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Slug,

I'm getting really sick of this shxt that's been taking over MTV! The belligerent little cream heads don't play any good mood inspiring mind awakening videos anymore. You know MTV's gone to hell when "weird" by hanson (they don't deserve to be capitolized) is the number one requested video.

What the fxck is the country thinkin'? What happened to all the good videos, remember when Deftones second album just came out and that abstractly poetic video was released and actually played on MTV...for what, about 2 weeks, then it just disappeared. And what ever happened to Tool's highly entertaining videos??

So what can we do about it? We can email MTV online to tell them that we want our videos back! Go to www.angelfire.com/ca/backwords and head to the links page where you will find a link to actually email MTV and tell them what you think. We want Helmet, Tool, Deftones, Sepultura, Beastie boys, Pantera, and mabey even a hint of Korn now and then! I'm so fxckin sick of all this R&B shxt and all the fxckin shitty ass rap,(Don't get me wrong, I enjoy a lot of Hip-Hop, but what the hell is puff daddy doing on the air?) and I especially hate hanson!

So don't just think about it, do something about it and lets take our MTV back form all the faggy ass domesticated fools that think they run the world!!

Props out,
Thomas Wright

From: Steve Wadley, reptar1@aros.net
To: dicks@slugmag.com

To John Forgach,

As I was saying, to my horror I read, "Black Sabbath was never better than when Dio was in the band." John, John, John. Don't you mean Dio was never better than when he was with Sabbath? Yes, Heaven & Hell and Mob Rules were excellant albums, but compared to Master of Reality, Black Sabbath, and of course Paranoid, there's no comparison. I swear I saw Ronnie pumpin' gas at the Chevron on 13th the other day. And cheers to Mr. Pink's Video Review of Boogie Nights. That movie sucked more dick than, well, yeah.

S

From: Dave Jones,
waxman@doom.com
To: dicks@slugmag.com

a friend of mine quoted your magazine as having an article involving the tall aliens which lds church leaders said lived on the moon. when i went to dr.volts to acquire a copy of this issue, i found i was too late. how do i go about securing a back issue? i mentioned the subject to co-workers who said i was insane. i could really use your sources to reinforce my arguments about the aliens on the moon.

thank you.

Dear Dickheads

What is the problem with your Jesus fixation? Do you think its funny to put Our Lord on the cover of your filthy little rag. My wife and I have been praying for you, and, well, if you feel a tingling in your foot; or if your ear has fallen off, you can just thank our lord for that little favor. Yours with only John 1:27 thoughts.
Burt and Analee Slurper
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Alien Resurrection
 S i g o u r n y
 Weaver can't be that broke. So if logic follows reality, she will soon be in a shittier movie than Rocky V. Yawn, Hah, Snore.

Mad City
 Reminiscent of "Network" this is a story of a working Joe who gets fired, gets mad, & loses it. Dustin Hoffman plays the TV News Reporter who sees the whole thing as a potential Big Story. Things then proceed to get worse. Good show.

Desperate Measures
 Policeman Andy Garcia needs a bone marrow transplant for his 9-year-old son who is dying of cancer. Michael Keaton is a killer in prison who has the match for the son's transplant. Hmm. This is a good story. Some interestingly difficult moments are explored when Garcia protects the killer while the rest of the police force is trying to kill him. Cool show.



Mr. Pink is on the web...

www.slugmag.com

The Jackal
 Bruce Willis in this movie, "The Saint" wanted to be. Since when did a spy movie have to include some character with a horrible fake accent? This time it's the Russian Femme Sergeant... "Boris! Get Moose and Squirrel!" At least Richard Gere didn't destroy this movie with his lame-ass attempt at an Irish Accent. Bruce was good. The story is OK. Change some actors, start over and you might have a winner.

A Life Less Ordinary
 This movie should have been titled "A Lifeless Ordinary" Here's a little test. Put a soaking wet paper bag over the heads of Cameron Diaz + Ewan McGregor & see who can act their way out first. But get comfortable first cause this is gonna take a while. I don't get it? Is Hollywood this desperate for screenwriters? If so, I'm packing my bags! [ed. note: The screenplay is the product of the inflated ego of Danny Boil, the director of the smash hit Trainspotting. Next time, Danny, find a good script and stick to directing.]

As Good As It Gets
 Great movie. Nicholson was great. Helen Hunt was great. This movie was great. I guess Hollywood isn't that desperate, I'll start unpacking.

American Werewolf In Paris
 Julie Delpy: YummY. More wolf action than in "London." But not as good a story. Still pretty cool, with great special effects.


Starship Troopers
 Bugs in space, Recordable CD Email, COED shower scenes, & tons of plasma, Alien blood & guts. What more could you want? A reference to the "Mormon Army Temple," "Joe Smith?" You got it.


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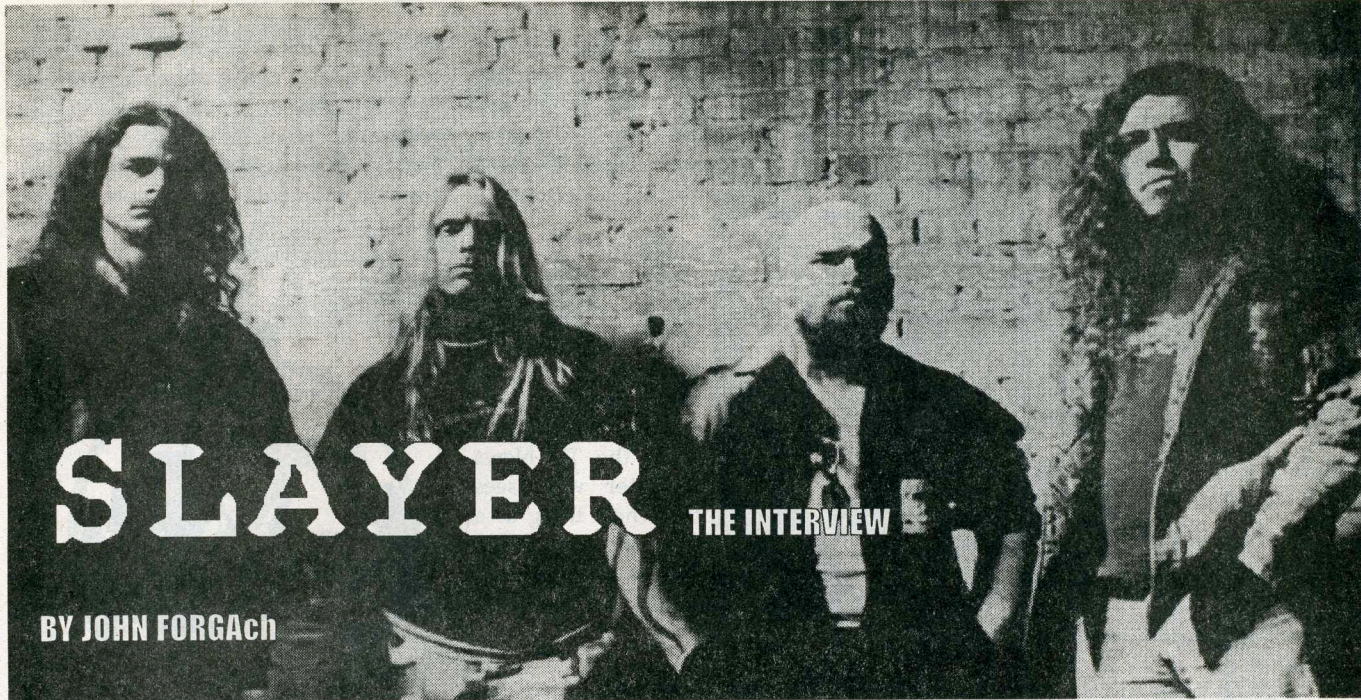
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SLAYER

THE INTERVIEW

BY JOHN FORGACH

Back in the early '80's if you wanted to find the best new metal bands, checking out the rosters of labels such as Metal Blade or Combat Records was always a sure bet. Many of the bands from those formative years of metal are long gone, some are **LOADing** this or **RELOADing** that, but few still play with as much intensity as they once did. One band still following it's original, fiendishly crafted recipe is the band Slayer. **DIA-BOLUS IN MUSICA**, Slayer's ninth recording output, will be released on June 9th, with a full-scale tour in support of the album just getting under way. I spoke with Jeff Hanneman, guitarist for Slayer, and this is what he had to say about the band, the new album and the tour:

SLUG: Hey Jeff, just to let you know this interview will be for the coveted and highly prized front cover of **SLUG** Magazine. So be prepared this is going to do a lot for you guys. Slayer will get real big and you'll be able to quit your day jobs.

J.H.: You mean our night jobs. Thanks, I'll let the guys know.

SLUG: Where are you calling from?

J.H.: I'm at my home in Los Angeles.

SLUG: Are you one of the unfortunate

Lakers fans?

J.H.: Hell no! I hate basketball, but I heard they lost in four.

SLUG: So was it '81 that Slayer was formed?

J.H. Somewhere around that time. I graduated from high school in '82 and we formed the band the last year that I was in school. So '81 or '82 and it's been the same lineup except for the drummer since then.

SLUG: After Forbidden broke up Paul Bostaph (drums) played on **DIVINE INTERVENTION** and then left to form his own band, Truth About Seafood. Did you know that he would be coming back to Slayer for the recording of **DIA-BOLUS IN MUSICA** and tour with you?

J.H.: We had no idea he would be back in the band. When he was with us for **DIVINE INTERVENTION** he made it perfectly clear that he was going to fulfill his commitment to the band, but would then be going on to do his own thing. We were playing with another drummer but when our manager told us that Paul was interested in coming back I immediately said yes. Things just weren't clicking with the other guy. He wasn't bringing the creativity to the table that we needed like Paul does. Paul is a great

drummer.

SLUG: How does his style compare with Dave Lombardo's?

J.H.: Paul is a more controlled drummer. He plays with as much explosiveness as Lombardo but instead of exploding then going all over the place he really keeps it together. He's a real technical drummer.

SLUG: I understood that the original title for the new release was supposed to be **VIOLENT BY DESIGN?** Why did you change it? Didn't you think it was fitting?

J.H.: It was the best title at the time but then someone came up with **DIABOLUS IN MUSICA**. The original meaning of that comes from way back when composers would use a certain tritone group of notes that I guess sounded eerie and strange at the time. The church thought it sounded like "devil music" and they outlawed the use of those notes. As it happens, we found out that we use a lot of those same notes in our songs. We thought that was cool and would fit even better as a title.

SLUG: Why did you wait four years in between **DIVINE INTERVENTION** and **DIABOLUS IN MUSICA?**

J.H.: We just spent so much time on the road and I can only write once I'm back

machine that I use at home once we're back and I can get focused on writing again. We also needed to take some time off after the tour.

SLUG: What is your new label situation and will it benefit Slayer?

J.H.: It will definitely benefit us. Columbia which is a part of Sony bought American. The band System Of A Down went over also. We're real happy about it. Columbia is actually putting money into the promotion of the album. In the past we've always gotten, "Slayer is going to sell what it sells and that's it." Columbia looks at it like we will automatically sell a certain amount of albums, then they try to double that amount. They have been real cool to us and haven't been breathing down our necks.

SLUG: Sounds like you are getting the freedom of a independent label with the push of a major label.

J.H.: Exactly.

SLUG: Tell me about some of the lyrics of the album. Are any of the songs current events related?

J.H.: Death, murder, psychos, violence, suicide, war, etc. I don't think we have anything related to current events, Tom usually comes up with that stuff.

SLUG: One of my favorite songs on the new album is "Love To Hate". It's not a complete departure from the "Slayer" sound, but it is different. Tell me about that song. Is that a backwards guitar chord in the beginning?

J.H.: Yes, we used a backwards guitar chord in the beginning but then it's is just us the rest of the time in the place of that part. I don't even think we knew what we were trying to say with that song. It's something like being an outsider that people love to hate. That's definitely one of the more bizarre soundings on the album.

SLUG: What do you think of playing areas like Salt Lake where religion is such a big issue in peoples' everyday lives?

J.H.: We like it. If religion is such a big

they are the ones that need our music. We like to play Salt Lake.

SLUG: Have you had much trouble with violence at shows?

J.H.: Considering the type of music we play and the crowd we draw not really. There's always going to be a few dicks in every crowd, but violence hasn't really ever been a problem. I do remember hearing about something happening the last time we were in Salt Lake.

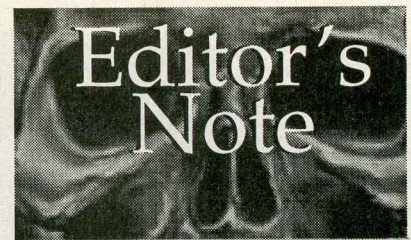
SLUG: I heard about it also, but I didn't see anything at the show. One last thing I was wondering about. (I always save the hardest hitting questions for the end) Did the Beavis And Butthead show have to pay you for using Slayer on Beavis's t-shirt?

J.H.: No we never saw any money out of that. I guess I never really thought about it. I suppose if we pursued it maybe, but I don't know how much money there would be in it.

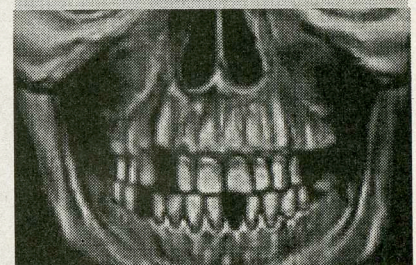
SLUG: Any last words before I let you go?

J.H.: Just that we are really excited about getting out on the road. We start the tour tomorrow in Arizona and we will be out in Salt Lake on June 3rd. Then we are going to do a tour of Europe and Australia, and head back to the States for more shows. See you on the 3rd.

So there you have it Salt Lake - SLAYER!!! Remember the new album DIABOLUS IN MUSICA will be in stores on June 9th. The Heavy Metal Shop in Salt Lake will be fully stocked with the new album and will be having a midnight sale to celebrate the release on June 9th - so that means be at there at 11:59 on June 8th. AND Since the show in Salt Lake will already be over by the time this issue hits the streets, hopefully you remembered that the title track of Slayer's second album is "Haunting The Chapel" if Tom Araya happened to ask again.



It might be of some interest to those of you who were not at the Slayer Concert, that it didn't actually go off. It was scheduled the same night as the first game of the NBA finals between the Jazz and the Bulls. The Police were everywhere at the Delta Center. And at their most Machiavellian; indeed one Jazz Season Ticket Owner, a local business owner, told me that "The Police were being dicks, I mean I'm buying an ice cream from this little stand and there's a cop eyeing me like I'm gonna steal the buck-twenty-five cream-sicle. The cops were looking as mean as I have ever seen them. For an event which is being watched by Utah's richest." And that was at the Jazz game. So when there was a riot at the Slayer Concert that same night you can imagine that the cops were looking for a reason to hurt some people. And it took some metal-loving dick-heads to do it. The meelee took place outside Bricks. Cops verses rockers. Our man on the scene stayed inside for the fight, thinking it would move inside. We might add, that the rockers had the empty-courage to get arrested for almost no reason. And the cops had the good sense to encourage violence, as they always do. Shame on both of you. Those of you who got arrested, well, hope you weren't on parole. And those of you who are cops. Go to NYC, and watch the cops there. Those are real cops, and they would beat you to death if you fucked with them, but they are not intimidating to the citizens they are employed by to protect. They don't try to justify the commonly held suspicion that policing is the last bastion from prison for sociopaths and sadists. That is for cities that have those IQ limits for cops. Wednesday's show by the police and the rock fans is just so Utah. I keep hoping that you assholes aren't the total losers that you seem to be. That goes for both of you. Cops and Rockers.



Grass Dis- missed

By Jeb

Now that ole' blue eyes is dead, you really have nothing better to listen to than this stuff.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Bllleeeaaauurrrrgghhh - A Music War 7" (Purple Vinyl - through mailorder)

It's been six years but the infamous "Bllleeeaaauurrrrgghhh" series is back. Yep, 73 bands, 84 songs, and one small record. This third installment shows what huge strides hyper fast hardcore has made this decade, thanks in no small part to Slap-A-Ham Records' own Chris Dodge. This record could actually be called "polished" in comparison to its two older siblings. Practically every band on this comp turns in a tight as hell performance. The production

quality is generally high and most of the bands are recognized names with other product out. This isn't just a joke record with a ton of bands trying to do early A.C.ish blurr. These are classic hardcore "short songs" with enough punch to K.O. Tyson and all his pro-wrestling buddies. Just check out the line up!!!! FINAL CONFLICT, LACK OF INTEREST, 324, AVULSION, NOOTHGRUSH, SUPPRESSION, SLIGHT SLAPPERS, MELT BANANA, GODSTOMPER, DEAD BODIES EVERYWHERE, GOB, THE DREAD, BURNED UP BLED DRY, FUCK ON THE BEACH, MK ULTRA, SLOBBER, RUIDO, BENUMB, MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY, COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN, ASSSPATULA, NICE VIEW, QUADILIACHA, DISASSOCIATE, PALATKA, FLASH GORDON, JAPANESE COMEDY TORTURE HOUR, THE JUDAS ISCARIOT, SCALP-LOCK, ENEMY SOIL, CHARLES BRONSON, REAL REGGAE, MANGE, EGOTISMO,

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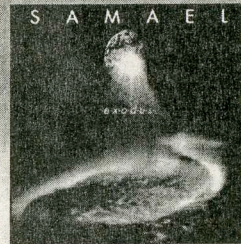
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GRIEF / 16
Split 10"
Vinyl

Two of Pessimiser's premier bands go head to head on this engorged single. GRIEF, who are constantly battling rumors of break-up, check in with one of their patented dirges. Their artery clogging, aneurysm inducing slow-core is so thick that a top secret military bureau has been experimenting with melting down GRIEF records, setting the resulting sludge on fire, and dropping it on enemy installations in lieu of napalm. On the flip..... 16 get more and more metallic with each release. Their contribution to this record is a fillings rattling, SABBATH inspired chugger that wields the destructive power of a freight train hitting a bassinet. (Pessimiser P.O. Box 1070 Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Cry Now, Cry Later Volumes 1
& 2
CD



The "Cry Now, Cry Later" series of double 7" compilations are some of the most potent collections of noise ever assembled. Each of the four volumes showcases the very best in extreme hardcore with an emphasis on such sub-genres such as power violence, sludgecore, grindcore, hatecore, blurrrr and whatever the other catch phrases are today. Suffice it to say this stuff is noisy, intense, and not for the meek. This CD combines the first two volumes in the series and adds a few bonus tracks. I assume the other two will get combined on a disc at a later date... Some of my favorite bands on the disc are SPAZZ, CROM, DESPISE YOU, EYEHATEGOD, GRIEF, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, EXCRUCIATING TERROR, STAPLED SHUT, and FEAR FACTORY (recording under the name FACTORIA DE MIEDO to hide out from their label). The only truly weak link on the disc is THE MEATSHITS because Robert Deathrage is a sexist, violent idiot. (Pessimiser P.O. Box 1070 Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

CHAPEL OF GRISTLE
Apologies For Being Born With a Penis
Cassette

This band's previous self-titled tape was an absolutely overpowering cacophony of sludge and hate. They had their work cut out for them to top it... but top it they did. This new tape recaptures all of the mutated depravity I so love about the band and adds to it a more focused approach making everything twice as deadly. The songs are more concrete and yet don't detract from the overall sense that this is complete chaos captured on chrome. There is even another instrumental on this tape where the band recreate the "tortured soul" feel of their classic tune "In Hell With No Eyes". This time the instrumental is called "Shame (I've Done Nothing Wrong Dave)" and again it is the musical accompaniment of insanity. If you destroy your aural cilia with the likes of GOB, 3D HOUSE OF BEEF, or THUG, then this tape is your new best friend. (POB 36249, Christchurch, New Zealand)

NOCTURNAL MORTUUM
Goat Horns
CD

The first thing that strikes me about this band is their mastery of emotion. There are a couple of instrumental moments on here that are some of the most beautiful moments I have ever heard on a black metal album. The finest being the opening track "Black Moon Overture" which is worth the price of the disc alone. When the band get down to more standard bursts of rapid fire black metal in subsequent tracks they are less distinctive, sticking to well worn paths trod by the masters of northern darkness.... that is until track five. That track titled "Veles' Scrolls" is a breathe taking, eleven minute epic of voluptuous splendor.... almost epicurean.

From that track on, the album takes on a new life. More complexity is heard and a stunningly sensitive balance is struck between orchestral magnificence, obscure ethnic sounds, and sulphur belching blackness. (THE END Records <http://www.mythosmedia.com/theend> or theend@mythosmedia.com)

Jeb Branin
jeb.branin@snow.edu

Eagles may soar.... but weasels aren't sucked into jet engines

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Clutch tours with metal. Right before this issue was complete the band played with Slayer and System Of A Down at Bricks. Before that they were with Limp Bizkit and Sevendust and before that, when they were still signed to Atlantic, they played with Orange 9mm and Fu Manchu in a church. *The Elephant Riders* was released in April. The disc is Clutch's third and their first for Columbia. Neil Fallon is the Clutch vocalist and he spoke to SLUG.

After preliminary discussions on the local straight-edge movement, mosh pits and Atlantic Records there was a question about *The Elephant Riders*. "Green Buckets" has this lyric, "I have enough food to last the two of us a year, 1,000 cans of chowder, 1,000 cans of beer." Is there an underlying "survivalist" theme? Neil Fallon: "I think so, I'm not a survivalist type person, but I think about it a lot. That kind of thing would creep into the song, sometimes I think I should have a better supply of non-perishable items in my closet, but I never go and act on it. It kind of creeps into the song in that manner." SLUG: "So you do think about it?" NF: "Oh yeah. I think we're living in a very paranoid age. That paranoia can breed that kind of thinking and I'm no exception."

Columbia Xeroxed Fallon's handwritten "notebook" thoughts on each song and included the pages as a part of the "press packet." Most songs were written while the band lived in Bakerton, West Virginia. The house was built around 1780 and Fallon reports that the road in front of the house was a major artery for the Confederate Army. The title song, "The Elephant Riders," is what Fallon describes as "historical fiction" - civil war soldiers riding elephants. The "notebook" is filled with references to the house - possible ghosts, snakes, fires, "slave" quarters on the property - all manner of influences and history filled his head while working on the album.

Fallon says that he never considered himself much of a history buff before. Does he consider himself one now? NF: "I would say so, not a buff meaning I'm an expert, it just means that I have an interest in it and I think during that album and ever since then I've had an increased interest in the Civil War era. I do some reading on it now and again, but I don't completely immerse myself in it." While living in the house and writing the songs Fallon took a "Primal Literature" course. He has a degree in English from the University of Maryland. My question next question was, where did he take the class and why? NF: "I took it at Hood College, in Frederick, Maryland. It

used to be an all-girls school, but about five years ago they opened it up to men. Still to this day it's about a nine to one ratio. I knew we were going to be sitting around for three or four months and not touring. I do enjoy taking classes like that to kind of keep the juices in the brain going. I guess I don't necessarily enjoy studying, but I enjoy learning new things." In Fallon's notes he states that "Ship of Gold" was based on Bukka White and "The Voyage of Life," a painting by Thomas Cole.

The

like Son House and Robert Johnson, but my special favorite is, I think, Skip James. I just actually, about three weeks ago, I took my first guitar lesson and country blues is what I'm learning." Wow! Neil Fallon spouted off the names
l i k e

CLUTCH



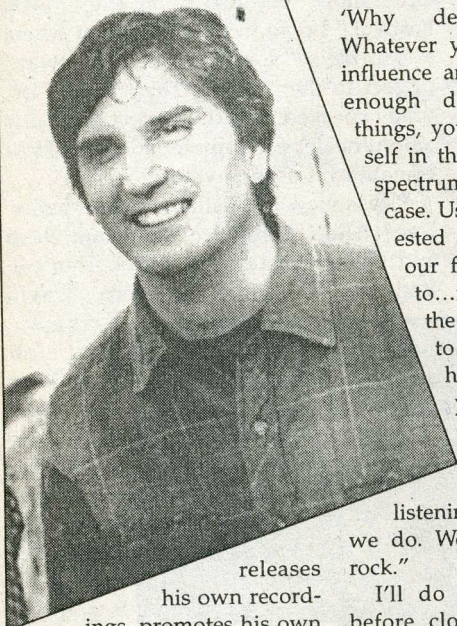
song's chorus is based on Bukka White's "Fixin' To Die" and

"Streamline Special." Fallon writes that the chorus to Clutch's "The Yeti" is based on White's "Alabama Blues." When and where did Fallon discover Bukka White? NF: "I believe it was about four years ago. I bought a CD called *Legends of Country Blues*. It was a compilation of different players and he was on there. He played a song that I just went crazy over. I picked up some of his stuff and just by coincidence I learned that Larry Packard, who has produced some of our stuff, remastered some of Bukka White's material." A love of the blues isn't uncommon for musicians, but a love of country blues is rare and for a so-called "modern metal band" to base two songs around country blues songs seems incredible to me. What other blues cats does Fallon like? NF: "I like Mississippi John Hurt, I like Fred McDowell, the big guys

a n expert. I could not believe it and I gained tremendous respect for him. I'll be a Clutch fan for life after that exchange. How many in the SLUG reading audience can claim knowledge of any of those cats? Probably very few and among the staff, it's probably just me and Gianni. (probably)

What kind of guitar is Fallon using for his country blues lessons? NF: "I have a Gibson Epiphone that I got pretty cheap. Maybe someday I'll buy a nice Martin or an old National, but those things are extremely pricey." Get ready for his next statement because I was nearly stricken dumber than usual. Does Fallon listen to any of the new country blues musicians? Country blues is currently undergoing a resurgence in interest after nearly dying out completely. NF: "I'm not really knowledgeable about that. The only new guy I know is this guy named Catfish Keith. That's the only new blues guy that I've ever heard and liked enough to buy a CD." Just hours before I talked to Fallon I'd been listening to the Catfish's brand new *Twist It Babe!*. When I told him

all about
Catfish
Keith,
h o w
h e



releases
his own record-
ings, promotes his own
shows and travels around the
country with his wife in a
motor-boat of a car playing the
blues Fallon commented,
"Huh, I'll have to keep an eye
out for him. the blues is one of
those things that, no matter
how good the recording is, it
never does the live show jus-
tice. You gotta see it then and
there."

Besides Bukka White Fallon
claims an interest in Doc
Watson and Washington D.C.
"Go-Go." In his notes he claims
that his song "The Yeti" is
based upon his "Primal
Literature" studies, Bukka
White and "Go-Go." I had to
ask the next question, as
clichéd as it is." What plays
in the van? NF: "Just about every-
thing. I mean, you could hear
on one tape deck, we'll be lis-
tening to Hank Williams up
front and in back you'll get
some rap like Wu Tang Clan or
maybe some Black Sabbath or
Deep Purple. A lot of jazz is lis-
tened too on the road. I would

say the only music that we
don't listen to is "new country"
music. It's just drive!" Yee haw.
I love this guy! Take that you
fat-assed, belt-buckle wearing,
goateed, Garth loving cows. A
man after my own taste. He
continues on the musical sub-
ject with a few more choice
words. NF: "I just see it as,
'Why deprive yourself?'
Whatever you listen to is an
influence and if you listen to
enough different kinds of
things, you'll influence your-
self in the broadest possible
spectrum and that's the best
case. Usually I'm not inter-
ested in hearing rock in
our free time. I liken it
to...if you're a mechanic
the last thing you want
to do when you go
home is work on
your car. So when
we get time off
we're not particu-
larly interested in

listening to rock, although
we do. We listen to a lot of
rock."

I'll do one final question
before closing the interview
portion of the piece. SLUG: "Do
you believe the Yeti exists?"
NF: "It really depends on what
kind of mood I'm in.
Sometimes I do, I think it's per-
fectly plausible that we have
overlooked a species. They are
discovering new species every-
day. They discovered a new
species of deer in Vietnam that
everyone had overlooked for
hundreds of years. I think it's
plausible, but I'm not going to
believe anything until I see it.
Old shaky films don't convince
me though I would really love
for there to be a Yeti or a Big
Foot, or a Loch Ness for that
matter. I do think that scientists
in particular are very conceited
in thinking that humanity has
learned just about everything
about our planet. I think we
haven't even touched the sur-
face yet." Neil Fallon recently
moved to Denver and who
knows? Maybe he'll see a Yeti
on a trip into the Rocky
Mountains?

—Scotch

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Lame Ass Concert Previews

Lame Ass Concert Previews

Where do to start? It's summer fer Christ's sakes. That means the bald heads (sorry Curly Neal) and artsy lame asses are out promoting a bunch of shit. I promised last issue that I'd give it up for the entire summer this time because a "summer concert issue" is the gig deal, but you know what? I'm looking over my "calendar" and I don't see a whole hell of a lot.

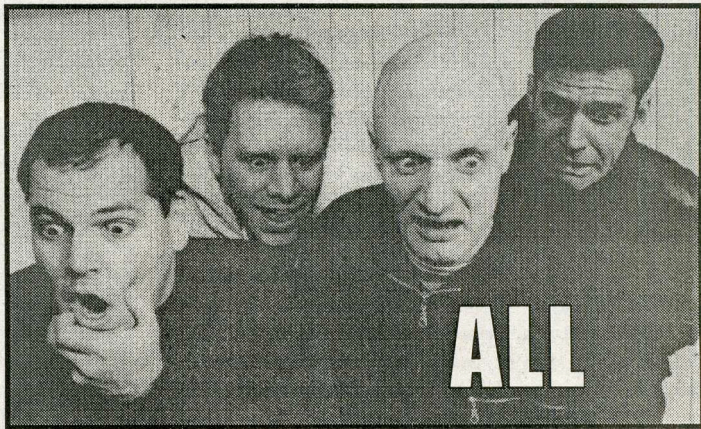
My information tells me that staying at home and working on skin cancer in the front yard is better than venturing forth to experience live music in Utah this year. Take for instance the latest installment of the Wolf, oh sorry, Canyons Summer concert series. Who in their right mind wants to see **Creedence Clearwater Revisited**? Where's John Fogerty? Some fuck wants me to pay \$20+ to see whatever ensemble Stu Cook, the bassist, has scrounged up? When is Fogerty coming? That's enough. The only minimally acceptable show at the Canyons this summer is **Pearl Jam** and who wants to risk another three hours in freezing rain waiting for a postponement? **Metallica**? Nah. **Van Halen**? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

There's always H.O.R.D.E. Like I want to see **Blues Traveler**? Do I hear an Ame? Last year I took a guided tour of the whole place. "This is Neil Young's bus, notice the Volkswagen Beetle parked on top. Notice Neil's catering service, his motorcycles and his compound." Neil Young is cool and compounds are for polygamists or members of the Eagle Forum. **Blues Traveler** is not a member of either sect. **Lilith**? Lame ass indeed. Yawn. Take a blanket to sleep on [ed. Note: What the fuck are you talking about, **Lilith** might be the best commercial line-up this summer].

How about we investigate the Utah

Arts Festival? How many years has it been since it was free? The people in charge of the Utah Arts Festival are kind of like everyone else in Utah. Your tax dollars go towards the Utah Transit Authority. It costs a buck to ride the bus these days and despite millions of dollars in television advertising the buses are still filled with the joyful poverty stricken and pleasant, lyrical psycho cases. The Utah Arts Festival, according to their accountants, must charge admission to stay in business. I viewed a blatant waste of money.

o f
pro-



motional money today. Your tax dollars pay for this crap and they still charge admission. Let's paint a cardboard box black and paste Velcro on it. Let's include a Viewmaster, let's enclose a cassette sampler of the musical selections and let's waste a whole lot of time and money on something only really important journalists will ever see. Did these materials convince me to write about the Utah Arts Festival? I don't fucking think so. [Ed. note: Huh? what is this?] Shove my tax dollars up your asses and use more of my money to pay the fucking bands. Fuck the promo shit. There are some pretty cool bands playing at the Utah Arts Festival, both local and national. **Laura Love** is good

and this **Brad Mehldau** cat they've booked is some kind of keyboard genius. One more comment on the "Arts Festival." I read in the newspaper where a "journalist" compared the "Gateway" project to the "Triad." The "Triad," last time I checked, had the perfect inner-city amphitheater for summer concerts. How come it isn't used anymore?

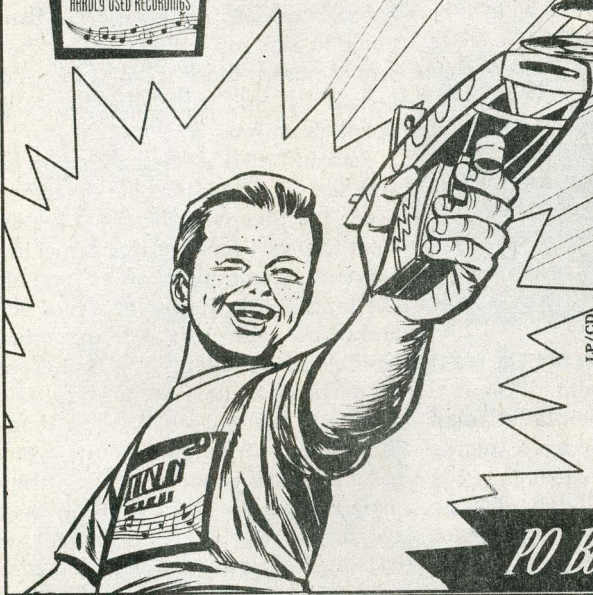
Please view the Gallavin Center series. I see **Altan**, **John Scofield**, **Sam Bush** and **Philadelphia Jerry Ricks**. That's it. Red Butte? A big fat zero. **David**

Grisman, **Jerry Jeff Walker** and **John Hiatt** are interesting but I'm not about to make the effort based upon past experiences with Red Butte audiences.

Young hippie dancing is bad enough, but Red Butte is the spot for the originals to do it. A middle-aged woman wearing a corset and no panties or bra spin dancing with some pot gut in front of **David Grisman** on stage is a nightmare I do not want to view while awake. The **Vans Warped Tour** is shaping up as the killer - more on that one next month. The **Folk and Bluegrass Festival** at Deer Valley is nearly as required and the appearance of both **Alison Krauss** and **Blue Highway** in Salt Lake City during the same month is like repeating the summer of '96. This new **Park City Jazz Festival** is going to put the **Snowbird Jazz and Blues** deal under. Here's a hint to the cats in charge of the Park City festivities. Book a few decent blues bands and I'm pawning the title to my Duster and renting a condo for the week. Speaking of the **Snowbird Jazz and Blues Festival**. Does anyone over there think? You want me to pay \$50 or something to see **Lionel Hampton** and



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smashing pumpkins



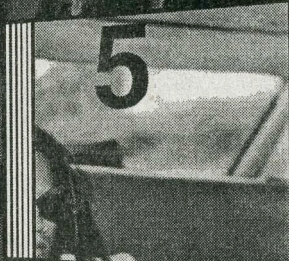
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5

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Joe Louis Walker? How about if I just wait for Hampton to appear at the Hilton and Walker at the Zephyr? Move your silly little festival out of the canyons, hold it at the Gallivan Center, include the clubs and make it a real festival like real cities have. That thing you do is so Salt Lake City that it is a "small" wonder you lose money.

What else is there? The best thing at the E-Center is **WCW**. There isn't a damn thing at the Delta Center worth seeing. **Saltair** appears finished based on the smell, oldies festivals are deuce and a deuce doesn't make a full house. The **Wasatch Events Center** is open, at least according to advertisements. That venue could prove to be our saving grace for the summer. Other than that it's back to the clubs and here is the June analysis of what's hot. Fuck what's not. **Spanky's**, the **Zephyr**, the **Holy Cow**, the **Dead Goat** and **DV8** are where it's at. **Burt's** remains the favorite for kick-ass locals. There are probably ads in this paper for all of it and more because the communication channels are usually not functioning. It has something to do with "sports" and day jobs. I've found that frequent visits to "hip" hang-outs or even hipper record stores, **Salt City** comes to mind, provides more reliable information than any "street" publication. If we are really, really good boys and girls Man...Or **Astroman?** might return before **SLUG** hits the ass-wipe stall in July.

Here's the what's up on my picks for club shows. Punk is the highlight, not because this is **SLUG** and not because I love punk because I don't - not anymore. Most punk is as generic as "alternative" rock and that is why these next shows are spotlighted. **Tilt** is punk with a female singer. That always gets me. The band plays at the East Union ball room

on June 7. The **Hillbilly Hellcats** are a formidable rockabilly band. They've made crowds sweat on at least three previous occasions. If you don't like them how about if **Lance Romance** kicks your punk ass? He's big enough to do it. The **Hellcats** play the **Zephyr** on June 8. On June 6 **Switchblade Symphony** is play-



ing someplace. Look for flyers. The band is classified as Goth fronted by two woman. I've listened to their latest, *Bread and Jam For Frances*, and to me it sounds like pop rock. It isn't dark at all. June 8 is a Monday night. If the **Hillbilly Hellcats** aren't appealing the **Dead Goat** has a blues cat from the Bay area named **Frankie Lee**. He's played with nearly

everyone. June 9 is another good night to hit downtown. **Saffire**, some nasty ladies with "Silver Beavers," are playing at the **Zephyr**. Their genre of choice is acoustic blues. **Cornershop**, a tripped out dub band is at the **Holy Cow** with **Los Amigos Invisibles**, one of David Byrne's discoveries from Venezuela. On June 10, incredible as it seems, **Ultra Bidé** joins **Zen Guerrilla** at **Spanky's**. **Jessica? Lucy?** I expect to see you little dears there for noise, garage, R&B and



messed-up **Sam Cooke** gospel songs.

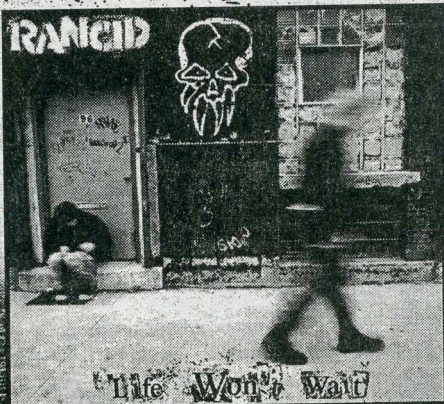
Down in Provo, on the same night, **Trunk Federation** is planning to entertain with songs which expand the psychedelic format of the **Flaming Lips** with a big dose of pop. **D.O.A.** is so punk they've been causing riots for 20 years. This, my little punk rock darlings, is their 20th Anniversary tour. Most of you haven't been alive that long. The band is going to kick some major ass for the old school punks, those who aren't dead or locked up and still able to walk at **Spanky's** on June 11.

Back in Provo on June 12 is pop punk and ska. The **Mad Caddies** receive the heads up. **Sleepy LaBeef** is at the **Dead Goat** to pack more obscure songs in the space of 10 minutes than anyone alive. On June 14 the **Connells** arrive at the **Holy Cow** with pop rock and a brand new album. **Tinsley Ellis** is the guitar cat to shame all the rest of the guitar cats and he is at the **Dead Goat** on June 16. **Moxie Tonic Medicine Show**, a swing band with the goods, including original material and the horns sitting behind **Lawrence Welk**-like band-stands have a CD release party planned. The disc is only an EP, but it's better than covering **Ellington** or **Prima**. Most of **Moxie Tonic** already did **Prima** because their day job is with **My Man Friday**. The date is June 19 and the place is the **Wrapsody** in Provo. **Link 80** is playing at the **Tower Theater** on June 16. My pick for band-of-the-night is **Brand New Unit** - an "agressive" punk band. **Mason Ruffner** is at the **Goat** to play the blues. June 22 is all punk rock at **DV8**. All is much loved in Salt Lake City because **Karl and Steve** are in the band. They can do no wrong. They make me feel like the whole world is on heroin. They make me dizzy. They make me feel like all of my friends are fair-weather. How about y'All lay off the coffee for one song and address the imitators? "Don't let go until I say so." **Hagfish** is more pop than usual and **Zeke**, oh my dear lord, everyone has to see **Zeke**. **Zeke** has *Kicked In The Teeth* out on **Epitaph**. I've listened to *Kicked In the Teeth* about 25 times. I've tried to make the CD sound hi-tech at least 20 times. It doesn't work. The "given" is that my "receiver" is a "transistor" job that cost \$10 at the D.I. and the second "given" is that my speakers are mismatched with their \$2 price tags still attached - "Fuck All Night" can't be adjusted. **Zeke** includes the **Kiss** cover, "Shout It Out

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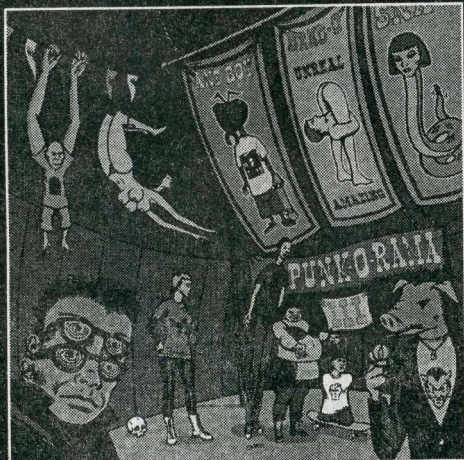


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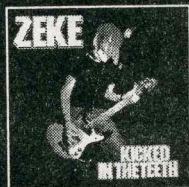
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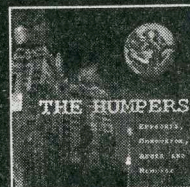
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Loud," for the Hessians. Punk rock even shows up at the Zephyr on June 23 and it's local. The **Decomposers** crawl out of whatever dumpster they've been living in to join the **Scrotum Poles**. Did **Aldine** book this one? **Kim Lenz** is a rockabilly girl with bright red hair and a peaches 'n' cream complexion to match. She belts out the 'billy better than most men and her only competition is our own **Lara Jones**. Lenz has a new album out on the Hightone label and the disc is in mono. Please set the system accordingly.

The **Swing Gorillas** (One word or two?) are the latest local band to jump on the swing fashion wagon, along with **Martin Renzhofer** and **Bill Frost**. Hate E-mail please? I have a question. Is there really a need for another local cover band? Who cares what the format is? Refer back to **Moxie Tonic**. **Atomic Deluxe** is the headliner. Paul and Lara have the talent to write an original song — a damn good original song. They will play a bunch of them and they might throw in one or three covers. The date is June 25, the venue is the Zephyr. On July 26 the Holy Cow has tentatively scheduled **Curve**, the **Dandy Warhols** and **Creeper Lagoon**. I haven't had a chance to listen to Creeper Lagoon yet, it just came in today, but Curve has *Come Clean* in the bins. It's the best thing Curve has done in years and it has been years since anything was released. The Dandy Warhols rule, Okay? June 29 must be a Monday because the Dead Goat has a touring blues act booked. **Josh Smith & the Frost** are from Florida. Smith is a young cat with tons of press in blues publications. Florida doesn't produce many Stevie Ray/Hendrix clones. Expect reality. The same night one of Sub Pop's recent signings is over at the Zephyr. If you miss the messed up bluegrass at the Zephyr, they'll play at the Holy Cow the next night. The **Blue Rags** are like the Squirrel Nut Zippers except their ragtime has some grass.

I sincerely pray to a God that doesn't exist, and that's why I'm all over D.O.A.'s Atheist tour, that some of you lame asses ignore the shit and attend one or more club shows. If it all seems incomprehensible could you at least drive to Deer Valley to see **Kurt Bestor** play with the Utah Symphony in July?

—NWO Wolfpack Fer Life

Pete Droge

Screenplay

—BACKSTAGE, ABRAVANEL HALL -- SUPER DARK--

Oliver Goodness, contributing Slug Magazine writer, stands off to the side while Pete Droge & band hits center stage. The lights rock onto these twenty-something musicians as the crowd awaits their fine tunes. Pete hits them with music. Pete, mid-twenties, portrays the image of your everyday cool friend you long to chill with.

OLIVER (VOICE OVER)

Backstage at Abravanel Hall, May 15th. Pete Droge opened for Ben Harper to a crunchy crowd I smiled to see, reminding me of my Dead/Phish touring days. They loved him. I enjoyed his contemporary Dylan-esque approach to song writing. After laying some riffs down for a fellow guitar player's tape (that friend just happened to play for Pearl Jam), Pete was discovered by

Producer Brendan O'Brien (Pearl Jam, Rage Against The Machine) and immediately signed to American Records back in 1993. He made his debut with *Necktie Second* in 1994. Today, two albums later, Pete promotes his newest album "SPACEY AND SHAKIN".

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE BACKSTAGE DOOR -- NIGHT

Oliver and Pete hang out wrapping about Pete's first night with Ben Harper.

PETE DROGE

I've been a big fan of Ben's for a while.

OLIVER

How did you get hooked up with this gig?

PETE DROGE

Well, we have the same producer. Our manager got it together.

OLIVER

Last spring, your band toured with G.Love & Special Sauce in Europe.

PETE DROGE

That's correct. Those guys are great.

The roadies start plowing out the back door with rather large boxy cases of massive rock concert type equipment. Oliver and Pete step to the side.

A photographer flashes a couple of photos of them.

FLASH TO WHITE

INT. BACKSTAGE, ABRAVANEL HALL - SUPER DARK

Pete Droge finishes his EYES ON THE CEILING and breaks into a speech promoting a sale of t-shirts, records and stickers. The crowd goes wild for the stickers. BAM. They kick out Ghost Song.

EXT. OUTSIDE BACKSTAGE DOOR -- NIGHT

Kerry, their newly hired guitar tuner guy, directs the roadies for proper under the bus storage of equipment. Oliver and Pete continue their conversation.

OLIVER

When you started playing guitar in high school, who influenced your style the most?

PETE DROGE

Definitely Bob Dylan, Tom Petty and Neil Young along with other favorites such as the Stooges and Black Sabbath.

Recently, I've been drawing on the Troggs and the Kinks.

OLIVER

What's your process for song writing?

PETE DROGE

I usually start off on my home studio, laying down tracks. It really varies in order as far as coming up with the guitar, lyrics or other beats. Sometimes, I'll start with the drums, moving into a tribal approach.

OLIVER

Very cool.

PETE DROGE

Is this almost over? Ben's about to start playing.

OLIVER

Ahhh, yeah sure.

INT. AISLE -- ILLUMINATED WITH FLASHING LIGHTS

BEN HARPER sits on stage like a musical shaman whipping out his tribute to Jimi Hendrix with "Voodoo Child". Oliver and Pete sway to the beautiful sounds blooming from Ben's guitar laying horizontal on his lap.

The crowd spiritually hugs each other. OLIVER (VOICE OVER)

Well, there you have it. Pete Droge. If you dig a solid guitar and cool lyrics, catch him in the local music stores with "SPACEY AND SHAKIN".

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OUTSIGHT

ROCKET TO RUSSIA AND BEYOND

You may have a hard time finding a distributor in Russia, but you can still get some air time there. Click on over to <http://www.martin.homepage.ru/> for the archived playlists of a radio show in Russia that wants CDs to play on the air. DJ Sergey Tutov, a fan of popular and independent music, also does a music TV show for which he is seeking videos cassette in BETACAM-SP format. Sergey broadcasts over the Moscow airwaves for thirty hours weekly.

Get ahold of Sergey at P.O. BOX 38, Moscow 113184, Russia...Jonathan Levitt records radio show here in Seattle, WA for broadcast in the People's Republic of China. This has been going on for the past 3 and a half years. Jonathan accepts all genres of music for airplay and "we try to be unbiased in what we play." Levitt is starting a blues, roots, jazz, and classical show outside of their current variety format.

For more information see their website at <http://home.earthlink.net/~shanghaii> which has playlists and articles about the show. Submissions for airplay can be sent to: Radio Shanghai International, Jonathan Levitt, 768 Bellevue Ave East #B-1, Seattle WA, 98102; Tel: 206-860-5063...

A BILL ON CAPITOL HILL

A bill, which in my mind infringes on the ability of songwriters and musicians to earn an income passed the House on March 25, 1998. In order for the bill to become law, it must also make it through the Senate and be signed by the President. The potential result for bars, grills, restaurants and other retail establishments is an average savings of \$1.58 a day in licensing fees. The potential result for songwriters is to miss out on a potentially lucrative income source. Licensing is the way small amounts paid from multiple sources can make writing songs and playing music lucrative.

How often have you chosen to visit or

leave a bar or restaurant for its music? Such 'background' music can make or break an evening out and the people responsible for these sounds deserve remuneration. Lyricist and

President/Chairman of the Board of ASCAP, Marilyn Bergman, posted on the ASCAP Web site <http://www.ascap.com/legislative/urgen.html> her own strong arguments against letting this bill pass. You can use the Internet to directly contact your Senators and express your feelings through <http://www.senate.gov/senator/state.html>. For songwriters their is a positive Life Plus 70 aspect of the Bill for retaining copyright. The law currently stands at fifty years in the U.S. The insidious part is the portion which relieves retail establishments from paying for the use of music which sets the tone for their business. Specifically, the "Fairness in Music Licensing" part exempts businesses with up to 3,500 square feet of space from paying fees for music broadcast via radio or television unless admission is charged. That would include everything from restaurants and barbershops to dental offices. Also covered are larger businesses that broadcast entertainment using no more than six speakers and/or two television sets. The exemptions don't apply to live or recorded music when the proprietor controls the content. ASCAP says that its members could lose at least 15 per cent of their income - ranging from a few hundred to several thousands of dollars annually, if the exemption becomes law. ASCAP's average licensing fee for a restaurant or bar amounts to \$1.58 per day, about the price of a drink. Urge them to reject the Music Licensing amendment as passed by the U.S. House of Representatives, they will know what you are talking about...

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy
BIG BAD VOODOO DADDY
Coolsville Records/EMI-Capitol

Swinging from the pinnacle of the neo-swing trend, Big Bad Voodoo Daddy is forging their visibility from the movie Swingers and their undeniable talent into a royal position among the new swing generation. This ultra-hip octet is in touch

with their roots, they know to praise Cab Calloway, and they know what real horn-backed rock sounded like. On this, check out their live version of Bill Haley's "Thirteen Women." Easily won over by their live show, I sweated in place with hundreds of dandied Lindy hoppers at a recent Pontiac Michigan appearance. With a band that plays exquisitely in a style known for smart dress and visual brass instrumentation, the live experience is integral. Fascinated by their stage presence, I also noted their room for growth. It has been too long since a popular genre boasted horn solos.

Tenor saxophonist Karl Hunter was the first to step up to the plate. He proved not very composed and allowed the excited audience to push him into hyper note explosions any time he started to phrase something melodic. A good soloist, I feel, transports the audience to someplace lyrical and impressive. In short, he takes them, they do not take him. Much less heralded by front man (vocals, guitar) Scotty Morris was trumpeter Glen "The Kid" Marhevka. Both his solos stilled the boiling sea of bodies and he quoted themes from earlier songs. All in all, he was very thoughtful and jazz styled. Karl seemed to take a cue and came across much better and together, unswayable on his second solo. I do not want to miss citing drummer/percussionist Kurt Sodergren for musical excellence live and recorded. While claiming as much influence from "Black Flag as Count Basie," BBVD leaves their big band feel pure. They import only the attitude and creative freedom espoused by 80s punk. Projects such as this, churned up by the martini stirrers, herald a bright musical future of skilled horn players and new compositions to file next to Miller and Ellington. For proof, listen to "Boogie Jumper" and "King of Swing" on this, their major label debut.

Lord Runningclam
FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
Moonshine/Bottom Heavy, 8525 Santa Monica Blvd., W. H'wood CA, 90069
<http://www.moonshine.com>
<http://www.runningclam.com>
feedback@moonshine.com

What it is about the narrated lyrics to this electronica album. I am reminded of something, a PBS documentary voice-over? Tapes to learn while you sleep or

help you quite smoking through auto-hypnosis? Regardless, the slack and conversational delivery gels nicely with the loose and disparate mix of drum and bass. This spoken word is provided on two tracks by pro verbalizer Ken Nordine. Nordine began a career in "word jazz" in the 50s and since worked with Jerry Garcia, Laurie Anderson and Peter Gabriel. The rest of the album is instrumental, incorporating trumpet (courtesy of Maxx Vaxx), samples and smooth whistling from Michael Pisano. Especially sluggish with hip breakbeats is the whistly "Wrinkly." FUN FOR is also the flagship LP release on the Moonshine imprint promising to offer material "more left field" than the parent label. You may remember Lord Runningclam (aka David de Laski) from Electric Skychurch. Smooth and clever, FUN FOR is a slick welding of jazz experimentation and techno.

Tribe 8
ROLE MODELS FOR AMERIKA
batzone@aol.com

While proclaiming their homosexuality and separation from punk purists, this dyke quintet kicks some good rock. Shaunna Hall (4 Non Blondes) aids in production, and this allows the good songs to come through. Punk rock with good songwriting? Beside the simplicity and aggression, it is the variation, temp changes and breaks that give this recording the texture and depth to call out "classic" on the first listen. The prominent bass, outrageous attitudes and lyrics that are more announced than sung remind me, especially on "Ta Ta Ta-Ta's," of the first Suicidal Tendencies album.

Obviously not afraid of being different, Tribe 8 confidently and competently incorporate rock, pop and jazzy

asides into their material. This two-guitar punk album puts the genre where it should be today philosophically and musically. (3.5)

Flowchart
CUMULUS MOOD TWANG
Fuzzy Box Records/Carrot Top Records

On CUMULUS a rich mixture of electronic beats and looped samples from the mind of producer Sean O'Neal (Technicolor, Four Head, Mall, ColorFilter, etc.). The soundscape is truly evocative of a dream atmosphere. Ghost-like, voices arise providing well integrated but unintelligible additions to the already thick texture. O'Neal's well-wrought stew is for headphone immersion and close listening. CUMULUS is therapeutic, soothing massage for minds desensitized by sterile, linear pop logic. Sean sets the brain to dancing. (4)

Chrome
TIDAL FORCES
Man's Ruin

Helios Creed and the "surviving" members of Chrome reunite for a freak-guitar exploration of the dark side of Mars. The return of Creed marks the end of Damon Edge undermining Chrome's preternatural sounds. On some pieces I feel they are trying to hard to show truly demented their compositions are. At Chrome's best, they bend to the task of carrying out a sorcerer's formula they long ago discovered. TIDAL FORCES picks up where HALF MACHINE LIP MOVES and ALIEN SOUNDTRACKS ends off. Burdened with effects, guitar notes here shuffle off murkily like prehistoric eels in muddy channels. More electronic rhythms and sounds populate this infernal world. The use of a live drummer alternately drives or punctu-

ates as the mood turns psychotic or creepy. Enjoy Chrome as they play house band to the strange orgies in the palace of the Martian king. (3.5)

The Desert Sessions
VOLUME 1 & 2
Man's Ruin, 610 22nd St. #302, SF CA, 94107

Check out this all-star lineup: Josh Homme (Kyuss), Ben Shepherd (Soundgarden, Hater), John McBain (Monster Magnet, Wellwater Conspiracy), Fred Drake (Earthlings), Brant Bjork (Kyuss, Fu Manchu), Alfredo Hernandez (Kyuss), Dave Catching (Earthlings) and Pete Stahl (Wool, Earthlings). This CD contains both ten inch volumes put out by this veteran conclave. Propelled by a steady rhythm section, guitars or keyboards creep in to contribute mostly spectral wails decaying with tremolo or reverb. The picture I get is very much that of a desert. A wasteland divid-

ed by a stark streak of asphalt. Hurtling down that highway is a car in a chance. Not a vehicle-on-vehicle chase, but one psychological. Can the driver get there in time? Can the mania-inducing loneliness of the wide expanse be outrun? Soundtrack for a running reckless in a land where the only visible things are the dash panel, the headlights and the stars. (4)

Helios Creed
ACTIVATED CONDITION
Man's Ruin

I felt Helios was languishing creatively on recent AmRep releases. Now, fresh onto Man's Ruin and back into the Chrome fold, Helios burns brighter on ACTIVATED than since LACTATING PURPLE. Replete in trademark cosmic guitar and Stygian vocals, there is also some more developed production. For instance, the rumbling bottom to "The

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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



Ted Bundy

Bloody Ted
Bundy got his.
Now Alton
Coleman...

Alton Coleman was born in November 1955, the child of a prostitute in a Waukegan, Illinois ghetto. Named "Pissy" by his classmates (for his childhood habit messing in his pants), he grew up running with gangs and cultivating an extremely nasty disposition. An African-American monster who hunted other blacks. The way he mistreated people he met led to his numerous arrests were concentrated in the area of sex crime — a propensity for sex and savagery that led him on one of the Midwest's most terrifying killing sprees ever.

In January, 1974, our Coleman was arrested for the abduction, robbery and rape of an unidentified elderly woman. A plea bargain netted him two-to-six in Joliet State Prison (where he'd be accused of "molesting" other inmates). A psychiatric profile dubbed him a "pansexual, happy, quite literally, to fuck anything, not just anything that moves but any object— man, woman, child, whatever.

Free on parole, he gets arrested again for rape, *twice* — both times being acquitted when the jury believed his victims had consented to sex. Soon after that, he was charged with taking indecent liberties with a child — his own niece. Those charges were dropped when the child's mom — apparently terrified of Coleman — "changed her mind".

Soon after, Coleman is again accused of raping a young Waukegan girl at knifepoint. He also becomes a suspect in the rape and murder of a little fifteen-year-old girl, Gina Frazier.

Reduction of bail in the Waukegan case put him on the streets to launch a homicidal rampage almost beyond belief, but not beyond recount. It is this bloodpary that would earn him a spot on the FBI's 'Most Wanted' list. Debra Denise Brown, age 21, would soon meet and fall in love with our hero, and become his accomplice.

May 29, 1984: Vernita Wheat, age 9, disappears after convincing her mother to let her accompany one "Robert Knight" to Waukegan from her Kenosha, WI, home to retrieve a stereo system. A photo lineup readily identifies Coleman as "Robert Knight". Wheat's corpse eventually turns up in an abandoned Waukegan building on June

19th

June 18: Tamika Turks, age 7, and her aunt are abducted while walking near their home in Gary, IN. Coleman and Brown take them to a wooded area, where Coleman beats, rapes and strangles the child (while Brown held her down), then turns his attentions on the aunt, who is also raped and bludgeoned but somehow manages to escape...

June 19: 25-year-old Donna Williams disappears after last being seen with "a nice couple from Boston". On June 27, Williams' car is found in Detroit, where Coleman and Brown had already arrived with a vengeance. Her rotting carcass would be found on July 11, strangled to death with panty hose.

June 24: Coleman & Brown accost a Detroit woman at knifepoint and demand she take them to Ohio. She saves herself by intentionally smashing into a truck, fleeing on foot while the fun couple flees in her damaged vehicle.

June 28: Coleman invades the house of a couple in Dearborn Heights. They are beaten mercilessly with a club and robbed of \$86. Two days later, The couple carjacks two men at gunpoint, throwing one (an invalid) out of the moving vehicle.

July 2: Another Detroit couple is attacked in

their home, this time savagely beaten with a pipe and subjected to an incoherent harangue by Coleman on how blacks were forcing him to kill blacks. Coleman then takes their car to Toledo, where he handcuffs and assaults a couple in their home and steals their car. Shortly thereafter, Coleman and a Toledo bartender exchange shots when Coleman tries to abduct one of the bar's patrons.

July 7: Coleman and Brown spend the night with 30-year-old Virginia Temple and her 10-year-old daughter, Rochelle. Mother and daughter are summarily raped and murdered, their bodies stuffed into a crawlspace.

On to Cincinnati: Tonnie Storey, age 15, is found dead — stabbed and shot (twice) in the head. On July 13, Marlene Walters becomes the first white victim, bludgeoned to death in her Norwood, OH, home. Her husband Harry survives the savage attack and IDs The Terrible Twosome.

July 16: The pair abducts Oline Carmichael, a Lexington College professor, driving him to Dayton and leaving him in his trunk, unharmed(?). A half-hour later, an elderly minister and his wife are found, battered but breathing, in their Dayton home.

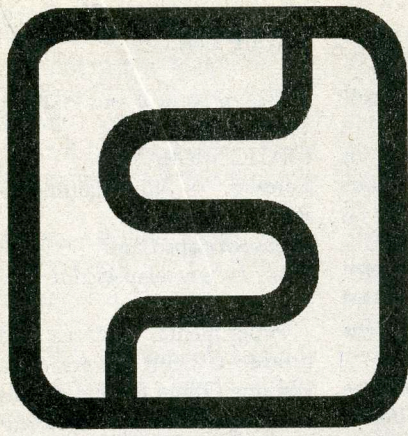
The minister's stolen vehicle is recovered at a car wash in Indianapolis, where one Eugene Scott, 77, and his car are now also missing. Cops find him in a ditch near Zionsville, stabbed repeatedly and shot — four times — in the head.

The long, bloody trail finally ends in Evanston, IL, where an anonymous tip leads to Coleman's arrest in a local park.

Tried and convicted separately for the murders of Marlene Walters and Tonnie Storey in Cincinnati, The Bobsy Twins are each sentenced to death. In Indiana, Coleman picks up another death sentence for the murder of Tamika Turks. Hoping for a lighter sentence there, Brown slips a note to the judge that reads "I am a more kind and understanding and loveable person than people think I am". Unmoved (go figure), the judge hits her with an additional death sentence as well.

Good old Illinois provided the 'coup de grace', sentencing Coleman to die for the murder of Vernita Wheat.

"I'm dead already", Coleman tells the court before the handing down of his sentence in Waukegan. "You are talking to a dead man". Satisfied that he was quite correct, the prosecution didn't bother trying the couple for their four other outstanding homicides.



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OUTSIGHT

Magyar folk music? Well, then take a listen to "Hunter

Not Breathing
THE STARRY WISDOM
Invisible
<http://www.invisiblerecords.com>

pents; harsh, noisy segments are the sampled radio thrash of a dying world. (3)

oped production. For instance, the rumbling bottom to "The Railing" and its comparatively plain guitar bespeaks a Mick Karn style. More thunder comes from diabolical speech woven into several tracks, like "Getting Dark." It is good to hear Creed vigorously possessing his guitar methods of a full effects spectrum and the sound of an astro-locomotive. Disturbing rock for when the stars are gazing at you. (4)

Szeki Kurva
THE SOUND OF DEAD GOATS
FGZ
<http://www.szeki-kurva.demon.co.uk>
matyi@szeki-kurva.demon.co.uk

Killer (SpeedyGonzalesMix)" on Sveki Kurva's latest opus. Born in a Budapest flea market, SK combines Hungarian "Dance House" (Tanchaz) music with Balkan-Hungarian ethnic traditions. Samples and speed guitar keep the stew thick and chunky. Fortunately, Szeki's Anarcho-Situationist agenda is forged into musical creativity. They mix the folk instrumentation and sounds with the speed and delivery of hyper-dance. The purposefully high BPMs, squeaky high-end motifs and breakneck pace shifts make a Szeki album a challenge and a welcome change. Literal punk Gypsies that probably already stole something from your favorite genre. (3)

Not Breathing presents us with a 2-CD set, dichotomous and extreme. Disc 1, NUCLEAR, at first proved difficult to listen to. Its hard, driving techno seems a spiteful retort to the inundating waves of jungle, drum 'n' bass and acid house. On headphones and close listen, the dense warp and woof of electrónica bears hints of insightful design. I think not everyone will try so hard to unveil the secrets, though. However, I am drawn repeatedly to the shadowy lands charted on ABYSS. Here, Not Breathing explores the universe's dark matter and the soul's ineffable. Restless ambient episodes seem the respirations of slumbering, world-encircling ser-

Tribes of Neurot and Walking Time Bombs
STATIC MIGRATION
Release Entertainment/Relapse Records
release@relapse.com
<http://www.relapse.com>

Experimental guitarist and producer Scott Ayers, aka Walking Time Bombs, teams up with members of the Neurosis camp on this album. No neurotic walls of noise here, this year-long collaboration based on mailed tapes, is a coherent vision of inner space travel. I can easily see micro-nauts floating through a world of fluid pulses, flashing synapses and nerve networks. Sparse, treated guitar, slow percussion rhythms, organic and environmental samples make up the foundation of this

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recording. Not all is safe and warm, though. Witness the hectic and oppressive guitar overlord theme "March To The Sun." Largely, this work is a fully textured and richly painted canvas of basic themes, ideal for brooding. (4)

My Scarlet Life
BUZZBOMB
DivaNation,

MSL's sophomore release is on marked by a confident sexuality and seductive trance-beats. Built around keyboardist, producer and master sampler Preston Klik (Big Hat), MSL frosts its tingling electronica with lyricist/vocalists Julie Schreiber and Christy C. Smith. These angels noir add an enchanting feel to the illusion mysteries and affecting dance grooves. BUZZBOMB is a classic and unforgettable example showing the potential of uniting intelligent techno composition and melodic dual vocals. Don't burn your black candles without this disc spinning. (4.5)

.O.RANG
FIELDS AND WAVES
Hitit! Recordings, 1617 N
Hoynes, 1st Fl., Chi. IL, 60647
<http://www.nowhitit.com>

The second album from Talk Talk rhythm section Lee Harris and Paul Webb is a seducing mixture of hypnotic techno rhythms, pan-ethnic sounds and ear-grabbing samples. Most of the listener's time is spent enjoying an instrumental experience. There is no singer, per se, but vocals and speech are incorporating as more winning sounds in this successful mix. Only on the unfortunately modern rock leaning "Seizure" and "Moratorium" is this formula tampered with. The more I listen to his CD, though, the more these "tracts" strike me as just a nervous twitch on the face of an other-

wise easy to like personality. I am focussing on my dislike for Webb's singing there because .O.RANG is the most engrossing when disembodies. When I am floating on an organic mesh of samples and sonic structure, I want the paradise for myself.

Enjoying a wilderness landscape, I no more want a reminded of the civilization left behind that I want a reminder of the culture left behind when I am taking in the .O.RANG sunset soundscape. A direct connection to an outer headspace is made by the pictures that accompany each track and offer Global Positioning taken from satellite. Intelligent, melodic electronica that is visually suggestive. (4)

Sky Cries Mary
FRESH FRUITS FOR THE LIBERATION
World Domination
<http://imusic.com/Worlddom>
dominate@netvoyage.net

For day dreaming or night living, I recommend the intoxicating creations of SCM. Their most delicate sound sculptures, seduce me into languid repose. Their biggest mixes pull me to my feet with oversized hands. Not a channel is left unused in SCM's rich, heady productions. Hardly in the limelight, this group offers a "rarities/obscurities record." You do not need to be a SCM completist or fanatic to nod knowingly at the alternate displays of audio beauty or power displayed here. The group's brand of meaningful space rock, or star wars psychedelia, is a cyber-pagan frenzy that suggests Eros to the Luddites. Further variation is aided by the dual or shared vocals from Anisa and Roderick Romero. What they do with the Stones' "2000 Light Years From Home" is simply wonderful, but any track here deserves such cult status. (5)

Bauhaus
LIVE IN THE STUDIO 1979
Beggars Banquet

This London recording takes us back to the inception of the morbid son of glam, Bauhaus. Demo bare, this haunting time capsule presents the hallmark Bauhaus sound; attenuated pop guitar lines played low and hauntingly to frame Peter Murphy's dungeon vocals. This recording predates the group's self-produced debut LP, IN THE FLAT FIELD. Besides being essential for Bauhaus fans, LIVE is a fascinating document exhibiting forbidding Goth birthing from the body of its parent and antipode.

Captured on this EP are "In The Night," "A God In The Alcove," "Dark Entries," T. Rex' "Telegram Sam," "Nerves," "Honeymoon Croon," "Kamikaze Dive" and a fragment of "Shows." LIVE is a pure, though lo-fi, example of

black-on-black guitar rock. (3.5)

Hammerlock
AMERICAN ASSHOLE
Man's Ruin

Do you raise your mason jar of George Dickel to a Nine Pound Hammer chorus? Are you desperately trying to find out how to subscribe to a Confederacy of S.C.U.M. newsletter? Were you wearing your Nashville Pussy tee the last time you vomited on yourself? Well, if you even mused a "yes" to any of these questions, Hammerlock will put kinks in your wallet chain and crank over the 455 rusting away in the garage. AMERICAN is eighteen songs of lethal rebellion from rude hellions. The addition of female vocals ups the ante in this Appalachian trailer park poker game. (4)

Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

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Boys, these guys are good. It's not rap, but it kind-of is. And what a cool name for a band.

Ugly Americans
 Boom Boom Baby

This album sounds different when compared to "Stereophonic Spanish Fly." There are lots of horns, and a lot of slower grooves. The Ugly Americans get pretty funky on a few of the tracks... and it's even easy to groove on the slower songs. It seems pretty much like today's "popular" music, but it's very well done and it has a nice edge—a not-so-mainstream edge. Although I generally don't go for this kind of music, damn, on the fast songs these guys can really groove. I was the most hyped up about the title song, "Boom Baby Boom," but the rest was darn good, too.

Smart Bomb
 ca

How very California. Is that good or bad? It reminds me of a 90's version of Big Drill Car.

The drummer is obviously smoking crack, and quite a bit more than the guitarist.. but wait! the bass player's with him!

It's fun. It makes you grin that California grin. Vaguely reminiscent of late 80's early 90's skate videos. And it doesn't slow down at all. Did I mention California?

Take all of these facts and judge them for yourself; I think there are some good things happening here, but that could be due to the amazing number of the above mentioned skate videos that I watched as a younger girl.

Diane Froley
 Pet My Kitty Mr. NYC

That girl who sings with Lou Reed!!! The "I'm stickin' with you" girl! It's her!!! Okay, maybe not. The fact that Froley "spends her free

hours making instruments from household items" is significant. This makes me smile and at times giggle. She may be slightly tone deaf, but she needs to be. Her stuff is good. Damn good. Great. It's pure. Almost overwhelming-ly so at times. I almost can't believe how amazing she made this music. But if you're not ready for 'pure,' then you'd better stay away. The lyrics are so... true. Moving in such a simple way. No wonder Scott wanted it back.

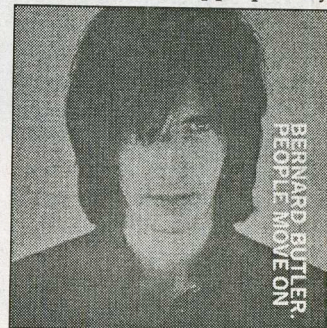
12 Rounds
 My Big Hero
 Nothing

The 12 Rounds advance arrived about two months ago. *My Big Hero* is the title from the duo of Atticus Rose and Claudia Sarne. I believe Claudia is the first female to enter the confines of Trent Reznor's label. The album is an affirmation of how desperately a female presence was missed. It's a tripped-out disc that is closer to the Sneaker Pimps than Marilyn Manson or Pig. Since Nothing is involved the release does have that dark outlook - for the two opening numbers. "Sunshine" lifts the darkness, or at least allows light obscured by clouds. That "dance" number isn't the focus track. The more morose "Pleasant Smell" is shipping to radio as a single. That title alone should do it based upon the success of odorous songs such as "Sex and Candy." The title track is a gothic interpretation of all things Reznor. Forget about dancing or fucking like animals. On this number Sarne brings a feeling of dread. Hang the head and wish that you could be in the mop bucket washing her feet. "Something's Burning" doesn't have the tempo of "Sunshine," but that would be my next choice for a single based

upon the layers and layers of industrial goth backing erogenous zone stimulating Sarne vocals. Be prepared on June 30 to receive 12 Rounds. Semitonic

Bernard Butler
 People Move On
 Creation/Columbia

A glance through Salt Lake City's newsprint of late shows a remarkable lack of good taste. From the dailies to the "street" it looks like *grid* was the only "paper" receiving any decent music. I'm not exactly mourning the demise of *grid*, but at least those poor bastards made an attempt. Bernard Butler has a contract with a major label. I'm nearly at the point of vacating the major label premises because much more of interest comes from the independents. *People Move On* captured my attention. "Woman I Know" is a rewrite from the seventies. The opener is enough to draw anyone in. It nearly caused me to pull out Neil Young's *Harvest* or Crosby Stills, Nash and Young's *Deja-vu*, but I hate those fucking albums. Butler capture that "vibe." He's playing all the instruments - except drums and violins. He wrote all the songs and he produced the album. Young and old are wandering about the land worshipping classic rock or attempting to recreate something that is nearly impossible to recreate. Society has changed from those classic rock days. One can never go back and Butler appropriately



Continued on Page 26

The Mysteries of Life
 Come Clean

This husband and wife team do some nice stuff—mellow, but toe-tappy. The drums are original and play a major part in the songs, Freda is not bad at all at getting things moving. Sweet lyrics, but not nauseatingly so. Jake Smith is on vocals—his voice is smooth—none of that purely off-key stuff—and it's pure in that not-so-innocent way. It's almost Paul Westerburg at times only more... kind? At any rate, that Replacements groove is definitely present at times, and the harmonica adds a nice touch.

All of the songs are relationship-esque—the joys and troubles etc.—and all sketched out with some damn fine tunes. "Wish You Well" is one of those super "wow" songs, but don't get me wrong, the album in it's entirety certainly deserves a "wow" or two.

Chroma Pistola
 Take Me Away
 Gypsy Eyes

Oh my God this is groovy. Like the skreetchy guitar on the first song, "Take Me Away," and it's singy, while the second song, "Gypsy Eyes," is peppered with rap-style lyrics. The beats are rockin' and the sweet "chorus" voice in "Gypsy Eyes" creates a very interesting effect. Even for a girl who's taste in rap-style music starts and ends with the Beastie

Hook, LINE & SINKER

by Craig Arnold

Bernard Butler
People Move On
(Columbia)

Retroglam artistes Suede have often been compared to The Smiths, so when guitarist Bernard Butler quit the band over a spat with singer Brett Anderson, it seemed like Morrissey and Marr all over again. Taking a tip from the Moz, Suede cloned another guitar hero and pressed on. Unlike Johnny Marr, however, Butler seems able at least to function without someone to push against.

His second solo offering, "People Move On," is a peach-fuzz lush orchestration of texture, washes of synth and Hammond organ, piano, vibes, flute, "Kashmir" strings, even Pink Floyd-esque gospel backup vocals. These overproduced slabs of Glam-o-Rama sound sort of hollow without Anderson's Tinker Bell charm to set them off. Butler, or whoever is singing on this, isn't exactly frontman material. His voice sounds remarkably like Roddy Frame (of Aztec Camera), more suited to the album's slower, pared-down ballads than its wannabe power-pop anthems. Although the song titles are among the worst in recent memory ("You Just Know," "You've Got What it Takes," etc.) the songs themselves aren't half bad, if you skip the long noodly guitar solos. There are few lyrical surprises, for example on the title track:

"There's a man follows me down the street / Holding roses for all the girls he meets / And his hair curls down to his feet / He gives me the creeps." A vengeful Suedehead stalker, perhaps? The rest of the album, alas, doesn't follow up on this. When he rasps "the songs in my head you write" in "Autograph" I wonder what imaginary star is writing the songs in Butler's head, and why he isn't singing them, too.

Glide,
Disappear Here
(Shock Records)

"Original Australian music" is arguably somewhat of an oxymoron: all the really cool bands are from New

Zealand. I bet these boys all sip Starbucks lattes while riffing around bad love and heroin withdrawal.

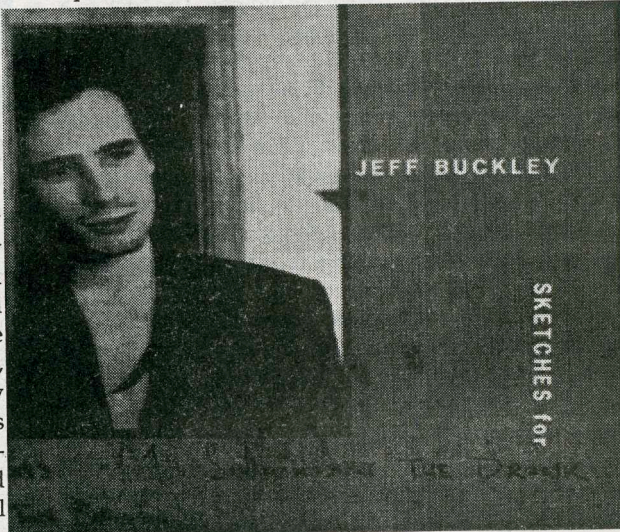
Singer William Arthur is a less unhinged version of Gordon Gano (of the Violent Femmes) a good thing in my book, but it may grate on some listener's ears. It's probably better if you don't listen too closely to the words (which you weren't going to do anyway); it's that old frustrated-loser-faking-sensitivity-to-get-laid thing all over again.

The Femmes at least do it with a (sick) sense of humor, but Glide take themselves far too seriously. What they do have, though, is a fair sense of melody and an even better sense of dynamic. The album kicks off with a slash of flamenco guitar, and drummer Jason Kingshott likes to waltz, giving the songs sway and careen rather than plod. The guitar's crispy-hard edge is set off by moody chording, an honest to goodness Mellotron, and by Vicki Norris' backing vocals. At its best, as on the closing track, "Cradlesong." "Disappear Here" approaches the scatter-shot of the Afghan Whigs, minus the homeboy poetry.

Jeff Buckley,
Sketches from My Sweetheart the Drunk
(Columbia)

The long-awaited post-mortem, this

two-disc set of twenty songs contains no B-sides, no outtakes from "Grace" or "Live at Sin-é," but all new stuff, mostly unfinished songs and demos for the second album, put together by Buckley's mother. Buckley's band and Chris Cornell of Soundgar-



den were consulted on the selection and mixdown of the tracks, but nothing was added or changed. This is all according to liner notes, which are oddly blank about the source of some of these recordings. The almost-finished cuts are as strong as anything on Grace, and if any-

thing more diverse, or dispersed: Buckley was a singer first, and arranged his material around his voice, rather than around an single marketable style or genre.

"The Sky is a Landfill," "Nightmares by the Sea," "Witches" "Rave," and "Vancouver" are in the same vein as Grace, with unexpected key changes and rhythmic quirks (probably the brainchildren of guitarist Michael Tighe, formerly of Captain Beefheart). The R&B groove of "Everybody Here Wants You" is distinguished only by double-tracked vocal virtuosity, while "Opened Once" and "Morning Theft" sound like Buckley priming himself for 4AD. Finally, there's the singer's interest in Sufi "qaali," a blend of poetry and liturgical chant made popular by Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan (who died, eerily enough, not long after Buckley, and to whom the album is dedicated). Nusrat's influence colors tracks such as "New Year's Prayer" and "You & I," showing to full advantage the dramatic twists and turns of singer's banshee wail.

The Memphis recordings' Buckley dicking around with a four-track, will probably annoy listeners whose tastes in production run to the glossy. Except maybe for the pornographic "Your Flesh Is So Nice" (included, I suspect, for fun, as a dig to the swooning legions who thought Buckley was such a sweet & sensitive

guy) they contain the germs of what would probably have been great songs. Hopefully, Columbia will someday release an album of cover tunes, of

which there are probably many floating around in the vaults, but failing that, this is all we're likely to get. If you're already One of Us, you didn't need to be told. If you're not, go get "Grace" first, and work

Continued on Page 29

Yeah, move on. Bernard Butler left Suede in 1994. Reviews of *Coming Up*, the first Suede release after Butler's departure, claimed that Brett Anderson was always the guiding force behind the band. In 1998 "London Suede" still hasn't achieved any success in America. Butler's new release lays to rest any all claims about his talent. The entire album is classic rock, fodder for adults, AOR material deserving a massive audience until "Autograph." This particular gem is why I'm writing about the disc at all. Butler turns his back on the patrons, sticks his guitar right up against his amp and begins to feedback as if he had joined Sonic Youth. Seven songs remain. "You Light The Fire" is timid folk-rock, "Not Alone" is Brit-pop sap, "When You Grow" is John Lennon without Yoko's input, "You've Got What It Takes" is an MOR ballad saved by keyboards of all things, "Stay" is the first single that will never make a dent in U.S. charts. "In Vain" and "I'm Tired" complete the glossy experience. Butler captured one moment of intensity with "Autograph." Nothing else on the album compares, but if commercial is desired this gentleman deserves more attention than Mariah Carey, the Backstreet Boys, and 'N Sync, for Christ's sakes!

Wilbur

bon Voyage

Self-titled
BEC Records

Just imagine walking into a retail outlet in search of pop music of the Christian persuasion with a female vocalist. bon Voyage is the disc of choice. Julie is a singer with ear piercing vocals. She's so far up in the soprano range that turning the volume past three is not recommended - at least not in homes with open-

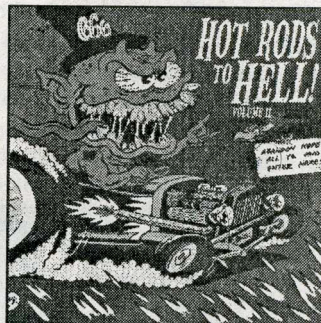
simple, the words to the point and it's all about love. So far bon Voyage is as common as a church. The reason the album works is not the lyrics, nor is Julie's voice, the ticket is the instrumental backing. Each song flows into the next as more eighties new wave than nineties rock and yet Gene on keyboards, Jason on guitar, Travis on bass and Matt on drums have managed to create a dark undercurrent in the bright pop. The only reason I know the band has a Christian background is because I have the bio. They practice religion without allowing it to enter the music and that is a relief.

Wallace

Hot Rods To Hell Volume II Blood Red Vinyl and Discs

What can one say? A compilation featuring 16 drag racing tunes from a like number of bands can't miss. Especially not when Davie Allan & the Arrows are first off the line. No one has managed to mimic Allan's trademark fuzz and it has been over 30 years. He's the old guy. The trick to a working drag race tune is usually, "keep it instrumental." The Boss Martians break the rule and turn in an honest classic. Jan & Dean or the Beach Boys it is not. All the bands are trying to emulate Brian Wilson these days. How about trying the Rip Chords mister pop rock? The Space Cadets get to cover "Squad Car," and they cover it well. There is surf and there is drag, for the difference listen to the Space Cadets. Oh those Woggles. They too get it right in just under three minutes "Throttlehead." Del Noah & the Mt. Ararat Finks have the second vocal entry. "Hot Wheels" doesn't work. The Finks flamed out and it's back to the garage for more work. With a name like The Penetra-

reverb. "Last of the V-8 Interceptors" has reverb to spare while maintaining traction, and that means asphalt, not a board. Drag tunes commonly have revving engines, the Insect Surfers add a trackside announcer. Next up more vocals. "Red Hot Car" isn't drag, but since it's the Hentchmen they aren't sent back for more work. Garage can work in this format. Thee Phantom 5ive do the reverb correct and then we have a genuine sound bite from Shirley Muldowney preceding the Neptunias paying tribute to her. It's discs like this that make me happy I'm at SLUG and not a famous "street critic." I wouldn't exactly call The Royal Pendletons entry "for the strip," but a Pendleton is winter attire. Take your shirts off boys. The Blacktop Rockets have the name right and a bit of the



hillbilly in their blood. Too much Dukes of Hazard? Get ready for this next one. "Six Days On The Road" by the JR. Samples is a late intermission because only "Burnout" and "Under My Wheels" remain. The Boardwalkers crank and The Original Sins were never recognized for their ability at instrumentals. The rewrite is pretty bizarre and after such a thing the race is over, not on.

Top Deck

Cradle of Filth Cruelty and the Best Mayhem

Oh dear. "Unquestionably the year's most antic-

And The Beast marks the return of England's provocative Cradle of Filth." Rather than actually review the album it is best to simply reprint the information on each group member from beneath their picture in the CD booklet. Robin Graves - "This libertine, a merciless necrophile employs a drug which induces a death-like sleep. His victims are naked in coffins and buried, shortly after they revive. The libertine waits by the grave, placing his ear to the soil to to hear a scream; if they do it suffices to make him discharge over the gravesite. He has killed and then enjoyed most of his loved ones in this particular fashion." Stuart - "This libertine uses a machine which drills through bodies with a hollow steel bit, extracting cylindrical gobbets of flesh when removed; if not removed the machine bores on automatically bringing him to violent rapture amide the jabbing arc of his victim's blood." Nicholas - "Gradually perfecting his art on various parts of the body over the years, this infamous skin-beater now thrashes his victim from head to toe until she is flayed alive; wearing her skin to dinner almost as an erotic afterthought." Gian - "This libertine used to revel in just licking a lover's face. Now as a mature man he prefers to twist her head around until she stares backward. In this way, he may simultaneously gloat over her tortured face and buttocks." Dani Filth - "A renowned blasphemer, this libertine now goes as far as to deflower then crucify young virgins, leaving them to suffer the agonies of the damned as carrion for ravens and other less picky nightcrawlers..." Lector - "This libertine poses as a priest, first cataloguing sordid confessions from his flock before showering his

Another of his manias is to have a naked nun sit astride a large crucifix whereupon he plunges his priesthood into her cunt up to the hilt; his thrusts making her clitoris grind upon christ's beard."

The Dani fellow takes turns as a screeching like a cat in heat or roaring like a lion. Lecter takes the church organ into a tomb. The other three create the customary thrash as a variety of females shriek and moan in the background. Hammer film actress Ingrid Pitt contributes to "Batthory Aria, Part III: Eyes That Witnessed Madness." The disc is quite a listen. Anyone taking it seriously has missed the sarcasm.

King David

Rapoon

The Tires Of The Borderlands
Release

Maybe Ether's hope for a big record deal is not limited to Japan or Australia? Release is an American label. Rapoon is an English band and the album was mastered in Phoenix. The recording is not as sonically adventurous as Ether's effort because Rapoon is more inclined to minimalism. Atmospheric remains a descriptive adjective. Rapoon is none other than Robin Storey, formerly of Zoviet France. The band Ether may not enjoy an "industrial" comparison and since I've already described Hush as more adventurous, worry is eliminated. However, both *Hush* and *The Tires Of The Borderlands* are "ambient" recordings. Where Ether relied on percussion to move beyond sedate, Rapoon clings to textured drones. Storey's use of human voice at rare intervals serves to enhance the vaguely disturbing nature of his creations and once again the world created is from the place of shadows, the mind

is implied rather than experienced, the drone is as irritating as an unscratched itch and relief occurs only when Storey slightly varies a tone. The work can serve as background noise to daily activities or as audible art.

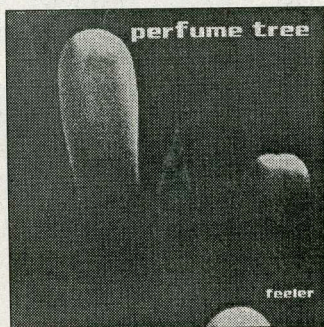
Steel

Perfume Tree

Feeler

World Domination

Before there was a Mono, a Sneaker Pimps, a Morcheeba or a Cork there was a Perfume Tree. Since Perfume Tree lives in Canada few have heard the ethereal vibe



accompanying the beat heavy sonics. Of course the singer is female. Of course they use plenty of electronic gadgets. Of course there isn't a live drummer. *Feeler* doesn't have the draw of a Sneaker Pimps single, nor the lounge of a Mono, nor the blues of a Morcheeba, nor for that matter the live musicians of all except Mono. It's more for listening, listening as in the first Deep Forest album, except it's more together than a Deep Forest album. Okay, I'll choose another. Let's pretend for a minute that we are stressed out again. I say we because there's more than one person living in my head. I've used this analogy in the past and I'll use it again because the individuals I'm describing are pathetic. We are stressed out and we read an ad in some magazine about a stress

dollars some freak will teach us to relieve stress and it's all accomplished in four hours. The ticket is music. Dead Can Dance, Enigma, Deep Forest and Enya are favorite choices. "Listen to this music in the lotus position and stress will disappear." Listen to Slayer in the lotus position and stress will disappear. Who has stress when there's so much pain in the legs? Perfume Tree is a stress removing band. Feeler has some grind, but grind is good and Jane Tilley's vocals are a hell of a lot more pleasant than Enya or Lisa Gerrard, not that I have anything against Mss Gerrard. Feeler is a delicate recording with a beat. The end.

Baba O. Riley

Ether

Hush

Pinworm

There must be about a thousand bands playing around Utah at the present time. Every single one of them has to make a CD and contribute to the overwhelming glut. A great number of them feel that A&R guys will immediately snatch them from Utah and make them rock stars based on copy-cat tendencies. Ether just creates. The album was recorded in Oakland, except for some ending sounds recorded by Josh Stippich. Stippich is a little recognized individual with his fingers in a few of Utah's most challenging recordings. The album *Hush* is a lively affair with atmospherics taken from dreams - dreams, nightmares, lives tortured by emotional difficulties, physician prescribed pharmaceuticals and home-made personality disorders. Now that solo individuals are sitting in bedrooms all over the world, Ether retreats to a mostly analog existence aided by the cast-off artifacts of society. Vocal intrusions are

whispers. Percussion is human or discovered sound, guitars aren't so much played as toyed with, the songs are separated only by mood or the musicians minds and titles are absent. Track 7 is especially tribal. It's as if Ether stole the cue from a Liberty Park drum circle and retreated to a loft to deconstruct the entire "healing" notion. After minutes of silence the tribe departs for the interior of a snake charmer's woven basket only to emerge with scratches, synthetically created digeridoo and percussion intact. *Hush* is a phenomenon in a region long recognized for mimicry. The only labels Ether can look to for salvation are in Japan, except Australia's Extreme is a more logical choice based upon the recording.

Steel

Dick Curless

The Drag 'Em Off The Interstate, Sock It To 'Em Hits of Razor & Tie

Rhino is usually thought of as the premier reissue label, but these days Razor & Tie is picking up where Rhino leaves off. A Dick Curless CD reissue is a shock because the man is unknown to all but the most serious students of the '60s. Mention the '60s and images of tie-dye and bell-bottoms appear. Dick Curless tried to copy Josh White's guitar style. His early life was spent among the Acadians who lived on the Canadian border in Maine. Acadians are known as Cajuns in Louisiana today. Curless went to Korea in 1952 and came back with a taste for drink and an inability to relate to society. Curless was recording for a small Maine label in the mid-fifties and holding down house gigs in Bangor. His biggest hit was originally released on Allagash, a label he formed with the song's

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

writer, Dan Fulkerson, and later picked up by Tower Records. "Tombstone 'Every Mile" reached #5 on the country charts in 1965. That song brought Curless fame as a Dave Dudley competitor. The disc contains 21 songs and seven of them are "trucker" songs; trucker songs with a twist. "Chick Inspector (That's Where My Money Goes)" has Curless inspecting the chicks in trucker bars. "Juke Box Man" was dedicated to the guy stocking the jukebox and "Drag 'Em Off The Interstate, Sock It To 'Em J.P. Blues" was about who knows what. Trucker songs are what he's remembered for. Curless was more than a country singer for truckers. That Josh White influence fights off the rock 'n' roll, "Travelin' Man" is a rockabilly song, the two final songs are blues. An American white man singing the blues in a country bar was unheard of in 1973, but that is exactly what Curless did for his *Live At The Wheeling Truck Drivers Jamboree*. Truck driving songs, rockabilly, blues, folk-blues and novelties from a misfit with a patch over his eye. The compilation hardly does him justice, but at least he isn't completely forgotten in America. In Germany he has a box-set.

Duke

Music From the X-Games Volume 3
Mammoth

Does Mammoth have a problem? First the label released an MTV compilation

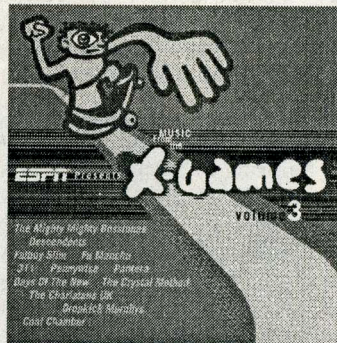
featuring songs already tired from repetition and now the Mighty Mighty Bosstones open ESPN's X-Games Volume 3 with "The Impression That I Get." I love the Descendents, but "I'm The One" is another worn tune. The objective is to sell a few copies and make the contributing bands some money. Why not contribute fresh material? Someone might purchase the "product." Why prey tell should anyone purchase a disc containing "All Mixed Up," "Touch, Peel and Stand," and "Busy Child" by 311, Days Of The New and The Crystal Method? That leaves seven songs not played to death. A compilation of Fu Manchu covering Thin Lizzy, Pantera, Pennywise, Fatboy Slim, The Charlatans UK, the Dropkick Murphys and Coal Chamber is worth about \$3 and I doubt any store is selling it for that price.

Board

Jolene
In The Gloaming
Sire Records

Back in the eighties Sire Records was the deal with bands like the Ramones and Talking Heads newly signed. At the present time the label is right up there with a newly revived Sup Pop as far decent music. Sire has Muscadine and Sugarsmack, two intermarried bands worthy of more attention than I or anyone else has given. Sire also has Jolene. Jolene is supposed to be one of those "alternative country" bands. Canny SLUG readers sit around listening to Son Volt, the Jayhawks, Wilco and Golden Smog I'm sure. My view of "alternative country" is slightly warped from two previous resurgent, not insurgent country experiences and I'm not lumping Jolene in with that crowd. *In The Gloaming* has fiddles, it has harmonies and the guitars twang in some cases. What the hell is

expected of a band from North Carolina? As the final ringing tones of "Begin 1000" fade away and an organ is barely perceptible I'm trying to remember which country band from the past had R.E.M. guitars and keyboards? Not a single one, nope, there wasn't one. Was R.E.M. an "alternative country" band? Admittedly R.E.M. lost it a long, long time ago, right around the time of *Reckoning* I believe, but they were good once. Jolene has that same charming way



about them, the hooks mixed with just enough feedback and effects peddles, the songs that last forever without fatiguing, fullness of production that lacks commercial accessibility and yeah, some of it sounds like an Uncle Tupelo spin-off. What was Uncle Tupelo before a bunch of bald-heads discovered them and resurrected the summer of '69? A fucking rock band? Get over the Jackson Browne/James Taylor/Roger McGuinn/Robbie Robertson worship. I suppose that psych blast Whiskeytown laid down at the Zephyr Club was "alternative country" too? If "So Sleepless You" is country the believer needs a good Hank Williams/Lefty Frizzell ass-kicking.

Buck Board

Rx - aka Nivek Ogre and Martin Atkins
Bedside Toxicology
Invisible

I believe that Rx is a

legally acceptable name for Ritalin, the group name Martin Atkins adopted for a project with Nivek Ogre. After Atkin's most recent unhappy visit to Salt Lake City and Ogre's strange behavior on stage with KMFDM see a copy of the disc arrive at all is a curiosity. The session begins with an acoustic Syd Barrett composition before entering a more comfortably satisfying, trance inducing state of rhythm. "K Y Re:amin" is all booty shaking groove. "Reuptake" is more cut/paste and then the duo does a take on a song made famous by Petula Clark? "Downtown" is certainly weird enough. Atkins isn't one to create anything without some kind of statement. "Imago" finally finds the two ready to start messing with vocal samples and "Crackhead Waltz" is the statement. It's a ride on a twisted merry-

go-round operated by a kindergarten class under the influence of excessive amounts of the band name. "The Daze" appears just beyond the mid-point. So far Ogre/Atkins have done three songs and four experiments - "The Daze" is counted as an experiment. Urban decay, drugs, programmed mentalities, "And When" is religion. Spoken word rhymes become heart throb tempos and I swear they stole the final line from a local record label rep's answering machine. "Hello, hello, are you there, are you there." "Idle Contact" returns Ritalin to the dance and "Exfoliate" leaves for "Reuptake" vinyl skips. The last track is "For Dusts and Mists." It sums the recording up efficiently. Piano and what sounds like ice cubes shaken in an empty glass by a patient exceeding the recommended Ritalin dose. The recording is weird as hell and thoroughly enjoyable. What else could be

expected from an 412-231-4766/ E-Mail them at:
Ogre/Atkins collaboration? gethip@gethip.com.

Wa

Stillpulse

Thee Headcoats

The Jimmy Reed Experience
Get Hip

Get Hip is well aware of exactly how cool this record is. I'm falling to my knees thanking the company for sending it. I doubt many SLUG readers realize how hard it is to find an actual 10 inch blues record. Thee Headcoats are Billy Childish, the most prolific man in rock, Bruce Brand and Johnny Johnson Pay. Holly Golightly, I'm positive that isn't her real name, contributes background vocals to some tracks. Bruce Brand also did the cover design. His goal was to create an authentic package. Jimmy Reed is a household name of the blues. The man's music was so simple that even white people could get into it. It is no surprise to find one of the greatest garage bands ever doing a ten-inch album of Jimmy Reed covers. Garage bands have covered Jimmy Reed forever. It's not a great surprise to find Billy Childish penning two songs in the Jimmy Reed tradition either. After all Jimmy Reed wrote simple songs. What is a surprise, given Childish's penchant for authenticity, is the lack of whispered vocals in the background. Jimmy Reed drank heavily. As legend has it he was so far gone at certain recording sessions that he couldn't remember the simple words to his simple songs. His wife stood behind him and whispered the words in his ear. Her whispering is audible on some Jimmy Reed recordings. Thee Headcoats didn't go that far, or maybe they did and that is Holly Golightly's purpose? Whatever, to me this record is cherished. Get Hip's phone number is

Electric Frankenstein

Sick Songs
Get Hip

Punk rock on sunshiney yellow vinyl. The trick here is to see how close Electric Frankenstein sticks to the formula. "Action High" has the ohh, ohhh, ohh chorus. The chord changes are minimal. "I'll Be Standing" has minimal lyrics. "Back At You" has the countdown because there isn't a punk rock band on Earth that can start playing all at the same time without the countdown. I believe the boys do play a different chord during the song. Hell there's a guitar solo! Jim Foster solos as Sal Canzonieri keeps the rhythm. How about "I Wish I Could" for a punk rock song? "I wish I could, I wish I could, I wish I could live on TV, I won't live for today, I won't, live on TV, I won't, live on TV." It doesn't get any better than that. Second side, same as the first. No one taught Scott Wilkins one single thing and what he wants you to know is how to "crash and burn." That's "Learn To Burn." "Clockwise" is a call to action. Most people "kill time, tick tock, throw it all away," Electric Frankenstein is out to make a mark on the world. By now an experience that began as another session with another punk rock record has become enjoyable. These guys can't play worth a shit and they don't have much ability with the words, they do know how to turn a phrase and they do know how to put those three or four chords together in such a manner as to draw the listener into their world. I wouldn't want to live there, but a short visit isn't bad.

Wa

Hook, Line, and Sinker Continued from 25

your way up to this.

The Loud Family

Days for Days
(Alias Records)

Back in 1986 a band called Game Theory burned up the college charts with Lolita Nation, the Raygun Era's answer to the White Album. Snappy-smart pop songs, screechy jam-outs, breathy little folk numbers, all interspersed with snippets of random noise, it was sort of like reading James Joyce on an acid flashback. Game Theory died a long and painful death, partly strangled by bad production, partly by a revolving-door lineup, and partly because, let's admit it, Scott Miller's nasal white-boy whine was probably not going to appeal to anyone with more than one testicle intact. "Days for Days," Miller's fourth release with his "new" band, The Loud Family, is more of the same quirky pop, cutting through the jangle of Big Star with a dissonant wedge of early Roxy Music (I think they still cover "Re-Make/Re-Model" live). The latest lineup brings back original Game Theory drummer Gil Ray and new pianist/backup singer Alison Faith-Levy, both good moves.

Even though keyboards are finally be coming back in, and bands following the Big Star are all over the airwaves, it's not clear whether the Louds will ever get beyond their cult following of English grad students and C++ programmers. Most of this is too weird or too pretty, or both at the same time, to win widespread applause, much less get played on mainstream radio, where Soul Coughing is the upper limit of surreal. I

mean, what does one do with lines like: "Christine, tell me to be quiet / Cause I've got some quiet to say / And I'm not sure I know how to get out of its way" set to a boppy beat, punctuated by flourishes of grand piano, in a song called, "Crypto-Sicko?" The answer: put it on, place tongue firmly in cheek & pass the pharmaceuticals.

Hugh

Brave Little Soldier
(Mafia Money Records)

Like The Loud Family, Hugh are another Bay Area band with a healthy Big Star obsession, but with more commercial savvy. The CD begins deceptively, with a pair of dreamy drugged-out songs that seem to stop just short of being finished Red House Painters' tunes, perhaps? Then, we lurch into power-pop mode, with blaster-guitars set on stun, tasty harmonies, splashy snare-rolls, smart-ass lyrics, and lots of squiggly things going on in the background. The obvious reference point here is Pavement, who they even try to one-up in "Pretty Good Pop Song" It's generally a bad idea to tell people who you're trying not to be, and invite comparisons. But, truth be told, singer/multi-instrumentalist David Rosenheim has a better set of pipes than Steve Malkmus, and he's more willing to use them. Definitely worth a listen.

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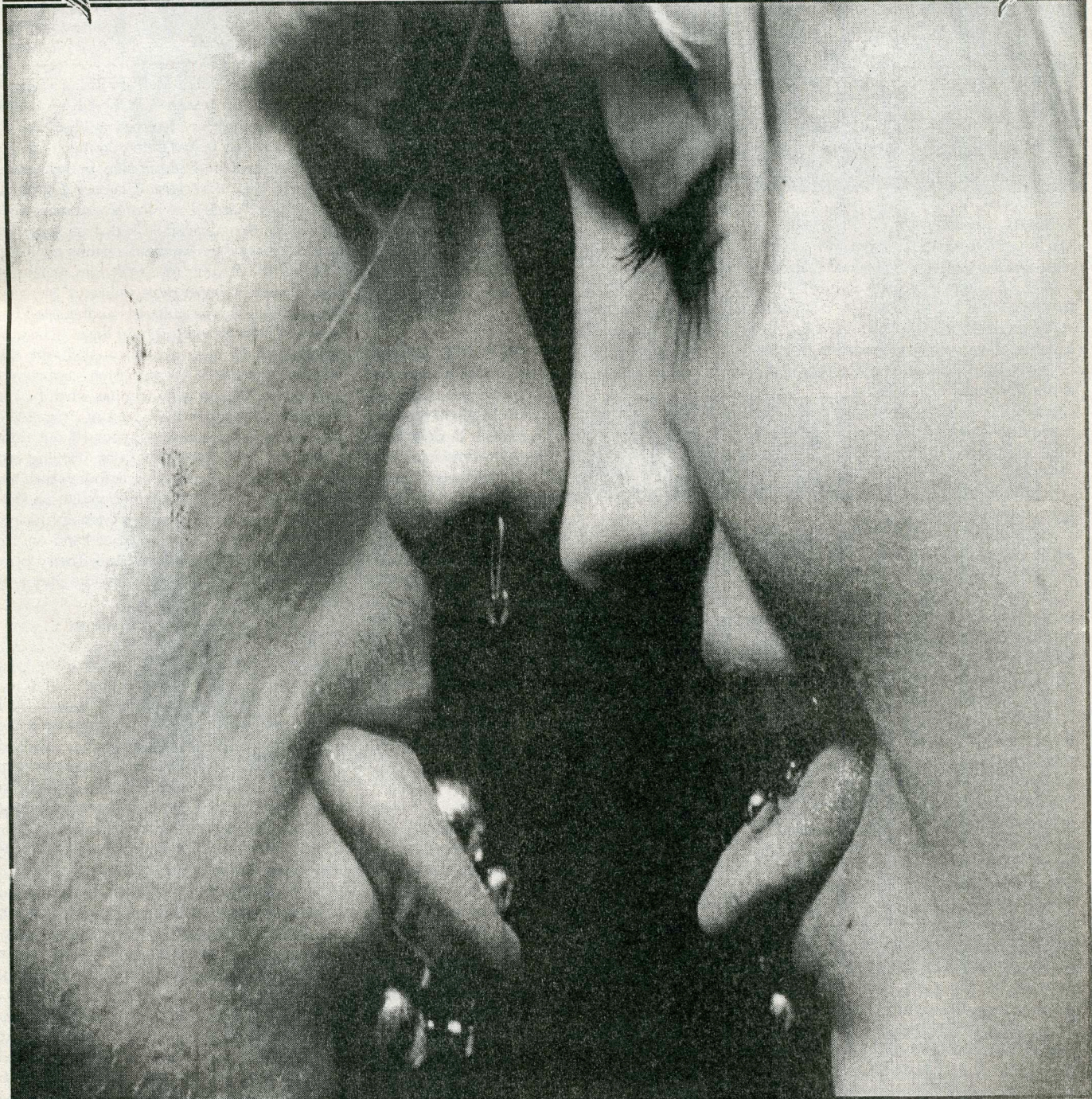
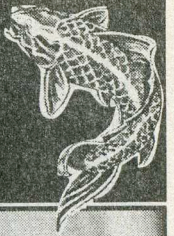
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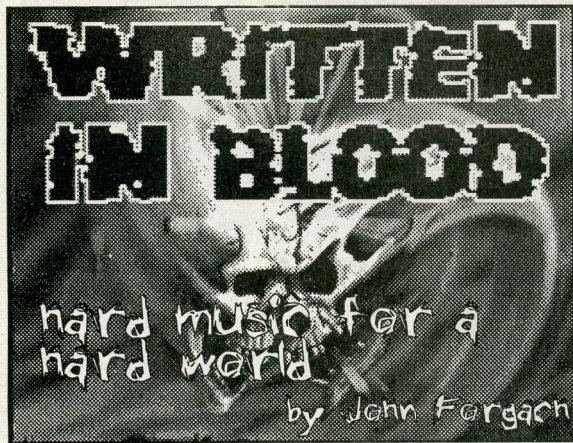


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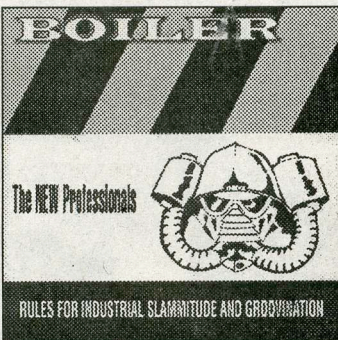
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BOILER

The New Professionals / Mayhem

No flowery imagery will be used in describing the band Boiler or their new album **THE NEW PROFESSIONALS: RULES FOR INDUSTRIAL SLAMMITUDE & GROOVINATION**. Right from the three member foundation that makes up the band, Boiler keeps their approach simple and to the point. No elaborate effects were used in creating this music or in the recording or production of it. The band employed the production expertise of Alex Perialas and Jason Arnold when it was time to catch Boiler on tape. The production of **THE NEW PROFESSIONALS** highlights the thick low-end provided by the guitars and drumming. Sound-wise, parts of this album remind me of Prong's, **BEG TO DIFFER**. One of my favorite songs (minus the title) is track 4, "Frontin'". Although I can never imagine a time that I would add the word "frontin'" to my vocabulary, it is a cool song. If these guys have a song on their next album called "Keepn' It Real" I won't be able to like them anymore. Hopefully that will not happen because this is a good band.



COVENANT

Nexus Polaris / Nuclear Blast

Out of the hundred or so black metal/goth bands I've heard in the last few years I've liked about one percent of them. It just seems to me the bulk of the bands that drone on in that style can't play or even get a decent recording of the one song they all seem to do over and over. Well increase the original figure to two percent because I do like Covenant's, **NEXUS POLARIS**. As a matter of fact, I like it a lot. All of the members of Covenant spent time in other well known acts such as Dimmu Borgir, Cradle Of Filth, Mayhem and Arcturus. **NEXUS POLARIS** is a combination of vast musical know-how captured by a great production. All of the musical components of this band keep the intensity and mood of this album racing forward and no "weak links"

can be detected - even the piano/synth playing is good.

(HED)P.E.

Serpent Boy E.P. / Jive

If you have any interest in the mixing of rap and metal, then I would suggest you check out the new E.P. by (HED)P.E., **SERPENT BOY**. This band has coined their style as G-Punk and is rhythmic vocals with a mixture of hip-hop and metal. This E.P. includes three versions of the song "Serpent Boy", with remixes by Tom Lord-Alge and Junkie XL. A previously unreleased cut, "Epilogue" and a remix of the song "Darky" by Machine also appear on the release. Look and listen for PUMA sneaker t.v. commercials featuring the (HED)P.E. song "T.O.S." ("Tired Of Sleep").

IN COLD BLOOD

Hell On Earth / Victory

It was officially **HELL ON EARTH** on February 24, 1998. I guess I've just been too horrified to face the terrible end as the band **In Cold Blood** describes on this release. **In Cold Blood** features Aaron and Leon from the band Integrity, and the two joined by three other Cleveland musicians play some pretty intensely angry hardcore. Some will say this band is along the same lines as Integrity, which would explain my description of the band in the previous sentence. **In Cold Blood** explores the many possibilities of a heavy, hardcore album. Throw in some extended musical sections, guitar solos and lyrics written while looking deep inside society's hollow soul and you'll have **In Cold Blood's**, **HELL ON EARTH**.

MACHINERY

Reconstruction / 6-Cylinder (self released)

I'm starting to get more releases from unsigned bands. I guess word is out that I go pretty easy on the unsigned and strive to find something positive to say even when it's not readily obvious. It's always interesting to see what lengths these bands will go to to get noticed. I'd have to say the bright yellow ribbon for press packages goes to Stratford, Connecticut's Machinery. Press packages for bands usually contain loads of info on the band, but when they also include matches, well that's just something else. Machinery's press kit was a stack of press clippings, a full-size poster, a list of over 130 magazines from around the world that would

be receiving their CD and Machinery matches - all in a full-color, band folder. These guys didn't leave anything out. Machinery's style of metal has an '80's metal influenced feel to it. Their sound should have an '80's feel - this band was actually together in the '80's. This is melodic, guitar driven metal that benefits from the bands long history together.

MERCURY RISING

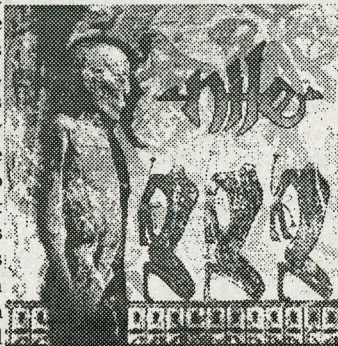
Building Rome / Dominion

BUILDING ROME is Mercury Rising's follow-up to their '94 release **UPON DEAF EARS**. While I wouldn't say I turned a "deaf" ear to their first release, it just didn't do much for me. The release offered impressive performances from the band's vocalist (Clarence Osborne), bass player (Chris Brush) and drummer (Jeff Moos), but the guitarists lacked...well, they just lacked. Just as if the band was reading my mind (unlikely) or reading my lukewarm review of their first effort (even more unlikely), Mercury Rising dumped their guitarists and enlisted the talents of Mike Evans and Judd Rizzo. The guitar work of the new recruits coupled with the added experience of the rest of the band shows that Mercury Rising definitely has what it takes to make it's mark in the world of progressive metal. So if you can drag yourself out from under the dark cloud that Fates Warning last album inflicted upon us or think four years is too long to wait for another album from Dream Theater, then check out this band Mercury Rising. Also, don't forget about another band on the Dominion label, The Quiet Room. Their album **INTROSPECT** was one of my favorite albums of '97.

NILE

Amongst The Catacombs Of Nephren-Ka Relapse

Greenville, South Carolina - Thousands of miles from the Fertile Crescent, far from the sacred ground that the Pharaohs once walked upon...dammit, I don't know what the hell I'm talking about. The Great Pyramids could be in New Jersey for all I know. I remember taking "Ancient Civilizations" in college, but you know a person only retains about eight percent of what they learn. I'm guessing the amount of knowledge that I retain is a far cry from that lofty eight percent (Actually, I made the eight percent figure up because I've forgotten what it really is.) Anyway, Egypt's rich history is the inspiration for the band Nile's, **AMONGST THE CATACOMBS OF NEPHREN-KA**. A crushingly precise guitar and drumming attack will have you beheaded in no time, like the poor saps on the front cover of **AMONGST THE CATACOMBS OF NEPHREN-KA**. Death vocals were provided by all the members of Nile. The band also used choir chants, Tibetan



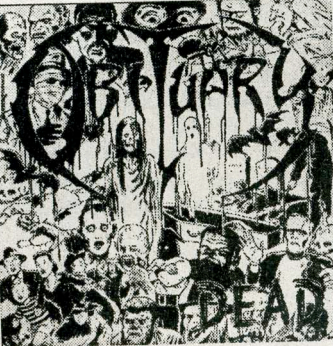
Monks, Damaru human skull drums, Thigh bone flutes, Turkish gongs and Dumbeks throughout the record.

OBITUARY

Dead / Roadrunner

The band Obituary recorded six-

teen songs on their "Back From The Dead" North American and European tour of '97. Looking over the band's itinerary for the tour, I see they were way too "cool" to play here in Salt Lake. Sure, two shows in Phoenix and even one in Schaumburg, Illinois but no Salt Lake anywhere to be found. If your an Obituary fan, then DEAD is probably for you. If nothing else, DEAD is more proof that lead guitarist Allen West knows and uses a grand total of ONE chord in both of the bands that he is in. It also supports my long standing belief that if you can't do a decent guitar solo - then stop trying!



Though most of the album is pretty lighthearted, tracks like "I'm Just In Love" and "Bumblebee" are mixed in to shake things up. Tracks of interest to guitar players will be Paul's interpretation of Bach's, "The Jig" and also the last song on the album "The Jam". "The Jam"

features Paul with the members of his former band Racer X. The song is 19 minutes of Paul trading off solos with guitarist Bruce Bouillet and shows that these boys can solo until the cows come home, go back out to pasture, then come back home again.

PISSING RAZORS

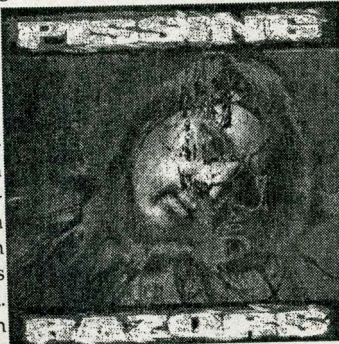
F.A.D.

The band Pissing Razors is from Texas and is on F.A.D. Records. I have no bio for this band so that's all I can tell you about them. Earlier today I was flipping through a music industry related magazine

PAUL GILBERT

King Of Clubs / Mayhem

What is the easiest way to ruin a good guitar player's album? Put a microphone in the guitarist's hand. It's o.k. with this album though, because the guitar playing on Paul Gilbert's, KING OF CLUBS isn't the only focus of the release. It seems Paul's main goal was to create a well rounded album that would showcase his song writing as well as his guitar playing capabilities. Most of the songs fall in one of two groups - the humorous but sensitive '90's guy or "I'm a member of the band Mr. Big". According to the bio some of the songs on KING OF CLUBS were originally written with the idea that they would be used in Mr. Big. So if you were thinking to yourself how much you wish Mr. Big would release a new album (God help you), then some of these songs will be an extra special treat for you.



and saw this release headed up the metal chart, so the buzz about this band is out there. The lyrics read like a person on the edge, busy lining up as many people in cross-hairs as possible. Song titles such as "Dodging Bullets", "Tortured", "Life Of A Lunatic", and "Silent Hatred" are just a few from the release that give me the idea that this band isn't exactly happy with what goes on in their world. Musically, I can hear why this band will have a certain level of popularity in the metal world. Pissing Razors isn't exactly breaking new ground musically, but the rapid-fire, double bass drumming and the hyper-tight crunch of the guitars are sure to please. Fans of Pantera and Fear Factory will eat this stuff up and come back for seconds.

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Daily Calendar

Friday, June 5

Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Backwash - Dead Goat
- Liquid Joe's
SMP, Noxious Emotions & Sand -
Spankys
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Saturday, June 6

Pepper Lake City - Burt's Tiki Lounge
The Woolf Bell Band - Dead Goat
Iris & Eddie Would Go - Spankys
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Sunday, June 7

Free Pool - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Color Blind - Zephyr

Monday, June 8

Beaumonts - Burt's Tiki Lounge
The Frankie Lee Band - Dead Goat

Tuesday, June 9

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Goat Jam - Dead Goat

Wednesday, June 10

Beaumonts - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Zak Lee - Dead Goat
Ultra Bide', Zen Guerrilla & Classic Ass-
holes - Spankys

Thursday, June 11

Iris - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Mudpuddle - Dead Goat
DOA & Zek - Spankys

Friday, June 12

Los Hermanos Brothers - Burt's Tiki
Sleepy LaBeef - Dead Goat
Hostage & The Murders - Spankys

Saturday, June 13

Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Los Hermanos Brothers - Dead Goat
Mary Tebbs - Spankys

Sunday, June 14

Free Pool - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, June 15

Zach Parrish - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Tinsley Ellis - Dead Goat

Tuesday, June 16

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Goat Jam - Dead Goat

Wednesday, June 17

Casa Diablo - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Earth Jam - Dead Goat
Mountain Meadow Massacre & Else-
where - Spankys

Thursday, June 18

Second Hand Grace - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Color Blind - Dead Goat
Echo - 7 & Floor 13 - Spankys

Friday, June 19

Unlucky Boys - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Smilin Jack - Dead Goat
Lugnut & the Uneven - Spankys

Saturday, June 20

Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Papa-Kega and the BFI Connection -
Dead Goat
Second Hand Grace & Cordoury -
Spankys

Sunday, June 21

Free Pool - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, June 22

Beaumonts - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Mason Ruffner - Dead Goat

Tuesday, June 23

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Goat Jam - Dead Goat

Wednesday, June 24

Decomposers - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Inside Green - Dead Goat
Colorblin Sad I'lea - Spankys
Edwin McCain - Zephyr

Thursday, June 25

Semi Sweet - Burt's Tiki Lounge
The Uneven - Dead Goat
Poink - Spankys

Friday, June 26

Sea of Jones - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Jake Samson - Dead Goat
Dead End Cruisers - Spankys

Saturday, June 27

House of Cards - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Gigi Love - Dead Goat
Jezus Rides A Riksha, Concentrated Evil
& Ambiance - Spankys

Sunday, June 28

Free Pool - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, June 29

Stacey Bored - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Josh Smith and the Frost - Dead Goat

Tuesday, June 30

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge

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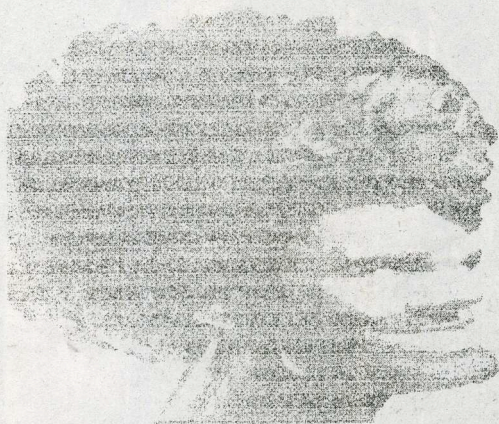
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Friday, May 22

GRIZZLY'S

Friday, May 29

SPANKY'S

Saturday, May 30

GRIZZLY'S

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Saturday, June 13

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