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ISSUE #129

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# SLUG

SEPTEMBER 1999

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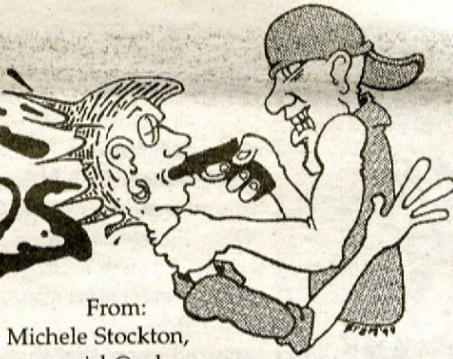
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# DEAR DICKHEADS



To: dicks@slugmag.com

The muffin man is seated at the table in the laboratory of the Utility Muffin Research Kitchen.

Reaching for an oversize chrome spoon he gathers an intimate quantity of dried muffin remnants. And brushing his scapular aside, proceeds to dump these inside of his shirt. He turns to us and speaks...

"Some people like cupcakes better, I for one, care less for them." Arrogantly twisted the sterile canvas snoot of a fully charged icing annointment utensil, he poots forth a quarter ounce green rosette near the summit of a dense but radiant muffin of his own design. Later he says... "Some people, some people like cupcakes exclusively.

While myself I say, there is not, nor ought there be, nothing so exalted on the face of God's great earth as the prince of foods. The muffin."

*'A Zappa quote'*  
—Rory Anson

*Ed: I for one truly enjoy the muffin and all of it's delectable treats. I also love a good glazed donut every so often.*

From:

Michele Stockton,  
azuremish@yahoo.com

To: dickheads@slugmag.com

Hi everyone at Slug. First I wanted to comment on your writer Phil. He is both humorous/twisted and witty. I particularly have enjoyed the Institutionalized Deviance column the last couple of months. It is sadly obvious to me that there are not nearly enough people with an opinion AND a voice with which to TRY and make a difference. I do some volunteer work for a grass roots environmental group and when I am out doing PR it never ceases to amaze me how many of today's youth are so hate ridden yet totally inactive in the political arena. It is a truly sad commentary on the degradation of our society. Don't get me wrong I do not blame our generation or any for the shit that is going on I just want to see some action here people! Anyway thank you for printing the addresses to contact the Senators in your July issue. Perhaps some of the local sheep will stop acting like victims. Later,

—Michele

From: Michele Stockton,  
azuremish@yahoo.com  
To: dickheads@slugmag.com  
Dear Dickheads,

I am pleased to open up your rag and see a well crafted piece in the Institutionalized Deviance column. How refreshing to see some well written political commentary along with the contact addresses of our senators. Assuming of course anyone is motivated enough to have an opinion AND a will to voice it. It seems to me there are too many apathetic shitheads in SLC with nothing to do but bitch about our ridiculous liquor laws and outrageous taxation, yet do nothing at all to create change. Surely we can use all this pent up rage on something more worthwhile than just moshpits and video games. Ok, I'm done.

—Michele Stockton

Hey Dickheads,

I wanted to say thanks for the opportunity to play Sabbathon '99. I hope the results were successful for you. We had a great time, but, of course, musicians always want more stage time. If there is anything we could do for you in the future, charity shows or whatever, please let me know.

After Eden is still a fairly new project, although we are all veterans, this band is really just starting to get off the ground. If there is any way we could help each other out, it would be greatly appreciated. (The Sabbathon was show #18 for the band.) Anyway, thanks again for your time and I look forward to working with you again!

Frank McNitt / AFTER EDEN

## SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT To Me... a letter from the editor

### "Sabbathon and on and on"

Well, for the 11th year, SLUG and a host of sponsors put on another Sabbathon benefit. This time for Multiple Sclerosis. This time at Ichabob's.

Before I go off on the cons, let me reiterate the sentiments of TARN drummer and local music supporter Leif Myrberg... "This was the best Sabbathon I've ever played and probably the best one I can remember going to."

Ditto.

Thanks to all the bands who played for free. You are the main reason people came. All of the bands were so good, that if I picked out one as the best it wouldn't be fair. I will say this... if you missed Vexations you truly lost out. I missed the first few songs and still I am pissed off about it. A one man rock extravaganza cross between Tom Waits, Hank Williams Sr. and Sid Vicious.

Now for the meat...

Some of the sponsors did not do what they said they would do. Either by not paying, not showing up or not doing what they agreed to do. I am not going to be a petty prick and print their names, but you know who you are, I hope you feel good knowing that you screwed some disadvantaged people out of something. Good for you. The next time you see someone in a wheelchair you can say to yourself "I screwed that person because I was too selfish to help."

That also goes for the people who snuck in without paying or cried about the \$7 cover.

Speaking of people who didn't pay... There was this little blonde chick, we'll call

her "Camel Girl." I was working the door Saturday night when "Camel Girl" walked in, oblivious to the door people or the 11 x 17 cover charge sign. I asked her for her ID and she flashed me a laminated business card from KBA Marketing that she wore around her neck like a backstage pass. They give lighters to smokers and fill out surveys or some nonsense like that.

I told her that it was real pretty but I needed to see some REAL ID. She said "Don't you know what this means?" I said "Apparently it means you don't know what ID is, so I need to see your drivers license and a \$7 cover." She then started to whine and act all put out and important and informed me that "she doesn't pay cover" and that she "sponsors this bar" and so on until Dawn from Ichabob's came to her rescue and I let her in. I think Dawn was just trying to be nice, because "Camel Girl" was throwing a temper tantrum. Later when I told Michael (Ichabob's owner) he said that Ichabob's donated the venue to Sabbathon, and we were in charge. So since it was OUR EVENT, I should have charged her. He also said she was pretty surprised to find out he was the owner and not the busboy when she first met him a few days before.

So, here's the deal "Camel Girl." SEND US \$7!! I am NOT kidding. Make a check out to NMSS (Multiple Sclerosis) or SABBATHON and send it to SLUG, and we'll stop printing requests for your cover charge in the magazine. If you or anybody else thinks we are being petty, then you really don't understand what charity is all about. I don't want to appear childish, but nothing

pisses me off more than ignorance towards less fortunate people.

Back on the bright side, I would be remiss if I didn't mention the sponsors and individuals who did MORE than they were asked to do...

Rick & Jeanne at SALT CITY CD who paid 2 1/2 times the amount they were asked to contribute. Epitaph Records for pulling some strings.

Tony @ FREEWHEELER PIZZA for time, employees, pizza and money.

The EVENT for running six weeks of FREE half page ads. Dan Nailen @ The Tribune. Randy Harward (The Event) and Bill Frost (City Weekly) for writing up the show. Angela, Crystal, Matt, Jason, Dan, Josh, Andrei, and all the SLUG staff for working for FREE.

Travis, Jen, Steph, Elliott, Dawn, John H., John U. and Michael Styles at ICHABOBS.

Carol from FISTFULL who tried to pay a cover the night before her band played. Phil Jacobsen who paid a cover even though he writes for SLUG, and John Uthley for just throwing in money.

AFTER EDEN for driving 3 1/2 hours to play a 45 minute set for a dozen people.

My new pal Lars from Amoco who truly understood what we were trying to do. My old pal, Uncle Shame for already knowing but showing up anyway. You are the true definition of old school.

And finally one more huge THANK YOU to all the great S.L.C. bands who showed up and kicked ass.

Molto Grazie,

—The "losers" at Planet SLUG

(the comments expressed in this article are called OPINIONS and therefore are protected by a little thing called FREEDOM OF SPEECH)



**ROAD ENDS**

Dennis Hopper, Mariel Hemingway and Chris Sarandon in a back road country thriller shootout ala "One False Move". It falls short though compared to the latter, but then what doesn't? Worth watching even though it gets irritating at times due to the excessive plot fill that makes up for the lack of character development. How's that for a snooty Hollywood film critic sentence? Huh? 2 stiff pinkys out of 5.

**SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE**

Hither and hence. Whetherfore and therefore art thou. Cryeth not yee of much duldrum and repentence forth the renter of films called Sir Pink.

Fucking wig movies. If you are watching a movie where the men have powder wigs on, or the women have those 40 ft skank dresses on, you are bound to hear a ton of drivel dialog that makes the movie unwatchable. This movie is no exception. I don't care if Gwyneth "hot pants" Paltrow is in it or not.

**TRUE CRIME**

The other day while dish surfing, I happened across a little ditty of a movie called "Dirty Harry". Even though I'd seen it 127 times, I watched it anyway. Afterwards it occurred to me that the true Clint Eastwood had shown his face for the last time.

Particularly after sitting through this shit bomb. This plot is so predictable there was nothing to wonder about after the first ten minutes of the movie. I knew Clint was fucking Denis Leary's wife, I knew that he would solve the case and I knew the killer was innocent. The weak dialog was so bad, I sometimes laughed out loud. Clint, you should be ashamed of yourself. You were Dirty Harry man! Now you take your shirt off and I have to look the other way!

**ANALYZE THIS**

Mafia movie/Comedy. When you try and combine the two, somebody pays the price. If it's a good mafia movie, it's not very funny. If it's funny, it's not a very good mafia movie. How sad. Maybe it's not meant to be. Like milk & cigarettes or government intelligence. The really bad thing here is Robert DeNiro crying or pretending to cry. Not only is it ridiculous to watch, it is shattering the male icon persona he exudes. DON'T DO IT AGAIN!

**LOCK STOCK & TWO SMOKING BARRELS**

This could be one of the best movies of 1999. I say that more than you might think, but in this case it rings true in a big way.

This is the story of a couple of guys who learn a lesson about gambling the hard way. Sound familiar Jason?

Without over explaining it, they get screwed, and trying to get even, they trigger a stream of events that ends up with people dead, money stolen and valuables destroyed. Don't even give it a second thought, just rent this movie and call it a night.

**THE MOD SQUAD**

Are you kidding me? Now you make a movie about my favorite childhood cop show? When will you Hollywood morons figure it out? No Flinstones, no Lost in Space and for Christ's sake NO MOD SQUAD! Just re-release the original. It was already better than anything you mental midgets could come up with. So in closing, did I like this movie?... I didn't even rent it.

**200 CIGARETTES**

I am trying my best to not hate everybody and everything. But you people (the population) are so GOD DAMN STUPID! What do you expect?

Here are a few theories as to why this film got the name "200 Cigarettes"

1) Courtney Love the whore-able actress buys Boring Guy a carton of cigarettes as a birthday present. There are ten packs of 20 smokes each = 200. Outstanding.

2) They ripped off the title from Frank Zappa's 200 Motels.

3) You would have to smoke 200 cigarettes continuously to stay awake thru the entire film.

4) The person who named the movie is the same one who told Christina Ricci to use her God awful fake New York accent.

5) If you dumped 200 cigarettes on a plate with hot mayonaise, sauerkraut and 10 day old raw chicken and ate it, you wouldn't get as sick as you would if you had to watch this movie a second time.

—Mr. Pink

**Mr Pinks Brewvy Movie Trivia**

Last months answer ...  
"MODESTY BLAISE"  
by Peter O'Donnell

"Gregory Peck, Sidney Poitier, and Elvis Presley all held the same job prior to becoming famous. What job did they have?"

The First correct mailed or emailed response gets two FREE passes to Brewvies

Pink Trivia  
2225 S. 500 E. #206  
S.L.C. Utah 84106  
pink@slugmag.com

**The Three Little Punks**

Six seasons ago and five years past, there lived three little punks, who loved the lusty sins of life; video games, rock and roll and pornographic sites. Yes, these punks were peachy keen. But, little did they know what would come into the scene. The two-ton Mega Beast came thundering along, ready to stop the punks' sweet, wonderful song.

The Mega Beast set off for the first little punk; he was prim and very plump. All day long, like the other punks, he played his video games for hours on end, and practiced his drums; but never enough. But, the thing he loved most was a stack of Hustlers. Laid out in chunks, and hidden from his mother. The Mega Beast reached his place; and all the color drained from his face. The Mega Beast pounded on the door and shouted "Little punk, you better let me in!" "Not by the hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!" Replied the punk as his aggression stood in. "Well then I'll vanish your video games, damage your drum set and pyro your porn!" "NOOOOOOOOOOO!" cried the little punk in scorn. He needed these things, it was all he had! Besides every benzoic, obnoxious fad. He then gathered up all his stuff and

ran and ran with all of his might. Even for a tubby little punk, he was almost in flight. Good God, he was fast, as he ran to the second punk's flat and field of grass.

The second little punk had a wife and ten kids; future little punks? Who knows, with children anything goes. But, that wasn't his concern at the time. He was fearful for his video games, his guitar and... well, he didn't have any pornography in mind; or did he?

These two punks thought they'd be safe, but then the wife came home. She walked in and shouted, "Look at this place!" Stacks of pornos everywhere; for everyone to see, including their heirs. The two punks tried to explain to her the trouble; but she burst their bubble. "Clean up this mess and get the hell out!" Don't you come back till your problem comes about." Oh, what were these punks going to do? Who would've guessed the wife would be such a shrew. So, to the third punk's house they set; with their materialistic loves in check.

The Mega Beast found the second punk's palace. She pounded on the door with power and malice. "Little punks, little punks, you better let me in!" Just then the wife had answered the door, the Mega Beast replied, "Excuse me ma'am I don't mean to implore. I am searching for a couple of youths, crass they be. Is it at all possible you could help me? They certainly need to be punished; although to you, that might be a tad boorish."

"Why don't you try the third punk's house; that's where you'll find them lurking about." She replied, obviously still upset. So, to the third punk's house, the Mega Beast went.

The third punk was, as he always does, compulsively playing bass and video games. And in modest, yeah right, but occasionally dreaming of a green-haired goddess at night. Then to his wholesome and tender goodness, the other two punks arrived in distress. They warned him of the two-ton Mega Beast. He said "Don't worry, come on, let's feast." They had pizza and chocolate milk, and a bounty

of pies made of silk. They then slumped down in their chairs full and content. Then they went to sleep for a night well spent.

They dreamed of battle. They dreamed of fighting. They dreamed of lightning, writing, and cattle. They dreamed they were cunning. They dreamed they were plotting. They dreamed they were spotting, rotting, and stunning.

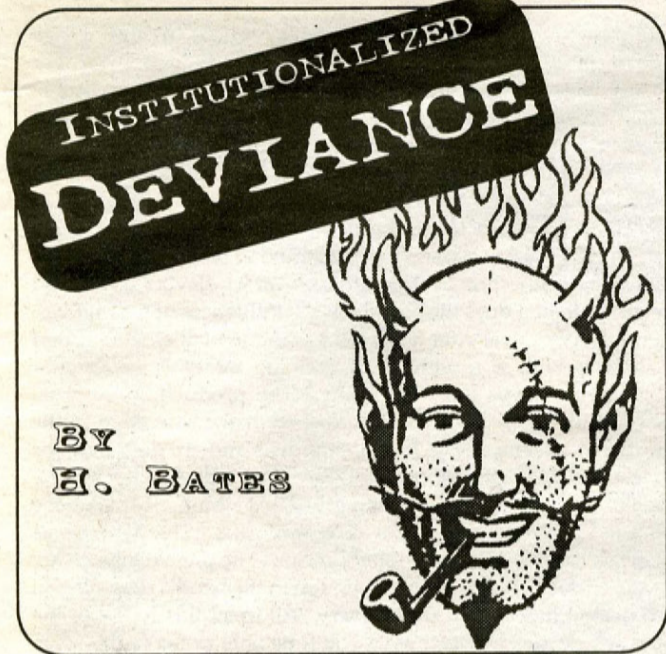
The next morning, they woke and knew what would rise; kill the two-ton Mega Beast for prize. But just as they were preparing for their journey, they noticed a foul stench; something quite scurvy. The Mega Beast had arrived at the third punk's park. Pounding on the door with a big, loud bark, "Little punks, you better let me in!" Then with their remark, "Not by the hairs on our chinny-chin-chins!" And proceeded to stab her in the cold, sticky heart. But, alas, they couldn't after all this stress! Because of mere pornos and video games; oh, good god, they were about to be maimed! Then from up above came the green-haired goddess. Both punks and Mega Beast were shocked, no less. She grabbed the Mega Beast with her dry, bare hands, she tossed her and buried her in the sparkling sand. The goddess then told the punks, "Don't worry, boys. She won't bother you or your toys, with her crude and wicked ploys." She blew a kiss, a smile and a wink. The punks watched her fly off; but couldn't even think. Had video games taught them wrong? Maybe they shouldn't play them all day long?

After all this the punks could now rest. Oh lord, did they ever feel blessed. The third punk went home and video games he played; although it was merely a charade. He was conjuring up a plan to thank the goddess for her altruistic ways. The second punk went home to his kids and wife and continued to lead a genuine, happy life. The wife apologized for throwing him out and such. But he humbly understood, and didn't mind much. The first punk was relieved and ready for bed. No more to worry about, no more to dread. But, there was a thought in his mind that ran. His poor, poor mommy lying in the deep, deep sand.

The End  
Yes, there is a moral to this tale...  
Fighting over materialistic things, does it always prevail?

Ed note: This story was sent to us buy a woman whose name we lost when our email program crashed. All apologies to her. Please contact us so we can fix it.

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rules. "Insensitive Communication! Fifteen days of bad press for the Senator from Utah". The real issue should be that Bob Bennett was able to make those remarks and what they reveal about the man's thought processes. How he perceives the world and how he may perceive you. After all, how we communicate is at the essence of what we are as human beings. What did his comments reveal about the man's core values, his character and integrity? Human beings all have the need to make sense of the tremendous amount of information coming at us at any given time. We therefore are forced to group information into categories, which are easier to understand and predict. However racism begins when we tend to categorize people into groups based upon a combination of incorrect, limited, or simply untrue information. That is what Bob Bennett did and if he can demean one segment of the population because they look differently or live differently is it not then entirely possible that he may be able to demean you? And if so, is this the kind of person who is capable of helping provide the solutions to the problems that our state and our country now face? More directly, is he capable of being a leader?

In all fairness to Bob Bennett, he is not the first politician to publicly faux pas nor will he be the last. However, what was revealed in his remarks goes to the very heart of his ability to be a leader and to represent us properly in Washington D.C. Leaders need to be able to identify problems and then build consensus in order to get the problems solved. What Bob said shows a greater ability to be divisive and create problems. Leaders should lead by their own example. Bob Bennett is at the very least an example of antiquated thinking and at the most an example of the tacit prejudices that have kept this country mired in the racial problems it so painfully tried to solve during the civil rights movement. Our leaders should enable us to see how far we have come, not

how far we have to go. They should show us where we are going, not where we have been. While remaining human and therefore, fallible, they should publicly and privately represent the more noble aspects of the human spirit, not it's more ugly ones. If they are unable to fulfill this responsibility, as our now infamous Senator has shown he cannot, they should be removed from their positions of leadership and replaced by an individual who can at the earliest opportunity. I say it's time to dust off Kenneth Starr and impeach Bob Bennett!

Why not?

President Clinton had an extramarital affair and then acted as if he had done nothing wrong in an effort to cover it up. Congress impeached him for it. Wouldn't want to send the message that the President's behavior was in any way acceptable, let alone for a leader of his esteemed status. With that precedent to guide us is it not then mandatory to impeach Senator Bennett on the basis of his overtly racist public comments and then acting as if he had done nothing wrong. After all, we wouldn't want to send the message that the thoughts and values behind his ugly public comments are in any way acceptable, especially for a leader.

—H. Bates

### INSTITUTIONALIZED DEVIANCE VI

By now you have all heard about the off-color racial comments made by one of Utah's elected leaders in the United States Senate. Rather than regurgitate the remarks made by Sen. Bob Bennett suffice it to say that the Utah Senator revealed far more to the American public regarding his social and racial prejudices than it wanted to know. Making matters worse was the fact that our Senator seemed genuinely puzzled by all the criticism his unfortunate remarks generated in the press. Finally the NAACP stepped in and demanded an apology from poor Bob who by now was downright alarmed at how all the fuss might affect his chances at re-election. Not to worry, he was able to quickly regroup and muster up a public apology that was damned convincing. I mean it. I came away thinking that this guy would never be foolish enough to reveal that much of himself in public again. Got to keep that dirty laundry under wraps if you want to survive for long in Washington, let alone get in, as George Bush Jr. is trying to do.

The tragedy of the entire situation is that all the attention seems to surround the fact that Bob Bennett should have known better than to make those remarks, as if this were a game and Bob deserved to be penalized for breaking the

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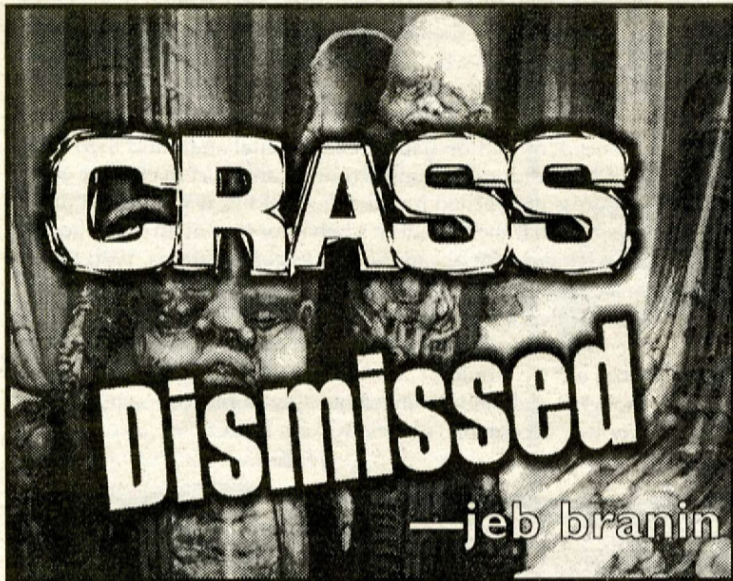
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"When you write a song that sounds real good... you think, surely it must be someone else's"

—Pete Shelley of THE BUZZCOCKS



**ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET / Caveat Emptor**

What we have here is one of the most adventurous and exciting forays into the fringe of extreme hardcore in a long time (the fringe of the fringe you might say). A.C.S. consists of two long time mainstays in the power violence underground, namely Matt Martin (ex CAPITALIST CASUALTIES) and Chris Dodge (SPAZZ, Slap A Ham Records, etc) teamed up with trained female vocalist Lydia Dodge who admits to not even liking power violence. The result is an experimental hardcore album that captures the imagination, revels in eclecticism, and still manages to rock your pathetic world. With only bass guitar, drums, vocals, and various key and tape loop embellishments A.C.S. do things with their music that I guarantee you've never heard the likes of before. Their uniqueness is so much a part of their sound that even from track to track they are vastly diverse. Whether it is a song like "The Basics" that has the flavor and directness of early NOMEANSNO or "Sakura" which is as close

to "normal" power violence as A.C.S. gets or even the organ interlude "The Overlook", ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET will keep you guessing. Anyone interested in hearing something different needs to check this out. Folks who gravitate towards bands that reject the norm (MITB, GASP, etc) will find their new gods in A.C.S. because in a lot of ways this album bridges the gap between the familiar and the bizarre. It has enough roots and simplistic pummeling power to connect it to hardcore fans yet is left of center enough to appeal to fans of music that is way "out there". Hopefully people are smart enough make the connection because it would be a crime if this album got lost somewhere in the middle. (Slap A Ham Records POB 420843 SF, CA 94142-0843 or <http://www.wenet.net/~slapaham>)

**VAE VICTIS / s/t**

This debut 12 inch album by VAE VICTIS is a mother lode of pure noise grind. This band has avoided all clichés in their delivery. Their sound is complex and experimental, not to mention steeped in noise and disharmony. They create a very distinctive grindcore sound while at the same time not succumbing to any kind of wanderlust that takes them too far off center as to alienate fans of the genre. It is the perfect soundtrack for the end of the millennium as well as a superb way to usher in the next 1,000 years of humanities folly and inhumanity to man. Every aspect of this album is powerful and destructive. The guitars are a ravenous horde bent on total aural annihilation. The larynx tearing vocals are the screams of the damned as the drums beat their endless march into hellish torture. The bass throbs like the heartbeat of the world held in an iron grip of fear and loathing, the life slowly being squeezed out of it. Destined to be one of the year's best. (Satan's Pimp POB 13141 Reno, NV 89507 and Black Mot POB 2771 Reno, NV 89505)

**FALL SILENT / Super Structure**

Man I hope that this band never lives up to its name! FALL SILENT play a ferocious brand of over the top hardcore that is part thrash, part power violence and part nervous breakdown. Absolutely insane vocals screech and wail over top a blistering and relentless onslaught of frenzied guitars, bass and drums. Usually fast and furious FALL SILENT understands the effec-

tiveness of counterpoise and doesn't hesitate to slow things down or throw in a few surprises like the JOURNEY cover "Any Way You Want It" sung in clean vocals or the occasional hip hop scratches and keyboard breaks. Intelligent lyrics and cool artwork/layout only add to the appeal of this "must have" 12 inch album. (Satan's Pimp POB 13141 Reno, NV 89507 and 702 POB 204 Reno, NV 89504)

**RITUAL / Soldiers Under Satan's Command**

RITUAL play a classic flavored brand of black metal that has far more connection to the European thrash flavors of the mid eighties than it does the Scandinavian influences of the nineties. Pure heavy metal riffs form the backbone of their music and combine with a multitude of melodic intervals and guitar breaks for flavor and complexity. The production is crystal clear and sharp yet doesn't detract from the raw edge of the music at all. The vocals are harsh growls and are definitely the most contemporary aspect of RITUAL's sound. Any fan of pure metal is going to instantly connect to this album. Just take one listen to the chugging riffs of a tune like "The Mysterious Portals" and you'll know what I mean. The thematic lyrics are a tad cliché but are dominant enough in the band's presentation to detract much from the delivery. All in all this is one of the best black metal investments you'll be able to make this year. (Wild Rags 2207 W. Whittier Blvd. Montebello, CA 90640)

**MISTIGO VARGGOTH DARKESTRA**

*The Key to the Gates of the Apocalypses*

This is a one man band doing a one track album of epic proportions. In many ways it is the ultimate black metal opera. Majestic and swirling black metal rife with melodic keys and atmospheric interludes constructed on a foundation of heavy guitars and pounding rhythms give voice to lyrical exploration of the mysteries of the universe as seen by someone grasping for clairvoyance through the black arts of sorcery and sacrifice. To the credit of MISTIGO VARGGOTH DARKESTRA there is acknowledgment that there is no answer to this mystery only questions and multiple interpretations. For fans of black metal this philosophical and religious pontificating set to music is not going to seem to out of the ordinary however for other fans of the extreme this endless fascination with the battle between the light and the dark may seem a bit trite and overdone. Fortunately this album can stand on the merits of its music regardless of the somewhat self indulgent nature of the project.



The seeds for High Tone Records were planted in 1977 when Bruce Bromberg and Larry Sloven met while Sloven was working in Oakland at Pacific Records and Tape Distributors. Bromberg was the West Coast sales and marketing rep for Tomato Records, as well as the owner of Joliet Records. The two distributed partnered up



and distributed both labels. A few years later, Sloven quit. After traveling for a year, he returned and went to work for Music People One Stop in Oakland, California. Soon the desire to start something on the side prompted him to contact his old partner, who was working on Robert Cray's second album at the time. After unsuccessfully pitching the album to labels such as Arista, Rounder and Alligator, the two decided to release Cray's album themselves and heighten Records was born.

heighten Records has become one of this country's leading independent labels specializing in American roots music, from country to rockabilly, western swing to blues, to gospel. heighten celebrates its fifteenth anniversary this year with many new releases to add to its already impressive catalog. Here is just a taste of what heighten has to offer in 1999:

**Aztex**

*Short Stories*, the debut release from Aztex, is evocative of Los Lobos with adult contemporary leanings and female lead vocals. While it sometimes gets lost in attempts to be cultured and contemporary, *Short Stories* is a worthy effort.

**Johnny Dilks and his Visitation Valley Boys**

Dilks has the old-time western swing sensibilities of Bob Wills and an attitude that fits in the 30s, 40s or 90s. *Acres of*

*Heartache* is the name of Dilks' first heighten/HMG release and it features yodeling, fiddle and steel guitar to make you weep copious tears of joy.

**Kim Lenz and the Jaguars**

You wanna make a grown music critic cry? Give a gorgeous redhead a guitar and microphone and let her play some rockabilly. It's so sweet, it's painful. *The One and Only* is her latest offering.

**Bill Kirchen**

Kirchen looks like somebody's dad, but he can play guitar like the guy your daddy wishes he was. *Raise a Ruckus* is the title of his most recent heighten disc and it has country, rock and country rock suitable for road trips, roadhouses, auto shops and barbecues.

**Ramblin' Jack Elliott**

Cowpoke folk with some impressive guest musicians. Dave Alvin, Norton Buffalo, Tom Russell, Roy Rogers and Dave Van Ronk all grace Ramblin' Jack Elliott's *The Long Ride*, an album that straddles the fence between cowboy poetry and folk music.

**Hot Club of Cowtown**

More of that western swing, with Billy Horton (Horton Brothers) on upright bass, Whit Smith playing the hell out of his geetar and the lovely Elana Fremmerman draggin' the bow. All three members of the band turn in lead vocal performances on *Tall Tales*, their Dave "Pappy" Stuckey-produced heighten release.

**astroPuppees**

Huh? Alt-rock minus twang from heighten/HMG? It's true, and astroPuppees ain't bad. They got hooks, they got looks (in main Puppee Kelley Ryan) and appearances from Don Dixon and Marshall Crenshaw on their debut, *Pet*. You gotta hand it to heighten...when they went looking for a hitmaker outside of the typical styles of music they purvey, they picked a winner.

**Joe Goldmark**

An album comprised entirely of steel guitar instrumentals is something I'd expect to see for sale on late-night TV. You know, some guy you've never heard of playing "The Tide is High," "Tiny Bubbles" or "You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'." Glad to say that Joe Goldmark's *All Hate No Cattle* is more than a K-tel piece of K-rap. Surf, ska,

country and spaghetti westerns are all represented here.

**Julie Miller**

With this lady, we're looking at a similar direction to the one Kim Richey is currently taking. It's not really country, but it's not just pop. What it is, is stellar songwriting given life by a sweet voice and some solid musicianship.



For more information or to order music from these and other heighten artists, visit [www.hightone.com](http://www.hightone.com), or write to: 220 4th Street, Oakland, California, 94607 for a free catalog.

—Randy Harward

So, the Vans Warped Tour '99 rolled through town in July and I saw you there, all you tattooed boyz of summer with your multiple piercing, and all you sexy ladies of July trying to get somebody, anybody, from some band, any band to notice you. Well, they didn't notice you, but I noticed you if it's any consolation and I know it isn't cause I'm only a hack. But, you've got to remember, I'm a hack for the coolest, hippest, most knowledgeable, full on music rag in the Northern Utah Region. Oh, sorry, I lost my way, anyway,

Thanks to the awesome people at TVT Records, me and my trusty sidekick caught up with Sevendust. This is the second time Sevendust has been on the other end of the tape recorder with us, and we are happy to say that they are one of our all time favorite bands here, deep inside SLUG HQ.

Sevendust released their new album this month on August 24th, so make sure you check it out because you know, like I know, that what the world needs now to go along with all the love, sweet love, is a kick-ass, loud as hell, big, heavy, knock your teeth out rock and roll album; and 7dust are just the boys to deliver. This time we sat down with John Connelly and Clint Lowery who both play guitar. Let's go!

**SLUG:** How long have you been on this tour?

**Clint Lowery:** 3 weeks

**SLUG:** Did you get any breaks between this tour and the last?

**CL:** Well, we recorded a record, if you want to consider that a break.

**SLUG:** Did your record at home, in Atlanta?

**John Connelly:** No, we did it in Boston. We did a little bit of pre-production in Atlanta, then we went up to Boston with all these songs and we were up there for about a month, a month and a half.

**SLUG:** I would guess that new material is coming out on TVT?

**JC:** Yep, August 24th.

**SLUG:** Cool. How does it sound compared to your last album?

**CL:** Bigger, better, (snickers and grins with a kind of guilty pleasure.)

**JC:** Sonically it's different. The producer did a great job.

**CL:** Yeah, he did. He really opened up our sound, and brought in a lot of cool, different effects. He was really inspirational.

**SLUG:** Cool. Are you playing and of the new songs on this tour?

**JC:** Yeah, we've been dropping a couple in. It's kind of hard because each band only gets about 30 minutes a piece on this tour and the album isn't out yet, but we've been trying to drop two or three in each set.

**SLUG:** What are some of the older songs you're playing on this tour, because it's such a short set?

**CL:** "Black," "Bitch," "Too Close to Hate,"

"Terminator."

**SLUG:** Yeah, I was going to ask if you were playing "Terminator," that's one of my all time favorite Sevendust songs.

**JC:** Yeah, that's probably one

into a band, full time?

**CL:** Kiss "Alive" dude, Gene Simmons breathing fire, spitting blood. All those costumes, I saw that and said, "That's pretty cool, I want to do something like that." It's easier than

going and working in

when I was young with my Kiss records and shit. They knew they were in for a long haul.

**JC:** My whole family plays music, so I wanted to be like everybody else.

**SLUG:** So you just grew up with it.

**JC:** Yeah, Cory, my older brother, used to play Black Sabbath records and I'd get scared, Jimi Hendrix, you know, when he says, "I'm coming to get ya!" I would get scared and all the art, and the album covers and the music was just weird to

me. But the older I got, the cooler it became, and I thought, "Yeah, that's what I want to do."

**SLUG:** Your mom and dad, do they support you?

**CL:** Oh yeah! They didn't used to when I couldn't pay my bills, but now that I'm making money, and I'm paying my bills they totally support me.

**SLUG:** You've played here a few times now, do you like playing Salt Lake?

**CL:** This is one of our favorite places to play.

**JC:** I want to move here. Anyplace where you can go skiing and mountain bike riding or hiking in the same day, I don't know. I think it's beautiful.

**CL:** People are cool, and just nice, man.

For those about to Rock, I salute you! Don't miss Sevendust next time they swing through our fair city. It's always a splendid time, enjoyed by all. Have fun, all you malcontents and rip the shit up!

—Royce



of our favorite songs to play.

Sometimes some of our older songs are kind of a drag to play, but that song "Terminator" just never dies.

**CL:** It's a crowd song.

**SLUG:** Yeah, I was going to say that I bet the crowd just goes ballistic when you jump into that song.

**CL:** Oh, Yeah.

**SLUG:** Do you guys get sick of being on the road for so long?

**JC:** Playing on stage is always a lot of fun, but you figure, what do you do for the other 23 and a half hours of every day? It does get trying at times, but we try to get family and friends out to see us whenever possible. I think in the future we'll have a bit more of an opportunity to take some breaks, like, around the holidays.

**SLUG:** The other thing is, I think you guys have got a good following right now. I've literally talked to people across the United States that just love you guys. And you're in a good position, when you are building like this, you've just got to hit it hard and keep going with out losing that momentum.

**CL:** Oh yeah, that's exactly right. It's pretty much touring for us.

**SLUG:** One thing that is cool about the Vans Warped Tour is that it gives you a lot of exposure to a large amount of people that may not have checked you out live, or checked out your CD.

**CL:** This tour especially.

**JC:** The Ozz Fest was cool for what it was, but with this tour, you have a whole new group of people that really don't have the opportunity to hear us that much.

**CL:** The majority of the people probably wouldn't have come, if it were just us. It's cool because we see them getting into it, at the same time we see them getting into Pennywise and all that stuff. And hopefully they will check us out.

**SLUG:** What did you listen to growing up, and what influenced you to want to get

\*Cheap Bastards are welcome to partake of great deals every Tuesday and Wednesday night at Brewvies.

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Dayton, Ohio's DIY rock champions **Guided By Voices** have just released one of the most eagerly anticipated major-label debut albums of the year, "Do the Collapse" onTVT Records. Guided By Voices is the sound of power chords made pretty. Even on the lowest of their lo-fi discs, singer Robert Pollard's madcap British Invasion-influenced lyricism shines through. The guitars grind and drums crash with the best of them, yet somehow the melodies are instantly indelible, leaving sonic tracers in your mind for days afterward. We spoke to Pollard about how it feels, after starting the decade recording albums at home on four-track, mostly for the enjoyment of a small group of fans and beer-drinking buddies, to a run of highly-regarded releases on indie label Matador, to the release of "Do the Collapse," how it feels to 'picture himself big time' at over 40.

**SLUG:** What kind of intro does the new album give to people who've never heard your music before?

**POLLARD:** It's a hard question. All the albums are different, but "Do the Collapse" will introduce people to the type of songs I write, though it's quite different from the others. Our music has had a slow evolution. If people like this, they would appreciate the others.

**SLUG:** Are you pleased with the new album as much as with the old stuff?

**POLLARD:** I'm totally happy—I always wanted to make a professional-sounding record with big-sounding guitars. But I'm happy with all our records. I don't put out a record until I think it's better than the last one.

**SLUG:** How do you describe your music to someone who's never heard it?

**POLLARD:** I just describe it as classic style rock. I call it "Ragu Rock" because "it's all in there" You can hear all the influences, because I'm 41 and I've been through all the eras of rock. It's kind of what the name Guided By Voices has come to take on, like all the musical voices I've heard diverted into my own music style.

**SLUG:** I'm always fascinated by your lyrics, from some things like a straight-ahead love song like "Teenage FBI" to one where you're trying to figure out what the hell it means, like "Dragons Awake," with lyrics like "over the treetops/ an ottoman. An automatic girl./ Predators skin an orangutan alive."

**POLLARD:** (laughing) Most of the time I don't know what the hell it means. But I've always thought that the weird lyrics are much more interesting, the ones that you can analyze and try to figure out what they mean, I think that's more fun. A lot of my lyrics start out as poems, stream-of-consciousness type, and I've always found these kind of lyrics more fun.

**SLUG:** How has the new lineup affected your sound, live and in the studio?

**POLLARD:** Since we started playing live again in about 1994 we always had this big huge guitar sound. At the time we were recording just on a four-track, and couldn't get that big sound. Now on recording everything sounds bigger, and can fill the room. It's kinda what we always wanted to do anyway. We couldn't get that sound on tape. But on four-track you get the intimate sound of the room you don't get in the studio. That's why we got a great producer to get the sound we want.

**SLUG:** What will you do if the album doesn't get the results you want, isn't as



GBV's Robert Pollard at This Ain't No Picnic in Irvine Meadows, Calif. photo / Brian Staker

successful as you'd hoped?

**POLLARD:** If it doesn't, like I've told people, I'm totally satisfied with where we are right now. It's nice to have a really hardcore following like we have. I've always said, as long as we keep those people happy then I'm happy. What we're trying to do right now is to break loose to a larger audience. It's mainly out of curiosity, to see if our music is accessible, and I've always thought it was. Now I think maybe the sound quality is there. It's a huge label, and we're all about selling records now, you know. But if it doesn't happen, I never thought anything would happen with my band anyway, so everything that's happened with GBV is just icing on the cake now. I'd just like to see how far it can go.

**SLUG:** What other projects are you working on?  
**POLLARD:** This other solo record that'll be done next week. I'm hoping it'll come out on October 31, my birthday, but that might be too close to (Do the Confusion). It'll be really cool; I wrote most of the songs and sent them back and forth on tape to Doug Gillard (guitarist). He adds guitar. He'll mix and send them back to me and I'll do vocals at Cro-Magnon, the studio we've worked with in Dayton. It's gonna come together really quickly.

**SLUG:** What about the rumored "Suitcase" project?

**POLLARD:** We started working on it; about a fraction of 150 songs are any good. We might actually release a 10-CD set. Even if we did release it, it'd be fan club-only. We'd just give them to people we thought deserved them. I don't know what basis we'd use to decide that.

**SLUG:** What direction is GBV moving in?

**POLLARD:** I don't usually know until I see how the latest record goes and see how I feel. I'd like to work with Rik Ocask again, and do more with a string section. I really liked that; I'd like to do more elaborate arrangements, with strings and things. It depends on what kinds of songs I write. I've also got the best of both worlds because I can do whatever I want on my own, experimental or fragmented as I'd like.

**SLUG:** What does the contract with TVT stipulate?

**POLLARD:** Only one album at a time, but they have the option for up to five records if they want to. If they want to get rid of us they can. I appreciate all the label is doing.

**SLUG:** It sounds like they're really behind it.

**POLLARD:** Yeah, they're doing a lot. There's a song on the radio called "Teenage FBI;" we've never had that before. They're playing it on college radio stations a lot. That's why I'd like to see if we can break through to mainstream radio, because the hooks are there. And I like to hear good stuff on the radio, which you don't hear too much nowadays. It's all about the hooks.

**SLUG:** How do you like playing festivals compared to small clubs?

**POLLARD:** Playing festivals you get to hang out with other bands, and it's like a great big party.

In a club we can do a lot more songs. We can play two, 2 1/2 hours, so you definitely get your

money's worth.

**SLUG:** How do you feel about playing your first ever show in Utah? Not many people have heard of GBV here, but there are a few fans who are eagerly awaiting the show.

**POLLARD:** It's always interesting to play a place for the first time, the excitement and anticipation that goes along with that. I hope the fans will help give us a push here. And call up the radio stations and request "Teenage FBI."

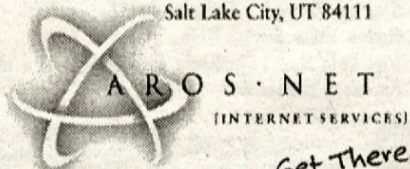
You can catch "Do the Collapse" and other Guided By Voices records on the Kicking Judy program, KRCL 91FM, 9-12 p.m. Saturdays.

—Brian Staker

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**blink-182-**



Is there any more viable style of music today than pop punk? Well, yeah, if you count pale-faced, cutesy R&B. But hooks and power chords have always pleased the masses, from classic seventies rock to eighties Aqua Net metal, to early nineties grunge, to popular, petulant, present-day punk.

Heir apparent to the punk throne previously occupied by Green Day and the Offspring is San Diego's blink 182. With a choice co-headlining slot (with Pennywise) on the tour du jour, the 1999 Vans™ Warped Tour, and their 1997 MCA/Universal debut, *Dude Ranch*, approaching platinum status with subsequent release *Enema of the State* running up its back, blink 182 is on the verge of going supernova.

In an interview, blink 182 drummer Travis Barker discussed success and porno stars.

**SLUG:** So... "Enema of the State" has already sold 500,000 copies in two weeks?

**Travis Barker:** Yeah, we're happy about that. *Dude Ranch* sold 750,000, I think.

**SLUG:** It's not too grandiose to say that the album could go platinum. Did you ever think blink 182 would reach this level of popularity?

**TB:** No, not really. We'd hoped for it, you know (laughs)... But, we're kinda confident in this album. I think it'll at least go platinum.

**SLUG:** When does the tour begin?

**TB:** We're at home for one more day and then we leave for the Warped Tour.

**SLUG:** Do you participate in any of the athletic activities at Warped? I mean, do you ride a bike or anything?

**TB:** No, bikes scare me.

**SLUG:** What'd you eat it or something?

**TB:** I had a couple of spills when I was younger, but I saw a friend go into full convulsions at the top of a ramp.

**SLUG:** Let's talk about the album cover. That's Janine, the porno queen, right? How did you get her to agree to pose?

**TB:** Well, we had a couple of Vivid videos—that porn company—and we were trying to find a girl to be on the cover of our album and we called over there and asked around and she was like, super into it. She wanted to do it, so that was pretty much the end of it right there...she's a hotty.

**SLUG:** Was she the first porno star you met?

**TB:** No, I've met other ones, but I've never got to like...she hung out with us for a while, so it was like, super neat. She's the first one we ever got to talk to about crazy things, you know.

**SLUG:** What kind of things did you guys talk about?

**TB:** We asked her about...if she fakes orgasms and stuff (laughs). She got kinda personal with us...I don't know if we should talk about that.

**SLUG:** There's been talk about some lyrical growth in blink 182, particularly about "Adam's Song". Was it your intent to address more mature subjects such as suicide?

**TB:** We read an article about a kid that committed suicide and he left that note and it kinda hit us. Every album...there's always a song on there that's different than the rest of the album. I think we've stepped it up a little bit on this album...as far as songwriting. Overall, I think this is a better album. We never thought about it at all. There were a bunch of skits that we were gonna put on the end of it and stuff, but we were just like, "Aw, we're kinda happy with the way the album leaves you feeling as it is right now." It wasn't something we thought about. We wrote the entire album in a little bit over two weeks, so it wasn't like everything was really brought up. Everyone asks, "Where did you get the title *Enema of the State*?" That was thought about and decided upon in about ten or fifteen minutes.

**SLUG:** Your bio almost reads like an AMA pamphlet about colonics...are you guys really that serious about rectal health?

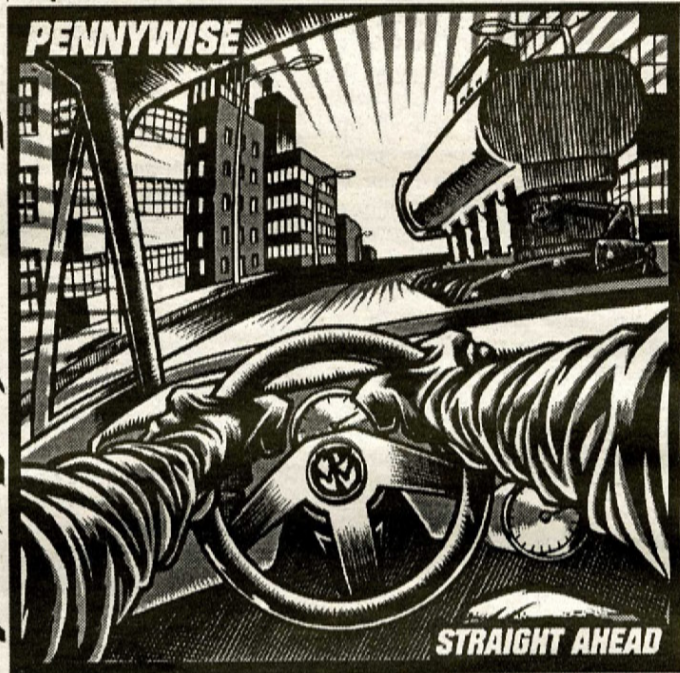
**TB:** No (laughs). Tom (Delonge, guitarist/vocalist) was actually super into it for a while, partaking in it for a good month or two and then he kinda...

At this point TB fades away leaving us to think about blink 182's collective assholes in whatever filthy context we want to. Ciao.

—Randy Harward

**DOWN WITH BLINK 182**

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## MALANDRO RECORDS

Malandro Records specializes in contemporary Brazilian jazz, bossa, samba, chorinho and more. Each release is packaged in a similar layout. Together on the shelf, they become a vibrantly hued, multi-volume encyclopedia of the Brazilian music scene. The booklets tend toward bright colors. The band and album name is always on the same spot on the spine. Similarly, on the cover the album name is always in a complementarily colored ellipse with any necessary translation appearing below. In Malandro's tropical spectrum is Brazilian Popular Music, also known by the initials MPB. Examples of this genre include Simone, Jorge Benjor and Djavan. One legend of that genre is Carlos Malta, whose career began with the birth of that genre in the '60s. Malta is master of all seven instruments in the saxophone family and exhibits his skills on the Malandro release "Jeitinho Brasileiro (Brazilian Way)." While the impact of bossa nova is palatable on some of '50s West Coast American jazz, the inspiration went both ways. Trio da Paz, formed in 1986, exhibit on "Partido Out" not only this long-felt influence of America jazz on bossa nova, but international forms of samba and more.

When, in the late 19th Century, Brazilian musicians fused their unique syncopations onto European polkas and waltzes, choro, a sort of tropical ragtime, was born. Inspiring a community of late night jam sessions, a new creative form of Brazilian jazz grew up out of this experimentation.

Guitarist Juarez Moreira on "Bom Dia" runs the entire gamut from choro to other basic Brazilian springboards to exploration, as the simple melodies of toada and distinctive, syncopative style of baião. Adventure in the current state of Brazilian instrumental music is found on Cafe Jam's "Moio." This quintet is led by saxophone, guitar and piano and forges a unique, eclectic pop vision out of samba rhythms and American rock sources.

Diversity and musicianship are the keystones of the Malandro roster. Exemplifying this is the sextet Terra Brasil and their album "Mestico (Mestizo)." Their ensemble jazz is rich in Brazilian styles and the frantic energy of an urban populace. Antonio Carlos Jobim had hit in the '70s with "Aguas de Marco (The Waters of March)." Still in the Spring of their careers, Agua de Moringa display on "Saracoteando (Strolling)" a playful romp through choro featuring recurring improvisation. Approaching from the direction of modern jazz, UZ 22 revisits the beautiful melodies and unusual textures of Milton Nascimento on "Renascimento." Ulisses Rocha is a master of the guitar and its use in creating intricate instrumental Brazilian jazz. Rocha delivers the harmonic and rhythmic complexity of a trio on his album "Moleque (Child)." On "Rhythm and Romance," guitarist Rick Udler and vocalist Maria Alvim offer an understated beauty in the tradition of the beguiling simplicity with which Jobim first gave Brazil a global audience. The myriad and unexpected faces of modern, adventurous Brazilian Jazz find a home on Malandro Records.

P.O. Box 15639, Cincinnati, Ohio 4521-50639  
<http://www.worldbop.com/malandro/>

## SMASH EASY

Originally christened Tourmaline Music/Media, a trademarking dispute resulted in an early name change for Conni St. Pierre's label to Smash Easy. Smash Easy (Tourmaline Media, 894 Mayville, Bethel, ME 04217-4605; <http://www.smasheasy.com/>) offers "new ambient and improvisational conceptions in music." This spectrum runs from serene, New Age recordings by Keith Waa ("Music for Dreams") and Conni St. Pierre ("Legends of Lost Cities") to the eclectic, challenging concoctions of Forest Floor. But these forms of ambient composition are but one facet of Smash Easy. The compilations "Window of Opportunity," "Guilty by Association" and "Out of the Woods" explores the more punkish, rock-based. Brought together are such acts as the challenging Busk, the "metalgrass" of Otis Coyote and Gothic based Sky Frontier. Vintage punk/new wave recording include those by LaPeste and Peter Dayton. The abrasive Peace Corps offer a downright metallic experimental assault on their debut release "The Rat Sugar." More in-your-face rock comes from the same band when they changed their name to Theory of Negativity and released a self-titled CD on the label. An essential figure on the label roster is punk icon Willie "Loco" Alexander (Boom Boom Band, Velvet Underground). He has two spoken word albums of street hip rants and witty free associations: "Holy Babble" and "Private Wa." Smash Easy also offers cassette releases like the John Giorno-styled "Jimmy Page Loves Lori Maddox" by Emily XYZ. She eventually recorded poetry ads for The Olympics and secured a recording deal with Mercury/Mouth Almighty. Smash Easy offers both side of the coin: the 'smash' of unleashed rock energy and the 'easy' of ambient music for cerebral or reflective listening.

## Save the NEA, PBS, & NPR

Nina Tottenberg of NPR's Morning Edition said that if the Supreme Court supports Congress, it is in effect the end of the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA). Next, there's the question of Congressional funding for National Public Radio (NPR), NEA & the Public Broadcasting System (PBS). PBS, NPR and the arts are facing major cutbacks in funding. In spite of the efforts of each station to reduce spending costs and streamline their services, some government officials believe that the funding currently going to these programs is too large a portion of funding for something which is seen as not worthwhile.

Currently, taxes from the general public for PBS equal \$1.12 per person per year, and the National Endowment for the Arts equals \$.64 a year. A January 1995 CNN/USA Today/Gallup poll indicated that 76% of Americans wish to keep funding for PBS, third only to national defense and law enforcement as the most valuable programs for federal funding. The Senate and House Appropriations committees each have 13 subcommittees with jurisdiction over many programs and agencies. Each subcommittee passes its own appropriation bill. The goal each year is to have each bill signed by the beginning of the fiscal year, which is October 1. The only way that our representatives can be aware of the base of support for PBS and funding for these types of programs is by making our voices heard.

Please add your name to this list and forward it to friends who believe in what this stands for. This list will be forwarded to the President of the United States and the Vice President of the United States. This petition is being passed around the Internet. Please add your name to it so that funding can be maintained for the NEA, NPR & PBS.

This is being forwarded to several people at once to add their names to the petition. It won't matter if many people receive the same list as the names are being managed. This is for anyone who thinks NPR/PBS is a worthwhile expenditure of \$1.12/year of their taxes, a petition follows. If you sign, please forward on to others. If not, please don't kill it — send it to the email address listed here: [wein2688@blue.univnorthco.edu](mailto:wein2688@blue.univnorthco.edu) or [kubi7975@blue.univnorthco.edu](mailto:kubi7975@blue.univnorthco.edu)

## REVIEWS

John Lee Hooker

### SITTIN' HERE THINKIN'/ 32 Blues

John Lee Hooker is a master of the primal, hypnotic, Delta Blues. Accompanied by nothing other than a bare beat of the drums (if not only the stomp of his own feet), "The Healer" can mesmerize. The simple, but effective, tools of his trade are one-chord songs and a ton of downbeat emotion. This collection of Muse Records recordings dates back to the '50's. 1951 was a bad year for Hooker. Or one would think from the opening track, "I Bought You A Brand New Home." He bought her a new home, "all dressed up inside," and a new car, too. As the sad tale is related, she pushes him out of her life and he sees another man driving that car. Supporting his indigo minimalism, the bassist and second guitar on these sessions is barely noticeable. One thing you cannot help but notice is the ache and pain that the absence of money and a woman's love will due to a man. (4)

Mekons

### I HAVE BEEN TO HEAVEN AND BACK: HEN'S TEETH AND OTHER LOST FRAGMENTS OF UN-POPULAR CULTURE, VOLUME 2 1/4 Stick

Spanning a twenty-one year history, this is the second volume on the history of the Mekons. European recordings that never made it stateside, demos and obscure singles are puzzle pieces. The resultant picture is the story of one of rock's most unappreciated and peerless of acts. Like Volume 1, this edition features a smattering of telling covers that includes The Kinks' "Fancy" and Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues." These gathered shards of rock-n-roll assemble into the image of a long-lived and peerless band. Across three decades they brought their integrity and socialism intact and never lost touch with the exuberant, jubilant ability to pour forth uplifting, hopeful emotion. Beside solid songwriting and candid moments, this CD proves worth repeated listening thanks to the varied arrangements of vocalists (usually Jon Langford, Sarah Corina, Sally Timms and/or Rico Bell), guitars, fiddle, keys and accordion. (4)

Charles Mingus

### MINGUS MOVES/ 32 Jazz

Charles Mingus moves on "Mingus Moves" like the breaking day. George Adams' dawn-song saxophone opens the disc, accompanied by a waking drum roll, a soft answer from Ronald Hampton's trumpet and a sparkle of chimes. This is Mingus' "Canon," this sets the mood for the album. With "Opus 4", another Mingus original, the day begins to move briskly and avidly, playfully chased around the park by Hampton and Adams. Next is the title track, written by Doug Hammond. Hammond contributes some vocals on the album with Honey Gordon. Here is the first time we hear them and they sing together. To accompany the two, as they sing a love song in close, mid-range harmony, Adams sets down the sax for the (love)birdsong of a flute. The pinnacle of the album is the powerful and majestic "Wee." Sy Johnson penned this piece and it calls on the horns to come together and spiral upwards supported firmly by the piano (Don Pullen). After this day's accomplishment, thoughts turn from the constructive to the conducive on George Adams' skipping, happy-go-lucky "Flowers for a Lady." Evening descends on this Mingus day with the tranquil "Newcomer," followed by spirited and satisfied night on the town in the closing "Opus 3." (5)

Rose Polenzani

### ANYBODY

Daemon Records

As a result of her performance at the 1997 Newport Folk Festival, Rose Polenzani won a slot on the 1998 Lilith Fair tour. Her reputation there netted her call from Amy Ray (Indigo Girls) and a promise of support. Says Ray of Polenzani, "No one can touch her." The eleven-song collection of early home and studio recordings begins sweetly, like open-mic

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night at the local coffeehouse. At this level, Rose seduces the listener with a dulcet voice and personal, revealing lyrics. Backed only by chords from the acoustic guitar, Rose's delivery is so subtle as to become spoken word at times. Notable exceptions to this sparse arrangement is Rykodisc recording artist Andrew Bird guesting on violin in "Molly's Lilly" and the Indigo Girls harmonies on "Or." This hypnotic series of songs grows more poignant until, at "Angel," her tender voice begins to crack with emotion and the playing becomes more discordant in a final half of haunting pieces. On "Angel" and beyond, Rose delves into gender issues and unrequited love with poetry and bitterness. (4)

**Naked Raygun**  
NAKED RAYGUN  
1/4 Stick Records

NAKED RAYGUN samples a half-dozen Naked Raygun releases. This overview of Quarterstick's CD reissue of the Naked Raygun explores the gamut of a very remarkable melodic punk band. "Melodic" because this Chicago band set their sites on memorable songs, not just aggression or release. "Potential Rapist" from the 1983 debut "Basement Screams" show the group, from its inception, was already at a level of songwriting ability that was only a final plateau for other punk acts as The Adolescents and G.B.H. With 1985's "All Rise," the turbulent lineup settled on the only consistent member, vocalist Jeff Pezzati, backed by fuzz-rock guitarist John Haggerty and the solid rhythm section of Eric Spicer (drums) and Pierre Kezdy (bass). For the rest of the decade this Naked Raygun continued to excel artistically with a plain peak hit on 1988's "Jettison." With a surprising confidence and consistency the seven-year recorded history of the Naked Raygun marks them out as pop punk song masters, America's Buzzcocks. (4)

**They Might Be Giants**  
"Long Tall Weekend"

This album proves that They Might Be Giants still have the vigor and quirky songwriting ability to equal the unparalleled days of "Don't Lets Start" (Bar/None, 1987). Along with comparable originals as "Token Back to Brooklyn" (featuring Soul Coughing's Yuval Gabay on drums) and "(She Thinks She's) Edith Head they offer up their unique versions of such material as Lesley Gore's "Maybe I Know", and the Motown classic "What Can I Do?" They Might Be Giants continue a tireless tradition of factory-style, creating one after the other of the world's best novelty alternative pop songs. All fifteen tracks are new studio recordings and some of these songs have already lived in the group's live set or on their dial-a-song service. The Dilbert-spin on office boredom in "Operators are Standing By," the light handling of the serious in "Reprehensible" and the humorous observations on the Samurai movie genre in "Samurai" are unforgettable and entertaining. But, all things evolve. As the accordion becomes less prominent, the guitar is more so. More jocular than hip, more crazy than cool, They Might Be Giants groove fresh in their comedic relief as other guitar band work a deeper rut.

**READABLES**

**My Son Jimi**  
James "Al" Hendrix as told to Jas Obrecht  
Aljas Enterprises

Jimi Hendrix was a true shooting star in the history of popular music. From the explosive release of "Are you Experienced?" to his untimely death in 1970 is less than three years. But, he had twenty-eight years of life and his father, "Al" Hendrix more than that. This book is the story of that father's life and the story of his son's as seen through the father's eyes.

The book reads just as if Al were telling the story as he remembered it; very naturally and personally. Al's life reaches from the Depression to World War II to emergence of more wide spread civil rights to being ringside at a brief and fantastic episode of superstardom. The story is intensely human, an elucidating facet of American history and a telling background for one of the most revolutionary and important rock guitar personages.

**Hoopsip #47**  
Hoopsip, POB 7636, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48302-7636

Hoopsip is based on the same humor that makes high school boys chuckle about South Park and Beavis and Butthead. The lead article is goofy prank calls transcripts. In all this, there is room for music discussion. The indie mag reviews seven-inches. In another fun article, Kerry Angel, former guitarist for the now defunct Red Aunts considers possible career options. Considering a patter of offbeat interviews, Kerry Martinez of U.S. Bombs is asked about his Cub Scout experiences. There are also concert and recording reviews along with an in-depth analysis of the Rod Stewart video for "Tonight's the Night."

**Ricki Dee's Brain Gravy #4**  
Ricki Dee, 518 S. 5th St. #7, Terre Haute, IN 47807-4325  
Rickidee@indy.net

Ricki Dee's Brain Gravy zines come out very infrequently.

Consequently, every one is exaggerated, more of an event than an issue. In this issue, Ricki fills the twenty-one-page, spiral-bound publication with a paragraph on every video in his collection. Large portions of these are Woody Allen and Jack Nicholson flicks. Even if you can't stand the thought of Allen or Nicholson, #4 still makes interesting reading because each title is a spring board for Ricki, often leading to an old punk's rant. Ricki is also a very talented pen and ink artist. Each issue has a detailed, hand-drawn back cover and includes his comics.

**Art Visionary #1**  
Art Visionary Magazine, GPO Box 1536 - N, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia

This is an impressive debut for the slim, glossy magazine of imaginative art produced by editor Damian Michaels. The plan is to publish the magazine twice yearly. The definite thrust here is for quality, not quantity. The full cover, glossy artwork of H. R. Giger's "Li 2" is sure to grab to attention of connoisseurs of the macabre and fantastic. Damian is also an artist and his own haunting visions are included in the opening piece. Four pages are give over to Giger; an article and four more, black-and-white plates. Also included in this debut issue is Feliz Tusynski, Tom McKee, Ernst Fuchs, De Es Schwertberger, Wayne Viney and Malcolm McKesson.

**Brat #8**  
Brat, POB 4964, Louisville KY, 40204-0964  
<http://www.brat.org>  
[letters@brat.org](mailto:letters@brat.org)

Brat's motto is "because your school paper sucks." While entertaining, they seek to elucidate. Juxtaposed with Too Much Coffee Man and other comics are pieces about emergency contraception, what cross-country travel can really be like and a history of hip-hop. This fifty-four page, professionally laid out zine also includes zine, book, comic and music reviews.

**Transcendence #2**  
Robert Fecik, Editor,  
Transcendence, POB 12107, La Jolla, CA 92039-2107  
[Rfecik@yahoo.com](mailto:Rfecik@yahoo.com)

Subtitled "an interdisciplinary journal of metal," Transcendence seeks to explore and celebrate heavy metal and all its hybrids and sub-genres. The point is to treat this much-covered topic seriously, almost intellectually. The Q&A interviews, the bulk of this issue consequently strive very hard and often succeed to be informative on their subjects. Covered in #2 is Bruce Dickinson, Helloween, 20 Dead Flower Children, Drown, Galactic Cowboys, Rorschach Test and more. There are also reviews of albums, singles and demos.

**Reglar Wiglar #12**

**Reglar Wiglar, POB 578174, Chicago IL, 606457**  
<http://members.aol.com/wiglar/index.html>

Reglar does not take itself seriously, it does not take its subjects seriously and it probably does not even take you seriously. Among the targets in this issue are those unliked forms that get us jobs at fast food restaurant and the tax forms that take some of our hard-earned wages. CDs and zines are reviewed. Often unsuspecting recordings and publications become the butt of Reglar Wiglar humor. In the midst of the issue's "idioterial" is an interview with a tongue-in-cheek band, The Polkaholics.

**VIDEO**

**Matt Zane / "Zane Presents Sexual Society, Vol. 2"**  
Zane Entertainment

The opening scene of this groupie action pseudo-documentary is a roadie giving head to a girl who has more whiteheads on her crotch than I had on my face in my worst acne period. Says Matt Zane of his rock-n-roll porn, "Sex has always been a part of rock-n-roll, so why deny it? Why, indeed. Zane's groupies are of all stripes, but tend to be young and on the attractive side. The seems to resort to the old trick of a little head for a roadie in order to meet the band and their goodbye-gift is a full-load shot into their open mouth. In the midst of this debauchery, porn actor Ron Jeremy makes an appearance, bringing two more women, ice cream and whipped cream to the video camera. Vaguely chronicling a tour (Society 1 groove-metal music is ever present, but muted, in the background), the feature-length work ends with double-headed dildo lesbo-action for an attentive audience at the tour's-end party. (3)

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# Concert Previews



This month has its share of winners and shitters, starting with the Bluegrass Sessions Tour at Kingsbury Hall on the 7th. Banjo virtuoso Bela Fleck, who will be accompanied by Sam Bush, Tony Rice, Mark Schatz, and Jerry Douglas, headlines the tour. These musicians are all virtuosos in their own right and also appear on *The Bluegrass Sessions: Tales from the Acoustic Planet 2*, a follow-up to the original Bluegrass Sessions album that was released more than a decade ago.

Also on the 7th, we have Terrance Simien at the Zephyr Club. His zyde-soul was the life of the Living Traditions Festival last May. If Otis Redding had picked up an accordion, he would sound like Terrance Simien.

For the night of the 8th, we have the Clumsy Lovers at the Zephyr. Their sound is described as Raging Celtic Bluegrass Rock. A listen to their CD, *Barnburner*, reveals a sound better described as The Meat Purveyors jamming with the Young Dubliners, Geno Delafosse and Insatiable. Faith and Disease, a Goth band with a Mazzy Star bent, are at Area 51 that evening.

I remember having a seething contempt for anybody who liked Frankie Goes to Hollywood while I was in junior high. To explain, all of these people who liked FGTH had another thing in common: trying to make my life miserable. Well...I am now miserable and I have a (paintball) gun, a ticket to the show and a grudge. See you at Liquid Joe's on the 9th. Love, Trenchie.

Mayfest in September? "Better late than never" is the slogan for the show that happens on the 9th and 10th and it is better in one area: ALL of the artists are local. Choice of Reign (got a new live CD, they do), Slapdown, Marmalade Hill, Chola,

Confession: Britney Spears makes me hot. Can't put my finger on a reason except to say that I usually go for Authentic Real-Life Titties™, and for some strange reason, those No-Bounce Barbie™ Boobs hold me rapt. Go figure. She's at the Utah State Fair on the 10th. I'll be at the Caustic Resin/Honest Engine show at Liquid Joe's that night in an effort to avoid a charge of statutory rape. The again, I could catch Sea Of Jones (O'Shucks in Park City) before they lose members to Portland. If none of the above are palatable, try Eddie from Ohio's alt-folk at the Zephyr.

Those in attendance at Nashville Pussy's June 8th show at Club DV8 know just how much ass The BellRays are capable of whuppin'. They boast a lot of singer in Lisa Kekaula's petite package. She's got some Tina, some Aretha and some Janis. Pour some MC5 dressing on that and you got a rock and soul salad with croutons that'll crack your teeth. Wear a cup to the Zephyr on the 11th.

12th: Last Red Butte show of the year with blues star Coco Montoya, which means last

chance to legally take ANY KIND OF BOOZE YOU WANT into a concert. Thunderbird, Night Train, MD 20/20, Ripple, Jim Beam, Boone's...*anything*. The idea behind it is to get us so drunk that we'll beat the shit out of all the assholes that only go to these concerts for status. Message to the assholes: rock and roll, blues, folk, country, zydeco... get back in your Eddie Bauer SUVs, put on a James Taylor disc and stay away. Come back when Red Butte ropes off a special "Pretentious Section" for you. Or get used to Natural Light and KFC. You may have string cheese, though.

September 14 is Laundry day. Bring your skidmarked shorts, ring-around-the-collar workshirts, and petrified socks to the Zephyr and Charlie and Sam will wash, dry and press them for you. It's just one more thing that the Zephyr does for the community. Donations will be accepted at the door and for every person who pukes, Slug will donate a can of whatever food it appears that person ate. Some



band with Herb, the drummer from Primus, is playing.

Tilt and One Man Army are at Kilby Court that night if you're too embarrassed to do dirty laundry in public.

**HALFTIME. WHERE THE HELL WERE ALL OF YOU DURING SABBATHON?**

Neurosis is back on the 15th, this time at Liquid Joe's, and the Robustos are serving up ska at ABG's and Rising Lion is at the Dead Goat Saloon.

19-year old blues diva-in-waiting, Shemekia Copeland was here last January for a Dead Goat Saloon "Blue Goat" show/KRCL simulcast. The woman has some pipes on her and her CD, *Turn the Heat Up* (Alligator) is worth your cash. Also worth your cash is a ticket to her show on the 16th at the Zephyr.

Also on the 16th, looks like some ska-punk is available in (I'll be damned) Provo. Link 80 is at the Wrapsody.

The English Beat's Dave Wakeling is at the Zephyr on the 17th.

On the 18th, Loretta Lynn is at the Utah State Fairpark.

Shaking Tree is the band that Hanson would be if they were a jam band. Not that they're young'uns...they're just too pretty in the face and in their sound. See for yourself on the 18th.

Hey, hey, hey! Irish Tenors at the Delta Center, Deborah Coleman and the Thrillseekers at the Dead Goat, and the Jazz Mandolin Project at the Zephyr on the 20th.

Here's a good one. Dance Hall Crashers (gotta love those harmonies), Limp and No Use for a Name are at DV8 on the 21st. DHC has a new album called *Purr*. Little do they know...that's what I do when I see the press photo. Mmmm.

Twenty-two, twenty-three...ooo-wee! Peter, Paul and Mary. How many times does this make for '99? Three? Can't get enough of that Puff. Kingsbury Hall, 23rd. See also Raising Cain at the Back Alley.

Got Enemymine at Brick's and the Church at the Zephyr on the 24th, Low and Shannon Wright at the Wrapsody and the Mother Hips with the Trigger Locks at the Zephyr on the 25th, Buddy Miles at the Zephyr on the 26th.

The Dead Goat's Blue Goat/KRCL simulcast for this month is Josh Smith and the Frost. Smith is another to add to the growing list of little white boys who play the blues. Granted, some are better than others and Smith is a fine player. The 27th.

Betty Blowtorch (formerly Butt Trumpet) is playing with Botanica at the Zephyr on the 28th, while Collective Soul and Pound are dealing out radio rock at Kingsbury Hall.

Leftover Salmon has a fresh one due later in the fall called *The Nashville Sessions*. It's just chock full o'guest appearances too. Earl and Randy Scruggs, Widespread Panic's John Bell, Big Head Todd and the Monsters' Todd Park Mohr, Bela Fleck and Jeff Collin, Waylon Jennings...the list is huge. They're playing the 29th and 30th at Harry O's with Yonder Mountain String Band.

And let's all wish the Zephyr Club a happy 16th anniversary on the 30th. Tony Furtado will be playing a free show for members.

L7 will also be here on the 2nd, only at Liquid Joe's. Better Than Ezra, Jeremy Toback and Sixpence None the Richer are at DV8 on the 5th as well as the B-Side Players at the Zephyr. Later in the month, look forward to Christian Death, Godhead, and Mortis at Area 51 on the 8th, Tori Amos at the E Center on the 10th, and the Pietasters with the Pilfers on the 29th at DV8.

Same time next month? —Randy Harward

## DANCE HALL CRASHERS



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Communication. It's a great thing to have in a relationship. But what if communication was overrated, and, instead, you would rather second guess, over evaluate, or psycho analyze your friends? In other words, what if you were normal?

What if it was easier to speak in analogies or metaphors? What if all Christians still spoke in parables? I would much rather beat around the bush than cut to the chase. That is, in fact, what I am doing now.

Why? Because if you read on, you'll see this isn't just a story, it's a "How to Guide." I call it "How to Relate to Someone, Without Actually Talking to Them."

Sure you could communicate, discuss or engage in conversation with another person, but all that would solve would be the problem at hand. What if the problem at hand has to do with romance? You know, love. Love is a four lettered word. When you have something important to say the best way, in my opinion, to speak to someone is through television. The choice of the next generation.

Television melts in your mouth. Not in your hands. Television whisks the dirt of communication right out of your life. Television warms you up like a cup of instant soup. Television brightens your room and your life. TV is your best friend.

Hallelujah for TV. And praise the Lord to all those wacky sitcom writers. Because TV and funny sitcom writers make me appear to be funny. Now, instead of needing or having an original or clever thought . . . I have TV.

I can go to work and talk about Ally's anorexia and Agent Scully's sex appeal. Then, when my boss says something stupid, I can say, "Dough" just like Homer Simpson. Yippee for America's need for repetition.

Yippee for America's need for repetition, because "Dough" never ceases to be funny. It's like busting into a room a la Kramer. Funny. Killing Kenny. Funny. And then killing Kenny again. Funny funny (insert fart joke here) funny. For laugh track like humor, Dilbert like co-workers and idle 90210 romance chit chat, TV may work great you say, but what happens when you need to truly express yourself. This happened to me once. This is how I handled it. And, of course, it was all through TV.

My problem happens to be communicating with someone when the time comes to actually "communicate." In my

# Just Friends



case, it was a girl that I liked. In your case it could be a boy, a girl, or any combination thereof. Face it: it's an Ellen DeGeneres world we live in, not that there's anything wrong with that, but in my case it was a girl. Hell, in Ellen's case it was also a girl. This TV thing works for all genders.

To communicate through your television, choose a favorite program, one that everyone knows, or at least has some knowledge of. Seinfeld used to work great, but now that Seinfeld is off the air, only an idiot, a Newman, or a TV wannabe would quote this sitcom. Option number two is Friends. And, remember TV is your best friend and Friends is must see TV, so Friends may be the pinnacle of television. It's like friendship squared.

To begin playing the "Are you my Friend Friends Game?" first pick if you are male or female and if you are interested in a male or a female or male/male or female/female (not that there is anything wrong with that) relationship.

The object of the Friends game is to see what someone is thinking of you, without actually asking them what they are thinking. Because that would involve "communication."

I'll walk you through how I played the game, and then you adapt it according to who, or what, you are attracted to.

"You know that TV show Friends?" I asked my friend over the telephone, in between commercial breaks, while I was watching Nick at Nite. Note: By hitting \*67 on your telephone keypad, if they have caller ID they won't know it's you calling. This could be helpful if you really need this game.

"Yes," she said.

"If I was Ross," I said, "who would you be in that group of friends on Friends?" See, this is right where I wanted her: ON THE SPOT. And this is where you'd want your future significant Ellen or other. Depending on your bent, you could go with a Chandler/Joey combination platter. Or the Rachel/Monica is a nice dish. The Chandler/Monica is something new to try, but who knows how that will taste in the future. What I was shooting for was the Rachel/Ross. Predictable, like McDonald's, but a taste you can count on. Ingenious you think. And correct you would be.

If she were to say Monica, that would be detrimental, but not a complete melt down. Granted, the Monica/Ross will never get supersized, but sisterly love is better than the third alternative.

And that's the Phoebe. The Ross/Phoebe friendship value meal is bland.

There's no spice. It's the combo platter you don't want uttered from the lips of the mouth of the person you want to be with. Phoebe is aloof. A guitar playing loner. Friend to all. Romancer to none. Let those words echo in your brain you repetitious loving Americans, "Romancer to none." Because when my friend answered my question, "Who would you be in that group of friends on Friends?" What echoed in my head was "Romancer To None" when she said, "Phoebe."

Perhaps all is not a loss. Next week we are going to learn to play "E.R."

—Phil Jacobsen

# AGNOSTIC FRONT

## TOUR DATES

- |                         |                       |                          |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 9-23 SCRANTON, PA       | 10-7 PENSACOLA, FL    | 10-19 SALT LAKE CITY, UT |
| 9-24 LONG ISLAND, NY    | 10-8 NEW ORLEANS, FL  | 10-20 DENVER, CO         |
| 9-25 NEW JERSEY         | 10-9 HOUSTON, TX      | 10-21 LAWRENCE, KS       |
| 9-26 DC                 | 10-10 DALLAS, TX      | 10-22 ST. LOUIS, MO      |
| 9-27 RICHMOND, VA       | 10-11 SAN ANTONIO, TX | 10-23 MEMPHIS, TN        |
| 9-30 SPARTANBURG, SC    | 10-12 LUBBOCK, TX     | 10-24 LOUISVILLE, KY     |
| 10-1 ATLANTA, GA        | 10-13 ALBUQUERQUE, NM | 10-26 PITTSBURGH, PA     |
| 10-2 DAYTONA, FL        | 10-14 PHOENIX, AZ     | 10-27 PHILADELPHIA, PA   |
| 10-3 JACKSONVILLE, FL   | 10-15 CORONA, CA      | 10-28 NYC                |
| 10-5 FT. LAUDERDALE, FL | 10-16 LOS ANGELES, CA | 10-30 PROVIDENCE, RI     |
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## U.S. Bombs

Back in July while sitting around my friend's house in Hawaii I got a call straight from the Epitaph empire. It was Duane Peters and Wade Walston of the U.S. Bombs. There was a stark contrast between my surroundings and the ensuing conversation with two of the most jaded punks out there. The U.S. Bombs stand over the rest of the punk scene, taking a leak on all of the pop-punk bandwagoners, and showing anyone (who has an ounce of taste) what original punk rock was about. . . and how it's all supposed to sound.

The band consists of Kerry Martinez owning the guitar, Chip Hanna beating the hell out of his drums and bandmates, and the recent addition of Jonny Two Bags working some six-string magic as well. Wade handles the basslines and Duane yells at the top of his lungs, drinks up a storm, and is generally the most entertaining guy I've ever seen.

Life is just supposed to be about skateboards, women, booze, and a large dose of punk rock . . . hey, if you aren't enjoying yourself then why are you here anyway?!

**SLUG:** I saw an interview that you guys did with RUDE INTERNATIONAL (a Boston magazine), a while back, that was just a stream of ghost stories, how the hell did you guys get tied up with those experiences?

**Wade:** That was just one story from New Orleans.

**Duane:** New Orleans voodoo . . . (laughter)

**SLUG:** Any recent run ins with ghosts?

**Wade:** Kerry's the ghost guy, he's like a magnet for those things.

**Duane:** He just likes to have an excuse for sitting around. So when he's watching the TV with a bag of chips, and you ask him what he's doing, he'll say that he's on to a ghost (laughter). We act like we're into it, but it's just to keep Kerry amused. Sometimes we pull into a Kindergarten playground and say "Kerry, we're on tour, go out there and hang out." (laughter)

**SLUG:** He just heads out there to pick up chicks . . .

**Duane:** Yea, he doesn't know the difference. It's Alzheimer's, we all get it with age.

**SLUG:** How old are you guys?

**Duane:** OLD!! I'm thirty-eight . . .

**Wade:** . . . You're not Thirty-eight are you?

**Duane:** I just turned thirty-eight on June 12th.

**SLUG:** Happy Birthday.

**Duane:** I had my drummer give me a broken nose for my birthday. He turned thirty-four the day before. We were in London doing shots. He goes "what do you want for your birthday?" and I said "break my nose," and he broke it without even thinking about it. He's an inbred . . . (laughter) . . . and he had fuckin' 3 or 4 shots of Kentucky Bourbon in him. So now my nose is like a faucet on the side of my face, I'm looking at him going, "What did you just do?" "Oh man! Do mine!" "I just said, "no man, I'm going to hold on to this one. I'm not going to do your's," just like that.

**SLUG:** That's a fucked up birthday present . . .

**Duane:** Not really. I went to the car, and I've broken my nose a couple of times, but this was the first time that I actually looked in the mirror, and did that boxer thing where you take both hands and crunch it back into place. It didn't go back all the way, so it has a Z in it now, the next break I'll try to straighten it back out . . .

**Wade:** It looks better now.

**Duane:** Yeah, it looks better than it did before. My nose is sort of turning into Play Dough, so it's fun to work with.

**SLUG:** What's your total list of injuries . . . so far?

**Wade:** We don't have enough time to list them all.

**Duane:** I've broken pretty much all of my bones except my back, my neck . . .

**SLUG:** . . . The important things . . .

**Duane:** . . . And one leg.

**Wade:** Kind of like Evil Kneivel.

**Duane:** Not quite as bad as Evil. I've broken my collar bone 16 times, my ankles like . . . 6 times. All of my fingers, all of my toes, my wrists, my arms, and my femur. I've had one knee bent up completely, from falling off of a four story building. It just goes on. I have been in 14 car wrecks, all totaled, 6 motorcycle wrecks without a helmet. I've also been in one with a helmet, all of those were over 70 m.p.h.

**Wade:** Broken rib . . .

**Duane:** Yeah, a broken rib . . . it's all been broken.

**SLUG:** How do you have anytime to skate if you're always in the hospital?

**Duane:** There's always time to skate. I'm not always in the hospital. I fall off of shit all the time and things don't get broken, because I know how to fall. It's just when it's a crazy fall that things get broken. Or if I run into a truck or something dumb . . . that you can't humanly help.

**SLUG:** Yeah, running into a truck isn't a good thing. So where's the Punk-O-Rama tour taking you?

**Wade:** It's taking us along the west coast, through the Midwest, and then up north.

**SLUG:** Not to Europe at all?

**Wade:** We've been to Europe twice this year and we plan to go back at the end of October.

**SLUG:** Didn't you guys get banned from Canada?

**Wade:** We aren't banned, we just can't get in.

**Duane:** We need to get some kind of crazy pardon that's going to cost us a lot of money, but we're working on it.

**SLUG:** Why won't they let you in?

**Duane:** Felonies from our past . . .

**Wade:** Everyone in the band has some kind of a record. It isn't a big deal in the U.S., but they don't like it over there.

**SLUG:** What bands have had the biggest influences on your music?

**Duane:** The Sex Pistols, The Ramones, and The Clash. Anything English and anything from New York in the early years. A lot of early L.A. bands. All of that early stuff.

**SLUG:** Are there any new bands who you think are going to stand out?

**Wade:** There's a band in Orange County called Bone Crusher that is really good.

**SLUG:** What do you guys think of Orange County?

**Duane:** When we are there it's alright, but we pretty much can't wait to get back out on the road after a couple of weeks. It's definitely better than it used to be. There are a lot of good bands coming out of there. I just wish that our scene was more together, like a lot of the scenes back east. That's just the way that Orange County has always been, it has always been a really selfish county. Still there are plenty of good bands coming out of there.

**SLUG:** That whole selfish thing is sort of a vibe you get a lot in California . . . but I've never fuckin' been there so I guess I wouldn't know.

**Duane:** You've got to watch your back and just stay real close to your enemies, but you should do that in life anyway.

**SLUG:** Are there any changes that you think should be made in the punk scene?

**Duane:** Well in the last five years the scene has changed a lot for the better. There isn't as much of that grunge stuff, as much of the heavy metal stuff, or as much of the rap stuff as there used to be. All of that is really huge from what I hear, but as far as the punk scene goes it is a lot better, they seem a lot more together as a whole.

**SLUG:** Alright, this is going to seem like a fucked up question, but what do you think are some changes that need to take place in this country, and the world?

**Wade:** A lot.

**Duane:** I know this much, if that Jesse Ventura guy runs for President this will be the first year that I vote.

**SLUG:** Whys that?

**Duane:** Because he looks like he's not tied in, and he looks like he might actually

make some

changes.

He's

not

on the

right, and he's

not on the left. He

seems like he is real blunt,

not like most politicians. From

what I can see he seems like the first politician

that might have a little bit of truth to him. But who knows?

**SLUG:** You can never tell for sure.

**Duane:** The Republicans and Democrats have just been trying and trying, spending millions of dollars on these campaigns. Then this guy won the Governor spot in Minnesota with hardly any dough. He kept a lot of the promises that he had made during the race. He got really into their agricultural shit. I'm not really into politics, but fuck, our country is crumbling. This Clinton guy really did a number on us. So did the guy before him, it has really just been shitty since Kennedy.

**SLUG:** How long have you guys been into punk rock, not necessarily playing, just going to shows and everything?

**Wade:** Since the mid-seventies . . .

**Duane:** . . . Yeah, '77 with me. I cut my hair July 4th of '78. I used to go to gigs with long hair, ties, and candy striped jackets. We looked at The Ramones, and were like "Yeah!" Then we heard The Pistols and were like, "Fuck this is serious, we better cut our hair!" I listened to The Pistols for three days in a row when I first picked up one of their albums. That's what really changed my life. The Ramones got me into the rockin' beat, but with The Pistols it was like, "Fuck this guy is really saying something." It was a total change in my life. Then we got the shit kicked out of us for years. Everybody around here back then . . . the crop dusters, the bikers, the neapolitanos, it just went on and on. When you stepped out the door you had to go to war, almost everyday. If you went to a party you expected to get the shit kicked out of you. So we would just run for the booze, talk to some girls for a minute, until the jocks all came up. One of us would get the first punch, then we'd get a coffee table on us. Bottles broken. Just rumbles all the time. We were always out numbered, too. So we really fought for punk rock, and we'd fight to try to keep it the way it was. Punks don't fight punks. And if they do, they

just let them

fight one on one.

Just real basic

kindergarten

stuff.

**SLUG:** That still

tends to happen

at shows . . .

**Duane:** Yeah,

but I'm also not

one of those

guys that is

going to stop his

set because a

bunch of idiots

are going to beat

each other up.

Some of that

gang fighting

stuff is pathetic,

we see it all the

time out here.

These guys are

fighting for a

piece of cement

that the

Government

owns anyway.

They don't real-

ize that. They're

fighting for their

"hood, then they

go to prison to

get style points.

Prison is one of

the biggest

money making

organizations out

there, with all of

the free

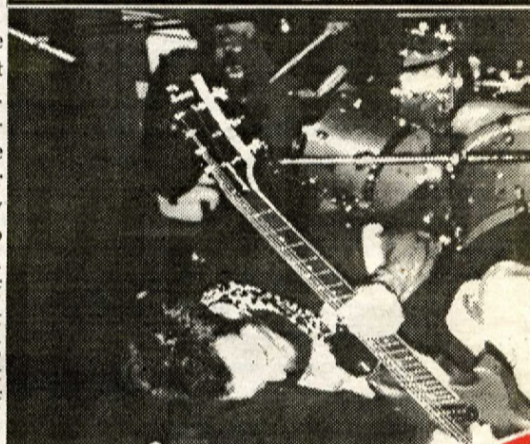


photo / Angela B



photo/Jeremy Wilkins



photo/Jeremy Wilkins



photo / Angela Brown

Wade used to skate a little bit. Kerry will get on a board and ride down to the liquor store, that's about it. Chip won't even get on one of them things. The other guys all play instruments and need their hands. I can break anything except my neck and still play a show, but if any of these guys break a wrist then we're out of a tour. So they'll work on some little trick, but nothing crazy, or else I'll shut them down.

**Wade:** We tool around a lot, we skate every tour. That's our mode of transportation once we're in the town.

**Duane:** But when it comes to riding down streets, even in New Orleans, I've seen

you're on the road then you're fucked.

**Wade:** You're out of a job. (laughter)

**SLUG:** What is the best place that you've ever played.

**Duane:** That alley in Kansas was good.

**Wade:** We played a show in Croatia the day before the bombs started to drop. That was phenomenal. We played with the Misfits in Switzerland, that was really cool.

**Duane:** We also played with the Misfits in London, on my birthday, that was cool too. I'll tell you a story. I opened up for the Misfits in 1981, when I was playing in a band called File 17. We were really young, and a lot smaller than those guys. They were just coming up to Orange County for the first time. We had heard of them, but had never heard them, and didn't know anything about them. This was my third band and I actually owned some mics back then. No one could ever use my mics. After we played, and used the mics, I was putting them away when these fuckin' monsters came up to me. Jerry Doyle, their bass player, comes up to me and says, "I need to use two of your mics." "No problem," I say and gave him the mics. My band was all "What the fuck did you do that for?" I just said, "You know what? I'm going to let him borrow the mics." So they get up there, and I had never seen monsters like that. In the third song he just bashed my mic on the floor. My band asked what I was going to do, and I said "Nothing, the guy can fucking have it." We were just so amazed by them. I was most impressed with how this little shit could get away with saying whatever he wanted. I talked to him about it in Switzerland when we played with them. He said people always come up to him and say they were at that show in Huntington Beach, even though there were only about 30 people there.

**SLUG:** Did you ever ask for your mic back?

**Duane:** He said that he owed me on that.

**Wade:** He gave you his sweats!

**Duane:** Oh yeah! He took me up to his van, like a little kid, and gave me some of his big fucking sweats that say Misfits on them!

**SLUG:** Who do you guys really respect for their music or for their skateboarding?

**Duane:** Not too many people. Just the bands out there who are really working. Bands like Cocksparrer who are really writing good songs and are still working for the cause.

There are a bunch of bands out there, and a lot of

tan muscle mass with the profile of a Greek God).

Ages of involved parties: 21 and 21, respectively. (all other facts are irrelevant)

**SLUG:** How long has the band been together?

**Jose:** We've been together for about seven years.

**SLUG:** How is the Punk-O-Rama tour going?

**Jose:** It's going great. Every band in this line-up has their own sound and brings their own crowd to the shows. You can really notice it in the variance of people who come to this show. Over the last 3 or 4 weeks the tour has taken us around down south and now up here.

**SLUG:** So how much longer is the tour going on?

**Jose:** About another 15 days. Then we're actually going to tour on our own for a while. That is going to take us all the way up to Canada.

**SLUG:** Have you toured up there before?

**Jose:** No, this is our first time.

**SLUG:** How long have you guys been on Epitaph?

**Jose:** Three years and we have two records out with them.

**SLUG:** Is Epitaph the first label Union 13 has been on?

**Jose:** Yeah, how it happened is actually kind of a weird story. After I got thrown out of school, I met this kid who was still in school that babysat for Brett's kids (the owner of Epitaph). The kid offered to take Brett a video tape of us, since we didn't have a demo. A week later we had a meeting with Brett at Epitaph. He just told us that he wanted to demo us, six songs. If it worked out he'd sign us, and if not then we'd have a killer demo for free. So he liked the demo, met with some people and decided to produce us.

**SLUG:** Lucky break.

**Jose:** It was just some "struck by lightning" kind of thing.

**SLUG:** So did you bring a lot of people with you on tour?

**Jose:** Just two roadies and our homey Sunny. It helps to be with some cool friends, who all get along well, when you're traveling. It's fun, just a bunch of friends going on tour.

## BIG DADDY AND THE BONDAGE BIKERS

Armed with two stupid questions, I entered the Confetti Club and began a seek and destroy mission. The goal? To locate key players in the Punk-O-Rama tour, probe their brain with seemingly inconsequential questioning, and then walk away before they realized what had transpired. You will notice that the individuals asked play a variety of instruments, in essence forming their own band. I'll call this band "Big Daddy and the Bondage Bikers". You'll notice there is no bass player in my band, that is because bass players are just guitarists who can't handle two more strings. The real reason for this is that my model band is Lynyrd Skynyrd, which has at least three guitarists, and I'm not one to question the road to fame and fortune.

### Big Daddy and the bondage bikers is:

Jose, from Union 13, on guitar #1 / Rod, from Straight Faced, on drums / Duane, of U.S. Bombs, holding the mic / Pete, from Bouncing Souls, strums on guitar #2 / Toby, from H2O, battles Duane for the mic / Big Daddy, from The Burt's Tiki Lounge, on guitar #3

What is the wierdest/craziest thing that has ever happened at one of your shows?

**Jose:** Well girls are always stripping, so I guess that is normal. At one show in Corona the pit came on stage, I got knocked over, and all of the equipment fell on the ground. I was getting stomped on, but still on the floor trying to play. That was probably the craziest.

**Rod:** Probably our guitar player sliding through his puke on his knees. He wasn't even drunk, he just puked and in the middle of the song he did a knee slide through it.

**Duane:** In Europe a naked fat guy was giving me the tongue like he was going to eat me out. And fuckin' shaking his fat and his dick. I was scrambling between Wade and Jonny to get away from him. Then another guy came up behind him, and acted like he wanted to buttfuck me. The some guys cleaned their clocks and we had a great show. That was somewhere in Germany.

**Pete:** Oh man, ask me that after the show.

**Toby:** In D.C. two years ago somebody proposed to their girlfriend on stage. We did a U2 cover for her. All the girls in front were crying. The show was sold out, he got down on his knee, it was awesome.

What is the best tattoo that you've ever seen?

**Jose:** I saw a tattoo of Oswald, the guy who shot JFK, getting killed. Ruby is a guy pointing a gun at him, ready to blast him.

**Rod:** This guy's tattoo of our first album "Guilty" on his arm. This other guy has another one of our albums tattooed on him. The guy with the "Guilty" tattoo is named...What's your name? his name is Brian, we just met him at this show.

**Duane:** The tattoo on my back that says "Pirates of Ebony Bay".

**Pete:** I've seen a lot of good tattoos. They're everywhere, look around you (indicates the rest of the people backstage) they are everywhere. That guy has some good ones.

**Toby:** One of my friends just got F-minus written on his dick. It's this punk band, on Hellcat, that he likes. I thought that was pretty extreme.

Look for Big Daddy and the Bondage Bikers debut release this coming fall.

—Big Daddy

Wade almost have a cab take off his hand...

**Wade:** It was a cop...

**Duane:** Was it a cop?

**Wade:** Yeah, I was riding down the street and a cop tried to hit me while we were in New Orleans.

**Duane:** Streets are really hard to skate anyway, and then when the traffic is real tight you're just like "Fuck there goes my bass player..."

**SLUG:** I play guitar, and I've broken my hand before, which just put me out of it for six weeks.

**Duane:** And if

new bands, that are just working their asses off. Those are the ones I respect.

As for skateboarding, I only really respect the old skaters like Tony and Steve Alva, and Steve Olsen. I also like Chris Sean and Chad Muska, and a couple other new skaters, but most of them are really gay.

**SLUG:** How does it feel to see most of the guys you started off skating with just stop because they think that they're getting too old?

**Duane:** A lot of them start complaining about their bones at 25, and end up calling it quits way too early. I don't see a rule book saying "You can only doing this for for so long, you can only do that for so long..." So many people say you can't do it anymore just because they reach a certain age. My dad tried to do that to me when I was 20. He told me I better start looking at what I'm doing, and get a future. My only future was washing dishes. I'm not interested in anything out there besides skating, punk rock, and fucking my girl. Also hanging out with my kids. Then there are a lot of little things I dig like golfing, and other sort of "pass time" shit. But if I don't have punk rock or skating, then I don't want to be here.

## UNION 13

After their set, I sat down with Jose Mercado of Union 13 in an effort to clear up the mysteries surrounding the Punk-O-Rama tour. It was also my hope that through strategic questioning I would be able to deduce Union 13's involvement in said tour. Let's set the stage...

Location: Backstage at The Confetti Club (a large, dimly lit room boasting a handsome collection of empty beer cans and knocked over chairs).

Involved parties: Jose Mercado, guitarist for Union 13 (bleached blond East Los Angeles local) & myself, part time supermodel and full time role model (6'4" & 230 lbs. of golden

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# SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



**CHARLES STARKWEATHER**

In 1958, nineteen-year-old Charles Starkweather and Caril Fugate embarked on a murder spree that horrified the country. Charlie Starkweather was born into a poor, uneducated, but hardworking family in Lincoln, Nebraska, on November 24, 1938. Even though Charlie was of average intelligence, he never applied himself and was considered a slow learner. One sure contributor to his problems, which went undetected until he was fifteen, was his severe myopia. He couldn't even read the largest letter on the eye chart. He was well coordinated and strong. He used those same physical abilities to fight on a continuous basis with the other boys in the school. He blamed all of his fights on being made fun of as a child. Sometimes his battles were brief outbursts of violence, but other times they were frenzied and prolonged, not ending until they were broken up or his opponent lay senseless. He earned a reputation for being one of the meanest, toughest kids in Lincoln.

Charlie was the isolation and rebellion that James Dean acted out in his films.

Caril was a pretty girl with dark brown hair and a ready smile. She, too, had a wide streak of rebellion in her and a mercurial temper. Charlie thought she was a mental wizard. He loved her. He treated her like a goddess.

Charlie quit school at the age of sixteen and went to work loading and unloading trucks at the Western Newspaper Union warehouse. His boss didn't think much of Charlie: "Of all the employees in the warehouse, he was the dumbest man we had." The warehouse was near the school Caril attended so he could see her every day. He taught her how to drive and she wrecked his father's car and another. Charlie was told to find somewhere else to live. Charlie moved into a rooming house where his friend lived with his wife, who was Caril's older sister. Charlie quit his job at the paper company and started to work as a garbage man. Charlie began to see himself as trapped in a life of poverty. With his limited intellect, the only way out that he could envision was to do something really dramatic and criminal.

Gradually, Charlie had convinced himself that he was going to have to lead a life of crime to get the money and respect he craved. He took with him the 12-gauge shotgun. Robert Colvert, a twenty-one-year-old who had humiliated Charlie the day before, was on duty at the station by himself. He was a short, slender man with a young, pregnant wife. Colvert was working on a carburetor when Charlie came into the filling station. After he twice entered the station to buy gum and cigarettes, then Charlie walked back into the station with the loaded shotgun and a canvas bag for the loot.

By this time, Colvert was back working on the car and didn't even know anyone was there until he felt the shotgun jabbed into his back. Charlie marched Colvert back to the office and made him open the cash drawer. Then they took a drive which ended in death. Charlie said that Colvert struggled with him for the gun and was shot in the scuffle. However, as Colvert tried to get up on his hands and knees, Charlie shot him again — right in the skull.

Starkweather took the precaution of painting his car a

different color, but then he did some dumb things that called attention to him as a suspect. It was widely reported that most of the loot from the gas station holdup was in coin, but Charlie used change to buy some clothing for himself.

When the euphoria wore off, Charlie was left with some grim realities: he had been fired from his job as a garbage man; his landlady had locked him out in the freezing cold because he was past due on his rent. On Tuesday afternoon, January 21, 1958, Starkweather drove over to the squalid dump that Caril and her family called home. The house and the yard were strewn with litter and unused construction materials. Charlie took the .22 rifle he had borrowed and some ammunition to the back door and knocked. Caril's mother Velda Bartlett came to the door.

After several hours of being kicked out and acceleratingly agitated returning Starkweather took a more violent inventory of the situation. Starkweather said that "I picked up that knife that the old lady had started to walk in the bedroom and the little girl kept yelling, and I told her to shut up, and I started to walk again, and just turned around and threw the kitchen knife I had at her they said it hit her in the throat, but I thought it hit her in the chest I went on into the bedroom. Mr. Bartlett was moving around, so I tried to stab him in the throat, but the knife wouldn't go in, and I just hit the top part of it with my hand, and it went in."

Velda's body was dragged to the old outhouse and shoved down the toilet opening. Caril's baby half-sister was put in a box that had been used for garbage and taken out to the outhouse as well. Marion Bartlett was dumped on the floor of the chicken coop. Once that was done, Caril and Charlie cleaned up the blood and mess inside and spent the rest of the evening drinking Pepsi and eating potato chips.

They stayed there in the house, just a few yards away from the rotting corpses of Caril's family, for almost a week.

Eventually, when the kids wouldn't let anybody in some friends searched the lot and found the bodies. The police bulletin went out to pick up Charlie Starkweather and Caril Fugate. What the police did not appreciate was that this was just the second act of this escalating drama.

Once Starkweather and Carol realized that they had better skip town, they also understood that Charlie's car was not going to take them very far. One place they could find temporary refuge was Charlie's seventy-two-year-old family friend, August Meyer. It is hard to say why exactly — since Caril and Charlie's stories were very contradictory and unsatisfactory — but Charlie shot August Meyer in the head. As in the other murders, Charlie unconvincingly claimed that the killing occurred in self-defense. According to Charlie, Meyer tried to shoot him and the gun jammed, so Charlie shot back. Then Charlie wounded Meyer's dog as it ran away across the snowy meadow.

Charlie carried the body of his old friend into an outbuilding and hid it with a blanket. Then he and Caril went into Meyer's home, stole his money and guns, ate his food and fell asleep.

The next day, a neighbor helped them free their car from the mud and they drove up to Meyer's farm by a different road. When Charlie checked on the body of his friend, he was spooked by the fact that the blanket was suddenly gone. Fearing discovery, Charlie and Caril took their car down the path in which they first got stuck in the mud. Not surprisingly, the intellectually challenged couple got stuck once again. Taking only their weapons, they left the old Ford where it was.

The two of them hitched a ride from seventeen-year-old Robert Jensen and sixteen-year-old Carol King. Within moments, the shotgun was at Jensen's neck and Charlie was demanding their money. He forced Jensen to drive back towards Meyer's farm to an abandoned storm cellar.

There, he put six bullets into Jensen's head. Jensen's girlfriend Carol King was shot once in the head. Her body was left half-naked with her jeans and panties down around her ankles. She had been stabbed repeatedly in the belly and below, but there was no evidence of semen in or around her vagina.

While all of this was happening, Caril allegedly was sitting in the car. Charlie attributed the mutilation of King's body to Caril who supposedly was angry with the dead girl for being attractive sexually to Starkweather. At another time, Charlie claimed that Caril also shot and killed the King girl when he was away from the scene for a few minutes.

The bodies of the two teenagers were left in the storm cellar while Charlie and Caril took off with Jensen's car. Even though they talked about escaping to Washington State to find refuge with Charlie's brother, they actually did something incredibly dumb. They drove back to Lincoln, where

everybody knew them and everybody was looking for them.

As if that were not stupid enough, they drove past the Bartlett home to see if the bodies of Caril's parents had been discovered. They got their answer when they saw all of the police cars parked around the property. The following day, January 28, 1958, the bodies of Meyer and the two teenagers were found.

Charlie and Caril then broke into the house of a rich industrialist in the better part of town. They held the wife, Clara Ward, at gunpoint until she said that she would not resist and that he could have what he wished. Caril immediately fell asleep and Charlie waited until the Industrialist, C. Lauer Ward, himself came home. He killed Ward and then his wife and the maid.

Governor Anderson was notified immediately of the savage attack on his friend. Shortly afterwards, he called out the National Guard, "and they were soon cruising the streets with jeeps armed with mounted machine guns. Parents with guns drawn rushed to the schools and took their children home. The city was completely sealed off.

And where did these clever outlaws run? Why, back to Caril's parents' house, of course! But wisely, they didn't go inside because there was a car in the driveway and the house was lighted up. Somehow, they finally got the message that they could not go back and live at the Bartlett house anymore and headed west towards Washington State. They drove all night and crossed over into Wyoming the next morning. Along the way they looked for a car to steal and finally came across Merle Collison, a travelling Montana shoe salesman asleep in his car. Charlie woke up the salesman to announce that they were going to trade cars, but the shoe salesman apparently didn't agree because Charlie shot him in the head, neck, arm and leg. Since it was a tough stretch of the imagination to expect anyone to believe that Charlie shot Merle Collison in self-defense, Charlie said that Caril did it. With Collison dead in the front passenger seat and Caril in the back, Starkweather started the car, but could not figure out how to release the emergency brake. A few minutes later, a young geologist stopped to help the couple, figuring that they had car trouble.

"Raise your hands," Charlie told the man, pointing the gun at him. "Help me release the emergency brake or I'll kill you." When the geologist saw the dead man slumped in the passenger seat, he realized that he would have to get the gun away from Starkweather if he wanted to stay alive. While they were struggling, William Romer, a Wyoming deputy sheriff came by and stopped. Immediately, Caril jumped out of the back seat and ran up to Romer. "Take me to the police!" she cried. "Well, I'm a deputy sheriff," he assured her. "He's killed a man," she blurted out, crying and pointing to the car.

By this time, Charlie had run to the Packard and was driving back towards the town of Douglas. Romer ordered a roadblock and began his pursuit. Douglas Police Chief Robert Ainslie, who happened to be in his car with Sheriff Earl Heflin of Converse County, Wyoming, received Romer's call. When the Packard raced by them on the road to Douglas, the two men chased it at speeds exceeding 100 miles per hour. Heflin shot out the back window of the Packard with his carbine. Suddenly, Starkweather came to an abrupt halt right in the middle of the highway.

The two seasoned lawmen pulled up behind the Packard cautiously and waited until Starkweather got out. They told Charlie to put his hands up, but he didn't, so Ainslie shot the ground near Charlie's feet. This time Ainslie told him to lie down on the ground, but instead Charlie reached in back of his pants. Thinking that Charlie was reaching for a weapon in his back pocket, Ainslie shot at him again. By this time, Charlie decided to stop tucking in his shirttail and lay down like he was told to.

Why did he suddenly stop? Because he thought he had been shot. In actuality, the bleeding around his ear was a cut from the broken window glass. Heflin was disgusted. "He thought he was bleeding to death. That's why he stopped. That's the kind of yellow sonofabitch he is." Yellow or not, he photographed well in a Hollywood-kind of way. The first American teenage spree killer caught on camera.

Charlie's trial began on May 5, 1958. The jury made its decision within twenty-four hours: guilty on both counts of first degree murder. The men and women of the jury specifically asked for the death penalty. Their request was granted June 25th, 1959.

—St. Felcher

## Bumper Sticker Barricade

I can find something wrong with virtually anything. I notice shortsightedness in authors of any material, especially that which I don't like. I am a critic; some say an asshole. I have saved my remarks for the appreciative few I surround myself with. Until now. My big mouth may be a bother to some, but since I am about to share, take kindness and may all be reminded... I can be right.

Writers cannot avoid an audience, and, ideally, the reader reacts and responds to the text. When writing becomes a purchasable item, the money is exchanged, and the consumer now owns what s/he has been feeling but didn't know how to express. The author receives money for his/her time and ability to create and express beautiful sentiment. In the case of bumper stickers, the author's lack of insight or wit and the resulting horror displayed by the consumer is usually uninspiring enough for me to avoid. This particular instance is infuriating because these authors received money for their ignorant text.

With bumper stickers I know to expect trite excuses for wisdom, banal excuses for wit, New-age pop culture simplicity for the mystical, and occasionally, a quick flash of hilarity. I'm not against bumper stickers at all. In fact, I wrote one but would never even try to find it in print because, though it is profound and funny in an awful way, I know no one should ever put it on his or her car. Bumper stickers can be a way for people to find their kindred like a rainbow flag, pink triangle, Jesus fish, or goddess blather. It makes a statement for you. It can also cause non-verbal dialogue like "mean people suck", "nice people swallow." I simply have a problem with inadvertent lie telling and marketing products without thought.

The two stickers being scrutinized both used negative language to say something positive. A cute tactic when flirting or talking with friends but hardly appropriate for appearing wise. I'll tear into the nicest one now.

"Don't postpone joy." I understand the intention is to provide a mobile reminder that there is plenty to rejoice about. I agree. The cold war is over. I don't have leprosy. Those pesky Mormons haven't found me in a while. My friend that I do stuff with that I don't do with my other friends likes me. I am not talking with anyone too melodramatic today. Sure, be happy. Rejoice. However, it has been made evident to me that there is plenty of joy in the postponement of joy. The anticipation of joy fills us all with gladness and good intentions. The anticipation of joy can be toyed with. The anticipation of joy keeps us awake with excitement. Like Christmas and you got socks in that big box instead of the Fisher Price telephone. But that's pessimistic. Even if the event

is exhilarating, it ends. The anticipation lasts longer.

To contemporize this issue, I'll just say sex. Postpone. A necessary evil to ensure our welfare. Don't go between or open the legs until there's a condom coming atcha.

Really though, this is only the beginning. The joy reminder only irritated me more by being driven around with an even more terrible statement obliviously perched below it. It honestly reads, "Failure is impossible.". My initial response (inside yelling), "Just by saying that you are failing. If you wanted to write a successful slogan, well, you failed." Possibly the author wants us to redefine failure by saying something like, "Just keep trying, you'll make it." However, there are a few reliable truths and the inevitability of occasional failure is one of them. If I set out to jump from the Empire State building and land alive, I would fail. There would be no second chance (another lesson we have all learned).

To say something positive to someone desperate or depressed is a kind gesture. To try to convince him/her of something absolutely untrue is ridiculous. It only makes you look foolish and desperate. Failure is possible. Otherwise there wouldn't be a name for it. Maybe the author never failed (eh?). Someone had to fail once to recognize and name it the opposite of success. Words like risk, risk-taker, values, chance, talent, attempt, etc. are indeed an essential part of our language and our ability to differentiate wants from needs. These words define our values and goals. These words imply the possibility of failure. Failure is useful. Without it we would have a difficult time knowing what we value.

Perfection is an easily abused word. It is neither possible nor interesting. Think about sports fans. Would they watch if no one failed? Would Michael Jordan even play if he were perfect? By saying failure is impossible is a failure itself. To redefine failure in an attempt to be a more positive person is misdirected. Failure shouldn't be deemed, "Your first in a succession of steps towards success." It needs to remain in all its usefulness. We need to stop attaching shame to experiences that teach us about ourselves and the many possible joys of the world. If you fail at one endeavor, there are plenty of other activities you'll succeed at. Failing is a part of finding talent. Failing is a part of experience turning to wisdom. Failing is a part of the all noble "trying". Failing is inevitable; it makes life interesting. It makes success more recognizable and joyous. Besides, failure is tax-deductible.

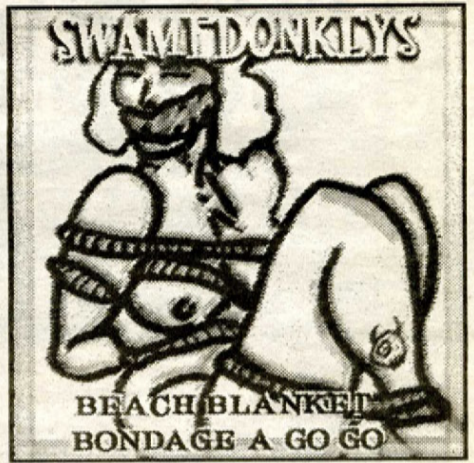
My advice: Take the razor blade and some soapy water and slowly and excruciatingly, time-consumingly remove the stickers from your car. My additional advice: To proudly drive around, make your own sticker, if you have something to say.

—Liza Law

## LOCAL CDS

Swamp Donkeys  
Beach Blanket  
Bondage A Go-go  
Swamp Ass Records

Surf instros, Satan, beer, punk, humor, local references...the Swamp Donkeys have created a certifiable classic in *Beach Blanket Bondage A Go-Go*. I am at a loss for words to describe the aching need I feel to listen to this. Wait a sec...I just did. Check out "White Widow," "Please Don't Let Me Die In Ogden," "Elder Diablo," and "They're All Whores But Mom." Fuckin' A.



After Eden  
Stark

These guys are from *Springville*? Who'da thunk it? Must be nothing to do there except play your instrument. The playing on *Stark* is tight and at times, tricky. Some lyrics are better than others, but hey, it's their first album and for a debut, it's better than most. Check out "Something Special" if you're looking for a recommended highlight.



—Randy Harward

We ran out of space this month, but ALL of your local CD's will be reviewed next month. (if we have them)

# ECHA BOB'S

September 7  
Rockabilly  
Chop Tops w/  
Ridgerunners

September 9  
Tabula Rasa  
w/ Shiv

September 16  
Punk Rock  
Red Bennies w/  
All or Nothing

Saturday 18  
LIVE Funk Music  
N2 U

September 23  
Orion's Clock  
w/ Liquid Friction

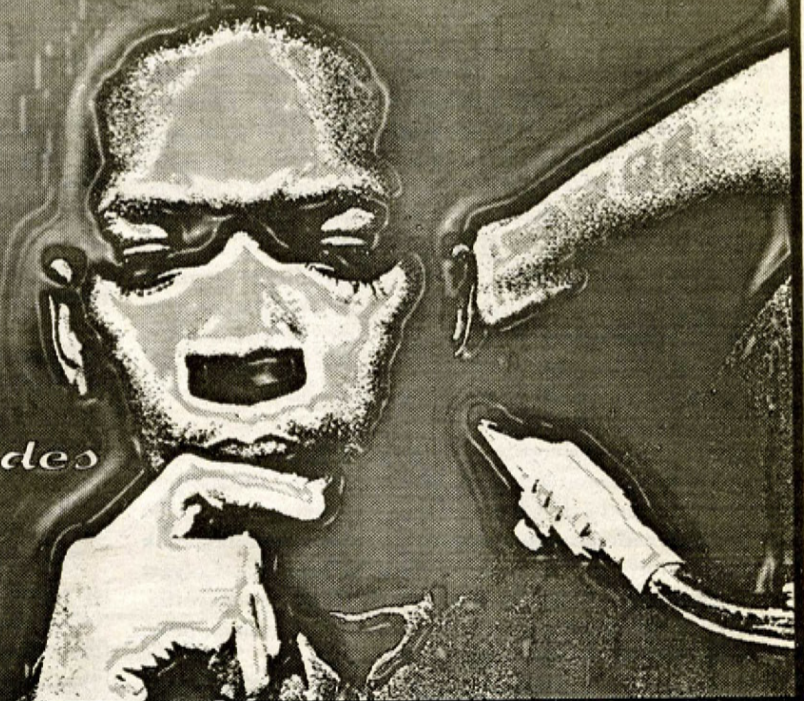
September 28  
Bellmont Playboys  
w/ Jonny and his Blades

September 30  
REX Holbart

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# "We Be Clubbin'?"



On the news every day there are stories of massive earthquakes, hurricanes, and even tornadoes that destroy entire cities. However the little whirlwind that assailed Salt Lake, labeled Tornado '99, caused damage to hotels and houses, but the toll it took on the city's social life was tremendous. God reached down his wrath and scratched the needle to the music at local dance clubs. The west side club that were ravaged were Bricks, The Sun, and Club Axis. Brick's is still open with only minimal damage reported, while 'The Sun' was hit first and now needs to be torn down. Since the late 70's, 'The Sun' has been part of the unknown, underground scene in Salt Lake. First located where the recently shattered glass from the Delta Center fell, to the clubs present resting place at 700 West 200 South. In the 26 years of its life, club ownership has only exchanged hands three times. Shauna Stickler, the present owner, has a few choices now for the destroyed dance club. Either relocate or rebuild on the existing site. The building which had stood since 1905 took less than 20 years as a dance club to become condemned when the Tornado collapsed the roof and upstairs walls. One maintenance engineer was injured while working on

the patio as the storm hit, being later released. To all who knew 'The Sun' and want to say their goodbyes, there will be a demolition party set tentatively for Sept. 11th; seeing that all the permits are issued in time. The after party will be held at Fusion that same night starting at 9 pm.

Club Axis was the third club hit, almost to the point of closure. As the club was inspected, it was found sound and now the rebuilding is underway. It had been only 8 months since Vortex moved, when the roof was ripped off and bricks from the neighboring building broke threw the walls and fell dancing to the floor. Imported plams from California were hurttled around the property. Did Dennis come this far inland? But don't put away

your  
plush  
high heels

yet, Axis is rebuilding with plans to make it twice the club it used to be. With \$600,000 more going in to repairs and remodeling the new Axis will surpass the old with new age limits. There will be two 18+ dance floors, one being theopen aired Liquid Jungle lounge. Plus two 21 and over dance rooms with a live band stage. The opening date is set for Halloween night when Alarm, Mission UK, and Jean Loves Jezebel will be scaring the 80's back into you. The music has only faded, not died. Once the clubs are rebuilt (relocated), with disco balls shimmering down on locals, getting their groove on. The



night life for these clubs will start anew. However, I would be cautious where you go clubin' and only 'freak' with girls/boys next to sturdy and restrained supporter beams or in door ways, just in case "the big one" earthquake decided to shake the valley to it's own beat.

—Josh Scheuerman

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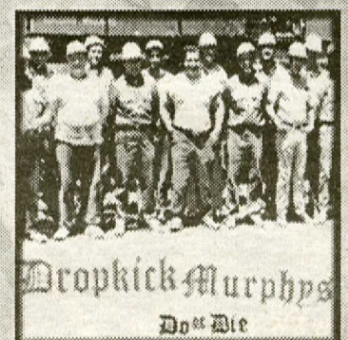
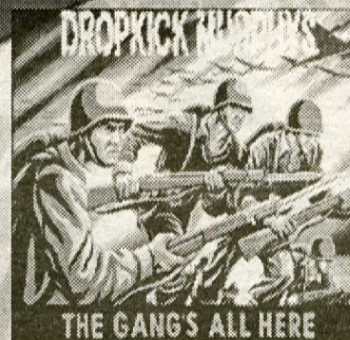
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10/28/99	NATION	Washington	DC
10/29/99	TROCADERO	Philadelphia	PA



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# CD Reviews

## Bernie Worrell

*Free Agent, Bernie Worrell & The Woo Warriors Live*

Live is one of the best bargains on the Internet (about 10 bucks). It contains some of Worrell's atmospheric jams, like "Mask" and "ReEnter Blacklight" from "Free Agent," plus some well-sung rockers from his Funkadelic years. The band is superb, and they finish with a slamming

"Night of the Thumpasaurus People." Contact: Purplewoo@aol.com

—Michael R. Evans

## Cacaphonic Funk Mob *After the Smoke Clears*

This might be superficially considered the "420 Funk Mob" recording under another name, but without premiere P-Funk lead guitarist Michael Hampton, or his cousin Lige Curry.

It is a whole new band, playing a powerfully Funky ear show guided by Michael (Clip) Payne, a man who has been with P-Funk since 1977, programming "Man In The Box" drum tracks, and playing "special effect" keyboards.

George Clinton and Gabe Gonzales both appear on this CD, as well as the jazzy Joseph "Amp" Fiddler from the Woo Warriors. This CD contains some of the best work by P-Funk since Funkadelic disbanded as a separate unit in 1979. The songs are deep, adventurous, danceable, and often funny. Contact: stozodaclown@hotmail.com

"Stozo Da' Clown" is a story in himself. His "real" name is Ronald Edwards, and he has been a graphic artist for Parliament and other Funkers since the 70's. (He did this cover.) He mediates

between the radical Pedro Bell of Funkadelic album art fame, and Overton Loyd, who still produces art for George Clinton. Stozo also raps when "420" performs in New York.

—Michael R. Evans

## Faust / *Ravvivando* Klangbad

With a band being around for thirty years you would expect the newest album to be a watered down version of the old hits or the newest tour brought to you by The Gap. But Faust's new album *ravvivando* (Italian for getting faster, moving, reviving) does the opposite. Faust were the forefathers of the german-core scene which brought together experimental cosmic sounds with the improvisation of free jazz. The newest album shows this legendary german band progressing with tumbling walls of sound, heavy

does of feedback an unstoppable rhythm from start to finish. *Ravvivando* places emphasis on textures and structures which collide in rumbling sections of sound. One just needs to listen to the track "four plus seven means eleven" to really understand what I mean. Faust is faust and there is nothing else to be said.

—Dayvid

## Nurse with Wound *World Serpent* An Awkward Pause

A chance meeting on a dissecting table between an umbrella and a dissecting table. That was the title of N.W.W.'s first album and pretty much describes what they sound like. Their music is heavily based in german-core/dada/surrealism. They formed in 1979 and has mostly been Steven Stapleton which describes N.W.W. as purveyors of sinister whimsy

to the wretched. So what can't you love about that. The newest album brings in long time collaborator/friend David Tibet (Current 93) Christoph Heemann and Peat Bog. The most noticeable feature is the addition of a guitar which has been absent since earlier albums. The new album adds together adds an unsettling ambient atmosphere with various "noise." The two run away hits are "Two Shaves and a Shine" has an unsettling but hilarious piece by David Tibet.

"Penis Fruit Loop" is a 25-minute ambience piece with a nice little story which seemed to have been told through a speak and spell and ends in all out noise feast. We might have seen

Nurse with Wound at various music stores but with \$27 price tags, but folks these are masterpieces. Not to be disappointed.

—Dayvid

## People Like us / *Solelimoon/Staalplaat* Hate People Like Us

You never know the kind of fans who listen to your music. That is why this compilation intrigued me. The music of People Like Us is similar to Negativland, Stock, Hausen & Walkman. They manipulate sound clips and juxtapose them against 60's easy listening, commercials and what other sundry items to create different meanings than they were originally intended. I was quite intrigued to hear Boyd Rice and Death In June were huge fans. Boyd's remix is an unsettling "period" piece. Among others on the album: Coil, Farmers Manual, Rehberg & Bauer (Pan Sonic), Negativland, Stock, Hausen & Walkman, Christoph Heemann, Sons of Silence. The overall album is filled with humor, but always with an unsettling air to it all. Coil fans should be pleased with a song which sounds that it was recorded in the summer solstice session. Also being a huge Christoph Heemann fan, I was surprised to see him here, but he did a fantastic piece in ambient tones. So fans of the above bands would be pleased with this release. It even comes with your very own birthday candle so how can you pass it up?

—Dayvid

## Oval / *Thrill Jockey* Szenariodisk CDEP

Oval are perhaps better known for how they make music than for the music they actually make. For me, Oval are an incredible concept band. They use the sounds of computer mistakes and scratched cd's, and then add harmonies and tones to make a sterile but personal sound. This German experimental electronic band is made up of Markus Popp. Having released over six albums and countless compilation tracks. *Szenariodisk* is the final installment in a three-part series.

Though not a huge departure from the "oval" sound, the newest EP does bring together some lost gems found only on pricey Japanese imports with five new tracks. Though most tracks are short they each add nicely to the overall feel of the album. *Szenariodisk* is minimal electronics with rich tones and electronic skips with rumbling bass with times a nice little groove. Fans of Autechre and Aphex Twins should not pass this one up.

—Dayvid

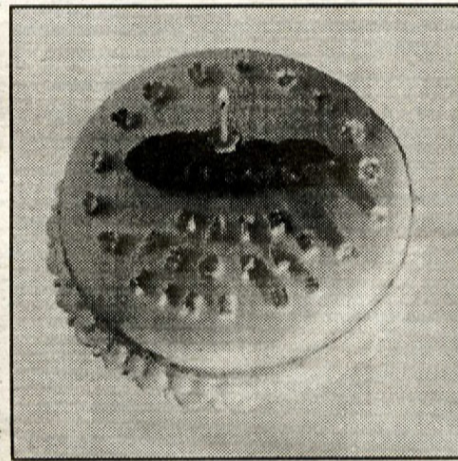
## Negativland & Chumbawamba *The ABC's of Anarchism* Sealand Records

Wow! This is pure fuckin' cool! Negativland and Chumbawamba, veteran defenders of equality and truth, pair up for a collaborative CD/EP. Bet you didn't see that one coming! Two distinctly different and unique styles are masterfully fused into one classic formula. A 22-minute amusement park of thought provoking mayhem and fun. Starting with a simultaneously informative and satirical tour through the back lot of an often misunderstood political Ideology. Floating on through the very fringes of infringement to a place where all the happy animatronic puppets are gasping for air and turning blue...as your little dinghy coasts through pretty music, brown liquid and stinky odors. If you are unfamiliar with Chumbawamba or Negativland, a wise move would be to check them out and dig deep. Both of these underground legends have 15-20 years under their belts and have released an onslaught of ground breaking, state smashing gems.

—RU

## Nina Hynes *A New Creation* Reverb Records

Nina is from Dublin, and is signed to an the Irish based label, Reverb Records. Although Her CD has not been picked up domestically by any record labels, Nina Hynes is picking up alot of attention. She earned herself an opening slot with Stereolab, at the SXSW Festival. She was invited to perform on stage with the late Jeff Buckley



during his tour through Belfast. She has toured Europe with 4AD legend Harold Budd, and has recently began a collaboration with Hector Zazou, a French avant-garde producer. Her soft sweet vocals echo an influence of Elizabeth Fraizer, Cranes, or even Cowboy Junkies. The music is varied from song to song, combining elements of trip-hop, noise, strings, pop rock, and acoustic guitar. If you are traveling outside of Utah this fall, lookout for Nina. She will be returning to the USA for a tour in October and I'm sure she won't be playing the land of Zion. For ordering info contact amazon.com.

—Sasha

## Songs From the Penalty Box / *IVA* Tooth & Nail Records

Being a sadist, I enjoy a certain debauchery that only professional hockey can provide. There is nothing more exciting than seeing grown men smash each other into Plexiglas walls over a frozen rubber disc...Anyway, I was somewhat disappointed that none of the songs on *Songs From the Penalty Box* are hockey related. I listened intently to the album, and found not one song even remotely associated with hockey, Canada, or the NHL. I'll get over it. This album is a compilation of songs from the Tooth & Nail 1999 catalogue. Some pop-punk, some hard-core tinged rock. All in all a good listen. I especially enjoyed Squad Five-O's *Apocalypse Now*, and Ninety Pound Wuss's *Outbreak*. From the looks of both of the bands in the album sleeve, they would get their asses kicked in a hockey game.

—Jeremy Cardenas

## The Latest Craze / *Fanmail* Tooth and Nail Records

Okay, for a moment let's imagine something unusual. Let's imagine that we are in a parallel universe, and things aren't what they are supposed to be. Think *Twilight Zone*. Alright, now, in our *Twilight Zone* we have Toad the Wet Sprocket, and they have learned how to use distortion pedals. They also play up tempo bubble gum-punk songs. Eerie, isn't it? *Fanmail* is good music if you want to trick your girlfriend into thinking you've become sensitive. As a matter of fact, I keep catching my girlfriend listening to the album. I hope *fanmail* doesn't come to Salt Lake City, because if they do, I think my girlfriend will leave me for one of the "real sensitive guys that would show up at the concert.

—Jeremy Cardenas

## Fenix Tx / MCA Records

Fast, upbeat, catchy power-pop songs. Subject matter: girls, boredom, minimum wage, being

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young. Sound Familiar? It is. Listen to this album once, and you won't be able to deny the Blink 182 similarities. The only thing I really liked on this album was the song *Jean Claude Trans Am*. Much talent, but little originality.

—Jeremy Cardenas

**59 Times the Pain / End of the Millennium Epitaph/ Burning Heart**

The final countdown is upon us, and I have finally found the band I want to listen to during the apocalypse. Any band that has a singer named Magnus and a friend named Krill is all right by me. I liked these guys before I even listened to their CD. The music was breakneck in your face punk fucking rock. Loud, abrasive vocals along with big guitars and gut thumping beats. If you read into the lyrics there is a definite political undertone. The thing that I liked most about this album was it just wasn't typical. Just when you think you can figure out what is coming next, they turn around and punch you in the mouth. I think they have a song on the Punk-a-Rama 4 CD. Get this album, and turn it up loud mutha.

—Jeremy Cardenas

**Widespread Panic / 'Til the Medicine Takes Capricorn Records**

The headline reads: New Improved Widespread Panic, with 30% More Songwriting, Streamlined Arrangements and a Jerry Joseph Tune on every disc!

It is likely that all WSP fans felt a sense of impending doom (not unlike that felt by Coke drinkers when New Coke came out) when they heard that the band was heading off in a more song-oriented style and that *Til the Medicine Takes* would feature contributions from a gospel singer and a brass band, some scratching and a lead vocal debut from drummer Todd Nance.

Fear not, Spreadheads! *Til the Medicine Takes* is as much a Panic album as was their last studio effort, *Bombs and Butterflies*. Each and every song is 100% pure WSP. Of interest locally is that track three, "Climb To Safety" was penned by former local Jerry Joseph.

—Randy Harward

**Legendary Pink Dots / Live at the Metro SPA Poland**

For those not familiar with the L.P.D., they have been around for about twenty years and have over sixty albums under their belts. They have a psychedelic/experimental sound and an enigmatic singer/song writer. Surprisingly, this is L.P.D.'s first official live album for a band known for its incredible live shows. They graced our city about nine months ago (where were you?). This album brings together a lot of the newer songs and some older ones for good measure. The recording is from November 1998 in Chicago. There are flaws as with any live recordings but this really brought back memories when I saw them on the 98' tour. Song titles include: Spike, Aarzhklan Olgevezh (which is my favorite off the album, simply stunning!) Green Gang 98' (another classic,) Saucers over Chicago, Fates Faithful Punchline (a beautiful acoustic rendition) a new unreleased track Pain Bubbles, Grain Kings, and Andromeda. Andromeda is my main complaint which seemed overpowered by the music and noise that we lost the beauty that is seen in other studio versions of this song. But overall a great release which has grown on me which each continued listen, so check it out.

—Dayvid

**Hot Sauce Johnson / Truck Stop Jug Hop Outpost**

The title of the album is how Hot Sauce Johnson characterizes their music. For those who require a comparison, take Sugar Ray and...hell, I don't know...Beck? There are samples, trumpets, bottleneck guitar parts and lyrics that name-drop Jack Kerouac and Picasso. Speaking of Picasso, the song *Soft Picasso* smells like a hit. As for the album as a whole, it is an enjoyable listen best taken with a Yoo-hoo and some beef jerky.

—Randy Harward

**Octant / Shock-no-par up records**

Octant has a robot drummer. Apparently the other member of the band has an interest in technology that has led him to create a number of electronic gizmos to employ his songs, including the robot. Robot is not your typical drum machine. He plays an actual drum kit using various sticks and mallets. He is a competent little monkey, playing interesting beats while never straying off into flashiness like so many of his human counter parts. And about the boy? Well,

he builds songs of whirs and chirps and bleeping blips. On some level all songs seem to be about technology, but they are also for the most part, catchy little oddball rock songs. The finest moments of the album are when things are kind Of loose. Robot and boy seem to play off each other and the songs turn into a building mess of electronic noises. I imagine these moments would make Octant an interesting live show. It is during these moments that the robot really shines. As he pounds on the drums, one imagines him playing his little heart out, all in hopes that someday he might be a real boy.

—Richie

**Carl Hancock Rux Rux Review / 550 Music**

Where have all the poets gone? I was just turned on by one. A debut CD checkin' in from Harlem. *Rux Review* by Carl Hancock Rux is power poetry soul...and it is

beautiful. The music is a soft hybrid all the way through- crossbreeding Hip-Hop, Trance, Blues, and Rock. However, I stress the emphasis here is literary. The word thing. It is powerful poetry and it gets heavy. Truthful, hard-hitting expressions dare you to invade your own privacy, re-interpret your own experiences, and feel your own soul. Refreshing, unexpected, and intelligent words Gil Scott Haren would be proud of. Check it out!

—RU

**Slimer / Adult Cabaret Cargo Records**

It's a little ironic that these guys called their album *Adult Cabaret*, when the average age of the band is seventeen. (Singer David Sprecker turned eighteen while on the warped tour this summer.) The musicianship on this album is great. I was espe-

cially impressed with the vocals. There are a lot of melodic punk bands out there that harmonize, but this is the first one I've heard do it smoothly for a long time. The vocals completely fit the music, and don't sound as though they were forced. I don't exactly know when they will return to SLC, but definitely catch their show.

—Jeremy Cardenas

**Ex-Fork / What's Next, Tomorrow? Cool Guy Records**

This band has only been together for about a year, but has already put out a few 7" and now a full length release. They play very heavy, hard hitting music ala the *Deftones*, but without the funk groove going on. The only thing that put me off about this album was the vocals. They didn't change throughout the entire album. Singer Robert Martinez must have one hell of a sore throat after one of their shows. All in all, this is a great first release, and I look forward to seeing what these guys put out for a second effort.

—Jeremy Cardenas



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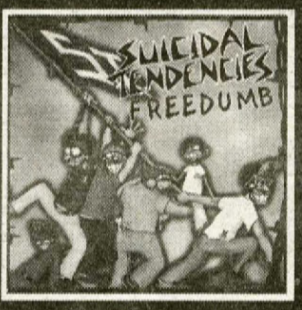
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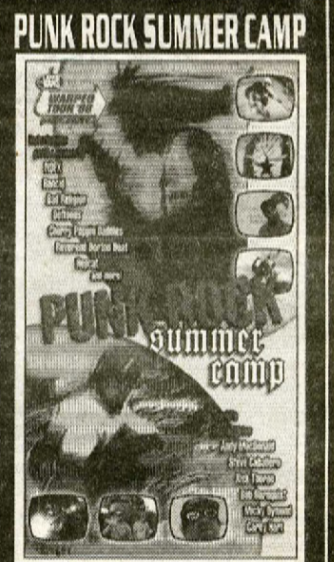


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I swear to God this is almost a true story. I know it's going to sound like a lot of blarney, but it's true, most of it anyway. And even though it's about my brother, Fray, I'll tell it 'cause Fray would leave in all the weird parts like they really happened. Anyway, I figure I have more credibility.

Some of you know me. I'm Sean Finn. I work at Salt City CD's on Ninth and Ninth. If you've been in there, you've seen me. I'm the tall dude with pale skin and black hair, what you might call black Irish looks. I'm the store's Celtic and folk music expert.

I moved from Portland to Salt Lake about a year ago because I heard Salt Lake was an easy city to hang out in without having to work too hard. I'd just graduated college and needed to chill-out for a while. My dad's aunt lives here in Salt Lake and she offered to rent the other side of her duplex to me for, now get this, a *hundred and fifty a month, utilities included*. (Auntie's about a hundred years old, originally from Killarney, and she bases her monetary decisions on the Irish economic situation circa 1940.) So down I came and started working at Salt City. Except for having to go to mass and have dinner with Auntie every Sunday, I was living the life of Rielly.

And Rielly's life was good, until my little brother Fray (Francis Fitzpatrick Finn, to be exact) moved in with me two months after he graduated high school. Some fragile little flower of a sophomore that he'd been desperately in love with dumped him for a junior. Guess she couldn't stand the idea of two more years of school without a boyfriend on constant display. Well, Franny's a romantic fool and he went into a deep, blue funk. Mom and Dad thought a change of scenery would be good for him, not to mention the extra added bonus of removing his woebegone face from their scenery. He didn't have any college plans. There was nowhere he had to be come September, so they palmed him off on me.

Now don't get me wrong, Franny's a great guy. I love him like a brother (ha ha), but he was only eighteen at the time. He was just out of school and feeling his oats. The first month after he moved in all he did was drink my beer, eat everything in my fridge that wasn't made out of plastic or glass, crash every party on the east side of town, and hang out on Ninth and Ninth. Maybe you saw him there. He's a tall, lanky, good-looking kid, eyes as green as shamrocks and the reddest mop of curly hair this side of Carrot Top. Half the time some skinny pale waif of a girl was hanging on his arm. He must have gone through at least four of the little fairy princesses by early October, more in love with the next than the one before.

It really sucked living with a beer swilling, six foot, lovesick, red-headed leech. I told him to get a job and start pulling his own weight or he could go back to Portland. Like I said, Franny's really a great guy. He went out the very next day and got a job at Koi, that body art studio on Thirteenth. (He got his nose pierced while he was there too.) In no time at all, he was kicking in to the kitty and we were living high off the hog, what with our two pays and low expenses.

Franny even went out of his way to be nice to Auntie, minding his p's and q's so as not to upset her lace-curtain sensibilities. She warmed to him, in spite of his nose ring. Sunday dinners became more bearable with him at the table. For some reason he brought out the storyteller in Auntie (whereas I brought out her prim Catholic scold). She would regale us with tales of Ireland that must have been old when the Celts landed there. It was the Sunday before Halloween (that's when all the weird shit started happening, but I'll get to that later) when Auntie told us about the Tuatha de Danann, the people of the Sidhe.

According to Auntie, the Danann were a supernatural race who simultaneously inhabited pre-Celtic Ireland and a dream time type place called the Sidhe (pronounced "shee"). I guess you could call the Danann fairies, except they were big, powerful, kick-ass fairies who fought the invading Celts tooth and nail before they were defeated and driven into the Otherworld. Even after they'd lost to the Celts, the Danann returned now and then to this world, bringing joy and grief to humans, usually at the same time. Irish myth is fraught with stories of men taking fairy wives or of mortal armies being aided or defeated by fairy warriors who'd crossed over from the Sidhe.

Auntie claimed that my dark looks were proof of Danann ancestry in our family. Way back, some Finn must have taken a woman of the Sidhe, a *bean sidhe* in Gaelic, for a bride. "The dark ones are always a bit touched in the head," she said, nodding at me as if I was living proof. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Franny's big fat grin. He really got off on being Auntie's fair-haired boy.

I was about to object, but Auntie returned to the subject of the

Danann. With the coming of St. Patrick and Christianity, the people of the Sidhe crossed over less and less frequently. But sometimes a *bean sidhe*, nowadays called a banshee, would appear to a man with Danann blood in him, and entice him to follow her into the Sidhe, never to be seen again in this waking world.

I scoffed at her, payback for the touched comment. "A banshee's an old hag in white rags who appears just before someone dies. Like in that old Disney movie, *Darby O'Gill and the Little People*. It's just a silly superstition from the old country."

Contemptuously, Auntie fixed me with a cold-eyed stare, the same one she gives me every Sunday when I don't take communion. "Sean, you're too American," she said dismissively in her quivery brogue. "No *bean sidhe*, beauty or hag, will ever appear to the likes of you."

At that point, Franny laughed at me and flipped me the bird, behind Auntie's back of course. He's been flipping me off at the dinner table without getting caught ever since I can remember. When we were kids I always got nailed by Mom or Dad when I retaliated, so I've learned to ignore him and whatever misfortune of mine he finds so funny. Still, I was kind of pissed that Auntie seemed to think I was out of the Mystic-Celtic loop. But at least I was living in the Twentieth Century.

The first incident at Smith's happened a week later on Halloween night. Penny (the bodacious shredder who works at Salt City - the kind of woman Franny *should* be chasing) and I were closing the store when Franny showed up, his face painted kelly green (making his skin the same color as his eyes). He was all psyched to party. Waif Number Five had recently jilted him and he was on the prowl for another passive-aggressive sylph who would treat him like a door mat. He threw himself down on one of the chairs in the listening area next to the counter.

I surveyed the green expanse before me. "What are you supposed to be?" I asked.

"A leprechaun. It's my costume."

"You look more like the Jolly Green Giant," I said. "And it's only eight o'clock, nobody'll be partying till eleven... or were you planning on doing some trick-or-treating first?"

"Hey dude, I got three Hershey bars from Auntie!" Franny laughed, "That's three more than you'll ever get from her!"

For some stupid reason Auntie's favoritism bugs me. "I don't want any skanky candy bars, I want beer," I replied sullenly, sounding like I was the bratty little brother. Franny, with uncharacteristic maturity, ignored the tone of my voice and volunteered to make a Pabst run to Smith's. He was halfway out the door when he remembered Utah's wacky liquor laws. Despondently, he returned to the counter and sadly laid his head down on top of the display case. "I'm not legal," he moaned.

Penny, who was nearby counting out the cash drawer, came to Franny's rescue. "I'm almost done. I'll go with you and buy it. I'm legal." Franny raised his head, leaving a perfect green imprint of his face on the glass I'd just cleaned. "Thanks, Penny. You're my kind of woman," he said.

From your mouth to God's ears, I thought, as I watched them, laughing, cross Ninth South. Franny was showing Penny his new tattoo, a triple spiral on his left arm. He'd gotten the design from a picture of a rock carving in a book about Newgrange, the burial mound of the ancient Celtic kings of Tara. The tatt was, like, totally Neolithic Celtic cool and he was real proud of it.

Twenty minutes later as I was about to lock up and leave, I saw Franny step into the intersection, heedless of an oncoming car. Penny yanked him back to the curb in the nick of time. Even from a distance I could see that Franny was on fire about something. I figured he'd run into one of his old girlfriends at Smith's and wanted to bitch and moan to me about her. Like he couldn't wait to get started, he came running up to me.

"Hey Sean! You got to come and see this! It's so weird!" He grabbed my arm and began to pull me toward the street. I was trying to lock the door and he made me drop the keys. I got pissed. "Bug off! Can't you see I'm trying to lock up, doofus?" I shoved him away.

"No man, this is seriously weird! Leave the door. Penny can lock it. Ya gotta come see this!"

Even though Franny's my little brother, he's bigger than me by fifteen pounds and three inches, and he succeeded in dragging me away from the door. Luckily Penny had caught up by then. She picked up my keys and locked the door. You can always count on her for common sense unless her feet are strapped on a snowboard. "What the hell's he talking about?" I asked her. She shrugged, puzzled. "I don't know. I was getting the beer when he saw her." Well, that explained it. He saw *her*. I was right. He did see one of the waifs. "Which one of the little ice-queens did you run into?" I asked him. "Tiffany, Titiana, Ariel, Jasmine, or Jennifer?"

"Huh? What are you talking about?" It was Franny's turn to look puzzled. "She isn't one of them. Come to Smith's with me. You can see her yourself."

"See who?" I asked wearily.

"The chick in the wedding gown, near the bananas."

I looked at Penny. "There was a chick in a wedding gown near the bananas?" Penny shrugged again. "Don't know. I told you I was buying the beer." She held up the Pabst, like I was slow on the uptake and needed a major visual clue. I turned again to Franny, who was still tugging on my arm. "Franny, let go of me! I'm not going all the way over to Smith's to see some girl you think is cute. I've seen enough of those, and to me, they all look like ten miles of bad road." I shrugged him off roughly, freeing myself at last. Franny stepped back into the middle of the sidewalk and mustered as much dignity as he could, what with his bright green face that matched his eyes, and that scarlet mop of his towering above it.

"There was this girl, all dressed in white. She was standing near the banana bin. Pretty. Real pale, though. She wasn't anybody I know. She looked like she was looking for someone. But she didn't say anything and the weird part was that everybody else acted like she was invisible, even when they were looking right at her."

There was a faint note of hysteria in his voice.

"You know, Franny, I once saw a wedding reception at the Up-Chuck-a-Rama," volunteered Penny helpfully. "There was a bride and groom standing at the jello bar spooning out lime jello together. They were in their wedding clothes. This is Salt Lake. Weird shit happens all the time."

Franny shook his head. "Other people saw them too, right? Well, nobody but me saw this woman. Nobody. I could tell. What's really spooky is that when she finally looked at me, she knew I could see her. She recognized me. She waved at me like she wanted me to come over to her."

"And what happened when you did? Did she tell you that you were tall, green, and handsome? Did she give you her phone number?" Oh, I can be such a sarcastic bastard sometimes.

My sarcasm wasn't lost on Franny. He flipped me off, with both hands. "No, *stupid*. I didn't go up to her. That's when Penny showed up with the beer. When I turned back towards the girl, she was gone. I can't believe you didn't see her," he said petulantly to Penny.

"Sorry, Franny. Don't know how I could miss a woman in a wedding gown standing in front of a pile of bananas. It's a sight you don't see every day... except maybe on Halloween," apologized Penny with a twinkle in her eye. Franny considered her words for a moment, trying to decide if she was being sarcastic too, or just teasing him in her good-natured way.

He apparently decided that she was only trying to jolly him out of his strange mood. In spite of his adolescent desire to cling to the drama of the moment, he also knew that Penny had a real good point about it being Halloween. Heck, the girl was wearing a costume. She saw him all green, a fellow celebrant, and waved at him. Franny relaxed, shrugged, and said, "Yeah, what the hell. Let's do some partying." He snatched the case of Pabst from Penny and ran off down the block with it, shouting to me, "Race you to the car, rat-face!" Penny and I looked at each other. "Guess he's over it," she said. "Yeah, he's back to abnormal," I replied before I took off after him.

I thought that was the end of the story. Little brother goes to market. Little brother gets spooked by some weird girl in Halloween costume. Little brother gets over it and parties til dawn. Little brother pukes on big brother's shoes. Both brothers go to mass with their great-aunt the next morning, wasted and hungover. But stories sometimes don't end where you want them to.

The first two weeks of November were peaceful. It was still too early for the Christmas rush at the store, so my job at Salt City was a piece of cake. Our parents were coming to town for Thanksgiving, and Auntie was all atwitter over the prospect of hosting a family reunion. Franny, who had an aptitude for drilling decorative holes in paying customers' anatomies, got a promotion at Koi. He also got an eyebrow pierced and another tattoo, an elaborate Celtic knot on his chest. No new waif had appeared on his horizon, and he was hanging out at the store more and more during Penny's shifts.

You've heard about the calm before the storm, haven't you?

One afternoon Penny, George, and I were working the counter. Rick, the owner, was in the back, jacked into his computer, *doing* some ordering. Franny was hanging out in the listening area, telling Penny about his first nipple piercing job. He was making her laugh so hard that she could hardly put the price tags on the day's new shipment of cd's. George, who was waiting for her to finish so he could file the cd's in the racks, finally ran out of patience. "Franny, why don't you go over to Smith's and get us some chips and salsa," he suggested in his gentle Southern drawl. He waved a fiver at Franny. George can accomplish more with a soft-spoken suggestion than most people can by shouting. He's the most subtle man I know.

And Franny is one of the hungriest, especially if the food is free. He was out the door in a flash and was gone for quite awhile. Both Penny and George had finished their tasks before he came charging back into the store, out-of-breath and white as a sheet (which, considering his red-head complexion, isn't really much lighter than normal). He rushed up to the counter so fast he nearly climbed over it, his eyes wilder than his hair, no mean feat. He looked so upset, I was truly filled with brotherly concern.

"You look like you've seen a ghost! What's the matter?"

"I saw her again! She's back in the same place, just like before!"

This time I knew he wasn't talking about an old girlfriend. Here we go again, I thought. "Did she see you?"

"Yes, she waved at me."

"And you think she recognized you even though your face isn't green?"

"Of course! She knows me."

"But you don't know her."

"No, *stupid*. I told you that before."

"Well, *stupid*, why didn't you walk up to her and see what her story is? I thought you said she was pretty. Another strange skinny girl, she sounds like your type."

Franny looked scared. "No! She gives me the willies. There's something really weird about her."

"Like I said, she sounds like your type," I commented unsympathetically, hoping to provoke him out of his strange mood. He didn't rise to my bait. Instead, he gave me the look he used to give me when we were kids and he wanted me to do him some special favor, like the time he broke the car's windshield with a baseball and begged me not to rat him out to Mom and Dad. "Sean," he pleaded, tugging at the front of my tee shirt in an annoying way, "come to Smith's with me. You'll see what I mean."

I never did tell our parents who bashed in that windshield, even though I got punished along with Franny. Blood is thicker than water. I caved in. "OK, I'll go."

**CONTINUED NEXT MONTH...**



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# Don't Agree With Parking Ticket? Tough Shit!

Mary Novak of Elmwood Park, NJ practiced free speech in word and deed, and now is facing a contempt of court charge. Novak, inquiring about a late fee of nine dollars on a nineteen dollar parking fine, was told only that "normally the charge is ten dollars." Novak was further informed that the original fine should have been one dollar less, and that dollar overcharge was deducted from her late fee. When Novak asked what would have happened to the dollar had there NOT been a late fee, she received a less than satisfactory explanation and commented that it most likely went into a "highway robbery fund." Novak included that phrase in the memo portion of her nine dollar check.

But Elmwood Park Magistrate Anthony Cipollone didn't find Novak's comment amusing. He also didn't feel it fell within her rights under the First Amendment. Cipollone called Novak to court to make her explain why he shouldn't hold her in contempt of court.

Attorney Frank Askin and the Rutgers Law School Constitutional Litigation Clinic, along with the Jersey ACLU, are challenging the jurisdiction of a magistrate to issue a contempt charge in these circumstances. Askin asserts that Ms. Novak "did nothing but exercise her free speech rights."

So, is this what it comes to? Municipal Judges are now getting their jollies by calling people to answer for voicing their frustrations with the system? So every time someone in Elmwood Park says to a meter maid, "you gotta be kidding me!", this lox



of a judge is going to hold them in contempt? ROC thinks that's pretty damned contemptuous.

—Gregg Lee  
Rock Out Censorship  
<<http://www.theroc.org>>

## Another Oasis Member Bites It

Just over two weeks after Oasis lost founding guitarist Paul "Bonehead" Arthurs, the band was reduced to three as another founding member, bassist Paul "Guigsy" McGuigan, announced his departure from the group as well.

McGuigan's departure skims Oasis down to vocalist Liam Gallagher, guitarist Noel Gallagher, and drummer Alan White. The

band held a press conference at London's Water Rats — the first place to host an Oasis gig in the city—to reassure the press and fans that the band was not imploding. No reason was given for McGuigan's departure other than, like Arthurs, he had family commitments that were likely to be neglected if he continued on in a rock & roll band of Oasis' caliber.

—Kevin Raub, allstar  
DAILY NEWS

## Garbage Girl Models for Calvin

Garbage's Scottish siren Shirley Manson has the world somewhere way down at her feet thanks to the band's second album, Version 2.0, which to date has sold more than 3.5 million copies. Recently she placed herself in another kind of fishbowl after being approached to model for Calvin Klein. "I loved doing it," she says from Vancouver, where the band was recording the theme music of the next James Bond movie, and in the process perhaps making Manson a Bond Girl even just by association. "I loved working with the photographer, Steven Klein who I've wanted to work with for years so I jumped at the opportunity."

—Murray Engleheart  
allstar DAILY NEWS

## Cornell Predicts Success For New Euphoria Morning

"We've been concentrating mostly on the dance routines so far, because there's something on every song and I've never danced and sang at the same time," deadpans ex-Soundgarden frontman-turned solo artist Chris Cornell with a dry wit that would make Bob Newhart proud. It was one of those rare moments of light-hearted silliness from the otherwise serious Cornell, who was talking about his upcoming tour plans and solo debut, Euphoria Morning (A&M, Sept. 21).

Speaking from Europe during a busy press day, Cornell can't help but throw in the random laugh line; he spent this entire week answering some of the same questions over and over — "Will Soundgarden ever get back together?" (He hasn't ruled this out entirely.) "Was it scary doing your first solo record?" ("I don't worry about it much," he says.) or "Will hardcore Soundgarden fans like your mellower direction?" ("There will be some Soundgarden fans that don't like it. But there will also be some Soundgarden fans that don't even expect to like it.")

The highly eclectic Euphoria Morning just about picks up where Soundgarden left off with songs like 'Black Hole Sun,' but it's also what Cornell has been hinting at for awhile now as evidenced on such non-Soundgarden offerings, such as Temple of the Dog, or his solo soundtrack contributions: 'Seasons' (Singles), his acoustic version of Superunknown's 'Like Suicide' (S.F.W.), or, more recently, 'Sunshower' (Great Expectations).

"I think, in a sense, the record is so musically dense that it is going to be challenging to somebody the first couple of listens," he says, "but over time, there's so much going on, that it will be a record that people play a lot."

—Carrie Borzillo allstar DAILY NEWS

## Misfits, Romero Make For Horrifying Team-Up

Misfit-philes file this story under either "It Had To Happen" or "Lock Up Your Daughters": Reunited B-movie punks the Misfits are set to team up with legendary horror director George A. Romero (Night of the Living Dead, Creepshow) for a pair of scary projects, including Romero's first-ever rock video.

—Troy J. Augusto/ Allstar Daily News

## STP's Weiland Will Celebrate New Album ... In Slammer!

Scott Weiland, Stone Temple Pilots frontman was made an example of in Los Angeles Superior Court on Sept. 3, where, as promised, Judge Larry P. Fidler sentenced the jilted singer to a year in prison.

Weiland's incarceration will have no effect on the release of STP's next album, No. 4, due in stores Oct. 26th on Atlantic Records.

Weiland has been in and out of jail and drug rehabilitation centers since first being busted for heroin in May 1995, causing the band to briefly part ways before re-forming earlier this year. This case dates all the way back to February 1998, when the singer was charged with possession of heroin and a hypodermic needle. In August 1998, Weiland was sentenced to 90 days in rehab by Judge Fidler. He was then arrested again this past January after admitting to violating his probation — that's when Fidler originally promised Weiland a year in jail if he screwed up again. Then in April, Weiland was discharged from a drug-rehabilitation center for failing to comply with the program.

—Steven Mirkin, Kevin R. / allstar Daily News

## Pumpkins Bassists Fired?

Although a spokesperson for the band at Virgin Records refused to comment at press time, rumors are amok that longtime Smashing Pumpkins bassist D'Arcy Wretzky is no longer in the band. According to a report on *Rolling Stone Online* as well as throughout several fan-based Web sites and message boards, D'Arcy hasn't been putting in her fair share in the studio during recording sessions for the band's upcoming as-yet-untitled album with guitarist James Iha picking up the slack.

—Miss Truth / allstar Daily News

## Hair Dye on Mass. Hit List

A recent bill filed by Brockton State Legislator Thomas Kennedy seeks to act on such broad generalizations and restrictive desires by banning the sale of hair dye to anyone under the age of 18. Retailers caught selling hair dye to minors face outrageous fines of up to \$300.

Once again our government will go through any means necessary to curb youth expression and if an absurd bill like this passes then what other ways can they spit upon our First Amendment rights? Will it not stop until we're all forced to walk the streets wearing matching uniforms? Thomas Kennedy filed the bill earlier this year on behalf of a constituent. The constituent's 10 year old daughter purchased a hair dyeing kit, and the product turned the child's hair a fluorescent color. "The mother saw it and went ballistic, it was just an inhuman color," commented Kennedy. Kennedy said the child was subjected to the taunts of her class.

—Jeff Alexander  
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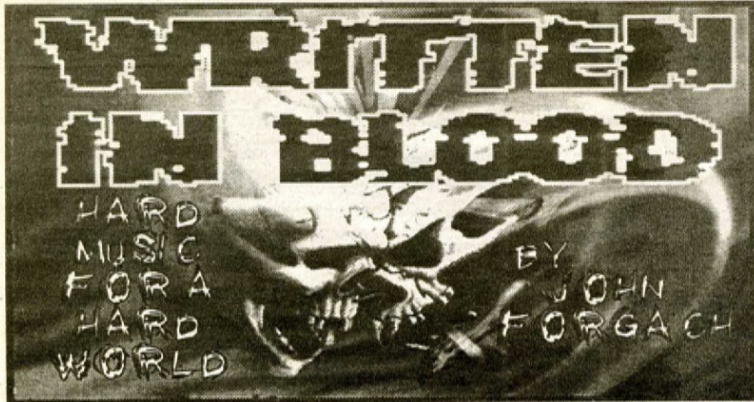
### FRIDAYS

- 8/10 AGENTS OF KAOS, ILLTOLERANCE
- 8/17 CORLEONES, SKEPTICTANKS
- 8/24 XSNRG

### SATURDAYS

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**RELAPSE** : IN THE EYES OF GOD is the latest album from the band Today Is The Day. Head visionary, Steve Austin recruited Brann Dailor (drums) and Bill Kelliher (bass) from NY's Lethargy. This three piece plays a bizarre, technical and overdriven form of metal. IN THE EYES OF GOD is a negative ball of aggression that is wound up and bound up just waiting to assault your senses with it's diabolical messages.

**NUCLEAR BLAST** : Metal Church has reformed with 4 of the 5 original members. Unfortunately, Craig Wells (guitar) wasn't able to commit to the band for "personal reasons". Also, while bassist Duke Erickson played on the new album, he has

removed himself from anything more than the recording of the album. I suppose Metal Church is hoping to relight the flame that burned with the release of their debut album in '85, **METAL CHURCH**. Personally, I loved the first album, but by Metal Church's second album **THE DARK**, "the congregation had left the building" as far as I was concerned. I understand they recorded three additional



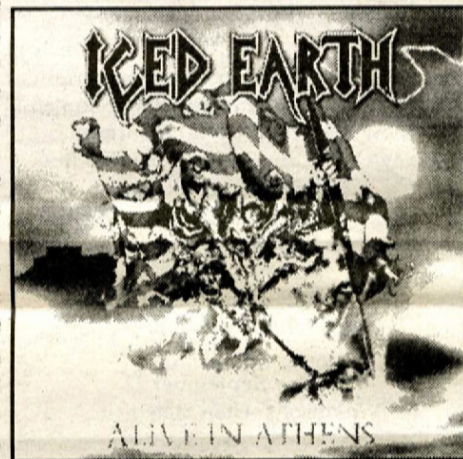
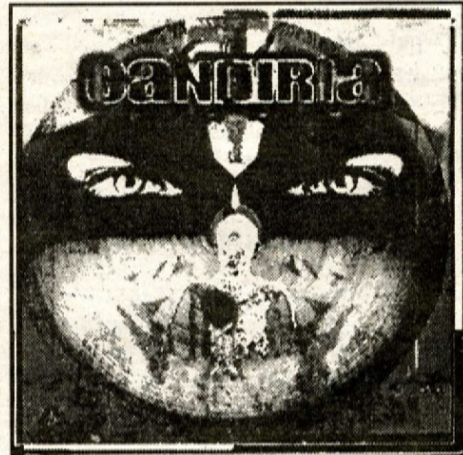
albums, none of which I've ever even heard. **MASTERPEACE** is a pretty good album. I'm guessing if you stuck it out with this band until their last album came out in 1994 (**HANGING IN THE BALANCE**), you'll probably really enjoy this album. - **SOULBURNER** from the band Gardenian starts out with a detuned heaviness that reminds me of Entombed. By the fifth track, these guys are coming off as though they were Iron Maiden II. A guest vocalist (Erik Hawk) was brought in for six of the tracks, which probably explains the differing vocal sounds found on the album. - Italy's White Skull have an interesting sound coming from their latest album **TALES FROM THE NORTH**. The vocals sound like a cross between King Diamond and Dave Mustaine (Megadeth) - that's what is interesting about this band. The rest of the band is ok, but nothing fantastic. These guys play a rapid style of power metal, which calls for a fast beat, but the drummer's constant use of double bass is annoying at best.

**MIA** : Rock music is back, and MIA is determined to bring it to you. This label is bringing you the hard rock sounds of Boston's Roadsaw. The title of their new album **NATIONWIDE** refers to the fact that all of the songs on this release were written while touring the United States. This is a fun album. These guys write a damn good song, that's both musical and catchy.

Hold onto your hats people, because the new album from Candiria, **PROCESS OF SELF DEVELOPMENT** might very well just blow your face right off. This band mixes a wide array of styles and sounds, to create what is uniquely their own. Hardcore, metal, jazz and hip-hop all go into the hybrid which has become Candiria. It's not so much that this band experiments and plays different styles of music, it's how they blend the differing forms. Candiria plays the different styles without compromising the integrity of each individual component. If this band is adding a jazz-vibe to a song, then they are actually playing jazz. If they add hip-hop, then they are playing hip-hop. The same goes for the metal and hardcore elements of the Candiria sound. One of the most amazing aspects of this release is how well it all works together.

**CENTURY MEDIA** :

The band Samael has a new album out called **ETERNAL**. With the band's last album, **PASSAGE**, I had a complaint that the drum programming sounded awkward against the rest of the band. The drums sounded too fake, with the rest of the band sounding too real. This time around the drums take on an even more technology-aided sound, but the rest of the band moves into that realm also. At the same time, the song writing has tightened up and has become more interesting. I like this. - **ALIVE IN ATHENS** is a double live album from the band Iced Earth. The songs on this release chronicle the band's ten year career. For a live album this is good. A great live recording, which succeeds in balancing the crowd noise and the music, combines with the band's drama-metal style.



**NOISE** : All I have from Noise this month is **THE SEVENTH SEAL** from the band Lefay. This band is what remains of the band Morgana Lefay. Legal battles over their name and the loss/gain of three members have made this band into the strongest it's ever been. While my tastes are usually hit or miss with the reworking of the '80s metal sound, Lefay does it well. A crunching, classic metal sound mixed with an evolved metal approach characterizes much of **THE SEVENTH SEAL**.

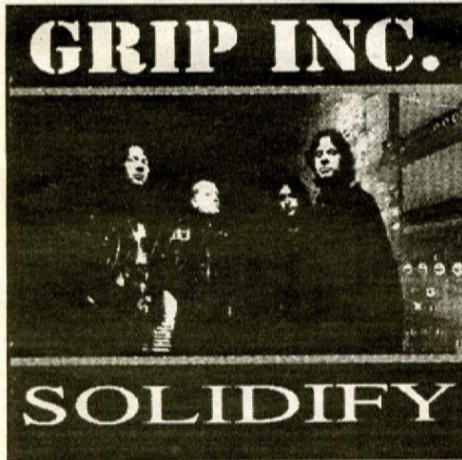
**METAL BLADE** : Since we're on the subject of reworking the '80s metal sound...



the '80s metal sound...the band Riot is releasing **SONS OF SOCIETY**. Before Riot's '98 release of **INISHMORE**, I hadn't heard anything from these guys since **RESTLESS BREED** (I'll guess '82. I have the tape but the date isn't on it). So

anyway, I'm listening to **SONS OF SOCIETY** and to hell if this band sounds familiar - to what I remember from the early '80s. Upon a quick listening perusal of my **RESTLESS BREED** tape that's a good thing. Not that this band wasn't great back then, but if they are going to record today, the maturing process this band has gone through has aided their cause greatly. Actually, the maturing process for the band includes replacing every member except for founding member Mark Reale (guitar). This is a '90s melodic metal album with a slight look into the past. -

Damn this good. I'm talking about the third album from Grip Inc., **SOLIDIFY**. I enjoyed the band's first two albums, **POWER OF INNER STRENGTH** and **NEMESIS**, but **SOLIDIFY** is beyond any previous effort from this cast of characters.



Dave Lombardo adds his signature drumming sound, Waldemar Sorychta takes to his guitar and production duties as though they were mere child's play (yes, he's that good), Gus Chambers sings in his strong-as-steel vocal style and newly added bass player Stuart Carruthers makes his presence known in the music. This is good.

The Italian power metal band Labyrinth have released a four song ep as a follow up to their '98 release of **RETURN TO HEAVEN DENIED**. **TIMELESS CRIME** features Labyrinth's technical and extremely melodic style of metal. Just when I start to feel this band is a bit too melodic for me, the excellent guitar work pulls me back in. -

Flotsam and Jetsam's latest, **UNNATURAL SELECTION** has been out since February, but I'm just getting it (Metal Blade Records loves me no more...). Anyway, about damn time! Flotsam and Jetsam rules!! That about sums it up. This band has proven time and time again that they refuse to put out a bad album. **UNNATURAL SELECTION** is what metal is all about. These guys have been doing pretty much the same thing throughout their long career as a band, but every song is unique. It doesn't matter if you look at different albums or songs from the same album, this band knows how to write a song that can stand on it's own. If you haven't already, check this album out.

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Victory Records P.O. Box 146646 Chicago, IL 60614 check www.victoryrecords.com for daily tour updates band info, merchandise and listenable MP3 tracks.

# THE DAILY CALENDAR

Melissa Warner, Gina French- Media Play BY  
Unlucky Boys- Burt's

**Tuesday September 7**  
Bluegrass Sessions- University of Utah  
The Chop Tops- Ichabobbs  
The Kamakazeez, False Cents of Security, The  
Corleons- Uof U  
Blues Jam- Dead Goat

Bobby Rush and Coco Montoya- Red Butte  
Acoustic night- Dead Goat

**Sunday September 19**  
Deborah Coleman- Dead Goat  
Jazz Mandolin Project- Zephyr  
Jazz on the Jordan- Day Riverside Library  
Acoustic night- Dead Goat  
Larry Yes and VI Foot Sloth- Burt's

**Sunday September 26**  
Buddy Miles- Zephyr  
Kosovo Refugee Benefit- Ragen Theatre  
Anke Summerhill- Ruth's Diner  
Fear- Liquid Joes  
Acoustic night- Dead Goat

**Wednesday September 8**  
Faith and the Muse- Area 51  
Jive Cats- Dead Goats  
The Clumsy Lovers- Zephyr

**Monday September 13**  
Riders in the Sky- SLCC  
Jazz on the Jordan- Riverside Library  
Scott Keeton and the Deviants- Dead Goat  
Soules- Burt's

**Monday September 20**  
Deborah Coleman- Dead Goat  
The Bindlestiff Family Circus- Call 530-3023  
for more Info  
Universal Pit Stop- Burt's

**Monday September 27**  
Josh Smith and the Frost- Dead Goat  
Jazz on the Jordan- Day Riverside Library  
Jeff Beck- Kingsbury Hall

**Thursday September 9**  
Clark Family Experience- Utah State Fair  
The Choptop's, Corleones and Skeptictank-  
Ya' Buts  
Mayfest- Uof U  
Tomsic and Renneker- Dead Goat  
Styx- Mckay Event Center  
Soma & Ten on the Floor- Burt's

**Tuesday September 14**  
Diamond Rio- Utah State Fair  
Tilt- Whittier Center  
Blues Jam- Dead Goat

**Tuesday September 21**  
Dance Hall Crashers- DV8  
The Kamakazeez, Sceptic Tank, Corleones-  
Area 51  
Blues Jam- Dead Goat

**Tuesday September 28**  
Otis Taylor- Provo Arts Council  
Pound- Uof U  
Collective Soul- Kingsbury Hall  
Belmont Playboys w/ Jonny and The Blades  
Blues Jam- Dead Goat

**Friday September 10**  
Britney Spears- Utah State Fair  
Agents of Kaos and Intolerance- Ya Buts  
Kapena and Keni Yarbo- Mckay events  
Center, Ogden  
Mayfest- Uof U  
Anke Summerhill w/Gawin Mathews- U of  
U Ballroom

**Wednesday September 15**  
Neurosis w/Candiria- Liquid Joe's  
Rising Lion- Dead Goat  
Mark Willis- Utah State Fair  
Mudfly & Swamp Donkeys- Burt's

**Wednesday September 22**  
Zak Lee- Dead Goat  
In Effect and Drive- Burt's

**Wednesday September 29**  
Leftover Salmon and the Yonder Mountain  
String Band- Harry O's  
Tanglewood- Dead Goat  
Swamp Donkeys- Burt's  
IQU w/Jason Traeger- Kilby Court Gallery

**Saturday September 11**  
Eddie From Ohio- Eccles Theatre- Logan  
Peter Brienholt- Sundance  
Orange Whip and Love Apples- Ya Buts  
Zion Tribe- Dead Goat  
Choice of Reign w/Sundive- Media  
Play(Brickyard)  
Bellrays- Zephyr  
WWF- Delta Center  
Opposable Thumb- Burt's

**Thursday September 16**  
Deana Carter- Utah State Fair  
Vincent Lord's Circus of the Stange- Ya Buts  
Gearl Jam- Dead Goat  
Shemekia Copeland- Zephyr  
Samael, Monstrocity, Dimmu Borgir,-  
Area 51  
Self Adhesives- Burt's

**Thursday September 23**  
Peter, Paul, and Mary- Abravenel Hall  
Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat  
Cobb w/Wormdrive- Ya Buts  
Trouser Trout- Burt's

**Thursday September 30**  
Leftover Salmon and the Yonder Mountain  
String Band- Harry O's  
Gearl Jam- Dead Goat  
Zambu Fly- Ya Buts  
Fistful-Burt's

**Sunday September 12**  
Wilkinsons- Utah State Fair

**Friday September 17**  
Chad Brock- Utah State Fair  
Dave Wakeling- Zephyr  
Emmanuel Ax w/ Utah Symphony-  
Abravenel Hall  
Corleones w/ Skeptictank- Ya Buts  
Blind Dog Smokin'- Dead Goat  
Fistful- Burt's

**Friday September 24**  
The Church- Zephyr  
Low- Moroccan  
Enemymine- Brick's  
Anke Summerhill- Ruth's Diner  
Scott Holden w/Utah Symphony- Abravenel  
Hall  
XSNRG- Ya Buts  
Lydia Pense- Dead Goat  
Mile Marker 16- Burt's

**Friday October 1**  
Deadbolt- Burt's  
Mike Watt w/Magstatic- Liquid Joe's

**Saturday September 18**  
Loretta Lynn- Utah State Fair  
Anke Summerhill- Ruth's Diner  
Vertical Skinny w/Red Bennies- Ya Buts  
Smilin' Jack CD Release Party- Dead Goat  
Peter Brinholt CD RELEASE PARTY  
w/Carolyn Toronto & Nancy Hanson- Media  
Play (Brickyard)  
Kung Fu Grip & ASA- Burt's

**Saturday September 25**  
Low w/Shannon Wright- Wrapsody  
Scott Holden - Abravenel Hall  
Mother Hips- Zephyr  
Anke Summerhill- Ruth's Diner  
Blues on First- Dead Goat  
Shiv w/ Tabula Rasa and Daughters of the  
Nile- Ya Buts  
Megan Peters CD RELEASE PARTY w/

**Saturday October 2**  
L7 w/Red Bennies- Liquid Joe's  
X-96 Big Ass Show- Fairgrounds  
Unlucky Boys w/Swamp Donkeys-  
Media Play(Brickyard)

**Sunday October 3**  
Acoustic night- Dead Goat

**Monday October 4**  
Bernard Allison- Dead Goat  
B-Side Players- Mulligan's, Park City  
Rockin' In Rythm- Hilton Hotel

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**Various Artists - Never Give In:  
A Tribute To Bad Brains**  
The first and only official band approved tribute to the legendary Bad Brains featuring rare photographs, liner notes and a complete Bad Brains discography. Sixteen rare and exclusive Bad Brains classics covered by the likes of Sepultura, Vision Of Disorder, Skinlab, Downset and Snapcase, among others.



**Brutal Truth - Goodbye Cruel World**  
"Goodbye Cruel World" serves as the final testimonial and a most fitting epitaph to the band that redefined the grindcore genre both musically and lyrically.

**Candiera - Process of Self Development**  
An urban fusion for mental exploration.



**Dead Horse - Horsecore...& Peaceful Death and Pretty Flowers**  
Dead Horse rides on the horizon of the psyche, where joy and pain intermingle, where rationality dissolves into laughter, and nothing is more ridiculous than one's self. A band that deserves to be heard by a new generation of fans... true legends in the scene.



**Face of Anger - Faceless**  
"Debut release from the band formerly called Art of War, filled with inescapable grooves and hypnotically heavy hooks. Produced by Andy Sneap"

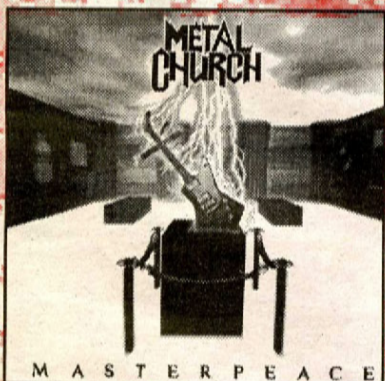


**Iced Earth - Alive in Athens**  
The brand new double live disc spanning the entire career of America's premiere power metal act. Recorded over two sold out shows at a soccer stadium in Athens, Greece and produced by Jim Morris (Death/Savatage).

**Karma to Burn - Wild, Wonderful Purgatory**  
Karma to Burn makes music that is lean and taught where the guitar is the voice and the riff is the reason.



**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!



**Metal Church - Masterpeace**  
Metal Church is back with their original line-up, responsible for the pivotal records of the trash movement "Metal Church" and "The Dark". Metal Church now picks up where they left off, crushing false prophets and exalting in the "religion" that is heavy metal. Hallelujah!

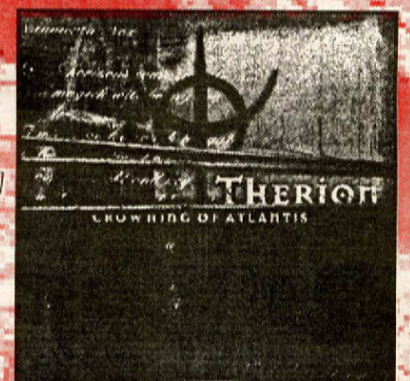


**MORTICIAN CHAINSAW DISMEMBERMENT**  
Infamous NYC horror-lords Mortician continue their sadistic killing spree! A horrific slab of shocking, decapitating death f'n metal. Let the butchery begin!

**Samael - Eternal**  
Eternal continues Samael's musical progression through incredible dynamics generated by atmospheric passages, electronic effects and heavy beats, as well as majestic and powerful guitar-driven refrains. Catch them on tour now with Dimmu Borgir.



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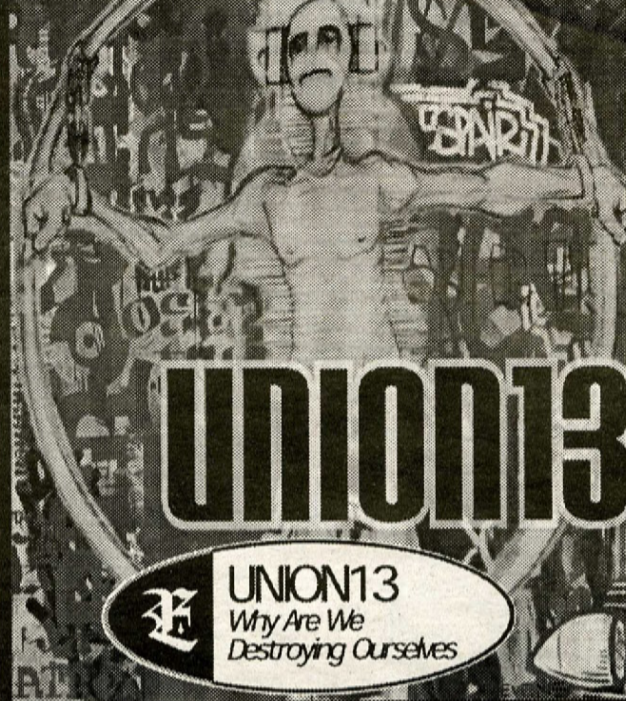
SO long and thanks for shoes



**NOFX**  
So Long & Thanks  
For The Shoes

shoes

WHY ARE WE DESTROYING OURSELVES?

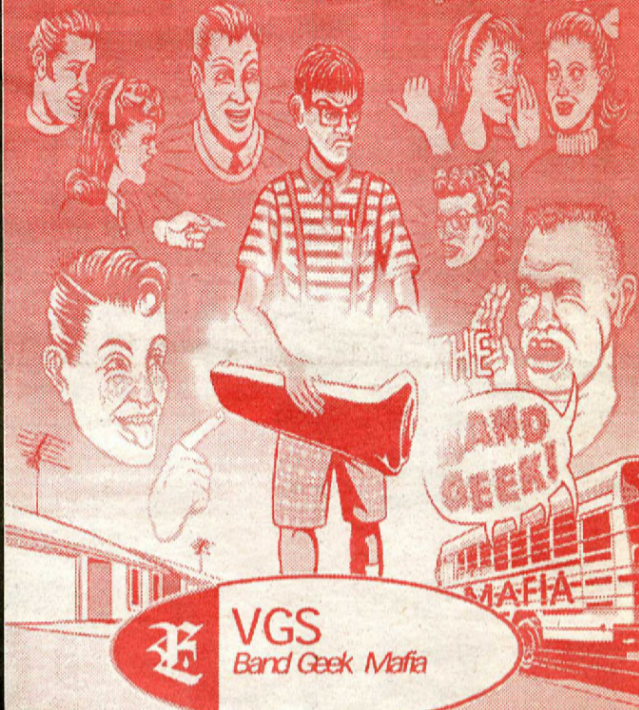


# UNION13

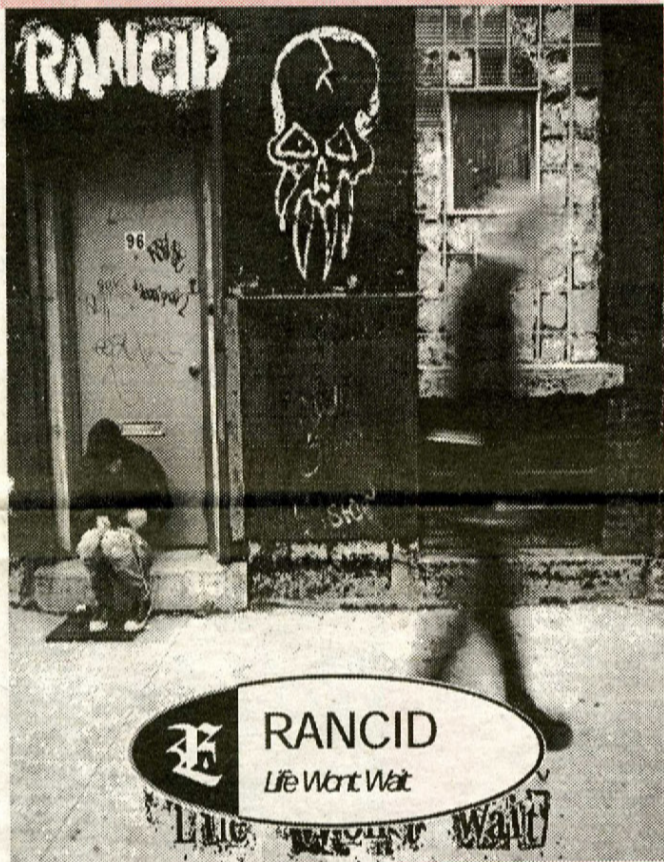


**UNION13**  
Why Are We  
Destroying Ourselves

# Voodoo Glow Skulls



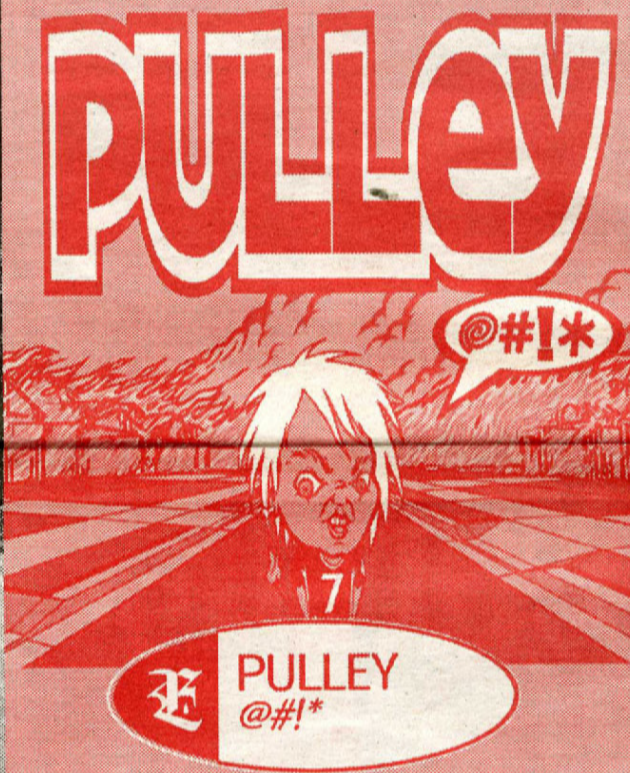
**VGS**  
Band Geek Mafia



# RANCID



**RANCID**  
Life Went Wait



# PULLEY

@#!\*



**PULLEY**  
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# MILLENCOLIN



**MILLENCOLIN**  
For Monkeys

FOR MONKEYS

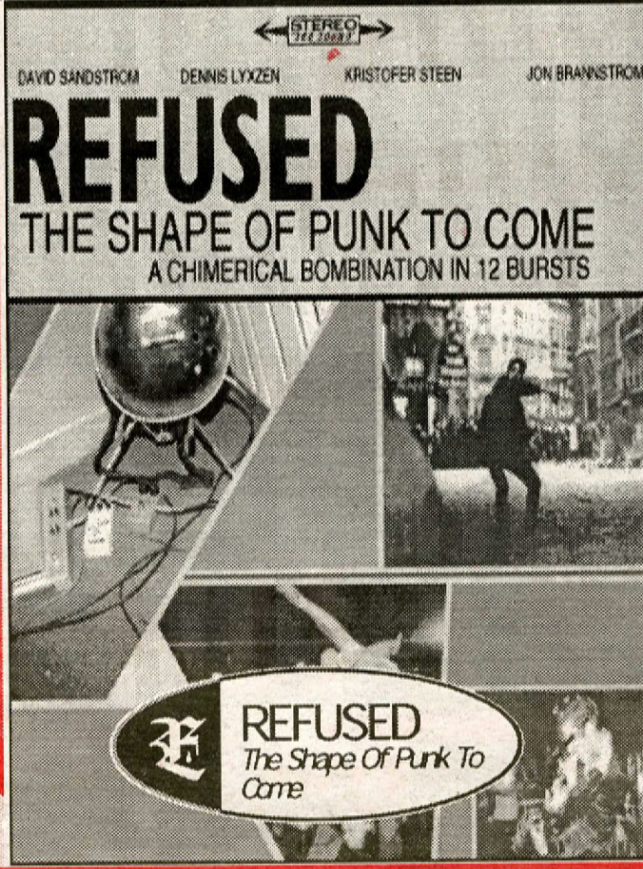


# ALL

# MASS NERDER



**ALL**  
Mass Nerder



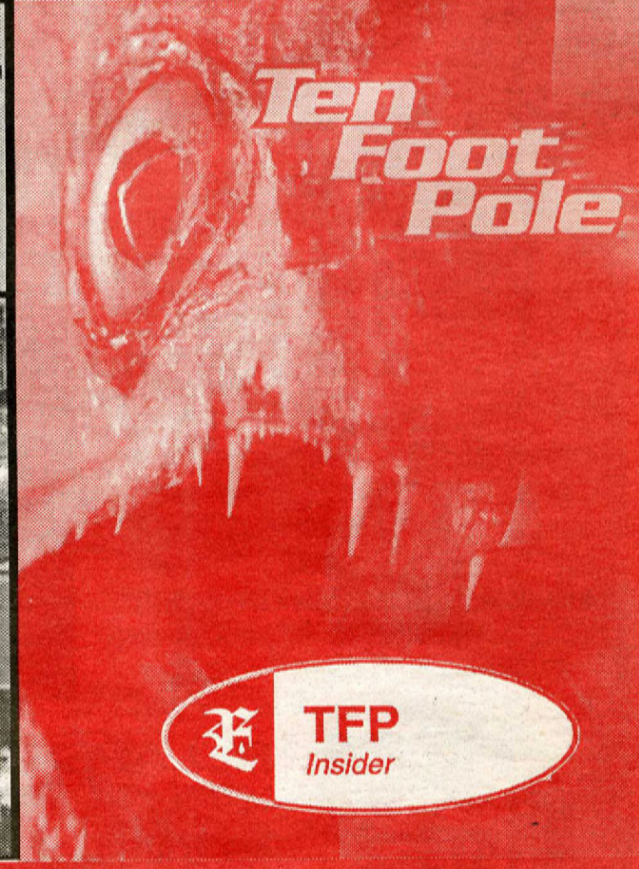
DAVID SANDSTROM DENNIS LYXZEN KRISTOFER STEEN JON BRANNSTROM

# REFUSED

THE SHAPE OF PUNK TO COME  
A CHIMERICAL BOMBINATION IN 12 BURSTS



**REFUSED**  
The Shape Of Punk To  
Come



# Ten Foot Pole



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