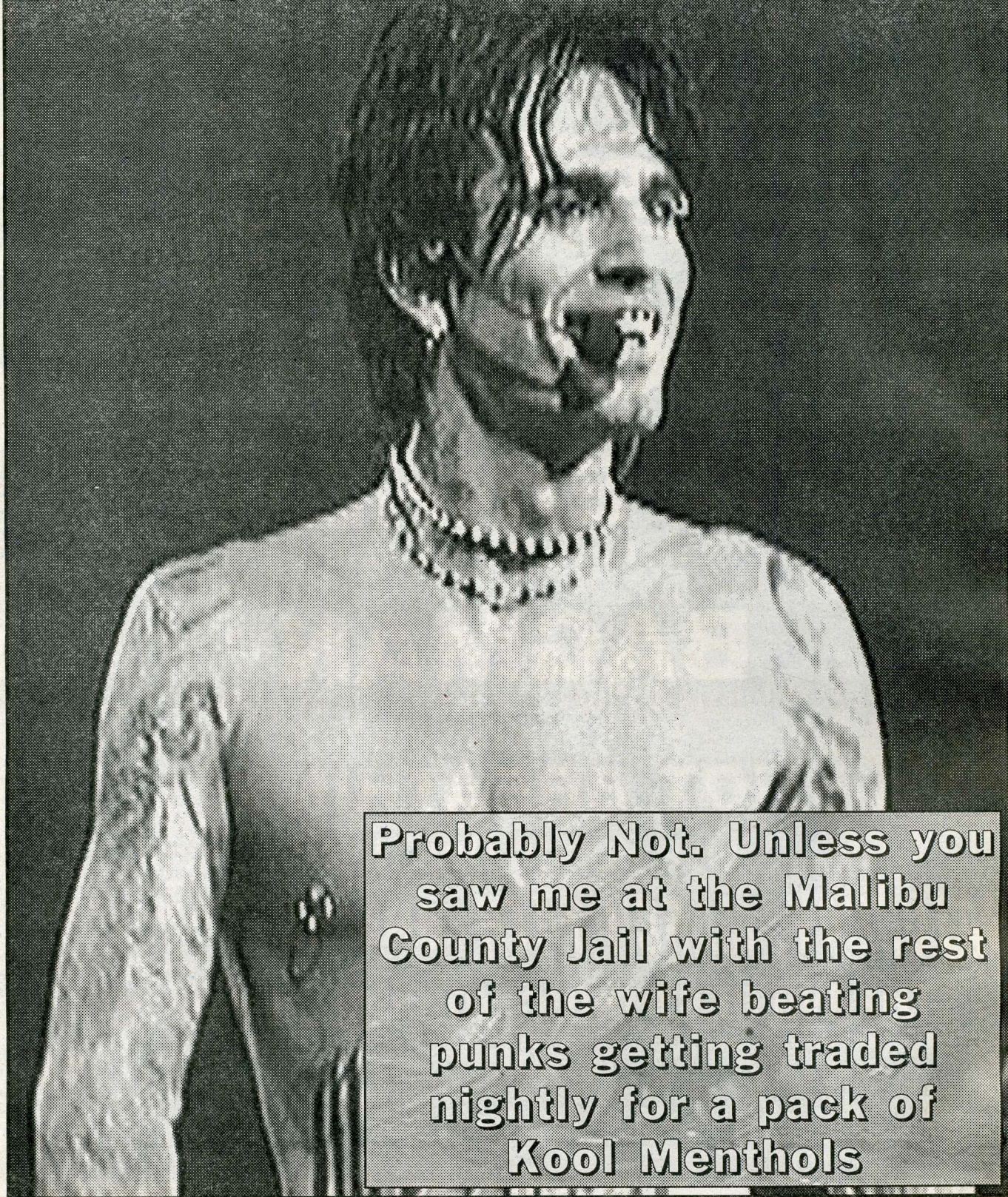


SLUG

17

ANTS

Have You Seen Me?



Probably Not. Unless you saw me at the Malibu County Jail with the rest of the wife beating punks getting traded nightly for a pack of Kool Menthols

OUTSIGHT

contribution. Compiling the material was Holly George-Warren and Barbara O'Dair, editors of the Rolling Stone Book of Women in Rock: Trouble Girls (Random House). Proceeds also go to benefit breast cancer research. Besides the trio mentioned, expect to find Laura Nyro, Janis Joplin, Patsy Cline, Tine Turner, Emmylou Harris, Melissa Etheridge, Sara McLachlan and many more on this chronologically arranged package.

THE HIDDEN COST OF ADVERTISING

The word that came to my ears was that Alternative Press lost a major distributor due to nudie ad and had to ban that advertiser from their pages, take their own knocks and institute a strict, "skin is sin" policy. The truth is a little less interesting. I spoke to publisher Mike Shea and in his typical staccato fashion, related the boring truth quickly. Right now, wholesalers that take magazines from the publishers to the stands have more than enough titles to choose from. Consequently, they have no need to deal with a potential uproar from anything racy in what should be just a music mag. Or, that's what they thought. The ACLU backed AP against the outfit that also manages to turn the other cheek and stock glossies that contain a lot more flesh tone. It is not even that a wholesaler would refuse to carry a mag. Sometimes for a few more cents an issue and they can find it worth their while. Blackmail? According to Shea, "all publications bow to advertising pressure" in that they need ad dollars to survive. But, Shea is going to look at all questionable ads. There probably will be no pubic hair or penis "pickle shots" in any upcoming issues, and for that you can think the "conservative, morally righteous wave going around the country." By the way, the ad in question ran in the December '97 issue and contained the Minus 7 Records logo barely occulting a pair of nips crowning some healthy mammaries.

REVIEWS

Don King
ONE TWO PUNCH (KNOCKOUT)
Atavistic/Touch & Go

Don King boasts an all-star membership. Mark Cunningham and Lucy Hamilton aka Connie Burg handle the unpredictable horns (trumpet and clarinet, respectively) and equally unruly guitars (Mark tackles bass). Both Lucy and Mark were in Mars and Gerry Miles. What keeps the music of Don King tied down and comprehensible is the percussion trio defining the bottom. This is two-thirds made up by Arto Lindsay (DNA, Golden Palominos) on the snare and tom and brother Duncan on the trap. Toni Noguiera (Golden Palominos) adds ethnic

drums and other percussion ornamentation. This horn-driven quintet makes fills the first five tracks with near tribal No Wave experimentation led by the horns and prominent drumming. This makes for a full reissue of Don King's 12" EP released in 1983. Minus Arto we begin the five bonus tracks with echo on the trumpet and a female voice that exists between a wail and a sigh. Things get much more funky and constructed as Lucy Hamilton continues the vocals for the rest of the CD. These four cuts are made up of a quartet. Hamilton and Cunningham supported by a sole drummer (Bill Perry) and Tony Maimone (Pere Ubu) on bass. This frees Mark up for much more trumpet playing, which he uses to full effect. The rhythm section recedes into the background and Cunningham's horn and Lucy's vocal supplications merge to create a jazzy, accessible face to the music. (4)

Iggy Pop / IGGY POP
King Biscuit Flower Hour
<http://www.king-biscuit.com>

KBFH presents a live '88 Iggy concert. The late 80s Iggy is a man full of a positive vibe and on the upswing. Between each song he assures his audience of a desire to provide honest rock 'n' roll and appreciation for them. I remember seeing this tour. Jane's Addiction was booed off the stage by the rabid Detroiters I enjoyed the show with. There is a heavy two-guitar sound thanks to Iggy himself on guitar (and maybe another rhythm guitarist?) and Andy McCoy (Hanoi Rocks) on lead. Paul Garristo (Psychedelic Furs) bashes the skins, Alvin Gibbs (UK Subs) lays the bass lines and Seamus Beaghen (Madness) provides keyboards. Iggy picks from his then current INSTINCT album and throws in plenty of well-known Iggy/Stooges classics ("Nineteen Sixty-Nine," and the show closers "No Fun," and "I Wanna Be Your Dog"). Fans are pleased with "Kill City," "Cold Metal" and "Johanna." This recording documents the prototype of the current, Iggy Pop sound. Iggy is a survivor advancing musical strategies toward hard-hitting, heavy-as-possible rock while keeping a firm grasp on the blunt and basic power strokes that fueled him into legendary status. KILL CITY co-producer Ben Edmonds pens entertaining liner notes that spotlight Iggy's career. There are also good pictures and a discography. (3)

Swans
SWANS ARE DEAD
Young God Rec./Touch & Go/Atavistic

This 2-CD package revisits the final two Swans tours (1995, 1997). Remembering my own experience at the 1995 tour, I hear in this time capsule the same film-like power to insist on diabolical and unforgettable images. The recording quality is excellent, transporting me instantly back to the live experience of monstrously dark ambient material that boiled over from the stage, threatening. Whereas the 1995 WHITE CD is purposeful and pathological brooding, the 1997 explodes with furor, unleashed to run wild for a final time. The beginning of the disc con-

tributes near a half-hour of fanged catharsis in "Feel Happiness" and "Not Alone." The two songs are previously unreleased and Swans assure us they will not be released in any other package. Female vocalist Jarboe takes us on a sanguine and seductive journey of pain and sensuality in "Blood On Yr Hands" and "I Crawled." This occurs during a window, the seething sounds becoming translucent briefly to her vociferous suffering and femininity. Together, these discs make a fitting tribute to Swans artistic breadth and unforgettable live delivery. (5)

The Modern Whigs
RAPED BY THE COPS
Lost Rec'ds

It comes as no surprise that these Residents-like wizards of starkly humorous studio conjuring are being produced by Kramer (Bongwater, Shimmy Disc) for their next album. Ostensibly recorded 1988-1996, this is the recording diary made by mad professors of sound in a Guatemalan retreat. The Texas band delivers heavy psych-rock to the ears by the hammer swing. My mind is instantly brought to the Butthole Surfer's LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN. It is no wonder, then, that Surfer Gibby Haynes takes well to living in Austin. A peculiar album, almost to the point of being disturbing and clever almost to the point of being genius. (3.5)

Mecca Normal
WHO SHOT ELVIS?
Matador

Vocalist Jean Smith relates tales in a way that is as tortured as their content. As pained as PJ Harvey, she is also more contralto and unpolished as a vocalist. This bestows upon the listener an immediate feeling of authenticity. We are firsthand witnesses to a very personal experience. The other half of the duo, guitarist David Lester, provides instrumental support that is basic and apt. He amplifies the mood of the song and succinctly frames Jean's narrow-range delivery. The pair sees their music further enhanced by drums, a but more guitar (electric slide from Smith herself on three pieces) and a dash of piano on the particularly desolate and emotional "The Way of Love." Jean provides the salient expression on this recording, one of a bruised soul exposed. After a decade of recording, it is a credit that the album is the pure catharsis many groups only achieve on their debut. (3)

Lithium X-Mas
BAD KARMA
Lost Rec'ds

Safe and Christian America, and by extension traditional rock methods, are as repellent as the pod-in-the-crib scene from Invasion of the Body Snatchers in Lithium X-Mas's world view. This is a compilation of material recorded in '86-'91 when Mark Griffin (MC 900 Ft. Jesus) was in the band. Mark is responsible for the guitar in a

Continued next page

OUTSIGHT

shag cocoon of fuzz and the heavy, but primitive, psych-rock production. His voice and future direction are unmistakable on "Ballad of the Hip Death Goddess," for instance. However this necrophilial track is darker than anything he later put out. Much of the record, though, may require some sedation for repeated listening. This is mostly due to the high-end echo and clumsy enunciation of main vocalist Ridlen. (2.5)

Nomeansno
WOULD WE BE ALIVE?
Wrong/Alternative Tentacles

In rhetorical answer to my own question, "Is Nomeansno still alive" comes this three-song CDEP. Touring. The Hanson Brothers side project and starting families took the attention of the musicians in recent years. The first cut, "You Are Not One" brings me right back to the righteous experience that was WRONG. One male voice speaks the entreating chorus while a male chorus nearly chants it simultaneously. Now, switch them back and forth. All the time thunderous drums and bass and a distorted guitar create a musical backdrop. This is exactly how they treat the opening track, their take on The Residents' "Would We Be Alive?" "You Are Not One" is a rock dog of a Nomeansno song without passing on their stylistic essentials. The final of the four cuts is an alternate version of "Big Dick." (3.5)

Idiot Flesh
FANCY
Vaccination Records

Idiot Flesh employs instruments like tuba, trombone and bassoon for clownish mock brass band frolics. Violin, cello and flute are crypto-neo-classical hyperbole in "Chicken Little." Often a huge bass sound works in conjunction with equally bombastic and irregular percussion to create a lunatic stomp. The indelicate "Mother Fucker" could easily have come from the NoMeansNo songbook. The music creates the demand for bizarrely choreographed theater and flamboyant costuming that comprises the Idiot Flesh live show.

Do you know what a THING FISH (Zappa) is? Do you appreciate THE MOLE SHOW (The Residents)? If you answered yes to one or more of these questions, you are a prime candidate for the Idiot Flesh fan club. (3.5)

Mike Keneally & Beer For Dolphins
SLUGGO!
Immune

The odd-numbered of the first half-dozen tracks here are throw-aways, in my book. It is especially insidious how Keneally infects the listener with the "potato chorus" to the opening number. Lyrically quirky, the songs are still possessed with a contrived, safe pop-rock feel that I do not want from a 'stunt guitarist' that first came to my attention through his work with Frank Zappa. Fortunately, the majority of the cuts I recommend to any pair of ears seeking unexpected and adventurous rock guitar. Four of the cuts feature fine, expressive grand piano, most notably "I, Drum-Running, Am Clapboard Bound." On the solid tracks, constant changes and surprises thrown into the arrangements and production guarantee long-lived entertainment and offer hope for the continued validity of rock guitar. (3.5)

King Crimson
THE NIGHTWATCH
Discipline Global Mobile

Further documenting the explorative rock of Crimson's early years, DGM offers a 2-CD live release from a 1973 Amsterdam concert. This is a superb example of their shaping sound that relied heavily on jazz-like improvisation and dramatic rock-and-roll delivery. The lineup for this period performance was Robert Fripp (guitar and Mellotron), John Wetton (vocals and bass), Bill Bruford (all percussion) and David Cross (violin, viola and Mellotron). Only Jamie Muir is not present to represent the personnel of their then current studio album, LARKS' TONGUES IN ASPIC. This is the same concert used in STARLESS AND BIBLE The combination of an amply defined bottom-end and Cross' strings and the Mellotron make for perhaps the widest sound dynamic of any Crimson incarnation. BLACK and a BBC Rock Hour

release, but here it is presented in complete form. Unlike most of their rock era contemporaries (perhaps only Yes, ELP and Genesis qualify), Crimson truly shines on live recording due to the high-level musicianship of its players and a competent, extemporaneous language that is not clearly voiced on the studio albums. The full-color, eighteen-page booklet details the technical situations of this restored recording, many pictures and several pages of notes from Fripp himself. Included are very interesting and useful remarks on the inexact science that is live recording and guiding a creative project. (5)

Ani DiFranco
LITTLE PLASTIC CASTLE
Righteous Babe

Ani further advances in her tenth album an acute and poetic observation of a world full of gutless radio, unpredictable human relationships and thoughtless trends. DiFranco proves herself an ubermensch by sublimating the failing before her eyes into useful anthems for the thinking music fan. The production is full proof that DiFranco is more hip and intelligent than the guys at the majors. She brings in samples, daring trumpeter Jon Hassell (Brian Eno, LaMonte Young, Talking Heads, k.d. lang) and a ska-like horn section. But, everything works well and is never overstated. She offers interesting textures from the contemporary music world on a core that is solidly Ani DiFranco; clever and blunt hard folk. Beautifully organized, the album descends from the title track, an explosive realization of being lost in the familiar, on through the imperfect world into the understated Hassell solo of the moody fourteen-minute finale, "Pulse." (5)

STYLUS COUNCIL

78 RPM'S
"The Longest Way Home" b/w
"21st. Street Bash" & "Leg Picked Fly" / Dill Records

The 78 RPM's kick start with a Ramones cadence punk-ska number on the A-side. By the time you hit bottom on the two-song B-side, it's a sweaty trade of vocals and hectic horns. Solid ska-core, full of attitude and rhythms. (2.5)

Split seven-inch

22 Jacks "Sky" b/w Wank "Larry Brown" / Time Bomb Rec.

22 Jacks is here made up of two former Adolescents, a Weezer, Kelly Lemieux of Fear and more people. They have a strong CD in UNCLE BOB, but this song falls short of their tough pop ability. Wank fare's no better, even though Mike Ness (Social Distortion) is producing. This is a homage to a deceased friend, so maybe it was done more for catharsis than art. (1.5)

Far Apart
HAZEL (seven inch)
Carcrash Records

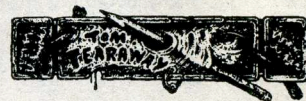
The title cut on this three-song seven-inch is an alternating fuzzy blast from a two-guitar rock band and its obviously pained, English-language male vocalist. The other side of the clear vinyl release continues the same theme to the point where it seems like simplistic, whiny popcore. (1)

The Vendettas
"Can't Stop" b/w "Gasoline"
360 Twist! Records

This Vendettas single works as advance guard for a full-length. The musicians here also spent time in The Subonics, Go-Devils and Curtis Bower & The Red Clay Onions. There is some mean, garage guitar on here and out-of-control female vocals fueled by the trash rock. "Gasoline" is a real potent sniffer and worth the price of admission. So, does the chick here really play her Gretsch in a bikini, go-go boots and iron cross necklace as the cover suggests? (3)

The Insect
"Hard to Cry" b/w "Styler" & "No Next Time" / 360 Twist! Records*

We got some crazy, primitive guitar-rock here from five frantic guys. The A-Side is a cover (Northwest Company), but the two originals on the B-Side show this quintet does not need any tips. What really sets this disc out from others in the genre is the lunatic harmonica ("Styler") and the ability of the two guitarists to lock in with each other for a powerful rhythm line. We could do without the hokey "No Next Time," but they make up for it with a near topless chicklet on the cover. (3)



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Harvey Murray Glattman was a visionary serial killer. Using well placed newspaper advertisements he offered jobs to women who wanted to be models. He didn't look for professional photo models whose instincts would surely tell them that the photographer who had purchased their time was something else altogether. He didn't approach agents looking for talent. His ads brought him in contact with young women who had some looks, talent, a need for money, and the willingness to take a chance: a fatal chance in some cases.

When the young women would first arrive, he would take some photographs, and encourage the insecure girls to feel comfortable with him and with themselves. He would then proceed to explain that his real bread and butter was art photography, or cheesecake photos. He would purpose that for a little flesh he could sell his photographs for more,

and therefore he would pay the model more. If they agreed to appear naked for him, he would arrange to have a photo session at a secure location where the secret activities wouldn't be known about. This was for the woman's security as much as it was for Glattman's, or so he explained. So when the appointment was held the woman would undress, and be photographed. Soon there after he would offer her money to have sex with him. Whether she accepted or not he would then proceed to have sex with her. Often somewhat violently. But he had a good system going for his own protection. The women would always make intricate alibis why they would be someplace completely other than with the photographer, so they wouldn't tarnish their reputation, and also so no rescue could come, or stories be told without exposing the woman as a liar.



At the end of July 1957 a 19-year-old, Judy Dull

responded to one of his advertisements. When she arrived for her first photography session, he did the usual stuff. She accepted the bait and agreed to meet him for some nude photographs. He explained to her that he wanted to produce some pictures for a magazine which was looking for images of young women naked and bound. He told her she would receive fifty dollars for such a set of photos. She agreed, and he tied



her up. Then he raped her three times while she screamed and plead. He felt that she would not remain quiet if he let her go. He feared that he might be charged with rape. He then gagged her and put a burlap pouch over her head. He drove her out into the desert 125 miles east of Los Angeles. He then proceeded to photograph her in various underwear. Then he raped her, then he strangled her with some of the cord with which he had tied her up. In between each of these things he took time to photograph his victim. He buried her in a small pit which he dug outside the city of Indo. This was his first murder.

The second victim came to answer one of Glattman's ads as well. Her name was Shirley Bridgeford, and like dead Judy Dull she accepted an invitation to be photographed in the buff at a safe house. And like Judy Dull she was tied up, raped and taken to the desert. This time she ended up near San Diego. Here Glattman raped her, and then set her seated against a cactus. He set up his camera to record as he garroted her from behind the elephantine plant. He left her there for the vultures.

On July 23, Glattman met a striptease dancer who wanted to do some modeling and needed the money. Her name



was Ruth Mercado. And like the two previous girls, she was bound, raped, gaged, baged, driven to the desert, raped again, photographed again, and strangled.

Glattman was nothing if not consistent. Though he was also impulsive. And it is this that would destroy him.

Loraine Vigil was a hitchhiker who Glattman had picked up in his car. When he was in the proximity of the Santa Ana Freeway when he pulled over to the side of the road. He pulled out a pistol, and at gunpoint demanded that the young Vigil undress. She resisted and she got shot in the thigh, but she also managed to get the gun away from him. She held him at gunpoint until some police officers drove by.

Glattman's photographic record and his complete admission of guilt made his trial move as smoothly as a body through a trapdoor. His trial lasted only three days. He was convicted of murder, rape, and kidnapping. He was sentenced to die, and only a short while later, on September 18, 1957 he was executed in the Gas Chamber at San Quentin.

Upon hearing that he had been sentenced to death he said, "Its better this way."

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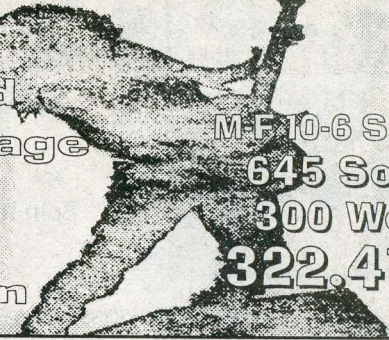
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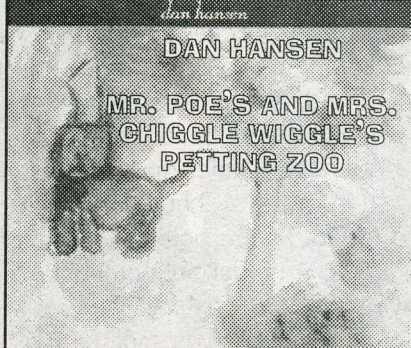


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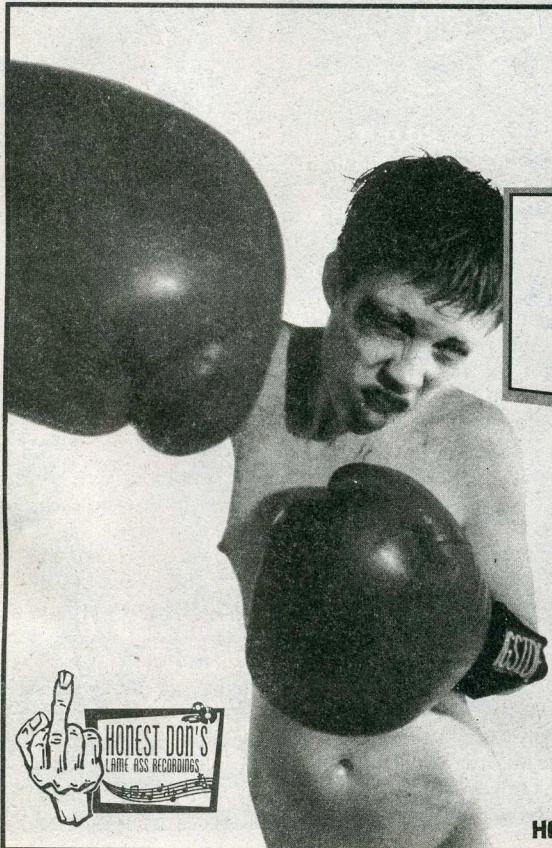
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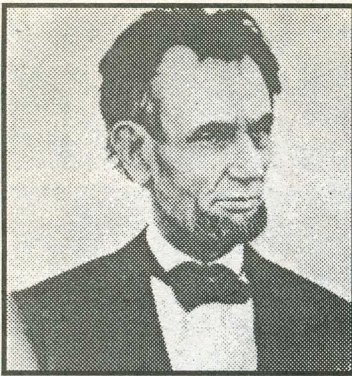
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- ☞ John F. Kennedy was elected to congress in 1946.
- ☞ Abraham Lincoln was elected president in 1860.
- ☞ John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960.
- ☞ The names Lincoln and Kennedy each contain seven letters.
- ☞ Both were particularly concerned with civil rights.
- ☞ Both wives lost their children while living in the White House.
- ☞ Both Presidents were shot on a Friday. ☞ Both were shot in the head.
- ☞ Lincoln's secretary was named Kennedy.
- ☞ Kennedy's secretary was named Lincoln.

☞ Both were assassinated by southerners. Both were succeeded by southerners.
 ☞ Both successors were named Johnson.

☞ Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was born in 1808.

Lyndon Johnson, who succeeded Kennedy, was born in 1908.

☞ John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln, was born in 1839.

☞ Lee Harvey Oswald, who assassinated Kennedy was born in 1939.

☞ Both assassins were known by three names. ☞ Both names had 15 letters

☞ Booth ran from the theater and was caught in a warehouse.

☞ Oswald ran from a warehouse and was caught in a theater.

☞ Booth and Oswald were both assassinated before their trials.

And last but not least...

☞ A week before Lincoln was shot, he was in Monroe, Maryland.

☞ A week before Kennedy was shot, he was in Marilyn Monroe...



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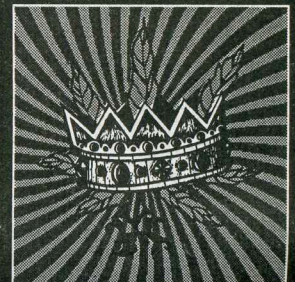
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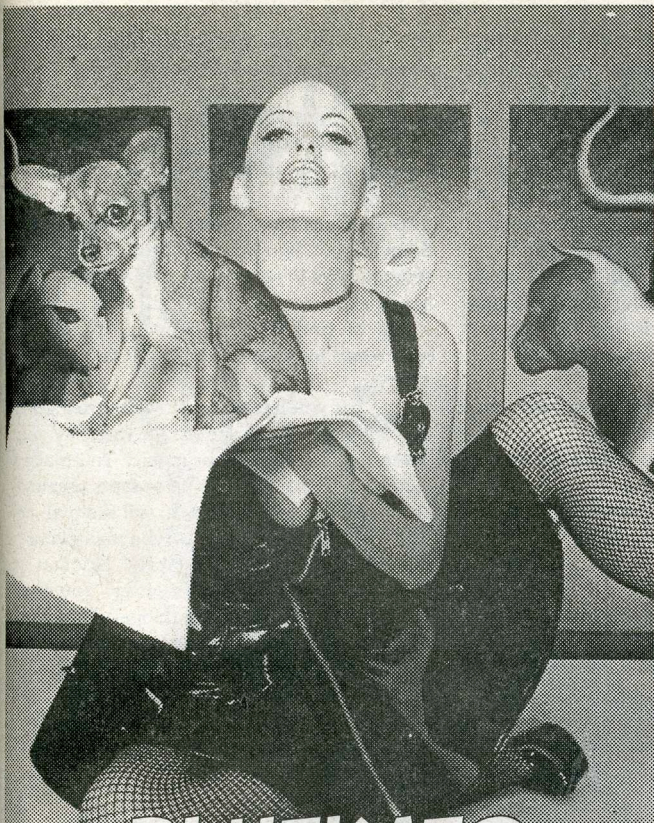


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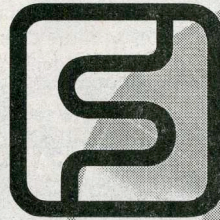
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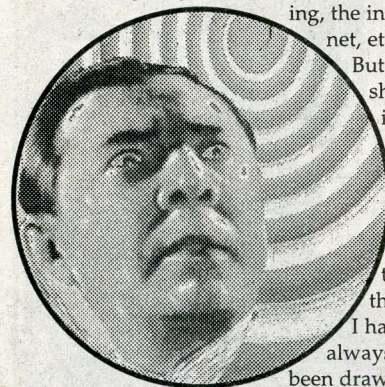
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Cyber Punk:

Internet underground

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Okay, so you've all heard of hacking, the internet, etc. But what should it mean to you? Well plenty, I think. I have always been drawn

toward the "Underground". I picked up my first issue of SLUG not long after I moved to this great state, and I laughed my ASS off. I refer to it as my "ill-literature" and get pissed when I can't find a copy of it anywhere. I read SLUG. I laugh. And yet the fact that it is underground makes it somehow more appealing. Sometimes SLUG was all I had to tide me over.

And then, I got a computer.

I learned about the internet. And what do you think the first thing I looked up was. Hmmm... well much as there is to see and do in the vast expanse we call CyberSpace, I bypass all of it, find the nearest search engine and type in one word. Warez.

Some 'splaining is in order. Warez is the hacker term for pirated software. (Note: Slug Magazine in no way condones pirated software and does not... oh fuck it.) A hacker friend of mine said it was a good word to look up.

Thus began my journey into the "undernet".

After searching through many broken links, missing pages, and generally wading through a river of shit I came to a conclusion. Warez is old hat. The pirated software community is not what it used to be. Sites openly distributing the latest software... People downloading an unknown program just for the sheer thrill... readily accessible Virus sites where you could infect your work or school with the latest virus. I had missed the "Golden Age".

So my mind, ever thirsting for knowledge, found a few sites purely containing info on Hacking. I learned all about hacking. The complete history of computer

and telephone hacking dating back to the 80s. Sure a lot of it was just technical B.S. but most was very interesting. I learned the real stories about hackers in prison. About the U.S. secret service crackdown on hacking.

About how Microsoft secretly supported hacking (Pirated copies of Windoze 3.1 made it the most popular O.S. in the world, Despite it being a complete piece of shit). About people hacking web sites for fun and profit.

To make a long story short I know a lot about hacking history. (If you know something that maybe I don't I would love to hear about it.) And Hacking history is being made right now. Time to introduce you to another hacking term. MP3s.

Mp3 stands for Mpeg compression 3 or some shit like that. But this is what really pertains to all you sluggers. Mp3s are Music files; CD quality sound, full length songs, 4MB (average) of Hard Drive space per song. Prior to this technology the same song would take up 40+ megabytes of space.

A new underground arose, but this time I was a part of it! People ripped songs and even entire CDs for distribution over the internet. Suddenly my music spending went waaaay down from \$15 for a CD with two good songs to \$0 and about 10 minutes of my time to download those songs. I filled up my hard drive with music. Good music. Music that would cost me \$450+ just to get all the stuff I would even WANT. Finally I found a way to rip off the establishment. (And we all know that few people deserve it more than the big record companies.) Through Mp3s, music was available sometimes BEFORE it was in stores.

And that brings us to now. The Golden Age of Mp3s is nearly over. The Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) is actively taking down Mp3 sites and going so far as taking legal action in the matter. Recently they won a case against 3 sites. These sites were all fined \$100,000 for EACH song distributed. Fortunately for them the RIAA said they would not have to pay in exchange for a promise to never be involved with the distribution of Mp3s again.

Geffen records (Nirvana's label) is also jumping on the site killing bandwagon. They took it upon themselves to shutdown every last site on one of the biggest, and certainly the best, site lists of all time: "Blex page of good Mp3s". The sites started dropping like flies and, under pressure from a man named Jim Griffin, Blex took down his sitelist. For more info (and an interview with

Blex, and one with Jim Griffin himself) go to www.dimensionmusic.com.

All that aside, Mp3s are still really good in some regards. You can still rip (record) CDs or tapes and use them for your personal use. You can also send them through E-mail to a friend and they can send them to you. Hmmm.... I just thought of several ways to reduce your collective Music expenses. There are still sites out there if you can find them, where you can download songs but they are disappearing.

If you have a band Mp3s are a great way to get publicity, almost for free. Say you want people to hear your music. You make a recording, make copies (CD or tape, whatever you can afford), and try to sell them all or find a store that will and maybe make your money back. Best way? Hardly! Say you have a friend who is hacker savvy. You give him the original recording (Hopefully on a CD) he rips it into his computer, and then either sets up a Web site (Free world wide publicity, free distribution of your music, and hopefully you get fans), and/or uploads the songs to other sites where thousands of people world wide can sample it.

Many no name bands have done this. They are smart and realize that this is good for their publicity. Even big bands like The Grateful Dead and Phish have made their music publicly available to their fans in spite of pressure from the corporate whore for them not to. Anyone in a band can see the obvious advantages of doing this. Will it solve all your problems and make you rich and famous? No. Will it give you cheap publicity? Yes.

Hey maybe all this shit is boring the hell out of you, or whatever, but if it's not I would sure love to hear your thoughts on the matter. E-mail me at NoPretentious@mauimail.com and I can answer any questions you have. I want to maybe write other columns on the "undernet" so voice your support if you care.

Next column. Emulation. Why it is so Damn cool.

—NoPretentiousCodename
CyberPunk Extraordinaire

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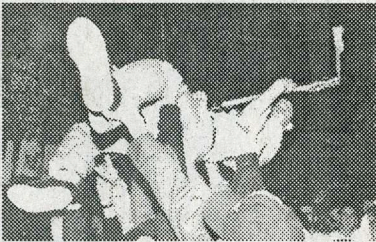
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Somewhere Between the Train
Station... CD

Oh the pain! My ears are tender after an hour of this bone splintering sludge core. CAVITY are the essence of agony laced hard-core rage. Their heavy duty sound steamrolls through a seemingly never ending barrage of SABBATH inspired riffs and FLIPPER inspired dissonance. This brand of southern fried noise is becoming more and more interesting and CAVITY are, without a doubt, one of the bands at the forefront of the movement. I've been a fan ever since Dan Cavity sent me their "Goin' Ann Arbor / Sometimes Sweet Susan" single. Several months later they blew me away at Fiesta Grande #5. Another year and now I get this full length CD. What a masterpiece. Adding to the impressiveness of the release is the hidden track. If you run track one backwards it will rewind through an entire live set that finds the band obliterating a bunch of folks in Madison, Wisconsin. Also be sure to check out their track on

the "Fiesta Comes Alive" LP. (LP=\$8 USA/\$12 World or CD=\$10 USA/\$12 World to Rhetoric POB 82, Madison, WI 53701. Send 2 stamps or an IRC for a huge mail-order catalog.)



Various Artists
Fiesta Comes Alive
CD / LP (blue or ebony vinyl)

What can I say? The annual Slap-A-Ham Fiesta Grandes are without a doubt the greatest hard-core mini-festivals of the year. Each January Slap-A-Ham gathers the finest grind, power violence, thrash, sludge and hard-core bands on the planet and lets them tear down 924 Gilman Street. This disc features some of the more memorable performances and bands from the first five Fiestas. 29 of the most outrageous and powerful groups on the planet ripping through 40 cuts of musical excess. Legends and nobodies stand proudly side by side on this record as

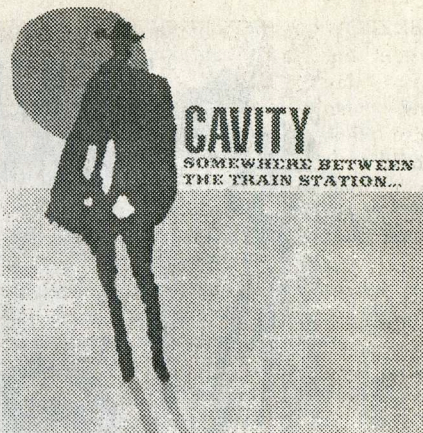
total aural devastation is achieved. Picking favorites on this album would be impossible but some great performances are delivered by GOB, PHOBIA, MAN IS THE BASTARD, M.D.C., NO COMMENT, CROSSED OUT, and the only band to play all five Fiestas CAPITALIST CASUALTIES. If you missed the Fiestas this is your chance to experi-

ence them. If you got to any of them this is your chance to relive the glory. Who could forget AGENTS OF SATAN throwing a temper tantrum on stage or PHOBIA rolling around in glass or M.D.C. having a sing-a-long with their children or even the fun and games of Fiesta #4 where the Gilman folks played a game where they blindfolded people in the audience and had them try to slap a canned ham out of their hands. Things were going well until the ham got smacked into the crowd and beamed someone in the head... Ah punk rock.... You gotta love it! (\$8 U\$A, \$10 surface world, \$13 air world for vinyl or \$10/ \$11/\$13 for CD to Slap A Ham POB 420843 SF, CA 94142-0843 or slapaham@wenet.net)



NO LESS / POTATO JUSTICE
Split 7"

This record was originally supposed to be released in 1985 but due to a falling out with the intended label was canned until now when Max at 625 Prodz got involved. NO LESS have changed a bit over the ensuing years but their unique take on power violence and their burning intensity are evident, even in this early work. Is that a harmonica I hear buried in the grinding noise? Yes, I do believe it is. NO LESS are one of the more under appre-



CAVITY
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN
THE TRAIN STATION...

ciated treasures of the Redwood City power violence posse but this record and their upcoming Slap A Ham slab should correct that! POTATO JUSTICE are far better than their lame name! Thick, pulsing and crunching grind violence with harsh vocals and biting lyrics that take aim at controversy and fire away. Hailing from Texas adds to their biting commentary on tracks like "The South Shall Rise Again Cause Shit Floats." (625 Prodz POB 423413, SF, CA 94142-3413 - Mail-order through Vacuum POB 460324, SF, CA 94146)

TOTAL MERZBOW
Merzbow Mixed Total
Cassette

MERZBOW is without a doubt one of the most enigmatic artists on the planet. Masami Akita has used his project as a vehicle for several hundred rare and obscure releases. This is one of them. Limited to 250 hand numbered cassette copies this tape has Akita tearing down and re-building source material from SKULLFLOWER guitarist Matthew Bower. The wall of noise is actually less abrasive and harsh than a lot of MERZBOW material. Instead of mutating the source material beyond recognition, he leaves the guitar mostly intact and fuses his aural flavorings onto it for a thick, impregnable noise fest of aural indigestion. This is one of my favorite MERZBOW tapes yet simply because it is great to have a guitar tone displayed so prominently. There is a 50 disc (yes - 50)

Fiesta Comes Alive!



Best Of Slap A Ham Records Fiesta Grandes

MERZBOW
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 noise fans
 should start
 saving their
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couple of
 listens to
 get into
 their
 unique
 vibe but
 once I did,
 I was
 hooked.
 Totally
 underde-
 veloped
 four track
 recording
 only adds
 to the raw
 edge of

the band. (Three labels teamed up on this slab but mine came courtesy of 625 Prodz POB 423413; SF, CA 94142-3413 - Mail-order through Vacuum POB 460324, SF, CA 94146)

—Job Branin

GODSTOMPER / 7"
 Can this much noise really be created by only two people? This duo (Paul on bass / Danny on drums) creates a psycho array on noisy power violence styled thrash. The amazing thing is that they are so hyper and over the top that they don't suffer from the lack of extra instrumentation. It took a

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RECORDS

Chris Von Sneidern

Wood And Wire

Mod Lang Records

I'm wondering why Chris just doesn't play Beatle's covers through and through. His dreamy voice and stupid lyrics make me want to rip my ears out. God someone should just ask him to do something The Beatles or Elton John haven't already done. CVS really just reeks of pretentiousness, to call his music pop is an understatement. Therein lies the problem, pop just plain sucks. It's made so there are no variations and you hum the chorus all the time. You want to buy the album, so you can listen to that one song they play on the radio. So that makes CVS that much worse because it's bad pop. Why is it bad pop? Because everyone has heard the sound before in the form of The Monkees and The Partridge Family. And I pray to fuck that I never recall any of the choruses off this putrid album. His lyrics are that bad. I leave you with one, the sun never shines in the dark. How profound.

Mad Reverend



Uranium 9 Volt

Lookout

Wild Seven

Uranium 9 Volt played in Salt Lake in March. Unless "one" pays constant attention to flyers at the local record stores or attends the University of Utah the appearance was probably missed because advance publicity was nearly totally lacking. Uranium 9 Volt is comprised of veterans from Monsula, Sawhorse and Pinhead Gunpowder. The music on the six song EP is as raw as the new road rash and the lyrics deal with the common, everyday topics of just getting through another day. "Fixable" has some lyrics relevant to the newly damaged. You know who you are. "That's when I said, he friend it's broken but its fixable, in time: I'll stop reeling that's when I'll start feeling this painful sliver washed away." The

label reads Lookout, but the sound is most certainly not comparable to all those lovely bands the label has built a reputation on. Pop punk doesn't enter the room. The vocals are screaming and screeching out all the difficulties encountered in the lyrics and the instruments receive an exercise in durability. Punk as it used to be? Punk without fashion? Punk as noise?

Mr. Depends Undergarments

Unsane

Occupational Hazard

Relapse

Nearly three years after *Scattered*, *Smothered and Covered* was released I walked into a Musicland owned and operated retail outlet and was surprised to find nearly 50 copies of the CD sitting in the bins. It seems as if someone at Musicland headquarters caught the "Scrape" video on MTV and decided that Unsane was the next big thing. "It's on MTV, let's buy thousands of copies so we don't get caught with our pants around our ankles, at least once." Their pants were still around their ankles because the record was three years old and MTV can't break everyone out of obscurity. I doubt that the Musicland Corporation even carries *Occupational Hazard*.

The band has been around for nearly ten years. In that period of time they somehow managed to receive major label distribution once. Matador signed a distribution deal with Atlantic and Unsane was visible with *Total Destruction*. Now they are with Relapse and I would truly love to sit a few acquaintances down with the "product." I'd love to see the tears flow. Cry babies and those who pretend to hold the "metal flame" aloft are not invited into the brutal and noise-filled presence of Unsane. The only reason to listen is abuse. Why worry about hearing damage when the millennium is but a scant two or three years away? It all depends on which calendar is favored and since we're all going to die we might as well die damaged. The band is touring. Watch for them this summer and prepare to reprise the Slayer riot.

Elrod "Mother" Hubbard

Good Riddance

Ballads from the Revolution

Fat Wreck Chords

Punk is alive and well, and I can't see it going away any time soon. Fat Wreck Chords released Good Riddance's newest stuff, *Ballads from the Revolution* on February 10th. I'm so happy to hear this, because I'm so sick of light weight punks with nothing to say. Santa Cruz punks that will make your ears bleed and drive an intelligent message home at the same time. They do some cool stuff on this too. Check out, I.S.Y.L.,

it's an old KISS cover song, I Stole Your Love. Also, after the last song, song 15, let it keep on playing, you will get a little surprise.

—RDJ

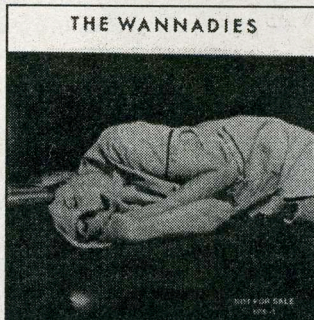
Kat Marco

Maiden Voyage

Rocket Records

You've got to respect someone staying true to their roots. Heavy blue eyeliner, pink Flying V guitar, Indian feather earrings, purple satin headbands and black leotards are all staples of Kat Marco's world. I had to actually check the date on this CD to see if it hadn't fallen behind the shelves back in '85 and into my glutton for punishment hands now. Kat is the female version of ... well of just plain shit. Her singing/screaming is like two cats fighting outside your window in the middle of the night. Kat's probably been in a few cat fights herself judging by her mug. See how nicely I tie all the elements together in cyclical fashion. It can't be put any better than how Dennis Walkling did, if fans of the arena ready commercial rock with lots of guitar delay and echo effects oughta pick this up. And what SLUG reader isn't one of those fans.

—Mad Reverend



The Wannadies

RCA

Here's some hype. The Wannadies... "explode them in sheets of shimmering hard-edged melodic pop and left-field cocktail-lounge jazz..." The band is from Sweden. According to their press release they worked as gravediggers during the summer. In the summer the sun shines practically around the clock in Sweden. The press materials promised "dark-laced themes," but all I could find were songs about relationships and people. "Shorty" is about being short and the relationship problems resulting from shortness. "Silent People" is about the place where silent people are. Everyone's a king and no one gets hurt. I guess that song was inspired by the Wanna-die name. "You and Me Song" has the insufferable ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba chorus and the cocktail-lounge jazz isn't coming through my ears. The album is filled with melodic pop. The hard

edge is old like bagel crust. Chewy and crunchy, but not that hard. "Shorty" and "What You Want" are the hardest and darkest of the pop songs. If the album has a hit it is "How Does It Feel?" There is nothing like the Beatles as fed through the mind of a Gallagher before a Wannadie spits it out for American radio. With "Oh Yes (It's A Mess)," the eighth song, the lounge prediction comes true. Finally. It took eight songs to realize the album is actually quite good and it is an album. For once the label didn't pop the hit at the beginning and leave the listener to star at the walls for the next 45 minutes. "That's All" is eight-plus minutes of more Beatlesque psych. I wouldn't call the album a work of genius but The Wannadies are at least worthy of investigation. Due to vast promotional efforts a copy is probably available for around \$5 at the usual outlets.

Spencer

Jerry Cantrell

Boggy Depot

Columbia

I'm a sucker for Jerry Cantrell's stuff. I always have been, ever since my friend gave me a promo CD of *Face Lift* before it was ever released. *Boggy Depot* will be in stores on April 7th. A special 2-record vinyl edition of *Boggy Depot* will be released March 31st. Cantrell not only kicks ass, he writes the type of songs I just totally love. Dickeye and *Keep The Light On* has me hitting the replay button on my CD player. Cantrell wrote all the music, plus he sings all the songs. He pulled in some really cool and talented people to work with him on this, as well. Who, you ask? Norwood Fisher and Angelo Moore of Fishbone, Rex Brown of Pantera, Les Claypool of Primus, Mike Inez and Sean Kinney of AIC.

The roster is stacked, the songs are complete now all you have to do is wait until the CD comes out next month! Quit salivating-

—RDJ

The Donnas

American Teenage Rock 'N' Roll Machine

Lookout

"Yeah I want to touch you/Yeah I want to grab you /Yeah I want to hold you tight." A few lyrics from "You Make Me Hot" are enough to demonstrate what The Donnas are all about. They know how to get it on, they don't care about you and they are checking you out. The quartet is young, they are female, they only know about four chords and their brand new rock 'n' roll album is prepared for release. Explaining the music doesn't take much brains. The Ramones did it and the Runaways did it. Hints of The Donnas still appear in Joan Jett's music. It is as primitive and

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RECORDS



as primal as the urges they sing about. These girls are out to party, they're staying out all night long and they want you to stick it in. I wonder if they've ever met Jackyl? That would be something to see. Horny older metal guys meeting horny young punk rock girls. The girls are supposedly all teenagers. They are as nasty as it gets. Every song is about sex and a party. They rock hard, they rock fast and if you can't keep up too fucking bad. They'll find someone else. They'll be at DV8 on March 22 with Groovie Ghoulies.

Franklin

Shark Chum

Tres' Homeboy's

Ain't That A Rat's Ass Records

If you are a little sensitive to bad language and explicit material, man o man, this is your record. Kurt, Joe and Dizzy are really disgusting, and I mean so disgusting that I couldn't help but like them. They just made me laugh from Fuckin' In The Butt to the ever popular Beat Her With A Rake. If I wanna fuck the shit out of you/ Please put my gland in your hand/ Baby won't you give me some head/ We love eatin' lunch down at the 'Y'. They probably mean BYU. The rest of the songs go along the same lines; jacking off, dope, violence towards women and veiled racism. Hell these guys probably went to BYU. Shark Chum is on this earth to say some disgusting shit. Now everyone of you is intrigued and wants to buy the record so you can hear for yourself how bad these guys really are. Well there not, only amusing then annoying. I can say their songs are very short and I thank them for that —Mad Reverend

The American Fuse

One Fell Swoop

Idol Records

American Fuse and their CD *One Fell Swoop* have several elements which appear to be contradictory. Taz Bentley, known for his work with the

Reverend Horton Heat and presently working as the drummer for Tenderloin is the producer. Kinley Wolfe is the bassist and lead singer. He played his first gig as the bassist for Black Oak Arkansas who was opening for Black Sabbath. He was 17 at the time. He was a member of The Cult until that band took a leave of absence. The footnote of his career was a band named Lord Tracy. Neil Kernon engineered the record and his past includes working on albums by Queen, Hall & Oates and Queensryche. Tenderloin and Queensryche together with Black Oak Arkansas and The Cult?

The result of this collaboration, but first let me add the names of Clint "The Punisher" Phillips on drums and Nate Fowler the guitarist and second vocalist. The result of the collaboration is groin throbbing in need of release. It is an amusement park ride with gravity pushing the chest to the point of collapse. It is like unto the music of Tenderloin and the Reverend Horton Heat with Tenderloin's grease and the Reverend Horton Heat's fire. The band was nominated for a "Best Rock Band Award" by the Dallas Observer. While American Fuse didn't win the award the Texas connection provides further insight into the "sound." If ZZ Top decided to go back into the garage and their roots this is what it might sound like - Texas raw raw 'n' roll that is so rough it is a surprise the disc surface remains shiny. The Talking Heads once wrote a song about a "Psycho Killer" in New York City. American Fuse cover the number as if they are personally acquainted with one. My first inclination is to recommend the CD as the soundtrack to a Duke's Of Hazard marathon or for the stereo of a Plymouth Duster on a road trip - trailer trash music, music to watch Cops by, but an even better listening site is the working environment of the Dilbert imitators. Enlighten the cubicle bound to the joy of rock and roll that doesn't suck.

Porter Rock

Swervedriver

99th Dream

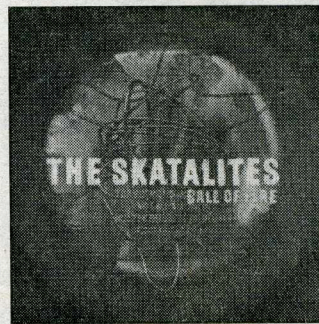
Zero Hour

First the news. Swervedriver is scheduled to play at the Zephyr club on March 27. The band has returned from their major label experience and their new one is on Zero Hour. The label is promoting the band aggressively. Adam Franklin has this quote in the press materials, "We were aware fo different sounds and not having the usual long endings, though two of the songs do have very long endings. It wasn't a conscious decision, just the way it was going. Concise little pop songs, bossa-nova beats and such." The opening number is over five minutes in length. The shortest song is just over 2 and a half

minutes, so I guess Franklin is correct. The seven minute epics are present and while the length eliminates the band from the radio, but for a band such as Swervedriver the epics are almost a requirement. I refuse to explain the difference between jam-on and psychedelic again. Swervedriver is a psychedelic band. It's all in the guitar playing and a few nifty effects pedals don't hurt. The British homeland is evident in the vocals and interestingly enough the band has entered the "dream pop" realm that formerly rejected them due to "heaviness."

As scary as it seems 99th Dream is lush and pretty. I guess if I hadn't spent the day listening to Unsane the heavy nature of the deep psychedelic hypnosis Swervedriver engages in might tear up the ears, but these guys are tame when compared to actual heavy. The music brings on images of fog and mist, the dream state sought by Steven Halpern addicts. Psychedelic mood music for the mescaline cafe. "Stellar Caprice" is quite short and quite hypnotic. The two longest tunes, "Electric 77" and "Behind The Scenes of the Sounds & The Times," are so well presented that their seven-plus minute length isn't noticed. I'm not sure where the CD is going in these times of vacancy, but the live show is certainly one to see.

Richard



Skatalites

Ball Of Fire

Island Jamaica Jazz

The common refrain amongst the hard-core skater pop punk crew is, "I hate ska." The 2-Tone, or as some complete idiot proclaimed the other day, "black and white" individuals are worse. The Skatalites won't appeal much to either trend because *Ball Of Fire* is jazz. The last issue featured a review of Ernest Ranglin's new CD. Ranglin turns up again as a guest artist on *Ball Of Fire*. The first song is the "James Bond Theme." I've obviously missed another meeting because the fascination with all things Bond skipped right over my natty bald head. Bond collectors can pick up another version of the theme with a Skatalites purchase and there is an actual single of the theme coming out this month. The Skatalites aren't playing on it. Go as nuts for Bond as

Titanic and ba-ba-ba-ba.

The Skatalites have the riddim down, but there is more to it than riddim. How about investigating the players? The entire horn section deserves mighty, mighty praise. They are: Roland Alphonso, Lester Sterling, Nathan Breedlove and Will Clark. Step out and give up a solo each and every one. When Ranglin isn't playing guitar Devon James is and he is probably the one who will appear live at the U of U on March 16 because the band is coming to town. On the electric and acoustic bass is Lloyd Brevett. On drums is Lloyd Knibb and on piano and organ is Bill Smith. Now that we've introduced the band kick back and prepare for the liveliest experience in ska/jazz imaginable. If *Ball Of Fire* were a record I'd be calling Kate for another copy because mine's worn out. The disc is filed in the reggae or ska section at most stores. It belongs in the jazz bins because the soloing and improvisation presented bring America back home to jazzbos who haven't listened to real jazz since the Skatalites discovered it in Jamaica 35 years ago. *Ball Of Fire* is an absolute masterpiece.

Colin "Jazz" Bo

Seely

Seconds

Too Pure

Seely needs to thank their publicist because she never gives up. The review is late, but here at SLUG Magazine calls do pay off. Seely is four people with a guest and their music is of the ethereal pop variety. That description is hardly sufficient because there is a jam on element present as well. "Like White" is a good example. The vocals are fragile, portions of the song can only be described as ambient and a deep psychedelic groove keeps driving and driving until it's finished. Seely is based out of Atlanta. Amazingly enough, deep in the underground of Salt Lake City there exists a very similar group. Hoo is the local band Seely reminds me of. While Hoo is far more involved with experimentation and low-tech the lush music Seely create in Atlanta is associated. Due to the use of electronics Seely risks placement with others not so dreamy. Then entire Beggars Banquet back catalog and the likes of Mojave 3 for instance. The band uses electronics for effect, they also use the customary instruments to create exquisite psychedelic music. The lamest description is Portland's pop/psych from around '94 lacking the brittle edge and including a synthesizer and a female singer.

The most impressive song is "Too Fjord." It begins with rock guitar before entering a land of fairies, colors, shadows and classically inspired round singing. "The Sandpiper" is

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RECORDS

very similar and the round singing becomes even more intensely pleasurable as the guitar becomes more and more tripped out and the band locks into a groove with the singers. It's an amazing composition and it's a sad that the jam on hordes of the present day can't recognize actual drug influenced music beyond the next bong load. It is even sadder that the entire "hip hop/drum & bass/dub and sampling" bunch eat their pills and use records others made to spin their fantasies into being. It's too bad Seconds sat in the stack until pressure forced enjoyment. Investigate it now or check out your favorite DJ sampling it in three or four years.

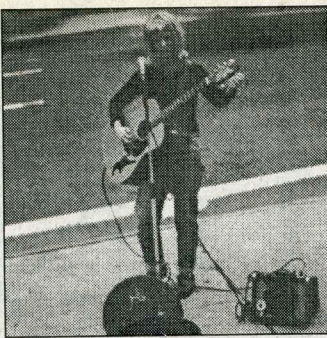
Gianni's Punk

Nashville Pussy Let Them Eat Pussy AmRep

The name says it all. What form of musical expression would a band named Nashville Pussy engage in? It's multiple choice. (A) Country rock. (B) Modern Rock. (C) Classic Rock. (D) Contemporary Instrumental. (E) Garage punk. "Go Motherfucker Go" is the correct answer. The last time something this crazed hit SLUG Magazine I believe it came from Canada and the band was the Kittens. His balls are on fire, he's sweating gasoline and he claims "I'm The Man." Nashville Pussy's vocalist sounds like someone shoved a cattle prod up his ass. His backing band is too fucking drunk to remove it and they've combined with booze with cheap methamphetamine. Now the band is really, really drunk and really, really hyper. The only solution to their problem is to plug the instruments in and play really, really sloppy and really, really fast. Give the singer a goose every now and again, to make him swear a lot and kick out some jams. Kick the fucking house down. Since the house is a cardboard box and all of the power is stolen by tapping in to the electric company's lines it doesn't matter. Find another cardboard box the next day. Panhandle enough money to get drunk again and have the meth dealer front the band about a half-a-pound. New night, new cardboard box, the power company still hasn't discovered the line tap, now let's rock! This shit makes it all worthwhile.

Asil Wallace

Mary Lou Lord Got No Shadow Work



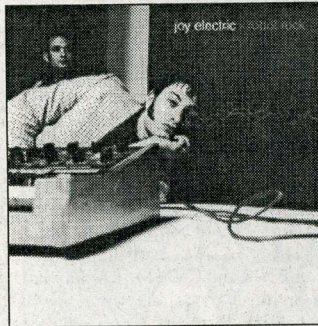
Some love her, others hate her, but the fact that this former street corner busker made it to the "big" label can't be denied. Mary Lou Lord returns to Salt Lake City on April 3. It is reported that she will bring a full band with her for the visit so a review of the record, which features a full band isn't out of place. The genre is folk rock. Middle class readers can reference Shawn Colvin and Paula Cole. One criticism I've seen of Lord is the chirp in her voice. The two previously mentioned artists don't have the chirp and their writing comes from a more comfortable place than the street. Writing from the street won't earn much money or hit status unless the artist is Jewel and the label works the record for three years. Actually Lord didn't write all the songs. Nick Saloman wrote four and he helped Lord with three others. Both Freedy Johnston and Elizabeth Cotton are covered and the final tally is four Lord compositions. "Seven Sisters" is one of the best. It's about a woman, or young girl who is both a junkie and a hooker, a runaway and probably someone Lord knew when she played on the street. The reality of the song is the attraction of folk pop. The songs tell stories, many of the stories are distressing, but it's all real and the lyrics are clear. A lot of musicians sing grievous songs and most of them require a magnifying glass and the lyric sheet to discern, not so with *Got No Shadow*. The band never intrudes and in most cases the full band adds to the feeling of the song. Blah, blah, blah. It's a pleasant album, certainly not a groundbreaking one and the best way to experience an artist such as Lord is live. Isn't that how she makes her living?

Roland

Joy Electric Robot Rock BEC Recordings

Joy Electric has as much attitude as Jackyl. Jackyl came back in 1997 telling all the jaded candy asses they were going to beat them up. Joy Electric hauled the synthesizers out of the closet in 1997 and claim, "we are the sound of tomorrow." That isn't all. Joy Electric is a duo and the duo plays Christian synth pop. Not only that,

but Joy Electric has a song titled "I'm Your Boy." Don't get excited they're boys of Jesus. Synth pop was never my cup of tea when the British created it. Christian synth pop is too bizarre for thought, forget about lis-



tening to it. Blips and burbles, bubbly disco sounds of synth pop for dancing and songs filled with references to God, "Come with us and join the fun/God is love and with this hope we hold the key/to share with all of those who would believe/Joy electric land..." I've always found the constant references to coming a curious aspect of Christian music because my experiences with Christians have led me to believe that coming is sinning, unless the purpose is procreation. Robot Rock is a pleasant recording in a novelty sort of way, but nothing more.

Anton

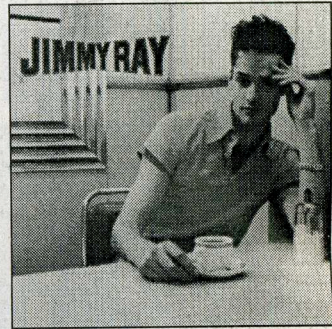
John Mooney Dealing With The Devil Ruf

John Mooney learned to play from Son House. He met Son House in Rochester, learned to play the guitar and worked as his supporting musician during the mid-70s. Moony later moved to New Orleans and formed an electric group. The recording of interest was recorded in 1995 in Schauburg, Bremen and it is all acoustic, all Delta blues. Moony's foot is the rhythm section. His guitars are a 1952 National New Yorker and a 1959 National Belair. The only liner notes are an essay on what makes the blues the devil's music and Mooney's place creating music that is "the raw visceral of battling the powers of the devil." *Dealing With The Devil* was originally scheduled for release in mid-97. I'm not sure if it ever happened because my copy came out in January 98.

The album begins in sedate fashion with a cover of Sleepy John Estes. By the time Mooney hits his sole Robert Johnson cover it is apparent that the man is possessed. If the feet aren't stomping, the hands aren't clapping the mason jar isn't filled with liquor by the time Mooney covers Snooks Eaglin then it's time to check for a pulse. The tune is "Country Boy" and it is performed in

front of a live audience. Mooney goes completely insane on the National and if anyone reading has never encountered a National in the hands of someone fully aware of the instrument's abilities then this one song is a must. He does Son House a capella, he does a spiritual and he finishes it all off with his own arrangement of "Shortnin' Bread." The man can play and the recording is as raw as a freshly picked scab. In a very young year Ruf has released a monster of the Delta blues on an unsuspecting public. Ruf is distributed by Polygram so there shouldn't be a problem finding the CD at the most myopic chain store. As always I recommend shopping at independent stores only.

Lonnie Clawson



Jimmy Ray Epic

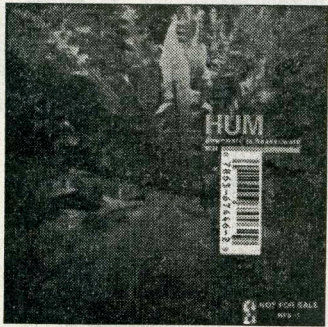
If "Cotton-Eyed Joe" can become a techno song complete with line dancing cowboys then why not hip hop techno rockabilly? Jimmy Ray dresses the part. He looks like a glam Teddy Boy. Unlike most of his counterparts, that would be actual Teddy Boys, he didn't resort to obscure covers. He wrote all 10 songs. The music has combines roots instruments, acoustic guitar, saxophone, slide guitar, harmonica, trumpet and trombone with electronics. "Daddy's Got A Gun" has wailing harmonica competing for attention with weeping background vocals, twanging guitar, programmed beats and electronic sweeps. "Way Low" opens with pure and simple Grady Martin influenced guitar, Jimmy Ray nearly hiccups while he imitates Conway Twitty and the beat is all electronic. The entire project is as smooth and slick as a freshly laid snail trail (More graphic images come to mind, but that's where they stay.) So what do you call it? Swamp rock hillbilly techno, over-produced pseudo dance-floor neorockabilly, or the Stray Cats gone electronic?

Watch for Jimmy Ray in the next few months all over MTV and glossy magazines. Listen to "Are You Jimmy Ray" at dance clubs, on the radio and all over television. The "swing" kids will surely pick up on "Sex For Beginners" and if Jimmy Ray can only come up with a silly dance the song

RECORDS

either song can become like the Macarena. I'd love to hear an 8-year-old spitting out Link Wray's name. The full-length CD is enjoyable and it is obvious that Jimmy Ray is fully aware of where the music came from. He's found a way to cash in on the knowledge.

Arnold



Hum

Downward Is Heaven
RCA

Hum deserves respect because they've managed to survive on a major label long enough to release a second album. Look in the nearest cut-out bin to find those who didn't. Hum's first album was released on the 12-Inch label in 1991. Their second came out on 12-Inch/Cargo in 1993 and that information is certainly enough to ascertain that Hum is involved with noise and heavy. Less than two minutes into the album Hum is already spread to different corners of the studio. Each member experiments with an instrument and Matt Talbott interrupts his guitar experiments to sing a few words. Lessor musicians would immediately receive dismissal as noodlers. Hum engages in plenty of noodling, but the noodling is of the dissonant variety and underneath the dissonance is a melody, the same melody Talbott is singing. The jams work because instruments drop in and out like dive bombing wasps. Tim Lash is over to the side stomping on peddles and feeding back, Jeff Dimpsey is on the other side stroking his bass and Bryan St. Peters might as well be a jazz drummer with his light, heavy, light swing. Just when all appears as drone and fuzz the band reaches "Ms. Lazarus." The guitars ring, fuzz and drone all around the central point of Talbott. Somewhere on another web page the chat concerns progression. The heavy metal room is mostly empty because of illiteracy, but on the Hum page progression meets metal and technical proficiency does not mean a cascade of notes. Hum is all about harmonics and distortion, dissonance and melody, chimes and rings

and blips and still the words come across stronger than the mindless booty shaking God Lives Underwater attracts on dance floors as the DJ mixes the 12 inch with other 12 inchers for all of those in search of one and all those lacking one.

Matthew

Halo Benders

The Rebels Not In
K

I've sat on this album long enough. The interplay between Doug Martsch's reedy voice and Calvin Johnston's basso profundo is reason enough to buy. My copy is simply a CD in one of those plain white sleeves and I hate the format, but it keeps the promos out of the used shops. More than anything else *The Rebels Not In* reminds me of Mike Watt's *Contemplating The Engine Room*. That comparison probably seems misguided because the sailor theme isn't present, but Johnston's vocals remind me of Watt's and Martsch is at least the equal of Nels Cline, the guitarist on Watt's record and Joe Baiza, the touring guitarist.

Johnston takes the lead for most songs and Martsch is content to rattle off string after string of guitar patterns to baffle the technically proficient. Any aspiring guitar Gods in the reading audience are encouraged to pick the album up and once you can figure out what Martsch is up to Satrianni will become as boring as Malmsteen. The best portions of the disc take place when Martsch sings lead with Johnston backing. This occurs on several occasions and the resulting music is why the Halo Benders are universally praised at the same time they don't sell many records. All around the country, in thousands and thousands of record shops, the "clerks" are so bored with the vast majority of "product" arriving in the shop that they've retreated from the mainstream bins. The highest praise a CD can receive is not "music for musicians." It is "music for record shop clerks" and that is what *The Rebels Not In* is.

Henry

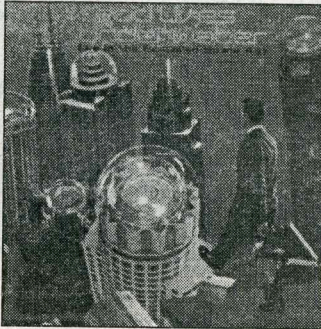
Goodness

A Five Song EP
Good Ink Records

If anyone believes that local bands such as Gaslight District and Crimson Blue exist in Salt Lake City only then Goodness is a revelation. The sound is full-bodied with the females out front and influences ranging from Lydia Pense to Bonnie Raitt to Maria Muldaur to Ann and Nancy Wilson. The Ann and Nancy Wilson reference is the most relevant because Goodness is from Seattle. Carrie Akre is the main singer. Fila McGann contributes harmonies and background as does Garth Reeves. McGann plays bass and Reeves is one of

interest then Goodness is too. Not that Goodness is imitating Heart or anyone else, it's the powerful rock featuring female vocals that draws the comparison. Then again the closing tune is "Hyper Cool" and with the closing song Goodness hits Pretenders land with the edge of 7 Year Bitch's Celine Vigil.

Gianni's Pun



God Lives Underwater

Life In the So-Called Space Age
1500 Records

I took a peep at the February 28 issue of *Billboard Magazine* and found God Lives Underwater. This is *SLUG Magazine*. Mike Summers is not one of my favorite people. Actually I hate the very sight of the fucker and as much as everyone in this town believes in the "cutting edge" nature of X96 I've seen their play list. 15 songs are in heavy rotation. KCPX and KNAK had 40 in 1995. How far down the drain has radio gone? Mike Summers is quoted in *Billboard*. The subject is "From Your Mouth," the first single from God Lives Underwater's new album. "The reaction to it's been very good," says X96 PD (pud) Mike Summers. "We've been playing it for the past few weeks. A lot of people in this market enjoyed their last records, and they have a good touring base here." I guess that's why they're playing at Spanky's instead of the formerly X96 owned and operated Saltair?

I didn't much care for the band's debut and I thought *Empty* was simply okay. My taste hasn't changed much since '95, but God Lives Underwater has. Now that "techno" has moved into the realm of jabberwocky idiocy and every nerd boy with a Macintosh and a sampler is a "techno" artist it is refreshing to encounter two creators. The release date is March 24 and once again the disc is an advance. The most striking aspect of the album is the vocals. The reason "From Your Mouth," the single, is such a hit in Salt Lake City is as obvious as the popularity of the Obvious. The tune is about gossip. The youth of this town are trained in the art of gossip from the first moment they enter a warehouse. Does it strike a local nerve? From then on out it's a ride on the beats

and blips and still the words come across stronger than the mindless booty shaking God Lives Underwater attracts on dance floors as the DJ mixes the 12 inch with other 12 inchers for all of those in search of one and all those lacking one.

"Can't Come Down," "Alone Again," "Behavior Modification," "Dress Rehearsal For Reproduction" - was this record created in a BYU think tank? It's big in Utah already and it isn't even out. As March moves along Spanky's might look into moving the gig to a larger space. At this point in time the date for God Lives Underwater live is March 6 and the venue is Spanky's. The crowd listening outside will at least equal the crowd inside and since God Street Wine is two doors down how about having a big fat riot on a Friday night?

Cirque de?

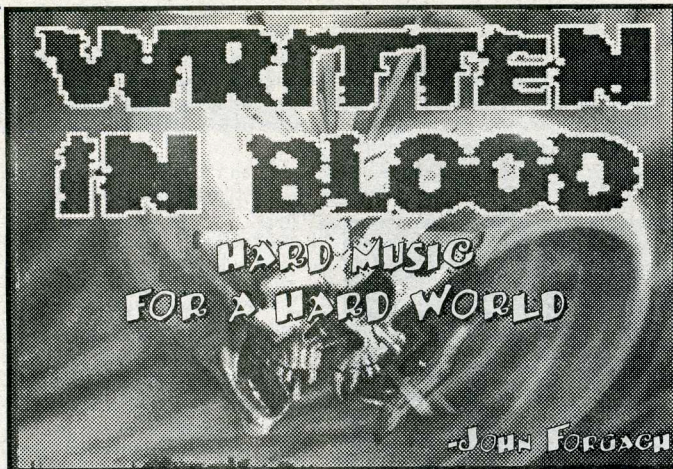
DJ Krush

Milight
Mowax/Ffrr

Oooh look. Hip hop in SLUG. Mark (decoy) claimed in a Dear Dickheads letter that SLUG never does hip hop. Mark (decoy) was formerly a "writer" for *grid*. If Mark (decoy) is reading he can skip to the end for some info on his dearly departed paper and hip hop in SLUG.

DJ Krush. My bong is an artifact gathering dust. DJ Krush creates music for exhaling smoke inhaled from a bong. The CD is a pleasant, if dark listen, but I couldn't help wondering why the DJ used synthetics to create the vibraphone imitations all over the disc. Couldn't he hire Gary Burton or something? "This world's going mad" is certainly truth and the doomsday toll backing the "rap" is certainly apropos, but what's new about the it? My dreads were nodding and the rocking chair was knocking, lids half closed that dusty old bong was calling and after all that *Milight* reminded me of nothing more than Cypress Hill lacking the wordplay. If my dayz were spent in a bud induced hayz then DJ Krush could provide the soundtrack. I was beyond that back in Basehead's dayz and to bring the whole deal into the present check this out "Mark (decoy)." Basehead was in SLUG before there was a *grid*. Basehead recorded for the Emigre record label. *grid* copied their layout from *Raygun* and *Raygun* copied their layout from *Emigre Magazine*. Duh! They were stockings before they were ho's.

Da Alky Hollik

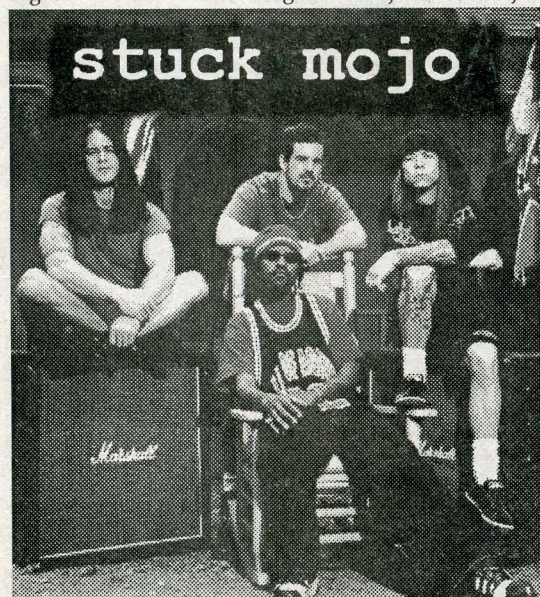


STUCK MOJO
Rising

Century Media

Stuck Mojo's most recent appearance here in Salt Lake could have been in any of three places, on either of two selected nights. The band's label or agent

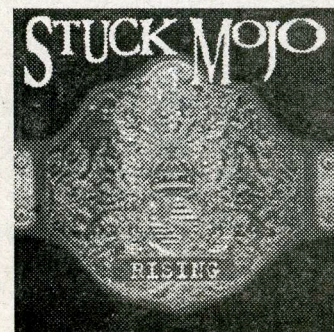
or if the show was going to take place until about four hours before the start of the show. If this sounds like the type of nightmare experienced by anyone that's ever been in a band, it is - and was for the band Stuck Mojo. Stuck Mojo is currently



headlining a tour in support of their new album, **RISING** due out on March 3. The band traveled from Boise, where they had played to over 400 hundred people on the previous night, to Salt Lake where there were a handful (maybe) of people in attendance.

The band couldn't offer any exact info because they didn't know themselves. The promoter??? No one knows what was going on there. I didn't find out for sure where

chucked the experience up to "shit happens" and hit the stage at Ichabob's with as much energy as I've ever seen from a band playing live. There was an easy-going mood to the show. When the band wasn't busy mesmerizing all that were lucky enough to be there with their musical fireworks, they were passing their instruments and mics around to anyone that wanted to try their hand. I've never seen anything quite like it. The audience was also assaulted with the seemingly endless repertoire of cheesy '80s metal renditions by guitarist Rich Ward. When Stuck Mojo



returns to Salt Lake, and I'm sure they will give this town another try, DO NOT miss them. The band's third album, **RISING** is their best to date. This is coming after an impressive first release (**SNAPPIN' NECKS**) and an even more impressive second release (**PIGWALK**). On **RISING**, Stuck Mojo have taken the mix of rap and metal to a whole new dynamic level. Razor sharp guitar passages glide over a solid, grooving rhythm section. Bonz has expanded his rap-style vocals, which have evolved into much more than just rap. Other vocal highlights include the rest of the band getting involved with singing live and on the CD (The death backing vocals are the best!) Where I would normally be quick to compare a band to another for ease of illustration, Stuck Mojo is like no other! Look for a video for the song "Rising" on MTV in the spring or summer. The video was done with WCW stars Diamond Dallas Page and Raven, and has attracted the attention of MTV.

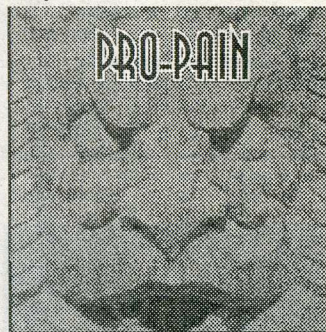
DEFLESHED
Under The Blade
Metal Blade



Put Defleshed's, **UNDER THE BLADE** on my extreme metal "best of" list for '98. It may only be February (at time of writing), but with a name like Defleshed - make no bones about it. This release caught me off guard much in the same way Rotten Record's, **Damaged** did. You can tell after listening to the first note played that this release is going to be ultra extreme. The difference between Defleshed and it's weak contemporaries is that these guys don't completely focus on being extreme. Defleshed knows when to add a little groove, when to mix up the tempo, and when to use a little

technical know-how while operating their heavy machinery.

PRO-PAIN
Mayhem



New York City's Pro-Pain, the workhorse of the industry, is back with their forth full-length release. Pro-Pain will embark on a 70 date U.S. tour in early spring, which will probably serve as a warm-up to the 250 shows the band averages during a year. I was told to count on the band making an appearance here in Salt Lake since album sales have been positive in the area. The self-titled release is full of songs that fully convey the band's honest, "in your face" messages. This self-produced release reflects the band's work ethic and desire to be in control of their own destiny. All of the guitars and vocals were recorded by Pro-Pain guitarist, Tom Klimchuck in the studio that the band set up in Rob Moschetti's (other Pro-Pain guitarist) house. Next to none would be the best way to describe the effects used on this album. An occasional delay and a chorus effect used on the vocals at the beginning of "Time" are about all that come to mind. The solid structure of the eleven tracks contain lots of memorable hooks and unforgettable riffs. Personally, I look forward to the day that I'll be able to sing along with Pro-Pain "Yes, some I love, but most I hate. Yes, some I love, BUT MOST I HATE!!!" ("Love/H8").

WORLD OF SILENCE
Mindscapes
Black Mark

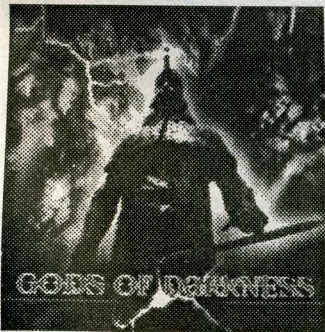
Germany's Black Mark Productions has released the second full-length from the progressive-metal band World Of Silence. The average length of each of the six songs featured on

MINDSCAPES is over seven minutes, giving the band plenty of time to develop and diversify within the songs. I would say the closest North American counterpart of World Of Silence would be the band Dream Theater. One of the similarities being the use of keyboards doubling guitar parts, and at times in place of some of the guitar parts, instead of the keyboards just being relegated to the background.

UNION
Mayhem

I got excited when I saw the promo cover of the debut Union album. I looked at it and thought one of the guys in the picture was Vivian Campbell (ex-DIO gunslinging guitar player). Anyway, the guy I thought was Vivian ended up being Bruce Kulick. Let's see here, it says in the bio, "To say that the debut album from Union is one of the most anticipated albums of 1998 is an understatement". Come on now!! Bruce Kulick is from KISS (laughable at best) and the other "big" name from this band is singer, John Corabi from Motley Crue (Sorry, the E-Center in West Valley wasn't far enough away from Salt Lake.) The other two members of the band were L.A. locals scooped up by John and Bruce. So I listened to the album, and to be honest with you it's not bad. At any rate, it's ten times better than anything John or Bruce did with their previous bands.

GODS OF DARKNESS
(Black Metal Compilation)
Nuclear Blast America



The forces of good and evil must be locked in furious battle once again (Will those two ever get along?). If the recording industry is any indicator, evil

must have good in a head-lock because there are tons of black metal CDs coming out. Well, if you think the name Dimmu Borgir sounds like something you saw on a Chinese menu or Bal-Sagoth is a condition you didn't expect until you were seventy, there is some help here to straighten you out. Nuclear Blast America has compiled fifteen black metal bands from around the world on one convenient CD. Oh, mommy!

FIRESTARTER
(Black Metal Compilation)
Century Black

Another black metal CD. I doubt you could swing a dead cat around without hitting one of these things (not that I would condone such an activity). Anyway, Century Black has put together a compilation CD of fifteen black metal bands. Fifteen must be the going number when releasing black metal compilation CDs. One thing that is different about this compilation is that all of the bands are actually on the Century Black label. FIRESTARTER is only going to set you back \$3.98, which is pocket change in most circles. One thing to remember if you do start adding these CDs to your collection...when the demons come knocking - it's not Halloween.

MITHOTYN
In The Sign Of The Ravens
Death

No sir. I didn't like it....next...

GATES OF ISHTAR
The Dawn Of Flames
Death

I'd bet the thing these kids are the most proud of concerning this release is the fact that they got to have boobies on the front cover (there is a topless barbarianess holding some sort of weapon, waiting to plunder something - neat). THE DAWN OF FLAMES is the second album from this Swedish band.

THE EVERDAWN
Poems - Burn The Past
Death

This is one of the better black metal releases I've heard in a while. The Everdawn is made up of Swedish, guitar-dueling,

brothers Patrik and Pierre Tornkvist, Oskar Karlsson on drums and Niklas Svensson on bass. The band was formed in 1990 with the name originally



being Decortigation. I like this album because The Everdawn has much more to offer than the usual black metal band. Great production and playing ability - maybe these guys will start a

new trend in the black metal world.

MIDWINTER
At The Sight Of The Apocalypse
Dragon
Death

According to the bio, this band went through a whole slew of crap and misfortune trying to get this album recorded. Moral of the story is if you get this album you better damn well enjoy it. The release was engineered and produced by King Diamond guitarist Andy LaRocque (I never knew Andy could drive a train!).

—Forgach

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DAILY CALENDAR

Thursday, March 5th

The Recliners w/ The Nightcaps - *The Zephyr*
Idea Of Space w/ Velvet Alex - *Spanky's*

Sidewalk Religion, Second Hand Grace - *Liquid Joes*
House Of Cards - *Burts Tiki*
Solid Gold - *Holy Cow*
Up Yer Sleeve - *Dead Goat*

Friday, March 6th

God Street Wine - *The Zephyr*
God Lives Underwater w/ Flourecent & Lugnut - *Spanky's*
Mambo Jumbo - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Sea Of Jones - *Burts Tiki*

The Damned - *Holy Cow*

Chola - *Liquid Joes*

Richie & The Rednecks, Vivian - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Backwash - *Dead Goat*

Saturday, March 7th

God Street Wine - *The Zephyr*
Mary Tebbis - *Spanky's*
Mighty Dave - *The Crocodile Lounge*
Sea Olf Jones - *Burts Tiki*
Bootie Quake - *Holy Cow*
Sun Masons - *Liquid Joes*
Cokleo, Daughters Of The Nile - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*
Backwash - *Dead Goat*

Sunday, March 8th

Metal Tears - *The Zephyr*
Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

Monday, March 9th

Marmalade Hill - *The Zephyr*
Manti LaSal - *The Crocodile Lounge*
Incubus - *Holy Cow*
Smokin' Joe Kubrek - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday, March 10th

Lorraine Horstmanshoff - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Blues Jam - *Burts Tiki*

The Generiks, The Uneven - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Blues Jam - *Dead Goat*

Wednesday, March 11th

Hillbilly Hellcats w/ Atomic Deluxe - *The Zephyr*
Eddie Zen w/ Stucco Dogs - *Spanky's*

The Beaumonts - *Burts Tiki*

Rebel Bass - *Holy Cow*

We The Living - *Liquid Joes*

Frank Page - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Killer Tomatoes - *Dead Goat*

Thursday, March 12th

H.O.R.D.E. Band Competition - *The Zephyr*

Melissa Warner - *The Crocodile*

Solid Gold - *Holy Cow*

The Given - *Liquid Joes*

Second Hand Grace - *Burts Tiki*

Jive Cats - *Dead Goat*

Friday, March 13th

Five Fingers Of Funk - *The Zephyr*

Lugnut, Sunset Valley, & Pinehurst

Kids - *Spanky's*

Mambo Jumbo - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Funk Toast - *Burts Tiki*

Honest Engine - *Liquid Joes*

High Water Pants - *Holy Cow*

Sand, Yer Highness - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

The Clots - *Dead Goat*

Saturday, March 14th

Five Fingers Of Funk - *The Zephyr*

Agnes Gooch w/ Lucky Me - *Spanky's*

Mighty Dave - *The Crocodile Lounge*

The Unlucky Boys - *Burts Tiki*

Pigface, Scorn, FM Einheit, Bagman.

Not Breathing - *Bricks*

Bootie Quake - *Holy Cow*

Slap Down, Sidewalk Religion - *Liquid Joes*

Casa Diablo, Decomposers - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

The Cap Bros. - *Dead Goat*

Sunday, March 15th

Mango Jam - *The Zephyr*

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

Monday, March 16th

Crosseyed - *The Zephyr*

Manti LaSal - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Johnny Rawles - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday, March 17th

Ryan Shupe & The Rubberband - *The Zephyr*

Blue Tip - *UofU Corkroom*

Wooden Slats & Nebulous - *Spanky's*

Kris Zeeman - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Blues Jam - *Burts Tiki*

Chola - *Holy Cow*

Elbo Finn - *Liquid Joes*

In Effect - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Greg Piccolo & The Heavy Juice - *Dead Goat*

Wednesday, March 18th

Gov't Mule - *The Zephyr*

Zek & Rachel Searching - *Spanky's*

Pointk - *Burts Tiki*

Rebel Bass - *Holy Cow*

Spittin' Lint - *Liquid Joes*

Frank Page - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Sister Shake

Thursday, March 19th

Commander Cody - *The Zephyr*

Rorschach Test - *Spankys*

Sturgeon General - *Burts Tiki*

Solid Gold - *Holy Cow*

Backwash - *Liquid Joes*

Clayton Carr - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Semi Sweet/Mary Tebbis - *Dead Goat*

Friday, March 20th

Chola - *The Zephyr*

Jerry Joseph & Friends - *Hogs Wallow*

Gaslight District - *Spanky's*

Elbo Finn - *Holy Cow*

The Simpletons - *Burts Tiki*

Mambo Jumbo - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Sun Masons - *Dead Goat*

Disco Drippers - *Liquid Joes*

Mag Static, Sand Kicker - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Saturday, March 21st

John Mayall - *The Zephyr*

Jerry Joseph & Friends - *Hogs Wallow*

Hostage & Poink - *Spanky's*

Smilin' Jack - *Burts Tiki*

Bootie Quake - *Holy Cow*

Disco Drippers - *Liquid Joes*

★ The Pietasters, The Beaumonts, Frequency DB - *Bricks*

Disembowled, Necrupsy - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Lisa Marie & The Codependents - *Dead Goat*

Sunday, March 22nd

Sister 7 - *The Zephyr*

Groovie Goolies, Donners, The Zillionaires - *Spanky's*

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

Monday, March 23rd

Lorraine and the Heavies - *The Zephyr*

Blair Lundstedt - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Eddie Shaw & Wolfgang - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday, March 24th

Gaslight District w/ The Given - *The Zephyr*

Lorraine Horstmanshoff - *The Crocodile Lounge*

★ Our Lady Peace, Black Lab - *Club DV8*

Blues Jam - *Burts Tiki*

Captured By Robots, Lilly's Remains - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Bobby Walker - *Dead Goat*

Wednesday, March 25th

Insatiable - *The Zephyr*

Second Hand Grace, Sidewalk Religion - *Spanky's*

Casa Diablo - *Burts Tiki*

Rebel Bass - *Holy Cow*

Sun Masons - *Liquid Joes*

Frank Page - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Skin - *Dead Goat*

Thursday, March 26th

Swervedriver - *The Zephyr*

Jerry Joseph & Friends - *O'Shucks*

Swing Gorillas w/ Atomic Deluxe - *Spanky's*

Solid Gold - *Holy Cow*

Semi Sweet - *Burts Tiki*

Kris Zeeman - *The Crocodile Lounge*

The Weed - *Dead Goat*

Friday, March 27th

Jerry Joseph & The Jackmormons - *The Zephyr (10pm)*

★ Save Ferris, Hagfish & Homegrown - *The Zephyr (5-9pm)*

Chola - *Holy Cow*

12 Speed, Concentrated Evil - *Spanky's*

Mambo Jumbo - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Catherine's Clock - *Dead Goat*

Disco Drippers - *Liquid Joes*

Lunchbox, 413 - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Saturday, March 28th

Salsa Brava - *The Zephyr*

Jerry Joseph & The Jackmormons - *Berdu's (Logan)*

Sand - *Spanky's*

Blue Healer - *Burts Tiki*

Bootie Quake - *Holy Cow*

Disco Drippers - *Liquid Joes*

Mighty Dave - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Cokleo - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Killer Tomatoes - *Dead Goat*

Sunday, March 29th

Meditations - *The Zephyr*

No Use For A Name - *DV8 Basement*

Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

Monday, March 30th

Amalgam - *The Zephyr*

Insane Clown Posse - *Bricks*

Manti LaSal - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Long John Hunter - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday, March 31st

Cork - *The Zephyr*

Melissa Warner - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Blues Jam - *Burts Tiki*

Lugnut - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Blues Jam - *Dead Goat*

Wednesday, April 1st

Chris Whitley - *The Zephyr*

Frank Page - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Decomposers - *Burts Tiki*

Rebel Bass - *Holy Cow*

Thursday, April 2nd

Solid Gold - *Holy Cow*

Friday, April 3rd

Mambo Jumbo - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Chola - *Liquid Joes*

Saturday, April 4th

Mighty Dave - *The Crocodile Lounge*

Sand, Marigold - *Ol' Town Tavern (Ogden)*

Bootie Quake - *Holy Cow*

Insatiable - *Liquid Joes*

The Unlucky Boys - *Burts Tiki*

★ Indicates All Age Show

C

Sunday, March 29th 7:00pm

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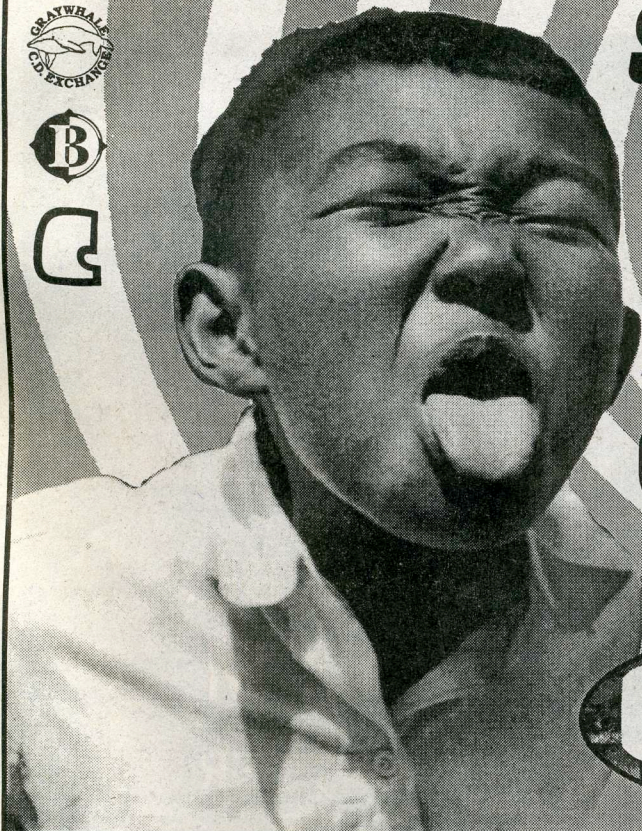
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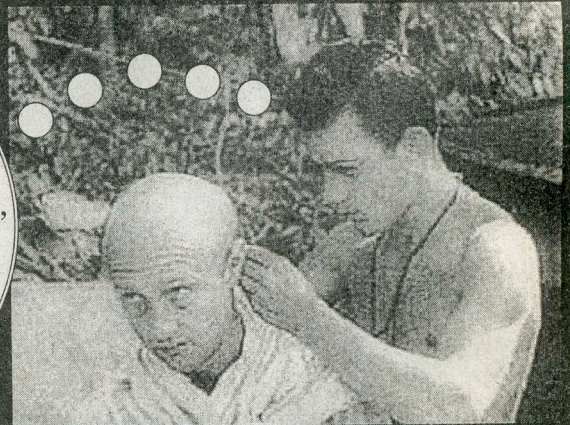


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