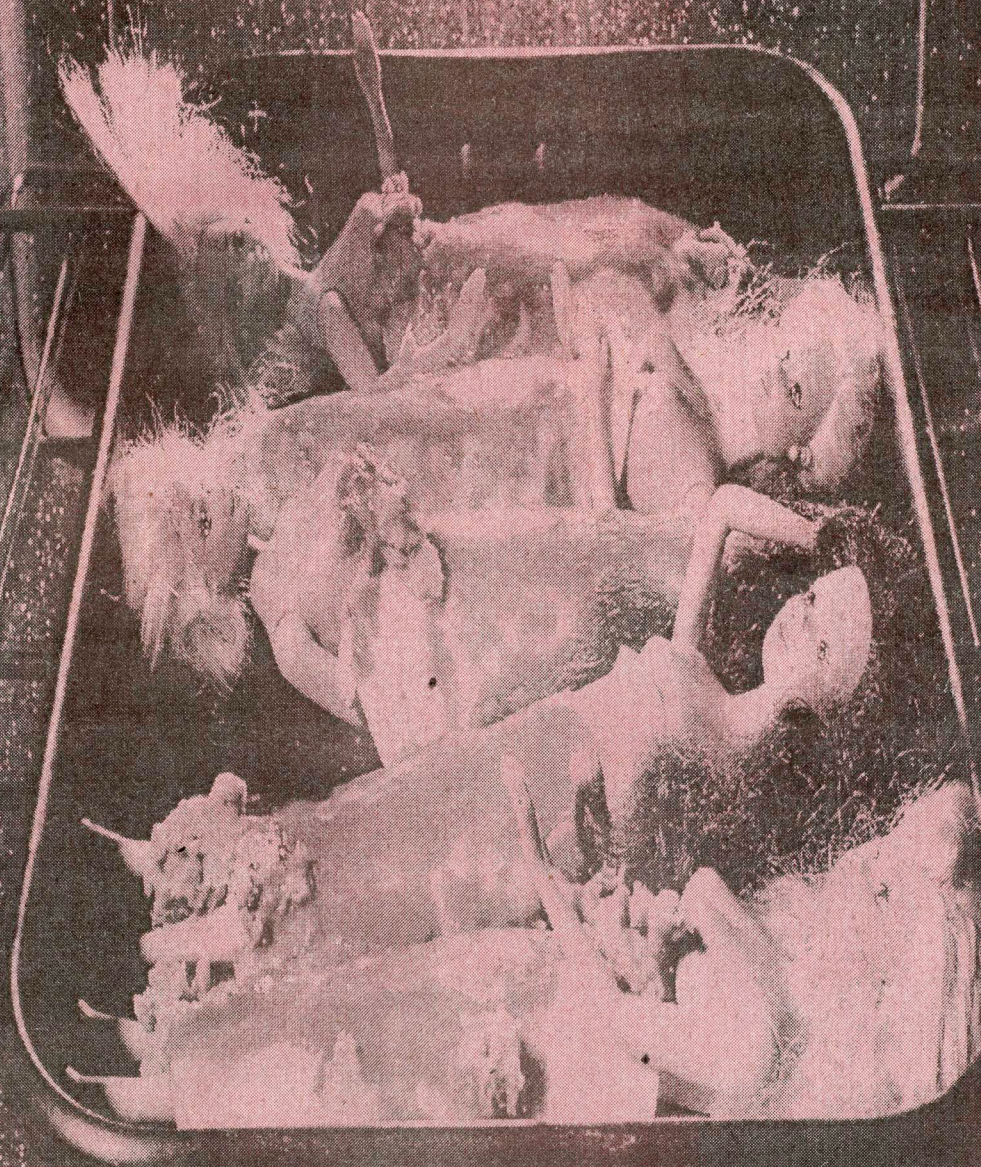


SLUG

MARCH 1999



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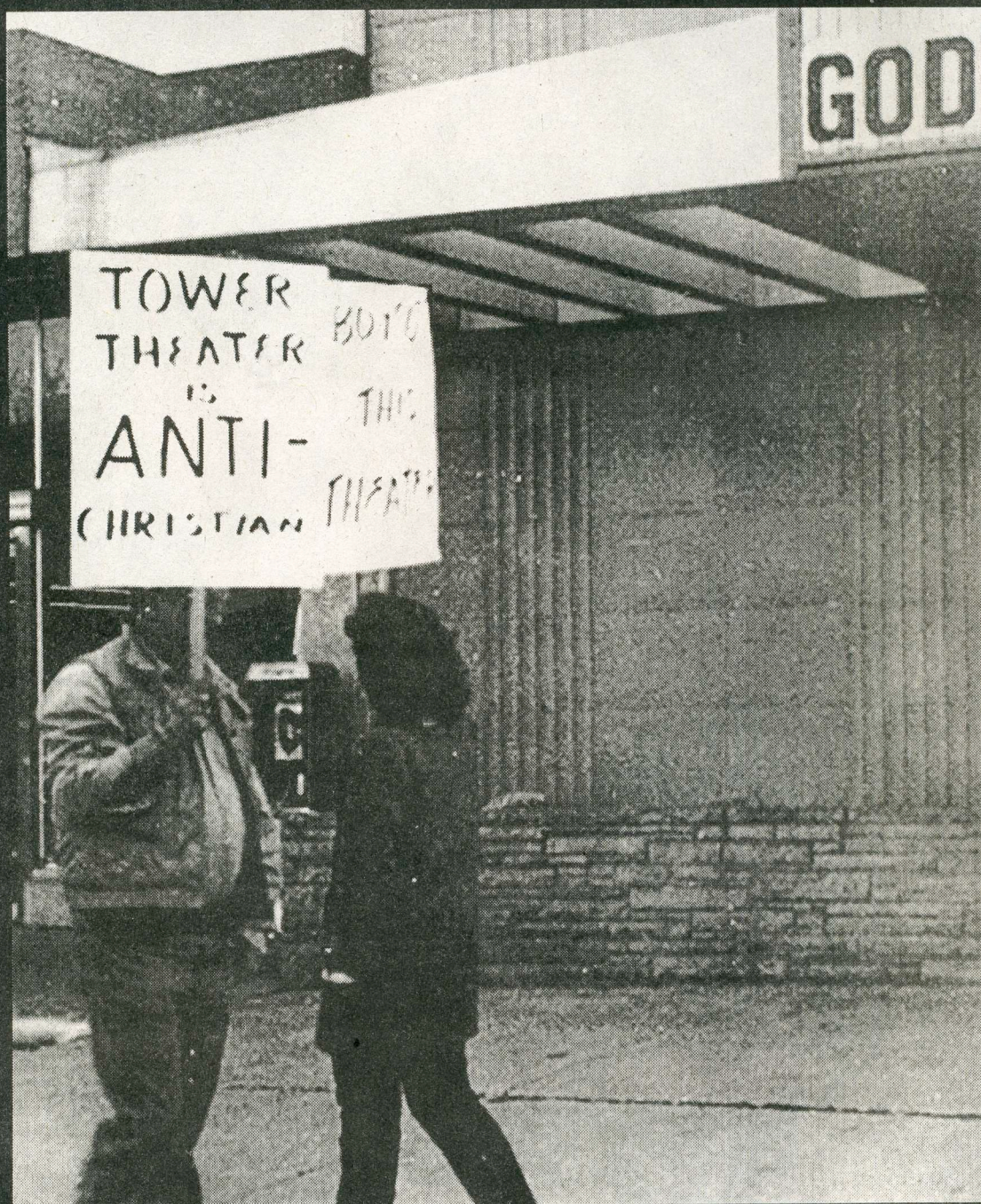


Photo: Eric Ennis

878 EAST 900 SOUTH, SALT LAKE CITY

Two doors down from the Tower Theater



Dear Dickheads,
 From: henryfam,
 henryfam@northernnet.com
 To: dicks@slugmag.com
 Great content and layout ('cept for that serial-killer crud), get a spell-checker or the Gods of Dictionaries may put a spell on you - and are you for real out of Salt Lake in the Deseret Kingdom?

*The Most Ancient
 Bemidji
 Minnesota*

ED: Thanks. Are you really out of the magic kingdom of Jesse the Body Ventura?

Dear Dickyheads,
 Some pootasting Motherf#@*! stole my nifty coat and the coats of my chums at Ichabobs at the Wormdrive show...

ED: The letter pretty much goes downhill from there. If you want to accuse certain people of something, why don't you just go accuse them? Writing us a letter about it won't do you any good.

Planet SLUG,
 I sent my \$15 for a subscription to your mag, but never actually got any issues. All I have gotten is this letter you sent and a very crude sticker that commands me to read SLUG magazine and implies that it's writer believes that I am a "fuckface" of some sort.

Thanks,
 John

ED: We apologized and sent poor John some free CD's and stuff, oh yes and a magazine.

Dear Dickheads,
 yuegoddamnmurtherfurckinslop-
 pytipsuckinhornedthreeballedbitcheslist-
 tenup
 look, i know you guys print alot of interesting things, but i thought i might add a few names and see if maybe you would write about them, like the bands FOR SQUIRRELS, maybe tell everyone how the band started and crashed and people bled and died and things, and For Squirrels, never was for very long, or

rather how it wasn't for very long.
 hey and you know what, there are getting to be more and more strange wingnuts around SLC, "whynot?" stop one of these things anywhere be it on a street, or stopping them outside of restrooms down long hallways/corridors where you might normally tell yourself "this is a strange way to get to a bathroom".

anyways, i read your shit pretty much as much as possible i just wanna see more whacked out krurapp published and be able to read different or odd things.

i don't know if you've written about morcheeba or not (from england) but hey at one point i would never have thought of picking something up like that but i love their stuff and NO I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT COPPING HERION/heh.

anyways why don't you guys fuck off and lighten up maybe open your blinds or kill a different spider than you normally do... difference is good, it inspires curiosity, hwich makes way for expansion, or you can do what the rest of the pinhead cushions are doing, diving into a pool of razorblades over a cup of coffee at one of the local beans and brews or some fucked up hooliganigohn b.s. kids from utah are making look like a bad trendmare...

by the way, maybe you might suggest that people stop supporting fast food and corporate restaurants and stroes and start supporting things like locally owned mexican taquerias/eaterias. take the \$\$\$'s out of starbucks, fuck zuka, buy some fruit and a blender you slits.

ya fuckers...

signed
 p-we

ED: Damn I miss those Troy Russell / George St. John letters.

DEAR DICKHEADS
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SOUNDS
LIKE
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To
Me...

a
letter
from the
editor

Well, no response from my boys at Spank. Now that I think about it, maybe it is just as well that they didn't. My friend Rick, who is an advertiser, but a friend first, brought up a good point. The pissing match between all the local magazines isn't about anything that SLUG Magazine is about. And he is right. We have better things to do... hopefully.

So I guess we're out of the cock fight. Or at least this particular one.

That doesn't mean we will pass up the opportunity to make fun of all our pals when they do something stupid. So when the other supposed music rags say things like "the late Greg Allman", rest assured that we will still make plenty of fun and point and laugh.

Which segways to my next point. The City Weekly / Event NewsWeekly slap fight. You can almost hear the sniveling all the way down West Temple. Here's a little hint. **NOBODY CARES!** I will say one thing, the "Event Staff Letter" comparing City Weekly to Adolf Hitler was pretty weak. I would be embarrassed to run that even in this rag.

And finally W.A.R. (Wasatch Audio Reserve) had it's Music Awards last week. We may or may not run a full story on the whole episode, but I haven't decided yet.

For now, here's a few points.

A) It doesn't matter how many CPA's you hire to count your ballots, when the head of W.A.R. wins two awards, it looks like **BAD!** You shouldn't accept a nomination from an awards show that you are running.

B) When a band that has never played at Burt's, Zephyr, Spanky's, Dead Goat, or the Holy Cow, (clubs that support local original music) wins **SIX AWARDS**, then your ballots were stuffed.

C) If you only got 200 ballots, then you didn't get enough people the information to vote. And that in itself makes the awards skewed. If it's **LOCAL MUSIC AWARDS**, then as many local musicians and local music supporters should be involved as possible. And from what I can gather 90% of the people who should have been involved weren't. In fact, besides Guitar Czar, I couldn't find one local music store or CD store that was approached by anyone from W.A.R. to get ballots to potential voters. And I called them all.

After talking to the Event about it, Jim Major (Event publisher) accused me of being "part of the problem, not the solution"

Well, it's not my show, you made the mess, you clean it up. Besides, I have given you and W.A.R. plenty of suggestions to make it respectable next year. Which according to you & W.A.R. was the point of doing an awards show apart from the City Weekly's **SLAMMY's**. Two legit Awards Shows will only strengthen the local music scene, not separate it. And if one is overshadowed by the other, then that one probably isn't being done as well. **PERIOD.**

W.A.R. needs to concentrate on doing the things they are doing to promote local music and leave the awards shows alone. Let someone else do the awards show. Someone who has no conflict of interest. If you have no agenda, then it will be better for the volunteers of W.A.R. because they don't have to worry about the perception that the awards show is fixed.

Now let's see who really wants to support local music. When the City Weekly **SLAMMY'S** and W.A.R. Awards come around next year, (provided that W.A.R. separates themselves from the awards) I will run **FREE ADS** and **BALLOTS** for both of them! I will expect the Event to do the same. If we all profess to support local music, it shouldn't be a problem. We'll see if that happens.

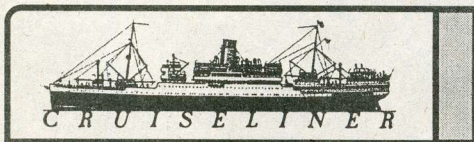
You see, I've said it a thousand times,
THE PRICE OF APATHY IS TOO HIGH!...
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?
Or will I have to repeat myself a few more times?

The "losers" at
Planet SLUG

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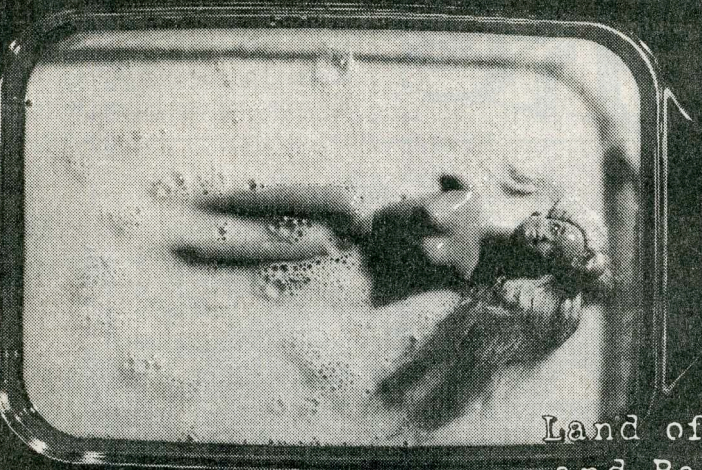
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ON THE COVER...



Land of Milk
and Barbies
--Tom Forsythe

FOOD CHAIN BARBIE

Tom Forsythe's current photography continues his long-standing efforts to interpret popular culture. For the first time, he's allowed himself to tap the twin currents of jaundice and hilarity that characterize his view of the world. In this series, the idealized commodity - Barbie - becomes our food, our nourishment. We blend, mix and confuse the ideal fantasy with the essence of our existence. The object could be any number of well marketed items. But Barbie, part of our cultural identity since her introduction in 1959, reveals the continuity of the commodity machine. In the same way, she retains her glazed, blissful smile regardless of her impending fate. While most of us at least start to grimace when we smell the heating oil that signals our demise, Barbie keeps her happy face courtesy of the image makers who hope beyond hope that those of us on the receiving end will continue to do the same.

Selections from Food Chain Barbie were juried into Through the Looking Glass at the Art Center at Fuller Lodge by Scheinbaum & Russek (reps for Eliot Porter's estate) ; The Barrett House Galleries Photoworks (E98 by Lisa Dennison, Chief Curator and Deputy Director of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in Manhattan; The Dishman Competition at Lamar University by James Yood of Northwestern University; and New Photography (E97 at Millard Sheets Gallery, Los Angeles County Fair. His work will also appear at the West Valley Museum of Art in Sun City Arizona as part of their Millennium exhibition in the year 2000.

The Barbie series started as photographs of old appliances - pure, as is, items of the consumer culture. "I knew their meaning as machines representing the worth of their owners. Appliances seemed the essence of the technological miracle because they brought

the fruits of industrialization into the heart of the modern home," says Forsythe. The appliances needed something to give them context, a sense of place and a counterpoint to their elegant synthesis of form and function. By adding Barbie, a doll with potent representational value to the modern psyche, the photos took on the meaning that he'd always intended. Barbie seemed the perfect symbol. A doll idolized in the midst of the rebellious 60s, she, rather than the rebellion, symbolizes the real power of our culture - the seamless ability to commodity everything. By appealing to our own lack - who has the build of Barbie? - the image makers keep us on the ever turning wheel of unsatisfying consumption. The Barbies were easy to come by, purchased at the local church run thrift store for \$1.50 each. "Most were sold naked. I happily used them that way."

"While many of these ideas have been percolating since my adolescent rejection of mainstream culture," he says, "I confess that much of this is after the fact contextualization. At execution, these images just felt exciting, thrilling and were a real turn on." This almost spontaneous creativity was a real break from his past because he tends to intellectualize ideas to death - quite literally thinking them through to the extent that there seemed no point in even doing them.

The ability to express first, just for the sake of it, can be seen as one of the fruits of Tai Chi Chuan practice. Practicing this Meditation in motion, helped him realize the difference between his true nature and the social influences that attempt to subsume that nature. It provided

the confidence to trust his instincts, to go with the flow of his thoughts. One of the gems of Tai Chi Chuan practice - the physical manifestation of Taoist philosophy - is recognizing that we're all products of our environment, that we can't escape it, but that we can laugh at it. That's certainly an element of the Barbie series.

Forsythe's Tai Chi Chuan study coincided with 8 years of work as a music and film writer for a group of Japanese entertainment magazine. "It was my job to help my Japanese readers understand American pop culture from an American's point of view," he explains. Interviews with such freely expressive musicians as Herbie Hancock, Stewart Copeland, Joe Pass, Ted Nugent and a host of others proved by example that direct expression of deeply felt emotions made these musicians some of the happiest people he'd ever met. It didn't hurt that they were all successful in their creative endeavors. Spending time with happy musicians became a reinforcing counterpoint to social forces that pleaded for conformity. "Too often we doubt ourselves because we feel our difference from what's expected, because we get little or no support for expressing our inner thoughts," says Forsythe. "Reporting on the doubts, setbacks and triumphs of creative musicians rekindled my youthful confidence in the power of reaching deep inside to find the only subjects worth addressing."

As the Photo Director for these articles, Forsythe worked with seasoned photographers to capture the essence of the musicians in both portraits and in their environments. Later, he became both writer and photographer.

When his partner's art career began demanding high quality photography he delved seriously into the arcana of still life lighting. He honed his skill by photographing the art of other artists while exploring his personal projects.

Forsythe lives outside of Kanab in southern Utah where he occasionally leaves his studio to capture some of the local beauty on film. Mostly he stays in the studio, sweating under hot lights trying to make Barbie lose her smile.



Mr. Pink's
Video Review
is
ON VACATION!!

The following interview took place shortly after the Mighty Blue Kings refused to play with Zeke at the Union Ballroom in November of '98. Zeke is a violent punk rock band with a sound and a style very close to that of the beloved Nashville Pussy. The group is currently signed to the Epitaph label and the most recent release is *Kicked In The Teeth*. The album is a brief foray into a region of rock 'n' roll most fear visiting. One spotlight track is "Shout It Out Loud," a Kiss cover. Another is "Fuck All Night." Zeke's back catalog includes two previous releases on Scooch Pooch Records. *Flat Tracker* was mostly recorded by Conrad Uno at his Egg Studio in Seattle. *Super Sound Racing* was recorded at the Ranch in Seattle by Stephon Eggerton and Bill Stevenson of All. Jack Endino receives the *Kicked In The Teeth* honors. The credentials are impeccable. Zeke will venture into Utah once again on March 27. The venue is the basement of DV8. The opening act is another formidable example of rock 'n' roll. Radio one-hit wonders such as, you name them, there are too many for me to remember, would wet themselves if they encountered either Zeke or REO Speedealer on a tour. I spoke with Zeke's leader Blind Marky Felchtone.

Marky is, of course, visually impaired and that is why he has "Blind" attached to his name. **SLUG:** "What happened with the Mighty Blue King's show?" **Marky:** "We're done doing ska shows. There's nothing more boring than doing a set and having either a ska band open for you or supporting a ska act. We're just not doing those type of shows anymore. If I hear one more ska riff I'll kill myself." The Mighty Blue Kings aren't a "ska" band so I'll have to assume that **Marky** is referring to the presence of "horns." The show in question appeared most engaging because the thought of viewing Zeke and then experiencing the Chicago jump of the Mighty Blue Kings was attractive to me. Apparently that opinion is not shared by a majority. **SLUG:** "What other ska shows have you done?" **Marky:** "We just did a tour with Voodoo Glow Skulls. Those guys are really good friends of ours and they're really cool. We had really fantastic shows in a lot of big cities. I have nothing against the Voodoo Glow Skulls, I just...we're just kind of tired of doing ska shows...We do like the Voodoo Glow Skulls, but it's a whole different scene than when we do headlining tours where it's just more of a punk rock show. That's what people are there to see is punk rock and it's a lot more fun to have people going crazy and moshing and stuff as opposed to playing front of a ska audience and having them stare at you like they're scared."

SLUG: "Do you remember when you played at DV8 in Salt Lake (June 22, 1998 with All and Hagfish.);" **Marky:** "How long

Zeke



ago was that?" **SLUG:** "Four or five months ago." **Marky:** "I don't really have recollection." **SLUG:** "Your drummer Donny threw his drumsticks into the balcony." **Marky:** "Did he hurt anyone?" **SLUG:** "No." **Marky:** "Good." **SLUG:** "Why did he do that?" **Marky** laughs. **Marky:** "I don't know, where you there? What was the show like?" **SLUG:** "It seemed to be going well to me, but all of a sudden he got pissed off, stood up and threw his drumsticks into the balcony and then quit." **Marky:** "Oh shit man, sorry about that. Donny has a little bit of a short fuse. We played a show in Texas once where he, it was the last song of the show and he broke a drum stick and stuck it in his eye. It was horrible. He pulled it out and we went back stage. We're like, 'Dude are you all right?' He had this white, clear liquid pouring out of the side of his eye and we're like, 'dude, you're really messed up. You need to go to a hospital.' He's like, 'No, it's okay, I'll play the last song.' The next evening he was hanging out in the hotel room and telling me to go get him some saline solution. I'm like, 'Dude, what are you talking about?' 'Go get me some saline solution,' and he passed out and fell on the ground. He has issues. I apologize.

Zeke is from the Seattle area and Zeke's press kit is filled with the typical references to "Seattle grunge." Zeke is punk rock band from the "capital of grunge." I asked **Marky** why everyone seems to forget the great '60s punk rock bands from the Pacific Northwest - the Sonics and the Wailers? **Marky:** "I don't think anyone forgot about them. Some

of my best friends are relics from the grunge era. All those guys totally acknowledge the Sonics are being completely valid and an influential rock band from the Northwest...Just the term 'grunge.' None of the musicians here have any idea what means. They never did. I was talking to Tad the other day and he was telling me, 'Man,

when people were calling us grunge I had no idea what they were talking about.' It's easy to ignore something that is not 100 % current or flavor of the month. You still read stuff about the Sonics and the Wailers, but it's usually written by someone with a specialty column dealing with garage rock."

The "liner notes" to *Kicked In The Teeth* consist of a restraining order and a long, hand-written letter addressing the "rock star" mentality of "Mark." Someone is very afraid of Don Hales and Mark is a "user." Get a copy of the album and read all about it. What's it all about? **Marky:** "I just put those in because I thought they were funny. The restraining order. Donny Hales is our drummer Donny Paycheck. That came from an altercation between our ex-tour manager who, on that very tour, where all that stuff happened, he wound up hanging out with these hookers in Los Angeles and smoking a bunch of crack. Then he took all of our money and flew home the next day. Donny got really angry about that. 'Don't take Zeke's money. You will die.' The other thing is a letter from this girl Kristy to our bass player Mark. They dated for awhile and the letter speaks for itself." **SLUG:** "Does Mark think he's a rock star?" **Marky:** "Does Mark Pierce think he's a rock star? Yeah, I would say that Mark Pierce definitely suffers from delusions of grandeur as evidenced by his performance every night. Sometimes I look over at him and I'm just like, 'Dude, what are you thinking?' He's another person with issues." When Zeke arrives be sure to watch

Mark posing and living the rock 'n' roll lifestyle to its fullest as he provides Zeke with a photogenic front person.

Flat Tracker and Super Sound Racer have "chiva" songs - "Relapse," "Chiva," "Mainline" and "Chiva Knievel." **Marky:** "Oh, yeah. I don't know. I don't condone hard drugs and actually I don't use hard drugs anymore. Just about everyone of my friends that used hard drugs for awhile is either dead or dying. Drug use is a lifestyle and a way of thinking that I experienced and that I'm pretty much done with. I usually write about experiences and those are experiences that I've been through...I had a very serious heroin problem for about 12 years. Rock music and particularly punk rock saved me from...I'm pretty sure I'd be dead right now if it wasn't for punk rock records because that gave me a lot of inspiration to get my shit together. If you're spending money on supporting the scene, if you're going to shows and you're buying records and stuff, you don't have money to go out and get high. When I realized that I couldn't do both I got on the methadone clinic and that prepped me on getting off drugs all together."

SLUG: "'Runnin' Shine' appears on *Super Sound Racing*. Where are you from originally? **Marky:** "I'm from Arkansas. I was raised in Arkansas. I didn't move here until I was 19-years-old." **SLUG:** "Is that a fictional song or did your grandpa actually make moonshine?" **Marky:** "I'll just say that there are members on my mother's side of the family that were involved in all sorts of lucrative business ventures." Zeke has a fistful of singles on a variety of small labels still available. Hopefully they'll bring some with them for the fanatic, obsessive Zeke fans to purchase. They tour in a "stealth" van so if one of those is parked in front of DV8 on March 27 it probably belongs to Zeke. The DV8 basement isn't the most pleasant of venues, but at least it's all ages. That means enlightened young people can turn off their hip hop and pretend punk rock for one evening because Zeke will kick them in the teeth.

—Swanky

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SLUG / March 99 7

FORMERLY LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEW

The following is a list of what you may or may not regret missing over the last four days.

Motherhips sea of Jones m kultras nny day realestate paper boys god street wine davemattthews and timreynolds god street wine again revreed and the apostles of blues.

Now for the rest of the month.

March 5th: Eurydice will hold a CD release party at ABG'S in Provo. Harry O's (thanks for returning my call) has Robby Krieger of the Doors with O.K.B. Tony Furtado does the first of two nights at the Zephyr. For March 6th, Epitaph brings UNION 13 to The Health Center. Where the hell is that? Never heard of it, but Gina @ Epitaph swears it's at 3220 South State. Call 463.1101 for more info.

Also on the 6th, Tony Furtado will be joined by Ray Wylie Hubbard at the Zephyr. ABG'S hosts Ether, Iceburn and Red Bennies. Watch out for Iceburn's experimental jazz if you are expecting punk.

Sunday, the 7th sees Cobb at the Zephyr and the X-Files on FOX. (Sorry, me and my right hand have a date with Agent Scully.) Burt's has Cobalt and Bacha. On the 8th the Zephyr welcomes country artist Chris Wall and the Dead Goat hosts Greg Piccolo and Heavy Juice. Gladys Knight and the Mo's will be at the Dee Events Center on Tuesday, March 9th. I wonder

if she has re-written any of her songs to suit her new religious affiliation. "Midnight Train to Manti" anyone? How about "I Heard it Through the Prophet (So It Must Be True)? If you attend this one, call me and I'll get you a stack of SLUGS to pass out. Fight the good fight, people. We are already too late to save Dionne Warwick from the

Swamp Donkeys at Burt's, Sister Shake at the Dead Goat, Triskel at the Zephyr and the big one is Sugar Ray, Everlast and 2 Skinny J's at the Salt Air Pavillion. Go to Burt's. Your nominees for March 11th are as follows: The Gammots and the Zillionaires at ABG'S, System of a Down and Hed pe at Club DV8, or Jupiter Coyote at the Zephyr. The envelope, please. The winner of my coveted recommendation on March 11th is JUPITER COYOTE! This show will be worth it for their rendering of Dueling Banjos alone. Squeal like a pig! Snort, snort, snort! The Given and Chola will play the Zephyr on the 12th and 13th. They will

of Zima and singing along with Coward of the County, The Gambler, and Lady. (If you see me cry, tell no one.)

Saturday, March 13th the basement of DV8 gets bombarded by four young local bands. Hospital Food, irresistible third wave punk rock, Good Machine who are described as "the Beatles on methamphetamines" and two more of SLC's true punk A.D.D. Hooligans & Sold Separately. Show starts at 7:30. Also on the 13th: Floater and One Eye at ABG'S, Gearl Jam at the Dead Goat and Second Hand Grace at Burt's. I have heard good things about Gearl Jam and Second Hand Grace. That is where I may end up. Neurosis is at the Holy Cow and the Zephyr



Psychic Friends, but I saw Gladys the other day and she still had a glimmer of evil in her eyes. She just needs a little push. Here's an idea: take a casserole. Beat them at their own game. If missionary work is not what you had in mind, out of my house! (Or go see Stone Mountain at the Zephyr or Daniel Ash's Love and Rockets (Say hallelujah!) at DV8. Orgy will open. The following night, March 10th, has five shows on the menu: Engowan Rain at ABG'S,

take turns on top, if you know what I mean. Also on the 12th: Peach (mmm, Peach) at Burt's, Sun Masons (Get the new CD) at the Dead Goat, Ringo Starr and his All-Starr Band (really, this time) at the Dee Events Center and at the McKay Events Center in Orem KENNY FUCK-ING ROGERS! I'll be in the front row with a bucket of fried chicken, rubbing the grease all over my nude upper body (yes, I have boundaries) ala Prince while guzzling a sixer

has Yonder Mountain String Band that night as well. Seattle's Dusty 45s are going to be at the Zephyr on Monday, March 15th which is the same night that Blue Ink is at Burt's. Vinyl, who opened for Bernie Worrell and the Woo Warriors at the Ritz in January and played Trey Parker and Matt Stone's Lapdance Film Festival in Park City will play again at the Zephyr on the 16th

March 17th has The Tubes at the Zephyr. Remember "Wild Women of Wongo" and She's A Beauty"? How about "white Punks on Dope"? I'm there, my friends. ABG'S will sport 2 Ω White Guys that night. March 18th... Blue Dogs at the Zephyr and Melissa Warner at Burt's. If Scrotum Poles at ABG'S on the 19th has no appeal to you, see Nazareth at Harry O's in Park City. "Now you're messin with a SON OF A BITCH!" The 20th of March has three to choose from: Trad

country from **Don Williams** in Ogden at the Dee Events Center, pot-rock/blues guitar from **Robin Trower** at the Zephyr, or God knows what from the **Garden Weasels** at ABG'S. Burt's has something big going on for the 21st.

the mark, I'm sure. Go just to watch, Shirley Manson show Alanis how to be a real vixen. March 24th, and you're "invited"... Second Choices? How about **Rusted Root** at Kingsbury Hall

the 27th. This may be the show of the month, so don't miss it. The Zephyr hosts **Wormdrive** and one of my personal favorite local

Justin Hinds and the **Glenmont Popes** at the same venue on the 30th and 31st, respectively.

In April, look forward to **Joshua Redman** (the 1st at the Zephyr), **Chris Whitley** on the 6th or 7th (call to confirm) at the Zephyr, **Elliot Smith** on the 13th at DV8, **Built to**

Spill also at DV8 on the 17th, and **Faith Hill** at the E Center on the 19th.

You are all my people. I love you dearly.

—Randy Harward

The

bands who



will play that evening include, but are not limited to: **Swamp Donkeys**, **Unlucky Boys**, **Thunderfist**, **Toilet Smurfs** and **House of Cards**. I will have to recommend this to y'all since that shitty fucking band **TBA** is at the Zephyr again. What a pretentious fucking name. They'll probably call their first record **The Very Best of TBA**. I have no idea why the Zephyr keeps booking them. Nobody goes and if anyone does, it's because they ducked into the club to avoid the cops. Somebody in that band must be a friend of Charlie's. My **Friend Moses** is at the Zephyr and **Slack** is at Burt's on the 22nd but the show to see that night is **Too Slim and the Taildraggers** at the Dead Goat. Tuesday, the 23rd the Zephyr has "rock" from **Percy Hill**. Who?

Now for she-who-plays-ammonia to music's bleach. **Alanis Morissette**. She either plays garbage at the E Center, or plays with **Garbage** at the E Center. Both aren't far off

, **Choice of Reign** at the Zephyr, or **In Effect** at Burt's. Or stay home and spend quality time with your TV. **Chola** and **Marginal Prophets** (great name) play the Zephyr on the 25th and the **Tempo Timers** are at ABG'S. **Bad Religion** and the **Hippos** play the Wasatch Events Center on the 26th, the same night that the **Disco Drippers** play the Zephyr, the **Marshall Tucker Band** (Cooool) plays **Harry O's** and **Fat Wreck Chords** best punk band **Strung Out** plays Burt's **Tiki Lounge**. My mom says that I will have to attend church that night at the Holy Cow. Some tent-revivalist band is going to be there and she wants to be sure that I get fed the good Word of SATAN! (Visualize hell-fire and brimstone. And naked, writhing **Hooters** waitresses.) Yes, **Trey Azagthoth** and his band, **Morbid Angel** will bring brutality to the locality along with Nile. Those who attend will leave not quite feeling themselves.

SLUG feature band **ZEKE** comes to DV8 basement on

bands, **Magstatic**, on the 28th. (See my review of their EP somewhere else in this issue.) On the 29th, **Catch Glade** and **Melissa Warner** at the Zephyr and close out March with

JEZVS RIDES A RIK-SHA

w/**The Moon Family**
Friday, March 12
 @ **The Holy Cow**

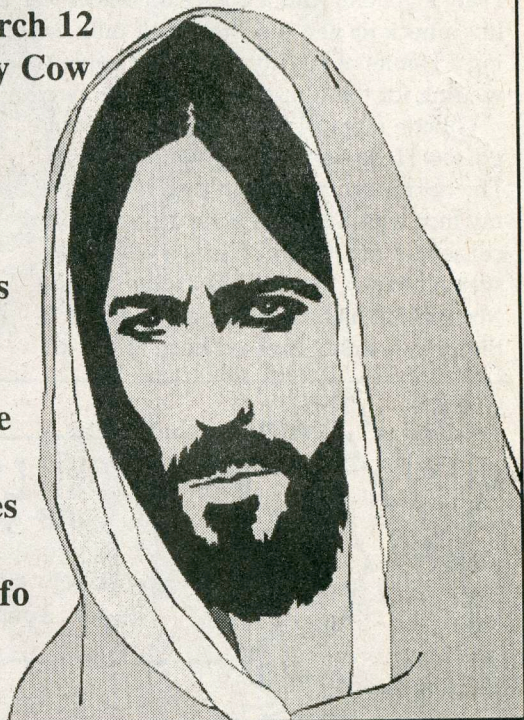
a private club

Saturday, March 13
 @ **Ichabobs**

a private club

cd available at local music stores

Rik-Sha Info
521-0620



DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?

I really think I can do it. Single handily I want to bring the mustache into the alternative mainstream.

First, let me explain. I didn't mean to grow a mustache. It happened quite by accident and happenstance. You see, I had been sporting a goatee, like every other Tom, Dick and Hairy lip in this valley, for some time, and what is a goatee, but a mustache with strings attached. Then the call came. A friend of mine, who is morally opposed to drinking and smoking, but not killing, wanted me to go to the mountains and help him hunt deer.

I contemplated whether or not to lecture him on my moral abhorrence to hunting, but with a mouth full of french fries and a quarter pounder with cheese getting colder by the second, the best I could manage to say was, "What time will you pick me up?"

That night, as I was preparing for the big hunt by preparing to go to bed, I looked in the mirror and saw the face, not of a hunter, but the face of a man still hoping for grunge music and Kurt Cobain to rise from the dead. I saw a goatee. And a goatee on a deer hunt is like a neck tie at a monster truck rally or reading 7 Habits of Highly Effective People while waiting for the wrestling matches to begin.

Gillette razor blade. Edge gel. Goodbye goatee. Hello handsome cowboy. The next morning I wasn't ready to hunt, but my face was. The mustache drooped along the corners of my mouth, it was a killer that seemed to say "Sorry Deer Gone Hunting." My apparel had me looking like a UDOT highway worker, dressed head to toe in

Mustache Manifesto



Phil Jacobsen

orange, vacant stare, and cigarette burning. However, if I was directing traffic at this early hour, the sign above my head would say "Slow." It was even too early for a cup of coffee to perk me up, unless I spilled it on my lap.

Luckily, hunting is very similar to golf. Granted, instead of hitting a ball you try to hit a deer, but they both involve walking and talking, and not a lot of action. We didn't get a deer, but I kept the mustache.

At first the mustache was just renting space above my lip. I had no intention of having this become a part of my being and appearance. It was a joke. "Hey, look at me. I'm a cowboy." And then it

occurred to me: my duty was to take this facial farcical away from the pickup driving, gun rack toting, Wrangler wearing cowboys. And bring it to the Volkswagen driving, latte sipping, thrift shop wearing friends of mine. Besides, this mustache thing, it was growing on me.

Trying to actively start a trend is not real trendy and I look goofy. So there have been a few problems. Mustaches, I think, could be taught as a form of birth control in high school sex education classes, because abstinence is essentially guaranteed. Another problem, according to the security personnel at the Smith's in Orem, is that I look like a shoplifter. "The only thing I've stolen," I said, "was this mustache from West Valley."

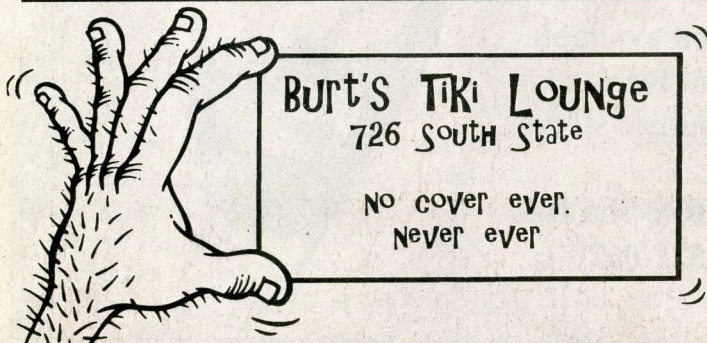
Undaunted, I will persevere in the face of this hairless faced persecution. Because I know I can do to the mustache what the Fonz did to leather coats, Daniel Boone did to the coonskin cap, and Monica Lewinsky did to the cigar. Mustache grooming supply stores will spring up on the corner of 9th and 9th. Everyone will be sporting, wearing and wanting one. Of course, with my luck, when this trend catches on, the credit won't go to me, but to Janet Reno.

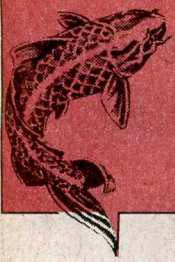
—Phil Jacobsen

Automobile, Medical, or Sexual

by Phil Jacobsen

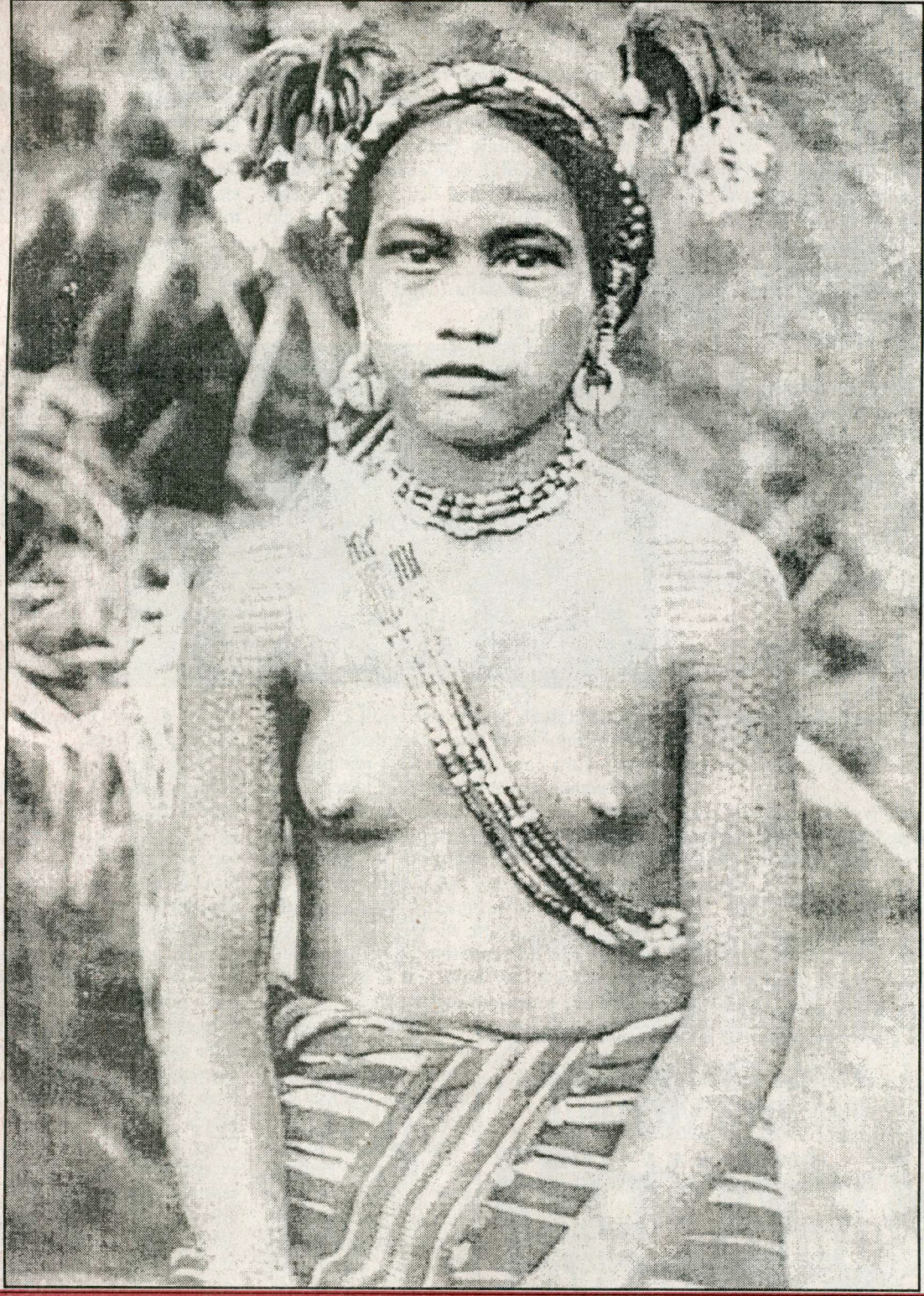
Chrysler	-	Auto
Ford	-	Auto
BMW	-	Auto
BM	-	Medical
Saturn	-	Auto
Uranus	-	
Proctology/Medical		
Chevrolet	-	Auto
Cabriolet	-	Auto
Quick lay	-	Sexual
Masturbation	-	
Autoerotic		
Prelude	-	Auto
Foreplay	-	Sexual
69	-	Sexual
69	-	4 MPH over speed limit/Auto
Explorer	-	Auto
Explore Her	-	Sexual
Explorator	-	Medical
Yugo	-	Auto
I come	-	Sexual
Acura	-	Auto
Acupuncture	-	Medical
Beretta	-	
Robert Blake Auto		
X-ray	-	Medical
Camry	-	Auto
Tempo	-	Auto/Sexual
RPM	-	Auto
LPN	-	Medical
Probe	-	
Auto/Medical/Sexual		





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DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?

SLUG / March 99 11

HOMEGROWN

In an effort to raise awareness of local music, here is a rundown of local music that is available for your listening pleasure:

Twistdead Fable / Looking Inside S.I.S. Records

Twistdead Fable are an amalgam of "Prove You Wrong"-era Prong, Sacred Reich, Pantera and Metallica. The songs on Looking Inside are HARSH! They all feature the time changes, galloping rhythms and snarling, guttural vocals that are characteristic of nineties metal. The disc's first two tracks, Zenything Goes and the title track were each played by me about five times before I could get over them and move on to the rest of the album. A more complete listen reveals the galloping intensity of Eyes Of Madness and the lamentation of an on again-off again narcotic romance in Cocain.

The production here is out-fucking-standing. Looking Inside is another masterpiece to come from Toby Seljaas S.I.S. Records, who we can also thank for Chola's CD and Lugnut's Kung Fu Grip. I should mention that Twistdead Fable will be representing S.I.S. Records at South by Southwest in Austin this month. (And drummer Chris Hollings has a Gene Simmons bong. Can this band get any cooler?)

Honest Engine / Overhaul / Cypher

Its about fucking time, guys. Ever heard that before? Honest Engine makes us wait because Cram is a perfectionist. I don't mean this derogatorily. Honest Engine just cares about what we shell out good money for. God bless them.

Overhaul is worth the wait, as was Combustion. This is one band who can actually come close to communicating the energy of their live performance to CD. Witness Bonedance, Fingerlickin', and All Your Lies. Newer tunes like Woman Is and Circle deserve mention for their demonstration of the evolution of Honest Engine since Combustion. The former is Cram's paean to

his wife and all other women. It was written about a time when his significant other dropped womanly wisdom on his ass. The subject matter of the song is comparatively mature when held up against the lyrics of older songs like Bonedance and Sooner or Later from Combustion. The latter features harmony vocals that fill out the Engine's sound nicely. The production is first-rate, as it should be when it comes from your own studio. Yes, Honest Engine are the proud owners of their own recording studio, Friction Studios and it is booked into next year already. The band also plans to tour like hell in the coming months. Catch them live before they get too busy for Salt Lake.

Jesus Rides A Riksha / Afro-Magnon Man Poser Moses / S.I.S.



Jesus Rides a Rik-Sha

Jesus Rides a Riksha's second CD is more of the humor-laced thrash that made up their debut, Tuna Safe Dolphin. I am reminded of Scatterbrain and Anthrax. Slap kicks things off after a little Christmas cartoon sound byte. Drummer Marvin Dixon beats the snare drum to hell with militaristic precision. The guitars are a bit too trebly here and on the whole album, to be honest. They, for lack of a less hackneyed word, shred. I close my eyes and imagine that guitarist Todd Jensen Smith has a hold of my head and is guiding the bridge of my nose toward the blade of a table

saw. Blister turns out to be a cover medley of the Violent Femmes Blister in the Sun and Kiss Off. Both songs lend themselves nicely to JRAR's style, since the Femmes stuff is really just punk rock without the traditional instrumentation. 4:20 is about my favorite time of day, half past a blunt and a quarter to the bong.

A suggestion:

change the name to Jezus PULLS a Riksha (crank the blasphemy up a notch attention getter) and add some bottom. Otherwise, I likes.

Magstatic / Magstatic (EP)

Magstatic's self-titled EP is well worth the pittance (Five bucks, six songs) that they charge for it. I am at a loss for comparisons, save Best Kissers in the World, and that's not even very accurate. Add maybe some Replacements, Rave-Ups and Weezer and a tablespoon each of the Cars, the Buggles and Lick the Tins. God, I hope they see this as complimentary. There is no other band like them in the valley. Self promotion with an emphasis on niche marketing could help these guys find success. At Slug's ten year anniversary party last February 6th, I was asked by at least six people if they had a CD. The crowd was obviously impressed as was I, who was catching them for the first time.

Home is infectious. The chorus sticks like double-sided tape in your head. Dime Rolls is a very cool tune and the cause for the Best Kissers in the World comparison. There is a pensive quality to the lyrics that would be out of place in this music, but Magstatic makes it work. They should have a full length out soon, so look out for it. In the meantime, buy this at their March 28th Zephyr gig.

Up Yer Sleeve / Deceptive Little Sweets Electric Tangerine

There are comments in Up Yer Sleeve's promo pack that, in a nutshell, refer to the band's music as backyard barbecue music. I would like to expand on that. This is, indeed, backyard barbecue music, but I think that a nice big fatty and a longneck bottle of Bud are appropriate and the barbecue should actually take place in Southern Utah. Skeletons is the perfect soundtrack for a leisurely hike through Kolob Canyon. Listen to the song and visualize red canyon walls and beautiful blue skies with a minimum of clouds. The same can be said for the entire album, really. Marshmallow features a guest appearance from local singer/songwriter Kris Zeman. Mama Didn't Raise No Fool has guitarist Bryon Mascher at his bluesy best. Gail Krug's exceptional voice is one of the most notable assets of Up Yer Sleeve. She gets lost in the mix on a couple of songs, but she is still a delight to be heard. The band also makes use of an unusual instrument called the floppophone. (You wouldn't believe me if I told you.) Check it out.

—Randy Harward



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Hate Spawns Hate



Convicted murderer John King is led from court in a bullet proof vest.

What would be just? What would justice be for a man, and I use the word lightly, who drove around in a pickup truck with two of his inbred buddies boozing it up, looking for women that resemble their sisters, to buy a couple of beers for and force themselves upon? At this point they should at the very least be neutered, but the evening doesn't end there. Before they can try a line like "you smell purtyer than stink on shit" to a girl with overlapping teeth sticking out of her face, they run across a black man by the name of James Byrd Jr., walking along the street. It's only important that this man is black because of the motivation for what came next. They offered him a ride. Mr. Byrd accepted and climbed into the back.

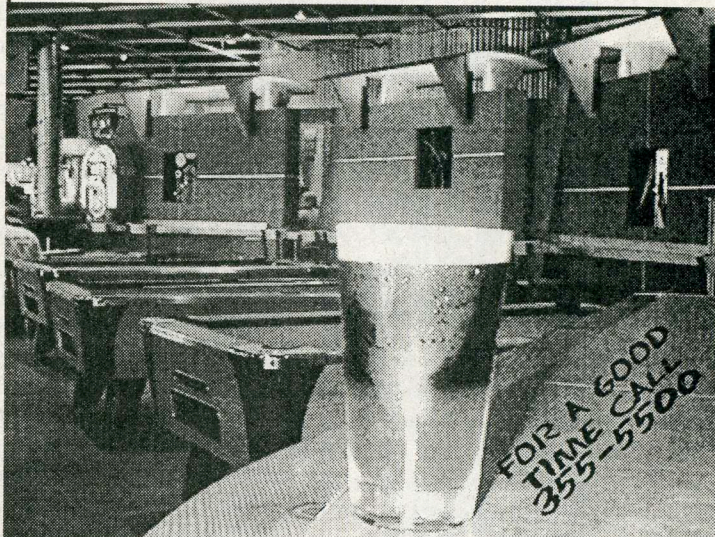
The white trash individual by the name of John King jumped behind the wheel and instead of taking Byrd to his intended destination, drove the truck to a dirt logging trail near Jasper, Texas. Next they beat him severely and chained him by the ankles to the pickup with a 24-Ω foot logging chain. These sick excuses for human beings then proceeded to drag Mr. Byrd behind the automobile until his body was literally torn into pieces. The grand finale consisted of the truck swerving, sending what was left of Byrd's body bouncing over to a concrete drainpipe that ripped his head completely off of his torso. According to pathologist Tommy Brown, Byrd was alive for at least two miles of this three mile ordeal. During the living portion of the ride, Byrd tried to deal with the extreme pain by propping himself up on his elbows to save his head. What would justice be now?

John King has recently been convicted of murder and could get the death penalty. His two friends, Lawrence Russell Brewer and Shawn Berry are still awaiting trial. Is the death penalty a good enough sentence for such evil people? The death penalty is always quicker and less painful than the fate they handed James Byrd. Maybe we need to get creative with these proud Texan's sentencing. Only if things are going to be fair that is.

The reason behind John King's gruesome deed was that he wanted to do something dramatic to gain credibility for a white supremacist organization he was forming. With this in mind, a good start would be to show John how we are all the same color on the inside. This could be achieved by filleting the outer layer of skin he seems to think makes him so superior. After he has been stripped of his reason for being a shit bag, we could wash him of his sins in lemon juice. To help him see the error of his ways, cut away his eyelids and make sure the room is always filled with floating dust. Just in case he opts to take the easy out and tries to crossover to hell before his sentencing is done, life support machines would be in place with other equipment that could ensure bringing him back and keeping him here. At least for the first two hours anyway. Would this be justice? Maybe not, but it would be as fair as we could get over something that should have never happened in the first place.

—Ray M.

Man cannot live on beer alone.



(actually man can, but for Chrissake feed your girlfriend)

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"I don't know anything about music. I
n my line, you don't have to."

—Elvis Presley

SKARHEAD / Kings At Crime

**IVET
Failure Boy**

Initially I
was tempted
to call this

band post-hardcore but trust me when I say
that would truly be a disservice to them. IVET
are a group that indeed have plenty of post-
hardcore/ emo elements but they almost come
full circle in that they achieve a blistering hard
sound that would place them comfortably
amongst many of the more extreme bands out
there. Diverse vocals that alternate between
accessible and brutal, wide ranging musical
influences including funk and blues, and a
penchant for doom laden overtones only adds
to the complexity (and appeal) of IVET. The
combination of grit and polish is at first jarring,
but they have mastered the counterbalance
nicely. They achieve (seemingly easily) all the
rage and passion that Henry Rollins has tried
his entire solo career to achieve. A rather
obscure reference might be a more complex
YOU AND I. Keep your eyes and ears peeled
for great things from this camp. (1848 West
47th St. Cleveland, OH 44102 or
ChuFoilMgt@aol.com or
<http://www.ivet.com>)



I can't
decide
if the
abhor-
rent

violence present in the lyrics of SKARHEAD
enhances or detracts from the street credibility
of this CD. On one hand it definitely seethes
with the hatred and anger that can be a natural
by product of life (and death) in the urban jung-
gle. On the other hand it harkens to the pre-
tension and silly posing of the worst of gangs-
ta rap. It seems that people who are even half
as tough and mean as these gents claim to be
need not spend so much effort proclaiming it.
It is the difference between quiet confidence
and boastfulness. However, if you look past
the strut and swagger of the lyrics and concen-
trate on the music, this is a damn fine disc
marked by a triple vocalist attack, guest artists
like Roger Miret, and Chugga-Chugga nyhc in
the classic vein that harkens back to the early
days of the scene while at the same time
embraces all of the harshness and bravado of
the new jacks. SKARHEAD utilize plenty of
contemporary flavorings including lots of
metal, ska, and hip hop influences and at the
same time they don't shy away from classic Oi!
and sXe sounds. In fact I would dare say these

boys don't shy away
from much of anything.
They praise everything
from drugs, to porn, to
violence to offensive
street slang; all of which
will be controversial in
one clique or another in
the hardcore scene. Not
that I can imagine con-
troversy being some-
thing that bothers
SKARHEAD. In fact
controversy is, in more
ways than one, going to
define this band. And
depending on you point
of view that makes them
either courageous pro-
ponents of speaking you
mind or tough guy
poseurs willing to try
anything to get atten-
tion. Frankly I'm
inclined to think the for-
mer and that fact I don't
agree at all with the sen-
timents expressed in the

lyrics is totally irrelevant. My agreeing with
them is in no way a prerequisite for their right
to say whatever they want. It does, however,
severely limit their appeal to me. (Victory
Records POB 146546 Chicago, IL 60614 or
<http://www.victoryrecords.com>)

**FUCK ON THE BEACH
Power Violence Forever**

Screached vocals, frantic guitars, whirlwind
beats, and sheer aural overload have become
this band's trademark and this debut full
length certainly only adds to that reputation. I
don't know what has gotten into these boys
but it must be akin to nitroglycerin because
this is unbelievably explosive. Fastcore on
overdrive. F.O.B. don't do the tough guy
shtick, they don't worry about being heavier
than thou, instead they opt for chaos, frenzy,
speed, and more speed. Listening to this
album is almost like drowning, there is never a
chance to come up for breath. There isn't even
a break between tracks... every cut bleeds into
the next. A little over 20 tracks in a little over
20 minutes plus on the CD version an entire
live set that is worth the price of this sucker
alone. When I listen to this baby I can't help
but remember the first time I heard D.R.I.'s
debut record. It is that overwhelming! F.O.B.
have catapulted themselves to the forefront of
the Japanese fastcore scene with this disc and
only a fool would pass it up. (Slap-A-Ham
POB 420843 San Francisco, CA 94142-0843 or
<http://www.wenet.net/~slapaham>)

**ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN
I'm Not Your (Nothing)**

I'm guessing that this was also released as a
7"? I dunno, but if not it should have been.
This isn't the kind of punk that should be dig-
ital. This is too classic. Too raw. Too visceral.
Three songs of thick, snappy, lean and mean
rawk 'n rule. The title track is a studio cut that
shows of the band's energy and vigor. Track
two is a cover of "I Was A Punk Before You
Were A Punk" originally by THE TUBES. This
is the kind of tune that established punk rock
as music you dance to, albeit violently! The
last tune is "Right On Target" and is per-
formed live with all the slop and swagger you
would expect. 1978 style with all of the lessons
of the ensuing two decades learned, consid-
ered, and discarded. This record is nearly
flawless. You just gotta hear this! Man this is
an example of why I get mad at people who
dis Victory Records as one dimensional. I bet
your favorite label hasn't released a record this
damn punk lately... (Victory Records POB
146546 Chicago, IL 60614 or [http://www.vic-
toryrecords.com](http://www.vic-
toryrecords.com))

—Jeb Branin

The illustration shows a stylized cityscape with buildings and a large, ornate structure in the foreground. A man and a woman are dancing in the foreground. The text 'Swing City' is written in a large, decorative font at the top. Below the illustration, there is text about dance lessons and concert information.

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METALLICA / *Cunning Stunts* / Elektra Video

Well, first let's start by saying how clever (not) the title is. This is a video of Metallica doing two live shows in Fort Worth Texas sometime last year. Has it's moments. I liked One even though it was a little over-the-top.

What I hated about it was James Hetfield's fucking big mouth. He yells to the crowd, we came to kick your ass. A few songs later, he tells the audience to chant, we don't give a shit, which like the mindless sheep they are, they do. When Hetfield is yelling that, I was thinking the same thing. Stick to the music. Shuttyergoddammouth.

BJORK / *Volumen* / Elektra Video

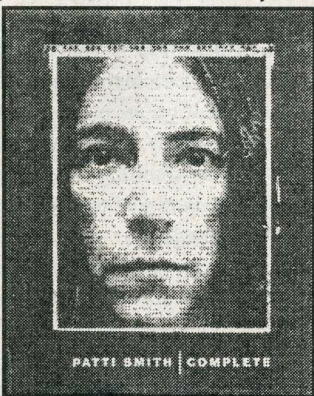
The last video compilation that I saw that was as good as this one was the Radiohead 7 Television Commercials video. The songs on this are all looked at with a new perspective with a variety of. 14 tracks, definitely worth the cost if you're a Bjork fan. The award-winning Human Behaviour is the first track is the first one. Other highlights are Big Time Sensuality and I Miss You.

PATTI SMITH / *Complete* / Doubleday Books

This is a great book. Something to complete your Patti Smith collection with. A nice thing to tide you over until she releases her next album. Stories by Patti, lyrics to a couple of things that she wrote for Blue Oyster Cult, and every lyric for every song on every one of her albums. All seven of the albums have all of their lyrics included, as well as a few songs that didn't make it to the albums, but ended up being B-sides, Chiklets, Godspeed and Come Back Little Sheba, among them.

There are also a lot of pictures of her and her family members. Fred Sonic Smith, her husband, of the band MC5, her brother various friends, including Robert Mapplethorpe are all present. The photographs are great, as are the stories.

The real reason to own this, though, is the lyrics. Patti's earlier albums typically only had lyrics to one or two songs, so getting all of them in the same place is a treat.



GALAXIE 500 / *Box Set* / Rykodisc

Kings of lo-fi release a box with three of their CD's, Today, On Fire and This is Our Music. A fourth CD collects various unreleased tracks. You can only pick up this disc in the box. Each disc has bonus tracks, the best of which are found on the On Fire disc where the bonus tracks are Joy Division's Ceremony and also George Harrison's Victory Garden. Today's highlights are the tracks It's Getting Late and Pictures. Listen, the Snow is Falling by Yoko Ono is a highlight of This is Our Music.

Most of this is pretty good, but I think the band excels when they do covers, especially of the Beatles and Jonathan Richman. Each disc also has a video track to play on your computer, When Will You Come Home, Fourth of July, Blue Thunder and my personal fave, Tugboat.

KRONOS QUARTET / *25 Years* / Nonesuch

Insane, avant-garde classical music with two violins (David Harrington and John Sheba), a viola (Hank Dutt) and a cello (Joan Jeanrenaud). For the most part, they do interpretations of classical music.

On this box, they have 10 CD's of music, each disc basically covering one composer only. About 2/3 of this has been previously released. 1/3 of these recordings are new.

The first disc has recordings of Arvo Part. Number two Astor Piazzolla. The rest of the composers are Morton Feldman, Philip Glass, Henryk Gorecki, Terry Riley, and Alfred Schnittke. Discs five and ten are devoted to a few different composers. The seventh disc is definitely the best here—some of Steve Reich's Different Trains as well as music by George Crumb.

—Q.H.

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OUT TO PASTORIUS

Acclaimed and peerless jazz bassist Jaco Pastorius found himself on the losing end of a Faustian bargain with drugs and alcohol. Now, part of his art is newly available April 25 from Sound Hills (1-15-6, Sembahigashi Minoo, Osaka 562, JAPAN). Sound Hills offers the complete session recordings for HOLIDAY FOR PANS on three CDs. The box set even includes a tee shirt, photos and two previously unreleased tracks.

THE ACTION IS GO

Naked Raygun was a popular punk band of the melodic hard-core variety from Chicago. I myself count JETTISON as one of my favorite records from the North American punk discography. Not only is Touch & Go (POB 25520, Chi. IL, 60625) re-releasing this title, but also their other two Caroline issues (RAYGUN...NAKED RAYGUN and UNDERSTAND?) along with their Homestead titles (THROB THROB and ALL RISE). There is also a chance the group's first two EPs BASEMENT SCREAMS and FLAMMABLE SOLIDS will be similarly treated.

READABLES

Mexican Slang plus Graffiti Jones-Reid, Lopez and Robinson Bueno Books/In One Ear, Box 637, Campo CA, 91906-0637

Mexican Slang is an insightful exegesis into border-area Chicano street parlance

(Spanglish) and a guide to deciphering the scrawl of the wild spray-painted around Mexico City. No more than a few semesters of high school Spanish (all this Tomas had) is necessary to comprehending the entire tome. Even less knowledge of the language will not stop the avid reader from finding much entertainment in a perusal. Did you know subir al guayabo (climb the guava tree) is one thing Clinton never did with Monica Lewinsky? Or, how about the fact that nalga de angel (angel's butt) is the most widespread illegal drug? Chapters like Sex, Drugs, Rock and Roll, Party Time and Major Mexicanisms elucidate the finer mysteries of Mexican slang in forthright manner, without euphemism. The 123-page book is handily indexed in Spanish and English.

Chanting Down Babylon: The Rastafari Reader Edited by Nathaniel Samuel, William David Spencer & Adrian Anthony McFarlane Temple University Press

Chanting is a fascinating, engrossing exegesis of the Rasta religion. It becomes, unconsciously, a study of the growth and development of a religion as this product of the Twentieth Century is fully documented. Consider a religion whose Messiah (Haile Selassie I, former Emperor of Ethiopia) denies his own divinity and whose prophet (Marcus Garvey) denies the religion's godhead and sacrament (ganja). The 441-page book includes an index and glossary and consists of multiple, carefully annotated chapters written by different authors. While this results in some duplication, a clear picture of what is going on can be had from the triangulation slightly different points of view. Bob Marley, as de facto evangelist

for the cause, figures in this book as due other significant reggae musicians like Jimmy Cliff, Peter Tosh and Burning Spear. From obscure Rasta foundation texts (from the eccentric founder Leonard Howell) to Rastafarian portrayals in film, Chanting Down leaves no stone unturned in seeking the truth about Rasta.

Skratch

#35, January 1999

Skratch, 17300 17th St. #J223, Tustin CA, 92780

#35 is Skratch's Third Anniversary Issue. The irreverent and punk-flavored glossy-covered magazine remains a good read as it ages. This issue has plenty Best of 1998 lists. Staff columns like Dummie Girl and I'm Soooo Punk keep the humor content high. On the more serious front, there is the first in a series of articles interviewing Henry Rollins as well as pieces on 88 Fingers Louie, southern California musician and record producer Ikey Owens and more. Regular inclusions include live show reviews and album reviews with cover reproductions.

VIDEO

Come On Baby, Light My Fire Lou Campa, producer and director Something Weird Video, POB 98133, Seattle WA, 98133

Be sure to send an age statement with your catalog request (it costs \$5) to Something Weird. Their selection of vintage video pushes the limit. Come On Baby (1969) is an epic of sex slavery and the marijuana trade by depraved film maker Lou Campa (Cool It Baby, Mini-Skirt Love, Private Relations, Sock It To Me Baby). It is no wonder Campa is also responsible for putting the title Venus in Furs*** to celluloid, because taking cues from Sacher-Masoch and also Sade's Justine, Campa gives us the story of a simple girl and the libertine inside her. This time, science and a desire to keep pot illicit (and thus profitable) prompts the creation of a sex-loving sensualist. Beginning as a subject for rich

voyeur Mr. Forman (Gerard Damiano), June (Tina Buckley) and her ample breasts becomes a peppered pass around at the peeper's pad culminating in a brutal boring and soaking by foul Pancho's oversized penis. The promised orgy never materializes as the guilty young man who de-virginized her whisks her away to safety. Along the way, plot advances in short, monotone dialogues and the sex lingers in front of the camera as every opportunity to undress Buckley and the evil assistant Candy (Olivia Brandon) is taken. (3.5)

Striporama

Jerald Intrator, Dir.

Something Weird Video, POB 98133, Seattle WA, 98133

Beauties Lili St. Cyr (Bettie Page), Georgia Southern, Rosita Royce and more parade through this burlesque novelty show. Jack Diamond, Mandy Kay, Charles Harris and the inclusion of a Mr America in need of a better agent afford comic relief. Elaborate skits show more costuming and often hilarious dancing than dermis. A high point of this nearly family-safe cavalcade of dolls is Page's sequence in a tub with nothing but suds, not even water. St. Cyr also stars in a small piece added to the end where she is Cinderella dressing for the ball. (2.5)

A Winter Tan / Jackie Burroughs Kino on Video, 333 W 39th St #503, NYC NY, 10018

<http://www.kino.com>

Variety / Bette Gordon

Kino on Video, 333 W 39th St #503, NYC NY, 10018

<http://www.kino.com>

Kino, a company with a reputation for nostalgia releases like silent classics, comes out of the closet as steamy and heterosexual with it's Kino After Dark series. These two films from that series both take an unflinching look at female sexuality. The language in both is as strong as a sailor's but these visions are much more about psychology than mechanics. That it is, expect to have con-

ventions challenged, not a full-length, merely titillating skin flick. A Winter Tan is based on posthumously published letters of a female academic on "vacation from feminism." She is also trying to deal with her middle age and escapes into drinking and promiscuity with lust-inducing Latino boys. Late novelist Kathy Acker scripted Bette Gordon's *Variety* and John Lurie provides the score. The film follows a blonde innocent's descent into pornography as a mode of individuation for the shy, withdrawn woman Christine (Sandy McLeod). A certain amateurishness on the part of both casts in these seedy films adds a certain tension and surreal aspect as that which stylizes *Taxi Driver*. Both films are assertive and important as frank commentaries on female sexuality and psychology. (A Winter Tan 3.5, *Variety* 4)

REVIEWS

Arlo Guthrie
ALICE'S RESTAURANT
SOUNDTRACK
MGM/Rykodisc

Combining the elements of a rural talking blues and a good, old shaggy dog story, Arlo Guthrie's ten-minute-plus long "Alice's Restaurant Massacre" is still a strong radio presence, often featured around Thanksgiving. Topical and dated as a war resister's ploy, the song lives on for its deeper themes of questioning authority and creative individual action. Besides, it's a damn fine tradition, worthy of Brer Rabbit walking into the 60s. This counter culture classic is included with other move excerpts, like the Old Timey instrumentals "Traveling Music" and "Trip to the City." An especially moving, reflective piece "Songs to Aging Children" features the lambent vocals of Tigger Outlaw. This deluxe edition includes an extensive booklet which folds out into a reproduction of the movie poster includes several quotes from Arlo on the filming. Cast choruses of "Amazing Grace" appear three

times. First, in the main body reflecting the original soundtrack and then bookending the eleven bonus tracks made possible by this roomier format. Pete Seeger sings two of these tracks, the austere "Pastures of Plenty" and "Car Song," a Roger Miller-ish onomatopoeic sing-along in duet with Guthrie. Another added gem is the goofy, hippie-guitar-soul instrumental bits strung together as "Wedding Festivities." A theatrical trailer promoting the home video release of the film is included on this enhanced CD. (3.5)

Dead Voices On Air

PISS FROND

Invisible Records

Mark Spybey (Zoviet France, Download, Pigface) advances the Dead Voices On Air cause with this 2-CD set featuring a shape-shifting, mercurial sound of ambient, shrinking world music. Arrangements include antique and exotic instrumentation, as well as toys. Among the collaborators is Sugarpill and bass/drums rhythm-meister Ryan Moore (Legendary Pink Dots). This is Disc One, a varied buffet of cool-down head mixes that vary from Tones on Tail-like post Gothic chill-out ("Sulphur") to a spectral symphony performing a ghastly ball in an abandoned, raven-haunted castle ("Caw Gap") to whispers with breakbeats ("Castered Carts"). Disc One is completely Spybey without guests. The first half of the CD is taken up by two of the disc's eight tracks, "On Hare Hill" and "Of Hare Hill." Expressively legato synth passages paint a serene and remotely ominous vision of dusk from an isolated, removed point. The rest of the similar material and evocative titles ("Pons Aelius," "Voss Pilae," "Incthuthil," etc.) conjure in my mind the lonely sojourn by a Roman soldier imported from afar and given midnight watch on Hadrian's Wall. I see this, because I feel in PISS FROND this soldier's admiration of the wide, moonlit mystery and the unspo-

ken dread of barbarians, stealthy in the night. (4.5)

Charles Mingus
FABLES OF FAUBUS
Jazz Time/Qualiton

Legendary composer, bass player and (from the cover photo) cigar smoker, Charles Mingus is here captured in a 1977 recording leading a ten-member ensemble. That ensemble included Gerry Mulligan on baritones and soprano saxophones. Mulligan is one of three saxophonists present. These and other key members Bob Neloms (piano) and Jack Walrath (trumpet) are introduced via solos in the opening "Peggy's Blue Skylight." Following the second, title track, and revealed like a secret weapon is the fluid, mellow artistry of vibraphone virtuoso Lionel Hampton. This is a real showcase for Hampton, who carries the entire melody backed only by brushed drums, cymbals and subtle horn harmonies. An energetic, upbeat jump blues sound figures into the apex, middle section of "Slop" and "So Long Eric" before a serene, descendant "Farewell, Farewell" again strongly featuring Hampton. A second half of the recording is initiated by the group leading into "Just For Laughs" before breaking off for a French horn-led rendition of Hammerstein's "It Might As Well Be Spring" followed by an homage to perhaps one of the greatest American composers in "Duke Ellington's Sound of Love." Several bars of solo piano signal the return to "Just For Laughs" which culminates in a quick-paced exchange session between Mingus and Dannie Richmond on kit drums. (4)

Anita Gravine
LIGHTS! CAMERA! PASSION!:
JAZZ AND THE ITALIAN
CINEMA Soul Note

Anita Gravine offers us a baker's dozen English-version vocal pieces from Italian cinema, from Fellini's surrealism (music by Nino Rota in *La Strada*,

Amarcord, *La Dolce Vita*, etc.) to the Mafia Gothic of *The Godfather* (actually, Rota again) to Ennio Morricone's moving scores (*Cinema Paradiso*) and more. The material is arranged and performed on the piano by Michael Abene. Eight other jazz musicians perform on the album, including rich ornamentation from percussion, cello and bass clarinet. Anita Gravine has done with this collection of songs, the same thing Cleo Laine did with an album full of Shakespeare inspirations. Gravine has incorporated this ostensibly foreign art into the American jazz vocal tradition as surely as if these pieces were jazz standards. One of the most stunning pieces is the theme to *Caro Dario*. This piece is by Nicola Piovani, who took over the role of Rota in providing music for Fellini's films after Rota's death. Originally in the film, the piece is a lovely, languid guitar and piano instrumental that rivals "Sleepwalk" for its gentle beauty. Here, it is performed as an unforgettable vocalise-piano duet. Three of these pieces are translated into English for the first time: "Follow Me" (*La Strada*), "You'll Come to Me" (*Amarcord*) and a percussive, almost Latin, contemporary-sounding "Wait and See" (*Marriage Italian Style*). (3.5)

Doug Hoekstra
MAKE ME BELIEVE
One Man Clapping Records

Doug Hoekstra's powerful and compelling album *MAKE ME BELIEVE* has moved me no other singer-songwriter effort has in a long time. Hoekstra, a published poet, has once again 'made me believe' in the unqualified hope that important and deep music resides, undiscovered in the numerous hundreds of independent releases that come out every week. Hoekstra's modus operandi is urban folk songs of gritty poetry that are smartly elevated in the studio. "Sam Cooke Sang the Gospel" (It's refrain lends the album's title) includes a hip sample break and gospel

OUTSIGHT

gritty poetry that are smartly elevated in the studio. "Sam Cooke Sang the Gospel" (It's refrain lends the album's title) includes a hip sample break and gospel backing vocals. "Shiver Bend & Break," rife with vivid imagery ("Like the homeless man with his hand in the air/I'm reaching for something that isn't there") features slide guitar (from one 'Sid Barret') and such a close mike arrangement as to pick up the ambient string noise and natural rustle of the human voice that made classic the great, early Cat Stevens albums. A revolving cast of the three to six players gives different instrumentation to each track. The albums ultra-fuzzy, over-the-top rocker is "Every Lover's Breath," a wild and wooly funk monster sung like a ballad. Eerie and forlorn, "Kirkwood Hotel" is a mysterious sad tune based on rural acoustic folk guitar also within this versatile artist's grasp. MAKE ME BELIEVE is a singular and classic album that drew me back to several listens this week. (4.5)

William Hooker THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US Knitting Factory Records

If there is anything I find especially hard to swallow about Hooker's challenging free jazz is the sudden launch into an explosive and dynamic world of intense improvisation. The cover of DISTANCE is an impressionist drawing of the tears and regret following a vicious lover's spat (an excellent drawing by Yureesh Hooker). The promise is that no matter how bad it gets, we may be afforded time for reflection, this time. Indeed, the album opens with delicately with "The Gates." We find Hooker subtly backing his own musing, after-hours syllables. Another six-and-one-half minutes of serenity follows in the form of a drum and

piano interpretation of "Pure Imagination" from the film Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. Things heat up with fusion of Sonic Youth composition on "Because [of you]: Dimension 1." In the midst of the noise-guitar, the promise of female participation made by the cover is made in the vocals (Gisburg) "Wish I could change that way that you feel" Properly prepared, we are delivered into the frenzy of Sensor Suite, nearly a half-hour of building, convoluting, shrieking Hooker-mania. Another version of the Sonic Youth piece follows, this time more confident, even accepting. A solo Hooker workout, resolved but yet exploring, conclude this, now my favorite, Hooker album. (4)

Roger Eno THE FLATLANDS Thirsty Ear

Roger Eno, brother to Brian Eno, leaves electronica for instrumental string music on THE FLATLANDS. As on VOICES and BETWEEN TIDES, Eno taps the romantic impressionism of Debussy and the sparse surrealism of Satie piano on this recording. Several acoustic ensembles, guest musicians and the voice of label mate Kate St. John are employed in creating this neo-classical work. This opus, which calls on oboe, regular and bass clarinets, four violins, two violas, two cellos, string bass, alto saxophone, vibraphone and more is both performed from a score and improvised. There is a conceptual continuity throughout the album that promotes itself a single, unified work. The overall effect is that of a constant string quartet accompanying a ruminating piano with the ornamenting instruments (vibes, sax, etc.) arriving and exiting for understated but exquisite appearances. Absent of soloing and minimal on melody outside of Eno's piano appearances, THE FLATLANDS is a study in comparative rhythm (the improvisation affects timing as well as expression) and timbre.

The result is peaceful and calming. I myself find THE FLATLANDS a suitable balm to the busy day, an ideal final recording for gradually parking a harried brain. The photography collage decorating the booklet is apt metaphor for the musical content; overlapping images of nocturnal quietude from a city and its lights, a wooden ship at sea, a lone castle, etc. (3)

Eugene Chadbourne JUNGLE COOKIES Old Gold Records

Eugene Chadbourne, out of his base of operations in Amsterdam, began a series of cassette releases entitled JUNGLE COOKIES. Here, on two CDs, the entire series is compiled. Eugene's musician's ear was constantly drawn to the random sounds outside his Amsterdam window. These sounds included conversation, music out of bars and shops, etc. In seeking to recreate this eclectic, organic sound, Chadbourne includes radio, CDs, the voices of his two daughters, squeaking soprano saxophones, conversation and more. Considering these recordings not as songs, but as audio collage, musique concrete, sonic impressionism of Chadbourne's Amsterdam makes for a fascinating travelogue of vivid metaphor.

VINYL

The Dirtys / TEENAGE PROBLEM CHILD 7"

Transparent Records

Back in High School, I sold Mark Dirty, guitarist for the The Dirtys, his first hit of acid. At the time he treated it like a sacrament and I practically had a disciple. Since him and his raucous Port Huron redneck buddies began global domination through Crypt Records, I have not heard a peep from them. "Oh, our friendship is a victim of rock success," I thought. However, the insert of this four-song EP (limited to a "party edition" of 200) thanks only those that supplied free drugs. Everyone else is summarily

dismissed. No wonder I didn't make the cut, I've been outted as a capitalist. Mark has told me many times how high-speed, primitive garage-rock is the keeper of the punk flame in attitude and spirit. The Dirtys obviously still hold that belief true. The material here is equal parts Motorhead, Blue Cheer and GBH and most often disintegrates violently, a victim of its own over-the-top attack. Similar tuneage on the Transparent label is available from Plan III and Johnny Motel & The Fast Fucks. (3)

Albert Ayler / BELLS Get Back/Via Records/RUNT

Originally issued on ESP-DISK back in 1965, this is a small portion of the artistic wealth ultimately available from the Dutch Via Records label since they acquired the entire ESP-DISK catalog for reissue. This live recording (May 1, 1965) is presented one side of a clear vinyl 12" LP made of 180 grams of pure virgin vinyl. Albert Ayler, sputtering masterfully on his tenor sax in fast tempos and offering commanding vibrato on slow tempos, is here joined by brother Donald Ayler on trumpet and Charles Tyler on alto saxophone. I find myself drawn in deepest by Albert's slow, dreamy (but still freaking) solo that leads off the second, longer piece on this album. The limelight is then passed to bassist Lewis Worrell for some sonorous lyricism. (Sonny Murray on percussion is the rest of the rhythm section.) Then, an overtly military horn theme starts the assault, by cartoonish leaps, to the more cosmic reaches of free jazz. BELLS' challenging initial attack rewards the listener with the humor and unexpected zig-zagging of the latter portions. (3.5)



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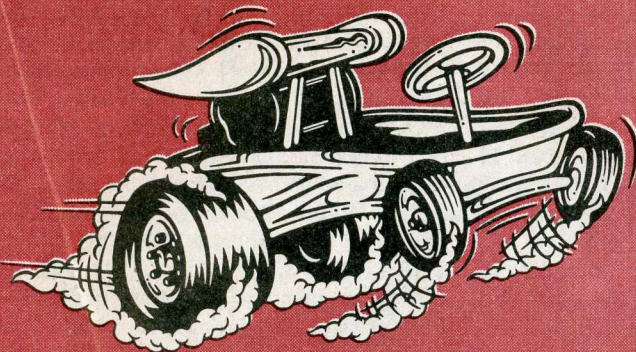
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So you just bought a used car. It may be used, but it's new to you. You can't wait to get the motor running and head out on the highway, looking for adventure in whatever comes your way, but first you need to get it safety inspected and emissions done in order for the policeman and the tax man to miss you. Only then will you be truly mobile. So you ease on down, ease on down the road to your nearest Tunex to have this procedure done and then you can be on your way. Right? Wrong! It's a common practice for many places to screw the customer without making them breakfast the next morning. This happened to me lately, and you can learn from my mistake.

I unfortunately took my car to the Tunex on 2100 South and 544 East in Salt Lake to have the State inspection and emissions taken care of. Big no, no on my part. This place assumed I was stupid and it cost me nearly 40.00 dollars to find out that they were right. They failed my parking brake which works perfectly fine. They failed my wipers which were brand new and then couldn't tell me why when I asked.

"Are they not rubbery enough for you?"

"Uh. Duh. I can't tell you exactly why they didn't pass. I'm mean, sure they seem fine, but, but I don't know."

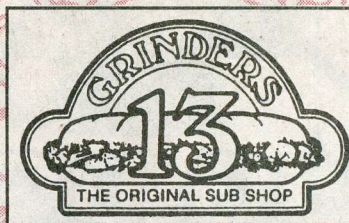
They said they couldn't pass the car because the windshield wiper fluid was empty. It's not required to be full in order to pass. They gave me some bullshit story about how all my windows needed to be replaced because the car was imported from Canada and the glass wasn't U.S. standard. The car was actually originally purchased new, from a dealership in Murray, UT and the glass is fine. And for the grand finale, they unplugged my oxygen sensor so it wouldn't pass emissions. It was plugged in when I took it there and when I took the vehicle somewhere else to have the I/M done the car was putting out cleaner air than it was taking in. The moral of the story is, be on your guard for places that will try and nickel and dime you to death if you let them. And if you can help it, take your car to a place where you know the people and you can trust them. And whatever you do, don't go to the corporate headquarters of TUNEX on 2100 South 544 East in Salt Lake City, UT unless you want to get bent over a barrel of laughing monkeys and raped with a barbed corn cob. Did I mention that they get rude as hell when you call them on their little scam?

—Ray M.

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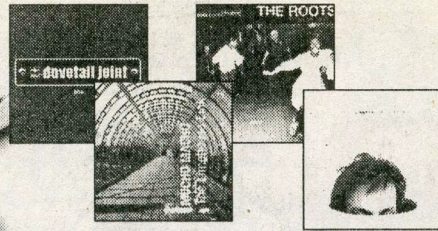


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If it has 10-this means it's good shit
If it has a zero-this means it sucks
If it's in-between 1 and 9, you have to figure it out for yourself dipshit!!!

This month before I start, I have to tell you about the Village Voice yearly poll. Mainly I have to tell you about it because I agree with it. Once a year, they poll 496 music critics and ask them what their favorite albums of the year are, and then release a list. Here is their top 10 list. First place belongs to Lucinda Williams' "Car Wheels on a Gravel Road," the rest in order-Lauryn Hill, Bob Dylan, Billy Bragg and Wilco, Elliot Smith, Outkast, PJ Harvey, Air, Beastie Boys and Rufus Wainwright. You need to buy all of these. You probably already have Lauryn Hill's "The Miseducation of," but you should buy all the rest as well. 496 critics can't be wrong (yeah right).

THE 2 LIVE CREW-GREATEST HITS VOL 2-on, please, that would have to imply that there would be a volume one. These guys suck. As long as they keep puttin' em out, we'll keep telling you so. This gets another big fat ZERO. Only the second in snort history.

DEPECHE MODE-THE SINGLES '81 TO '85-Reprise decided that since '86 to '98 sold better than they thought it would, they would release one more. The Mode when they REALLY sucked. "Just Can't Get Enough"

Scrotum Poles with Endless Struggle

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and "Everything Counts" are proof of that. Still, I like "Blasphemous Rumors" and "Shake the Disease" Give this a 6 and a half.

LONE JUSTICE-THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME-This is a greatest hits album as well, about 15 years after the fact. 10 new tracks as well as songs that made them popular, like "Ways to Be Wicked" and "Shelter." The only bad thing on this is Bono's stupid-as-fuck vocal on the live version of "Sweet Jane"

He gets a ZERO, this disc gets a 7 and a half
ERIC AMERICA-SUMMER IN THE SOUTH-LAND-The bio on this said it sounded like Velvet Underground. I snorted to myself, yeah, right Truth is, it sounds like Velvet Underground. Even the vocals are somewhat Lou Reedish. Problem, it's not as good lyrically. Still, a very listenable project. I liked it. Give this a 7 and a half.

SUGAR RAY-14:59-Title means, thank God, the 15 minutes are almost up. A joke starting with the first track, "New Direction" You should hear the vocals' on this. I'm not going to say any more than that.

"Every Morning" is easy to listen to, problem is I just don't want to. KRS-One can't save this. I'm gonna give this a 4.
MUCHO MACHO-THE LIMEHOUSE LINK-The current project from my so far favorite label of 1999, Beggar's Banquet. This one is electronica. Sometimes mellow, like on the first track. Sometimes really ass-moving like on "Rap is Really Changing" Experimental at other times. Good all the way through. Give this an 8.

SWIMMER-SURREAL-Apparently, Maverick Records fancies these guys to be the next Radiohead.

Wrong, but I can see where they could come up with that comparison. Quirky melody and lyrics combined with a real obvious pop mentality and some gratuitous noise. My personal faves are "Because Today" "Sick Friend" "Halo" and the title track. Don't buy this for a Radiohead comparison. Buy this cause it stands on its own rather nicely. 8 for this one, too...

KELLY WILLIS-WHAT I DESERVE-On her last EP, the impossible-to-find "Fading Fast" she went country in a big way with the help of 16 Horsepower and Wilco members. That was a great EP. Find it if you

can. But, in the meantime, pick this up. Kelly's songwriting is improving, but the covers are what shines. Paul Westerberg, Paul Kelly and Nick Drake have their songs done by Willis on this album. If you dig alt-country, this is a good one. Give a 7 and a half.
THE DAMNATIONS TX-HALF MAD MOON-Another alt-country thing. This one is a threesome that do a lot of ballads and once-in-a-while have a rockabilly edge. "No Sign of Water" "Down the Line" and "Catch You Alive" are highlights. Give this a 7.
THE LIVING END-SELF-TITLED-Rock and roll three piece with guitar, drums and upright bass. This is damn good shit. These guys rock and roll and rockabilly. I liked it. We'll give it close to an 8.

GORDON-SELF-TITLED-Alterna-pop produced by Brendan O'Brien (who cares). Mostly unoriginal, gets interesting on occasion. I liked "Left Alone" Don't give up hope if you buy this one. The first tracks aren't really good, but it gets better by the end. It gets a 6.

DOVETAIL JOINT-001-Another, that's right, ANOTHER goddamn four-piece alterna-pop band. I don't understand how four guys can sit around, start a band, and then say, "hey let's do some alternative rock" Enough bitching. "Beautiful" (track one) caught my ear. By "Boy" (track four), I was getting mad. By "Lullaby," (last track), fuming. Give this another 6..

THE ROOTS-THINGS FALL APART-I'll talk more about this sometime in the future. For now, I'll tell you that it's excellent, politically-charged rap. Not gangsta. Every track is a winner. Erykah Badu's vocals are a plus. You know how you saw Lauryn Hill's album on everyone's top 10 lists last year. Well, that's where you'll see this one this year. Give this a 9, and we'll talk more about it later.

BARE JR.-BOO-TAY-Today, while listening, I decided that this sounds like a 90's version of bar rock, somewhat like 70's Grand Funk Railroad. Worth having if only for the single "You Blew Me Off" or the hidden track. Give this a 7.

LO-FIDELITY ALL-STARS-HOW TO OPERATE WITH A BLOWN MIND- So, if you've ever wondered what you get when you mix rock and roll and funk and rap and electronica, this is it. Wonder no more. I love this album. Diversity is the key here. "Battle Flag" featuring Pigeonhed on vocals is great. My two faves are the last two songs, both of which sample the Three Degrees, "Vision Incision" and "Nighttime Story" This is one to pick up. Close to an 8.

Until next time, motherfuckers!!!
See you in the mud.

—Pigboy

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CD REVIEWS

FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

Galactic / Crazyhorse Mongoose Capricorn

This disc listens like the soundtrack to a seventies blaxploitation film with nineties sensibilities. Galactic is the funkier and jazzier of jam bands. My first encounter with them was when they played with G Love and Special Sauce, Govt. Mule and Widespread Panic at the E Center last June. This is a damn good band. Vocalist Theryl Declouet is used sparingly, as most of Galactic's tunes are instrumentals. When he does appear, though, Declouet kicks some seeerious ass. His vocals dominate "change My Ways," "love on the Run" and "start from Scratch." The rest of the band is just as bad. Ben Ellman's sax playing is featured prominently in almost every tune. Live, he is the center of attention. At the show I saw, Ellman was invited out to play with Widespread Panic during "picking Up the Pieces," a song that features a sax solo that was assigned to none other than Branford Marsalis on WSP's live album, *Light Fuse Get Away*. Ellman beats Marsalis' ass. Rich Vogel's keyboards would be at home in house music and are the nineties sensibilities of which I speak. I am claiming the instrumental opening track "Hamp's Hump" as my theme song. Galactic is the shit.

—Randy Harward

Richard Leo Johnson / Fingertip Ship Metro Blue

There are photographs of a man on the sleeve of this CD. I assume that this man is SUPPOSED to be Richard Leo Johnson. I do not watch the X-Files and listen to Clyde Lewis for nothing. I know a conspiracy when I see/hear one. Metro Blue (just another branch of the government, folks) wants us all to think that this man is responsible for the music that is on this disc, but I ain't buying it. The being responsible for this music has sixteen fingers and a grotesquely swollen right brain. No human could possibly make these sounds unless they are injecting him with some sort of super-dexterity hormone concocted in an invisible lab hovering over I-15 somewhere near Parowan. Listen to Cicada, or Prometheus Enters the Digital Age and hear for yourself. I am here to tell you, innocent earthlings,

that Richard Leo Johnson is an alien. His kind abducted and anal probed Leo Kottke, John McLaughlin and that guy from Starship. The result of their research is Richard Leo Johnson. Soyent Green is made of people! I want my mom.

—Randy Harward

SNAKEFARM / *Songs From My Funeral* / RCA

GROOVEGRASS / *Featuring the GrooveGrass Boyz / Reprise*

Snakefarm is a 2 or 3 piece band that occasionally stretches to 5, and mixes drum programming with acoustic guitar, banjo, sax as well as traditional instruments, creating a style that sounds quite similar to Portishead. Most of the songs here are traditional old-school country stuff. My personal faves here are (House of the) Rising Sun This Train That I Ride and St. James The version of Banks of the Ohio is great and Pretty Horses closes the album with a haunting and creepy vocal. Like I said, this would definitely be liked by fans of Portishead. It definitely is an interesting project.

GrooveGrass is doing a similar thing, just not quite as interesting. Their band is made up of four people, Scott Rouse, Max Wiseman, Bootsie Collins and the late great Doc Watson. They turn in a funky rendition of Walkin' After Midnight the song made popular by Patsy Cline. On Deep River Blues Doc Watson is sampled and Scott Rouse does vocals. They also do interpretations of Little Cabin on the Hill Wabash Cannonball Blue Moon of Kentucky and Stand By Mme. On Howdy they sample Minnie Pearl and her obnoxious yodel-like vocal from Hee Haw With banjo, fiddle and mandolin contributed by Eric Silver, this track is a highlight.

These two discs are definitely not for all tastes, but some will find them entertaining.

—Q.H.

EVERLAST / *Whitey Ford Sings the Blues / Tommy Boy*

KHALEEL / *People Watching* / Hollywood Records

Everlast and Khaleel both used to be integral parts of some 90's rap, the former in House of Pain and the latter calling himself Bronx Style Bob and



spent some time hanging out w/ Ice-T.

Everlast still has a lot of his hip-hop flavor in his music, but also some acoustic guitar, such as on the track there's no way you haven't heard, What It's Like. Ends and Get Down both sound somewhere in-between House of Pain and Ice Cube. Praise the Lord is highly recommended. Today (Watch Me Shine) has the guest vocals of Bronx Style Bob. An album definitely worth buying.

Khaleel's album is much more acoustic-based than Whitey Ford. A lot of acoustic guitar, sounding like a folk singer. He doesn't sound a lot like someone who had rap roots. And, also like a folk singer, he does a lot of political statements. It's a Shame seems to be a song to fallen homies, while You Can Try appears to be a song to a father who deserted him. This album is definitely more pop-friendly, and also is worth buying.

—Q.H.

Soundtracks: *BLAST FROM THE PAST/THE FACULTY/PLAYING BY HEART/ SLC PUNK! / VARSITY BLUES/You've GOT MAIL*

Capitol, Hollywood, Columbia, Atlantic

Blast From the Past is the new movie with Brendan Fraser and Alicia Silverstone. I could care less what the movie is about, I just hope they fuck. The soundtrack, unfortunately, is boring. An okay track by Dishwalla, and one that sucks by Everclear (I Will Buy You a New Life) are two of the tracks. Cherry Poppin Daddies and Squirrel Nut Zippers also contribute tracks. It's a Good Day by Perry Como is definitely a bright spot.

You've Got Mail is another boring soundtrack. Various versions of Harry Nilsson songs, the only one being slightly interesting is I Guess the Lord Must Be in New York City by Sinead O'Connor. Since this movie stars Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan, I'll have to say that I hope they don't fuck.

The Faculty is a fairly fun movie, where the kids discover the teachers are aliens, and my God, you should see the cast. The most fuckable bunch of young men and women you will ever see. If you consider yourself to be an alternative music fan, you will love this album. It's made for you. New songs by Class of 99 (a collective of junkies), Offspring, Creed, D Generation, Garbage, Soul Asylum and Stabbing Westward. Good album, the movie would have been better if the cast would have stopped to go down on each other once in a while instead of fighting aliens.

Playing By Heart which isn't out yet, hopefully gets Ryan Phillippe and Gillian Anderson into some absolutely disgusting sex scenes. This is not a boring soundtrack.

Tracks by Ben Lee, Moby, Fluke, Morcheeba and a duet with Edward

Kowalczyk (of Live) and Neneh Cherry.

SLC Punk Nobody fucks, they OD instead. Great soundtrack with some great old-school punk rock from back-inthaday. Fear, Adam and the Ants, Stooges, Specials, Ramones, Blondie and Velvet Underground all have tracks. Suicide Machines do an entertaining I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.

Varsity Blues has another alternative rock soundtrack, and it's another one that's pretty damn good. I promised myself that I would never like a Collective Soul song, but here one is to prove me wrong. Run is the song and it's alongside songs by the Foo Fighters, Janus Stark, Black Lab, Days of the New and unfortunately, Fastball. Sprung Monkey covers AC/DC's Thunderstruck. By the way, I don't care what your taste is, go watch this very boring, predictable movie. The scenery is worth every second.

—Q.H.

Atomic Fireballs / *Birth of the Swerve* / Orbital Records

Say you read it first in SLUG when some other hack jumps all over the 1999 major label release. The Atomic Fireballs are another newly signed jump blues band. *Birth Of The Swerve* will probably receive an all to familiar remix and since there are only eight songs on the original some new material will be tacked on. As the band name would suggest the blues is overshadowed by the jump. John Bunkley has the gravel in his voice like Dicky Barrett of the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. When the band reaches "Spider Baby" they retreat from their rock 'n' roll attempt to make millions from a nation of robotic zoot suited jiterbuggers. "Spider Baby" investigates some territory homesteaded by a goateed one about two decades ago. Bunkley and band do Tom Waits. Does this mean beatniks are back too? Three horns, a guitarist, a pianist, a drummer and a bassist join Bunkley. As strange as it seems in the lily white world of modern jump blues the Atomic Fireballs have some men of color involved and one of them is Bunkley. "Starve A Fever" brings to mind another gentleman and another reference. Add Louis Armstrong.

Just because a combo appears on stage wearing suits and sporting a horn section does not mean they are playing "swing." It could be funk or it could be ska. The Atomic Fireballs play jazz, jump, blues and in the end it all becomes a dirty word — roots rock. Don't even start with that swing bullshit.

—Wee

Bad Livers / *Industry and Thrift* / Sugarhill Records

Before anyone becomes irate over:

review of a bluegrass album appearing in the pages of SLUG the Bad Livers past history is recalled. The Bad Liver's first recordings were released by Touch 'N' Go. Mark Rubin will forever be known for the Bad Religion stickers covering his bass case. Danny Barnes rides skateboards on the sidewalks surrounding whatever venue the band has been booked to play. These bluegrass boys are as punk rock as they come. They're also about the ugliest fuckers anyone could hope to encounter. These days the group has been stripped to a duo. It's only Barnes and Rubin recording with numerous guests. Lloyd Maines produced the album and he plays on it. Barnes writes all of the songs these days. Remember "Shit Creek" from the 1992 release *Delusions Of Banjer?* They might be recording for a more traditional bluegrass label these days and they might be using someone other than the Butthole Surfer's Paul Leary to produce the records, but the sarcasm remains in place. "I'm Goin' Back To Mom and Dad" describes baby boomer failure in the competitive job market. "I'm Convicted" is obvious. "Brand New Hat" is where Barnes and Rubin team up to play so fast that Bill Monroe rose from the grave and begged them to slow the hell down. There's your thrash. This time out they even do some traditional covers. "Doin' My Time" was written by Jimmie Skinner and Merle Travis wrote "Cannonball Rag." The first cover is actually "A Yid ist Geboren inz Oklahoma" and that piece brings gypsy to the full plate. "Doin' My Time" takes the Bad Livers back to the days when they used to cover Metallica in bluegrass fashion. The twist is covering bluegrass in Metallica fashion. "Cannonball Rag" is jazz, "Anna Lee" is bluegrass and the hidden track is all improvisation. But I've leaped ahead of myself. Of equal interest is a bluegrass blues - "Hollywood Blues." Bluegrass blues is a confusing term until the entire "neo-swing" movement is mentioned. The Squirrel Nut Zippers are very familiar with a banjo and Wayne Hancock has used a clarinet more than once on his two albums. Can bluegrass be jazz? Ask Vassar Clements and David Grisman. Rubin's tuba finally finds it's rightful place. Buckle up for a wild ride the rest of the way. Purists still sniff in derision at the Bad Livers music. Punk rockers still don't get the acoustic thing and it takes an open mind to deal with Barne's songwriting and Rubin's ego. To me they just keep getting better. The only thing missing from the eccentric catalog remains a compact disc of their gospel recordings. Maybe that will appear in '99.

—Wee

Belloluna / *Livid and Loving It*
Daemon Records

Daemon is a strange little label operating out of Decatur, Georgia. Belloluna is a strange band from Decatur. The core group numbers five and the leader is the piano man John C. Brand. Horns, strings, a glockenspiel and a chorus of backing vocalists joined the recording session. The result falls outside the cracks. Elements of jam-on are present and the novelty song isn't a stranger. "Drama Queen" describes a crystal meth female. "I Wanna Be Like Martha Stewart" has obvious subject matter. Brand writes songs pondering moonbeams, Valentine's Day, polite conversation, mood swings, new age religion, choosing love over loneliness, doctors and tarot cards. Read between the lyrical lines to discover a gentleman penning songs as therapy. The mood swings, the tarot cards, the telephone conversations, power crystals, sex toys, doctor's orders and Martha Stewart dreams all add up to psychological uneasiness. Belloluna is a band constantly on the brink of a jam. It never happens. Neo-swing, ska, funk and cocktail jazz are other musical forms on the tip of the tongue. Billy Joel, Elton John or Ben Folds Five are further musical associates lacking the tongue-in-cheek. As the final note of the final song fades away Belloluna can only receive comparisons to the Squirrel Nut Zippers. The group is that eccentric and if *Livid And Loving It* ever attracted mass notice Belloluna would become leaders in the "nouveau," "neo," cabaret movement.

—Wee



DIVAS EXOTICA / Various Artists
Capitol

Since the popularity of women is at an all-time high, and lounge music is fairly popular these days, this compilation was destined to happen. I'm surprised it took so long.

Full of debutantes old enough to be my grandma, they're doing tracks recorded mostly in the 50's. Starts with Ann-Margaret doing *Sondheim's Let Me Entertain You* and then the excellent Josephine Baker doing *Don't Touch My Tomatoes*. It's a good one. Marlene Dietrich's *Near You* is a little boring, but that's okay because the disc gets better. *Je Me Donne A Qui Me Plait* by Brigitte Bardot is great. In English, that means, I give myself to

whom I please. Uh okay. Billie Holiday's *Do Your Duty* is obviously great.

My personal favorite on this album is by the multi-talented Maya Angelou and her version of *Since Me Man Has Done Gone and Went*. The always nasty Eartha Kitt does a great *Let's Misbehave*. On *Go, Go Calypso*, we find out that Mamie Van Doren definitely can't sing worth a shit.

Other divas include Jayne Mansfield, Edith Piaf, Astrud Gilberto, Marilyn Monroe, Shirley Bassey, Carmen Miranda, Yma Sumac, Sophia Loren and Nina Simone, who is featured twice, on *Forbidden Fruit* and *Feeling Good*.

This compilation is a pretty good one, as far as these go. Something for everybody. Especially gramma.

—Q.H.

Cowboy Nation
Coconut Grove Records

Cowboy Nation is Tony and Chip Kinman, forever known for their work with Rank and File, but also memorable for *BlackBird*. There is also the small matter of the Dils, a San Francisco punk rock band from the '70s. In 1998 the Kinman's are doing acoustic folk-cowboy music. Although both *No Depression* and *Crossroads* (an indie label/retailer/trade journal) have given Cowboy Nation some press the music doesn't fit the wide

span of either. The album is campfire cowboy songs as if the setting were a '60s coffee house instead of a lone prairie. "Cowboy Nation" and "The Blizzard" are like something Warner Western or Shanachie might release in an attempt to capture the attention of PBS yuppies planning a visit to Elko's cowboy poetry festival. "Way Out West," "Old Paint" and "Remember the Alamo," in spite of the Western themed titles, are urban-sounding singer-songwriter. "Revolution" is the where Dils reference applies. The Dils were associated with Jello Biafra, a San Francisco leftist of some note, and the song is a prairie damnation of the state of the nation. Further confounding the proceedings is a cover of "Cowboy's Lament." "The Blizzard" is a Harlan Howard composition and "Cowboy's Lament" is a staple of the Elko crowd. What in the hell San Francisco punks are doing covering such fodder is questionable. In the end the biggest question emerging from the recording is, "What if Robert Earl Keene, Guy Clark and Michael Martin Murphy had grown up as brothers and played in a California punk rock band?"

—Wee

Dale Watson and His Lone Stars
The Truckin' Sessions / Koch

Hardcore honky tonk music is a form of punk today. There are so many ex-punk rockers involved with coun-

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try music that a live show is a good spot to gather tattoo photographs. Dale Watson is not an ex-punk rocker. He's a honky tonk singer. This album was originally issued on a cassette. Truck drivers still listen to cassettes and if a survey were done I'll wager that truck stops are one of the top cassette retailers in the nation. All of the songs are truck driving songs. Dale Watson is a Texan with a lot of Bakersfield in him. For this album he's doing truckin' songs like a honky tonking Merle Haggard and Buck Owens, but not always. "Heaven In Baltimore" is a complete tribute to the Bakersfield sound performed by a truck driver with a woman in Baltimore. Watson is a '90s trucker and he isn't doing C.W. McCall novelty truck driving songs. "Have You Got It On" is a CB song. CB songs were a stupid fad. Watson's version is a male trucker spottin' a female trucker and

trying to set something up over the CB. Watson addresses all the intricacies of long-haul life. There is one about trying to get home, there's one about a flat tire, there's one about how hard the road is, there's another about CB arrangements to engage in sexual activity, there's a coffee song, there's some swing and Dale Watson is another one of those poor, pure honky tonkers just tryin' to make living playing country music when the audience wants slick, pumped up, soft California country-rock. The saddest part of the entire mega-buck country music industry is that none of the poor bastards in the audience realizes that the music they love ain't country.

—Wee

The Phantom Surfers and Davie Allan / Skaterhater / Lookout

Take "Blues Theme" and re-title it "Curb Job (Skaterhater Overture)," take "Louie Louie," remove the vocals and title it "Sidewalk City." Those are the compact disc's two opening songs. Davie Allan's guitar has never been imitated. Derek Dickerson produced the project on 1-track at Ecco-Fonic studios. Place this knowledge together with an instrumental cover of "Sheena Was A Punk Rocker," the actual "Blues Theme" rendered with vocals and discover a classic disc for discerning readers. The disc is a concept/soundtrack album. Davie Allan is a

concept/soundtrack guy. The tale begins in 1966, surprisingly the same year the original "Blues Theme" appeared on the soundtrack of Wild Angels and coincidentally on an extremely rare vinyl platter by Davie Allan & the Arrows. "Murder Can Be Fun" is "Fun, Fun, Fun." "Polyurethane" is what is wrong with my hands. Those involved with the manufacture and installation of "wheels" for the skater nation need to take appropriate safety measures. Breathing that stuff will cripple you and I am not kidding! In 1998 Davie is the Blue Angel himself. The minions are not bikers, but skateboarders banned from the streets by downtown businessmen/women. In the end, just as the modern skateboarders are about to be vanquished by the property owners the Blue Angel appears to save the day. The Phantom Surfers are without question formidable surf-type musicians, but Davie Allan has that fuzz thing, that fuzz thing no one has ever imitated and that fuzz thing, at least to those who have loved him since back in the day, is the reason this album rises from the temperature inversion of the valley to the heights of Park City, Utah. Davie Allan is like unto Link Wray and Dick Dale. Give him his due for he was as original and as inimitable as either of those icons.

—Wee

decided that it was time for a new project and thus Hope Blister was born. The difference from TMC is that all these various members do is cover versions. Plus, there are fewer members on this project. Louise Rutkowski returns to do some vocals. Bass is done by Laurence O'Keefe, who works with Dark Star, Heidi Berry and Levitation. The string section is watched over by Audrey Riley.

One of the standouts is the second track, originally by Berry, called Only Human. Sweet Unknown, originally by the Cranes is also a good one. The other covers are of David Sylvian, Brian Eno, Slow Blow, Chris Knox, Neil Halstead and John Cale.

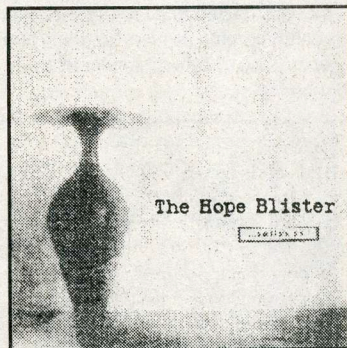
If you were TMC fans the first time around, there's no reason why you wouldn't love this. They're also planning an instrumental album soon.

—Q.H.

**Devil In A Woodpile
Bloodshot Records**

There are so many revivals underway at the present time that confusion runs rampant. The late '90s are closer to the '60s than anyone realizes. Every style of music imaginable has appeared and the big difference between the decades is the cliquish nature of the audience. From ska to punk to rockabilly to swing to country to metal - every one needs a uniform. I can't imagine Devil In A Woodpile's audience dressing up like Depression era Okies, sharecroppers or Appalachian hillbillies. Maybe they'll just dress like hippies? Devil In A Woodpile, for lack of a better term, is a jug band. They are the first of two jug bands reviewed this issue. The instruments are vocals, harmonica, washboard, jug, kick drum, National steel guitar, acoustic guitar, upright bass, ukulele, and tuba. The individuals covered are Sonny Boy Williamson, Sleepy John Estes, Big Bill Broonzy, Leon McAuliffe/Merle Travis/Cliffie Stone, and some other folks. It appears that Devil In A Woodpile doesn't realize that John Lee Williamson was the original Sonny Boy because "Good Morning School Girl" is credited to Sonny Boy Williamson and "Whiskey Headed Blues" is credited to John Lee Williamson.

These boys take some tunes from fairly modern sources and play them as if they were Gus Cannon's Jug Stompers leading the Warlocks with Leon Redbone and Mark Rubin of the Bad Livers sitting in. Old timey string band blues with ragtime and gypsy jazz covering Western swing as if they'd just discovered a stack of race, hillbilly and French import 78s at the Goodwill store buried beneath a mound of clothes donated to Mr. Natural, the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, Fritz the Cat - and hauled the entire load up to a pot farming commune in a Chicago squat. After a

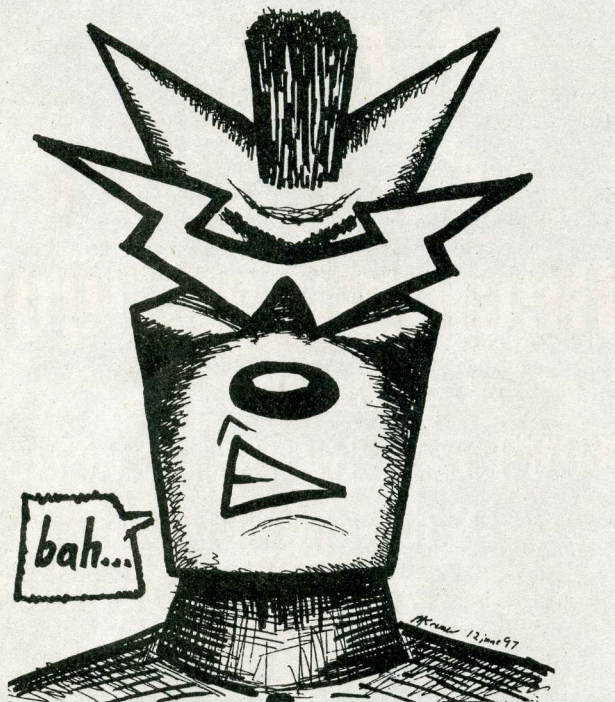


**THE HOPE BLISTER / Smiles o.k.
4AD/Mammoth**

The Hope Blister is described as a sequel to This Mortal Coil. TMC was basically a supergroup of members of various 4AD bands. It had no permanent or fixed personnel, just basically who was around at the time or interested in the current project. Members of Throwing Muses, Pixies, Dead Can Dance and the Breeders contributed to various songs.

TMC released three albums that were met with critical approval. On these albums, they would either do songs that were written collectively, or sometimes they were cover versions. Tim Buckley, Chris Bell, Gene Clark and Rodney Crowell were among some of the singer-songwriters that had songs covered. These new interpretations were among the best of the TMC output.

4AD founder Ivo Watts-Russell



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decade where every jam-on band in a tie-dyed T-shirt pretended to worship the '60s the '60s are really back with the jug bands. "Steel Guitar Rag" features hot picking and washboard rhythm. "Some Day Baby" features harmonica, ukulele, tuba and vocals as time-worn as a Bob Wills whoop. There isn't the slightest thing new about the genre represented. American folk music doesn't have to be singer/songwriters and Devil In A Woodpile has one of those in the midst. Does the name Paul K spark a memory? Devil In A Woodpile's Paul K isn't the one you're thinking of. This Paul K plays both National steel and acoustic guitars while contributing backing vocals.

—Wee

Doc & Merle Watson
Home Sweet Home / Sugarhill

Thank technology for the recording. In 1967 Doc Watson gave his son his first banjo. Five months later they made a home recording of Merle Watson playing banjo backed by his father's guitar and vocals. In 1998 Sam Bush, Marty Stuart, Alan O'Bryant, and T. Michael Coleman completed the tape. Merle died in 1986. Daddy Doc is still alive to enjoy the recording. T. Michael Coleman produced. I get the rare audiophile searching for something to prick up his ears at my day job. These folks are usually questing after Chesky and Sheffield Labs material or some such thing. As a cliché they usually miss the boat because Sugarhill has a catalog of the most cleanly produced recordings in the business. *Home Sweet Home* isn't any different. Merle was 18, Doc was 44. All evidence of the home aspect is removed from the commercially available result. The overdubbing is so seamlessly intergrated that the recording sounds like a studio job. The tunes are mostly standards; the pickin' is relief for tired ears. Merle rips up a storm. If they'd only done "Cotton Eyed Joe" the line dancers could retire their fat butts to a bench. As it stands "Old Joe Clark" is the tune to flabbergast the matching garish patterns adopted as attire in the wake of Garth Brooks. Buck dancing is appropriate and *Home Sweet Home* is likely to turn up as the soundtrack to a rural Utah clogging assembly at the only school house in town. Molested females will show some leg and arose the passions of their male kinfolk. Even in '67 they were more developed than that in North Carolina. Audiophile fools are invited as are bluegrass fools of the purists variety. Anyone with an open music mind in search of stunning music owes it to themselves to at least have a listen.

—Wee

Full / *Hotdogwater Cocktail*
ACME Entertainment

This one is easy. Full is a trio of pop punkers. The group has important thoughts they would like the rest of the world to know. Two examples stand-out, both are taken from Fred's (Fred Morg, vocals/bass) page of lyrical analysis. Fred states that the song "Music Critics," "Rails on the media for thinking that they control the tastes of the record buying public. How can a middle-aged editor in a posh, Manhattan office have a real sense of what a 16-year old skater in Bozeman, Montana wants to hear." The answer is he can't, but media is more than middle-aged editors. A peek at the *Billboard* magazine's "Top 200 Album Chart" reveals that the media does indeed control what a 16-year old skater in Bozeman, Montana wants to hear. The radio media and the MTV media are far more powerful than a middle-aged editor and that kid in Bozeman buys what they tell him to at Wal-Mart, if Wal-Mart hasn't censored the "product" from the store. Fred's second analysis is correct. The song is "Fads." Fred says, "Mocks the seemingly suicidal teens who are actually living a more charmed life than most of the world. These upper middle-class suburbanites have tried to popularize rebellion and angst simply because they think it's trendy." Look at the *Billboard* "Top 200 Album Chart" again and discover that gangsta rap remains popular with white suburban teenagers. Yes, they are living in a poverty stricken ghetto where gangsta life is a means of survival. It's a fantasy world I don't want to experience.

In the end Full is another pop punk band competing against a few thousand bands with a similar sound. They play the form well, but the only way they'll receive any attention is by getting in the van and visiting that 16-year old skater in Bozeman personally. I'm sure Full knows that too.

—Wee

Geoff Muldaur
The Secret Handshake / Hightone

The disc's title had me trembling in fear. How does this guy know about the "secret handshake"? Does he have a temple recommend? I don't have one, but someone with one taught me the handshake. There is a secondary aspect involved with writing about such a disc. Geoff Muldaur doesn't fit the niche. He isn't an aging punk rocker, he isn't playing heavy metal and he doesn't record for a major label. He is saved by his past. Jug bands are of interest this month and Muldaur used to record with Jim Kweskin's Jug Band. Muldaur has also recorded with Garcia! His career, as his presence in the Kweskin ensemble reveals, began in the Cambridge folk and blues scene. The disc's liner notes describe in great detail how deeply involved he was. Muldaur sings a Sleepy John Estes tune, "Someday Baby," and the liner

notes give a brief history of Estes as well as Muldaur reminiscing about partying with him. Leadbelly, Vera Hall, Walter Davis and even Dock Boggs appear. Muldaur writes a song in tribute to Blind Lemon Jefferson, he covers a fife and drum trio, he visits New Orleans and he sings gospel. Attempts to replicate the originals are left to others. Muldaur isn't recreating the past; he is singing songs he loves in a modern setting. Amos Garrett, Richard Greene, Stephen Bruton, Kaz Kazanoff and David Grisman are a few of the "name" contributing musicians. *The Secret Handshake*, to me, symbolizes how far American's have drifted from their past. Vera Hall, Walter Davis and Dock Boggs are names familiar to Europeans and forgotten in the United States. If nothing else Muldaur's disc can serve as an introduction. Maybe a few encountering it will search out the original sources.

—Wee



HONKY TOAST / Whatcha Gonna Do Honky? / 550 Music

Here's a band who is more than a little psychotic. When they ain't driving hot rods or shoplifting beer or picking their noses, they manage to put a little music together.

They are obviously hugely influenced by the Rolling Stones, but sound a helluva lot like the Black Crowes. With a little G n R in the mix.

My favorite tracks are the rockin High School Burnout and I Wanna Be on Welfare, where the band bitches about the fact that they're not getting a fair shake. I don't know why they would bitch, food stamps don't buy beer, anyway.

On California, the band sounds a lot like Van Halen. Good Van Halen. Not bad Van Halen.

A pretty enjoyable debut for these guys.

—Q.H.

James Armstrong / Dark Night
Hightone

James Armstrong was at the brink of success when fate intervened. He was stabbed and his left hand was partially paralyzed as he defended his home from an intruder. *Dark Night* is his "recovery" album. His hand is still healing. Partial paralysis is hardly a

good thing, but in Armstrong's case some good resulted. He learned to play slide guitar to compensate. His slide playing is as clean and as tone-filled as the pyrotechnics he demonstrated all over the 1996 release, *Sleeping With A Stranger*.

The closest Armstrong gets to the attack in song is "Lil' James." The attacker tossed Armstrong's baby son off a second story balcony. "Lil' James" is where Armstrong expresses how much he loves the child, who survived the experience. Armstrong is a blues singer in love. "Bank Of Love," "What I Would Do (For Your Love)," "Can't Get Off Your Love (Heaven Help Me)" — love songs are the heart of the disc. "Slender Man Blues" is Armstrong convincing the ladies of his ability at love. "Dark Night," "Too Many Misses For Me," "Here For The Music" and "Trouble On The Home Front" have bluer themes. Armstrong is aided by his guitarist Michael Ross, Joe Louis Walker and Doug MacLeod. Walker is especially present when his soloing enters "Standing In Your Way." Keyboards are provided by Paris Bertollicci. Hammond B-3 improves any blues album. The other guest is Kenny Baker on saxophone. I'm sorry to note that modern blues is the format. Don't look for James Armstrong if the chart topping, crossover, blues-rock of teenagers is of interest.

—Wee

Monkey Mafia / Shoot The Boss
Arista

Jon Carter, Monkey Mafia's leader, has a background in an experimental, acid-dropping rock band. His past fries are used to maximum benefit on *Shoot The Boss*. In most cases shooting the boss is an excellent idea. In the case of Monkey Mafia, *Shoot The Boss* is the title of their CD. After the experimental rock band disbanded Carter became a DJ. He attained fame for several singles and went on to remix efforts by names as familiar as The Prodigy, Kula Shaker and Supergrass. The Prodigy and Supergrass work has yet to appear. Jon went on tour with The Prodigy and began producing records using the Monkey Mafia name. Today Monkey Mafia is not a DJ. Carter does the keyboards, Dougie is the MC, First Rate scratches, Dan plays bass and Tom plays drums. In the modern world reggae has become ragga. Dub is a favored technique as far removed from the Jamaican origins as ska. Place the compact disc in a player to discover some science of a spy nature, presented most effectively as the instrumental backing "Work Me Body." Dancehall diva Patra is used for the sampled vocal portion. Dub is the single uniting factor of *Shoot The Boss*. All manner of sound effects are used in one spot or another. The compact disc booklet depicts numerous police and army agents of the state

CD REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

engaged in repressive actions. Song titles and the few clear lyrical snatches emerging from the dub and acid inspired "music" reveal another artist dissatisfied with the world as it presently exists. When planning to ingest psychoactive chemicals and plot against the government, or simply the boss, while never rising from the couch and attempting physical action at least fuel the plots with entertaining background music. Feminists can tune in to "Metro Love," potheads can enjoy "Healing Of The Nation," anarchists will take to "Ward 10," and the boss can fear "Retreat Wicked Man." Hope for the future, whatever future remains after Y2K has shut down every computer in the world, except the Macintosh, is offered by the "I saw God on LSD" gospel anthem "Long As I Can See The Light."

—Wee

SuperKreme ACME Entertainment

It seems senseless to write a review of a band like SuperKreme. It isn't that the disc is bad because it isn't. The group entered the CMJ top 200 adds at #10. SuperKreme is receiving college radio play nationwide and commercial stations in Washington, D.C., Philadelphia and Albany have jumped on the music. There is the difficulty. Salt Lake City still doesn't have college radio. I can write all day and all night about college radio bands and in the end it all becomes like a Helen Wolf quote, "love of music that can only be found in a trade-in bin for \$1.99." Where in the hell can a Salt Lake City resident find a copy of SuperKreme? In a \$1.99 trade-in bin and absolutely no place else. That copy isn't mine either.

Mitch Easter produced the album. Mitch Easter used to produce R.E.M. but that was before anyone had heard of them. Mitch Easter also produced the Connells, Game Theory, Moose, Pavement, Oh-OK and a host of other critically acclaimed, commercially unsuccessful bands. Easter played with the Sneakers, Let's Active and Velvet Crush. He contributed to albums by Don Dixon and Marti Jones. Easter doesn't mess with artists who are less than brilliant. Brilliant rarely translates to successful. Every

now and then a jangly power-pop ditty manages to break-out and capture the ears of mindless masses. Nearly always a massive marketing campaign is behind the success story. R.E.M. didn't go multi-platinum until after abandoning I.R.S. and signing with Warner Bros. That was years after their involvement with Easter.

SuperKreme is trademark Easter. The band is just as responsible as the producer. The line-up is a four-piece with a male/female, double guitar/vocal attack. It's the stuff of power pop dreams. "Swerve" is the up tempo polished rock and "Mary Jane" is a ballad no less brilliant. Other worthy numbers are "Letter Goes Nowhere," "Dream Girl" and "Niagara." Song topics dwell on relationships and the joys/difficulties such matters create. The female portion, Susan Rasche, has the more pleasing voice. The male portion, Matt Sobol, is at his best when Rasche joins for the harmonies. Shimmering, glistening pop songs of short duration fill the disc. The band is at the top of their local Ohio heap. As cynical as it sounds the only way they'll have an impact in Salt Lake City is if they land on a big tour and make a huge impression when they perform.

—Wee



Blondie / No Exit / Beyond Records

They're back. The originals. The band that many have tried to copy. The band whose four #1 singles, Heart of Glass, Call Me, The Tide is High, and Rapture you have heard so many times that you hate them. Here's a little piece of data to make you old fans of Blondie feel a little old (the new fans won't care). They are in their 50's. Yes, that's right, probably the second oldest band still going (after the Stones).

And, they sound pretty damn good. The thing I always liked about Blondie was their diverse style. Calypso, rap, punk, funk, pop they did it all and mixed it together quite well. Parallel Lines, if you don't already own it's a must. This is where to originally find Heart of Glass, as well as Buddy Holly's I'm Gonna Love You Too. Other classics on this album are Hanging on the Telephone and a song Motley Crue stole from them, Don't Go Away Mad (Just Go Away).¹ Pick

this one up if you don't already own it, and also recommended are Autoamerican and Eat to the Beat.

This reunion seemed inevitable-if you recall a couple years back, they released a greatest hits, a remixed album and also a slew of re-released singles. Perhaps all of that inspired them to get together again. Maybe they realized the love never died.

This album actually reminds me of old Blondie, still diverse, still alternative, but it sure does sound much better than most of the alterna-rock that's out at the moment. They sound like old Blondie on Nothing is Real But the Girl, Night Wind Sent, and Under the Gun. Out in the Streets sounds like the new version of Sunday Girl. The first track, Screaming Skin has a slight calypso/reggae edge to it. Forgive and Forget is a new-wave dance song. Double Take is the slow song on the album. The song with a disco title, Boom Boom in the Zoom Zoom Room actually has no dance beat, it's lounge music. Divine is CO-written by Kathy Valentine, who was with the Go-Go's. The final track, Dig Up the Conjo is pretty silly.

The two initial singles are the two really great tracks. Maria is obviously the most radio-friendly song on the album. You've no doubt heard it a thousand times by the time you read this. Look for a single full of remixes soon. The other single is the title track, a hard rap with Deborah Harry and Coolio on vocals. Look for a single on that one soon, as well.

Blondie has definitely returned to see if they can have their 15 minutes of fame with a whole new generation. They shouldn't have a problem.

—Q.H.

Mary Cutrufello When The Night Is Through / Mercury

The obvious comparisons are to Tracy Chapman since Mary Cutrufello is black and she's playing music in the white world. I always thought that Cutrufello was from Texas because the first music I encountered from her came from that state. I learned, and I don't have the help of a press kit, that she is from a place farther north. The disc doesn't fit a category. Most of the time it's easy to place a recording in a neat little box. Cutrufello fits in the rock box. She rips through the two opening numbers, "Sunny Day" and "She Can't Let Go," before entering the realm where I first encountered her. "Sweet Promise Of Love" is a country rocker complete with background singers, lyrics of barroom drinking and an unrealized expectation. By now it is evident that the dreadlocks favored by Cutrufello don't mean Lenny Kravitz, although the opening to "Tired and Thirty" is straight out of the Beatles back catalog. When the lyrics kick in the reference is more Willie/Gram/Waylon/Merle

than Lennon and the song is Texas. To bad the length is 6:10 because track 4 is the best of the album and 6:10 length ain't making it to commercial radio.

—Wee

Texas Terri & The Stiff Ones Eat Shit / Burning Tree Records

In the great tradition of the Ramones, The Donnas and the Runaways comes Texas Terri. The band might be male but the singer is female and that is the reason for dropping female names. The genre is three chord punk rock. Simple, mindless music for luckless louts and losers. Texas Terri makes several perfect statements. The first appears during "Holy Ghost." "I'm on the bad credit list, I'm tired of this joke - Light me a smoke." The next is from "Sad Life." "My mama killed and cooked the family cat/She served me breakfast in bed/My mama told me I would die young from being sad in the head/My daddy kicked and beat my moma so bad I was glad when the police shot him dead." Welcome to America 1998, the year this was released.

"Cave Woman" is another good one. "Your species seems to be weak/My grunts say more than the words you speak/No, no Uh!/I might club me a boy tonight and take him back to my cave/I won't be surprised if he doesn't get spoiled by my cave woman ways/No, no Uh!" The best lyric of all is, "Stop looking at me/You're giving me a Slurpee headache." Punk rock for high school dropouts, fast food workers, helmet wearing, velcro instead of shoelaces, no brain losers. That's why the album is so damn good. Simple, stupid music totally lacking in production or redeeming qualities wins every single time. If Texas Terri & the Stiff Ones ever visit Utah be sure to make the trip to Provo. There is the slightest of all chances that the basement of DV8 might book them. Otherwise the sole remaining venue for trashy music is ABG's in Provo. But then again, the opening track is an answering machine message from a disgruntled band member tired of playing for four people. Maybe they'll perform in Salt Lake City after all!

—Wee

Zero Parade / ACME Entertainment

Zero Parade is the second power pop combo from the ACME Entertainment group. The reviews accompanying the disc made me happy to not work in other areas of "the business." Praise was as common as the phrase "major label." As I stated with SuperKreme, it takes major label marketing muscle to break power pop. If such as The Band Report and CDNow praise the record with an asterisk attached, even with the power wielded by such high profile presence, what influence can a lowly hack in

SLUG have? Gender bias is a contributing factor. SuperKreme has the better record due to the female vocals. Zero Parade has the better harmonies and "Keep It Inside" is more experimental than anything on SuperKreme's disc. The lyrics, "I've got a web page and I've got a dot.com" are choice, if only relevant for the next six months. Zero Parade stick with a three minute format, a format they work very well for the most part. Tunes such as the mid-tempo "Andy Graham" are tedious enough at just over the three minute mark. Mid-tempo is not Zero Parade's realm. When they rev it up and play with the "Farmer's Daughter," a direct tribute to the Beatles, that's when the disc is most enjoyable. The closer, "Weight Of The World," brings some punk abrasion to the party. Would I buy it? Maybe if it turned up in Helen Wolf's \$1.99 bin. Of course those \$1.99 bins can turn huge investment profits when a band like Zero Parade becomes famous with one hit single.

—Wee



Various Electronica: **SQUAREPUSHER, JIM MASTERS, BIG DIRTY BEATS 2, THE BOWLING GREEN, KODO AND AUTECHRE**
Nothing, Moonshine and Red Ink

Squarepusher-Budakhan Mindphone-Third release in as many months for this band, which is actually a solo project. He refers to it as experimental un-drum and bass or psychedelic fusion drumming. I'm not really sure what that all means. He also says his music will remind you of that wistful calm after 72 hours of sleep deprivation. Big Dirty Beats 2-Bigger Dirtier Beats-The big beat refers to music that is organically electronic, big noisy hip-hop break beats with funk basslines and rock riffs, somewhere along the lines of the Prodigy, the Chemical Brothers and Fatboy Slim. The first volume of this was met with large critical acclaim, and this one will be also. Not a boring track here, but the Afrika Bambaataa and Wiseguys tracks are the most instantly memorable. Jim Masters-The Sound of Ultimate B.A.S.E. 2-Second release in this series, a continual DJ mix. Starts slowly with tracks by Warp Spider and Christopher Just and then gradu-

ally gets better. Not as highly recommended as the first volume by Carl Cox, but pretty good.

The Bowling Green-One Pound Note-Another interesting project from Nothing. This album combines electronic music of the 70's, (disco), 80's (new-wave), and the 90's.

One minute this one will have you shaking your ass and wanting to head to a disco, the next minute, scratching your head, saying, what the fuck. By the way, that means I thought it was pretty good.

Ko-Do-Sai-so-The Remix Project-Interesting, at least most of it. Ko-do's drums remixed and deconstructed with a little help from DJ Krush and Bill Laswell. Worth buying, if only for the Laswell stuff.

Autechre-Peel Sessions-3 track, 25 minute single by the duo of Sean Booth and Rob Brown. This is experimental, noisy-as-fuck electronica, somewhere in the vein of Richard D. James Apex Twin projects. Very noisy, but one of their more listenable projects.

—Q.H.

¡TchKunG! / *Incite - A Soundtrack for Post World Insurrection*
Post-World Industries

"Khat" is the first true song and these are the opening lyrics. "The streets are awash with heads of bleating sheep/their wallets we harvest." Next on the menu is "Smash Things Up." Here is a lyrical snatch. "Macdonalds and Burger King, oh to smash it up/Coca cola and pepsi, oh to smash it up/burn the fucking limousine/Bill Gates has 50 billion, most of us don't have a cent." These thoughts are followed by a song more relevant to the Utah experience titled "Tegucigalpa." "Let me tell you the story of little Mollie May/Her stepfather taught her special games they could play/The man was a preacher, made her swear not to tell...Fifteen ran away, Mollie traveled the world/She was bold, unafraid, and adventurous girl/In the course of her journey she learned many skills/But in Tegucigalpa she learned how to kill/She returned home, it was Christmas Eve/Her stepfathers eyes were too wide to believe/He went for the door, she went for her knife/And slowly she ended her stepfathers life." The grammatical and spelling errors are not mine. I copied from the lyric sheet, sorry! "FeralCore," and "Nomadology" are two tribal jams appearing before the tale of Mollie May. ¡TchKunG! is a collective of anarchists and revolutionaries creating music from their home in Seattle, Washington. Their instruments are, in some cases, homemade from society's scrap. G. Filastine plays metalaphonic scrap in addition to the more traditional snare drum. Reverend Lazlo Foo.Bar also plays scrap metal.

Reverend Sun makes noise as well as contributing bass, samples, percussion, programming and sequences. Rick Tahoma Wilson is credited with power tools, vocals and other contributions to the collective. Devon Cecily is the voice of female reasoning and she is the violinist. ¡TchKunG! takes Crass a step beyond. Chaos describes "New Earth Rising." "Picture Of The Riotzone" is sampled reports from radio and television news broadcasts describing riots. Presumably some members of ¡TchKunG!'s group were involved. "New Earth" is an inflammatory call to revolt and "Achmed's New Nikes" is more rhythmic chaos describing a successful marketing campaign for a product manufactured using slave labor. Nike is a metaphor for material possessions of all sorts. A ¡TchKunG! live experience is more than sheep can deal with. Fires, welding, dancing - it is primeval. The disc is the same. Materials for further indoctrination are available in the Post World Industries Catalog. When writing include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Post World Industries, c/o ¡TchKunG!, 1122 E. Pike St. Dept. 949, Seattle WA 98122.

—Wee

Tito and Tarantula
Hungry Sally and Other Killer Lullabies / Cockroach Records
More songs of blood and swirling

vortices of insanity from Tito Larriva. The second album from Tito and Tarantula, *Hungry Sally and Other Killer Lullabies*, is no disappointment, as sophomore efforts often are. The potent lyrics and narcotic melodies that populated *Tarantism* are here again to torment and titillate. "Hungry Sally," the album's namesake, is a gargantuan "miracle" with an insatiable appetite. "Betcha Can't Play" is a goofy semi-instrumental number, an emasculated "Angry Cockroaches," if you will. "Pieces of Time All in a Line" has Larriva telling stories about his bandmates/friends. It leads into a hidden track one of the best songs on the album that I will christen "Crucified." The overall sound of the album is slightly subdued in comparison to that of *Tarantism*, though. Not to take anything away from the band they have maintained their potency, it's just more carefully administered. Drummer Nick Vincent and multi-instrumentalist Lyn Bertles have left the band, leaving Boingo's Johnny Vatos" Hernandez to the drum chores, and Petra Haden listed here as a guest, but the website has reported that she has enlisted to tour has taken over for Bertles. The band will embark on a tour this spring and are considering Salt Lake City as a stop. See them.

—Randy Harward



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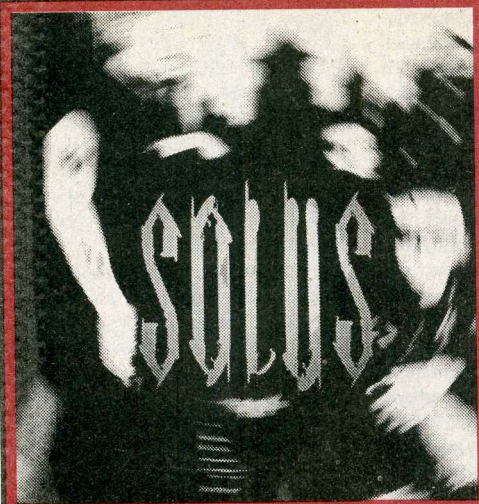
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SLUG / March 99 29



SOLVS

I Recently had the chance to speak with Will Korbut, vocalist for the band Solus. Solus, out of Toronto, Ontario is currently among the ranks of the unsigned, but their skills as musicians and their music business acumen is paying off with the increased exposure of the band throughout the industry. On the day I talked to Will, the band was gearing up to take part in a show that was billed as a label launch for Utopian Vision. Ed Balog, formerly with Black Mark Productions has formed the Utopian Vision

label in Canada and plans on releasing future albums from Solus. For now, Solus is making a go of it on their own, but in terms of the contacts they are making and the quality of music they are putting out, they are doing quite well for themselves from my point of view. I was so impressed with the three song e.p., *OUR FROSTING HELL* released by Solus at the end of 1998, that I included it in my "Best Of Blood" list for the year. The band's EP, sandwiched in between releases from *Defleshed* and *Sinister* was my stamp of approval and wake up call to anyone that doesn't know about this band to find out. Will was also pleased to see his band sharing space within the pages of "Written In Blood" with another band of Canadianites (even I don't know if that's really a word) Cryptopsy. One aspect of *OUR FROSTING HELL* that really got my attention was the range of the song writing. The three songs from the EP go from almost clean to total over-the-top death metal. Future plans for Solus include the release of their new 10 song full-length, *UNIVERSAL BLOODSHED*. According to Will, the new release will be available through Relapse Records mail order or through the Solus web page at www.skinmask.com/solus/. Maybe if we're lucky, we'll be able to get a few copies of the CD in The Heavy Metal Shop (I'll keep you

posted on the availability of the release). I wondered if the *UNIVERSAL BLOODSHED* would feature the same progressive vision that the band has displayed in the past. Will commented, "The new full-length goes from deep cannibal-like vocals up to screaming *SYMPHONIES OF SICKNESS* Carcass vocals to talking to actually singing. We're even doing an acoustic song on this album. There are so many different things on this album that we've never done before, or at least recorded before. We do this stuff all the time but no one hears it because we don't put out albums all the time. Then we do put out an album and people are like "What in the hell is that?!?" Future live performances for Solus include shows with *Overkill* (March 29 in Toronto), *Flotsam And Jetsam* and a tour with *Incantation*. Other live outings Will and Co. are looking forward to are *THE MILWAUKEE METALFEST* in July and *THE MARCH METAL MELTDOWN* being held in New Jersey in... March. Local Salt Lake favorites *Promisques* will also be appearing at the *MELTDOWN*, according to Lori (vocals/guitar) the last time I spoke with her. - There it is, my conversation with Solus in a nutshell. Now all I can do is tell you to kiss it goodbye and prepare for *UNIVERSAL BLOODSHED!!!*

—Forgach

Animal Envy

I saw an opossum by the side of the road. Its innards were strewn and the blood was hewn in a sickly shade of red. This was shortly after the Academy Awards were awarded so I had to see, was this opossum really dead, or was it simply "playing dead" in hopes of winning an Academy.

And then I couldn't help but wonder, how we perceive the animal world. Why is a chipmunk not a monkey and what is so squirrely about a squirrel?

If a beaver was a person, and not just genitalia, would they seek an orthodontist or a damn gynecologist?

Would a zebra like the movie "Stripes"? A leopard need Cascade? Could a chicken flash her breasts and would cocks throw dollar bills to see a poultry on parade?

If a cat walked the streets, looking for a tom or a john, would we say "What a pussy, you're wasting one of your nine lives." Would the pussy's pimp push cat nip?

If Smokey the Bear lit a cigarette, could he sue RJR for the forest fire? If Yogi and Pooh wore no clothes, would they be bare?

Would redwoods, oaks and maples be

deceptive or shady? Could rocks have concerts? Would the earth consider the mountains a blemish and use Retin-A? Would valleys be wrinkles and canyons be scars? Is there a surgeon available to nip and tuck? Would all the landscape begin to look the same?

Would Curious George be a Peeping Tom? Would this make Mr. Yellow blue? Would the mockingbird be a stand-up comedian, but fail to make the hyena laugh?

If the animals held a road race, would the giraffe always win by a neck? The rabbit by a hair? Or the toucan by a nose?

If birds carried beepers would they make a peep? If an amoebae had a cell phone would it need mitosis? If a roach wore a Rolex would you go back to his hotel? If a peacock had a Porsche would it need the fancy feathers? If a cheetah wear running shoes, would they be Reebok, Nike, canvas, or leather?

Would every cow move to India and milk it for all it's worth? Would a lion be a vegan and harass the other carnivores?

Would an anteater devour Uncle Sam and the patriotism of war? Could a bee get busted in a police sting? Would a fly on the wall be entertained in my room? If dinosaurs roamed the earth when man called

it home, would they now be extinct again because of the hole in the Ozone?

Would a deer believe in God and light a candle at the pulpit? Or would the deer be content with their crossings and rosary red road kill?

Would sharks shoot pool and play cards? Is a termite's bark worse than its bite? And if there was a "People Circus" how funny would it be if the elephants laughed, when in ring number one, you did a number two?

Would fish drink like Mickey Mantle? Would Mickey Mouse get slipped a Minnie? Would animals have sporting stadiums and then call people "Game"?

Would a rhinoceros get a nose job? And who could give a horse a blow job? Do stallions have interns? Do they take dictation?

If there would have been a mutiny on Noah's Ark or a revolt at every Wild Animal Theme Park, what would be different and what would be the same?

Who knows? Maybe cats would rule the world and people would be disinterested, aloof, easily entertained, sketched out, unneutered and over populating the earth.

—Phil Jacobsen

Subterranean Sect

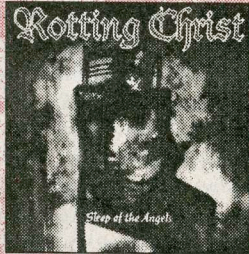


Skinlab
"Disembody: The New Flesh"
 Skinlab return with their second full length release. 10 brand new songs expanding their intense sound with more groove and acceleration than ever before. An album of extreme dimension and sonic power captured by producer Andy Sneap (Machine Head, Stuck Mojo).



Pro-Pain "Act of God"
 Gary Meskil (Crumbsuckers) and co. return with their strongest since their Foul Taste of Freedom debut. Catch them live on tour this spring!

Rotting Christ
"The Sleep Of Angels"
 The latest release from the premiere Greek metal band. Produced by Samael keyboardist Xy, Rotting Christ continue to advance and experiment with their established sound. Out on March 9th.



NAPALM DEATH
"Words From The Exit Wound"
 The true Godfathers of Grind return with their latest full-length, "Words From The Exit Wound". Includes 3 bonus tracks exclusive to the US release! Watch for NAPALM DEATH's U.S. headlining tour beginning March '99!



IRON MONKEY "Our Problem"
 Redefining extreme music as you know it, IRON MONKEY unleash total sonic mayhem with their Earache debut full-length, "Our Problem". Featuring full color, ultra disturbing cover artwork by Mike Diana, "Our Problem" becomes YOUR problem in '99...



Morgion "solinari"
 Solinari possesses an immensely crushing guitar sound and enough somber elegance to enthrone Morgion as the sovereign rulers of epic metal.

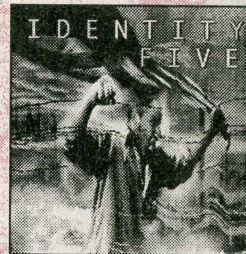
Nile "Amongst the Catacombs of Nephron-Ka"
 Forget Satan...Nephren Ka is the new master of evil Bombastic death grind from the tombs of the pharaohs.



Carnal Forge
"who's gonna burn"
 Grabs ahold of you like a rabid pitbull on crank for a pissed off pummel fest of unrelenting hostility. Ten hymns of hatred in just under 30 minutes!



Dimmu Borgir
"Spiritual Black Dimension"
 Music for souls that need no saving. New masterpiece from one of the premiere black metal outfits on this gray earth! Catch their first staetside attack at the East Coast Meltdown this March!

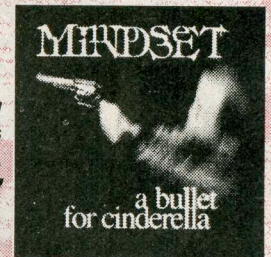


Various Artists "Identity 5-I Defy"
 The latest in the Identity series featuring young up and coming CenturyMedia acts like Cryptopsy, Haste and Turmoil surrounded by the established names of Iced Earth, Skinlab, Nevermore & the Gathering among others. All for only \$3.98 list! Out on March 9th.

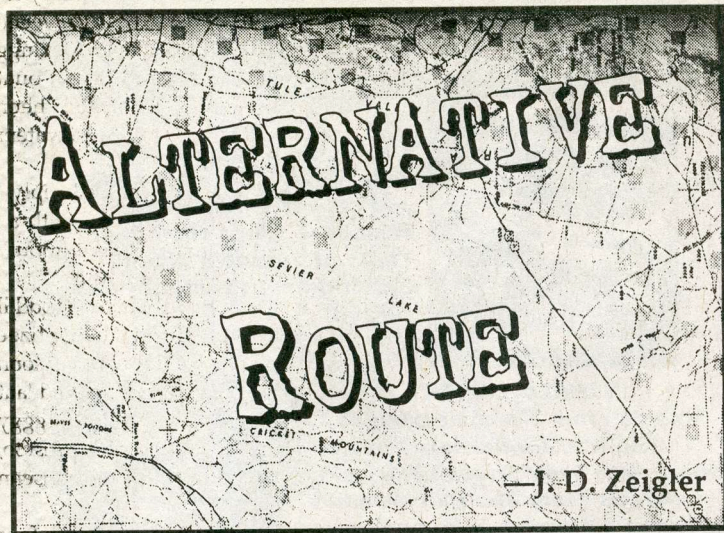
Hypocrisy
"Destroys Wacken"
 Witness the destruction that is Hypocrisy recorded live in Europe. The world invasion continues at this years East Coast Meltdown in March!



Mindset
"Bullet for Cinderella"
 "...Mindset makes music you could kill somebody's mother to, but god damn it, you can sing along with it..."



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Alternate Route will be presented in three parts. This is Part One

Cowboy wasn't thirty miles out of Salt Lake City before he started counting his unhatched chickens. Driving exactly five miles below the speed limit so as not to get stopped by any cops, he calculated his cut from the delivery of the considerable amount of methamphetamines and blotter acid he had stashed in the trunk of his car. He was running the drugs to Nevada. There he would meet his connection in Ely and collect at least a cool grand for the delivery. It would be the easiest money he'd ever made. Since drug shipments out of Salt Lake usually left Utah by way of Interstate 15, Cowboy planned to take State Road 50 instead. He figured nobody would be watching the alternate route into Nevada. At the moment he was heading south on I-15 and would connect to Route 6 in Santaquin. Then, when he reached the isolated town of Delta, he'd take Route 50 the rest of the way to Ely.

The drugs would be dispersed from Ely to the bored and hopeless in the small dead-end desert towns of Nevada and Utah, and to the bored and hopeless in the endlessly optimistic cities of Las Vegas and Reno. They were lucrative markets and this run would be a profitable piece of cake for Cowboy as long as he stayed under the speed limit and didn't attract the attention of the Law. He set the cruise control at sixty, with much regret, for one of his greatest joys was to drive so fast that his car's stirring wheel vibrated.

It was the finest car Cowboy'd ever owned, a second-hand black TransAm. He was inordinately proud of it and called it Diablo. He was inordinately proud of himself too. He thought he was way cool, a modern-day outlaw riding his eight-cylinder steed through the clear Utah night, following the paved-over trails of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Like them, he saw himself as dashing, brave, courageous, and bold, the best of the

West. He was a legend in his own mind. Drug-running, to that same unanalytical mind, was a romantic calling, an expression of every American's God-given right to get completely fucked-up, although he never did drugs himself.

In spite of the wildass gunslinger image he cultivated (hence his self-inflicted nickname), his real name was Jared and a couple of 3.2 beers made him tipsy. Nonetheless, he'd sampled a little crystal before he hit the road just to help him stay awake and alert on the long drive. It was good shit and he was buzzing, doing the arithmetics of how he would spend his cut over and over in his head as he cleared the traffic of Provo. In twenty-two miles, he would leave the world behind at Santaquin as he traveled the seventy (nearly empty) miles to Delta.

Getting bored with the math, like he did all the way through school, Cowboy's thoughts turned to his cargo. Billy ("The Kid"), the guy who had hired Cowboy for this run, had extolled the virtues of the acid tabs Cowboy was carrying. Billy called them "The Golden Tablets," and said that after dropping one, you would talk to God for the rest of your life. Cowboy, having been raised in a very religious family, had had enough of God in his life already and didn't need more, thank you no. He had no plans to sample the acid. Anyway, he believed that God was everywhere whether you wanted to talk to him or not, hanging over the world like a great wet blanket, or a big wet smelly dog. Yeah, that was it, Cowboy thought, God spelled backwards was dog! He chuckled to himself. That sure was a good one. Why hadn't he thought of it before?

"Because it's blasphemy," whispered the guilty voice of his well-churched conscience to his speeding brain. Cowboy shrugged off the idea roughly, as befitting the tough hombre he thought he was, simultaneously peering nervously through the windshield at the vast night sky. The Milky Way arced across the boundless black like a negative image of ink drops spattered on an empty page. The emptiness made Cowboy shiver and wish he had a companion on the journey to Ely. The turnoff for Route 6 was just ahead and the emptiness would only get emptier from then on. Yup, he could sure use some company.

Company was waiting for him in Santaquin at the exit ramp to Route 6. A hitchhiker stood under the last highway light on I-15, backpack in hand, thumb stuck out

stiffly. Soft waves of long golden hair glinted in the warm honey glow of Diablo's halogen highbeams. A woman! Cowboy couldn't believe his luck.

Juggling a cup of coffee and the steering wheel while he slowed down and pulled the TransAm onto the shoulder of the ramp, he couldn't get a good look at her. But that blond hair was enough to send his playmate fantasies from zero to one hundred in less than thirty seconds. Maybe she liked roses and puppies. Maybe her biggest turn-on was cowboys. Maybe she'd fuck him. Hope rose up in Cowboy nearly as fast and hard as his dick did. Making a thousand bucks and getting laid all in the same twenty-four hours! Not often did he get this lucky.

Not often did he get lucky at all, truth be told, so he was nearly hyperventilating with joy and nervousness as he leaned across the stick shift to open the passenger door for the perfect blond sex-goddess who was waiting for him under the moth-encircled highway light. She slipped quietly into the bucket seat without saying a word, although all Cowboy could hear anyway was the pounding of his heart.

In an attempt to appear casual and cool, non-threatening yet macho, Cowboy concentrated on his driving and also said nothing. Skillfully and smoothly (or so he thought) he guided Diablo down the ramp and onto Route 6, burning rubber as he went. Once they left the island of bright lights at the interchange, the dark ribbon of highway unspooled itself before them all the way to the even darker horizon. Still the woman was quiet, and Cowboy, his habitual shyness around all human females who weren't his blood kin beginning to paralyze his brain and vocal cords, was somewhat relieved. He took advantage of the silence to sneak a sidelong look at her. She was bent over, rummaging through the backpack which rested on the floor between her feet. Her head was bowed and her features hidden by a thick screen of yellow hair. To his surprise he saw that she wore a ragged blanket around her shoulders like a shawl. It effectively hid her figure from his lustful eyes. Somehow the shabby blanket gave him courage. She was not Perfection. He would not have to charm and seduce a goddess. Emboldened, he gruffly grunted, "Hi."

At the sound of Cowboy's voice, the woman sat up and turned to him. Although he was nearly blinded by the furious blush which spread across his face like wildfire as soon as he uttered his daring greeting, Cowboy's first look at his companion was a keen lesson in disillusionment. The blond hair, which had shimmered like sunlight when lit by his high beams, had a greenish cast to it all the way up to its dark roots. The fantasy fold-out body appeared hugely pregnant. The nails on the dirty hand that was

waving a happy and frantic reply to his hi, were so gnawed that their tips were scabbed over. The woman's bloated pale face was dirty and her lips were badly chapped. Her eyes, however, were the worst. They were a filmy cataract blue, small, and burned with the intense pinpoint gaze of madness.

Cowboy recoiled in horror and fixed his own sane eyes upon the dark road ahead of him. He was shocked and very disappointed. Sex was out of the question. She was ugly, pregnant, and, from the look in her eyes, crazy to boot. He felt terribly embarrassed also, as if his glimpse of her insanity was a violation, like he was some sort of psychic peeping tom. Funny how it was easier to look at a woman's tits than into her eyes, he thought. But tits don't look back at you.

It crossed his mind he should stop and make her get out of the car while she was still within walking distance of I-15. Then his conscience whined, "She's really pregnant." So instead, he resolved to drop her off in the next town, Elberta, about fifteen miles down the road.

"Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey hey hey hey! What's your name?" The woman spoke, her voice a shrill unsteady warble. Cowboy shrank from its sound, its insanity, and the dirty finger she poked repeatedly into his shoulder to emphasize the "hey's". He fervently wished he could find it in his heart to smack her in the chops and order her to

remain silent or else, but his mother had done too good a job of raising him. Besides, he wasn't sure she'd be properly intimidated. His instincts told him that her insanity would trump any violence or threats from him.

"They call me Cowboy," he replied, using his deepest Marlboro Man voice. At least he wasn't nervous anymore. The pounding of his heart had subsided along with his erection. "And stop poking me like that, will you?" She did, leaving Cowboy suddenly grateful for the small miracles in life. Encouraged, thinking maybe she wasn't so crazy after all, he asked her name. He was immediately inundated by a torrent of logorrhea.

"Mary. Mary Anne. Mary Jane. Mary Christmas. Mary me. Mary Jo. Mary berry. Mary cherry. Mary may. Mary might. Mary high. Mary low. Mary Magdelene. Mary Beth. Mary hairy. Mary Mary quite contrary. Hail Mary. I'm going to name the baby Jesus even if it's a girl 'cause it's God's baby. I did it with God. He chose me. He chose me to have his baby so you have to take me to Lake Sevier 'cause little baby Jesus must be baptized in its holy waters. That's what God told me after we did it." That said, Mary patted her distended stomach with her dirty hands. Underneath her too tight tee shirt, emblazoned with an image of the Road Runner and Wily Coyote, her belly shook like warm jello.

No way would Cowboy take her to Sevier

Lake (even though he would pass right by it on the deserted stretch of Route 50 between Delta and the Nevada border)! No fucking way! But he knew better than to say so out loud. Instead, he gently informed her, "Sevier's a dry lake. There hasn't been water in it for thousands of years."

"God'll fix that," was her faithful reply. Since Cowboy didn't feature arguing with a schizophrenic, he let her answer pass without any comment except a quiet, "unh huh."

"He will! He will!" she insisted. "God'll put water in the lake when I need it to baptize my baby, Jesus Junior, just like He sent you on by when I needed a ride." She looked at Cowboy steadily with her small blue piggy eyes. "You were running drugs and, presto, now you're serving the Lord and his chosen handmaiden."

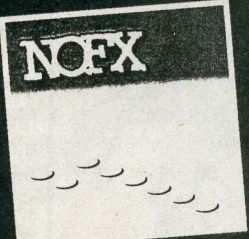
What the fuck? That was way too much for Cowboy. How in the world did she know about the drugs? Was she a clairvoyant or some kind of hideous narc who'd bust his ass as soon as they reached Elberta? His sweet little piece of cake run, his easy money, were suddenly threatened by the good deed he'd committed. He remembered that his father once told him no good deed goes unpunished. Prickly goosebumps ran along Cowboy's arms and down his spine.

continued on Page 34

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DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?

SLUG / March 99 33

Alternate Route continued...

Unaware of what he was doing, he pressed his pointy-toed high-heeled boot down hard on the gas pedal. She'd spooked him all right.

"Am not," he said.

"Are too are too are too are too are too!" she challenged. Her pale irises glowed in the dashboard lights. Cowboy stifled his urge to snap back, "am not am not am not". He reasoned with himself that it was a lucky guess on her part, that was all. Madness didn't necessarily mean stupidity. So she was intuitive. Maybe she'd caught a whiff of his outlaw air, his bad hombre aura, his evil mojo. That had to be it.

"Is that a cop," she asked casually in non sequiter.

Shifting mental gears as fast as he shifted Diablo's gears, Cowboy's gaze bounced from the cop seven hundred feet ahead, to his speedometer which read ninety miles per hour. He hit the brake hard. For a moment he feared the TransAm would spin out of control. It didn't, nor did the lawman in front of him seem to notice. In the far distance, the lights of Elberta were shining like a rescue beacon.

"You're a shitty poo poo driver. You gotta be more careful. Me and Jesus fetus got to get to Lake Sevier in one piece. That's God's plan, you know."

"Yeah, well, my plan is to drop you off in Elberta, Mary baby. God can buy you a goddamn bus ticket to Lake Sevier for all I care!"

Christ! Why did he feel so uneasy laying

down the law to a crazy woman, Cowboy wondered. He was the one in control here. But the skin on the back of his neck crawled when Mary leaned close, closer, close enough for him to gag on her halitosis.

"You ditch me in Elberta, Cowboy, and I'll tell folks there's a drug runner in a black TransAm heading for Delta on Route 6. They'll sure as hell find you. It's not like there's any other roads going through there. You'll be the dude going south. Piece of cake."

For the first time, Cowboy thought Mary looked sane, sane enough to carry out her threat. He chose the lesser of the two evils. "OK, OK, you win. I'll take you to Lake Sevier if you promise to keep your mouth shut if we run into anyone, especially cops. Deal?"

"Deal squeal meal seal reel zeal feel peel keel veal eel heel niel teal wheel!", she chirped happily, bobbing her head affirmatively to the rhythm of her words. Her shaggy straw-like hair flopped like a mop being shook clean of dust. Indeed, there was a small snowstorm of flakes and motes blowing Cowboy's way. He made a mental note to check himself for cooties later. Even after she finished speaking, her head continued to bob bob bob all the way into town.

When the cop's white Explorer pulled up next to him at Elberta's proverbial last chance gas station, Cowboy wondered if he'd hit a black cat somewhere back on the road. It was a county sheriff too, and here Cowboy was with a load of drugs in the Diablo's trunk and a pregnant lunatic in the front seat, her head still moving like the head on the plastic dogs

Mexican teenagers liked to put in the back windows of their low-riders. If only she would be as mute! Cowboy wanted to drive away at top speed, but he knew that would attract more attention than Mary would. He had no choice. He got out of the TransAm as nonchalantly as possible, considering the circumstances, and began to fill the tank from the pump next to the sheriff.

The officer was one of those big-shouldered, barrel-chested men who have hips so narrow that it seems they might tip over in moderately strong wind. He reminded Cowboy of John Wayne and he nervously antic-

ipated hearing, "What you got in your trunk, Pilgrim?" But the sheriff merely nodded a laconic greeting to him and touched his hat courteously to Mary who was waving rapidly at him.

Cowboy noticed that her round white face looked like a full moon captive in the darkness of the front seat. That figures, he thought, moon, loony, lunatic. It all fits. Then, much to his consternation, Mary the moon woman swung her door open, and, with a considerable amount of grunting, heaved herself to her feet. She left the blanket on the car seat and without it, Cowboy could see the true measure of her bulk. She was the fattest woman he'd ever seen. She was the fattest woman the sheriff had ever seen too, judging from the expression on his face. Before Cowboy could begin to worry that she would spill his beans, she waddled off in the direction of the ladies' rest room. "Gotta pee," was all she said.

Cowboy hastily stole a glance at the lawman, just in case there was some kind of law against transporting schizophrenics across county lines. The man was gaping, open mouthed, at Mary's departing figure. Embarrassed to be caught staring, the sheriff couldn't think of anything to say to Cowboy aside from, "Big gal, isn't she?" Why Cowboy felt he had to say something in her defense, he couldn't fathom, but he felt the urge to chivalry. "Well, she's real pregnant," he replied.

"What? Boy, she ain't real pregnant! She's real fat... Meaning no disrespect, son." The big man was trying hard to suppress his laughter. Cowboy stared at him, confused. "She is too. She told me so. A woman ought to know when she's pregnant, shouldn't she?"

Wiping tears of unexpressed hilarity from his eyes, the sheriff answered, "Listen, me and the wife's got six kids. I know what a pregnant woman looks like. That ain't baby. That's fat."

Cowboy considered what the sheriff said. He had to admit that the father of six kids might know what he was talking about. Mary's gut did shake like jello when it moved. He remembered his sister Janey's tummy when she was expecting. It had been as hard as a basketball. Before he could stop them, the words popped out of his mouth, "She lied to me!"

"Yep. Well, son, there's more ways than being a good cook to get a man to marry you, if you know what I mean," said the sheriff with a wink as he climbed into his cruiser. He leaned out the window and looked sympathetically at Cowboy. "Son, you look like a decent young man to me. I know you're only trying to do what's right but I'll tell you right now, women sure can be tricky. I ought to know. I got six kids!" And roaring with laughter, away he drove down the main street

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of Elberta, leaving a dumbfounded Cowboy standing at the pump until the gas overflowed Diablo's tank and spilled out onto his fake snakeskin boots.

He'd nearly finished wiping them clean when Mary returned to the car. He was still bent over as she came and stood beside him. From his nearly upside-down vantage point he examined her gut, which distended Wily Coyote's face to the same proportions as her own. She was winded from the exertion of moving her bulk from the can to the car and her flesh shook loosely with each breath. The mass of her stomach loomed over his head like two inner tubes not quite filled with water. He pictured Janey again, nearly nine months on. She hadn't been anywhere near this big and her tummy had looked like a very full beach ball, not two floppy inner tubes. The sheriff was right.

"Are you trying to look up my shirt, Cowboy?" Mary drawled coyly. He stood up so fast he wrenched his back. "That would be impossible," he muttered, noticing how the fabric of her tee shirt was stretched near to bursting. With demented archness in her eyes, she licked her lips seductively and smiled at him. "No it isn't. See, I'll just pull it up," and she tugged the hem of the shirt up toward her pendulous breasts, exposing a swath of purple stretch marks and cellulite to Cowboy's horrified gaze.

"No! You stop right now! That ain't no way for a woman carrying God's baby to act!" He lowered his voice, conscious of the clerk at the register inside the station. "Now Mary, honey, you just get back in the car and keep your shirt on, OK? I'm gonna go pay. Would you like me to get you a candy bar?" Had the clerk seen any of that, he wondered, and would the headlines read, *Drugrunner Caught While Committing Lewd Act in Public with Insane Pregnant Woman?*

"Get two," she said as she plopped herself into the passenger seat.

The counter area in the station was polar cold thanks to a broken knob on the air conditioner, but the skinny teenage clerk didn't seem to notice or care. He was absorbed, playing a video game in the corner of the small store. Serenaded by electronic rat-tat-tats and an inane, repetitive synth melody, Cowboy stood in front of the candy display and considered the array of choices. There was a plethora of rectangular confections before him: Three Musketeers, Milky Ways, Mounds, Baby Ruths, Bit 'O Honeys, Kit Kats, Almond Joys, Million Dollar Bars, Zero Bars, Nestle's Crunch, Hershey Bars, Rollos, Twizzlers, Kisses, Chunkys, Snickers, Reese Peanut Butter Cups, Dove Bars, Cadbury Bars, York Peppermint Patties, Skittles - taste the rainbow.

Their names sang in his brain, keeping time with the music from the video game. Briefly he wondered if this was what it was like to be

in Mary's head; long dizzy strings of words whizzing by, infrequently taking on meaning only by the happenstance of proximity to each other. He wondered, too, if dropping a Golden Tablet would have the same effect, at least temporarily.

Cowboy shivered, and not due to the out of control air conditioner. It wasn't really like thinking, was it? No rhyme or reason, no beginning, middle, or end. Hard to second guess a mind that worked that way. No, he didn't want to make the wrong choice, afraid of how the owner of such a mind might react to something she didn't like. In desperation he took one of each kind of bar, dropping them into his straw Stetson like it was an Easter Basket. When he reached the bottom tier of the display he spied some Laffy Taffy and snatched all of the bars up, hoping the rigorous chewing they required might spare him from hearing any more word salads.

His harvest complete, Cowboy stood up, suddenly aware that the electronic bleating had ceased. The radio behind the counter was softly playing country western music, all melodic and acoustic, accompanying the plaintive yodel of a real human being, one with a broken heart. Sad songs always got to Cowboy, and unconsciously, he breathed a heartfelt sigh. Turning, he saw the clerk, back at the register, laughing at him, a sentimental fool with his loaded hat. The little punk! A red wave of anger washed over Cowboy and he fervently wished he had a gun on him.

There was a pistol in the glove compartment of the TransAm, not that he was stupid enough to use it with his face, car, and companion so fresh in a sheriff's mind. And not that he'd ever pointed it at anything but a tin can and his mother's cat. Still, it'd be fun to scare the shit out of this adolescent asshole. But caution ruled, so he just fixed the teen with his meanest prison yard stare and sneered menacingly as he dumped the candy out of his hat onto the counter. He maintained the sneer while the clerk totaled his bill. The kid didn't so much as look at Cowboy as he handed him his change and Cowboy thought he'd taught the young son-of-a-bitch a lesson until he was halfway out the door and heard the kid say, under his breath, "Yeah, whatever. Fuck you, Elvis."

Cowboy stopped short, fully intending to go back in and kick the kid's ass, until he noticed that Mary was performing some sort of bump and grind in the front seat of the car. What the hell? He hurried to Diablo, praying that she wasn't removing any clothing. He'd seen enough.

"Got your candy bars," he called, hoping to distract her from whatever it was she was doing. Mary's lunar features rose into the window's frame. "Barssss?" she hissed hungrily. "More than one?"

"A whole bunch," replied Cowboy, pouring the sweet trove onto her lap. "Ohhhhhh,"

She groaned in ecstasy, clawing off a wrapper and stuffing half a bar in her mouth.

He congratulated himself. That ought to shut her up for a while, he thought, as they drove off. He settled back into his seat, enjoying the aroma of chocolate which was filling the car. Like a connoisseur of fine wine, he inhaled the bouquet of the Three Musketeers bar, the cocoa powder first note, followed by the intense sweetness of corn syrup, followed by the stench of over-ripe blue cheese. Cowboy gagged. Good Lord! What was that awful smell? It had to be coming from her. "Sweet bleeding Jesus, what the hell is that?" he gasped, green-faced.

Mary giggled happily and shifted her girth until she was tilted as far back as she could go in the bucket seat. Candy bars scattered everywhere. Her knees were above her head, and, by some miracle of compression, she managed to slap her two bare feet on the dashboard in front of her. They looked like the "before" pictures in a fungus ad. "It's my feetsies. They always stinky-dink. It's because of my glass slippers. No ventilation, you know, so I took them off."

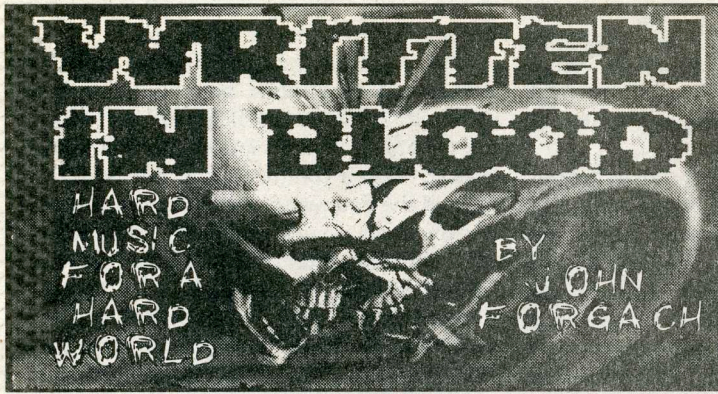
That's what the bump and grind was all about. Involuntarily Cowboy glanced down at the floor in front of her. Of course there were no glass slippers, only a ragged pair of dirty sneakers nestled against her backpack. "Put your shoes back on," he ordered. "Now!"

"Sweet Jesus didn't mind my feetsies. Why should you?"

"Because I'm not Sweet Jesus, that's why! Put your damn shoes on!" For a moment he thought she would defy him, but, after staring at him with icy eyes, she stuck her fleshy chocolate covered tongue out at him, winched herself upright, and bent to put her sneakers on. "Sweet Jesus liked my feetsies," she muttered from under the dash. "When we did it, he even sucked my toesies!"

Cowboy had left the faith of his fathers far behind, so he wasn't sure what disturbed him most; the image of the Lord copulating with the most repulsive female he'd ever seen, or the thought those fuzzy gray-flocked toes in someone's mouth. Needing fresh air badly, he leaned his head out of his window just as he was passing the fecund Utah County sheriff, who had parked his cruiser in the twenty feet of space between the thirty-five and the sixty-five mile per hour signs on the edge of town. Luckily, Cowboy was doing a meek thirty mph. The sheriff recognized him, and, apparently believing him the law-obeying dupe of a falsely pregnant woman instead of the drug-running outlaw he actually was, waved like an old friend as Cowboy and his various cargos drove away into the warm wilderness of the desert night.

(Part Two next month)



First off, I must say Scott Jorgensen - You Rule! Also, there are at least a couple of good shows in the month of March that you should plan on attending. Fear Factory will be at DV8 on March 11 and Morbid Angel w/ Nile will be at the Holy Cow on March 26. Be there or... be there.

PRO-PAIN
Act Of God
Nuclear Blast

Pro-Pain, metal's hardest working band, is back with their fifth full-length, ACT OF GOD. Pro-Pain is also back with a new label to support their cause and two new members (Eric Klinger/guitar and Eric Matthews/drums). The performances by "team Eric" (new guys) did nothing but help to prove that this band has the ability to consistently put out great albums. Pro-Pain's "hands on" approach to being involved in every aspect of the music business finds it's members recording (by guitarists Tom and Eric), producing and mixing the entire album by themselves. "The heart of the land where time stood still. Against our will. Won't get no rest until we're In For The Kill!!!" (In For The Kill).



POSTMORTEM
Repulsion
Pavement

This is not good. German death metal band, Postmortem really stink it up with their album REPULSION. It's not that this band is the absolute worst band I've ever heard, but I would expect output like this from a high school metal band (That is if high school kids still form metal bands. I must be out of the loop. If there is a h.s. metal band out there, I want to hear from you - pronto.). The guitars are simplistic, the drummer pushes the 4/4 envelope to it's limit and we just don't need to go into the duties performed by the vocalist. It states in

bio that this band has, "...become such a part of Berlin's culture that the Berlin Soccer Club asked them to write their club hymn.". Is that a joke? Speaking with only German bands in mind, I would have to say that even the Scorpions are writing better music these days than this band.

NEW EDEN
Obscure Master Plan
Nuclear Blast

The band New Eden is the "brain child" of guitarist Horacio Colmenares...well, let's just say it comes from the brain of Mr. Colmenares. OBSCURE MASTER PLAN is a collection of progressive metal songs that don't really take off, they just sort of flop around like a wet noodle. The arrangements and rhythms of the songs are on the surface and don't reach the level of complexity I've come to expect from prog. metal bands. I've been spoiled by recent releases from Without Warning (Conquest), The Quiet Room (Metal Blade) and the masters of this type of metal - Fates Warning. Another drawback is vocalist Tony Devita. While his voice is aptly suited, his style is far too dramatic for this outing. Tony extends the last word of every line to the point of irritation. Highlights of the



album come in the form of the performances by Michael Echeveria (drums) and when Horacio steps aside to let Oscar Gomez lay down a killer guitar solo.

IRON SAVIOR
Unification
Noise

This album UNIFICATION, by the band Iron Savior starts out pretty cool with a barrage of double bass drumming and a bass line that rolls out what seems to be a nasty little attitude. The guitars kick in and enforce what appears to be the heavy-only rule already fortified by the bass/drum

intro, but... As the disc continues to spin, the production values of the recording and the musical backgrounds of the two founding members take over. Iron Savior is the side project of Kai Hansen (guitar/vocals - ex-Helloween, Gamma Ray) and Piet Sielck (guitar/vocals - producer/engineer of various bands). Musically, UNIFICATION a concept album, reminds me of a cross between Iron Maiden and another '80s band Pretty Maids (anyone remember them?). Vocally, the band lays it on thick - real thick. Both Kai and Piet sing lead and backing vocals and are joined by two other members in the backing vocals department. This album is going to prove to be too melodic,

"slick" and anthemic for many of you. I'm not saying there's not an audience for this stuff because I know damn well there is (see, I do read your wonderful letters), it's just the audience isn't going to include me. If there is one thing that really bugs me about this album it's the drummer. This guy has taken to the double bass like a kid to a new toy. Every song. Just give it a rest already. Just stop it. Stop it!



STEEL PROPHET
Dark Hallucinations
Nuclear Blast

Besides an influx of bands named after some sort of metallic deity (please refer to previously reviewed band), I'm noticing a surge of '80's sounding influenced bands releasing albums these days. That's o.k. I suppose, as the '80's produced some pretty good metal. In my opinion just rehashing the past isn't going to cut it though - these bands better be good and they better have something new to offer in their music. A band that has succeeded in this area is the band Steel Prophet with their new album DARK HALLUCINATIONS. This band has been around since 1983 and their latest release is their fourth, which is evidence that

this band just may be the influence in the metal equation. These guys take a traditional metal approach but spice it up with a '90s flair. Their energized power/progressive metal style breathes life into areas of metal that other bands seem determined to beat to death. The drum and guitar work is bordering on exceptional and the vocals are even good. Fans of the band Nevermore should check this out.

**THE CROWN
Hell Is Here
Metal Blade**

This band's music would be best described as speed/death metal psychotica. The guitarists play a whirling mass of notes that at times almost resemble the orchestrated sounding guitar work of black metal. At other times the band is laying down the heavy, thick groove that is more pronounced in death metal.

The drummer is playing as fast as the rest of the band and probably faster in parts. To listen to this album in it's entirety would be fatiguing at best, so shorter blasts are recommended until a tolerance is acquired.



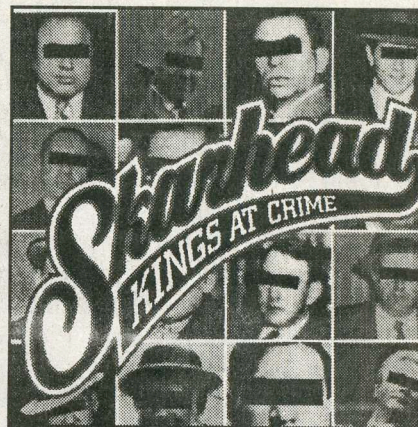
APOPHIS Heliopolis / Pavement

Oh, this is good. I'd even give this a damn good. Good that is after the lame guitar/(look at me, I'm a guitarist playing keyboards) keyboard intro to track one. I listened to track one, "The Serpent God" and prepared myself for seven more tracks of restructured / regurgitated versions of this song throughout the rest of the album. Luckily, this did not end up being the case. Musically, this band reminds me a lot of the

band Death. It's not the actual music that prompts this comparison as much as the progressive/technical writing style that the two bands seem to share. While every member of Apophis displays incredible ability, I really enjoyed the guitar work of the album. The rhythms of the songs flow with melodic ease at one moment then spiral into the

depths of the truly heavy the next. The guitar solos were as well played as they were placed within the songs. Likewise, the eight tracks of HELIOPOLIS were as well played as they were written.

**SKARHEAD
Kings At Crime / Victory**



N.Y.H.C., never at a loss for representation, brings us the band Skarhead with their album KINGS AT CRIME. These "Kings From Queens" play their streetwise-thug core style of hard-core, always keeping the issues of drugs, money and sex in mind while writing material. Lord Eze (ex-Crown Of Thornz) takes time off from his tattoo parlor - Murder Inc. and the distribution of his own clothing line in Japan to team up with Lou Dibella for a dual attack in the vocal department.

—Forgach

TEEN IDOLS
Pucker Up!
Available Late March
DON022 LP/CD

GUITAR DAZED
LIMP
Available NOW!
DON019 LP/CD

DOGPISS
Eine Kleine Punkmusik
Available Early April
DON021 LP/CD

HONEST DON'S
HARDLY USED RECORDINGS

Les Toil

P.O.Box 192027
San Francisco, CA 94119-2027

As Not Seen On TV

THE DAILY CALENDAR

Friday, March 5
Erosion-Spanky's
Gas Light District-Dead Goat
Toilet Smurfs- Burt's
Eurydice-ABG's
Robbie Krieger-Harry O's
Tony Furtado-Zephyr

Saturday, March 6
Pappa Kega-Dead Goat
Casa Diablo- Burt's
Union 13- Health Center
Tony Furtado, Ray Wylie
Hubbard-Zephyr
Ether, Iceburn, Red Bennies-
ABG's
Promiscues-Spanky's

Sunday, March 7
The Lotus Band-Dead Goat
Open Mike-Burt's
Cobb-Zephyr

Monday, March 8
Chris Wall-Zephyr
Cobalt, Bacha- Burt's
Greg Picello-Dead Goat

Tuesday, March 9
Blues Jam-Burt's
Gladys Night and the Moes
Stone Mountain-Zephyr
Love and Rockets-DV8

Wednesday, March 10
Engowan Rain- ABG's
Swamp Donkey's- Burt's
Sister Shake- Dead Goat
Triskel-Zephyr
Sugar Ray, Everlast, 2 Skinny
J's- Salt Air

Thursday, March 11
Fear Factory-DV8

Curious Birds-Dead Goat
Emerson Avenue-Burt's
Jupiter Coyote-Zephyr
Toilet Smurf's-Spanky's

Friday, March 12
Jezus Rides a Riksha, The
Moon Family- Holy Cow
Peach-Burt's
Sun Masons-Dead Goat
Chola & Given-Zephyr
Worm Drive-Spanky's

Saturday, March 13
Hospital Food, Good
Machine, ADD Hooligans,
Sold Separately- DV8
Jezus Rides a Rikshaw-
Ichabob's
Chola & Given-Zephyr
Secon Hand Grace-Burt's
Gearl Jam-Dead Goat
DOA, JPS, Fistfull-Spanky's

Sunday, March 14
Open Mike-Burt's
Yonder Mountain String
Band-Zephyr

Monday, March 15
Eddie & Energy Band-Dead
Goat
Blue Ink-Burt's
Dusty 45's-Zephyr

Tuesday, March 16
Blues Jam-Burt's
Vinyl, Insatiable-Zephyr

Wednesday, March 17
Built to Spill-DV8
Thunder Fist-Burt's
Brother Music Powerhouse-
Dead Goat
Ominous Sea Pods-Zephyr

Stunt Man-Spanky's

Thursday, March 18
Melissa Warner-Burt's
Timmi Crus-Dead Goat
The Tubes-Zephyr
Liquor Box-Spanky's

Friday, March 19
Triskel-Burt's
High Water Pants-Zephyr

Saturday, March 20
Glayde-Burt's
The Clots-Dead Goat
Robin Trower-Zephyr
Clean-Spanky's

Sunday, March 21
Lemon Palooza- (Swamp
Donkey's, Thunderfist,
Unlucky Boys, The Toilet
Smurfs, House of Cards)-
Burt's
Evil Petting Zoo-Zephyr

Monday, March 22
Slack Jawed Gawker-Burt's
Too Slim & Tail Draggers-
Dead Goat
Citizen King-Zephyr

Tuesday, March 23
Alanis Morrissette, Garbage-
E Center
Rusted Root-Kinsbury Hall
Blues Jam-Burt's
Percy Hill-Zephyr

Wednesday, March 24
In Effect-Burt's
Zak Lee-Dead Goat
Choice of Reign-Zephyr

Thursday, March 25
Trouser Trout-Burt's
Woodshed-Dead Goat
Marginal Prophets, Chola-
Zephyr
Los Mex Pistols-Spanky's

Friday, March 26
Bad Religion & Hippos-
Wasatch Events Center
Morbid Angel, Nile-Holy Cow
Sturgeon General-Burt's
Mambo Jumbo-Dead Goat
Disco Drippers-Zephyr

Saturday, March 27
Zeke-DV8 Basement
Orion Clock-Burt's
Second Hand Grace-Dead
Goat
Disco Drippers-Zephyr

Sunday, March 28
Open Mike-Burt's
Worm Drive, Magstastic-
Zephyr

Monday, March 29
Johnny Rawls Revue-Dead
Goat
Melissa Warner-Zephyr

Tuesday, March 30
Blues Jam- Burt's
Julian Coryell & Royal Bliss-
Zephyr

Wednesday, March 31
Clean-Spanky's
Endless struggle, Scrotum
poles
Cinnamon Brown & Eskimos-
Dead Goat
Poly Plush Cats & Glenmont
Popes-Zephyr

**check it out fuckers you can
FAX in your calendar...**

801.487.1359

or email it to

dicks@slugmag.com

that's not too hard is it? is it?

THE DAILY CALENDAR IS A FREE SERVICE TO CLUBS AND VENUES. YOU HAVE TO GET YOUR INFO TO US BY THE END OF THE MONTH. UNLESS YOU DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW WHO IS PLAYING AT YOUR CLUB, in which case you are a fucking idiot and should probably get a job as a dog butt sniffer where you won't hurt yourself by having to do so much thinking.

"THE BEST BETTER
THAN THE REST 99"

SATURDAY APRIL 10

at ICHABOB'S
666 South State Street

all ages all day
from 1pm to 8pm

**\$8 cover
at the door**

**21 & up
from 9pm to 1 am**

1pm - 8pm

DECADENCE • IBEX Throne • CLIMB
Wicked Innocence • TRISOMY 21
Immortal Dominion • UNSOUND MIND
Truth • SKINNED • Dopehead

9pm - 1am

CLIMB • Wicked Innocence
IMMORTAL DOMINION

A "too many people at this
god damn show"
production

Don't
sit at home
on the
couch!



Ichabob's is a private club for members



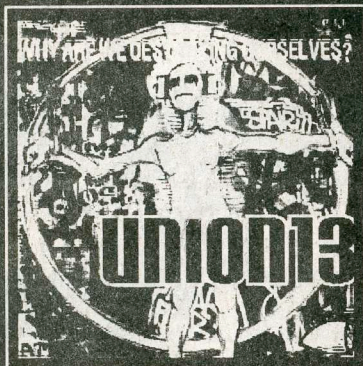
EPITAPH & HELLCAT SALT LAKE CITY SHOWS



UNION13

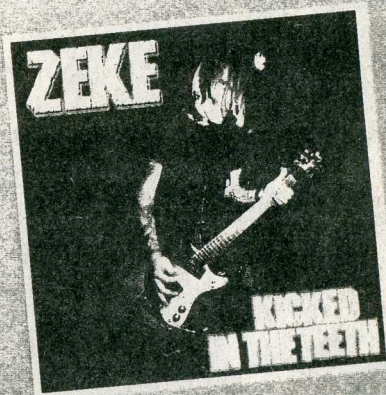
WHY ARE WE DESTROYING OURSELVES?

3/6 at
The Health
Center



KICKED IN THE TEETH

ZEKE



3/27 at
the DV8
Basement*

the SLACKERS



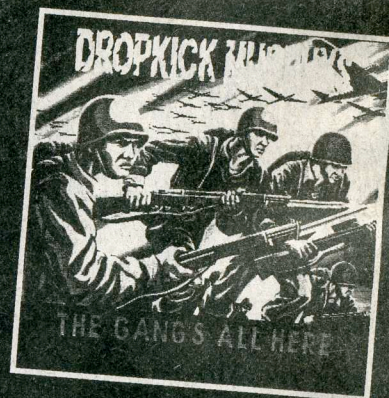
The
Question

4/10 at
ABG's*
in Provo

4/11 at
Zephyr
Club*
in
Salt Lake
City

DROPKICK MURPHYS

4/18
at
Bricks*



THE GANG'S ALL HERE

New & About To Hit
Ten Foot Pole : Insider
Pulley : S/T

Tom Waits : Mule Variations
Bouncing Souls : Hopeless Romantic
H2O : F.T.T.W.
Pennywise : Straight Ahead

*A private club for members

AVAILABLE AT:

The Heavy Metal Shop
Gray Whale