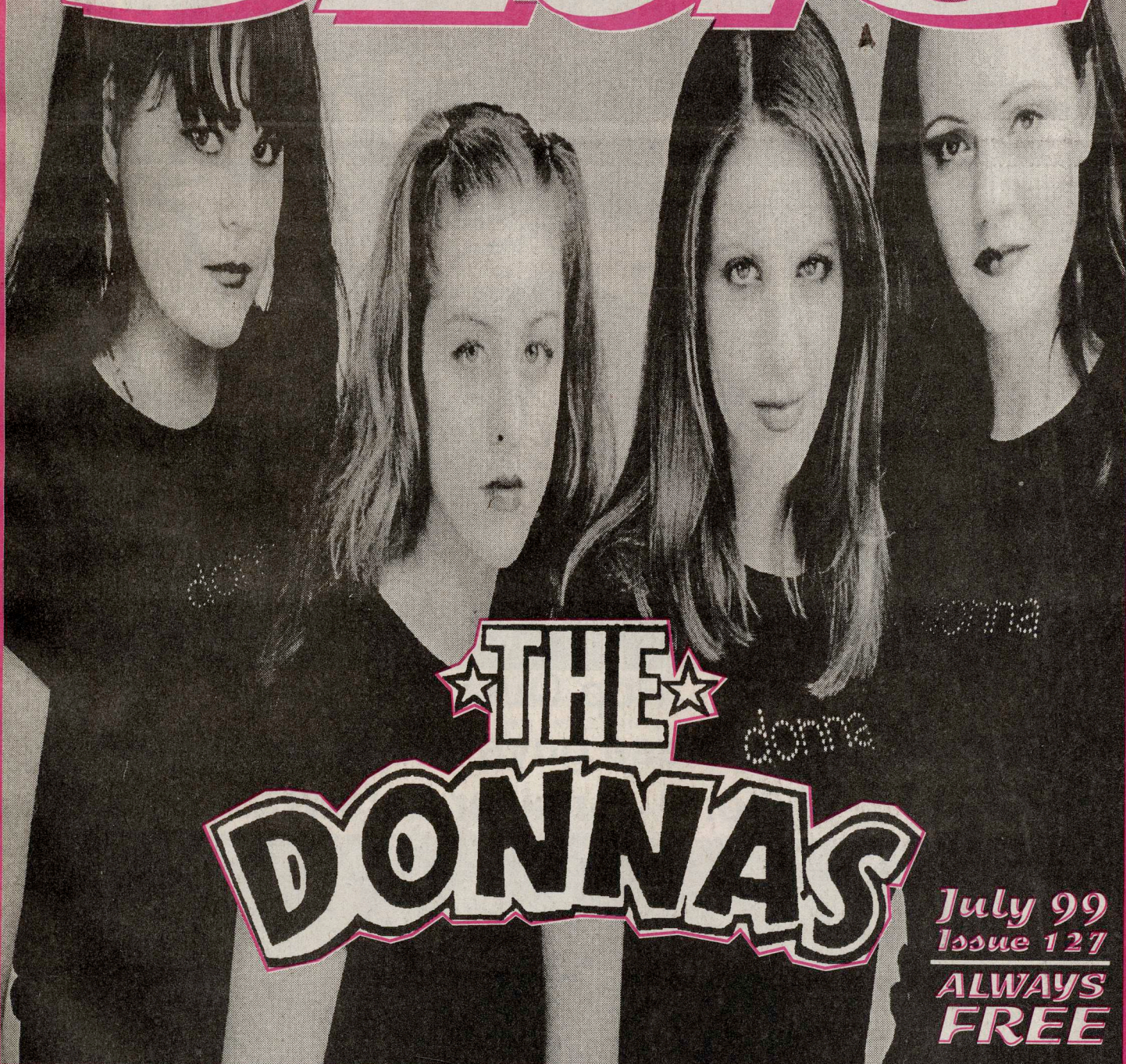


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SLUG



★ THE ★ DONNAS

July 99
Issue 127

**ALWAYS
FREE**

*Le Donne * Cari Testi di Cazzo * Vans Giro di Warped
Scritto in Sangue * Signore Pink Revista di Video
Istituzionatti Discraziati * Assassino di Serie del Mese
Franco Nero * Battere. * Cose che Angela vuole leggete*

SPECIAL

The Beach Boys



Pop Quiz

Where would these guys be without Brian Wilson? (answer below)

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Dear Dickheads



—Brain

Dear Dickheads,

How many fucking times do I have to say the following: a small bird refused to fly south with his parents, brother and sister. He had the whole nest to himself and he liked it. When it got cold he still liked it. Even thru rain and snow he liked it. When the temperature dropped well down one miserable day, it decided to fly away. Up in the air the water froze on his weak wings and it fell down in a pasture somewhere in Utah. A cow came by and took a dump on our little hero. The bird fell (sp) warm and happy again, poked it's head thru the pile and started -singing! A cat heard it and went to check it out, helped the little fucker out of the pile of shit and . . . ate it. So after the lesson learned that thou shalt (sp) not not shit where thou eat, David McClelland, (remember him?) The lesson here (I guess) is: those who shit on you are not necessarily (sp) your enemies, those who help you out of shit are not necessarily (sp) your friends, so, if you like living in your pile of shit keep your mouth shut & be nice you miserable prick, people wanna like you!

—Troy Russell's sister (H₂SO₄)

ED: Thanks Renee, but I heard that joke when I was seven. Right after "what did the worm say coming out of the bird's butt? You wouldn't shit me would you" I am assuming that you think none of the brain trusts at SLUG H.Q. know what (H₂SO₄) is... Well you are dead wrong.

We have a wicked big red dictionary, toots, and we know a couple of smart guys from Vermont and Logan so back off... And maybe you should get a dictionary of your very own.

Dear Paper Wasters,

I'm sick and tired of picking up wind blown issues of your little hobby magazine from the parking lot. If you are going to leave them by the back door, try tying them with a bit of string. Maybe you could all start saving the little ones from the end of your tampons then have a party and tie them all together, you god-damn litter bugs.

—A dog lover

ED Note:

Dear moron...

A) how ironic that you call us paper-wasters, and yet you used PAPER to write that ridiculous excuse for a rant. B) Tampon strings? Are you kidding me? That's an insult? You are too stupid to be sexist. And finally, (that would be C) what the hell does being a dog lover have to do with anything? Does your dog have an enviromentalist conscience? Did your dog teach you how to write? Do the laws of physics cease to exist in your kitchen?

Dear SLUG,

SLUG spelled backwards is GULS. When our great Four Fathers settled in the land of Zion, they were bombarded by sea gulls and crapped on for their religious beliefs. That is because they were crazy drunken hypocrites. If you say hippo.. - ..crites then it rhymes with Bo Gritz, even though Gritz looks like it should be Grits which is a fine southern side dish made from hominy. Religion preaches harmony, but it sounds like hominy if you are from Boston or Jersey. There was a guy at the print plant from Jersey but he caught his hand in the web press and we never heard from him again.

—Greer

"Rock journalism is people who can't write, preparing stories based on interviews with people who can't talk, in order to amuse people who can't read"

—Frank Zappa

SLUG



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Mr. Pink's Video Review

Patch Adams

This is a true story about a doctor who cared more about helping people than being a "professional physician". A great story and of course Robin Williams is funny as hell. It kinda gets you right here. (make a fist and gently tap your chest). Worth watching even if it is a feelgood movie.

Enemy of the State

Wild West Will Smith and French Connection Gene Hackman together at last? I think not. This movie has mucho espionage. Telecommunications conspiracies, NSA conspiracies, FBI, CIA. You name it, there's a coinciding conspiracy. The movie is really believable though even when they pile on the bullshit like automatic x-ray satellite that permeates an 18 story hotel. After I watched the movie I called my buddy Tom and said "I am going to bomb the President" about twenty times. I am waiting for the guys in the nice suits to show up at my house. Nothing yet.

A Simple Plan

Man, Billy Bob Thornton is making some really cool movies. This is a thriller about three idiots who find 4 million dollars. No they don't play for the Lakers. These idiots live in slow-

pokesville and bad things happen. This is what happens when families inter breed. This is why polygamy is a bad thing. This is why you don't mix whiskey and shotguns. I could go on forever. Anyway, this movie kicks ass in the same way Fargo did, but with much dumber people.

Psycho 1998

Vince Vaughn is no Tony Perkins. And Ann Heche is well, just not sexy. Lots of people think she is sexy... like Ellen DeGeneres, but I vote no. Not sexy. Not that you have to be sexy to get sliced up in the shower, but it helps. Bill Macy is good and there are parts that exact scenes from the original, but the overall Hitchcock mystique is missing. That's what you get when you mess with perfection.

Jawbreaker

This flick has done what very few movies have ever accomplished. It has mixed what could be the worst acting job in the history of cinema with the most unbelievably lame plot / story line ever. Congradulations shitheads, you

couldn't even rip off a movie as bad as "Heathers" without sinking to an all time new low.

The Faculty

Uuhhh the teachers are aliens. I didn't rent it, I just read the box.

Varsity Blues

Uuhhh the Coach is an alien. Just kidding. How hard can it be to figure this one out. I didn't rent it, I just read the box. I did look at the cheerleaders though.

ATTENTION: The following picture is of a nude woman. The genitalia have been covered up to protect the innocent.

**Mr Pink's Brewvy
Movie Trivia**

**In The Godfather 1...
According to the clock at
the toll booth, what time
was it when Sonny
gets shot & killed?**

**The First correct MAILED
response gets two FREE
passes to Brewvys
Pink Trivia**

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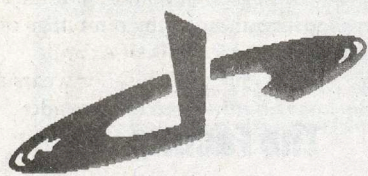


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SLUG's Indie Spotlight

A quote from Jeff Cole, president/jack-of-all-trades of Doolittle Records, best sums up this label:

"Doolittle is a label that aspires to release kick-ass records" declares Cole. There's a misconception that we're alt-country or Americana, or whatever. But everything we do is rooted in rock. That's true of all our artists from Todd Thibaud and Mount Pilot to Slobberbone. If there's a common theme, it's guitars and it all kicks ass."

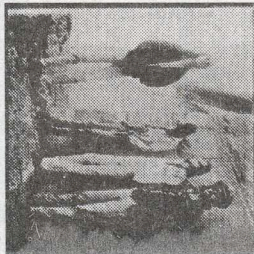
The label is based in Austin, Texas, and has been servin' up the kick-ass records since they kicked out *Crow Pot Pie*, the debut album from Slobberbone, in 1995. With a roster of only five artists, Doolittle is able to devote more time to their artists, most of whom are major-label worthy. Here's what's on the menu:

The Bottle Rockets

"Our motto was: 'Tonight we're gonna party like it's 1972.'"

- Singer/guitarist/songwriter Brian Henneman

The Bottle Rockets are universally considered one of the best bands in the No Depression (Henneman was even the guitar tech and utility sideman for Uncle Tupelo) genre, but what they are really, is simply one of the best rock bands in the country. To listen to a Bottle Rockets CD is to find yourself transported to a smoky barroom, a rickety old pickup truck on a dirt road, or a secondhand couch in front of a TV watching the Indianapolis 500—only it's the Festus (Missouri) 500 and it takes place on the main drag and there are only three participants and they all drive Fords. Doolittle's coup was signing the band after Atlantic dropped them and releasing *Leftovers*, an album named for outtakes from the crop of songs written for *24 Hours A Day*, their last album on a major.



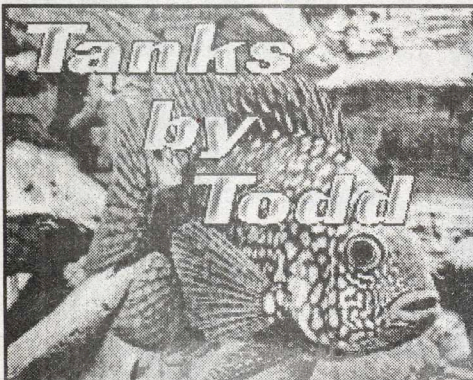
Brand New Year is the new disc and it is slated for release on August 10th, and true to form, the Bottle Rockets have once again assembled a collection of smart-ass (more that just sardonic) rockers that reflect vintage Bad Company, Neil Young, the Ramones and a pinch of *Rock and Roll Over*-era Kiss.

Trish Murphy

"To me, the challenge is to evoke as many images as possible with as few words as possible."

- Trish Murphy

Sure to get lumped into the Alanis Morissette/Meredith Brooks class of nineties female rockers, Murphy deserves better. Her songs stand



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above the tripe that Morissette and Brooks issue, with hooks as big as Batman's grappling hook, and candy-coated melodies that melt in her mouth, not in your hand.

Rubies on the Lawn is her debut Doolittle release, but her second album overall. She put out a debut, *Crooked Mile*, on her own indie label in 1997 and a short stint on the Lilith Fair tour ensued. She will return this year as a veteran in support of *Rubies*.



Mount Pilot

"I like to describe a situation from a third person perspective and let the listener glean what they will - to sort of try the song on, see how it fits and make it their own."

- vocalist/guitarist Matt Weber

If the Grateful Dead and the Dave Matthews Band jumped on the roots music bandwagon, the result would be similar to the output of Mount Pilot. The four-member band from Chicago, Illinois began in 1994 as an acoustic duo, adding a rhythm section in 1996. They self-released their debut album, *Help Wanted, Love Needed, Caretaker* in 1997 and, when a copy found its way into the hands of Doolittle honcho Jeff Cole, he was beside himself.

"I was only halfway through the second song and I was calling Chris Grady to find out when and where they were playing next, said Cole. Cole's enthusiasm for the band led to their signing to Doolittle and hitting the road.

This September will see the release of a self-titled follow-up.

Slobberbone

"As we see it, we're a straight up rock and roll band, and there hasn't been a lot of that. It's about trying to get back to a purer rock thing - an effort to strip away the crap."

- guitarist/vocalist Brent Best

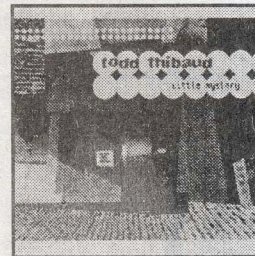
Sure, they're a rock band, but the twang bubbles up to the surface of the tunes. Slobberbone's most recent release is *Barrel Chested* and it is an irresistible shotgun marriage of arena rock and country. The guitar solo in "Billy Pritchard" nearly brought me to my feet cheering in my living room.

Todd Thibaud

"For myself, as a music listener, I like to have lyrics to an album. For me, that's as important as the music sometimes, even more important."

- Todd Thibaud

If the name is familiar, then you must be a fan of Thibaud's old band the Courage Brothers. When the band broke up, the critically lauded



singer-songwriter pulled a Lone Ranger, signing to Relativity Records, who dropped him—along with all their other rock acts—soon after. His album, *Favorite Waste of Time*, was without a label and distribution until Doolittle



snatched it up.

Thibaud's second record for Doolittle, *Little Mystery*, is comprised of jangly rockers and ballads that leave an indelible, if invisible, mark on the listener.

For more information or to order music, visit www.doolittle.com. Mercury Records distributes all Doolittle releases, so it's a safe bet you can find them around town.

—Randy Harward

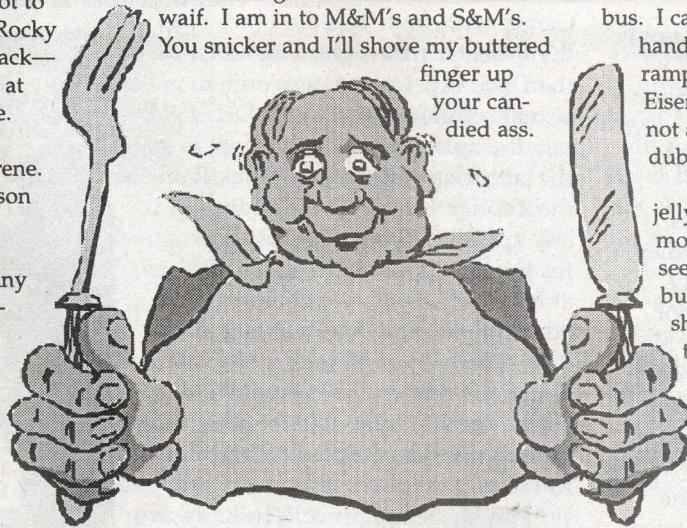
I'm Stuck In My Tub

I am fat. Lardo. El Gargantuan. Call me a name I've heard it before. Fatty fatty two by four. Wide load, wide ass, but never wide-eyed and bushy tailed. Sticks and stones may break your bones, but I'm fat and you can't break my blubber. You laugh at me - I laugh at you. Ha. Count those calories. You ate ice cream. Feel the cream sliding down your esophagus into your small intestine looking for a place to stay, not to rent, but to call home, "Home sweet Rocky Road Home." Thighs, eyes, butt or back—you are getting fat. I see you looking at me; You are beginning to look like me. Right now you are the skinny person screaming to be fat, succulent and serene. Once, I recall, there was a skinny person inside me screaming to get out. Fifty pounds later you can hear a whisper, whisper of a scream, scream of a skinny person. Put your ear to my belly button and you can hear that scream in vain from a useless belly button. Did Adam and Eve have belly buttons? Michelangelo seemed to think so on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. That cliché is solved. So

what came first the chicken or the egg? Breakfast comes first, therefore, the egg. Why did the chicken cross

the road? Who cares? Why can't possums, deer and armadillos cross the road? That is the true question.

The calories are counting on their own now, they have taken over sleeping cities of cellulite and have begun higher education. You count your carbohydrates and figure your fat content. I am content in my puppet clothing. I waiver from a diet. You waif. I am in to M&M's and S&M's. You snicker and I'll shove my buttered finger up your candied ass.



I don't care if I put on a pound. For me a pound is as meaningless as the ramblings of a drunkard on the boardwalk of Atlantic City. You wear a pound like a sailor wears a tutu. Like James Borda wore his bravado amongst his badges. Don't ask. Please do tell.

The only weight I want to lose is the weight of the world and its fitness craze. Richard Simmons is a fat woman trapped in a chubby faggots body. I can sling slurs like a lunch lady slings hash, because I am the lowest common denominator on the prejudicial scale. Rosa Parks sat in the front of the bus. I can't fit on the fucking bus. The handicapped have more on and off ramps than the entire envisioned Eisenhowered interstates. The world is not accommodating to the obese. Rub-a-dub-dub I'm stuck in my tub.

I am the happy fat man. The jolly-jelly-bellied-eyes-a-twinkling-obese-monstrosity. Don't look away if you see me coming. Don't shield your eyes, but rather, take the opportunity my shadow affords, to look at me and then yourself. My appearance is a pleasure to me. Can you say the same for yourself? Don't go on a diet. Go on a binge. Don't lose weight. Find it.

—Phil Jacobsen

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The Beach Boys and Big Bad Voodoo Daddy. What a miserable, shitass way to start the month. They're at Rice-Eccles Stadium for the heathen equivalent of the Stadium of Fire/Gladys Knight on the fifth. The good news is that the mighty Melvins are at DV8 that very night as an alternative to such candy-coated entertainment. Then again, if your poor little skull can't take the crunch, you can go to the Jewel/Steve Poltz show at the E Center or Mike Morgan and the Crawl at the Dead Goat Saloon.

Moving right along, Crocodile Shop and Switchblade Symphony hold court at Area 51 on the 6th, the same night that Ten Foot Pole takes over the Whittier Center and Howard Jones plays the first show of the Deer Valley Summer Concert Series. Somebody oughta give whoever saved outdoor concerts in Utah a big fat smooch. No sooner than Hojo kicks off the series, Ani DiFranco hops on the still-warm stage on the 7th. Former P-Funk saxophonist Maceo Parker will open. On the 8th, Charlie Musselwhite begins the Twilight Concert Series at the Gallivan

FORMERLY LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEWS

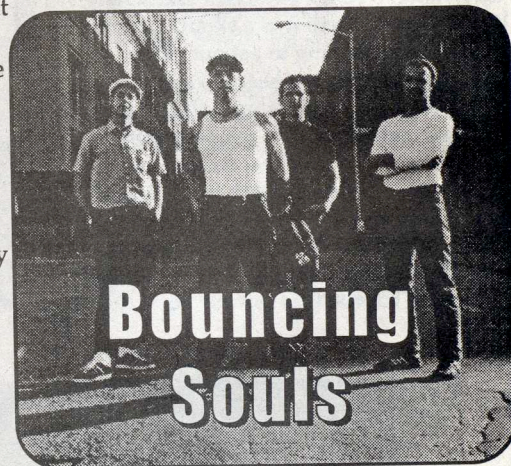
Center with some bad ass blues harp. At the E Center that night, Tim McGraw, the Dixie Chicks (resisting urge to make sexual comment) and Deryl Dodd entertain the rednecks while the stoners enjoy the jamgrass of Runaway Truck Ramp at the Zephyr. If none of the above hold any appeal for you, your last alternative for July 8th, is Gwen Mars and Erosion at Ichabob's. Only two choices on the 9th, and one isn't even a choice at all. Bruce Hornsby is playing a "Private Function" that we will just have to crash. Wouldn't you like to see an angry mob demanding he play "Mandolin Rain?"

"Play the song, Bruce. You know we have ways of making you perform our favorite adult contemporary hits. Lay off the Grateful Dead shit or we'll kick your nuts up into your diaphragm."

Flash Cadillac is the other show that's happening on the ninth. I stopped looking for info on them when I noticed that the All-Music Guide compares them to Sha-Na-Na. I'm not sure if I abandoned the search for info out of disgust or some bizarre loyalty to Bowser that is left-over from my childhood. There will be a second show on the 10th.

Speaking of July 10th, it has a big'un. The Van Warped Tour caravan arrives at the Utah State Fairgrounds today. The lineup - as far as I am aware - reads like this: (In no particular order) blink 182 (Have you seen my mom on their album cover? She is a savory tart), Pennywise, H2O, Bouncing Souls, Suicidal Tendencies, Eminem (replacing Cypress Hill), Ice-T, Fenix tx (formerly Riverfenix), Sevendust, the Living End, Molotov,

Grinspoon, Black-Eyed Peas, Avail, Buck-o-Nine, Dropkick Murphys, Frenzal Rhomb, and Less than Jake. As far as the athletes, I can't name any of them, so don't ask.



Also on the 10th, O'Shucks has booked a jam band, god bless 'em. Get the name: Jiggle the Handle. Opening for them will be Widespread Cheeky and Phlush. Sally Taylor, every bit as good a singer-songwriter as her parents, Carly Simon and James Taylor, will play the Zephyr on Monday the 12th. Her self-released album (she rejects the idea of whoring herself to major labels) is called Tomboy Bride. At the Dead Goat Saloon that same night, one of the very best jump blues bands in the country is scheduled: Big Dave and the Ultrasonics. That's all that needs to be said. You can't go wrong with either show, but the one you'll find me at is Big Dave. Boy Sets Fire at DV8 is opposite Harry Connick, Jr.'s show at the E Center on the 14th, and Big Sandy and the Fly Rite Boys play at the Gallivan Center on the 15th. It's FREE so bring the kids. Zappa alumnus Ike Willis also plays on the 15th, however, a venue has not yet been announced.

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Club DV8. A slightly less perverted (okay, a LOT less perverted) alternative would be Toots and the Maytals at Harry O's in Park City.

A show worth a mention on the night of the 22nd is the Dusty 45's gig at the Zephyr Club. If you like rockabilly, swing, and blues, get yer ass down to the Zephyr tonight.

Ahhhh...Pioneer Day. Since they feel that they can step on the government's toes and change Independence Day to July 5th, (as if the Mormons were here before the people who founded the country), I think I'll change it to October 31st. That'll fix those Mormons' wagons. HA! Tonight you can catch Waylon Jennings and Shenandoah at the Utah State

The Rock Never Stops Tour, billed locally as Bearfest, stops at Franklin Covey Field on the 16th. I could pretend I was "cool" and piss on it; call it moneymaker and nothing more, but I would be a hypocrite. I WANT to see Night Ranger, I WANT to see Ted Nugent, I WANT to see Slaughter. This is where all of the nights I spent in my room while the older kids got to see these bands cease being relevant. I will have the biggest lighter and I will sing the loudest.

SISTER CHRISTIAN, OH THE TIME HAS COME...AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE TO SAY OKAY, YOU CAN HAVE MY WANG DANG SWEET POONTANG. LET'S GET HIGH AND STAY UP ALL NIGHT AS OUR PARENTS LAMENT: "METAL HEALTH WILL DRIVE THEM MAD." Sometimes I even annoy myself.

Hop over to the 18th for a second, so's I can tell you about the Cubanismo show at Red Butte Gardens. There. I did it. Tomorrow night (19th), trek on up to Ogden and catch Alabama. Or don't. I don't give a shit. Don't miss the Cult and New American Shame at Kingsbury Hall on the 20th, though. Unless you decide to catch Guttermouth and the Nobodys at Bricks.

Mr. Bungle (Bunghole! Bunghole! Bunghole!) has a new album (California) on Warner Bros. Records and they'll be here on the 21st. The venue would be

Fair and I won't make fun of you for a second. Did you ever hear the story about James Hetfield and Walyon sitting down together for lunch and Waylon sees this guy across the street that has his hat pulled down, nearly covering his eyes, and is staring him down? Waylon sat there getting his panties in a wad until he finally realized that the guy was asleep. So he says to James, "Man, I just wasted all of my hate on that guy." There you have the story of the title of a Metallica song. You're welcome. Chris Isaak continues the Deer Valley Series on the 26th, while the Rippingtons featuring Russ Freeman and the Craig Chaquico Band jazz up Kingsbury Hall on the 27th. Creeps on Candy had a date at Spanky's on the 28th, but since the Club has closed, it may not happen. Might be a good idea to look for them to

reschedule just in case.

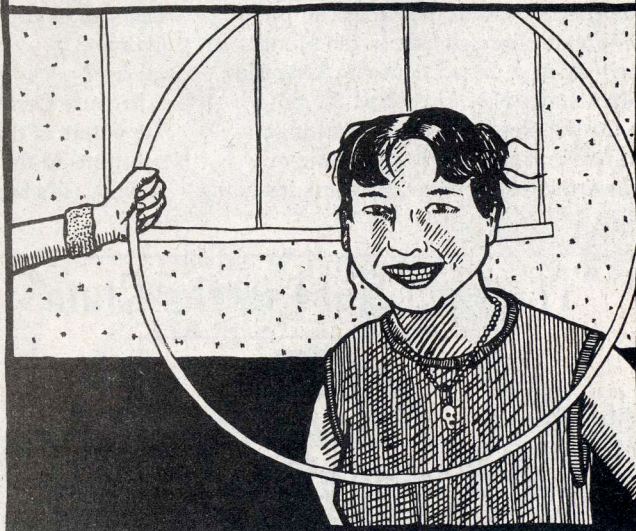
July 29th has the second giant punk rock show of the month, the Social Chaos Tour. Here's a quick rundown of the bands: (Deep breath) The Original T.S.O.L., Murphy's Law, L.E.S. Stitches, Ganggreen, D.R.I., Dr. Know, One Way System, Sloppy Seconds, Chelsea, Business, Anti-heros, D.O.A. (what is it with all these initials?), U.K. Subs, the Vibrators, and Vice Squad. July 30 & 31 brings the Snowbird Jazz & Blues Festival with Elvin Bishop & Jimmy Thackery. Ticket prices are way too high, so go to the SLUG charity pool tournament at BREWVYs on the 31st...

In August, look for the B.B. King Blues Festival (featuring the Man himself as well as Tower of Power and Kenny Wayne Shepherd) at Deer Valley on the 3rd, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown at the Zephyr and the Donnas at DV8 on the 5th, another aging rockers' family reunion, Rockfest (featuring the Original Bad Company, Blue Oyster Cult and Billy Squier) on the 6th, and Sammy Hagar at the McKay Events Center on the 7th.

—Randy Harward

Little Monkey

comic books by richard visick

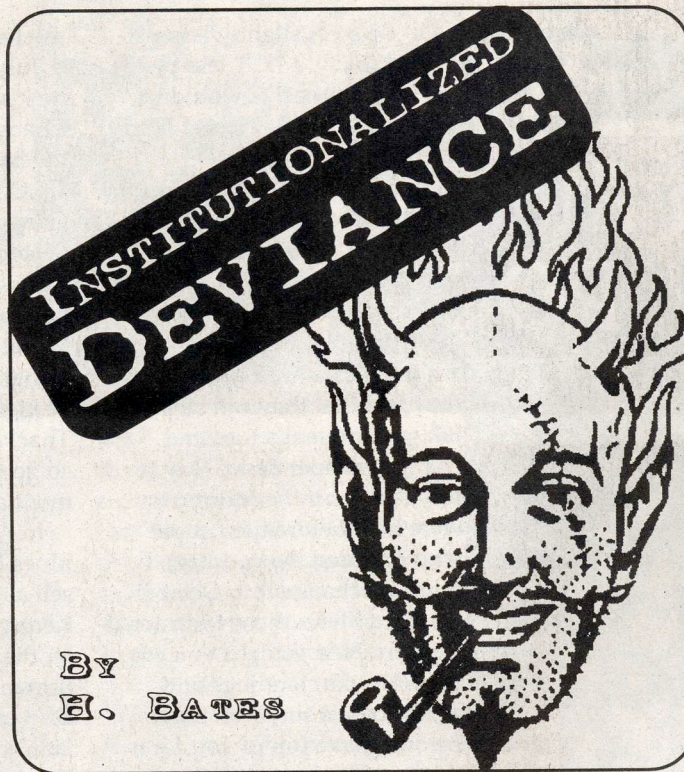


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Rumor has it that Orrin Hatch wants to be the next President of the United States. He is throwing his hat into the ring and join George W. Bush, Pat Buchanan, and Elizabeth Dole, among others, in an attempt to gain the republican nomination to the presidency. The Utah Senator has already formed an investigative committee in order to gauge the support for a Hatch presidential bid. In other words, they are looking to see who may be willing to pony up the dough and how much. After all, can't become the president without a ton of cash and all the strings that come with it. Especially considering who he'll be running against just to get the nomination. Forbes and Bush don't just look rich. Nope, Orrin isn't going to just dive into this thing headfirst without more than just a little financial backing from like minded, god fearing, Clinton-hating republicans like himself.

On the other hand, Orrin has got to be encouraged by the fact that he most likely knows how to spell potato and will therefore be able to avoid some of the embarrassment Dan Quayle got himself into. In addition, he is by far the most overexposed politician in the history of the Senate. No one has spent more time on the tube than Orrin Hatch during the last few years. Whether it was to beat on Bill Clinton or offer him an olive branch, Orrin Hatch made sure that his face was in front of the American public spinning his party's side of the Monica Lewinski scandal ad nauseam. One can only wonder how Orrin had the time to do the peoples business in Washington with all that spin doctoring going on. Nevertheless, I personally think it's going



to take more than a shit-load of money, media exposure and proper spelling to get Orrin into the White House. More like a minor act of God. I predict that he'll be jumping out of the presidential race and

"Orrin Hatch's parents named their son Orrin for one reason and one reason only, because they hated him."

back into his comfortable Senate chair faster than you can say New Hampshire primary.

Why?

Because Orrin Hatch has nothing to offer the voters of this country. Without new solutions to the problems voters want solved, He's basically a Bob Dole clone.

The only thing that separates the two is the fact that Orrin Hatch is a Mormon, which is a liability everywhere but in Utah and Idaho. Other than that, there is nothing whatsoever to distinguish him in the voter's eyes. A matter of fact, Orrin's candidacy will undoubtedly cause another few thousand Americans to shun the ballot box in November because his message this election will be the same as Bob Dole's in the last with only a few minor variations on the theme. Big government is bad, unless it enforces republican brand morality. More guns are good, unless there has been another high school massacre that week. Taxes are bad, unless they pay for pork in our home state. Big business is good, unless you're Bill Gates. The environment is good, especially when you can exploit it for money. Environmentalists are bad because they don't want to let you use the environment even if you can exploit it for money. Have I left anything out? I didn't think so. It all adds up to more of the same.

No Sir, Orrin Hatch's presidential bid is no revolution. More like an affirmation of the status-quo. The only thing that will change is that all of America will know what Jon Stewart so keenly observed, "That Orrin Hatch's parents named their son Orrin for one reason and one reason only, because they hated him." By the time Orrin withdraws his Presidential bid, they won't be the only ones.

—H. Bates

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★THE★ DONNAS

CRACKING THE MINDS OF TWO Teenage ROCK SENSATIONS, DONNA R AND DONNA A

A few weeks ago, The Donnas, America's premiere rock sensation, released its third album on Lookout Records. The Donnas rock out. Many have compared their sound to the Runaways (remember Joan Jett and Lita Ford's all female teenage rock band?). We here at SLUG don't care who The Donnas might sound like. Plus, they are hotter now than the Runaways ever were! Some might even write them off as a novelty act. To those people I ask this question: Have you ever seen The Donnas play? When they played SLC last year, I was actually afraid of the drummer...such was her fury! They fucking rocked out.

This was to be, at least on my part, the story of a desperate man. For what does a fellow like me, The Colonel, say about a young rocker like DONNA R.? I mean, I didn't want her to think me an idiot but that's just exactly what I am. I don't really care about who inspired them or if they were actually masterminded by some dude in California. What I really wanted to know was what kind of people are we, as Donna fans...dealing with. I wanted girl talk. So I put curlers in my long blonde hair and sat down at the phone with my tape recorder, toenail polish, and prepared for the worst. But it wasn't the story of a desperate man at all. DONNA R., the lead guitarist of the band, seemed to be enjoying telling stories and sharing with me (a professional journalist) the most intimate Donna secrets, many of which I've included here. What about the parts I left out? Well, you probably wouldn't know the difference, anyway. Let's just say I'm a fucking professional, and the same goes for Opie who interviewed Donna A, so leave the four Donnas to us and our curlers.

SLUG: Where are you calling from?

DONNA R: Our hotel room.

SLUG: Where is it?

DONNA R: I can't remember what it's called...(to another Donna...What's it called?) Oh, yeah. It's the Travel Lodge.

SLUG: Are you in America?

DONNA R: Yeah, we're in Portland.

SLUG: You're on tour right now?

DONNA R: Yes!

SLUG: How many shows have you played?

DONNA R: We haven't played any yet. Our first one is tonight. We haven't sleep yet!

SLUG: I like that feeling, when your brain feels like sausage.

DONNA R: Yeah, it does feel like sausage.

Now I realize readers that this may seem trivial a

this point, but pay close attention to the sausage exchange. Remember sausage!

SLUG: How many shows do you play in a year?

DONNA R: We usually tour the States for like four weeks and then we tour Europe for another five weeks...Maybe!

SLUG: You went to Europe?

DONNA R: Yeah, but we had to come home early. England, France, Holland, Italy, ummm...

SLUG: What did you think of France?

DONNA R: Well I've been there before so I wasn't really excited about it or particularly interested in anything. It actually kind of sucked 'cause we didn't play in Paris. We played in Bordeaux at this bar, but we were really late. We called to cancel but we could hear people cheering, so we went down. When we got there, there was no P.A. and nobody knew who we were, but they were really excited. I don't think they had ever seen a band before! Another show we played in France was a really uptight punk rock place that wasn't much fun. Maybe this year it will be better.

SLUG: Do you think the French deserve our scorn?

DONNA R: (Ha Ha Ha Ha) Yeah, there they are so anti-American. I have a hard time there. I always end up frustrated and mad at them. We had fun in Spain. We like Europe 'cause we can stay up quite late and drink!

SLUG: You can drink can't you?

DONNA R: Well, not legally!

SLUG: Oh yeah.

DONNA R: We like England but it was a big ordeal 'cause we had to drive on a ferry...

SLUG: Did they search you in customs?

DONNA R: No, they didn't really bug us...

SLUG: (interrupting) I got stripped searched at Heathrow once...

DONNA R: They did that (to another Donna) once because she had a bong.

SLUG: Did they arrest her?

DONNA R: No, they just smelled it and gave it back...gave her dirty looks...

SLUG: I think most custom guys have a smelling fetish...



DONNA R: Hash in her bra! We got caught on the boarder of France and Italy with hash.

SLUG: What did they do?

DONNA R: Well, they took everything out of the car and they had dogs and we had to empty out all of our bags. They went through our make-up and all these things. (The same other Donna) was the one who was really in trouble 'cause she freaked out and through the hash in the car. They were putting their hands in everybody's pockets.

SLUG: And smelling your make-up too, probably.

DONNA R: Yeah, they threw (the other Donna) against the car and wouldn't speak in English even though they could. We ended up giving them money.

SLUG: You gave them money?

DONNA R: Yeah, like \$60 dollars and then we drove off. That same day we got a flat tire.

SLUG: Is it hard to change an Italian tire?

DONNA R: Nope. But the car was from Holland and the jack was for a different car...

SLUG: So it wouldn't lift the car up?

DONNA R: Nope. But we had to go home early anyway, because we had problems with our contract. That's the only time we had to cancel a bunch of shows. We would never really do that unless we had to. We were really upset.

SLUG: Do you remember playing SLC?

DONNA R: We played there... Yeah, in the fall?

SLUG: I went to that show. I threw you guys guitar picks.

DONNA R: Ohhhh Yeahhhhhh!

SLUG: And a four track tape I made.

DONNA R: I remember that. (The other Donna) and I have a four track called "Beat City". We do disco songs. It's really low-fi, really very, uh, fourth grade. Some people see the humor in it. It's pretty funny stuff. It's not a great recording...



Some of it is just on a boom box.

SLUG: How do you feel about free art?

DONNA R: I don't have a problem with free, but I'm someone who doesn't really want to go back to school. I would really like to make a living off of music, but we don't right now.

SLUG: Do you have jobs?

DONNA R: If I had a job I'd get fired 'cause I'm gone so much. Actually this whole year is booked up. After this tour we're going to the Redding Festival in England.

SLUG: Isn't that a huge fucking thing?

DONNA R: It's huge, but we're the very first band on the first day.

SLUG: Nervous?

DONNA R: I'm not nervous now, but I will be, trust me. We've never played any kind of festival at all. Then we are touring the East Coast at the end of July, and Northwest, and then we're going to Europe, and then Australia after that.

SLUG: Do you guys all live together?

DONNA R: Nah...we all live with our parents.

SLUG: Are your parents supportive?

DONNA R: Oh yeah, they love our band.

SLUG: What's your sign?

DONNA R: Virgo.

SLUG: That's my sign too. Are you neurotic?

DONNA R: Umm, I think so.

SLUG: Do you have lots of nervous energy?

DONNA R: Yeah, I get really nervous before we play, which is all the time. Did you know that Capricorns are your soul mate?

SLUG: Nope.

DONNA R: Yeah, two of the Donna's are Capricorns, and they're my best friends. They were born on the exact same birthday. Elvis' and David Bowie's birthday. Howie from The Backstreet Boys is a Virgo. He's my favorite Backstreet Boy.

SLUG: You actually have a favorite Backstreet

Boy?

DONNA R: Our band are big fans. We want to go on a big date. It started as a big joke. We had all these trading cards and magazines and we were like- these guys are so lame, look at them! Then I don't know what happened.

They grew on us!

SLUG: That's cool you're not embarrassed about it.

DONNA R: Trust me, we're not embarrassed about anything 'cause pretty much everything we listen to gets made fun of somewhere.

SLUG: What do you think of Wyoming?

DONNA R: (The other Donna) and I went for a trip there and we kind of liked it. It's so trashy. Not

trashy in a bad way but, like...

SLUG: Trashy in a good American way.

DONNA R: Yeah, exactly. We like that kind of stuff.

SLUG: Are you showing any signs of balding?

DONNA R: No, of course not!

-Slight uncomfortable silence-

SLUG: Do you think there could ever be a boy Donna?

DONNA R: No, but a long time ago we were going to have a brother band called 'The Brunos'

SLUG: Do you have a brother named Bruno?

DONNA R: Naw. They weren't going to be our brothers they were going to be our boyfriends.

SLUG: You'd probably get sick of each other riding around in a van all over.

DONNA R: Well, we weren't going to ride around in the van together...

SLUG: How do you feel about chaos?

DONNA R: A little, I like that. I really like to sit around and watch T.V. or play video games. (Ha Ha)

SLUG: That's not chaotic.

DONNA R: I like to relax.

SLUG: It's seems like in general you guys are driving around all the time and playing ...

DONNA R: That's different 'cause it's sort of controlled chaos. I like to know where I'm going. Chaos isn't cool when there is danger of you getting hurt. We're in danger a lot because of some really crazy fans. Crazy obsessive people who get mad if you're not nice to them.

SLUG: Guys mostly?

Yes, but girls can be strange too. Insecure maybe. Like they think you are going to be really rude, and they get weird. But all of us are actually really friendly. I don't think any of us think we are cooler than any of the people at our show, or anything. Like we don't even expect to be recog-

nized. Like when some people recognize us and they're like 'What are you doing in the audience?' We're like- we're watching the show! They think we are going to be rude and ignore everybody and think we are cool. A lot of bands think that...

SLUG: But you're not at all.

DONNA R: No. I hate being treated rudely by bands. We don't want to be like that. The only thing we take advantage of is the we made the biggest rider of our lives, but we're probably not going to get any of it.

SLUG: Rider? Like a contract?

DONNA R: Yeah, like food at shows. We listed everything we could think of.

SLUG: And you get it all?

DONNA R: We don't get it all but we were hoping that if we put lots of stuff we could get some of it. Like Jack Daniels, and Beer, and Champagne...

SLUG: They'll give you that stuff?

DONNA R: If we play with people who are older than 21 they will. It depends on the club. We ask for a lot of junkfood, like Dorritos...

SLUG: You guys aren't vegetarians are you?

DONNA R: Oh no.

SLUG: Good. Do you like sausage?

DONNA R: I do breakfast sausage. I always get that for breakfast.

SLUG: Well, lets see. I don't think I have anything else to ask you. I'm not really a journalist.

DONNA R: (Ha Ha) That's okay, I'm not really a musician.

Enter SLUG's Opie with Donna A.

While the Colonel was cracking the mind of a teenage rock star, I was sitting on the phone with an old friend I had never met. Even after driving all night, she still had enough in her to be cool and tell great stories.

SLUG: When you started your first band 'The Electrocutes' did you have any prior musical experience, or did you start cold turkey?

DONNA A: Yes, Mia and Allison had played bass and guitar for a few months, and Tori had always wanted to be a drummer.

SLUG: So you like to sing?

DONNA A: No, I hated to sing. I used to have a speech therapist when I was young because I had a chronically horse voice. In the end it turned out to be better.

SLUG: What did your parents think?

DONNA A: They were excited. My parents are all about doing your own thing.

SLUG: Did your parents ever have to go on tour with you before you were 18?

DONNA: No.

SLUG: What was your favorite place on your European tour?

DONNA: The whole tour was sort of a sham- I guess the best place was Italy because they have big banquets before you play. They made us a big meal with food and wine.

SLUG: Why was it a sham?

DONNA A: Everything was planned badly and we weren't prepared. We didn't ask enough questions, so we didn't know what we were getting into. In Europe, everything is different. There was one time when we didn't play for very long. I mean we usually don't play for very long.

But the promoter didn't know that. He got really mad and kept yelling and telling us we had to do an encore. We didn't have anymore songs and we were like 'Fuck that'. Then he told us we were staying at his house that night.

SLUG: Did you go out and make something up?

DONNA A: No, we were stubborn. We are learning how to be stubborn. People always made it out like if you don't do something your band is going to wither away and disappear. I feel like that's not going to happen. There are a lot of things we say no to and a lot we say yes to. I was just looking over our calendar. We're booked into the millennium. I'm not very happy about that, so we are going to ask for January off.

SLUG: You may have January off provided that Y2K is what they say it is.

DONNA A: That would be awesome. I'm going to Costco for Y2K. I'm going to get myself a tent and some bulk food. and I'm going to camp out in a corner. Actually, I might camp out in the rafters. I could live there forever.

SLUG: I know that I don't want to be in Utah. You've been here you know, what I mean.

DONNA A: Ya- it looks like a movie set.

SLUG: Didn't you do a movie here?

DONNA R: 'Next to You'
SLUG: What was your role?

DONNA A: In the beginning we were in a studio that supposedly some guy in high school built for us. Then we played 'Out of my mind' at a club. Then we played a cover of REO Speedwagon 'Keep on loving you.' We got hooked into doing that. We ended up making it sound cool. But then they remixed it and made it sound like shit again. They did it without asking us - there was nothing we could do.

SLUG: Have the Donnas ever been stalked?

DONNA A: Not really. On a short term basis, maybe for a night. We've had people follow us around and sometimes try to kiss us...Or they do kiss us...which is really fucked up! My ex-boyfriend said I should get curtains because you could see right into my bedroom. I was wondering how he knew that so I got curtains.

SLUG: Do you find it hard being taken seriously as being four female artists?

DONNA A: Sometimes. A lot of people are really affirming and are really into what we are doing! Then there are people who think we are a joke. But we don't really ever run

into those people. I know they are there... we just never see them.

SLUG: Aw, who cares about them anyway!

DONNA A: Exactly. It's not like we are writing songs for them anyway. We write songs for the people who are into our music.

SLUG: What was the first record you ever bought?

DONNA A: I think it was Jimmy Buffet: Margaritaville. It was a 7". But the first tape was probably Madonna.

SLUG: What do you listen to besides heavy metal?

DONNA A: Blur, Vanilla Ice, MC Hammer. Mostly things from our childhood.

(I told DONNA A about how Vanilla Ice got beat up here in SLC, so she told me this story.)

DONNA A: When we were in England someone was holding up a camera and I thought it was a gun and right in the middle of a song I freaked out.

SLUG: Did you stop?

DONNA A: NO, I got my shit together. It was the first and only paranoia I've had.

SLUG: What did you think of the new Star Wars?

DONNA A: It took me half the movie to figure out what they were saying and when I finally under-

stood all their different accents, I realized they were really saying nothing anyway.

SLUG: If you emptied your pockets out right now, what would you find?

DONNA A: Phone numbers for interviews, lots of pieces of paper with dates, and candy wrappers.

SLUG: Does it bother you when someone in the audience is throwing guitar picks and tapes at you?

DONNA A: Only when it hits me. I like getting stuff on stage. It really bugs me when people try to jump on stage to sing into my microphone.

SLUG: Does that happen a lot?

DONNA A: In Austin, Texas, This really drunk guy jumped on stage and he stepped on my leg as I was walking away, so I was falling. He pushed over the bass amp. When they finally got him outside, they were like 'what's your problem asshole?'. He was like, "Dude I knew all the words!"

SLUG: My last question, who's your favorite Spice Girl?

DONNA A: It changes from day to day. But today it's Baby!

—Opie & The Colonel

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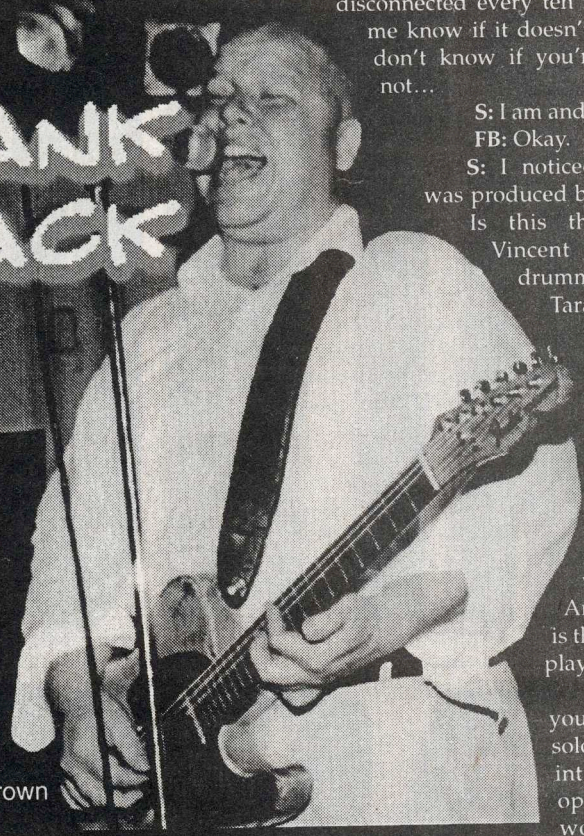


photo / Angela Brown

It is quarter to eleven and Frank Black is speaking to my answering machine. Our interview was scheduled for eleven o'clock Pacific Coast Time and he is calling to say he'll be late.

Frank Black: Hi, Randy...it's, uh Frank Black calling. I know you're expecting me at eleven o'clock Salt Lake time—at least that's what it says here on my piece of paper—and I just want to let you know that I'm—. I know that my next interview, which is supposed to be happening right now, is gonna be about fifteen minutes late, which means that I'm going to be about fifteen minutes late getting back to you. I just wanted to warn you that if you can deal with that tardiness on my part, I would appreciate it...anyway, I'll call you at about 11:15 or 11:20 thereabouts, depending on how long I am with my man in St. Louis. So! I'll speak to you in a while, Randy. Thanks. Bye.

Half an hour later...

Frank Black: ...if we end up getting disconnected, I'll call you back. And if it ends up being a pain in the ass then I'll just—basically, I'm on my cell phone (laughs), 'cause I had a bunch of errands to do today and I wasn't able to rearrange anything. Anyway, I apologize if it ends up being inconvenient. It sounds real good right now...

Slug Magazine: If you'd rather reschedule, I'm okay with that.

FB: Nah, I mean as long as the connection's good... I mean I tried to do my last interview over the cell phone and for whatever reason, it was just a joke. We kept getting

disconnected every ten seconds. So, let me know if it doesn't sound good. I don't know if you're recording or not...

S: I am and it sounds great.

FB: Okay.

S: I noticed that *Pistolero* was produced by Nick Vincent. Is this the same Nick Vincent that was the drummer for Tito and Tarantula?

FB: He was actually the drummer, as well on the first two Frank Black records...so, I've worked with him before. And uh, yeah, he is the drummer—he plays for Tito.

S: Would you say that your solo work is more introspective and open than your work with the

Pixes?

FB: Yeah, that could be. It depends on what you mean by open, or whatever...You know, I don't know if it has to do with being happier personally now that I'm older, or part of it has to do with the experience of writing music and making records. ...you just practice, basically (laughs) and you get better at doing what you do, hopefully. ...of course, if you talk to some journalists who were very familiar with me five or ten years ago, they'll tell you that I made my mark and that was a long time ago and I'm just a shadow of what I was (more chuckles). So, I really don't know what to say...

S: What I was getting at was that your solo work is more straightforward lyrically...

FB: Well, I mean...definitely most of the songs that I wrote for that band were very much abstract lyrically as opposed to the Frank Black stuff. Which, I still draw on abstraction and...I still draw on psychedelic imagery or things that don't necessarily make sense, quite a bit, but not exclusively like I used to. I definitely mixed it up with a lot more straight-ahead—be they personal or be they universal—lyrical content.

S: You've changed your name twice; from Charles Thompson to Black Francis and from Black Francis to Frank Black. Was that because you changed as a person and that a new name just seemed appropriate? Do you feel that you are a different person now than when you were going by the other names?

FB: I don't feel like I am, but something tells me that if I were to look at a filmed inter-

view or listen to a recorded interview from ten years ago, compared to what I'm like now, I certainly think that I would have the impression that "Oh, yeah. I was so different then. I was totally different. I'm nothing like that now." I mean, I've never really done that, but...Whoops! Hang on a sec, okay? You still there?

S: Yeah.

FB: Okay, hold on a second. I'm gonna, um...I'm driving literally on the classic Mulholland Drive! I'm pulling over here. I'm gonna pull over for a few minutes. How's that?

S: That's great.

FB: You got me? Okay. Yeah...I think that they're not intended to be three different people, but I wonder sometimes if...if they are three different people.

S: I'm sure you get tired of hearing this question, but I have to ask: will there ever be a Pixies reunion?

FB: ...You know, I've always felt the same and I don't imagine I'll ever change my mind. It's not in the cards.

S: How do you feel about bands that once had a huge fan base reuniting or touring with only one or two original members and a couple of scabs?

FB: Well, it depends on the band, it depends on the core member. Obviously it's the original bass player from 'said act' without the frontman or something, then, to me that's dubious. But, I don't know...people do what they gotta do, you know, because they wanna be in show business. They wanna play a gig, they wanna go play rock music. If you're the person that's booking the show and the people wanna promote the show, they're gonna promote it any way they can. And, if it's an oldies act that has all original members or maybe some original members, whatever. I really don't feel that strongly about it either way. I mean...there's no rules. The bottom line is, at the end of the day, is it a good show or is it a good record? Who cares what the lineup is? Who cares how true it is to the original formula? Is the new formula or whatever that is, good? And that's really all that matters.

S: Salt Lake City has popped up in more than one Frank Black/Pixies song...us there any particular reason?

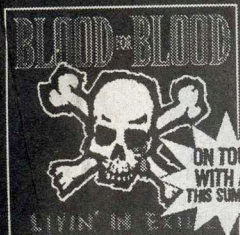
FB: I used to have some relatives that lived there and certainly, it's a place that I really like a lot when I go there, which is probably the reason—more than any—that it's popped up in a song or two. Definitely a place that I like.

S: So do you find it inspirational?

FB: Oh, absolutely. Just the lake itself and all the stories of the lake and the history of the people of the area, whether they be Mormons or Indians or whatever. It's the Great Southwest...definitely a beautiful place and a strange place.

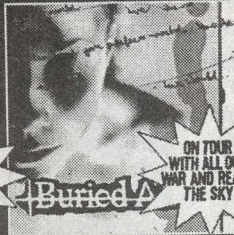
—Randy Harward

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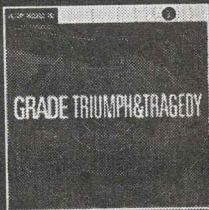
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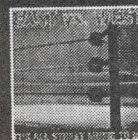


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"Halitosis with a beat." - Chris Dodge of Spazz describing his band's sound.

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C.C. are really the only first wave power violence band that is still together and is as vital today as they have ever been. If you have any doubts that a band this long lived and "classic" can still pack a punch then you better get off your cynical butt and pick up this disc. After setting the mark that most extreme hardcore bands today still only hope to achieve, C.C. now go even further. This is their fastest, leanest, most intense recording to date! For the most part this is more stripped down and rowdy than previous albums. They take their sound to the nth degree and then some. It is brilliant, what more can I say? (Six Weeks 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

CRASS DISMISSED

—Jeb Branin

debut. FANTOMAS is a super group of sorts featuring some prominent names from the underground, and not so underground... but after much deliberation I have decided not to

mention any names. Why? Well I'm afraid that you will do what I initially did and draw errant conclusions about the sound of this band before even slap-

ping this disc on. And I don't want you to do that because I guarantee you that any preconceived notions you might have are 100% inaccurate. You have never heard anything like this before. FANTOMAS play an over the top avant blend of raging hardcore and industrial jazz insanity. The only band that I can possi-



I daresay very few bands would have the guts to try, if they could even comprehend it in the first place.

A masterpiece.

(Running Records 1970 S. 1400 E. SLC, UT 84105 or <http://www.magstatic.com>)

FANTOMAS
s/t

This is the inaugural CD for the Ipecac label and it certainly is a masterful way to

bly compare this to is GASP. If you like your music to blow your puny brains right out of your head but still be weirder than a three dollar bill in the collection plate then you need this CD now! (Ipecac Recordings POB 1197 Alameda, CA 94501)

MAGSTATIC
Cruise Liner

Wow. What can I say? MAGSTATIC have outdone themselves yet again. Their debut full length CD is pure class from beginning to end. From the handmade and hand assembled covers to the smooth and graceful music there isn't a single thing that fails to impress me here. The band's pop is as smooth as it is infectious. Dreamy vocals, cutting guitars, crisp rhythms, and soaring melodies all lend an air of distinction to "Cruise Liner". Light and sophisticated touches of emo and punk provide the band an umbilical to their roots but in no way anchor them to repeating their successes of the past. This music is romantic and rockin' at the same time a combination that

SACRAMENTUM
Thy Black Destiny

The only thing rarer than class in the black metal scene is consistency. It is almost unheard of for a band to release two quality albums in a row. And it seems that the bands that manage to do so (EMPEROR, DARK FUNERAL, NOKTURNAL MORTUM, and um.... uh....) are the bands that have shot to the top of the black metal heap. Well add SACRAMENTUM to that list. "Thy Black Destiny" is a very strong follow up to the band's superb "The Coming of Chaos". Their mix of death metal power with black metal viciousness makes a potent blend. Their flawless and energetic delivery further attests to the superiority of SACRAMENTUM. One of the top two or three black metal albums of 1999 without a doubt. (Century Media Records <http://www.centurymedia.com>)

TURMOIL
The Process Of...

Holy crap!! It's the mother load of metal tinged hardcore fury! Fans of the Victory sound need to sit up and take notice. On second thought make that stand up and be counted. TURMOIL may be the best Victory band not on Victory you are ever going to hear.. Brutally heavy riffs packaged in a passionate delivery of hardcore rage and fury make this one of the best albums of the year. As the lines between metal and hardcore continue to blur you can bet that "The Process Of..." will stand up to the testament of the vitality of the genre. (Century Media Records <http://www.centurymedia.com>)

—Jeb Branin

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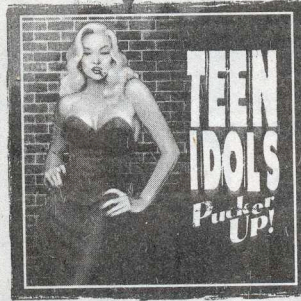


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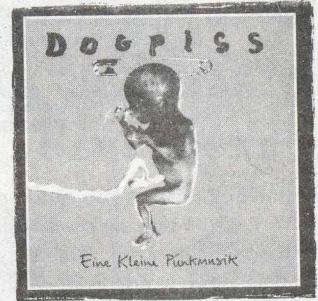
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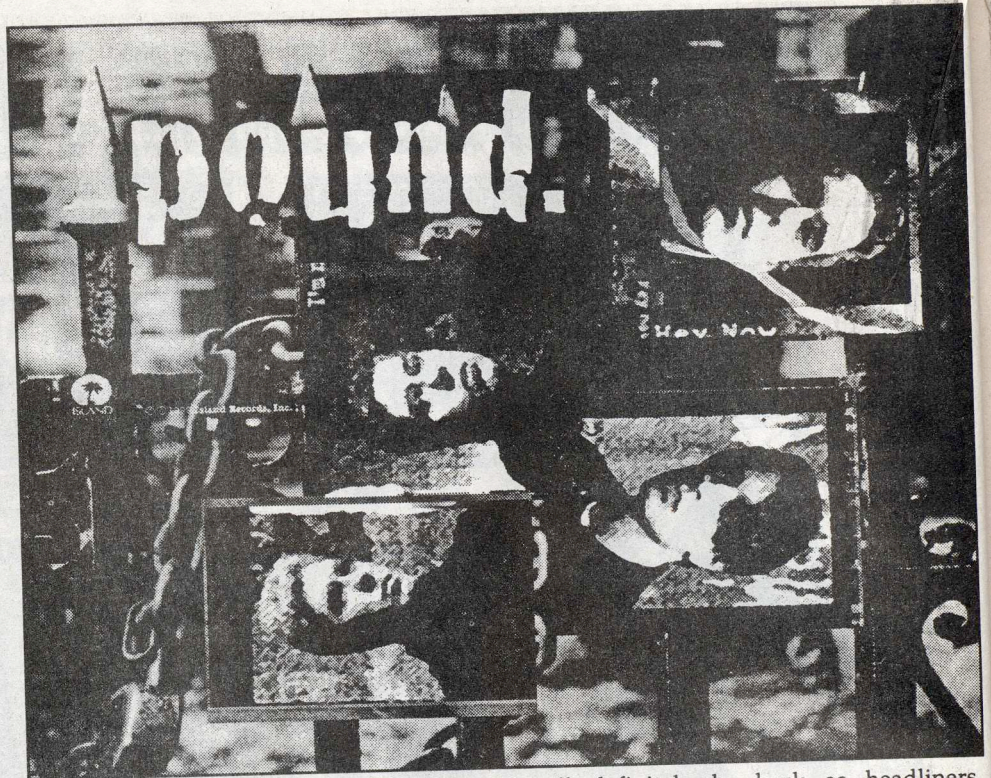
In New York
City it's Hard
to Get a Gig .
Unless You get
creative.

What do you do when you can't book a gig in New York City? You set up your shit and play in front of the club. That's what Pat Gasperini and his band, Pound, did when their efforts to get booked in the Big Apple met with little interest. *Slug Magazine* spoke with Gasperini recently and we took the opportunity to ask him about it.

SLUG: In reading the band bio, I was impressed that you guys had the balls to just set up in front of a club in the middle of winter and go for it.

Pat Gasperini: Yeah, we did it a lot, you know. We did it a lot because we're from upstate New York and it's hard to crack the Big Apple. So that's how we started down there.

SLUG: So what exactly happened, did you set up, play a few songs and the owner came out... Did it result in more bookings?



PG: Yeah, that's basically what happened. We started drawing the attention of people inside the club and they started coming out, checking us out and he came out, said "Let me have your number and I'll book you in here" and then, there you go. That's how it started. We did that in a couple of other places, too, and just started making the big buzz and that's kinda how it all started, you know.

SLUG: So how did the Salt Lake show go? Did you like the club?

PG: Oh, it was killer, man. Great show, yeah. The club was cool, yeah, it was very cool. Cool venue. Where was that?

SLUG: Club DV8.

PG: Right, DV8. It was a little smaller venue, but it was nice, you know? Good crowd, the crowd was psyched, we got a good response...it was great. We'll definitely be back, without a doubt.

SLUG: As headliners?

PG: We hope to, yeah. This is just starting...this is our first tour of the album, you know what I mean? So,

we'll definitely be back as headliners. Without question. You might see us in second position, but you'll see us again as headliners.

SLUG: So where are you guys headed?

PG: We're between Vegas and California. We just entered California just now. We're playing Ventura tonight and we're playing the House of Blues in Hollywood tomorrow. We played the House of blues here in Vegas and that was cool, too. And then we're going to the south, and we're playing a couple radio festivals and we're headlining through the southeast until the end of July and then we're going to play Woodstock. And then we should be on a full-blown tour again in August.

SLUG: So is "Upside Down" the first single from *Same Old Life*?

PG: "Upside Down" is the first track, yeah. We're at rock radio right now and we're going to modern rock in a couple of days. You know what I mean? So it's gonna cross over to modern rock stations. It's gonna kick in the next three or four weeks.

SLUG: So how are the crowds reacting to you?

PG: The reaction every night has been amazing. By the second or third song...we've got the crowd. It's been tremendous. We're selling a lot of records on the road, building a fan base...I mean, everybody's jumping on the mailing list...we're winning the crowds over everywhere we play.

—Randy Harward

Take A Peek at Heaven

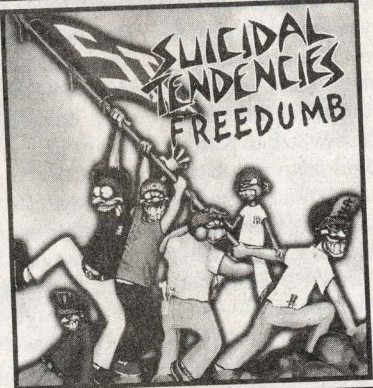
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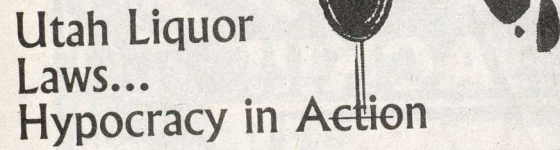
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Utah Liquor Laws... Hypocrisy in Action

The time has come to make a change in this state. Olympic fever has highlighted one of the most blatant examples of Utah's government infringing on the freedom of it's citizens. I am talking about the Utah's liquor laws.

Before you toss this story aside, denouncing it as "just another drunk bastard who likes to hear himself talk" (though that does hold some validity) hear me out. I don't intend on making an empty point, I actually want to see a change, and will provide the e-mail addresses for you to put your own two cents on the government's plate.

Allow me to make the obvious argument that the LDS church is the mechanism behind the limit-

ing of our alcoholic privileges. However, the state's constitution says flat out "The State shall make no law respecting an estab-

lishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof" (Article 1, Section 4). So this appears to be a contradiction. If my church, say the Roman Catholic Church, allows that I drink wine on Sunday at dinner with my family after we say grace and all that shit, well by all rights I should be allowed to. Sorry though, if I waited until Sunday to buy it, the State run "no variety" liquor stores are closed.

The deal with 3.2 beer is undeniably stupid. If I want to get drunk on watered down crap, I can... but it sucks. Why make people get fat in order to get drunk? Not to mention the biggest problem, if the LDS church doesn't want members to

drink, why lower the liquor content for all of us who aren't Mormon? Does it make them feel better? They aren't drinking it anyway so why should they give a damn if other people want real beer?

It has long been my opinion that restrictions should not be passed by groups who are in no way affected by those restrictions. This is simply a way of trying to make everyone like one's self. I don't chew tobacco, but you don't see me parading around the capital on some crusade to ban Kodiak and Copenhagen from my Utah. Why? Because I'm not affected by other people chewing tobacco. The instant rebuttal is this, "what about drunk drivers? They certainly effect other people." That, my friend, is tempered by stricter DUI laws (which I am also in favor of). Lowering alcohol content in beers (as I've already said) does nothing to deter people from getting drunk and then getting behind the wheel.

Well if the majority of voters want these strict liquor laws, then it is democracy, right? Sorry again. As I already pointed out these are people who are unaffected by the laws they want to hang over the heads of other Utahns. Furthermore it is the church who dictates their demand, not their own free will. Again Mormon readers are up in arms, but alas, it's due to a lack of understanding. Sure some Church members would choose on their own not to drink. Still I'd venture to say that through the generations of their family's loyal religious following, it is the church's values (which have been implanted in their minds from an early age) which

determine most Mormon's predisposition to avoid alcohol. This my friend is the state favoring a religious organization. More proof? Why would the state consider a temporary hiatus of the liquor laws for the Olympics if they didn't realize that the laws were unfairly infringing on people's freedoms? The state government wants the world to see us in the best possible light, right? Then why not, just for a few weeks, allow the state to run the way our FREE COUNTRY was meant to.

Go to www.le.state.ut.us/house/html/email.htm and tell all those "representatives" to give us kegs, real beer, and a variety of alcohol that we can buy whenever we want.

I will have everyone know that I have no qualms with LDS members. Many of my best friends are Mormon, and this article is in no way intended to bash the church. Undoubtedly most people don't believe me, and from the start have taken the standpoint of "this guy is attacking me and my faith!" That is exactly how we get to where we are right now, which is nowhere. If people can't take criticism, and aren't open to outside opinion, nothing will ever change. This is directed at the State's acceptance of Church pressure to limit the rights of other people in the state. A great man once made a statement which is a fitting end to my argument. "Those who desire to give up freedom in order to gain security, will not have, nor do they deserve, either one" - Thomas Jefferson.

—Big Daddy



"When I am Mayor, you will be able to buy booze on the street from 10 yr olds blasting Melvins records from their lemonade stands"

FARLEY FOR MAYOR

Growing up I had a best friend with multiple personalities, three to be exact.

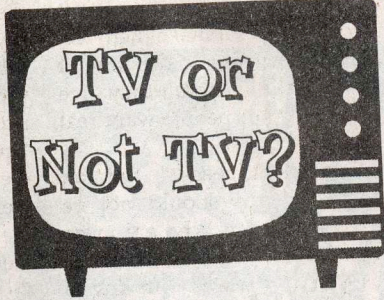
Four if you counted PBS. I no more watched PBS as a youngster, though, than I watched my sister take a shower. Therefore, my best friend, my television, had three personalities: CBS, NBC, and ABC. And, reluctantly, admittedly, O.K. the occasional peep at PBS—just to see how the programs were developing. At this point, she got a little hairy.

While my school compatriots experienced life through school dances, P.E. locker room chats, and lunch-room-Salisbury-steak-Canterbury-tales, I feasted on the Brady Bunch, pork chops and apple sauce. My first love was Jan Brady. She was the middle child. I am the middle child. She heard voices in her head. I didn't (YES YOU DID) No. (YES. VOICES)

I need a commercial break.

My Bologna has a first name. It's Oscar. My bologna has a second name, it is Meyer. I love to eat it every day, and if you ask me I'll just say, cause Oscar Meyer has a way with bologna. How is that?

At fourteen, I called the Coast Guard and told them they needed to find an uncharted desert isle where seven stranded castaways



were living without a boat, a plane, a motor car, or a single luxury. They gave me the three-hour

run around, yes, the three-hour run around and said they would send a kamikaze pilot to check out all uncharted desert isles.

I named my cat Mr. Ed, of course, but he couldn't talk, I guess his voice was hoarse. I went to college and tried to get smart, but my test scores were nowhere near 99's or 86's. School was chaos. I loved Lucy, but just like everybody else, she loved Raymond. "Lucy, I'm home," one day I yelled it to no reply. She had moved out, taken a taxi and Mr. Ed, and moved to a studio on Melrose. Return address unknown. Zip code 90210. Breast Implants. No more happy days.

Is it no wonder I started to drink coffee, talk backwards, eat cherry pie and hang out with midgets when Twin Peaks was all the rage. I lynched the idea of becoming an FBI agent although the thought did bob around in my head.

When my best friend, my television, decided to get back to nature and discover the last frontier with Northern

Exposure, I moved to Alaska and lived in a tent. I became, like Chris, a radio DJ. He read from Robert Frost. I was nipped by Jack Frost and Jack Daniels. With only four hours of daylight during the winter months, a lot of my friends, the weak, succumbed to depression. The others, the strong, we became alcoholics. Cheers. It was time to find some new friends.

Recently, I met a girl and she looks absolutely nothing like Pia Zadora, but her hair does. "I'm mad about you," I said to her. Then she said to me, "I

want a dancing baby, like on Ally McBeal." I have a feeling she won't be around next season. Her subscription to TV Guide is about to be canceled.

As for my sitcom, my story, my mini-series. You can tune in next week. Same bat time. Same bat adventure. Same bat coffee shop. Same bat bar. Same bat channel.

— Phil Jacobsen

A truly amazing anagram...

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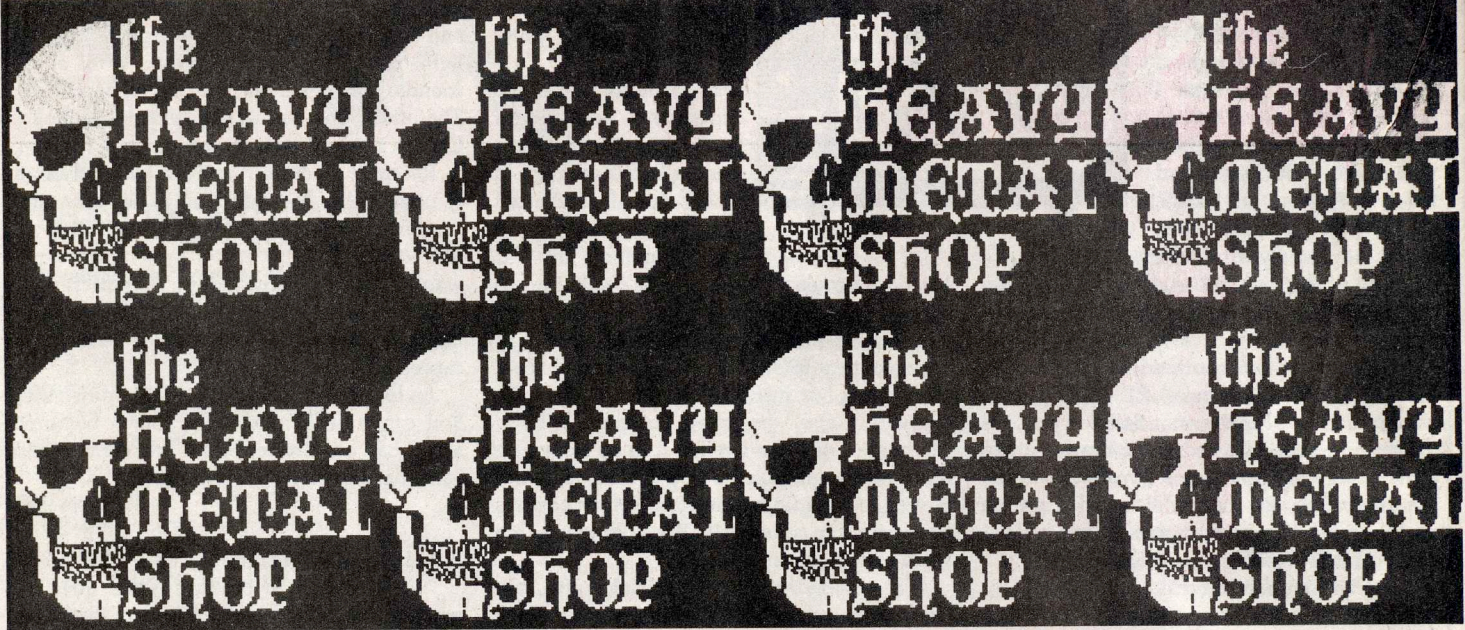
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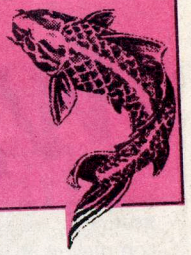
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This is the SLUG rundown on Warped '99, July 10th at the fair-

Warped tour 99

grounds complete with a few words from two of those scheduled to appear. Doors open at noon. But first. The skaters, BMX bikers and Moto-X bikers are coming back along with some mountain bikers - new this year. **The Ladies Lounge** will return from last year. It is about the only appearance of ladies on Warped. What you get in the Ladies

"Art Tent." According to media materials the Fiend North American Yo-Yo Tour has joined with Warped this year. We have a very famous yo-yo expert living in our midst, but don't expect him to perform - or will he? On to the music.

Get ready kiddies. **Eminem** is on the Warped Tour. The

multi-platinum white rapper with a potty mouth, an eye for sarcasm, a controversial press

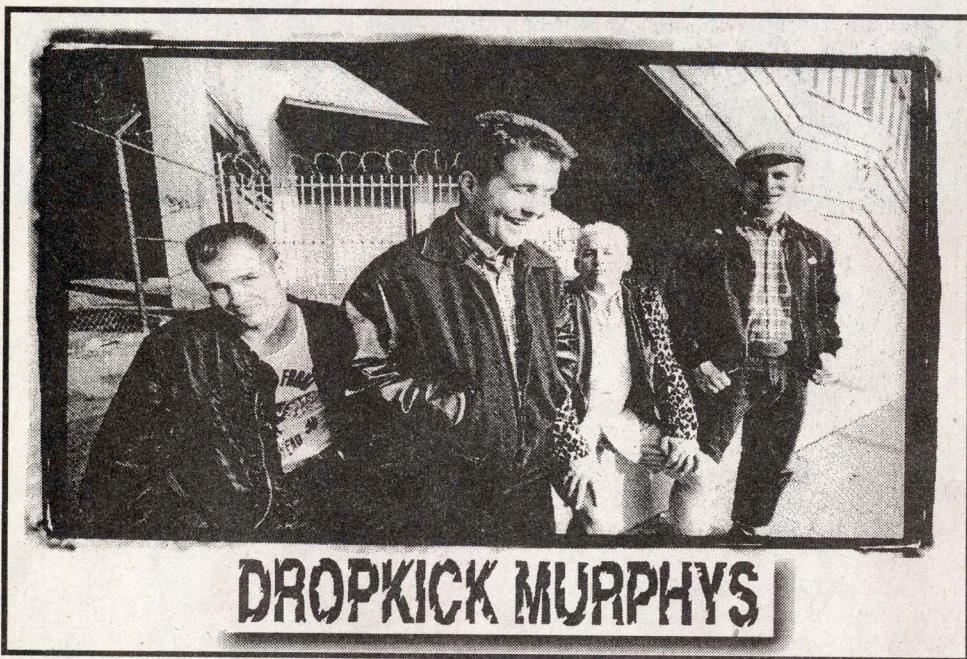
plays bass for the Vandals and Ken Casey plays bass for the Dropkick Murphys. Two fucking bassists! I believe we'll begin with Casey.

As the story goes the Dropkick Murphys formed in the basement of a barber shop. Race is an important issue in America today. Was the barber Irish? Casey's response? "Yes, female Irish, Karen Kelly." A question common in a 'zine interview is "What bands do you like." SLUG gave it a twist by asking

Casey which traditional Irish bands he liked. The Murphys claim allegiance to traditional Irish music. "Tommy Makem and the Clancy Brothers and the Dubliners, the Chieftains, everybody you know. Our roots are more in punk

rock you know, but I think that's an influence that doesn't influence a lot of other punk bands." What's the follow-up question? "Did you guys grow up listening to a lot of Irish music? Did your parents listen to it?" Casey responded with an insight into generation gaps. "Grandparents more. My mother actually hated Irish music. It skipped a generation. You hate what your parents like and the grandkids end up liking it. When I was a kid in the '70s, before it was even popular my mother was listening to reggae. My grandparents listened to Irish music so I never had a chance out of the gate. I was bound to be screwed up." The Dropkick Murphys have labor anthems on both "Do Or Die" and "The Gang's All Here" - "Boys On The Docks" and "Ten Years Of Service." Are they union supporters? "'Boys On The Docks' is about my grandfather who did a lot of work in Boston and on the entire east coast unionizing long-shoremen and the whole fish pier. Then he went down as far as South Carolina back when it wasn't as acceptable to try and unionize stuff in the '40s and '50s. 'Ten Years Of Service' is both the state of the working class and it's also about just general downsizing...corporate downsizing and the bad conditions for the long term care of the worker. For instance I've been out of high school for ten years and there's just really no loyalty to...no matter what field it's in. It's somewhat about the state of the working class, but it's a little broader than that."

Now for an especially poignant image. Casey's grandfather isn't alive anymore, but his grandmother is. "We just played at the Guinness Festival in Boston and my mother was there, sitting on stage and when it comes to the breakdown in the song and the whole crowd usually sings along...my mother called my grandmother down in Florida and told her and my grandmother was all crying...it's pretty powerful stuff to me." The cover of "The Gang's All Here" features World War II artwork. Some Europeans were offended by



Lounge is Tara Kakidas, Izzy Tihanyi and Circe Wallace - a biker, a surfer and a snowboarder. I'm copying from the same press kit as everyone else in town so don't look for anything especially revelatory in this section of the Warped news. The ladies lounge will also feature a DJ, hopefully female, spinning records. A big screen T.V. will broadcast videos of females in sports action, non-profits will solicit donations for worthy causes and sponsors will hawk sports equipment manufactured with the feminine physique in mind. According to media materials there is a Lady's Lounge website. Yeah, a website from '98. For complete details consult another fish wrap at a later date.

Camp Modart is another Warped side-show. Let's see. Fashion is combined with art. The Tang Orchestra will perform during fashion show presentations. On display is "edgy" art. Maybe our local Borrowed Walls group will make a guerrilla appearance, who knows? According to a sponsors site Common Sense and the Inland Empire Orchestra are scheduled performers in the

kit and a video starring Monika Lewinsky hiding beneath Bill Clinton's speaking platform guarantees money in the bank for the promoter. Hell, 20 bucks is a small price to pay for Eminem. If only for the circus. Ya got your rap: **Ice-T**, the **Black Eyed Peas** and **Eminem**. Ya got your ska-punk: **Less Than Jake**, **Buck-O-Nine** and **Bouncing Souls**. Ya got your alternative rock: **Lit** and **Zebrahead**. Ya got your pop punk, a whole hell of a lot of punk: **Pennywise**, **Blink-182**, **Riverfenix**, **Suicidal Tendencies** and the **Vandals**. Some of the punk is real and then again some of it ain't. Ya got yer metal: **Grinspoon** and **Sevendust** and...okay...**Zebrahead**. Then ya got stuff that is more difficult. **Avail**, the **Living End**, **Frenzal Rhomb**, **Molotov** and the **Dropkick Murphys**. **Avail** and the **Living End** are the two not to miss. The whole deal begins at noon. Arrive very, very early unless you want to stand in line for an hour or more. Don't be stupid. Leave the wallet chains and such at home.

SLUG Magazine spoke to Ken Casey and Joe Escalante. Believe it or not Joe Escalante

the artwork due to the current situation in Kosovo. Casey said, "Some people take things way to serious." The band members are fans of the period art and there isn't a political statement involved.

As is common with punk rock, Boston has some difficulty with all ages venues and police over-reaction. I'll address that topic more when Joe Escalante appears. Basically, it's the same everywhere. I'll skip over some things on racist skinheads, which the Dropkick Murphys don't attract or condone, to arrive at , underage drinking, "Amazing Grace" and the Warped Tour.

We've all viewed the current attempts to legislate art. Violent video games, violent movies and music create violent youth. The Dropkick Murphys, in traditional Irish fashion, have drinking anthems. I asked Casey how he would respond if an underage kid attended a Dropkick Murphys show, got drunk, left and killed someone in a drunk driving accident. What if the media descended on the band for promoting drinking. He had the perfect answer. "I don't know, they're all looking for a scapegoat. Bottom line is, everyone has to be responsible for their own actions. I did a lot of stupid things when I was a kid and I never got off by blaming it on what the hell I was listening to for music. I think parents and legislators need to take a look at how they're raising their kids. A kid doesn't go out and blow up a school just 'cause he found some band whose CD was politically suggestive or told him what kind of actions he should be taking."

"The Gang's All Here" has a version of "Amazing Grace" complete with bagpipes. The song had me thinking about the band performing the song live on the Warped Tour stage. A piper isn't in the band. Is there any hope? "Where do you live?" When he learned that I was in Salt Lake he said, "Yeah, we're probably going to have a bagpiper there because we met a girl out there who plays excellent bagpipes." Woo hoo. That's a Warped highlight! As for the tour? Casey is excited. "It's definitely fun. We're not a bunch

"If he can drag me out of my bus to eat a fucking Boston baked bean I'll be surprised. You know what I'm going to teach them? How to take a sword and a cape and kill a bull in fifteen minutes"

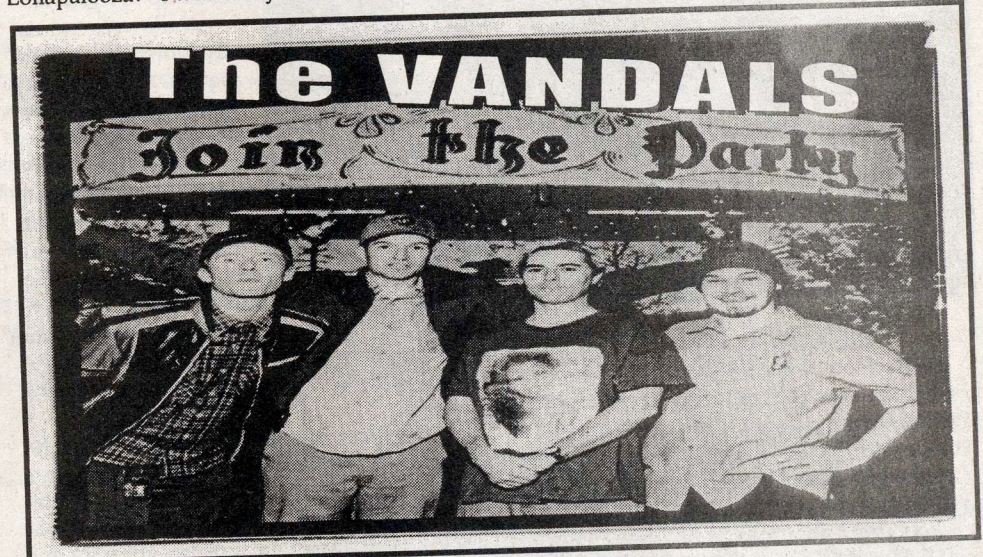
of vampires. I love being outside. I'm a summer kind of guy and it's nice to be outside in the daytime as opposed to the club circuit...last year we started a little whiffle ball tournament on the five days we were on and showed all the California boys how to play whiffle ball curb style. We'll probably do that again." Woo hoo again! The Dropkick Murphys don't fit the pop punk or alternative format. They're Irish and the music is old style with some Oi! Be prepared.

The Vandals released their first E.P. on the Epitaph label in 1982. They went through

some line-up changes and solidified in around 1989. Punk rock is often thought of as mindless music played by cretins. Or the general public seems to believe that stereotype. Look at Bad Religion, the Descendents or the Vandals and discover fucking education's! Joe Escalante is currently producing the webtv program *Fear Of A Punk Planet*. Punch www.den.net/ into your browser and watch the first three episodes. The show depicts an all ages punk rock club and the difficulties encountered by the owner and his patrons. Listen to the Vandals, NOFX, the Ataris and others. Escalante had just left the stage after the Vandals first Warped performance. They joined three dates late because, "Texas is too hot." First question. "Is Warped this year's Lollapalooza?" "I would say it was last sum-

wait...It's Daniel Boone or Davey Crocket, I can't remember." SLUG: "That's really where it came from?" JE: "Yeah, I noticed it later." Then he started singing the "Ballad Of Davey Crocket," the theme song to a '50s television show.

We almost had an argument over the next one and Escalante was correct. Vandals songs are not political, it's social commentary, very sarcastic social commentary. The Vandals have other jobs besides working as the Vandals. For example: Josh Freese is currently employed by Axl Rose. He punches the clock as the Guns and Roses drummer. Escalante has his T.V. gig and the question was about the summer camp atmosphere of Warped. By the way Freese is on vacation and he will appear in Salt Lake City. Back to summer



mer's Lollapalooza but no one knew. They had very bad publicity (Good-bye Nasty Little Man, hello MSO), or they did last year and it's exactly what Lollapalooza used to be. Lollapalooza got really stupid really fast. Warped has been pretty consistent and I predict that they will last a lot longer."

Next question. "Why aren't more female musicians participating in Warped?" "That's a very good question 'cause everybody wins when you have...when you can mix it up like that. When you hear the same fucking voice, male voices going blah, blah, blah all day long it gets irritating. If you can mix it up with some girls it's so much better." Now it's time to get stupid. "Have you seen Peter Noone perform lately?" "Peter Noone? Is that the guy from the Monkees or something?" SLUG: "Herman's Hermits. You ripped-off 'I'm Henry the Eighth' for 'I've Got An Ape Drape.'" Time for an aside. The song is on the Vandals most recent album "hitler bad, vandals good" and it ridicules the familiar short on top, long in the back hairdo. "Yeah, yeah, it is kind of like that isn't it? What I really ripped-off was um, ah,

camp. "Yeah, it really is, I was just sitting down after our show and three or four people from three or four of my favorite bands just walked by. Funny. My summer camp, just so you know, I went to summer camp with Fat Mike when I was 11-years-old, or he was 11-years-old, whatever. That's the summer camp experience of my youth." I revealed the Dropkick Murphys plan to teach the Southern California boys to play street whiffle ball and Escalante replied, "If he can drag me out of my bus to eat a fucking Boston baked bean I'll be surprised. You know what I'm going to teach them? How to take a sword and a cape and kill a bull in fifteen minutes. That's what we do in Southern California." Escalante is a bullfighter along with his other hobbies - like golf, webtv production and whatever else he has time for. After a discussion on punk rockers as golfers and his experiences getting a T-time when touring with No Doubt I said good-bye. He said, "Where are you guys located?" I replied, "Salt Lake City." Then he said, "You know I understand that Salt Lake is where they filmed a bunch of the Roadrunner cartoons." Woo hoo again. The guy has a wicked sense of humor. Warped is looking pretty good again!

-Sic

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



**Paul Bernardo
and
Karla Homolka**

Karla Homolka's life couldn't have been better, she was engaged to marry the man of her dreams in a lavish wedding and had just the perfect Christmas present for him. Her sister, who unlike Karla could offer Paul her virginity. So it was that Karla drugged fourteen-year-old Tammy's drink. She promptly fell asleep on the couch and the rest of the family retired from Christmas Eve dinner. Paul then raped the sleeping girl both vaginally and anally while his fiancée dutifully videotaped the event. Then Paul ordered Karla to have sex with her sister while he videotaped.

Then Tammy vomited; they had given her too much horse tranquilizer. Karla, a veterinary assistant, had access to strong anesthetics, but no experience using them.

The couple tried to clear Tammy's airway, and dragged the girl up to her bed - by her feet. She died in any case. The police ruled that she suffocated on her own vomit. And no suspicion arose. But now Paul had a tool to keep Karla completely in line with his sexual desires.

Paul met seventeen-year-old Karla when he was an accountant at Price-Waterhouse, a serial molester, and a sadist who's girlfriends found themselves quickly getting fed up with being tied up, humiliated, and sexually beaten. When the two met it was love at first sight. Karla happily complied with Paul's sadistic requests. Even encouraging him to take her along if he was going to commit rape, so that they could share everything.

It was with her encouragement that Paul

became very active rapist around the Scouroughborough area. It wasn't long before the very handsome, clean, good-smelling rapist had enough victims that an accurate picture had been drawn for the police. But the police didn't circulate the picture. And stories that there was a blonde woman present at many of the rapes who videotaped the event were chalked up to hysteria.

Karla was consistently worried that Paul wasn't sexually happy with the situation. He blamed her for killing Tammy and thus denying him a young sexual partner. A young girl named Jane, who idealized Karla as a role-model, came over for

drinks with Karla. It wasn't long before Jane was unconscious on the couch and Karla was phoning Paul to come over for his wedding present.

When Paul saw that Jane was a ringer for dead Tammy, he was very pleased. They undressed the girl, and Karla had sex with her while Paul taped and gave precise instructions. Then Paul took her virginity, and that being done, he raped her violently anally.

When he was done, Paul went home, and Karla cleaned up the child, who woke up the next morning quite sick and in pain, but unaware that anything terrible had happened.

While Paul was pleased with the favors that Karla did for him, he was having second thoughts about marrying her; she was too old, almost 21, and she was not a virgin. Despite this, they were married in a lavish wedding with many business guests. Paul figured that he made about \$50,000 in wedding gifts on the deal after all the expenses had been paid.

This made getting married a little easier pill to swallow.

Leslie Mahaffy was an average troubled teen, she ignored curfew and had promiscuous sex while she was just fourteen years old. And it was on June 14th that her mother locked her out for being late coming home. Unfortunately for her Paul was driving around town looking for license plates to steal (Paul made money on the side by smuggling cigarettes from America to Canada, and so had to change his license plates often). He saw the little girl wandering around her front yard trying to get in the house, when he used

a knife to abduct her.

Paul blindfolded the girl, and brought her home. Paul woke Karla up, and videotaped her having sex with the girl. In the background you can hear him giving precise orders, and you can hear the girl's terrified voice begging. When Paul started on the girl she refused to have oral sex with him. He proceeded to pull her teeth out with a pair of pliers and after several teeth she complied. He then anally raped her with such ferocity that all one can hear are her screams of pain.

She was later strangled with a cord, dismembered, and poured into cement. Unfortunately for our murderers, the cement didn't dry completely when they dumped it into a lake. Body parts floated to the surface, and the cops swarmed like flies. A pair of braces Leslie wore made her identification easy.

Once again without a little girl for Paul, Karla worried, and so Jane was once again recruited, but she refused to have intercourse with Paul, thinking she was still a virgin. She submitted to his requests orally. Jane told her riding instructor about Paul, and the instructor told Jane's mother. And that was the last the couple saw of Jane.

On November 30, 1991 fourteen-year-old Terri Anderson disappeared. She was a pretty, social girl, who served as Paul and Karla's toy and victim. But she was soon gone. Though there was videotape of Karla and Paul having sex with her dead, blackened body.

For a while another teenager, who lived, and who is nameless served as their sex partner, voluntarily. She soon tired of the situation and returned home to Youngstown, Ohio.

On April 16, 1992, a popular and attractive teenager named Kristen French was abducted from a church parking lot. Karla had lured the pretty girl over to their car on the pretense of asking directions. When Kristen stood by the car looking at Karla's map, Paul forced the girl into the backseat with his knife.

At the outset, both Paul and Karla knew that Kristen would have to die. She had clearly seen them, knew where they lived and had seen their dog. Even so, they didn't want Kristen to figure this out, particularly since she was bigger than Karla was and fairly strong despite her youth. Kristen, who was a smart girl, did everything she could to cooperate with this depraved couple and their outrageous and humiliating demands. She believed that cooperation was her only chance for survival. The ordeal became worse and worse. The more she cooperated, the more sadistic Paul became.

"I'm going to piss on you, okay? Then I'm going to shit on you." Paul said in a whisper Kristen did not move, even when he slapped her face with his semi-erect penis.

"Don't make me mad. Don't make me hurt you" he said, urging her to smile when he

rubbed his groin into her face. Finally, he stood over her and urinated. Then he moved. Turning his buttocks into her face, he squatted over her face and tried to defecate on her without success. "You're a fucking piece of shit. But I like you" he told her. "You look good covered in piss." The indignities went on for a day or two, all meticulously captured on video for the future enjoyment of the newlyweds. Then came the final and worst indignity of all for Kristen French, but her death was not captured on film. On April 30, 1992, Kristen's body was found in a ditch. Her naked body had not been dismembered like Leslie's, leading the investigators to erroneously conclude that the murders of the two teenagers were not connected.

It wasn't too much later that Paul started to really beat the shit out of Karla. After one beating and a short hospital stay, she contacted the police, and a good lawyer. She got a good plea bargain deal, and she told the police everything.

The trials happened in succession, first her's; she was found guilty of 2nd degree murder and sentenced to 12 years in prison. She was eligible for parole after three.

This trial received worldwide attention because the Canadian authorities, on the judges orders refused admission of any foreign press, and forbade the Canadian press from releasing any information for fear of jeopardizing Paul's fair trial. It wasn't even released what her plea had been, only that she had been convicted and sentenced. Paul's trial made it fairly clear that both parties were monsters deserving of extreme punishment. At one point in the proceedings it becomes clear that Karla has Kristen killed in a hurry so that the couple can make it to Easter dinner.

In any case Paul was convicted and sentenced to an indeterminate sentence with a parole hearing in twelve years. Not that there is any likelihood he will ever be released.

<http://www.wstud.uni-giessen.de/~s4778/bernardo.htm>

—St. Felcher

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What To Do?

Looking out for local music

Rumor has it that Spanky's just got sold. Liquid Joe's only has the Disco Drippers playing. The Library isn't the Library anymore and doesn't have Jon Flanders playing Jazz like they use to. Lumpy's is a great place to go see shitty cover bands and have the fraternity of you choice slip rufees into your drink.

And Ichobob's is the place to be if you want a night out of the trailer park to see bands that try their hardest to be like Korn or the Deftones, but get pissed when they get compared to them because they think they have something so much more unique and original to offer. So where do you go see music or art in a town that is so full of talented people, but has no venues to showcase it? Not the Utah Arts Festival. Their version of art is a booth full of cowboy poetry or tree stumps shellacked and turned into clocks. Besides, it's all from out of state at the UTAH arts festival. With the odds against me and the chance that I was destined to be force fed pasteurized art rising, somehow I saw quite a few good shows this month.

The Atomic Deluxe CD release party at

the Zephyr club was amazing. I've seen Atomic Deluxe several times and none of those times compared to the show they put on this night. Their new album is entitled *My True Love* and is out now. They also have two previous releases called *Swing Time* and *Shoot 'em up and Stories From The New West*.

The next night, I attended a show at a nearby warehouse where Jay Sand and his acoustic guitar played a very entertaining gig in an intimate setting. Jay graced us with his presence in the middle of his nationwide tour promoting his album *Big Block of Cheese* on houseBROKENrecords. Jay looks exactly like a young Abbie Hoffman and sings his songs in a storytelling fashion, borderlining on stand up comedy for the social observer. The strong songs on the album are *Icarus* and *Binoculars*. If you can't find a copy of the CD in your local store, you can contact houseBROKENrecords at 444 Melrose Street/Morgantown, WV 26505 or call them at 877-899-9236. Before Jay left town we all got together for dinner. I must say, it's an odd feeling eating a big plate of pork ribs with a Jew and his vegan traveling companion.

The Moon Family played the NXNW contest at Liquid Joe's and kicked every other band's ass there even though they lost the

vote of the City Weekly judges. The band that did win that night was from St. George, UT and was very good and non-threatening at what they did, but when it came to putting on a show and the performance, the Moon Family was shafted. I spoke with the person in charge that night from the City Weekly, and she admitted that it's not about the best band winning. It's about the most palatable, safe band winning and making the bar lots of money. The Moon Family has a new 3 song CD out and I heard that one of Lauryn Hill's production companies is taking the Moon Family out to New Jersey to shop them around to the big labels. Depending on the success of that trip, maybe they'll be winning contests here when they get back.

Some new CDs coming out soon from local bands include *Crypto Biotic* (formerly *Bone Daddy*) with a full-length album that's hard and heavy. In the same vein, *Downgrade* is putting out a CD EP. A very raw sounding police brutality compilation is on the way from some people we all know and love featuring several local punk bands. The highlights on the album come from *Fistful* and local blues man *Zack Parish*.

Bottom line, you have to make quite an effort, but some good shit is out there.

—Ray M.

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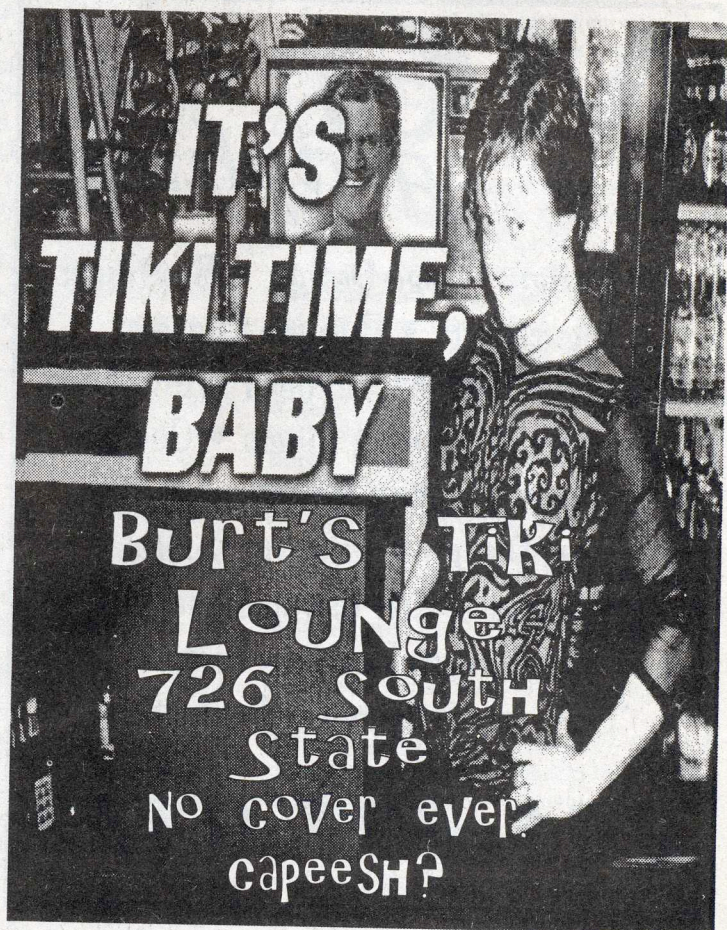
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**Frank Black and The Catholics
Pistolero / SpinArt**

To the dismay of someand the delight of others, Frank Black is still at it. The release of *Pistolero* on the SpinArt displays his dynamic musical character and his ability to survive the often-suffered fate sterility that many artists suffer upon breaking with an avant-garde band like the Pixies. For many of us "Frankyites," Pistolero can be tucked away in the CD tower with a sign of relief. Animated guitar fuses with Black's unmistakable voice creating a consistent yet inventive rhythm that has been the underlying theme for both the Pixies and his five independent albums. Black continues to be a masterful songwriter, singing "my power has suffered in this hour of my oversleep. . . I've got to do something worthwhile." Recommended: "Billy Radcliff," "So Hard to Make Things Out," "I Love your Brain."

—Raza

**Punk-O-Rama 4/Various Artists
Epitaph Records**

This CD delivers a great all around performance by the 25 Epitaph bands it represents. Most of these releases aren't new (for instance "Generator" by Bad Religion), but that does nothing to detract from its quality. Gentleman Jack Grisham surprised me on two counts, a good song by a band I'd never heard of, and an equally impressive picture of some girl doing an erotic Lone Ranger impression. Any ladies out there who have an outfit like that can get this comp free from me if you wear it down to the Slug offices (or Bar X where I will more likely be on a Tuesday at 2:30 in the afternoon). In addition to the softcore smut, and varied punk rock, this is a CD-ROM. Kind of a dumb CD-ROM, but it's better than nothing (band photos, bios, etc.). Ten Foot Pole rips it up, Pennywise puts out an unreleased song, and someone told me that the CD is supposed to be cheap.

—Big Daddy

**Swingorillas
Dick Suave**

It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that Dick Suave Swing. The boys in this band are a little on the sarcasm side of the tracks. This only endears the disc to my sensibilities, particularly considering the fact that I think swing is a bad, bad, fad. That said, this may be the best of all the swing bands around, and I don't mean just in Utah. The arrangements are great, and vocalist Tara "Zooome Zooome" Duff sounds like she snuck out the back alley of a Chicago juke joint circa 1940. Four SLUGs right to the face for the Swingorillas...

—Maxx

**David Usher
little songs
Netzwerk Records**

Originally titled *Little Songs to Fuck To*, this has acoustic guitar,



beats, strings, pseudo-seventies wah-wah guitar and keyboards, religion and sex. What else do you need? Track three, "Jesus Was My Girl," has a lyric with a nice dual-meaning: "Fucking's over, but I just keep coming."

—Randy Harward

**Elvin Bishop
The Skin I'm In
Alligator**

What does Elvin Bishop's new disc sound like? First some history. Bishop worked with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band in the '60s. He had a hit record in the '70s with *Fooled Around And Fell In Love*. His '70s work couldn't be called blues. He was a rocker with a blues background. Bishop returned to the blues in the late '80s and he's remained there ever since. "The Skin I'm In" can hardly fail because Bishop enlisted some help. He has horns and keyboards on three tracks. He has Charlie Musselwhite sitting in on harp and Joe Louis Walker adds guitar to a tune. Norton Buffalo is on another. Bishop might live in San Francisco now, he might have made his name in Chicago and he might claim

Tulsa as his birth city - he's down in New Orleans playing swamp early on. "Middle Aged Man" is not an excellent example of song writing. Bishop's slide and guitar rips remove fingers from the skip button. "Country Blues" isn't country. It is keeper. "That Train Is Gone" isn't really over seven minutes long as the tray insert states. It's two minutes of roots-a-billy and one of discs best. "Long Shadows" and "Shady Lane" are the slow numbers and the Long Shadows" background chorus combined with Buffalo's harp is sweet. Those familiar with Bishop from his rock days are in for a big surprise at Snowbird.

—Slim

**Freetown
Painless
Beatsville Records Inc.**

I was totally surprised by these guys. From looking at the cover you'd think these guys were a trio of Jackasses (which maybe the case for all I know), but the music instantly makes you rethink that opinion. This is high quality ska/reggae which sort of reminds me of early stuff by The Specials. "Skinhead girl" is just one of the great songs that can lead you down the road toward rhythmic butt shaking. This album needs to go straight back to the drawing board in terms of cover art, but musically it is definitely worth checking out.

—Big Daddy

**Frenzal Rhomb
A Man's Not A Camel
Fat Wreck Chords**

It's common knowledge that Australians are drunk bastards. Still these guys feel inclined to beat that fundamental truth back into everyone's head on this album. This of course is perfectly fine with me since they do it with style and straightforward lyrics like "let's drink a beer, lets drink it here, it's the one thing that is clear." Sure this is melodic punk, but the songs have a musical variety not shared by a lot of similar bands. The songs range from mellow "Methadone", to hard(er) "Dinosaurs" (which is about 10 sec. long). Cool guitar parts, comical lyrics, if you like NOFX then you'll like this.

—Big Daddy

**Joshua
A Whole New Theory
Doghouse Records**

This is an emo album through and through. If you can't stand emo, then you'll hate this. On the

other hand, if your favorite albums are all by Gameface, The Promise Ring, and other bands like that, you'll probably enjoy the nine songs thrown together on this release. The vocals are good, mostly because they aren't too whinny. Of course it wouldn't be emo if the guy didn't sound fairly sorry for himself, still the solid drumming, guitar, and bass tend to make up for the mandatory bitching. Although I've never considered myself an emo fan, I'd venture to say that this is one of the better releases I've come across in that genre.

—Big Daddy

**Everything
Supernatural
Sire**



A jam band that Sears would be proud to play in their juniors section. "Supernatural," the lead track, is atypical of the usual jam band fare in that it sounds like a Sunny D commercial. "Hooch" is about weed, and you know that all jam bands are comprised of hippies and hippies love the devil's fern. Actually, the members of Everything look nothing like hippies. They dress rather nattily—not a stitch of tie dye or a single dread. The music is more akin to New Hampshire jambos Percy Hill than, say, Phish or Ekoostik Hookah. Highlights are "Hooch," "The Real," "Ladybug," and "Big D's Playground," which leads to a hidden track that only stoners will find, since they can't get up from the couch to press "stop."

—Randy Harward

**Loudmouth
Hollywood**

"Fly" is the active radio rock song. Even better is "No Heroes." It sounds like Cheap Trick on metal. Given the news on Loudmouth's appearance and adding the information that they've just finished a tour with Godsmack genre definitions are left to simple minds. Young old schoolers didn't have much sausage to wrap their lips around until Buckcherry came on



the scene. Rock and roll arenas thirst for a return to decadence. Loudmouth can do the Cheap Trick and even better than that is Bob Feddersen's (vocals, guitar) ability to merge Ozzy with Vision of Disorder's Tim Williams. An appearance similar to Diamond Dallas Page can't hinder Feddersen in a search for an after show party. The best lyric is undoubtedly "Rats in the mase, we're all just rats in the maze, oh yeah get down." Sorry about the Vision of Disorder reference. The guitar solo accompanying the lyric is perfect for a pose. Alternative rock is so boring and clichéd these days that a return to the clichés of hard rock appears on the horizon as a relief.

—Cranky

Max Romeo

*Open The Iron Gate 1973-1977
Blood And Fire*

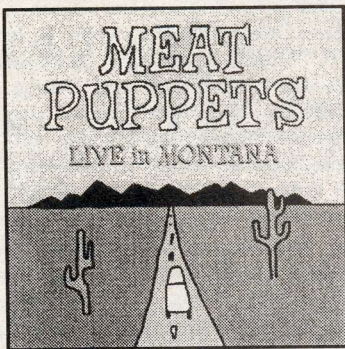
There is really nothing better than good reggae; with the notable exception of a swimming pool full of beer and pornstars. It's difficult to determine which of these is easier to find, but in any case this CD definitely fits the bill. Max Romeo has been delivering quality Jamaican tunes for about 25 years, and this is (if you bothered to look at the album's title) a reissue of some early recordings. Most people have heard "War in a Babylon" which was probably Romeo's biggest hit, but isn't on this disc. Songs like "No Peace", "Every Man Ought To Know" and "Melt Away" more than make up for this lack though. Many of the songs have a militant tone similar to Peter Tosh's stuff, however Romeo's voice is decidedly different than Tosh's; lighter, mellower... all that kind of shit. If you like Reggae, and have even a few brain cells that function, you'll like this.

—Big Daddy

Meat Puppets

*Live in Montana
Rykodisc*

One of the eight Meat Puppets



discs that Rykodisc recently reissued, "Live In Montana" was recorded on December 7 and 8, 1988 at the Sundance Club in Bozeman, and the Top Hat Club in Missoula.

The vocals are rather muddy, but the production is otherwise pristine. Chris Kirkwood's guitar work is characteristically outstanding. Brother Cris and drummer (at the time) Derrick Bostrom lay down a fat groove while managing to show off some of what they got as well.

If the goal of a live album is to create the desire to see a band live, the Meat Puppets have succeeded.

—Randy Harward

Mike Morgan & the Crawl *I Like the Way You Work It Black Top*

An analysis of the music is pretty simple. There isn't anything hip-brow or educated present. Simple down and dirty Texas blues for doing the dirty or sipping some brews. The harp cat goes by Lee McBee. The name of the band comes from the cat with the patch on his eye. He plays guitar. McBee doubles up on vocals - when he ain't blowing. Morgan writes the tunes and McBee sings them. For this outing romance is prominent. The romance is troubled or the romance is lascivious and for one night only. It don't matter. Male interaction with the female is the blues. The group is a roadhouse unit working the clubs because that's where the music is these days. Six tracks in the nastiest of all appears. Not that nasty hasn't entered the environment previous - it's just the tone. McBee blows and Morgan puts out the distortion. The dudes churn the butter! "Face Down In the Dirt" is the title. For a punch below the belt stay tuned for "I Got My Eyes On You." Spasms! These blues are from the Texas area and Texas can't help but swing. "Flyin' High" is an instrumental and Morgan quotes from "Sweet Georgia Brown" as if he were playing guitar for Indigo Swing - or some damn thing. That's the point.

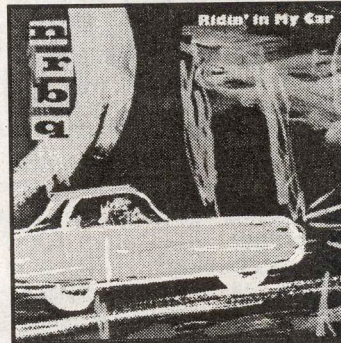
These blues cats have it in their souls. Some play by rote and some can quote. When the honey's drippin' from the jump then it's time to slow it down before that butter's finished. Check "I Wanna Know."

—Slim

NRBQ

*Ridin' in My Car
Rounder*

Ridin' in My Car is a fluffed-up



re-release of NRBQ's mid seventies album, *All Hopped Up*. A handful of previously unreleased tracks ("Chicken Hearted," "Start It Over," "She's Got to Know," and a version of the title track performed by the Windsor High School Band) are included and "It Feels Good," and "Honey Hush," have been treated to makeovers. Fans will snatch it from shelves, newbies should try the 1992 live album *Dollar in My Pocket* as an introduction.

—Randy Harward

Pezz

*Warmth And Sincerity
BYO Records*

Pezz falls somewhere between emo and punk. There is sort of an emo undercurrent to the music, but the singer puts out some ballsy vocals. This album is the third full length by these wannabe cowboys from Memphis. Though that influence doesn't shine through in their music, I bet that they all have wranglers, cowboy hats, and a "six shooter" on there hip at every show. Why? Because that's what I think. Some people have apparently compared them to AC/DC, Jawbreaker, and Social Distortion. I don't know who those people are, but maybe they are smart, so I won't question their authority.

—Big Daddy

Shuggie

Headhunter/Cargo

So many influences, so lame to list them all. Let's just say that the 70s are alive and well in the land of Shuggie. So many bands claim a

70's influence and suck. Here, finally is one that does not. From the first chords of the first song, "New Brooklyn Orbit," I was sold. That the second song, "Good Drugs," is an improvement over the already ass-kicking first song was a huge bonus. It just gets better from there. This CD, a six pack of Old Milwaukee, a moth-eaten blanket and some tortilla chips equals the recipe for a perfect Sunday afternoon.

—Randy Harward

The Donnas

*Get Skintight
Lookout*

One manner creative rockers used to by-pass censorship since rock 'n' roll's inception is the double entendre. The Donna's might be young, although not inexperienced, and they know their way around a double entendre. They start right off with the very first song. "Skintight" starts with the Slurpee machine and continues through the Hostess cupcake (cream-filled) and then there's the "turn out the light and take a bite" line. The Donnas aren't too obsessed with sex. "You Don't Wanna Call," is the typical young love lament and "Hyperactive" addresses another difficulty while "Hook It Up" is the drug song and "Doin' Donuts" is a white trash anthem. The Donnas are "searching for some fresh meat" with "Searching the Streets." Not the last time a reference to meat is made. "Well Done" is a BBQ discussion with this lyric, "If it ain't hard and hot then I don't even care." What kind of BBQ serves hard meat? Okay, they do a parents song and a kiss-off song and what is this about a boy who is a zero because he don't go mano, think's it's obscene?" Just your typical trashy rock and roll from four girls who rock. Listen close and "it" goes deeper. Nice job with the Mötley Crüe cover too and the best lyric to close the '90s — "I knew you were lame from your wallet chain."

—Chris

Smash Mouth

Astro Lounge / Interscope

Smash Mouth has always been the type of band that I was lukewarm on. I was able to take hearing "Walking on the Sun" on the radio every half-hour. Their cover of War's "Why Can't We Be Friends" was even a little amusing. But when you write a piece of shit song like "Allstar" (I don't care if it is tongue-in-cheek) and I have to hear THAT on the radio, I get mad. This goddamn song is going to be heard on

ESPN for a year in addition to whatever airplay it gets. Just when we thought we got rid of Chumbawamba. The only thing that kept me listening to the album was that familiar, what-the-hell? feeling that I usually get when I hear Smash Mouth. I don't know whether to give them points for eliciting anger from me (as opposed to apathy) or to use this ho-hum disc as a coaster.

—Randy Harward

The Robustos The New Authentic Beatsville Records

These guys (and one girl) have somehow managed to combine ska and jazz into a new musical style. I don't really believe that these are types of music that were meant to be mixed, but they get points for originality. Having grown up as a true island boy, any huge leap from reggae, ska, rocksteady, Hawaiian . . . whatever, generally doesn't fly with me. As a jaded Rhode Island native, I've seen my share of surf, bongo drums, and ganja. Anytime a standup bass is tossed into the mix, you can expect repercussions. The song "Creepin' around" is good, and anyone who really likes ska and Jazz may just find their dream band in The Robustos. I don't though.

—Big Daddy

Lunachicks Luxury Problems GoKart

These ladies have done "it" for longer than the Donnas. The Lunachicks are more bitter about the world. Their parties with boys have happened. Now the Lunachicks are concerned with Miss America, tits and teeth. The Lunachicks are far more jaded and no less entertaining. "Hope To Die" is the coolest song ever. It seems that life didn't work out. Happy homemaker isn't happy with her happy homemaker life so she takes off her bra. She doesn't burn it like they used to do in the '60s. She strangles her man with it. Since violence in entertainment is of current interest it is interesting to discover some women advocating violence. It's also important to remember that one of these ladies has worked as a model in the past, if not still.

—Chris

U.S. Bombs The World Hellcat Records

The U.S. Bombs have finally come out with its much awaited full-length follow up to War Birth.

The album is great all around, and on the harder edge of punk, as the U.S. Bombs are know for. However, they seem to have cooled down and mellowed out a little since their last album. None the less songs like "Madagascar" have balls of steal. I'm a little disappointed with the song "Skater Dater" which comes across as what it is, a lame song. At the same time they expand their style with a great song in "Hobroken Dreams". All and all a very solid release, just don't walk into it expecting another War Birth. Of course you've never really heard the U.S. Bombs until you've seen them live, which is an awe-inspiring experience . . . definitely one of the best bands out there.

—Big Daddy

W.A.S.P. Helldorado CMC International

To say that W.A.S.P. is returning to its roots is to pose the question, "Just how far do these roots go?" To hell, my friend, to hell. While I doubt that Blackie Lawless is a satanist, I do believe that he and the Dark Prince go to the titty bar together. Regardless, with the battle cry "This ain't your daddy's Oldsmobile," Lawless 'christens' W.A.S.P.'s latest *Helldorado*.

The blues-based stomprock that was the hallmark of the band's self-titled debut and follow-up, *The Last Command* returns, as do Lawless' brazen lyrics (see "Don't Cry, Just Suck" and "Dirty Balls") and strangely musical yowling.

Obviously, the idea—as it is with most try-it-again metal bands nowadays—is to remind those of us who were W.A.S.P. fans back in the day just what good rock and roll is. They succeed.

—Randy Harward

Leatherface Hot Water Music BYO Records

"Money grows on the backs of young and old, chained to a wall in toyland they toil & toil & toil, while we watch and we abhor."

About ten years ago I was passing through Portland when a good friend made me a comp tape consisting mostly of punk bands I had never heard. The tape itself was deviously inspiring all the way through. However, the clear stand-out for me was a masterpiece called "Smile (your in a free and pleasant land)" written by England's best kept secret, LEATHERFACE.

Thus the search was on for more and back then this was not easy.

Even the legendary Raunch Records was unable to track stuff down until years latter when re-releases began to surface in the states. Through a collective effort of friends mostly on the West Coast the records began to appear resulting in a small US. appreciation for some of the finest punk rock vinyl ever released!

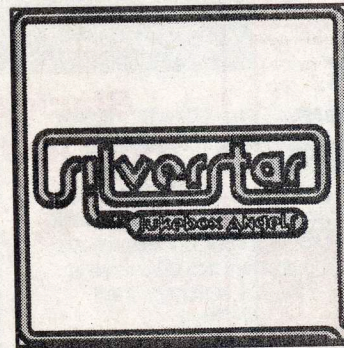
In 1993 the cold wind carried sad news to Utah. The Sunderland powerhouse had vanished and so had many peoples hopes of ever feeling the magic live.

"Dont underestimate underdogs, they can beat the world and come back for more."

Six years later, like a dream come true, Leatherface is back! BYO records has released a split cd uniting the UK. legends with Florida's Hot Water Music. Opening with "Andy" a tribute to the friendship between Stubbs (writer, singer and driving force) and original bass player Andy Crighton who passed on in 1998. Classic Leatherface style, combined with the beautiful poetic justice Stubbs has always achieved, reigns throughout the six new offerings. A must for all Leatherface fans and anyone into modernistic pop.

Hot Water Music follows with five songs in the same power pop vein. Unlike Leatherface, who's unique flavor stands alone, HWM tends to sound like a lot of other bands ranging from Fugazi to GreenDay, but are one to keep an eye on in the future. The two bands played together at the DV8 basement May 28th and the show was pretty consistent with this review. Leatherface stole the show for me but hey, I'm an old fan.

—RU



Silver Star and the Jukebox Angels Silver Star and the Jukebox Angels Crash City

A power trio with doo-wop girls plays glam rock with Rocky Horror leanings for eight tracks, followed by "bonus" remixes of the same eight tunes. This would be good if it weren't so contrived. I mean, a song

called "Tiger Beat?" Sheesh.

—Randy Harward

Steady Earnest Dr. Earnest's Nerve Steadying Spirits Beatsville Records Inc.

I don't know if you can really trust a band whose best songs are covers, and in my opinion Steady Earnest's best song is "Sunshine Superman" by Donovan (who isn't in the band, surprise). Some of their songs have me diving for the stop button on my stereo ("Figure It Out"), and others I don't mind like "Higher Powe." Listening to any ska group, much like high school marching bands, you can count on an on-going barrage of horn playing. The video that comes up on your computer for the song "Skin It Up" has a strong undercurrent of Marijuana use, and the song is pretty good to boot! All and all the CD flips back an forth between two descriptions, mediocre and decent, not really that strong of an overall performance.

—Big Daddy

Take Action! Sub City Records

On June 15th, in the basement of DV8, the Sub City Records sponsored "Take Action Tour" unleashed Veterans Fifteen with Scared of Chaka, Falling Sickness, FYP and Dillenger Four. The tour itself would interchange many bands as it crossed the country while focusing on a specific benefit, of a grass roots nature, for each city. Here in Salt City the cause was Food Not Bombs. If you have not heard by now, Food Not Bombs provides free vegan meals, with no stipulations attached, in an open public setting for anyone who's hungry. They are always looking for volunteers.

The show features that nineties pop punk sound (witch runs so rampant these days one wonders if there is anything alternative about it.) However, these bands shined through with high energy sounds and "take action" lyrics. The two standouts of this show were Scared of Chaka and, of course, Fifteen (I missed falling Sickness). Food not Bombs provided a literature table and Sub City showcased an impressive variety of new punk releases including;

"Take Action!" is a punk rock sampler benefiting the Foundation Fighting Blindness. This comp features Fifteen, Scared of Chaka FYP,

continued on page 36

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—Gianni

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Arch Enemy - Burning Bridges
 Burning Bridges is the second release from ex-Carcass guitarist Michael Amott's new band Arch Enemy. Also featuring bassist Sharlee D'Angelo, Mercyful Fate/Witchery/Dismember, Arch Enemy gather the very best elements of death, thrash and progressive metal adding an incredible sense of melodic balance.



**ATOMIC BITCH
 WAC - S/T**
 Featuring MONSTER MAGNET's guitarist Ed Mundell, former Godspeed bassist Chris Kosnick and former Slaprocket drummer Keith Ackerman. Acid-laced, blues-based, riff-rock explosion of solid gold jams



Iced Earth
Something Wicked This Way Comes
 See the leaders of the power metal movement on tour now and look for their double live album A Live in Athens coming in July.

MORTICIAN CHAINSAW - DISMEMBERMENT
 Pulverizes and pummels while dragging the barbaric Mortician sound further into the grave as they de-tune their axes an additional two steps! Let the butchery begin!



Nile
Amongst the Catacombs of Nephren-Ka
 Nephren-Ka is the new master of evil! Bombastic death/grind from the tombs of the pharaohs.



Neurosis - Times of Grace
 An introspective war cry, Times of Grace lures with its vivid rhythms, strikes with a siege of emotion and consumes with abysmal force. On tour from June until the end of humanity.



Primal Fear - Jaws of Death
 Eagerly awaited 2nd opus feat. Former and current members of Gamma Ray and Sinner. A true metal record leading us into the new metal millennium!



Pissing Razors - Cast Down the Plague
 "The slaughtering drum beats, firestorming riffs and militaristic barks of the 13 song Cast Down the Plague will knock you down like a tired boot camp cadet" -CMJ. Check out the Noise website at www.us.noiserecords.com for the latest news, tour dates and free MP3 files.



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).



Storm Troopers Of Death: Bigger Than The Devil
 Bigger Than the Devil is a swift kick in the ass to those who have become bleated on the excesses of society. Sgt. D's coming and there on his list.



Therion - The Crowning of Atlantis
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the Weakerthans, Dillinger Four, Against All Authority, Falling Sickness, Algebra One, Funeral Oration, Kid Dynamite, Heckle, Damnation and the Rabies. It's a fine lineup of intelligent songs with few weak spots. Stand-outs include: Fifteen, Against All Authority and Scared of Chaka.

This and other Sub City releases help bring the pop sound back to the true roots of punk rock music which is grounded in revolution. Sub City is a creation of Hopeless Records. In the attempt to raise social awareness and subsidize non-profit organizations. Sub City aim is to have an impact that goes beyond music.

—RU

Frenzal Rhomb
A Man's Not A Camel
Fat Wreck Chords

It's common knowledge that Australians are drunk bastards. Still these guys feel inclined to beat that fundamental truth back into everyone's head on this album. This of course is perfectly fine with me since they do it with style and straightforward lyrics like "let's drink a beer, lets drink it here, it's the one thing that is clear." Sure this is melodic punk, but the songs have a musical variety not shared by a lot of similar bands. The songs range from mellow "Methadone", to hard(er) "Dinosaurs" (which is about 10 sec. long). Cool guitar parts, comical lyrics, if you like NOFX then you'll like this.

—Big Daddy

Return of the Read Menace
Honest Dons

A.K. Press is a revolutionary propaganda combat unit distributing radical books, information and music. Keeping their black trench coats well-hidden, they have never the less been responsible for bringing Noam Chompsky and Howard Zinn to the kids, Jello Biafra and Crass to the printed format and reintroducing smashing the state as a viable lifestyle choice for a new

generation.

Return of the Read Menace, a benefit for A.K. Press is the latest release on Honest Dons Records.

With 25 bands and songs ranging from pop punk, anarch-folk to a few hardcore sweeties this CD is a fine addition to anyone's collection. There is no shortage of heavy-hitters here as the lineup speaks for itself. Screeching Weasel, J Church, No Use For A Name, Pitchshifter, Quixote, Robb Johnson, Ron Hawkins, Propagandhi, Chumbawamba (no they did not sell out), the Weakerthans, Wat Tyler, Avail, DOA, Moral Crux (beginning to get the picture?) and many more fabs! If you're into this kind of thing, then definitely check this out. It all goes to a great cause.

—RU

Jump With Joey
Swingin' Ska South of the Border
Will Records

Welcome to the Club Babaloo.



Playing the part of Ricky Ricardo tonight will be Joey Altruda...

I was getting so goddamn sick of hearing ska, ska-punk, two-tone, whatever...until this album of latin-tinged ska came along. While at times you expect to hear Lucy whining "Let me be in the show, Ricky!", *Swingin' Ska South of the Border* is overall an enjoyable record of instrumentals and Spanish-language skankers.

—Randy Harward

Bantam Rooster
The Cross and the Switchblade
Crypt

Crypt. Is there a need to review the CD? Simply writing the label name should be satisfactory. I'll give it an immediate 99.9/A. In case the group name is unfamiliar, and I have no doubt that it is - Bantam Rooster is a two-piece. Don't worry, I have another two-piece to discuss later. As for the lyrics and the vocal style? Bantam Rooster provides their own analysis...from "Soul-Phisticate" ... "drinking gasoline from the pump, give me shit man, I

don't care." In an effort to be totally honest I must reveal the news that there is a third instrument present. It isn't just one guitar and a drum kit. Some songs have organ. No, not keyboards, I wrote organ. The organ is an interesting instrument. Some are probably handling one of theirs while reading this. In the case of *The Cross and the Switchblade* the organ is not used to provide some kind of funky, funky nor is it used to explore the world of acid because this organ probably isn't a B-3. Nope. Rock 'n' roll is the objective. I guess the best way to analyze the recording is to take a trip to another place. Bands such as Bantam Rooster can make all the records they want, but they are for live. The shit doesn't transfer to stadiums and neither does rock 'n' roll. The disc is kind of like visiting a dingy club. There's graffiti on the walls, the toilet is overflowing, there's a bunch of dirty fuckers wearing thrift shop clothes (not trendy thrift shop clothes either, cheesy thrift shop clothes - vinyl jackets, Penny's denim, used Fruit of the Loom) and they're all drunk. The band hits the stage and by the time their 60 minute set is complete all are sober, sweaty and invigorated. The audience is ready to face another day trying to fit in the square hole and the band is headed off to the next town. Hopefully they didn't catch an STD from the mattress or the floor they slept on. That's rock 'n' roll and it don't happen here much. Nope. Not even in DV8's basement.

—Earl

The Lively Ones
Heads Up - The Best Of Vol. 2
Del-Fi

Some songs define the sixties. I guess for the Pearl Jam readers in the audience one of them could be J. Frank Wilson's "Last Kiss." For the original head to k1el.com and purchase a copy of Frank Wilson & the Cavaliers on the Collectables label, or, I guess K-Tel will make you a CD with the song on it. The rest of you can listen to the Lively Ones covering "Pipeline," "Surfin' USA," Let's Go Trippin'," "Tequila," "Wipe Out," "Surfin' Safari," "Guitar Man," "Wild Weekend," "Sleep Walk," "40 Miles Of Bad Road," "Torquay," or "Shutdown." These days cover bands are given short shift by all. What the Lively Ones present here, as I've written in the past, is not a selection of covers. They interpret the songs. Yes, even "Sleep Walk." Duane Eddy, the Chantays, the Surfari's, the Beach Boys, Duane Eddy, Dick Dale - they

take them on and match them note for note...er...not quite note for note. The name was inspired by the live show. Don't worry, the Lively Ones aren't about the haul their tired old bones on the road for a revival. The closest anyone is likely to achieve is the disc and back in the day it was recorded live in the studio.

—Brenda

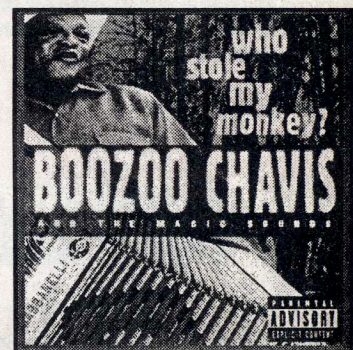
Tara Nevins
Muze To Ride
Sugarhill

Tara Nevins is a multi-instrumentalist from the group Donna The Buffalo. This solo album finds her enlisting a host of famous friends in an effort to bring hillbilly music to another generation. There are those around this town who somehow believe dressing up in a new pair of Sears Roebuck coveralls with four inch cuffs is all that is required to become a hillbilly. The hillbilly I'm writing about this time out has not a lot to do with Chicago. Rather than explain that reference I'll ask that the reader investigate American history. No, Tara Nevins is playing hillbilly music as in bluegrass. The names include Ralph Stanley and Mike Seeger. One's kind of a folkie and the other is kind of a legend. For the cash laid down the listener/buyer receives exceptionally sweet bluegrass, a couple of mere updates on the form and a tune or two that sound like the Bad Livers although, not a single Bad Liver is present. This Nevins female has some talent with a fiddle. That's the instrument she plays on the disc; that and her voice. Her voice lies between the creek-bed rocks of folk and country. The three tunes featuring Stanley are extraordinary, a given, the reasons to buy are the hoe-downs.

—Ellis

Boozoo Chavis
Who Stole My Monkey?
Rounder

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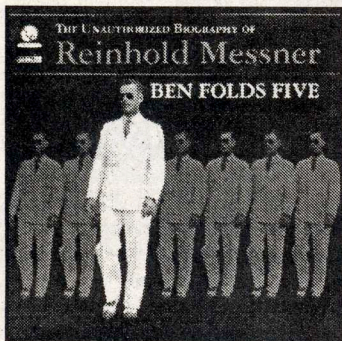


again, leave two dollars in small, unmarked bills in my box at Slug. Come alone. No pigs.

Zydeco is the perfect party music—no matter who is playing it. I am not so well-listened in the genre that I can say how Boozoo Chavis ranks with his accordion-squishing peers, but I can say that I like this CD and it has been subject to many spins at my house.

The two X-rated tunes at the end of *Who Stole My Monkey?* are some of the thing that sets Chavis apart from his peers. He is a dirty old man and I love him for it.

—Randy Harward



Ben Folds Five
The Unauthorized Biography of Reinhold Messner
550 Music

More of what we've come to expect (really good piano songs that create the illusion of being in a place where everybody knows your name) from Ben Folds Five, just with more strings. Still glib. More pensive...

—Randy Harward

Jeff Dahl
All Trashed Up
Triple X

The time for rock 'n' roll arrives again. Jeff Dahl is 44-years-old. He's a codger. Take some Stooges, take an inability to work and play well with others, take a home recording studio, one with a tape machine and not a CDR, take the Arizona heat. I guess an interest in music manufactured for the masses and a memory neglecting the Flamin' Groovies, a

San Fran band that was around in '67, eliminates the rock power for a work such as Dahl has created. Fifteen-year-old females may enjoy the pulsating, produced rhythms of Ricky Martin and Britney Spears, but when things begin to become sweaty the old fashioned rock 'n' roll beat is best for humpin' in the sheets. That is what Dahl has produced again. Seduction is an art. Use all means possible to git to the action and always keep this reminder; if yer goin' down y'all might as well go down in flames. That's the title of the fifth track. The title of the sixth track is "San Francisco." Sorry! The summer of love has left the building.

—Craig

The Melvins
The Maggot
Ipecac

As it states inside the little booklet, "This is part one of a whole. *The bootlicker* is part two. *The crybaby* is part three. BUY ALL THREE." Part one is metal. Metal is the rage. A look at Salt Lake City's concert calendar is like entering a time machine. The Melvins aren't having any truck with that metal they play out at the dragstrip, in Franklin Covey stadium, in the David O'McKay building or up there at Deer Valley. *The Maggot* is not head metal, nor is it body metal. It's a combination and that big haired (sorry King Buzzo), spandex, pop shit so loved in Salt Lake City isn't present. Simple hum interludes separate the early tracks I believe they are there to calm the listener. Some listeners might want to record all of the hum onto their hard drive, mini disc recorder or onto a cassette tape. Sit and listen to hum. Tell your mom it's meditation music for machines. Since most humans have lost all reasoning ability most humans can grasp the hum better than the music. "the green manalishi (with the two pronged crown)" is like Sabbath mixed up with prog. That's pretty scary. Imagine a Marillion fan purchasing a Melvins' disc? Of course, they're the ones who will record the hums. The disc appears dedicated to Judy. Judy is mentioned in the titles to three songs and the final tracks - 15-16 - are titled "see how pretty, see how smart." That's our Judy. Another interesting factor about *The Maggot* is how the Melvins switch from track to track without interrupting the song. Watch this puppy play. Track 11 becomes Track 12 without King Buzzo missing a line. The Track 12 climax blew my speakers

and I had to go to the D.I. to purchase another mismatched pair. Track 15 blew those. Those Melvins have cost me \$5 so far and there's one track left. This time I got a JBL and a Bose. \$2.50 for the pair. The "see how smart" portion caused me to shit myself. Too much vibration coursing through the hemorrhoid cushion I guess.

Wouldn't you know it? There's a hidden track. It's nothing special, just some sleigh bells. The Melvins will be in Salt Lake City to perform once again on July 5th. That's the day the United States will celebrate its birthday. One can't celebrate birthdays on Sunday. It's against the constitution. In Utah we have to wait until July 24th.

—Mike

The Sprague Brothers
Let The Chicks Fall Where They May
Hightone

Here's that duo I mentioned all the way back in the Bantam Roosters review. Go find your mom, but only if she listens to what passes for "oldies" radio in this town. I have some references only your mom will understand. I'll list the names and you can have your mom explain them to you. The Everly Brothers, the Bobby Fuller Four, the Louvins, Grady Martin, Buddy Holly...fuck it. How about the girl pictured on the back cover? The Everly Brothers influence is prevalent all the way through "Hardship." Hopefully the Sprague's can get along, unlike Phil and Don. They enter Bobby Fuller/Buddy Holly territory with "Never Knew." Total and complete Holly guitar riffs fill "Never New." That'll be the day. Pop rock from the '50s with a strong country influence and *Let The Chicks Fall Where They May*.

—Benny

David Hilyard and the Rocksteady Seven / Playtime / Hellcat

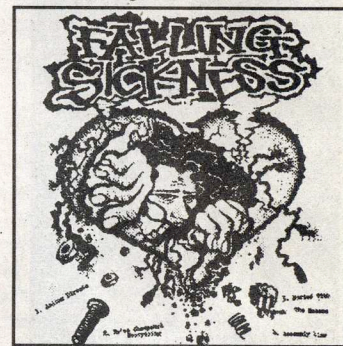
The Rocksteady Seven were recruited from the ranks of ska and jazz bands. Two members of Hepcat are present when vocals are. While the rhythm section keeps the beat relentlessly ska/rocksteady/reggae other participants engage with jazz, latin and dub. If New Orleans, '40s swing, be bop, rocksteady and '60s ska aren't of interest neither is *Playtime*. Otherwise? Take the music outside and loll about like a big fat cow or a reptile sunning on a rock. The album is bracing and it contains much improvisation not related to jam.

—Orvil

Falling Sickness / Dysentery
Genocide Deserves No Celebration
Sub City

This is one of the best Sub City releases to date with a portion of the proceeds going toward schools for Chiapas in solidarity with the Zapatistas in southern Mexico.

Opening with *Falling Sickness*, the first song "Accion Directa," sung in Spanish, explodes with a hard core punk scream for revolution! Following through with three more hard-hitting cuts, *We've Cheaped Everything*, *Buried with the Masses* and *Assembly line*, all focusing on trickle down



destruction imposed by the evil empire. A very powerful effort by these Oaktown five. It does not stop there. *Dysentery* picks up the second half with a brutal assault on genocide in the song "Grasp." More ripping punk with "Your Fucked," "Homeless Feat," "False Reality," "Escape" and "Hated of Society." These songs are all anger, all beautiful, all focus on fighting back, oppression, apathy and change. Punk rock is alive and well! This record fucking rocks!

"*Falling Sickness*" also supports a crucial cause. Chiapas is where the poorest of the Mexican population dwell. Still inhabited by indigenous Indians, the land has become a target for money-hungry capitalists in the US. for its rich agricultural resources. When NAFTA was passed in 1994 the Zapatista National Army of Liberation declared war against their unjust government (witch is US. backed) demanding liberty, independence, justice and peace. The Schools for Chiapas raises funds to build free schools for the children of the jungle in Chiapas. Thanks to Sub City, *Dysentery* and *Falling Sickness* for this important release.

For more info: Schools for Chiapas 1717 Kettner Blvd. suite 125 San Diego CA 92101 or HYPER-LINK <http://www.igc.org/mexico-peace/>

—RU

Club Paradise



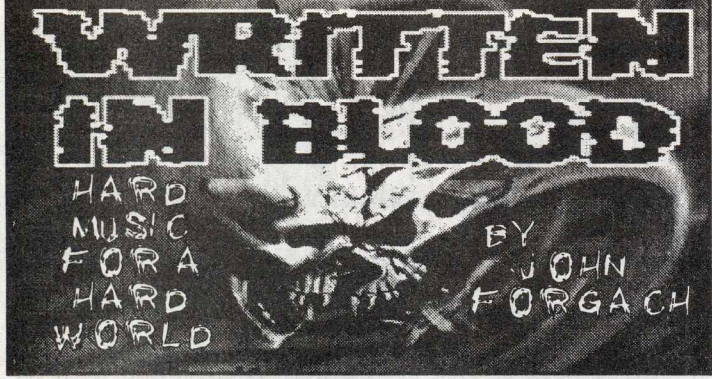
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Squirt Guns!
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Dances!
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I'm going to give you a brief over-view of what's going on with some of the metal labels to give you a "heads up". **METAL BLADE:** Chris Barnes and his band Six Feet Under are releasing their third full-length album, *MAXIMUM VIOLENCE*. Chris finally kicked Allen West's (guitar) ass out of the band (or maybe Allen had the good sense to quit himself). The addition of former Massacre guitarist Steve Swanson has done nothing but help this band. The music is still pretty simplistic, but it's the best thing Six Feet Under have put out yet. - With one foot planted firmly in hell, the band Immolation release their third full-length, *FAILURES FOR GODS*. The speed-blasted guitar riffing and drumming are as unholy as the lyrics. This band is out of control with the whole Satan thing - these guys even scare me. - ...and if that wasn't enough blasphemy for you, check out *BLOODY BLASPHEMY* from God Dethroned.

This band's death/black metal style is played at full-throttle, only occasionally slowing down long enough to give the impression that the music is spiraling down to the depths of hell. The play during the beginning of the album was a bit erratic, but tightens up towards the middle. - Now on a lighter note. **GWAR** is releasing their 7th full-length album, *WE KILL EVERYTHING*. Don't miss the 7th issue of the Slave Pit Funnies, a comic written and drawn by the members of GWAR. - What month would be complete without a release from King Diamond, whether it be with his band or with Mercyful Fate? The latest is in the form of Mercyful Fate with the album 9. It appears the Fate is returning to a more stripped-down and heavy sound, similar to what the band was doing back during the *DON'T BREAK THE OATH* days. The front cover even has the same looking skull, bathed in fire art work. It's been a long time since I've said this about a Mercyful Fate album, but this is pretty good. **EARACHE** : Go get the new album *OUR PROBLEM* from the band Iron Monkey and subject yourself to over an hour's worth of pure sludgcore abuse. Detuned guitars trudge along hand in hand with the band's bizarre lyrical tapestry. - **CARAVAN BEYOND REDEMPTION** is the latest from the band Cathedral. This band continues on with their '70's sounding heavy rock approach to metal. **ROADRUNNER** : Each of the nine members of

the band Slipknot wears some sort of bizarre looking, homemade mask. These Iowa natives have a lot going on in this CD (hip-hop to death metal) but then there are nine people in the band to lend their expertise to the music. The music is heavy and punishing. Despite the band's "gimmicky" outward appearance, their music is all business. **NECROPOLIS**

: It's raw, inherently evil and totally black metal... it's anything from Necropolis. Deathwitch features members from the bands Dissection, Rune Magic, Sacramentum and Swordmaster. **MONUMENTAL MUTILATIONS** was recorded by King Diamond guitarist Andy LaRoque and was mastered by the great James Murphy. - **WE ARE WAR** is the band War's attempt at creating the ultimate anti-Christian, anti-human musical statement ever made. We just may have a winner! -



The band Tartaros is the work of Charmand Grimlock. Grimlock's goth/black metal style revolves around his keyboard playing. The music is extremely layered and worth a listen. - Other "recent" releases from Necropolis include **AND THE ANGELS WEPT / Ashes**, **FOREVER BLASPHEMY / In Aeternum**, and **D A M N A T I O N S**

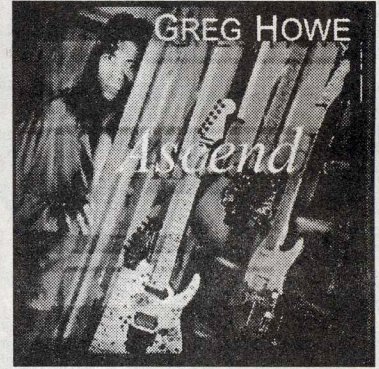
PROPHECY / Abominator. **SHRAPNEL** : Every guitarist should know what's going when it comes to Shrapnel Records. This label puts out music from the best guitar players in the world....that have ever existed.

Greg Howe tears it up on his latest album, ASCEND. Howe returns to his hard, progressive rock roots. Vitalij Kuprij plays keyboard on the album and participates in plenty of "solo dueling" with Howe. This is the best guitar album since James Murphy's, FEEDING THE MACHINE (Shrapnel). Check out Vitalij Kuprij with his band Artension's release, FORCES OF NATURE (also on Shrapnel). -

Borislav Mitic has come all the way from Belgrade (Serbia) to bring you his self-titled release so shut the hell up and listen. There are a few "Yngwie" similarities going on here, but this guy is damn good and that by itself makes this album good. Borislav's ultra clean style of neo-classical play demon-



strates his abundance of ability throughout the release. - Ritchie Kotzen, former lead guitarist for the band Poison (They really need to start leaving that fact out of Ritchie's bio), has released *BI-POLAR BLUES*. As the title would suggest, this is a blues album. There are four cover versions featured on this release, while the rest are Kotzen originals. Ritchie handles all of the vocals on the album, he also plays all of the guitars, the piano and organ parts, does a good amount of the drumming and plays most of the bass parts. - Joe Lynn Turner is releasing his sec-



ond album's worth of cover tunes, aptly titled, **UNDER COVER 2**. Vernon Reid, Al Pitrelli, Jeff Golub, Greg Smith, Leslie West and Rick Derringer all make appearances on the album. While all of the music originally comes from different sources, it's all guitar oriented. **INZANE RECORDS** : Matt Zane, porno director, is jumping into the record business in a big way. Not only does his label have five bands on it's roster, but one of them is his own band Society 1. **SLACKER JESUS** is electronic/metal madness. The techno elements of the music add instead of detracting from the heaviness of the music. The label also sent me the xxx video *SEXUAL SOCIETY 2*. I was mortified. I watched the entire video with one eye closed tightly. **NUCLEAR BLAST**: Progressive, speed/black metal is the best description for the band Children Of Bodom. **HATEBREEDER** is the follow-up to the band's debut, *SOMETHING WILD*. - The band Crematory has released their seventh album, *ACT SEVEN*. These days, crematory plays their melodic style of black metal without guitarist Lotte. Lotte has moved on and has formed a more straight-forward metal band, Sculpture. - The album *COLONY* is the newest release from Sweden's In Flames. This band plays a complex version of progressive/death metal with an ear for melody. If you like this, also check out the band's last album, *WHORACLE*. - No group, person or cause is safe from the ridicule of S.O.D. (Stormtroopers Of Death).

The boys from New York City have regrouped and their humor filled metal is sounding as fresh as ever. The twenty-five tracks from *BIGGER THAN THE DEVIL* even include a remake of the song "Aren't You Hungry?", originally done by M.O.D. (Method Of Destruction, Billy Milano's (vocals) other band.). Other members of S.O.D. include Scott Ian and Charlie Benante from Anthrax and Danny Lilker from

Brutal Truth. - If you're looking for a black metal band that has a more polished sound, look no further. The smooth production on Dimmu Borgir's, *SPIRITUAL BLACK DIMENSIONS* doesn't sacrifice a bit of evil to sound good. Production value shouldn't

slow enough to give this band an almost sludgcore sound. Not extremely complicated material, but it's still pretty tight. - Lungbrush bring their brand of Chicago-based hardcore-metal to the table with their album *OLD SCHOOL/NEW SCHOOL*. A heavy rhythm and riffing section supports the hardcore influenced lyrics. To understand the lyrics is to realize that they are mostly positive in a "kick in the head" sort of way. - *VADER, LIVE IN JAPAN* is the second live album for the band Vader. The show took place on a tour of Japan in support of their most recent studio album *BLACK TO THE BLIND*. Good production and recording emphasizes the intensity of this band. **CENTURY MEDIA:** Italy's, Lacuna Coil have released their debut full-length, *IN A REVERIE*. The band's goth/metal style is lightened by female vocalist Cristina Scabbia. The addition of male vocalist Andrea Ferro keeps this release from becoming another "chick" album. - *PURSUIT IN THE FACE OF CONSEQUENCE* by the band Haste walks the thin line that often exists between hardcore and metal. The duel vocal attack by both lead vocalists is an interest-



be a crime in the world of black metal, and Dimmu Borgir proves it. - The easy sounds of the band Therion are coming at you with the release of their new album *CROWNING OF ATLANTIS*. Complete with chants and female vocals it's....different. - **PAVEMENT:** Could it be? Two bands from Brazil that don't sound like another Sepultura? Well damn, turn it up! Not sounding like Sepultura is actually quite a feat for the band The Mist out of Minas Gerais, Brazil. Jairo Guedz, guitarist for The Mist, is a former Sepultura guitarist. *GOTTVERLASSEN* is pure Brazilian thrash metal. Need more where that came from? Overdose, out of Belo Horizonte, Brazil are releasing a new album also, *CIRCUS OF DEATH*. Overdose has stuck to the aggressive, thrash style of metal that they have been playing since releasing *PROGRESS OF DECADENCE* back in 1994. -



Holy crap! This is good. You've got to check out the new Internal Bleeding. DRIVEN TO CONQUER is the new album. I haven't heard the other two albums that these guys have, but now I know what I've been missing. Close your eyes and think tight, technical death metal with a cool sounding vocalist. It's good huh?

The band Endless is a three piece out of Canada. Their album *BEAUTY, TEARS AND THE SETTING SUN* is death metal with a mixture of styles and sounds. The guitars are tuned so low and at certain points the songs are played

ing touch, with both offsetting each other nicely. This is a tight musical unit with the ability to mix the heaviness of metal with the intensity of hardcore. - Check out what all the hype is about in the black metal community with the release *IX EQUILIBRIUM* from Emperor. Sounds like black metal to me. One thing I do like about this band is that for a black metal band they don't rely as heavily on keyboards as most other b.metal bands. Actually, they don't even have a keyboard player listed inside the CD. Am I even listening to the right CD?

—Forgach

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- July 1 The Thirteenth Floor
- July 9 eXistenZ
- July 16 Bukaroo Banzai
- July 23 The Matrix
- July 30 The Road Warrior

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Monday July 5

Melvins w/Enemymind - DV8
Red Hot Stadium Extravaganza -
Rice Stadium
Jewel, Steve Poltz - E Center
Mike Morgan - Dead Goat
Triggar Locks-Burt's Tiki

Tuesday July 6

Ten Foot Pole-Whittier Cntr-Logan
Fire & Grace - Kingsbury Hall
Switchblade Symphony, Razed In
Black,Crocodile Shop - Area 51
Howard Jones - Deer Valley
Goat Jam (Blues)- Dead Goat
DJ Kolob- Zephyr

Wednesday July 7

Avenues Jazz Trio -
Anderson-Foothill Library
Dynatones - Gallivan Center
Ani DiFranco w/Maceo Parker -
Deer Valley
Cinnamon Brown and the
Eskimos- Dead Goat
Toilet Smurfs- Burt's Tiki
Soundsend- Zephyr

Thursday July 8

SLAMDANCE Film Festival-
Harry O's Park City
Charlie Musselwhite - Twilight
Concert Series
Dixie Chicks, Tim McGraw-
E Center
Dynatones- Dead Goat
In Limbo- Burt's Tiki
Runaway Truck Ramp- Zephyr
Honest Engine- Liquid Joes

Friday July 9

SLAMDANCE Film Festival-
Park City
Shaking Tree - O'Shucks
Flash Cadillac- Abravanel Hall
Backwash- Dead Goat
Mile Marker 16- Burt's Tiki
Elbo Finn- Zephyr
Clover- Liquid Joes

Saturday July 10

Slamdance Film Festival- Park City
David Arkenstone - Kingsbury

Flash Cadillac-Deer Valley
Vans Warped Tour '99 -
Utah State Fairgrounds
Jiggle the Handle - O'Shucks
Ryan Shupe and the Rubber
Band - Tracy Aviary
Glade- Burt's Tiki
Zion Tribe- Dead Goat
Chola/Second Hand
Grace/A.S.A.- Zephyr
Choice of Reign- Liquid Joes

Sunday July 11

Jazz Bros. - Squatter's Pub
Acoustic night- Dead Goat
Sally Taylor— Zephyr

Monday July 12

Big Dave and the Ultrasonics-
Dead Goat
Malajusted- Burt's Tiki
DJ Kolob- Zephyr

Wednesday July 14

Boy Sets Fire - DV8
Public Domain
Anderson Library
Harry Connick Jr. - E Center
Daughters of the Nile-Dead Goat
Endless Struggle- Burt's Tiki
Soundsend- Zephyr

Thursday July 15

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat
Sea of Jones- Burt's Tiki
Highwater Pants- Zephyr

Friday July 16

KBearfest - Quiet Riot, Slaughter,
Ted Nugent, Night Ranger,
Loudmouth -
Franklin Quest Field
Second Hand Grace- Dead Goat
Swamp Donkeys- Burt's Tiki
Clear, Disembodied, Brother's
Keeper, Counterveil- T
he Health Center
Chola- Zephyr

Saturday July 17

Cottonwood - Tracey Aviary
Kurt Bestor-
McKay Events Center - Orem

Blues on First- Dead Goat
Opposible Thumb- Burt's Tiki
Ritmo Caliente- Zephyr

Sunday July 18

Cubanismo - Red Butte
B.D. Howes - Squatter's Pub
Gary Puckett - Shell
Outdoor Theatre, Orem
Acoustic Night - Dead Goat
Cowboy Mouth- Zephyr

Monday July 19

Alabama - Dee Events Center
Lori Davidson- Dead Goat
Sundive- Burt's Tiki
Swamp Donkeys- Zephyr

Tuesday July 20

The Cult - Kingsbury Hall
Guttermouth - Bricks
Goat Jam (Blues)- Dead Goat
DJ Kolob- Zephyr

Wednesday July 21

Toots & the Maytals - Harry O's
Mr. Bungle - DV8
Interwood-Anderson Library
Joker -Dead Goat
Scrotum Poles w/ Unlucky Boys-
Burt's Tiki
Burlap to Cashmere- Zephyr

Thursday July 22

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat
Professor Plastic- Burt's Tiki
Dusty 45's- Zephyr

Friday July 23

Spectres w/Unlucky Boys -Burts
Lisa Marie & Codependents-
Dead Goat
Rubberneck- Zephyr

Saturday July 24

Waylon Jennings- Utah State Fair
Shenandoah- Utah State Fair
Spectres,Unlucky Boys - ABG's
Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat
Daughters of the Nile-Burt's Tiki
Rubberneck- Zephyr

Sunday July 25

Acoustic Night - Dead Goat
No Exit- Zephyr

Monday July 26

Kid Dynamite- Union Ballroom
Chris Isaak - Deer Valley
Maurice J. Vaughan-Dead Goat
NevertheLess- Birt's Tiki
Erosion- Zephyr

Tuesday July 27

Rippingtons - Kingsbury Hall
Fastball, Goo Goo Dolls, & Sugar
Ray - E-Center
"Stargate One" South Valley
Unitarian Universalist Society
Faith and the Muse, Judith,
Element, DJ Scary, Lady Sarah -
Area 51
Goat Jam (Blues)- Dead Goat
C.J. Chenier- Zephyr

Wednesday July 28

Creeps On Candy -Spanky's
Ju- Prairie Dogs Library
Slackjaw Blues- Dead Goat
Cobra- Burt's Tiki
Five Fingers of Funk- Zephyr

Thursday July 29

Gillian Welch & David Rawlings
- GallivanCenter
David Sanborn - Deer Valley
Curious Birds- Dead Goat
Fistfull- Burt's Tiki

Friday July 30

Dan Fogelberg -Deer Valley
Arlo Guthrie - Abravanel Hall
Jazz & Blues Festival - Snowbird
Scarlet Runner- Dead Goat
Toilet Smurfs- Burt's Tiki
Disco Drippers— Zephyr

Saturday July 31

Jazz & Blues Festival - Snowbird
Michael Lucarelli -Tracey Aviary
Mr. Whoopie- Dead Goat
Thunder Fist- Burt's Tiki
Disco Drippers- Zephyr

check it out, you can FAX in
your calendar...

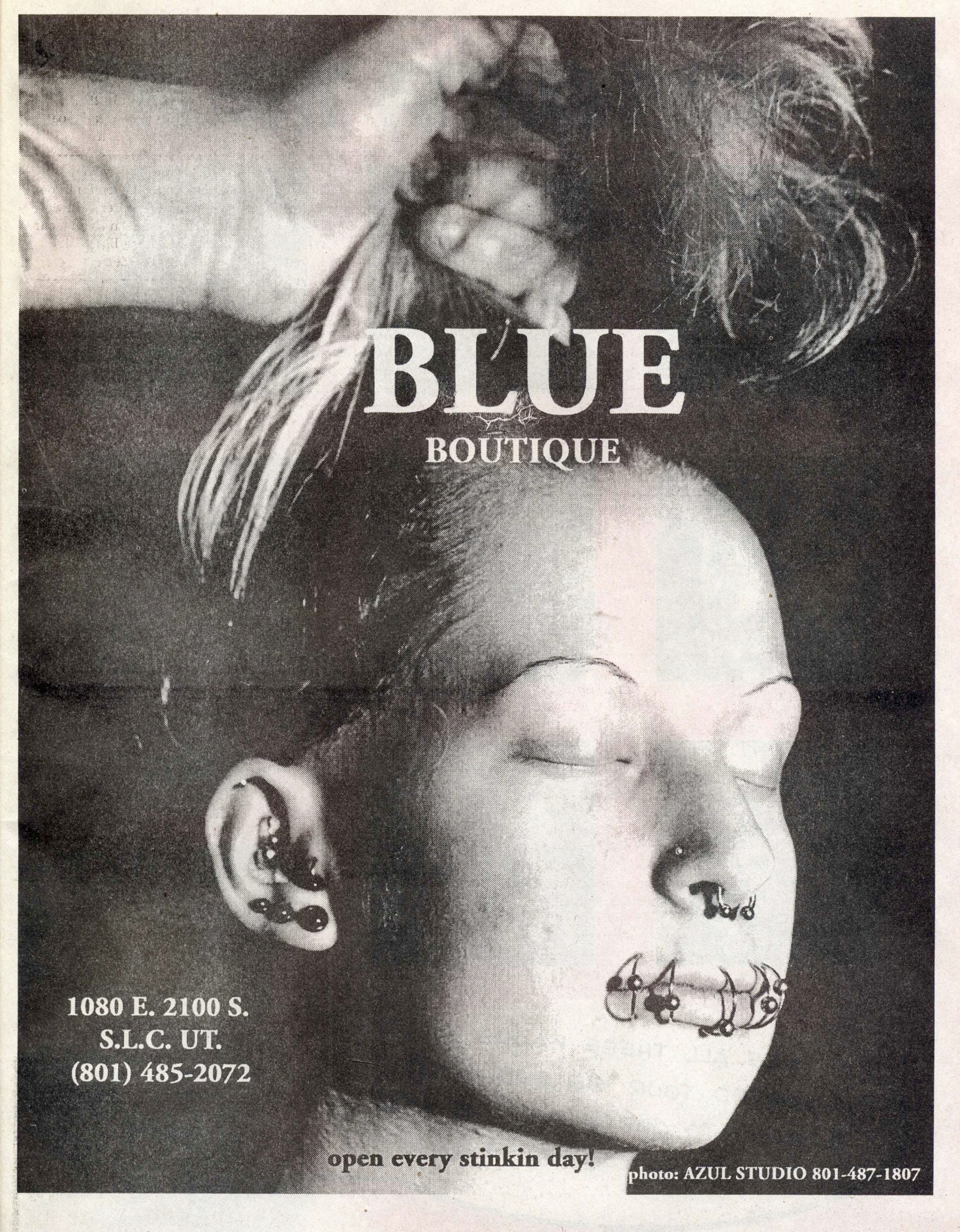
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BLUE

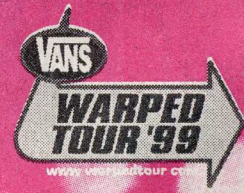
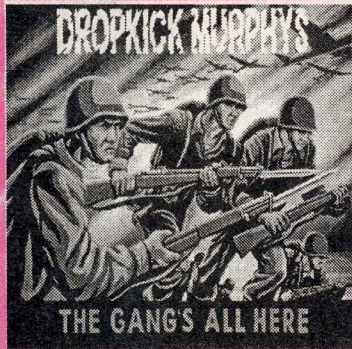
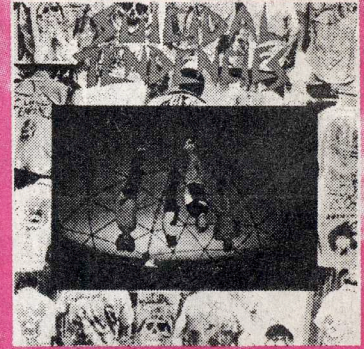
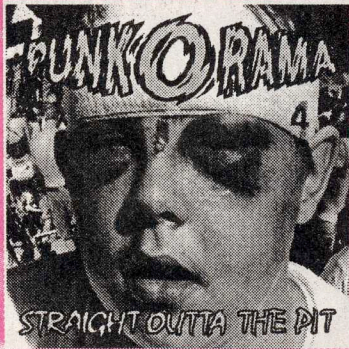
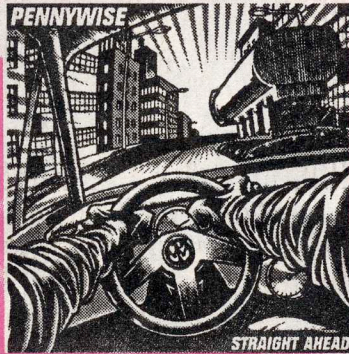
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