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MAGAZINE

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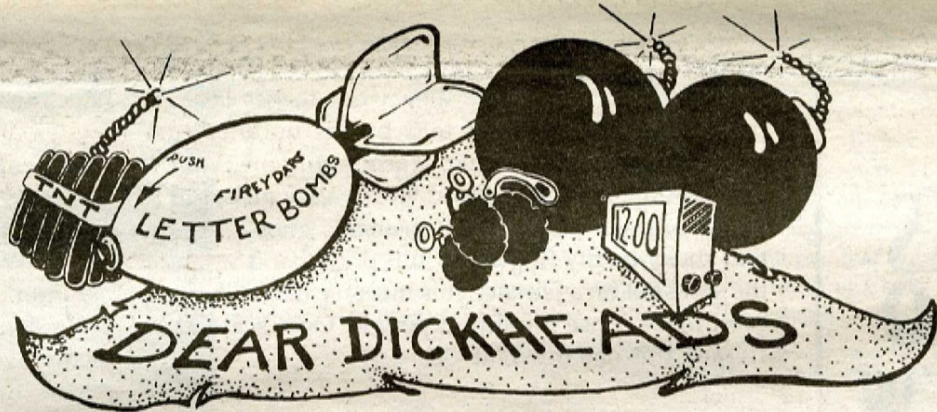
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Dear shit stirring antagonists,

Sometimes I think you go out of your way to piss people off just so they will write you an angry letter similar to this one. Sometimes I think you just make crap up because there couldn't be real people as stupid as some of those that write you seem to be. However, this Ms. Anne Wall chick takes the cake. I use the word "chick" because that's what she deserves. Any woman who is in such doubt & fear of her own individuality that she puts a Ms. in front of her name is a sad excuse for a woman. Does the SLOC have nothing better to do than harass magazines such as SLUG and their ilk? Don't they have enough scandal to cover up? Don't they have a few more illegal scholarships and /or school tuitions to hand out errrrr, I mean hide out? Does the SLOC really think that an ad in SLUG is soiling their upstanding organization's name? I am pretty sure that with all the guns, hookers, bribes, lies, payoffs, corruption, and out and out dishonesty, they have done a pretty god damn good job of tarnishing their reputation without the help of small independent CD stores and magazines. Which by the way was the best advertising that CD store (SALT CITY CD, corner of 9th & 9th, SLC, 596-9300)

could have asked for. Get a life idiots and get a real job. It's pretty sad when SLUG has a better moral and ethical leg to stand on than you do.

*love always,
Patrick Pelley,
Bend, Oregon*

*proud not to be a sponsor of
the 2002 olympic games!*

Dear Dickheads,

It seems that Dear Dickehead is usually reserved for the comedic proof that 98% of the Utah population is either inbred, retarded, looking for something else that is "morally objectionable", or a combination of all. I have been picking up your 'zine for years and have never felt like writing to you before, mostly for fear of sounding as lame as everyone else that writes in. I changed my mind because I have something semi-informative to write about. While I was surprised to see anything semi-goth-realized in your fine 'zine, I was also surprised to see that the band Mortis had their name printed as Mortis. This may not be a big deal and I am sure that allstarnews.com (the source of the article) is more to blame for the typo than the people at Slug. So my intention here is to correct the mistake, in case anyone would

go out looking for their CD's and also so a few more people would take notice of them! In case you (the barely-literate reader) missed the article on them, they were not allowed to perform their usual stage theatrics in Chicago, and canceled their show. I was surprised that they were allowed to play their show in Utah, considering how graffic it is. Nothing beats blood, fire and girls bound and gutted on stage to perk up a dull night in SLC. Think of a dark Gwar show with alot more style and believable, well-staged theatrics...oh, and the music is actually good. While none of the typically "goth" shows in SLC are usually covered in your 'zine, true goth is still an underground scene and I hope to see more events covered in Slug. Keep up the great work guys.....

*—drowning girl,
ophelia@hollywoodmonsters.cc*

Dear Dickheads,

Thanks to Michael Styles for his That's My Opinion article in Slug of December. After unfortunately catching Chola's pussy, wanna-be "act" a couple of times around town, I assumed they were just another talentless bunch of posers. Turns out they're a lying, cheating, arrogant and talentless bunch of posers. That's a different class of scum. Why are these girls making money? Are the people of Salt Lake that fucking stupid? You know they are. Chola is no different from the Disco Drippers, just a bunch of whores who think they're the shit. Chola sucks, and this fad won't be over fast enough. Then they can have an "exclusive verbal contract" at the fucking Holiday Inn where their "pretend funk asses" belong. Bring real music back to Salt Lake and throw this shit out.

*—Brian Lang,
Salt Lake*

**Sounds Like BULLSHIT
To Me...**
a letter from the editor

WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

Ahhh yes, the new millennablahhh. Here's a fun thing to do. Try to explain to your typical sheep that the new millenium begins NEXT year, December 31st, 2000. They will look at you with shock and amazement. Now have them count all of their fingers and watch them start with the #1. Now have them do it again and start with the #0. This will provide hours of entertainment. More proof that my tolerance for stupidity is at an all time low... (SEGWAY)

Speaking of Smart vs. Stupid, I wrote a letter to my boys over at the DeeDee, I mean City Weekly about the incredibly biased story they wrote on the fur morons last month. I told them that I didn't want my name and email address ran because I get about 50 crap emails every day, so just put my initials. I was told by Mr. Christopher Smart that "if I can't stand behind my writing, that's pretty sad." WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDING ME? Have you ever seen SLUG? Oh yeah, that particular issue of CW had two letters from people who only signed with initials, as did the week before. Hey Smart guy, have either the balls to tell the truth (my letter slammed their story) or the brains to come up with a better lie. (SEGWAY)

ESPN released their #1 athlete of the century and it was none other than Michael Jordan. WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDING ME? Ahead of Ali, ahead of Ruth, ahead of Mays, ahead of Jabbar, Russell, Aaron and so on. Michael Jordan isn't even the greatest basketball player of the century, much less greatest athlete. You want a great athlete? How about Lance Armstrong? Lance was diagnosed with testicular cancer and was told by his doctors that he might not finish the year alive. Not only did he survive, but he raced in the Tour de France. Probably the most demanding competition in

all of sports, a ten hour a day 28 day bicycle race through the mountains of France. Not only did he run the race, he won the damn thing. I doubt Jordan's ability to ride his bike for one 6 hour day without collapsing. (SEGWAY)

Next month is our 11 Year Anniversary Issue. Wow, 11 years is quite a long time for a magazine that nobody reads to be around. To celebrate this grand occasion, we will be having a big bash at the Zephyr on the 25th of February. It should be a blast. Also due to some serious negotiating, and one very clever letter to his publicist, next month's cover will feature none other than MR. TOM WAITS. That's right, he did interviews with Option, Magnet, Rolling Stone and SLUG. Jesus man, we must be cool as shit. WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDING ME? (SEGWAY)

This is one of the few times I am going to preach a little... Ask yourself some questions this year. Am I truly concerned about the people around me? What about my community? In the year 2000 will I still hang out with people who differentiate between skin color, religious belief, sexual preference or social background? Isn't it time to grow up and act like men and women? Is there still room for narrow minded idiots who preach violence? What about people who drive drunk and kill kids? What about drug abuse? What about child abuse? How many more irresponsible 15 year old parents do we put up with? There are plenty of things going on that are sick and wrong. Isn't it time to ask yourself which ones you are going to help out with and be a part of the solution? It is your life, your body and your mind, and you get to do with them whatever you choose. There are plenty of selfish idiots out there who don't care. The only real question is, are you one of them?

—The Losers at Planet SLUG



MR. PINKS VIDEO REVIEW

Mr. Pinks Best and Worst of 1999...

American Beauty

This is the best movie I have seen since 1985.

Life is Beautiful

This is the best movie I have seen since American Beauty.

200 Cigarettes

Worst movie of the year, no question.

The Mummy

Worst acting in any film since "Showgirls."

Men

Worst acting by Sean Young in any film since "Showgirls."

The Blair Witch Project

Proof that Americans will watch any piece of shit that is properly hyped in the media. I still want to slap that bitch.

And now for some current stuff...

American Pie

The influx of high school moron sex pact romantic idiot movies is mind boggling. I am convinced that the same guy wrote all these movies. You know the ones. "She's All That," "Never Been

Kissed," "10 Things I Hate About You." This time four virgin nerds decide they want to get laid on prom night. One guy is told by his buddies that going to 3rd base feels like warm apple pie. Well, I didn't know too much about West Valley girls, but if I ever felt something flaky, crunchy, gooey, lumpy and sticky on my finger I would pray that it was not the soft spot on a female. This moronic drivel doesn't even make sense for stupid people. On a scale of 1-10 rank this one down at -50.

Summer of Sam

You can hate Spike Lee or love him but neither opinion should your decision to see this movie. It was fantastic. All the horror and hype of the Son of Sam killings and a great depiction of mob mentality in NYC. This movie is more than a slasher flick although it shows some pretty graphic reenactments of several of the Berkowitz murders. Plus some real footage and actual letters written to the police and newspapers by the famous killer who thought the neighbor's dog wanted him to kill people. Even the talking dog is surprisingly spooky. John Leguizamo and Mira Sorvino are both outstanding. Don't miss this fiction - docu drama. By far Spike Lee's best movie. If you hate him you can say he had to do it with a real story. If you love him this will heighten your view. But if you don't see "Summer of Sam" you lose.

Election

The most amazing thing about this movie is that it made several national top ten of 1999 lists. Some I saw had it as high as #5. Amazing. This is a good show and Matthew Broderick is very good playing the malcontent teacher who sleeps with his neighbor and rigs the high school election. But on a larger scale it is more about setting and changing things and trying to put an end to these disturbing go getter

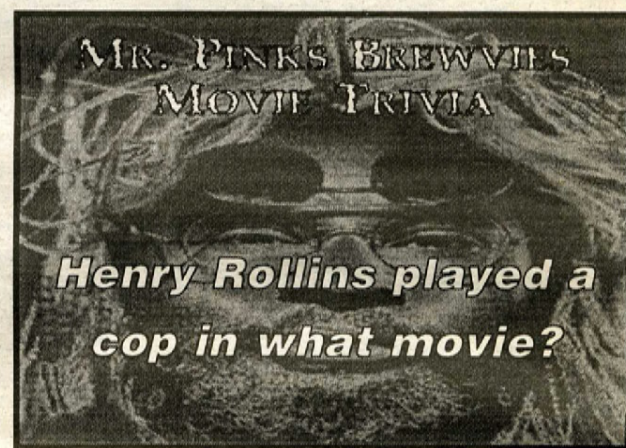
achievement gurus. Those people need to go take a nap. You make the rest of us tired just looking at you.

The General's Daughter

James Wood, John Travolta and Madelaine Stowe. The general's daughter is raped and murdered. Twice. Well, not murdered twice. The whole theory behind this story falls apart on so many levels that it is hard to swallow any of it. I don't think a rape victim would want to reenact that crime for any reason, ever. Much less to get her father's attention. This is another case of a guy with a bad script who threw in some great actors and a usual tough crime to save a shitty story. Doesn't happen. Not even with the always hot Stowe! The ever charismatic Travolta. Now that's a bad movie.

Arlington Road

Tim Robbins and Jeff Bridges find out a basic rule of life. Don't trust your neighbor. Ever. I have had neighbors who stole shit from me, sold crack in their front yard, and one guy who had line dancing parties in the parking lot at 2 am. That said, this is a really good show you should check out. I am tired of you all and I am going home.



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TROMA'S Lloyd Kaufman

Paula Cole's "I Don't Want to Wait" is playing as I hold the line for Troma Studios president Lloyd Kaufman. Not exactly what you'd expect to hear while awaiting the creator of the Toxic Avenger, Tromie the Nuclear Rodent, and the Penis Monster. Seems like the Lunachicks or Motorhead would be more appropriate; they having contributed to the soundtracks for such Troma movies as Tromeo and Juliet and Terror Firmer.

My reason for phoning is to discuss Tromadance, the newest rebel film festival born of frustration with Sundance, Slamdance, and the legions of cell-phone toting Hollywood bastards they attract.

"The genesis of Tromadance was my travels with Toxie to Park City for the last several years for that other festival," Lloyd says in the official Tromadance press release. "We have always gone there with great optimism that we might find kindred spirits alive with the thrill of creating independent film. What we have found, more often than not, is the same Hollywood ass-kissing sycophants wearing winter hats. The original impulse of that festival has been corrupted by corporate interests who exist to despoil innocence, to lay waste to individuality, and to do other bad stuff. We are going to change all that."

In the moments before he picks up the extension, I wonder if he remembers me from last year, when he visited for the Slamdance Film Festival, "that other festival." Though we did a forty-five minute interview, and I attended his appearance on Clyde Lewis' Ground Zero radio program, then let him dance with my wife at the Troma party at Slamdance hell, I even took a picture of him on the toilet I feel I need to reintroduce myself. After all, in his book, All I Needed to Know About Filmmaking I Learned from the Toxic Avenger (Penguin Putnam), he laments over his inability to remember names. Were I in the same position, I'd appreciate the same courtesy.

He picks up. "Hello Randy, how are you?"

Confused, I stammer, "Oh, I'm pretty good. How are you? I'm not sure if you remember me but I interviewed you last year when..."

"Of course I remember you, that's why I said, 'Hello, Randy.' 'I can hear him smiling."

"I'm having some soup as we talk," he confesses, "So, forgive me if you hear some slurping."

"No problem," I say, preparing to jump into my first question. It never passes my lips.

"We wanted (Tromadance) to be a place where people exchange ideas and become involved with other sincere artists," answering my query before I could spit it out. "It will be a one-day festival for the people. Troma gift's to the people and to the art world. The real art world."

Rather than holding a Troma retrospective, Kaufman is soliciting submissions from independent filmmakers via their new, improved website, www.tromaville.com. They will be screened free of charge at ???? in Park City. The Toxic Avenger, Sgt. Kabukiman, and a 'handful' of Tromettes (Troma's version of Playboy Bunnies) will be in attendance.

"We're not charging not issuing press passes none of that stuff. Our intent is to make Tromadance totally accessible to everyone. The only thing that will limit attendance is the fire code."

He continued, indicating that he observed Slamdance employees ushering VIPs into parties while making everyone else wait in line. "Art belongs to the people," he asserts, explaining that he feels that art belongs to the public, not to fenced in for a select few to enjoy. In fact, Troma recognizes that their fans aren't exactly affluent, so they hold special sales once in a while, at times offering DVD's for ten cents.

"Maybe if we're nice to our fans when they're young,

they'll send me some dog food when I'm destitute," he quips, then concludes his invective against Hollywood elitism and media manipulation.

"Citizen Toxie's (the fourth installment in the Toxic Avenger series, now undergoing editing) message is one of anti-elitism and anti-conspicuous consumption. Twenty percent of American children live below the poverty level and whole continents are falling off the face of the Earth because of starvation and disease while we're making gods and goddesses out of these people who are making \$200 million movies. We think that's disgusting. Fourteen-year-old girls feel the need to get their bodies corrected before they're even formed because Time Warner, MTV, and Britney Spears promote it. MTV and Hollywood are glorifying these talentless, teenaged, eye candies who have enhanced their bodies instead of suggesting that people should be themselves and that talent should be considered."

In addition to the films they'll select from what's submitted non-Troma-affiliated filmmakers, Tromadance will feature the Utah debut of Terror Firmer, Troma's latest theatrical release. In the film, Lloyd plays blind filmmaker Larry Benjamin who, of course, is making a Troma film. The tenuous, but sufficient plot follows the Troma crew's struggles to "make some art" while a sexy serial killer thins out the crew. The film is based on his book (a largely historical account of Troma Studios), and is both an incisive critique and fitting celebration of his work. His performance is hilarious, from his wide-eyed "blind" stare to his belly laugh-inducing dual-stream whiz on a couple that was boisterously fucking when he entered the restroom.

"I was actually peeing!" he claims. "You know how sometimes, when you wake up in the morning and there's a little crust " he jokes. "It was the first shot of the day and, um... that was it."

When I called him on the "actually peeing" crack, he relents, explaining how they ran a hose up his leg to achieve the desired effect.

"We rigged a hose up my pant leg and as an impediment, we put a little crumb in the hose. I kinda pinched it and made the double stream. We didn't tell anybody about it, so when it happened, the crew was cracking up."

The film has earned its share of good reviews and its share of pans.

Los Angeles Times critic Kevin Thomas walked out of the film after 20 minutes, and both Gene Shalit (NBC) and Joel Siegel (ABC) have policies against reviewing Troma films. Suspicious, then, that the Cannes, Chicago, and San Sebastian Film Festivals basically sent engraved invitations to screen Terror

Firmer.

"It has gotten really good reviews," maintains Lloyd. "A lot of people get it, some don't. (Kevin Thomas) is a major film critic and he absolutely missed the point. Pissing on actress and cameramen? Isn't that what directors do? And in this case the director's blind! That seen alone has so many levels of wisdom and optimism that it makes me want to pee in my pants."

This kind of puerile behavior, mated with the intelligence of a Yale grad (yes, he is indeed an Ivy Leaguer), is perhaps what the citizens of Tromaville find so endearing about Lloyd Kaufman. In fact, it appears to inspire fierce loyalty, as this account, paraphrased from All I Need to Know About Filmmaking, corroborates: Lloyd and his wife, Pat (incidentally, the New York State Film Commissioner) are attending the premiere of Howard Stern's Private Parts. It is the typical formal, flashbulb-lit, showbiz fiesta. Marquee-name actors, actresses, and musicians are stepping out of limousines, posing for photos, waving and blowing kisses to the serfs gathered in front of the theater. Reporters stop Lloyd to ask who he is. He stops, whips out a Tromeo mini-poster, and before he can answer, they see a B-list star and bolt. No big deal. He and Pat continue toward the door. Suddenly a big, hairy guy with an old camcorder recognizes and stops Lloyd. The man is beside himself, asking question after question. Lloyd patiently answers, noticing David Lee Roth bouncing from camera to camera in the background. Eventually, the former Van Halen vocalist approaches Lloyd and starts to ham it up for the camera.

The hairy guy freaks.

"Dude, that's Lloyd Fucking Kaufman! Get the hell out of here!"

And he does. Of course, Lloyd can't recall the man's name, but he does remember the experience.

"That guy is genuine," he declares. "He is so genuine he didn't care that Kevin Bacon was behind me. He didn't care about paparazzi shots.

He was interested in real films. Most of these cameramen are there because they are being paid, but that guy was a sincere fan! He was there because he loves Troma." Don't we all?

—Randy Harward



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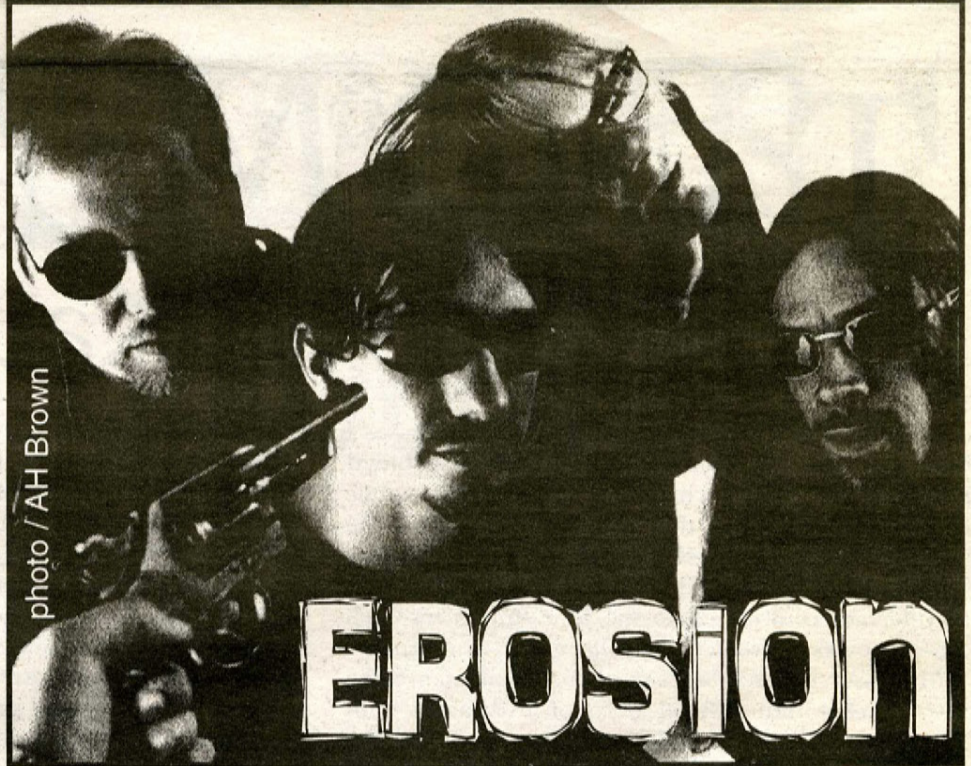


photo / AH Brown

5 QUESTIONS WITH JON BEAN OF EROSION

Erosion, a group born in the badlands of garage, punk, and sonic-surf resonance. A band that will thrill you, enthrall you, and make you a fan for life if you dare give them a listen. A gathering of artistic expression and noise experimentation capped with an intensely passionate delivery. Multi-talented, focused, and ready to pull you to the heart of a cacophonous array of sensory stimulations. At the center of this maelstrom is a man named Jon Bean. Though he may be a mild-mannered deli employee by day, just give Jon a guitar and watch the transformation into a man possessed. I had the rare opportunity to speak to Jon recently, and I decided that this would make a great second installment in the 5 Question series. The members of Erosion are: Brett Sundberg, Mark Sheering, Dave Boogert, and Jon Bean.

SLUG: How long has Erosion been playing in Salt Lake City?

JON: Well, we started practicing about a year and a half ago, and then we debuted at the Ninth and Ninth Street Festival in about September of 1998. We've been in Salt Lake ever since.

SLUG: How would you describe the music of Erosion?

JON: Sort of a sassy blend of surf, punk-rock, sonic noise, and sexy garage rock.

SLUG: Well, that's a good way of putting it.

Okay, question three: Are you the undisputed King of Pop in Salt Lake City right now?

JON: No, I would describe myself more as the Janitor of Pop in Salt Lake City, because I'm here to clean up the mess. (Laughs)

SLUG: What is your most memorable moment in a show?

JON: It would have to be there's not really many shows I remember (In a British accent) "I was drunk at the time." Okay, it would have to be the time when my bass player, because he was so involved with a pair of laderhosen that he was going to be wearing at the ABG's show, anyway, he totally forgot his bass. We got all the way to Provo, and he realized that he had left his bass at home. Of course he blames it on us, because we had talked him into wearing laderhosen that night.

SLUG: What would possess you to try and convince him to wear laderhosen?

JON: Well, we just had this image of him with aviator glasses and laderhosen that we thought would be the coolest thing..

SLUG: Question #5: Any new recordings?

JON: Well, can you count the CD that we haven't released yet?

SLUG: Sure.

JON: Okay, we have a new full length, our first CD, that should be released here pretty soon. We don't have a name for it yet, but it's coming out soon.

There it is. A full length CD coming out soon, and lederhosen to boot. Watch for Erosion's upcoming shows at your favorite local dive, and watch for Jon Bean's artwork on the upcoming SLUG CD compilation, later

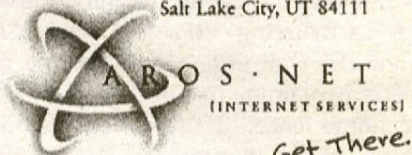
-Jeremy Cardenas

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Greg Shaw

Bomp Records Profile

I'll ask you a question. Have you ever heard of any of the following music groups: ADOLESCENTS, BAD RELIGION, BARRACUDAS, BLACK FLAG, BOYFRIENDS, BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE, CANNIBALS, CHESTERFIELD, KINGS, CRAWDADDYS, DEAD BOYS, DESCENDENTS, DEVO, DICKIES, DM3, DWARVES, FLAMIN' ED GROOVIES, GERMS, GRAVEDIGGER V, HEART BREAKERS, IGGY POP, INSPIRAL CARPETS, LES THUGS, MINUTEMEN, RAVE-UPS, REDD KROSS, RUNAWAYS, SOFT BOYS, SONICS, SPACEMEN 3, STIV BATORS, STOOGES, T.S.O.L., TELL-TALE HEARTS, or the TOASTERS? My guess is that most of you have. The only reason I bring this up is because this list is a small cross-section of the band roster on Greg Shaw's Bomp! Records. Started twenty five years ago, Bomp! is the longest surviving punk, garage, or powerpop label in existence. I originally thought that I could give you a good reference of this label in a small column, but after checking out just a sampling of their recordings, I don't think that is possible. Greg Shaw has created a label that has connections to virtually every band that influenced anybody on the planet. Rumors about Shaw range from a shadowy, behind the scenes character who has his fingers in everything, to The Pope of Punk. Depending on whether you talk to a 60's music aficionado, a punk collector, or a garage enthusiast you will get very different views of Greg Shaw. What it boils down to is; he's been involved in chronicling a hell of a lot of stuff. Without his intervention a lot of obscure music would have died without having a chance of being heard. I can't even begin to explain, so I'll let Greg Shaw explain for himself.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Official Bomp Records History Lesson

For the first 5 years Bomp was a kind of a revisionist rock history upon which the foundation of punk would soon be built. A clubhouse for those who dreamed of breathing some of the fire of the 60's back into rock's wimped-out veins. In addition to publishing Bomp (at the time just a magazine.) I wrote countless reviews and articles that appeared in all the zines of the times, Rolling Stone, Creem, Zygote, and Zigzag. In 1972, I moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles to take a job at United Artists Records, and also became the managing editor of Phonograph Record Magazine, a tabloid that rivaled Rolling Stone in

circulation, thus putting me near the center of the action, and providing me with an overnight education in the music business. I was 23.

One day in 1974, I was paid a visit by Cyril Jordan who's band Flamin' Groovies was just back from England, and now shopping a batch of magnificent Dave Edmunds produced songs. Mysteriously, no label was interested. "Why don't you put it out?" he asked. And thus it came to pass. "You Tore Me Down" became the first Bomp single, and I did my best to promote it. There was no college radio; it was the heyday of Eagles dominated FM, but I managed to get rotation on several dozen stations. We didn't sell many, but we did rouse the interest of Sire Records, who signed the band, and sent them back to Rockfield to produce an album. I was roped into being a "manager," and thus found myself traveling more, just at the time when punk was rearing its' head. I witnessed first hand how a few visionaries can conjure up a vital scene when the timing is right. This inspired me to hope the same could happen in America. Scenes were indeed emerging, but lacking England's centralized media and distribution, it was a slow process. Until about 1979, the industry (radio and major media) seemed determined to suppress or ignore punk. They lumped anybody new into the category "punk" including the Viletones, Nils Lofgren, and even Tom Petty! This left a void that Bomp tried to fill. The roster filled up with groups from New York, Boston, London, Ohio, Toronto, and elsewhere.

By 1977, there was a solid scene in Los Angeles too, and Bomp recorded bands including: The Weirdos, The Germs, The Zeros, and Devo (their 2nd "45" - "Satisfaction.") We also picked up Iggy Pop's first solo album, Kill City, when nobody else would touch it, and thus after a dozen '45's, Bomp entered the 12" arena.

Punk had already had its' day by 1978, when Bomp magazine ran a cover story proposing Powerpop; a hybrid style with the power and guts of punk, but drawing on a pop song tradition. I had in mind bands like The Who and The Easybeats (hell, even the Sex Pistols fit my definition!) but the term was snapped up by legions of limp, second-rate bands hoping the majors would see them as a safe alternative to punk. I took a lot of heat for starting the whole business, but the upshot was that Bomp, which had been punk's first supporter, now had a pop image that we were never entirely able to shake. That image helped bring to Bomp some of the artists I'm most proud of having worked

with, such as Stiv Bators. Seeking to escape from the punk stereotype into more challenging music, Stiv came to Bomp largely because of our powerpop image. The culmination of Bomp's flirtation with commerciality came during the years of 1980-82 when "new wave" became the "rock of the '80s" a format writ in dollar signs. During this period Bomp came close to scoring a real hit with two extraordinary songs, The Plimsoles, "A Million Miles Away" and Josie Cotton's novelty masterpiece "Johnny are you Queer?"

Finally, I realized that it just wasn't right, and both folded Bomp Magazine, and shut down the Bomp label completely, and started a new imprint, Vox. This label, it was announced, would be home to bands working in a purist garage/punk/psych tradition, with low-budget recording, packaging, and advertising. It felt good.

What a pleasure it was to tell managers that, "We're only signing neo-psychedelic garage punk," and watch them try to convince me their Huey Lewis clones could fit that mold. Eventually, they left us alone.

Bomp has brought out a lot of previously unreleased '70's punk (Dead Boys, Heartbreakers, Zeros, etc.) and now we are recreating the Pebbles series from scratch. Also, our huge archive of Stooges outtakes is seeing release in the Iguana Chronicles series. In 1993, we affiliated with Marilyn Records and its' offshoot labels Alive and Total Energy, whose catalog includes; G.G. Allin, Tav Falco, Martin Rev, the MC5, John Sinclair, the Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, U.S. Bombs, and Kim Fowley.

Let's wind this up. I guess I'd most like Bomp to be remembered as a label utterly dedicated to the people who care most about the music: the fans and collectors. When Patti Smith said, "We created it, let's take it over," those were fighting words, that's where the battle lines were drawn. While in today's world of institutionalized "alternative" music it may seem moot, it was a tough struggle, which I like to think Bomp had something to do with winning. Bomp is an outgrowth of my love for music. Where many would view it as a marginal business that barely breaks even, I prefer to see it as a hobby that's profitable enough to allow me to build my life around it. The opportunity to make more money elsewhere has never once tempted me, but it has drawn many talented people away from this business. If you're looking to get rich, this shouldn't be the industry for you.

—Greg Shaw

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INSTITUTIONALIZED DEVIANCE

BY
H. BATES

Welcome to the new millennium. I, for one, am happy the whole affair is finally over. Without a doubt, the entire Y2K scare has to go down in history as one of the biggest much ado about nothing issues of our time. I even found myself tuning in to CNN on New Years Eve to see whether the world would indeed fall apart as the clock counted down to the big moment. I must admit, I was a bit nervous given all of the doomsday predictions that were being advertised in the press. Yet, much to the chagrin of the talking heads on CNN, 12:01am rolled around and there was nary a whisper of the problems and turmoil that the so-called experts had predicted. A matter of fact, Y2K celebrations around the world seemed to go off without a hitch as communities rallied together in an awesome show of goodwill and hope. From Sydney to San Francisco and all points in between, the only explosions came from spectacular fireworks displays that seemed to tell the world, indeed the universe, that humanity would enter the new millennium not with a violent bang, but an inspirational chorus. United, however briefly, by the common experience of the changing calendar, which seemed to transcend the differences that have divided and plagued us throughout the previous century.

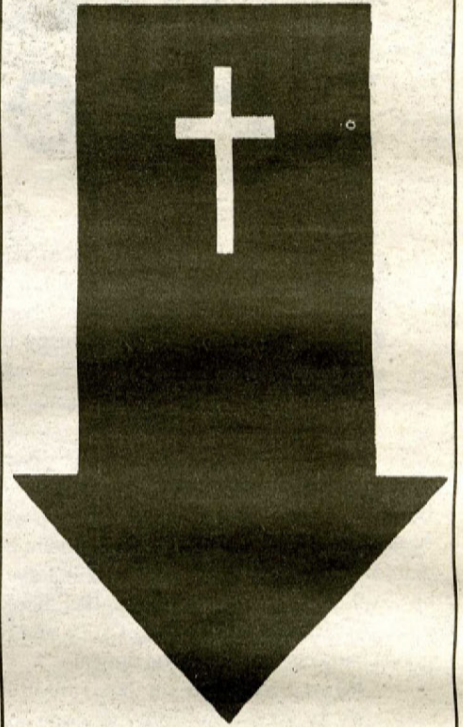
It was truly an awesome night in so many ways. Not the least of which is the fact that the entire Y2K issue has

provided the world with a potential framework on how to solve other major problems that we must face in the not-so-distant future. Simply put, if humanity can take responsibility for the mistakes of the past and solve the global problem of computers not being able click over to the year 2000. Is it not then possible for us to work together, with the same degree of urgency and international cooperation, on other issues that potentially threaten us? Can we solve the inter-related problems of world-hunger, de-forestation, pollution, global-warming, and population control? Of course we can. Can we diffuse the political and religious conflicts around the world that threaten to deny us of the world peace and accompanying prosperity that humanity so desperately seeks? Once again, the answer is a resounding yes! Y2K proved that. Indeed, it proved that there are no problems on earth too great for us to overcome. All we have to do is put forth the same kind of effort. If we did it before we can do it again! Cannot we?

One can argue that there isn't the financial motivation to solve the aforementioned problems that existed for Y2K. That's crap. Peace and prosperity are much more profitable than war. Very few profit from conflict while the majority suffers from it. Conversely, everyone profits from peace, including those who would have profited from war. In addition, a healthy planet with an educated, well-fed, moderately sized population will benefit us all financially and otherwise, while an unhealthy planet suffering from over-population, starvation, famine, under-education, and a depletion of global resources will eventually wither and die, making concepts of profit and loss obsolete. Hard to worry about profit when ones survival is in question.

So the motivation is there, it's up to us to see it through, to force the institutions we created to once again rise up to the challenges of the new millennium. If we don't, perhaps it is we who are deviant. Not just the institutions we create. For the Y2K solution has empowered us in a way that humanity has not experienced before.

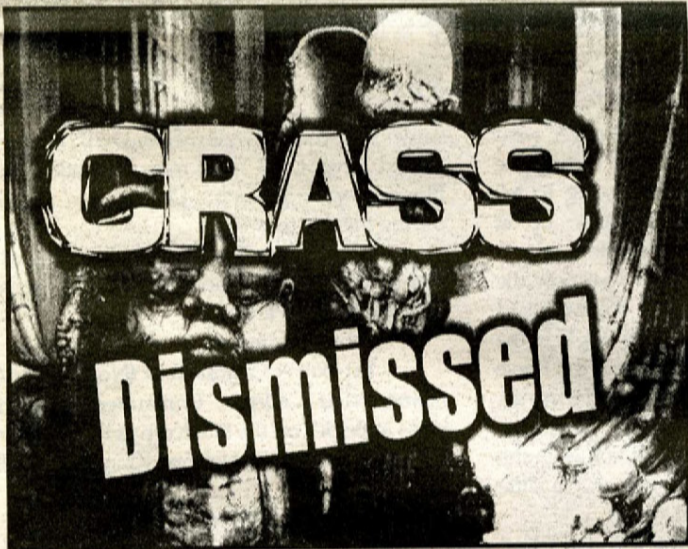
"Hellavator"



by Bryan Mehr 'wordshaker'

from Mad-Heart Press

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"There isn't a town in the world I haven't run amok in."

—Joe Strummer

The ACCUSED Paint It Red 7" (black, red, white vinyl)

Let it be proclaimed far and wide that I am a total ACCUSED nerd. This new posthumous 7" release from the 80s splatter core gods comes in 3 colors of wax. I bought all three. Yep, I may even qualify for dork status, but realize I have an airtight defense for my actions... That defense being that The ACCUSED rule this universe (and a smattering of other universes as well). For the sadly uninitiated this 7" will only hint at the greatness of this band but for the hardcore splatterhead this is a mandatory piece of the ACCUSED puzzle. The 7" is a collection of two never before released live recordings (including their trademark "Martha Splatterhead") and two cover tunes; "Paint It Black" originally by the

ROLLING STONES, which I believe appears here for the first time, and "Neat, Neat, Neat" their barnstorming remake of the classic DAMNED tune which originally appeared on a tribute album several years ago.

There is a fifth track that is a prank phone call on LSD that is a waste of time.

VIOLENT SOCIETY s/t 7"

This 7" isn't exactly new but I just got it and it is so damn amazing that I would honestly be doing all you readers a disservice by not bringing it to your attention! If you have ever dared to consider yourself a fan of punk and hardcore then this lil' slab o' vinyl is going to be a godsend. VIOLENT SOCIETY can't really be defined by applying any of hardcore's multiple genre tags but that doesn't mean that they aren't unleashing a musical firestorm of rage. Their sound is totally classic. Imagine taking the pure adrenaline of the first generation of hardcore bands and combining it with the powerhouse delivery of today's most raging acts and you have what amounts to a mere hint of the power on tap from VIOLENT SOCIETY. This 7" is a must. Get it. Get it now. (Creep Records Suite 220, 252 East Market St., West Chester, PA 19381 or www.creeprecords.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS Destroy The Creep House - Live

This may be the coolest "label sampler" I have ever seen. Instead of re-releasing a

bunch of tunes off CDs which fans of the label are going to own already, Creep gathered four bands (one not even on their label) and hosted a live show which they captured on tape. VIOLENT SOCIETY, THE SUSPECTS, THE BOILS and KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS combine for a blistering collection of punk and hardcore fury that actually seems to spew the blood and sweat of a great live gig. All four bands have a slightly different style and approach but they fit nicely together on this CD. They compliment each other and all deliver such ferocious performances that there is not a single moment of let down from start to finish. Most noteworthy amongst the bands is VIOLENT SOCIETY who prove to be the most attacking and no-holds-barred of the four. "Destroy The Creep House" is not some dorky call for unity in the scene but it nonetheless is a perfect example of why that unity is possible.

NO COMMENT Discography CD/LP

This is one of those records that ever since I heard it was in the works I have waited and waited for, chomping at the bit the entire time. NO COMMENT are very simply one of the very best thrash / power violence bands that ever played. They didn't release much stuff but what they did remains superior to almost everything out there. Just how good were they? Well consider this... their 7" on Slap A Ham is probably the best thing the label ever released. Yep, the greatest single release on the greatest single label. That, my friends, means NO COMMENT are brilliant!

They play at an insane pace with an unrelenting amount of energy on every single song and yet in spite of that brain frying ferocity they still manage to create

hooks and lay down a vibe that makes their tunes more identifiable than most power violence. If thrash were biology this would be the evolutionary result of the subspeciation of bands like D.R.I. and NEGATIVE APPROACH.

KUNGFU RICK Motivation To Abuse LP

And I thought their last 7" was good... Well this LP puts it to shame. KUNGFU RICK takes its grind violence to new heights on this record. The band have catapulted themselves to the forefront of the extreme music scene with their showing here. Their previous stuff may have been raging but this is pure bedlam. Music with absolutely no restraint, "Motivation To Abuse" is about as subtle as a nuclear explosion. Primarily full throttled, there are occasions where the band slows down the mayhem to provide contrast and counterpoint in a most effective display of the mastery of extreme music. Screeched and growled vocals mix with a musical tirade that is both technically impressive and unforgivingly visceral and straightforward. Mark my words, this will be one of those records that you and your friends (both of them) argue over who was the first to discover it. (Up Jumps The Devil Records POB 470650 Chicago, IL 60647 or 625 Productions POB 423413, SF, CA 94142-3413

—Jeb

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Concert Previews

I'm not really sure why I'm bothering to write this column. Chances are we'll all be crispy little pieces of bacon, spot-welded to our seats/each other when this issue is supposed to hit the streets. I mean, we've all seen the signs, right? Men becoming lovers of men, the first glimmers of a New World Order, red moons, orange stars, blue diamonds, green clovers...all that shit. Jesus, or his authorized representative, has booked passage on the Second Coming Cruise and he's gonna barbecue himself some sinners.

When I reflect on my life, I think I've been a pretty good boy. Yeah, I've done some time for assorted instances of public indecency, but aside from that, I've kept my nose — and other components of my earthly self — clean.

Not that this has anything to do with January concerts. Just shooting the breeze is all. All the same, I figure some talk about upcoming concerts is appropriate, if only to avoid corporal punishment at the hands of the SLUG hierarchy.

First up on the 5th is a Kilby Court show. Always a 70/30 chance of emo here, and this is no exception. Tonight's band, **Paris, TX**, purveys emo. Perhaps with more balls, but emo nonetheless. Not to say that emo is a dickless

breed of punk, just that it's oh so sweet. Their album is called *So You Think It's Hot Here?* and it's on Polyvinyl Records.

Next up is **Karl Denson's Tiny Universe**. Denson was Lenny Kravitz's sax man on *Let Love Rule* and *Mama Said*, is a member of the Greyboy Allstars, and has released four solo acoustic jazz albums, all named for edibles (*Blackened Red Snapper*, *Herbal Turkey Breast*, *Chunky Pecan Pie*, and *Baby Food*). Takes place on the 7th. The venue? Harry O's. Bring a fork.

On the 12th, **Chupacabra** visits the Zephyr. Expect Latin/jam that night and exsanguinated bodies littering the dance floor. You know, the cool thing about the Chupacabra is, it just wants blood. If you're a smart little fucker, you'll spray yourself head to toe with Special Chupacabra Formula *OFF!* So the damn thing will leave you alone to drink your beer. Then you can roll the corpses for their wallets after it splits.

Shit. Not much happening this month or what? Or is it that nobody seems to be interested sending us their schedules? Fuck it, anyway. They'll just have to settle for what I can find on Pollstar.com, flavored with my own unique musings of course.

Let's leap another five days to the 17th. If you don't mind going to Ogden, you can see the **Young Blood Brass Band** at Beatnik's. From

what I understand, they're like a younger, bloodier version of a regular brass band. Kind of a shock-rock thing, just no guitars. Just brass instruments or something. Artsy fartsy bastards.

Now here's the Motherfucker of the Month: **Roger Clyne and the Peacemakers** are playing the Zephyr on the 18th and ABG's on the 19th. Fans of the Refreshments will be pleased to know that though the band disbanded due to one member's struggle to overcome drug addiction (Ten bucks he was huffin' gas), singer/guitarist/songwriter Roger Clyne and drummer P.H. Naffah have united with ex-Gin Blossoms guitarist Scott Johnson, former Dead Hot Workshop six stringer Steve Larson, and bassist Danny White to form this new musical alliance. Their independent debut, *Honky Tonk Union*, is available through their Web site (www.azpeacemakers.com) or at shows.

Also on the 18th, you're more than welcome to attend **Target's Stars on Ice** at the E Center. If you're a sequin loving, prancing pantywaist, that is. Or in my case, a pussywhipped, spineless, toad who will go because his wife says go, and will pay \$15 for three tiny, watered-down beers in a desperate attempt to numb himself and avoid the full-on sensory torture that this event promises.

At least the evening of the 19th offers something more attractive in the **Chris Smither** show at the Ellen Eccles Theatre in Logan. Smither is touring to support his fifth release of rootsy blues, *Drive You Home Again* (HighTone).

On the 20th, **Enemy Squad** is at Mulligan's in Park City. **Tony Furtado** returns to the Zephyr AGAIN on the 21st and 22nd. Then there's the queen of my white trashiest fantasies, sweet, sweet, **Reba**. I'm getting on the Delta Center stage to duet with her. I don't care how many of them yellow-shirted faggots I have to stomp with my snakeskin Tony Lama's to get there. I'm fuckin' doing it. Gonna wear my big-ass chrome belt buckle I got from A.A. Callister's so she can see her sweet angel face staring back at her from right above my manhood. After that, who knows what'll happen? I can only dream.

Since the film festivals are beginning on the 22nd, there will be an assload of really hot shows in Park City that we little peoples aren't allowed to attend. Bullshit, I say. Why keep out actual fans of an artist so that some Hollywood cock knocker in winter wear he'll never wear again can talk on his cell phone during the show? I mean, you know he's going to tell people, "Oh, I got to see so-and-so up at SUNDANCE. Great show. Marvelous show. Played all of his/her/their songs. You know, the one on the radio...and, uh...the one we heard playing in the car next to us at the stoplight the other day...and the, uh...one about the horse and the guy. Great show. Fantastic performance. I highly recommend him/her/them. Go get the CD, uh...you know, the one that comes in the jewel case with the shrinkwrap and a little booklet? Yeah, that one! Great album.

23rd and 24th has some friends of Karl Denson's at Mulligan's in **Robert Walter's 20th**

Congress. Also on the 24th, **Joshua Redman** is doing the Jazz at the Hilton thingy and the **Chicago Rhythm and Blues Kings** are at the Dead Goat.

Speaking of film festivals, **Bicycle**, a Beck-y metallic band that actually travels from show to show on lightweight bicycles with extra light musical gear (I swear to God I'm not making this up), will play four shows at an undisclosed location (probably some rich guy's Fortress of Solitude in the side of a mountain. Elitist fuckers taking my music) beginning on the 25th and going until the 28th.

On the 26th, there is really only one place to be: **Tromadance**. For reasons why, see interview with Troma Studios' Lloyd Kaufman elsewhere in this one-ply rag.

Vinyl, one of the few jam bands I still like, is playing up there, too. I have a feeling I know where, but I can't go on record with that info just yet. You'll want to be there, though. Trust Randy. It's on the 27th.

Joy of joys. Cher is coming to suck the souls out of however many suckers pay to see her sing. God, she makes me sick. Can't really put my finger on a reason, to tell the truth. She just does. Yuck. Fuck. 28th.

What else? Still on the 28th, huh? Specials with **Danny Dean and the Home Wreckers** at the Zephyr on the 28th and 29th. Sno-Core Tour (Christ. When will these insipid sports 'n music tours stop?) on the 28th at Saltair. Bands are **Puya**, **Incubus**, **System of a Down**, and **Mr. Bungle**. Only worth it for Bungle, but I can't get into them anymore since their record label pissed me off last time they came. Wait. I'm not even sure it'd be worth it for them, when you account for all the dumbass, Kornbees that will be there for System of a Down and Incubus. Might be worth it if you could go running through the crowd yanking titty rings and not suffer any consequences.

Lou Bega. Somebody make him stop. Please. 28th. Delta Center. Motherfucker of the Month runner-up goes to **Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young** at the Delta Center on the 29th, despite the lame idea of billing the show as "CSN&Y2K".

On the 29th, cult guitar hero **Gary Hoey** will dazzle a Dead Goat crowd. It's twenty minutes past 3 a.m. right now and I wish something would dazzle me. Maybe if I don't go to bed tonight, I'll have my own little Laser Floyd-by-way-of-Sleep Deprivation show during the day tomorrow.

Rounding out January shows is a three-nighter (two at Mulligan's, one at the Zephyr) with the **B-Side Players**.

February preview:
Fat Wreck Chords Tour (No Use For A Name, Mad Caddies, Consumed, Bracket) stops at Brick's on the 5th. Korn at the E Center on the 26th. **Willie Nelson**. Kingsbury Hall. 28th.

Can I go to bed now?

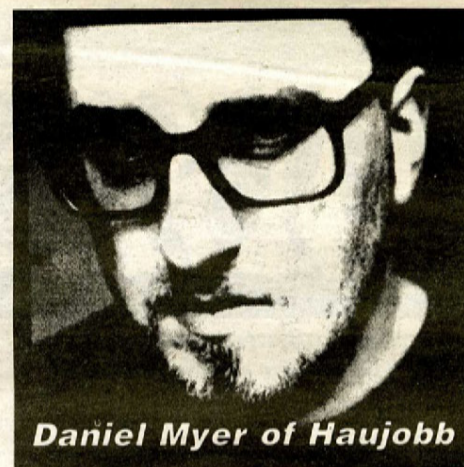
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—J. Cameron.



Daniel Myer of Haujobb

Haujobb

Here's the situation: As soon as we got word of a US tour for Haujobb, we immediately started working for an interview. This was like, the first week of December. We got an interview confirmed, but then could not get a reply from Haujobb's tour manager. We decided to bag the interview until the February issue of SLUG, when unexpectedly Haujobb's tour manager left a message at SLUG. So here we are in the last days of December, milking the deadline for all it's worth getting a scheduled time. We get it. I get down to SLUG later that day as fast as I can, pushing my roaring 3 cylinder engined automobile with all I have. Get to SLUG, voice mail from Haujobb's Daniel Myer telling us he would like to schedule it for the next night, because Dejan Samardzic, (Haujobb's other half) would be there and he can speak better English anyway. Next day, Dejan falls through, so Daniel agrees to do the interview himself, despite his insecurity of his ability to speak English. Daniel was more than accommodating, considering the only time I could give the interview was 6pm, which makes it 2am in Germany.

SLUG: This is going to be Haujobb's first US tour, right?

DANIEL: Yes.

SLUG: You were planning on a US tour for "Solutions for a Small Planet" weren't you, and you ran into some problems?

DANIEL: Yeah, we had some problems with German laws. There were many problems.

SLUG: Are there going to be any additional members to Haujobb for the live show?

DANIEL: Yes, for the live show.. some years ago we had live musicians like a guitar player, or a drum player, or a bass player, but at this time we want to work with the guy who did some samples and analog keyboard stuff, his name is Wolfgang. He had also a project called Forma Tadre. At first we wanted to work with Vordig Zu Na but he doesn't have the time because he's working on his new album so now we're working with Wolfgang.

SLUG: In between each Haujobb album there has been a distinct change in the sound, kind of like a constant evolution, but the transition between "Solutions for a Small Planet" and the new album "Ninetynine" is defiantly the most... different.

DANIEL: Yeah.

SLUG: Do you want to get into that at all?

DANIEL: Between the last album and the new album are 3 years. I think we should have to make an album every year, then the change of the sound can be more.. wait a minute... (I can hear Daniel flipping through the pages of his German-to-English dictionary in the background) ...

SLUG: Gradual?

DANIEL: Yeah, gradual for the listener, you know? I think we had something more. After the split from OFF-BEAT (Haujobb's former label) we worked on different projects. On solo projects, and on a drum and bass project. Before the split from OFF-BEAT every inspiration and input goes into Haujobb, you know? And then we had so many other things that Haujobb was just focused on sound, nothing more. Not any song arrangement, any dance stuff, just puresound experiment, but I think that with "Ninetynine" we've lost something that makes Haujobb attractive for the older Haujobb listener.

deleted Skinny Puppy singles, although a lot of the tracks are the regular album versions that were just featured on singles as b-sides. Bark, Tin Omen I, Addiction (Second Dose), LaHuman8, and a live version of Harsh Stone White are the pride and joy of this collection. Those of you who were holding your breath for Left Handshake can expect disappointment. No surprise considering the banned Last Rights studio track wasn't released on a single. If you have your heart set on it, there is a version of the double CD Brap that contains it, and there is also a bootleg video/cd package floating around of Skinny Puppy's last show ever at the Cameo Theatre in Miami, Florida that has it.

Various Artists...Dread Kennedys In Dub We Trust...A Tribute to Dead Kennedys / Invisible Records

I don't know about you, but I'm about fed up with tribute albums. It seems everyone and their brother's dog has a tribute album these days, and an immense amount of the songs don't even do the originals justice. However, Dead Kennedys deserve a tribute album a lot more than some of these other groups. My first impression, being of course: iGreat, another tribute album." The cover art is a cross contrived of one dollar bills, flourished with pot leaves, and...hmm...something is missing... oh yeah, Jesus is nailed to it. And lets not forget the background wall paraded with joints. The music on the album, overall, really isn't even worth mentioning. Just pretty mellow songs (hence the pot leaves) that, as I mentioned earlier, don't do the originals justice.

There are a few exceptions. Meg Lee Chin does an above average version of Na zi Punks Fuck Off, and there is a very cool rendition of Dead End by Phylr. As for the other 11 tracks by Pigface, Sheep On Drugs, 7000 Dying Rats, and many others... Eh.

Murder Inc. Locate Subvert Terminate... The Complete Murder Inc. Invisible Records

The complete collection of Murder Inc. and then some. This double disc release consists of all previously released material from the self-titled debut, and a second disc of remixes by J.G. Thirlwell (aka Foetus) from the Corpuscle remix EP, and exclusive live tracks from their first European tour. As if Martin Atkins' uncanny percussion skills weren't enough, Killing Joke's Paul Ferguson is in on this, as well as bassist Paul Raven (Pigface/Killing Joke), guitarist Geordie Walker (Killing Joke), and the ever so distinct vocals of Chris Connelly. If you like Pigface, then you'll most likely luxuriate in Murder Inc. Visualize a more serious, organized Pigface. Despite all of the members of the late Killing Joke, don't be expecting a Pandemonium, or Democracy type sound. They've developed a sound within it's own, and Chris Connelly really does do his best to sound like Frank Sinatra.

—J.Cameron

Funker Vogt is working on a full length follow-up to their 13 track EP (is that an oxy moron?) Execution Tracks. They will be touring to support the new album, but most likely will not make it to the US, again. I recieved and email in November from Kai Schmidt telling me that they are thinking about comming to the states, maybe one off show in New York, and that it's really hard to get all the members together as they are always short on vacation time (they all have full-time jobs). "It might happen this year that we come.", he finishes. A video, Life Execution, is being released along with the new album. Excited? Don't be. Metropolis is not interested in distributing this video (along with all Funker Vogt singles, including: Words of Power, Take Care, and Tragic Hero). So, once again, Life Execution is going to be a European release only. Feel free to gripe at Metropolis concerning this: label@metropolis-records.com

It is pretty much common knowledge by now that KMFDM is dead. However, Sascha Konietzko and Tim Skold are going on as MDFMK. Word has it that Nina Hagen may be making an appearance for this shindig. You know, NinaHagen. The amazon woman who tainted the nearly flawless ADIOS album with her hideous, hideous vocals. My God, if a yeast infection could speak, that is what it would sound like. We should be seeing a single around Feb/March and a full length release should be available no later than May. The track for the single has not been selected, and the album title still remains unknown.

:Wumpscut: is scheduled to release a 2CD set titled Bloodchild in late March/early April, said to contain 2 new tracks (Hang Him Higher and Praise Your Fears), previously unreleased material, and early, rare tracks. It will also have multimedia capabilities including images, graphics, audio, and text.

Metropolis will be releasing a followup to their popular Electropolis compilation on January 25th. Electropolis Vol. I brought us the club favorites like Numb's Blood remix, Informatik's seemingly instantaneous club classic Entropy, along with many other unreleased and remixed material from the label's incredible line-up. Electropolis Vol. II will be bringing us more music from Front Line Assembly, Funker Vogt, :Wumpscut:, Project Pitchfork, and Numb.

Skinny Puppy The Singles Collect / Nettwerk

This is basically your more current version of Twelve Inch Anthology, although most of the tracks are the album versions, not mixes that were released on the singles, most of which are out of print. The song that consistent club-goers can't seem to escape, Warlock ed, makes an appearance, as well as Dig It (short edit) and the single mix of Inquisition. For those of you into the whole "greatest hits" groove of things, and don't have all of the full length releases, you can look forward to Killing Game, Tin Omen, Smothered Hope, Addiction, and many many more.

Skinny Puppy The B-Sides Collect / Nettwerk

The gem of the two latest Skinny Puppy releases. More of the hard to find b-sides to the

So with the new live material we re-worked the whole "Ninetynine" stuff and we re-worked some old hits. I think that we will show the listeners and fans of Haujobb with the live show that we wanted to change our sound, so that every listener can understand what we mean or what we want to do with Haujobb. So the new stuff is more like "Solutions." Much better, I think.

SLUG: So, what bands are you influenced by at this point?

DANIEL: I think that we're influenced by the working with our machines. We're listening to, in general, to pop music. In DJing, I play drum and bass, that is my influence, but not for Haujobb. I dunno. I like Nine Inch Nails for example, but Nine Inch Nails not in the industrial way, but Nine Inch Nails in the position.. in the pop business. You know what I mean?

SLUG: Uh huh.

DANIEL: That's what I like of Trent Reznor's music. And his position of being a pop star. We also like.. oh, I don't know. A lot of stuff.

SLUG: Who were the first electronic type bands you started listening to back when Haujobb first formed?

DANIEL: The first bands we were listening to?

SLUG: Like, what bands made you want to form Haujobb and start writing music of your own?

DANIEL: That was Skinny Puppy. Before that it was New Order, Pet Shop Boys, but then our music was very simple. And then we listened to "Too Dark Park" from Skinny Puppy. And then we started Haujobb.

SLUG: Have there been any video releases for your music?

DANIEL: No.

SLUG: Is there ever going to be?

DANIEL: Maybe. I don't know. It's expensive.

SLUG: How would you compare your American fans to the European fans? As far as sells.. I know you haven't been to the United States yet for a tour, but have you had a chance to look at those statistics or anything, about how Haujobb sells in the United States as compared to Europe?

DANIEL: In the states the sells for the "Solutions" album are very good, but the new album was not so good in the states. In Germany the sells are the same. Like the last album, no so good.

SLUG: What about with "Freeze Frame Reality" or "Homes and Gardens"?

DANIEL: The sells in the states are also not so good because of the label, it was Pendragon, but it was a really good label for us to start in this business because they are cool guys. Then our music became more and more professional so we decided to change to Metropolis to get a bigger audience for our music.

SLUG: Right. Well, that's all I have. Is there anything else that you'd like to add that we haven't covered?

DANIEL: I don't want to say, "Sorry for our work," but I wish to say that "Ninetynine" is not so good. Haujobb can be more than "Ninetynine" if you know what I mean. The fans have to listen to the live material, then they will understand what we wanted to do with iNinetynine". What else.. yeah. What I wanted to say is sorry for canceling the last tour.

Haujobb will play Area 51 on 2.9.00

OUTSIGHT

THE TOMMIES - TOM "TEARAWAY" SCHULTE'S BEST OF 1999

Lisa Sokolov

Lazy Afternoon

Laughing Horse Records

Lisa Sokolov's debut album *Lazy Afternoon* is an amazing and peerless vocal jazz record. Lisa's acrobatic leaps and dives of pitch are stunning. No mere catalog of florid vocal display, every rumble from the contralto range and every clear, strident soprano leap is an accent of emotion displayed through the song. Sokolov's camaraderie is with avant-garde improvisers like Steve Reich, Meredith Monk, William Parker and Andrew Cyrille. Nevertheless, her renditions of such standards as "Sunny Side of the Street" and the title track are important contributions to the mainstream body of vocal stylism developed by Sarah Vaughn, Ella Fitzgerald and their peers. This combination of bare, honest sentiment and vastly versatile lyric inducts Sokolov into a pantheon of jazz divas. Sokolov's "Over the Rainbow" is an incredibly moving admission of the human need for fantasy escapism in tear-inducing phrasing where Lisa accompanies herself on the piano. Sokolov and log-time collaborator guitarist David Gonzalez perform here an original duet entitled "This Little Piggy." Here, a child's rhyme is the kernel to an exciting showcase of Lisa's scat ability. On the Shaker traditional "Simple Gifts" Sokolov presents us that charming celebration of simplicity with more scat singing and a gospel-like murmuring, multi-tracked backing chorus. "Lazy Afternoon" is an exquisite album of the level of technical excellence that comes along all too rarely.

Matthew Shipp with William Parker

DNA

Thirsty Ear

DNA is a seven-song swan song. Matthew Shipp publicly declared that this, his twelfth album, is to be his last. Shipp, a man that shared a teacher with John Coltrane (Dennis Sandole) and offered a sound that won over fans of jazz, neo-classical and even punk completed his oeuvre in eleven years. While often pigeonholed as "free jazz," Shipp's stated claim is to build the "rigorously sculpted discord that Jimi Hendrix aspired to on guitar." This CD begins with a heavy, percussive attack on "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Feverishly, Parker attacks with his bow the thick strings of his bass shortened by his fingers into a viola register. Parker is the only other musician on this album. After this bombastic opening, the two ease into the beginning of a five-song series themed on genetic science. The genetic sequence of "Call Sequence" is a call-and-response between piano and bass that is sparse, open and varies from a swinging, traditional jazz sound to something skeletal and angular. "Genetic Alphabet" is a study in quiescence almost morbid in its brooding. By degrees, Shipp and Parker take us to the rugged slopes of extemporaneous play. Closer listens reveal premeditated and ingrained structure to the culminating jam, "Mr. Chromosome." As this final work began with a cover, so it ends with a sincere prayer of thanks and celebration in "Amazing Grace."

Katharine Whalen's Jazz Squad

Mammoth

Katharine Whalen is the female voice of Squirrel Nut Zippers and the group's banjo

player. The Squirrel Nut Zippers were admittedly lacking in musicianship on inception, but the supposedly shy Katharine Whalen now boasts a stunning vocal talent. While the Zippers are known for energetic hot jazz and ragtime, Whalen irtures a coy and easy sensuality with gentle jazz ballads. Each single note is Whalen's opportunity for a smooth and easy expression that bespeaks hopeful encounters over absinthe in an after-hours Prohibition-era New Orleans speakeasy. Whalen took the time and resources garnered from the Zippers' success to hone natural talent and love for period jazz vocal styles into an incarnation of a rich vocal style decades lost. Beside providing new interpretations of such standards as "Yesterdays" (Harbach/Kern) and "My Baby Just Cares for Me" (Donaldson/Kahn), Whalen adds new material to this genre with the jump blues inspired "Badisma," written by husband and Zippers trumpeter Jim Mathus.

Martin Sexton

The American

Atlantic Records

Martin Sexton is a singer-songwriter blessed with a poet's gift for lyrics and an incredibly versatile voice. These strong talents brought Sexton to *The American*, his major label debut. This vocal acrobat trapezes from a high-pitched falsetto to a growling baritone. But Sexton is does not showboat with this skill. It, along with doses of listening, is an enhancing and enriching part of both his recorded works and live performance, but never over done. Producer Danny Kortchmar on this CD worked with Jackson Browne, Don Henley and James Taylor, and that is exactly the league this new voice of Americana pop is in.

Ani DiFranco

Up Up Up Up Up Up

Righteous Babe

Ani DiFranco is Ms. Personality. Listen to an Ani song and you know something about the singer. Listen to an album and you feel you have met someone extraordinary. Listen to the discography and you have a friend that you respect very much. While Ani's high-octane sometimes funky folk rock is interesting and entertaining in and of itself, it is this outpouring of her person, her intimate and personal portrayals and each song. Ani has her joyous side, but the excelsior titled album contains a prevalence of heavy messages ("Come Away From It") and sad tales ("Jukebox"). Before writing this review, I surfed the Web, viewing the detailed and enthusiastic web pages of her fans. (These proved easier and more available than any other contemporary artists I can think of did.) Ani is head of a family, her network of supporters and her sincere and important music bears witness to that. Sometimes the shortest way through your troubles is straight through them, and that seems to be the message of Ani's latest album.

STING AND ME'SHELL

* Both Ndegeocello and Sting support new, 1999 releases. Sting's "Brand New Day" (A&M) seems at times lackluster compared to the beginning of Sting's solo career. Looking back, I remember the bright and unforgettable arrangements of "Dream of the Blue Turtles" (A&M, 1995) the featured warm instrumentation and horns. "Brand New Day"

finds Sting with a more contemporary approach featuring more plenty of programmed beats and world music influences. Still, I enjoy the album. It makes me think this is what Sting would sound like if produced by Peter Gabriel.

* Me'Shell Ndegeocello has my completely won over with her new release "Bitter" (Maverick). Bassist/vocalist Ndegeocello misses none of the opportunities afforded by contemporary production science. She also includes many musicians on this project providing live string arrangements and more.

The acid bitterness resulting from unrequited love is the theme to this album. Ndegeocello's blues approach to pop vocals is eminently suitable for this somber and reflective topic. Poignant in its telling, she leaves unexplored not a single shade of the painful emotions she experienced. Transforming these bleak emotions in to a compelling and peerless opus is Ndegeocello's exquisite songwriting and masterful delivery.

THIRSTY EAR ANNOUNCES NEW JAZZ LINE

The Blue Series is a new jazz series from Thirsty Ear. Matthew Shipp is named artistic director and curator of this effort. Says label president Peter Gordon, "We're trying to create a blending of musical talents from the many facets of the jazz language, from avant-garde to mainstream." Shipp adds, "I conceive of The Blue Series as a forum to develop deep jazz-based music with an expansive, melodic sound. We want to encourage the signed artists to develop and nurture their own organic voice." Shipp came out of an early retirement from music to launch The Blue Series. The first album (expected in late spring) will be *Pastorale Composure* by the Matthew Shipp Quartet, with Roy Campbell (trumpet), William Parker (bass), and Gerald Cleaver (drums). The second release scheduled is the William Parker Trio with Daniel Carter (reeds) and Hamid Drake (drums). After that will be the Mat Maneri Quartet with William Parker, Craig Taborn (piano) and Gerald Cleaver. The fourth and last release for 2000 will be the Craig Taborn Trio with Chris Lightcap on bass and Gerald Cleaver.

REVIEWS

George Schuller & The Schulldogs

Tenor Madness

New World Records

His father Gunther deftly melded classic music and jazz improvisation into "third-stream music." Now, George Schuller (Orange Then Blue) assimilates wild, free-jazz episodes into a mainstream acoustic jazz framework as skillfully. This East Coast drummer is the composer and arranger of this recording. All but two of the tracks here is original. One of the other two is an excellent slide through Ornette Coleman's "Free." The interaction of two tenor saxophonists provides the dynamism here. Those horn players are the experimental Tony Malaby (Sabino, Tom Varner, The Mingus Big Band, etc.) and the great George Garzone (The Fringe, Gunther Schuller, Orange Then Blue, etc.). This two-pronged approach results in exquisite and stellar blowing that goes out there, but also comes back to the groove. Free-jazz freaks and fans of trad will both dig this mad, mad, mad, mad disc. (5)

Tricolor

Mirth and Feckless

Atavistic

Tricolor is a trio of one jazzier and two veterans from the Chicago instrumental soundscaping scene. The jazz man is acoustic bassist Tatsu Aoki. The other two, both formerly of T.O.E. 2000, are percussionist David Pavkovic (Boxhead Ensemble, Pinetop Seven) and guitarist Jeff Parker (Tortoise,

Isotope 217). With this lineup, it comes as no surprise that the compositions oscillate between reflective, cinematic excursions to spirited jazz rhythms. This mature, intelligent jazz and rock hybrid is a sophisticated headspace. Post-rock and post-bop, this Chicago concoction is outré and organic, subtle and substantial. Note that on some tracks, as in the chaotic guitar of "Feckless," they veer into territory that perhaps only fearless free jazz fans can appreciate. (3.5)

John Corbett & Heavy Friends

I'm Sick About my Hat

Atavistic

John Corbett's "Heavy Friends" here are figures from Chicago's improvisation and avant-jazz scenes. In this group is horn player Mats Gustafson (Aaly Trio), cellist Fred Lonberg-Holm (Boxhead Ensemble, In-Zenith) and Terri Kapsalis. Terri provides the voice to a version of "Cold Sweat." Delivered in an irritating tone and over-treated with effects, this is in the last and lesser half of the CD. Corbett spent a year off and on working on this album and came up with very good audio collages found on the CD's first half. The weaker material is cacophonous Frankensteins sequestered to the recording's rear. Most of what is going here is montage by Corbett. For the first half this clever and funny sonic sculpture is worth walking all the way around and considering. John Corbett is a noted and intelligent writer on music, so maybe of his creations just went over my head. (3)

Sonny Phillips

My Black Flower

32 Jazz

This is a reissue of the 1977 album by Phillips with original liner notes. Sonny Phillips marks Eddie Harris and Ahmad Jamal as his primary influences. Phillips studied under Jamal in the '50's and like both players he had a gentle, soulful ability. From Jamal, Phillips inherited or formulated a subtle, understated style of playing the used space and sounds akin to Miles Davis. It was in 1963 that Phillips toured as an organist with the great improviser Eddie Harris. On "My Black Flower" one can hear both the beguiling, Jamal-inspired piano and the organ fantasies as "Me and Me Brudder." Another feature of this album is the inclusion of Latin rhythms courtesy conga and percussion journeyman Ralph Dorsey. (4)

Binary System

From the Epicenter

Atavistic

Roger Miller absolutely floored me at an impromptu coffeehouse performance in Ann Arbor, MI. This was sometime around 1997. He played amazing sophisticated and beautiful original compositions on the electric piano. There was no cover charge and afterward he passed the hat explaining he needed gas money to reach the East Coast. A man that belongs in a recital hall passing a hat in a coffeehouse! Here we experience him elevating his craft even more through incorporating the unexpected timbres of prepared piano. The other star in this binary system is avant-drummer Larry Dersch (Morphine, Concussion Ensemble, Boston Rock Opera, etc.). The piano-drum compositions here are exotic, percussive and complex. The sound of the prepared piano on this recording ranges from a Far Eastern, koto-like sound on "Buttonwood Tree Jungle" (or maybe that is the "toy piano") to the anvil tones of "Smoking Mirror (Trezcatlipoca)." It is this selection that leads into a spirited, three-track improvisation section concluding the twelve-track CD.

Cocteau Twins

BBC Sessions

Rykodisc

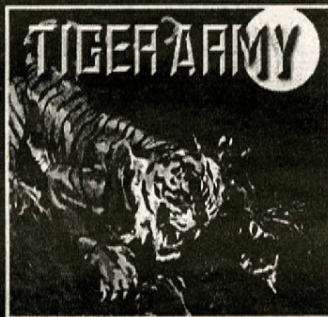
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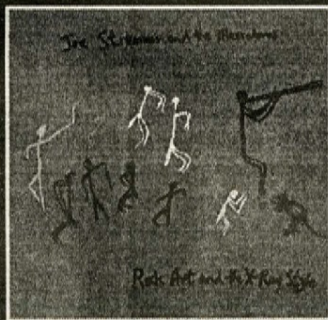


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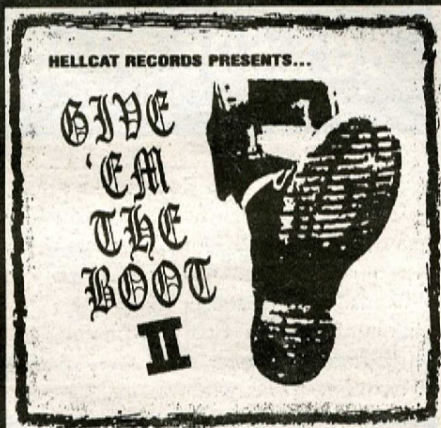
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JAZZ ADDICT



Ella Fitzgerald, Queen of Jazz
1917-1996

Vocalist Ella Fitzgerald was the last master jazz singer who was influenced by all phases of the music. What does that mean? In more modern terms she was at the source. There weren't a lot of people between the ground floor roots of her music and what she did for that music. What Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday did for the blues, Ella did for jazz.

She rose from homeless poverty by winning a 1934 amateur contest at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, New York. On June 12, 1935 Ella Fitzgerald cut her first song with Chick Webb's big band, with "I'll Chase the Blues Away." Critics said she sounded too white. Later they would say things that contradicted that statement. Ella treated notes like notes instead of interpreting them to a "black style." She was more concerned with being a singer than what color her skin happened to be.

From her big-band phase of the '30s and '40s, to her bebop scat style that ruled the '40s and early '50s, Fitzgerald's voice flowed around rhythms with uncanny precision and subtlety.

She sang with almost everyone and covered songs for almost everyone. She was one of the pioneers of vocalists who had songwriters composing specifically for them. A brief list of artists and composers reads like a who's who of jazz giants.

Louis Armstrong, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Rodgers and Hart, Duke Ellington, Harold Arlen, Gershwin, Ellis Larkins and many others. For those looking to start an Ella collection, the CD "Pure Ella" (Decca) is one of the better collections in jazz. Mostly standards & duets is an early 50s prelude to the "Songbook" series. Also, "Ella & Louis" (Verve), her first full-length recording with Louis Armstrong, is outstanding. And for Fitzgerald shook down with more scat, try "The Complete Ella in Berlin" or "Ella in Rome: The Birthday Concert" (both Verve.) And finally the CD below is one of the best you can find.

Ella Fitzgerald
Something To Live For
Verve

PBS aired the documentary of the same name in December of this last century (12.99) as an American Masters series. If you get a chance to see it when they run it again, it might be the best

two hours you spend in front of a television.

This 2 cd set covers both Ella's first 20 years on the Decca label and her subsequent period with Verve. Ella is the one true Diva of all time. Forget what you see on VH1. This record is aptly named, but other appropriate names would be "Ella, the Queen of all female vocalists" or "Ella, the woman all singers should aspire to be." That and the fact that she won 14 Grammys (although this should be 15) make her the undisputed Queen of jazz & blues.

If you only purchase one Ella Fitzgerald cd in your entire life, this is the one to get. A masterpiece that will outlive any century past or present. Her spine tingling version of "Round Midnight" is the best ever put on tape and that includes versions by jazz monsters like John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins and countless others. If you aren't convinced, you need only go back to the cd title. It will surely give you "Something To Live For."

Kurt Rosenwinkel
The Enemies of Energy
Verve

Two important dates in January 2000 to remember: January 16, the new series of *The Sopranos* airs on HBO, and January 11 is the release date of Kurt Rosenwinkel's Verve debut, "The Enemies of Energy." His name may cause you to think anesthetic or non musical, like a CPA or an investment broker. That makes for real irony as the truth is far from that. This guy is a player. Although he plays some piano, and does it well, guitar is his main tool of expression. His strength, however, lies in his impeccable voicing. A man who first listened to rock virtuoso Randy Rhodes before being converted to jazz by Scofield, Frisell & Metheny. Now that will teach you about voicing, or make you quit playing altogether. Lucky for us, he stuck with it, as the result is some of the most fluid guitar playing in years. The guy just sparkles.

Kurt spent some time at Berklee before jumping into the NYC jazz club scene where he still plays guitar for Paul Motian's Electric BeBop Band.

His sound is very unique. You can easily hear the Scofield/Metheny influence, but the record is also full of vamps from early jazz greats as saxophonist Mark Turner does the honors on the horn parts.

Kurt seems to move easily from quiet acoustic to fusionist erratic solos with great ease. Nothing sounds uncomfortable, like a soundtrack to a cool independent flick or a street performer documentary. Hard to describe, easy to listen to. Like I said, this guy is just a player.

McCoy Tyner w/Stanley Clarke and Al Foster
Telarc Jazz

McCoy Tyner shows up in Philly with guys like Bud Powell and John Coltrane. Must be something in the make. Thirteen years later bassist trailblazer Stanley Clarke was born... in Philly.

Tyner has played on some of the best jazz records ever. Not to mention he was the pianist for the John Coltrane Quartet from 1960 to 1965 (one of the greatest jazz quartets of all time) and dozens of studio solo efforts since.

Now he appears to be setting his sights on the 2000's.

You could say that monsters like Clarke and drummer Al Foster on your record it's easy to sound great. Not so. Tyner brings new life into the classic jazz trio of piano, bass and drums. These aren't hired guns, these guys play together and inject their own styles into the record. There are parts of this record that go from great jazz standards to masterful originals.

Adding this to your collection will force you to check out other records that any of these three play on and you won't go wrong with any of these selections.

If you were wondering where jazz is headed in the next century, this is one strong path that will be followed by more guys in groups of three.



Curtis "Superfly" Mayfield:

dead at 57: The planet mourns the death of a ghetto original.

By Revered Christopher Swanson

Although his songs were made popular to my generation by artists such as Ice-T and the Beastie Boys. The loss of Curtis Mayfield will be felt by all genres of the music community, old and new.

Whether your introduction to the late great came with The Impressions classic "Gypsy Woman" or Ice-T's power hit "Pusher" there was no dispute over whether or not Curtis was the man. He was all that and more. When other soul singers were talking about "getting home" to their baby, Mayfield considered the real issues of the urban community; namely civil rights, drug addiction, and the hereafter. He influenced and broadened the horizons of Marvin Gaye, James Brown, and Sam Cooke with his loose, down on the corner philosophy. Inspiring hits like "What's Going On", "Say It Loud-I'm Black and I'm Proud", and "A Change is Gonna Come".

Curtis Mayfield was born June 3, 1942 in Chicago, IL. Reared on gospel music he

started his own musical education at an early age by teaching himself to play guitar. His unique technique? He tuned his guitar to the black keys on the piano. Ever the internal innovator.

From all accounts his first band was The Roosters, that was in 1956. In 1958 they became The Impressions and scored their first top 20 hit with "For Your Precious Love". But it wasn't until 1964 that Mayfield turned the eyes of the world to the ghetto. His civil rights anthem "Keep On Pushing", the first R&B single to directly recognize the movement and utterly change poetry in black music forever, was a Top 10 Hit. Curtis had arrived.

Over the next two decades he would crank out a series of funk classics culminating with his masterpiece soundtrack for the movie "Superfly". He enjoyed success and even had his own record label shyly named 'Curtodom' for a brief stint. The curtain appeared to close for Curtis in 1990 when a freak accident involving a stage lighting rig collapsing in the middle of his set in Brooklyn left him confined to a wheelchair, a paraplegic for the rest of his life. But even this severe tragedy wouldn't completely stop him. He released his final album in 1996.

As a result of his energy and contributions he received double induction into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame before he died and this year he is to be honored with a Lifetime Achievement Grammy, a reward he wouldn't live to receive.

So now along with y2k madness, the WTO, and all the other general lunacy the nineties have given us they also can be remembered as the decade of the fall of Curtis Mayfield. Can it possibly get any weirder than this?

OUTSIGHT

CONTINUED

material on this 2-CD, it is an excellent document of the growth of the Britain's premier art-pop group. The material, much of it Peel Sessions, covers the years 1982 to 1996. Ambient and atmospheric, moody and magical, this is the voice of Elizabeth Fraser leading the way for similarly arranged female-fronted bands. Owing much to her is today's Morcheeba, Lisa Gerrard/Dead Can Dance, Sarah McLachlan, etc. Emotional and revealing, the corpus of Cocteau Twins is a noir, psychological unveiling. Importantly, twenty-three of the thirty tracks presented here predate the group's unfortunate nose dice into aconfectionery, commercial reduction of their art. (4)

Men of Pom *Porn American Style* Man's Ruin Records

Men of Pom is a supergroup comprising the men of heavy groove stoner rock. Leading the band is vocalist Tim Moss (Ritual Device). Backing him in this sludge-fest is former members of Helios Creed, Acid King and Swans. "Porn American Style" is a slow-temp, high-distortion journey to the x-th generation spawn of Black Sabbath. Sinister, searing songs scream out for showcasing at your next black light bong session. (3.5)

Will Roy Sanders *The Last Living Bluesman* Shangri-La Projects

Arguably, the pinnacle of Delta acoustic Blues activity that formed the basis for rock-n-roll and the American popular sound was in the pre-World War II decades of the '30's and '40's. Shangri-La releases "The Last Living Bluesman" when the masters that formulated the sounds then are now octogenarians and rapidly dying off. Whether or not Sanders is truly the last living representative of this time, he is a convenient and suitable totem of the disappearing past. Sanders actually got his start in Memphis blues bands in the early '50's. A decade later he authored "Crosscut Saw. This "became a big hit for Albert King. His 1964 recording with The Binghampton Blues Boys is one of two period recordings on this disc. The other cuts, recorded 1997-1999, echo back to that time. They feature a haunting, sparse and authentic Delta blues delivery. Colorful, anecdotal tales introduce each track on this recording that is also a soundtrack to the documentary film "Will Roy Sanders: The Last Living Bluesman," (4.5)

100 Watt Smile *And Reason Flew* Thirsty Ear

Lyricist Carrier Bradley plays guitar and violin in this example of sophisticated indie pop. Carrie honed her craft of word play in avant-folk performance art project/band Ed's Redeeming Qualities. The group takes an expansive approach to rock music. This probably stems from Carries stated affinity for Leonard Bernstein and her theatric roots. The group entire admits to the inspiration of several Top 40 acts of the past decade. Instead of trying for a sound to fill an arena, the group fills each song with their quirks. The result is sudden changes and unexpected arrangements in these pop rock scherzos. It is surreal, poetic lyrics and eclectic construction make "And Reason Flew" unique and memorable. (3)

Stitch Wynston *Stitch Wynston's Modern Surfaces* Buzz Records

Special guest on this recording is pianist Paul Bley. Drummer Stitch Wynston also provides

piano as well as vocals in his trio group Modern Surfaces. Rounding out the instrumentation is guitar and sax. The approach for modern surfaces is sparse and multi-faceted. Sometimes this is a light, almost whimsical feeling, as on "Environments I" which features birdsong. However, on "Hamentosh McFarfel" the group shears away at a sharper angle to reveal something harsh, yet restrained. What threatens to thunder gives way to an understated saxophone resolution. Intelligent and modern, this piano-bolstered jazz trio offers aural beauty of a deceptive simplicity. I find myself repeatedly drawn to its charms. Ideal for the border-time of twilight, this disc crosses the border from contemporary ensemble jazz into quietly evocative art-music. (4.5)

Lawrence Ferlinghetti *A Coney Island of the Mind* Rykodisc

Jim Sampas and producer extraordinaire David Greenberg ("Duplex Planet") got together to right an unforgivable wrong in the beat poet discography. Before this release, there was no complete CD album of Ferlinghetti's thirty-poem cycle, "The Coney Island of the Mind." Musical accompaniment to the beat bard's spoken word is the surviving members of Morphine. Dana Colley on the horns Billy Conway on drums accompany the master wordsmith, with other musicians. Each piece has its own backing music, seeking affinity with its mood. Ferlinghetti similarly varies his voice for each short poem. At once he is a self-assured New 'Yawker,' then an austere commentator with a papery voice. It is natural to contrast Ferlinghetti with Ginsberg, because with "Howl" Ferlinghetti's signature piece is a perfect example of the beat literature. It is a union of sexual imagery and introspection into the soul of youthful America. Where Ginsberg is an evangelist, a visionary for his cause, Ferlinghetti effortlessly and without drama summons up his observations. While Ginsberg views a soulless and decadent America from a tenement rooftop, Ferlinghetti sees as far from a bus stop, from an afternoon delight in a Central Park bush. Five other pieces follow the complete cycle. (4)

Ataraxia *Lost Atlantis* Cold Meat Industry/Cruel Moon International

Ataraxia is a band very much enamored of Atlantis and the idea of a magical, mythical, lost land. Light keyboard melodies and programmed drums frame the salient feature of this group. That is, the voice of Francesca Nicolli. Multitracked and soaring she brings to mind arias and plainchants. Classical, acoustic guitars complete a medieval feel - ready for nostalgic narration. The cities of Atlantis, its fauna and neighbors also figure in to this concept album. The group refers to the work as a "pagan symphony." (3)

Sister Carol *Isis* Tuff Gong

Sister Carol mixes the modes of hip-hop with deep dub from Jamaica. Many say that these dancehall derivations are the roots of rap. It is no wonder than that this powerful vocalist and straight-up plain speaker draws in crowds of dreadlocked Rastas and tracksuit wearing trend followers. On this album, Sister Carol looks back to a serious car accident that almost cost her life. On "Ezekiel 37" she looks over the same verses that gave us the popular hymn about the uniting bones ("The leg bone connected to the hip bone..."). For her, these verses cause her to recognize the hand of Jah in her life. This strong spirituality and a focus on contemporary issues ("HIV," "Womb-Man," etc.) makes this an excellent example of sub-tropical, vocal dance music and the Sister publishing the word. (4)

Arto Lindsay *Prize* Righteous Babe Records

Arto Lindsay shook up the music scene in New York as a member of DNA and part of the No Wave movement. Here Arto returns to his Brazilian roots for an album of English and Portuguese beat pop. Occasional bursts of guitar-based noise are subtle suggestions of Lindsay's more challenging earlier work. Guest on this exquisite, tropical art-pop album include premier Brazilian guitarist Vinicius Cantuaria in a solo performance of "Manners," rapper Beans (the Anti-Pop Consortium) and Brian Eno. In recent years, Arto has been making bossa nova influenced albums. This comes as no surprise as the artists grew up in Brazil during the country's fertile Tropicalia movement of the '60's. Like Tropicalia groups before him, Arto mixes native styles with American rhythms: rock meets samba with electronic instruments. On pieces like "E Ai Esqueco" Arto brings in from bossa nova a subtle and casually whispered song. "Prize" is a career-topping album from a matured songwriter. (4.5)

John Linnell *State Songs* Zoe/Rounder

John Linnell's quirky album "State Songs" celebrates portions of our Union. Some pieces go for a very historic feel, like the paper roll played on a Wurlitzer 103 Band organ for "Illinois." The theme setting "The Songs of the 50 States" is very much in the style of Linnell's They Might Be Giants. It also effects an odd paranoia. Linnell himself sits down at the organ to sing the praises of West Virginia for a surf-inspired sound. The rest of the album is a delightful blend of organ-fueled vintage pop and radio-ready power pop. The concept album concludes with a long environmental recording of a marching band that makes for a sad goodbye to the whole album. (3)

Jared Louche and the Aliens *Covergirl* Invisible Records

The front man of noisy "machine rock" band Chemlab turns to re-creation. The wizard conjurs up a new version of one Chemlab tune ("Suicide Jag") and others by Bryan Ferry ("Into Every Dream Must Come Some Heartache"), Iggy Pop ("Sister Midnight," "Search and Destroy), Love ("7 and 7 is...") and others. This is Louche's first release after Chemlab. Joining him here is such industrial music luminaries as JG Coleman (Cop Shoot Cop, Phylr), Martin Atkins (Pigface), Martin King (Test Dept, Subgenius) and others. Jared does not play an instrument but instead "orchestrated" each track. A different line-up of rock musicians each time makes reality the version of the song that Jared imagined. The most successful reworking is the sci-fi lounge-jazz of "Suicide Jag." Jared gives similar treatment to Sinatra's "Summer Wind." Who knows? Maybe Jared Lounge is our first post-industrial song stylist ready for a robot-ready room in Vegas. (3)

Psychic TV *Origin of the Species, Volume Tool: Psychic TV 1988-1994* Invisible Records

In the late '80's Psychic TV became less of a post-Throbbing Gristle noise project and more of an acid-inspired beat music project. Reverb and sound samples meet loops and funky rhythms on the two-CD retrospective of Psychic TV's psychedelic dance years. Also known as the "Third" and "Fourth Tablet of Acid," these discs find Genesis P-Orridge taking a mind expanding, freak-beat approach for bringing something interesting to the dancefloor. "Origin of the Species" is an "out there" collection of hallucinogenic audio hijinx. (5)

Brant Bjork *Jalamanta* Man's Ruin Records

Brant Bjork is, through his position in Fu Manchu and Kyuss, the defining drummer for the contemporary "stoner rock" sound. With "Jalamanta," a side project years in the making, Bjork introduces what could be "stoner rock soul" or, perhaps, "stoner rock blues." These instrumental tracks use a backlit, black light lava lamp for a metronome. It's all about crashing out on a big pile of paisley decorated pillows and soaking up the sounds. A loose, jam-like atmosphere pervades the twelve-track album. The easy, psychedelic groove is a transport to outer space and a cannabis surrogate for the inner space. (3.5)

Lead Belly *Bridging Lead Belly* Rounder

"Bridging Lead Belly" connects two Lead Belly recording sessions. The first is twelve tracks recorded for the BBC in 1938. The final five selections come from a 1946 live recording. Lead Belly is a master of the acoustic country blues. We hear this on the yodeling of "I'm Goin' Mother" that he shares the same roots with another rural tradition, that of the "singing cowboy." Beside such melancholy ballads, there are hearty tracks full of pep such as "Boll Weevil" and "(Baby) Take a Whiff on Me." The live recording is from a house party. A real gem in this section is "Frankie and Albert." Here Lead Belly elaborates to great length on the relationship. He does this - to the point where it becomes part soap opera and part social drama - of these two mythical figures of the blues. (4)

VIDEO

"Stop Making Sense" Jonathan Demme, Director Palm Pictures

The classic rock film and Talking Heads documentary, "Stop Making Sense" is now digitally remixed and remastered for its VHS 15th Anniversary re-release and DVD premier by Palm Pictures. Director for this film is Jonathan Demme (Silence of the Lambs, Philadelphia) and Jordan Cronenweth (Blade Runner, Altered States) handles cinematography. This film spotlights the band on their 1983 tour; the crest of the group's '77 - '88 life span. Demme is keenly aware of these art school students' integration of modernism and infectious New Wave pop. From the films beginning with a hilarious mock interview through to the concert footage in front of three giant project screens, the film smoothly builds in energy. Demme successfully translates to the small screen the impact of visual elements based around singer David Byrne from his geometric suit to angular motions. (4.5)

"The Wizard of Gore" H. G. Lewis, Director Something Weird Video

Montag is mysterious and all-powerful magician given to philosophizing on the nature of reality and perception in H.G. Lewis most gory ventures. It seems Montag on-stage tricks, like sawing a woman in half, is harmless to the audience volunteer, but only for the moment. Quickly, Montag's typified gore leads to actual death off-stage for all his hapless volunteers turned victims. A couple of plucky audience members try to thwart the evil genius and along the way the viewer is treated to many bloody scenes courtesy of Lewis' sopping and sanguine special effects. (3)

Support Your Local Underground Film Maker and Film Festival

We all know about The Sundance Film Festival. We have all seen the yearly appearance of Robert Redford in Park City on the nightly news. . . . and we all bitch about those out of state richies who come to our town with their Hollywood attitude and GAP water bottles. If you work in the customer service world, you have waited on them, watching first hand their smoozing in action.

Sundance is not the only Film Festival that happens in Park City every January. For the past six years several alternatives to Sundance have emerged from the shadows. Slamdance. Slum Dance. Slam Dunk. Son of Sam Dance. Soul Dance. Tromadance. No Dance. These film festivals offer chances to check out films that would otherwise not be screened in Park City. Some showings are in the back of vans or in rented hotel rooms. Whatever the case . . . these die hard film lovers just want their work to be seen. Who cares about a distribution deal? If that happens . . . it's a dream come true, but that's not the point.

Among these festivals, one of the first organized group to rise against Sundance was Slamdance. After being rejected for Sundance, a handful of film makers decided to have their own version of the festival . . . calling it Slamdance. Slamdance prides

themselves on being run by film makers for film makers. Here is an interview with Peter Baxter, a founding member of Slamdance one of the first organized group of film makers to rise against Sundance and start their own.

SLUG: Isn't this the sixth year for Slamdance?

BAXTER: Yes, we're actually just past our fifth birthday, and this will be the sixth festival coming up.

SLUG: Didn't you do a mid-year Festival last June?

BAXTER: Yes, It was the first Festival that we did in Park City in the Summer. We really liked the size of it in Park City during January. We can speak to all the filmmakers, it's not too big and it's more intimate.

The film makers can speak to the publicists, no one is turned away. We like that size. So instead of thinking about how the festival can grow, what can the festival be, we decided to go out on the road, take some of the films that played in the festival during January to different places in America. Now this goes nationally as well. We've been finding that when we go to these places audiences like to see them and want to have us back. That's one of the reasons why we went back to Park City this summer. It was also part of our documentary program. This is the first time we've done this on the road with Documentaries. During '99 we've been to Stockholm, Caines and Santiago, Chili. As well as the Smithsonian in Washington, and Baltimore, L.A., New York. We've had a very full calendar of taking these festival films out on the road.

SLUG: Do you plan on doing this again in 2000?

BAXTER: Yea we do. We've already got a

date organized with the Smithsonian in Washington and again in London, and Los Angeles . . . so it will be a similar number.

SLUG: I read somewhere that Park City council members were scheduled to vote on the return of Slamdance and other alternative film festivals . . . in efforts to keep them out. Did that ever happen?

BAXTER: Well it's been a difficult year in organizing the festival in Park City. For some of the reasons that you have just brought up there.

That was an issue for them. They felt that there were just too many things going on in Park City during that time of the year. We were able to sort it all out with the city and we are very happy to be there this year.


SLUG: Do you think Slamdance is here to stay?

BAXTER: We've been there for the last five years, every year there seems to be something different that comes up making it difficult to

organize, and each year we've been able to somehow make it work. Our intention is to stay during January, basically because it helps the film maker, because all the film industry people are there at this time of the year. I don't really think we are a competition to Sundance. I think now they really do a different thing than us and I think it's nice when people say we are going to go to Park City and not just for Sundance. They appreciate the fact that there are other things to see than just Sundance. It has become an important calendar stop for the industry.

A new network of underground film is on the rise in Park City. I suggest you get off your ass and see for yourself what it is all about. Slamdance will take place in Park City @ The Treasure Mountain Inn 1/22-29 2000. For more information on Slamdance, check out their Web site: slamdance.com.

—sasha



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Jan 18 - Keith Stubbs
Jan 25 - Benqt Washburn
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Tournament 8p.m.

Wednesdays
Live D.J. Dancing w/
Resident D.J. Juliette
w/ 2 special guests weekly
*Ragin Ryan's Unreal
Tournament 8p.m.

POOL TOURNAMENTS
8
Sunday = 9 Ball @ 7pm
Tuesday = 8 Ball @ 7pm

SS LIVE MUSIC SS

Thursdays
1/6 Cobb & Fall of Olive
1/13 Moon Family & TBA
1/20 Shiv & Casa Diablo
1/27 Vicious Delicious & JJ Flash

Fridays
1/7 Tam & The Drunks
1/14 Sand & Fistfull & Throw Away Generation
1/21 Last Drop & TBA
1/28 Ursula Tree & Jenny Jenson & Joshua Payne Orchestra

Saturdays
1/8 White City Ganja Coalition & 7-Grand
1/15 Ineffect & Vessel
1/22 Worm Drive & TBA & Zambu Fly
1/29 Jesus Rides a Rikshaw & Cryptobiotic

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HARRY THE DIRTY DOG

J. D. Zeigler

Not for a moment did Harry believe he'd been hypnotized. His wife, Sally, and their two friends, Bob and Nancy, insisted that, indeed, he had. They told him he'd been up on stage with the Great Klezmo, "Hypnotist to the Stars", regressing to past lives and barking like a dog for all to see. Harry would have none of it. If he'd made such a fool of himself in front of a whole nightclub full of people, he was sure he'd remember it.

But Monday morning, on his way to work, he felt unbearably confined in his little Subaru. Frantically he rolled down his window and drove with his head stuck completely out of the car. The air temperature was all of thirty, and he was doing sixty-five mile per hour, but the cold wind felt wonderful as it whistled past his ears.

"I don't understand how you got an earache on both sides," said Sally later that evening as she dosed each ear with drops.

Harry scratched at the cotton wads that she'd stuck in his ear canals. "Must be something going around at work," he said. He cuffed vigorously at his left ear. Damn itchy cotton!

"Stop that! You pull it out," commanded Sally, her voice muffled by the earplugs. "Now be a good boy and go lie down. The doctor said you should get some bed rest."

It was several days before Harry's earaches cleared up and he could resume jogging with Bob again. When he finally got his clean bill of health, he was so excited to be allowed outside that he could hardly contain his energy while he waited for Bob to tie his sneakers.

"Jesus, you're antsy," Bob said, looking at Harry who was pacing impatiently around in a circle. Shoes tied, he got up to run but Harry was already gone, speeding down the street like an unleashed hound on a fresh trail.

Later, after they'd completed their three-mile circuit (Harry bounding ahead of Bob all the way), they sat on Bob's front steps to catch their breaths and cool down. It was amazing how just a few days off could affect his wind, thought Harry, panting heavily.

"Why are you sticking your tongue

out?" asked Bob suddenly.

"Huh?"

"Your tongue is sticking out. Don't tell me you don't notice it."

Harry hadn't noticed. But now that Bob mentioned it, his mouth was dry and there was saliva on his chin. He pulled his tongue back behind his lips and wiped the slobber off with the back of his hand. "Sorry, I was just trying to keep the old eustachian tubes open. Sometimes after an earache they block up."

One week later when Harry was in an important meeting at work he had to excuse himself and leave the room quickly. Todd, the overbearing ass of a sales manager, had blamed Harry's department for the loss of some of his accounts. The damn fool lost those customers because of his own incompetence, Harry thought angrily. Then an irresistible urge to bite Todd nearly overcame him and he had to flee before he started to growl.

That evening Harry called the nightclub for the Great Klezmo's phone number. At first the manager was reluctant to give it to him, but when Harry said that it was an emergency, he relented. Nervousness making his hands as clumsy as paws, Harry dialed three times before he got the number right. The Great Klezmo picked up on the tenth ring.

"This is Harry Francis, you hypnotized me two weeks ago." Harry said.

"I'm sorry Mr. Francis, but I don't recall you. I hypnotize many volunteers during my performances."

"You made me bark like a dog," Harry explained.

"I make everybody bark like a dog, Mr. Francis," said the Great Klezmo flatly. "I know, but now I can't stop acting like a dog!" howled Harry, expecting that the hypnotist would say something to make him snap out of it.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Francis. The effects of hypnotism are only temporary. Perhaps something else is ailing you," suggested Klezmo before he hung up.

Baffled and angry, Harry stood beside the phone for several minutes lost in thought. But he snapped out of his funk when he heard Sally call to him from the bedroom, her voice damp with the promise of sex, "Harry, come in here, you bad boy! Let's do it doggie style tonight!"

What's Up

With
GEORGE?

this last month I...

missed my deadline

got a hernia

found some crack in a hat

got pee on some of my records

got drunk on the ol SLUG tab at
Brewvies

sat in bed naked watching the
world not end for 5 hours
straight

electronically manipulated a
national mail order mogul

stepped over a
soggy pile of Leif

got right with God
on these very streets



CD Reviews

Straight Outta Burbank V/A Bomp Records 25th Anniversary Compilation

Bomp/Alive/Total Energy Records

Bomp Records, the creation of Greg Shaw, is the only punk/garage independent label that has lasted over 25 years. While other labels have fallen by the wayside, or affiliated with the majors, Bomp has remained true to the spirit of DIY and in the process has become something of an underground legend. On this compilation there is a combination of both old and new releases from the Bomp catalog. Disc One is a montage of almost 30 years of great garage and punk with such legends as Iggy and the Stooges, the Dils, Dead Boys, Zeros, and the Weirdos. Alive/Total Energy Records who joined Bomp in 1994 compiled Disc Two. Some of the more notables on this disc include: The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, U.S. Bombs, Tav Falco, and Sun Ra & His Solar Myth Arkestra. Give this a listen, and it's guaranteed to make you wish you had listened closer the first time around.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Right Now! The Zeros

Bomp Records

What? You haven't heard of the Zeros? Well, my friend, you had better get a clue. These guys have been kicking ass since 1977! I think one of the best descriptions of them was when they were called the "Mexican Ramones" by Rolling Stone magazine. What first caught my attention about this CD was the cover of one of my favorite songs, 'Pushin' too Hard' by the Seeds. The Zeros version is just as good, if not better than the original. The other cover that caught my attention was one that has been done by the Cramps and the Fuzztones, originally by the Sonics, the song 'Strychnine' is a real standout on this album, but don't worry, the original material is just as good. This is an album that has been in constant rotation at my house since it arrived. Get this album and hear firsthand some of the best music to come out of Los Angeles in a long, long time.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Fallow The Weakerthans

Sub City Records

The opening track on Fallow is a solo acoustic guitar with a haunting melody and voice. I could feel the Lou Reed vibe going on for a minute, and then the music evolved into a

fuller, more textured "band"-oriented fare. The lyrics are amazing. All in all, I would say that this is a very dynamic, well-written album, and I enjoyed the music from beginning to end, and that's saying a lot for me.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Cul-de-Sacs and Dead Ends

The Minders

Spin Art Records

Low-fi, jangly guitars, and some pretty background vocals. This album sounds like it was made in the '60s or something. There was the definite psychedelic feeling. I took some acid, and listened to this album so loud that I couldn't hear it anymore. My eyes were filled with snakes, and the day never going to end. I made my way through the portals of my mind, and danced with yellow monkeys along the way. To quote the band, "I'm hungry, but I'm still smilin."

-Jeremy Cardenas

The Arrow Dynamic Sounds of

Davie Allan & The Arrows

Total Energy Records

Davie Allan is a surf-legend. Whatever that means. Did he invent surfing? Did he write 'Wipeout'? Does he even surf? I don't know. All I know is that this is a good album. I put it on, and immediately started doing 'the Shag,' and various other kooky surf dances, until my mom came in and told me to hit the sack. That is the sign of a good surf album: Does it make you dance like John Travolta in Pulp Fiction? If it does, then it's good, if it doesn't then it goes in the trash.

-Jeremy Cardenas

November Heat

Certain General

Alive Records

This album originally came out in 1983. Around 1983 there were a lot of burnt out New Wavers© and Punk Rockers© who were looking for a wonderful new sound that would make them feel as good as they once did. So, they started listening to groups like R.E.M, and the Replacements, grew up and became investment bankers, and forgot all about their dirty little pasts. This album reminds me of their dirty little pasts. It sounds like Echo and the Bunnymen, and it makes me want to put on eye make-up, a frilly pink tutu, and dance around complaining about how no one understands me.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Lauren Hoffman From the Blue House

Free Union Records

Melodic, beautiful, well-written, good song structure, thoughtful, acoustic, genuine, and thought-provoking enough to make me run out and hug the nearest tree. This album reminded me of Edie Brickell & New Bohemians. Wonderful.

-Jeremy Cardenas

NOFX

The Decline

Fat Wreck Chords

This is an album with only one song. The song is about 25 minutes long. The only way I can describe it is; "Epic, a journey into the cerebral cortex of a band on the edge." "A testament to the staying power, and dynamic pop sensibilities of a band possessed by booze, pills, and barium enemas." "The next logical progression, NOFX is the Pink Floyd of the '90's and beyond!"

-Jeremy Cardenas

The Misfits

Famous Monsters

Roadrunner Records

I hope to hell that you're not expecting any old Misfits style music on this album, because you will be sorely disappointed. This is a new band. This band is only using the name 'Misfits' to lure you out to listen. If this album didn't have the moniker, it would be a half-rate speed metal band somewhere in Des Moines, Iowa. No edge, and no dice for this reviewer.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Total Chaos

In God We Kill

Cleopatra Records

Fast, Hard, Loud, and Fucking Good! This album made me want to put my hair in liberty spikes and go around creating civil unrest. I had never heard this band, but I guarantee you I will listen from now on.

-Jeremy Cardenas

The Criminals

Burning Flesh and Broken Fingers

Adeline Records

I'll let the band sum up this new album in their own words; "The angry ouija board has sent us to destroy the city of Berkeley, so run for your fucking life!" Enough said.

-Jeremy Cardenas

The Huntingtons

Get Lost

Tooth and Nail Records

The Huntingtons sound like the Ramones. They sound so much like the Ramones that I took this album off, and put on a Ramones album. Even the cover looked like a Ramones cover. I wonder what the Ramones think of all this.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Mindless Self Indulgence

Frankenstein Girls Will Seem Strangely Sexy

Elektra/Uppity Cracker

I reviewed another album by this band a few months back, and here they come with yet another installment. Noisy, abrasive, industrial, jungle, pussy punk at it's finest. This is an album for the S&M person in your life.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Les Savy Fan

The Cat and the Cobra

Frenchkiss Records

Sonic Youth inspired cacophony with moments of beautifully orchestrated guitar and voice interaction. A soundtrack to bleak and lonely times I have spent abroad living in youth hostels, and making my way across Europe with nothing but a smile and a pocket full of change. My heart is warmed that someone finally understands me. Thank you Les Savy Fan, thank you.

-Jeremy Cardenas

Magnolia/ original motion picture sound trac

Reprise/Warner Bros.

Subtitled "songs by Aimee Mann," this generously outfitted soundtrack boasts 9 tunes from the greatly missed Mann (she of the 80's group 'Til Tuesday, and 90's solo fame) that serves two purposes: first the backdrop to filmmaker Paul Thomas Anderson's latest opus, "Magnolia," but also a preview of sorts for Mann's upcoming solo work. This is the most welcome type of soundtrack recording, because it truly showcases one artist/performer, rather than just one or two of their songs. What is most surprising is how Anderson confesses to the inspiration of listening to Mann's music while writing his screenplay and how her depth and insight as a songwriter played in writing dialogue for his characters in the film. In the liner notes, Anderson states it best when he says: "I sat down to write an adaptation of Aimee Mann songs...So here it is, the perfect memento to remember the movie—or you can look at the movie as the perfect memento to remember the songs that Aimee had made."

Starting with her cover of Harry Nilsson's "One," the soundtrack is filled with Mann originals (both new and previously released) that take almost no time to bore into the brain. In fact, after only the second or third listen, these songs feel so comfortable that you might just start singing along to them. Mann has rarely strayed too far from her signature "victim/nobody loves me" point of view, and thankfully she hasn't here, with "Deathly," "Driving Sideways," and the gorgeous "Save Me," fitting that bill nicely. Even the pretty instrumental "Nothing is Good Enough," still boasts a sad tinge to it. Which is not to say that any of Mann's work should be viewed as "depressing" or "morbid." On the contrary, like the best of her prior work, there is a knowing sadness and maturity that few singer/songwriters ever achieve. And it's all sung with Mann's lush soprano.

Though I'm not sure what use the two Supertramp tunes included here serve in the movie, nor Gabrielle's "Dreams," the Jon Brion instrumental title tune at least connects back to Mann. (Brion, that prolific producer has worked with Mann before, and even produced and played on several of her tunes here.) I guess like his much-publicized "Boogie Nights" before it, having the soundtrack to wet one's appetite prior to the film's release, Paul Thomas Anderson's "Magnolia" is certainly now one of the season's most eagerly-anticipated films; if not for the movie itself, more importantly for the Aimee Mann songs that inspired it.

—Son of Damion

Hospital Food

Suburban Zoo

For all of those sad kids out there who don't know, Hospital Food is a local act who can play on par with a lot of the larger Californian style punk outfits. Sadly I haven't seen these guys in action, but their debut album SUBURBAN ZOO is definitely a solid release. The music itself is reminiscent of all those bands on Theologian Records, fitting right into that surf/snowboard punk which is so pervasive today. However, Luke Watkins singing gives the band substantially bigger balls than a lot of the pop punk bands which are always "on sale" at Sam Goody (and other music stores known for raping poor bastards who don't realize that CDs can be had for under \$20). I hope that Hospital Food makes it beyond Utah, because they are better than a hell of a lot of bands I've heard recently. Check them out at members.aol.com/markhayman/hospital/hf2.html

—Big Daddy

Dropzone

Pint Size Punks

Skate-Key Records

Dropzone is a band comprised of kids who are 14, 15, and 16 years old. Like you might expect, they have fun with their music and it



Phillip Smart. If you ever wondered what dub is, then this can give you the answer. Songs like Lee Perry's "Rally Dub" and King Tubby's "Pegasus Rock" work your body into a slow groove which can be hard to break out of. The thick effects which create these dubs reach the point of perfection in JoJo Hookim's "Moses Dub", a song which any dub fan really should hear.

—Big Daddy

**Tarot Bolero
Vaudeville Rising
Ace Fu Records**

The best way to describe this is "ah, what the fuck is this!" Okay, I'll try to explain it a little better. The music that plays when you ride the horse carousel at the fair, with Nick Cave singing dopey lyrics, my best description. When I picked it up, it seemed interesting because of all the cool rockabilly cartoon flames on the case. My mistake; looks are deceiving. At first listen, I was laughing and exclaiming, "How cool." Then after a couple of songs, I found it really annoying and reached for the eject button. From what I got out of their press kit is that they get crazy on stage and that they are fun as shit live. This might be true, and I would be interested to see them; but on record, I found it boring, and not very exciting. Those damn organs and shitty vocals kept grating on my nerves, comparable to nails on a chalkboard. Like the bar saloon songs of the old west, cool for novelty's sake for about five minutes, but not on a whole CD. Children who steal their mommies dresses, paint their faces, and dance at clubs that play the same scary music from twelve years ago night after night might enjoy this. They could do that funny 'pick the flowers' dance that people were doing at Pompadour and Confetti's, back when I was a youngster eons ago.

—Keolar7

Highway 13

shines through in songs like "Punk Rock Girl". The lyrics really demonstrate the band's youth, but surprisingly nothing else does. Musically the members may as well be jaded pop-punk veterans (now try to imagine what a "jaded pop-punk veteran" would look like . . . hmmm), combining chords and beats as well as anyone in that genre. High schoolers would love Dropzone since their music deals with the girl trauma we all went through before discovering liquor (actually I started tipping the bottle at 12, but I imagine some seventh graders aren't drunks). Actually if you just want some "wholesome punk" which shys away from explicit sex, Jack Daniel's, burning the flag, and smoking crack (the kind of stuff which people outside of this "religiously challenged" state get into about the time a typical Mormon is shipped off to convert "heathens" in Africa), then these teenagers are your answer.

—Big Daddy

**X-Ray Music/ various artists
Blood and Fire Ltd.**

X-ray Music is a terrific overview of dub music, providing a taste from reggae greats like King Tubby, Prince Jammy, Lee Perry, and

Thrill Show!

Get Hip Records

My friend and fellow SLUG hack, Randy Harward, slid this disc over to me. He knows how crazy I am for rockabilly. YEEHHHAAAHH!!! Good stuff with maximum satisfaction. A three piece, consisting of guitar/vocals, upright bass, and drums, make up this well played record. The style is more traditional rockabilly, 'clean' sound without the distorted guitars that The Reverend Horton Heat uses. Good drinking music that will get your ass a moving. The band is on the Get Hip label, which is an indie label that has a pretty good roster of rockabilly and greaser rock bands, check 'em out on the web; gethip.com. "Come home with your clothes on wrong and whiskey on the breath, lying ass woman, I'm still in love with you", from the song 'Mama Raised A Fool', is a good example of the lyrics. Other songs deal with 'Vegas Train', 'Mustang', 'Hellbound', and 'Roadhouse'; the typical kick-ass and funny topics of rockabilly. Best song of the disc, which gets repeated plays at my joint, is 'Drag Racing in Hell'. A classic story of challenging the devil to a contest; if the devil wins he gets the narrators soul and if the narrator crosses the finish line he gets the satanic flaming cherry car. My only complaint is the references to swing dancing, which I can't stand anymore. Rockabilly and swing? Not for this guy. I prefer the drunken swagger. Works best with a partner and doesn't necessarily have to be at the bar. If any females are interested

—Keolar7

Orange Goblin

Time Traveling Blues

Music Cartel / Rise Above

REAL METAL!!!! Black Sabbath meets Kyuss meets Fu Manchu. That's it! Nailed that description right on the head; where's my fucking prize, dammit!? My neck is still hurting from all that head banging. Acid metal and stoner rock for the nineties; music for the Beavis and Buttheads of the world, (they really exist out there! Ever been to Magna?). This band has the dorkiest name in the world, but they are actually good at what they do. Pretty catchy riffs with tight rhythms that have a groove to them, moves yer butt as you throw the horns and shake your head. Unfortunately, I kept thinking of Kyuss and wishing that they had never broke up. The similarity between Orange Goblin and Kyuss are to close and made it hard to listen to this without a kind of bias. The press kit says that Goblin is from the U.K. (go Spinal Tap!), and that they have received much critical praise from the music magazines in Europe over the release of their debut album. Time Traveling Blues is the groups second platter and it seems to resemble the first release in sonic intensity. This five piece would be cool to see in a smoky bar, murky and dark, with smoke drifting around. Of course, being shit faced would be an added bonus. That way I could better drift off to the cosmic solar systems

that this band obviously orbits. Check out the song titles, "Solarisphere", "Shine", "Nuclear Guru", and "Lunarville 7, Airlock 3". Pretty out there, but the music is a sonically fierce driving force. In fact, the music and how well constructed it's put together is the major factor that influenced me into keeping this CD and not sending it off the recycling bin. I just have to endure the ridicule and shit from my friends over the bands name.

—Keolar7

For Love Not Lisa

The Lost Elephant

Tooth and Nail Records

For the record, let me just state to everyone reading this how much I fucking love this CD!! I mainly review rockabilly, greaser punk, and kick-ass garage rock; but I also listen to indie rock and other forms of music. I will now give a brief lesson on the history of this awesome band. For Love Not Lisa, originating from Oklahoma, released the shitty album called Merge, in 1993. It was overwrought with commercial sound and bogged down in dynamics that didn't work; bored the hell out of me. Maybe realizing that the album lacked any real energy, the band went into the studio and released the sonic and brilliant record entitled Information Superdriveway in 1995. An huge improvement over the first album, Superdriveway should have brought the band critical acclaim and a larger following. Unfortunately, as what happens to most groups, FLNL had signed to a label that could/would not push and support the band and the record. The band dissolved and went on to bigger and better things, (they got a life). Fast forward to 1999, and FLNL is back and stronger then before. They signed to Tooth and Nail, which is the label that gave the poppy punk Christian band MxPx its big break. The Lost Elephant is the new record and it is basically a re-introduction FLNL. It has three new tracks that are lengthy epics, which speak dynamically and colossally. The rest of the songs are rarities, first demo's, and the bands unavailable first EP, Elephant. Cool live pictures and a in depth story of the bands history make up the CD jacket; an added bonus. Best song, "Misery", beautiful and powerful without being cheesy and bland like most songs that are played on the radio. If you like the groups Hum and Shiner, you will dig this, it has that slow to fast, light to heavy textures and progressions. This is what good music is all about; a perfect ten for the current zero of popular music. Get this CD now!!

—Keolar7

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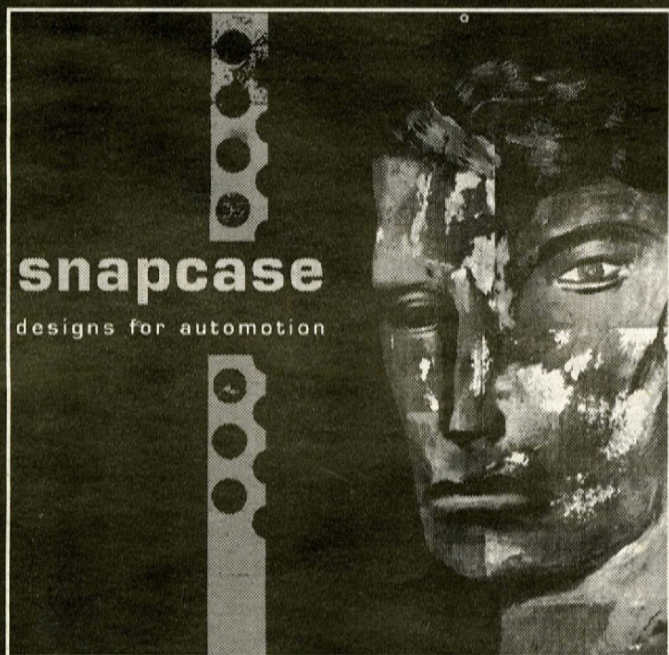
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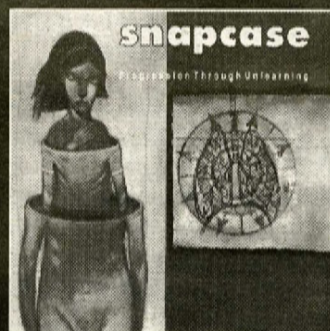


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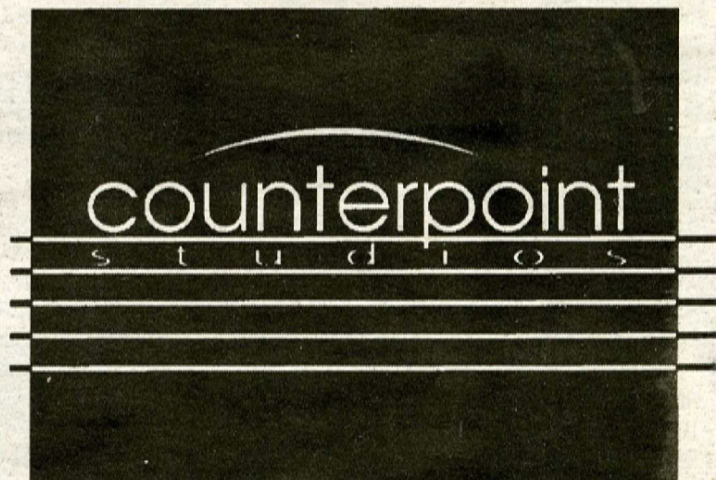
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MISFITS

Interview with Jerry Only of the Misfits
By: Jeremy Cardenas

You may or may not remember my interview with Glen Danzig a couple of months ago, but trust me, I remember. He and I talked about a number of issues, namely; The Misfits, the music of the Misfits, and arm wrestling Henry Rollins. Well, I decided that it would be fitting to let the Misfits try to change your mind about some of the unkind words that were said about them. I was lucky enough to have an editor who has connections in the worlds of rock, pro wrestling, and all things that belong in arenas. She called and asked me if I would like to speak to Jerry Only of the Misfits, and I took her up on it. I was skeptical at first. I knew I would come across as an asshole, and I didn't want to be unfair to Jerry. I listened to their new album, and let the interview tape roll.

The interview started with a phone call to Jerry Only's fathers' machine shop in New Jersey. Jerry and his father have the same name, so I interviewed his father (inadvertantly) for a few minutes, it was hilarious, here is some of the conversation.

Phone rings..

SECRETARY: Hello.

SLUG: Hello, could I speak to Jerry please?

SEC: Yes, may I ask who's calling?

SLUG: Yes, my name's Jeremy, and I'm from SLUG in Salt Lake City.

SEC: I'll see if he's here. Hang on.

At this point Jerry Only Senior gets on the phone. He has a really thick New York accent, but he is boisterous and friendly. In my opinion, talking to someone's father gives a great impression of what kind of person their son is, and Jerry's father gave me an impression of hard working, real people. He was nice.

JERRY SR. Yeah.

SLUG: Hello Jerry. I'm Jeremy from Salt Lake City, how you doing?

JERRY SR. No, I'm his old man, you're looking for Jerry Jr. You ain't got his home phone number?

SLUG: Well, no, they told me to call him here.

JERRY SR. It's all right, I'll give you his number, get a pen ready. Who do you work for?

SLUG: SLUG Magazine, it's a music magazine.

JERRY SR. Right, so you a good writer?

SLUG: Well, I don't know, some people tell me I write okay.

JERRY SR. You ain't gonna get nowhere with that attitude.

SLUG: Excuse me?

JERRY SR. Well, I ask you if you're a good writer, and you give me some halfway, (imitates my voice) 'Yeah, I'm okay.' Do it with confidence, and maybe I'll believe you.

SLUG: You want me to say it right now?

JERRY SR. Lighten up. I'm giving you a bad time. You want Moe's number; I'll give it to you.

SLUG: Great. Thanks.

JERRY SR. Okay, you got your pen? It's area code; (he gives me the number.) You call him up, and tell him I told you to call.

SLUG: All right, thanks.

JERRY SR. You take care of that confidence thing all right.

SLUG: Right, thanks.

After I hung up, it occurred to me where I had heard that voice before. It sounded just Like Glen Danzig! Eerie. I called Jerry.

SLUG: Hello, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah, who's this?

SLUG: eremy, from SLUG magazine, we had an interview

today.

JERRY: Right, hey, how ya doin'?

SLUG: Good, how are you?

JERRY: Great.

SLUG: Cool.

JERRY: Okay, so what's up Jeremy?

SLUG: Sorry I called you at home, but your dad gave me the number.

JERRY: No, that's all right.

SLUG: Does your family work in a business centered on the Misfits or music?

JERRY: No. My family runs a machine shop.

SLUG: Oh, okay..

JERRY: So, basically it's the other way around, my life is centered around my family.

SLUG: Well, that's cool. I have got to tell you I was really

skeptical about doing this interview.

JERRY: Why's that?

SLUG: I don't know. I guess it's because I'm a really big fan of the Misfits original music, and I don't really understand why there is a new incarnation of the band. I thought it was okay how it was..

JERRY: Right, well, my question is: why be skeptical? If you liked the original, then there's no reason why you couldn't like us now.

SLUG: Well, you've got to admit, it's different without Glen Danzig.

JERRY: And that's a good thing. (Laughs)

SLUG: Okay, you guys were just here with GWAR not too long ago. How did that tour go?

JERRY: Well, this is the third time we've been out with GWAR, so we get along with those guys really well, and we look out for one another. That's what touring is all about, bands looking out for each other.

SLUG: It seems like they would be a pretty tough act to follow.

JERRY: Of course, but we always play better when the pressure is on. When you

have a band open for you that

is kind of middle of the

road, then you don't

have to work too

hard, but when

you have a band

like GWAR out

there kicking it

up and causing a

commotion, then

you just have to

kick it harder,

you know? We

welcome the

competition..

SLUG: I notice that

the content of the

songs has changed a

bit, there isn't any

sexual innuendo, or

swearing at all. Is that a

reflection of the new Misfits?

JERRY: Well, don't forget, back then the sex and all that, it meant something. Now, it's nothing. Think about it. You have things like the Internet that's what, 85% pornography. What am I going to say that hasn't been said about some of these things?

SLUG: I didn't hear your last album, was it along the same lines?

JERRY: You don't own American Psycho?

SLUG: No.

JERRY: Oh my Lord, (laughs) that's the problem we've got. You know, a lot of people thought we were credible in the '70's, but we're not credible now? It's a total misconception. We're better now than we ever were, but you know we're using other avenues to reach a newer audience. We're using the media, wrestling, merchandising, toys, and we're using them all in different ways. It works, and I think we've proved our point.

SLUG: Marketing wise, I would say it's pretty smart. What about pro wrestling? How is that coming along?

JERRY: We're doing very well on there. We're learning, and getting better. As we progress, from a wrestling standpoint, I want to fight bigger and better opponents, you know? I'm hoping that we can fight the Bret Harts', the Goldbergs', and the Stings' you know what I'm saying?

SLUG: Yeah, I mean wrestling is one of the biggest attractions

to Americans right now. Popular culture has made celebrities out of these guys, and I can see where you're coming from on that.

JERRY: When we started wrestling, I was at a time in my life where I needed a change, and I jumped on it. We had our backs against the wall financially, and it seemed like a good opportunity. I mean, we've tried very hard to get over the thing with our fans. Look at you. Here you are, and you loved the Misfits' old music, but you don't even own the American Psycho album. Our fans are skeptical, and don't give us a chance, but they used to be the most loyal. This has forced us to go to other avenues to try and create a new fan base. It's hard.

SLUG: What about the Insane Clowns, and their movie 'Big Money Hustlas' weren't you in that?

JERRY: That was fun.

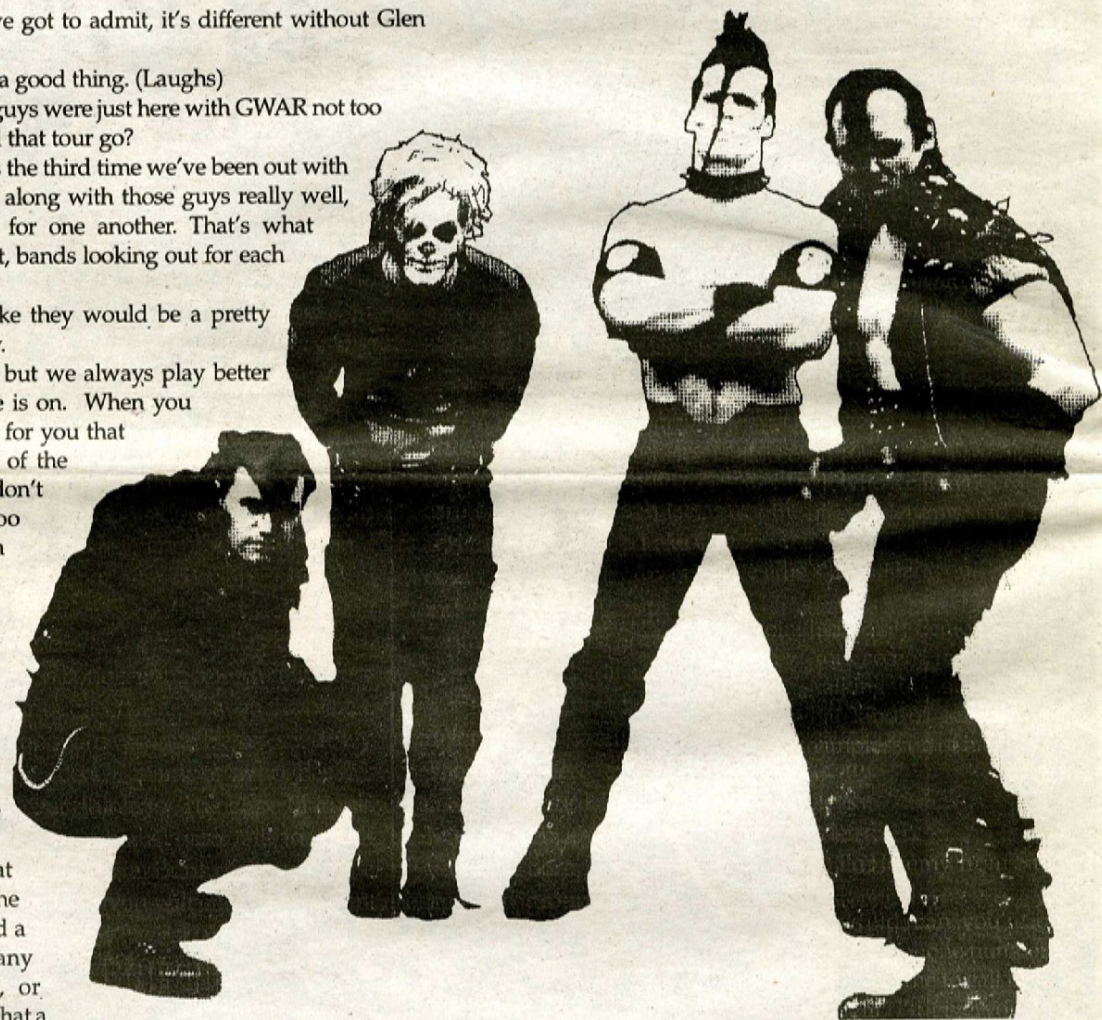
SLUG: You guys are friends with the Clowns aren't you?

JERRY: Well, as much as anyone can be friends with them, they march to their own drummer, if you know what I mean.

SLUG: Last question: In a cage match where the Misfits had to fight Danzig and Henry Rollins, who do you think would win?

JERRY: You kidding? We're the stuff. I just had a cage match with Dr. Death, And I don't think that Henry and Danzig could hang with Dr. Death. He threw me head first through the cage, I had to have eight stitches. Seriously, I wish those guys the best of luck, I hope Glen finds what he's looking for, you know? In a way, I think Henry did. I like Henry, he's a really "meat and potatoes" kind of guy, you know.

SLUG: Thanks Jerry, good luck.



JERRY: Merry Christmas, my friend.

SLUG: Merry Christmas to you too.

So, that was relatively painless. I had an awakening after talking to Jerry Only. He is a really good natured, nice guy. I haven't talked to anyone more genuine. He struggles to make his band work, and that is a respectable trait. Although I don't like the music all that much, I do respect the person. Thanks Jerry, and Happy Holidays losers..

Slamdance

Slamdance Film Festival

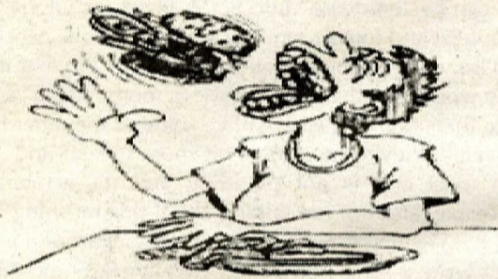
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THE LAZURUS PROJECT

was amazed at how clean it was. "We cleaned it before you came," explained Alex. Apparently there were some beer bottles and other stuff on the floor. Alex said that he hadn't "broken" the room in yet. It was a very nice room, not cluttered with crap. Anyway, we started the interview and this is what I found out. The majority of the members of the group have been in other bands before:

Thai was in Triphammer and Waterfront, while Justin and Mark were in Climb.

Mr. Anderson was in both Clear and Climb. After the fallout that Climb had, both Mark and Dave wanted to continue so they telephoned Justin in hopes of starting a new band. Alex also had an interest in starting a band with Justin. "We had intended to keep it a four piece, but we wanted Thai to play but he already had something going on with some other guys and [when it broke up], he asked if he still could play and we said yes."

A demo has recently been released by the band members themselves. Since they have no formal record label, Alex has taken it upon himself to design, package and distribute the four track demo to people. They went to Denver recently, and are planning to write new material and

hopefully have a full album is in the works. "It was all really D.I.Y." says Alex. He explained to me that d.i.y meant "do it yourself". Duh. "It was basically just to release a whole bunch of them to record labels to see if we could get a record deal with someone and then we'd just sell a couple more at shows, but they've been selling like hotcakes at shows so we've had to make more" explains Justin. "They're all limited. There's only 150 of the demo and 25 of them with the same thing except with a different cover." Says Mr. Vaz. If you've ever heard The Smiths' "Paint A Vulgar Picture", you'll know the line "Best of! Most of! Sate the need, slip them into different sleeves!". It just reminded me of it, that's all.

Again, focusing on the fact that this band is not, by their own admission, a straight-edge band and they're not a hardcore band like "Sick Of It All" is, you also have to look at exactly what the word "hardcore" means. Not everything that's "hardcore" is rock music. Anything can be "hardcore". As far as music is concerned, you can be a "hardcore" techno kid, or a "hardcore" rap or hip-hop freak. Those genres exist. Hell, for all you know, you can be a "hardcore" jazz addict. You can be "hardcore" into S&M, pizza or Gloria Steinem (journalist and former feminist leader). Please, people.

Use your vocabulary with knowledge of what it means. They would say that their music is more "metal" sounding more than anything else. Unlike some of the other bands of the genre, they're music is a bit more upbeat and catchier than most and is not plodding and it's actually rather danceable and I'm not talking about this moshing business either. "We tend to write catchier songs. Part of it is that we don't write a song in a day or two hours. Sometimes we'll take two weeks, maybe longer, to do one song" Says Mark. "And then we'll write a song and come back and in a couple of weeks later and just tear it apart and re-write it then it turns out a lot better." Continues Justin. Thai says that they are a picky group but Dave says that is good. They are the first group that I've heard that write the music for the song first and then add the lyrics.

"I like the landscape-ish feel of our music" tells Thai. After he said that I was a bit a puzzled by what he said. Alex gave a quizzical reply that went something like "Are you saying, like, music that can be scaped over land?"

Then there was the reference to making love to this kind of music, which I think is disgusting but everyone else found laughable. But the band feels like they can evolve and that they can add different elements. "If it stays the same, I wouldn't stay in the band." says Justin. Ideas were brought up as to what elements they did and didn't like and where they wanted to take their music, as far as their sound is concerned. Sampling has been a big thing and The Lazarus Project is taking advantage of it by incorporating sampled elements into their music. They are always changing and always shifting to new ground. Where at one point they were just writing riff after riff over a song, now they're writing more collectively and, as Mark so brilliantly put it, they're "writing music, not just a song."

Like a lot of other groups, they do have a web site (www.geocities.com/lazarus801). Despite the long and drawn out quote of the Daleks and the perplexing link to White House, it is really a nice page. I recommend everyone to check it out.

We talked lyrics for a bit and then hit on the song "Lost Love Suffocated". I was honest with the band and told them that I thought the lyrics were, well, not the best I've ever heard, but after clarification of the song them playing it for me, I understood it a bit better. But they don't hit on typical subjects like death and misery and they try to focus their words on social conditions, such as misunderstanding and blind faith.

Do they want to stay being just local kids with a local band? "I want to be able to pay my mortgage with this band!" Exclaims Thai (one of the married ones). They want to be able to make it a career and not just stay stunted by the scene (whatever it may be) in Salt Lake. These guys want to grow, not just in personality, but in their music as well and also in the way they approach their music.

After the interview was done and over, they played two songs for me. Alex even let me sing on the last song, which I thought was just fun! I danced in their rehearsal room while they played away. It was definitely a highlight for me, and the band was a pure delight to interview and get to know. They are a great group of guys. Right now, they're taking a break to write new material but they'll be back in full force in February. Check out The Lazarus Project and enjoy more of Salt Lake's best local talent!

I think that it is fascinating when people create music. Whether it's music that we like or not, it's still music and it is wonderful to know that there are people out there trying to capture everyone with their sound. I recently met this group of diverse young men who are active in the art of making music.

The Lazarus Project comprises of Alex on the mike, Thai on guitar, Mark on bass, Justin on drums and the fabulous Mr. Dave Anderson also on guitar. A great thing about this group is the ethnic diversity within the group itself. All the way from Guam, to India, to Vietnam, they come from all over the world. And what's more, two of the members are married (!!!).

I went to their rehearsal room to interview them and I

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WARREN IN BLOOD

Hard music for a hard world

—John Forgach

WAR MUSIC / RELAPSE : Great death metal will never be hard to find as long as there is a steady supply of it being exported from Sweden. The latest installment of

Swedish death metal, and one of the best of the closing year, is Darkane's, RUSTED ANGEL. Darkane was formed by Peter Wildoer (drums) and Christofer Malmstrom (guitar) after the two had served their sentences with the band Agretator. Producer extraordinaire, Daniel Bergstrand adds his magic touch, with the result

being a flawless production of RUSTED ANGEL. Darkane's technical play strikes a balance between finesse and aggression.

VICTORY : Snapcase, DESIGNS FOR AUTOMOTION. Finally, an album that lives up to the hype! Victory records has pushed the hype-envelope to all new marketing highs by targeting everyone and their second uncle twice removed for this release. January 25th is the street date for DESIGNS FOR AUTOMOTION, the follow up to '97s highly successful, PROGRESSION THROUGH UNLEARNING. Emotion pours out like sweat from each of the eleven tracks, which any fan of Snapcase has come to expect from this Buffalo, N.Y. five piece. Snapcase continue to expand their sound, incorporating as many heavy influences as hardcore influences. The Snapcase sound is loud and punishing, their message is positive and their style of play has an almost metronome-like regularity to it.

CRO-MAGS RECORDINGS : I will admit (Why do I do this to myself?), much to the chagrin of my metal contemporaries, that I was never really into the Cro-Mags or their previous albums (BEST WISHES and THE AGE OF QUARREL). Now as you cast me out as a fraud, I will explain in my defense that I don't remember the Cro-Mags ever sounding like they do on their latest release, REVENGE. Founding members Harley Flanagen (vocals/bass) and Parris Mayhey (guitar) are joined by Dave DiCenso on drums and Rocky George of Suicidal Tendencies steps in to add his

blazing style of lead guitar to REVENGE. The Cro-Mags have developed a sound that embraces the past and welcomes the future. REVENGE will be released on January 18th.

NUCLEAR BLAST : One look at the bio picture of

the band Lock Up and I knew I had something serious to contend with.

Something serious indeed, especially when

the ugly mugs of this motley crew belong to none other than Shane Embury (bass) and Jesse Pintado (guitars) of Napalm Death, Peter Tagtgren (vocals) of Hypocrisy and Nick Barker (drums) of Dimmu Borgir. With half of the band hailing from Napalm Death, PLEASURES PAVE SEWERS has an over-all

Napalm feel. Peter Tagtgren brought with him his many years of experience with Hypocrisy as well as experience with a multitude of other bands he's worked with as a musician and producer. Lock Up was recorded at Peter's Abyss Studios. Nick Barker beats a drum path for the release with all of the subtlety of a ten-ton hammer. Simply put, PLEASURES PAVE SEWERS will remind you what good death/grind should sound like. - The band Dismember has a knack for creating and then destroying, that is, destroying everything in their path. Being together since 1988 left a

lot of time to "sell-out" and succumb to the trends of the time, but no chance of that with Dismember. HATE CAMPAIGN is the fifth full-length for this band. Over the years Dismember hasn't strayed far from their raw, brutal beginnings. If anything, HATE CAMPAIGN sports slightly more complex song arrangements this time

around. - Hungry for a little black metal? Well, Nuclear Blast has a couple for you to dig into. Agathodaimon's, A HIGHER ART OF REBELLION is the follow up to their debut, BLACKEN THE ANGEL. Agathodaimon subdues the speed without sacrificing their diabolic intent. This band has an interesting sound. - Bal-Sagoth's, THE POWER COSMIC will take you on a cosmic, black metal jRSEVERANCE safely

making a name for itself, Chuck must have decided the time was right for Control Denied. For this project, Chuck brought in Shannon Hamm (guitar) and Richard Christy (drums) from Death, recruited the "mighty" Steve DiGiorgio to play bass and Tim Aymar vocalizes Chuck's unique lyrical visions. There is no mistaking that this project is straight from the mind of Chuck Schuldiner. While the two bands remain

separate entities, it's easy to see each band's origination. - Now for a little power metal. As far as I'm concerned, to be a good power metal band, a band needs to write good songs, have technical playing ability and have a guitarist that can rip a decent solo or two. None of these guidelines were adhered to with the recording of Pegazus', BREAKING THE CHAINS. This band offers me nothing. Even the title of their album has a trite quality to it. - Next... The band Sinner is releasing a "best of" album titled, THE SECOND DECADE. While this band is in ways living in the past with their style of power metal, they are at least good at what they do. THE SECOND DECADE features songs from the span of this band's career, as well as a bevy of Sinner rarities.

MIA : Heavy, stoner-rock seems to be all the rage these days. If I've learned one thing from my intensive investigation of this type of music (no, not really), it's that every band that plays stoner rock was greatly influenced by Black Sabbath (surprise, surprise). If your going to check this stuff out you might as well start at the beginning. INCARNATE is a "best of" from the band The Obsessed. This release covers

recordings from the band from 1983-'94. - A "twist" on the stoner-rock theme comes from Electric Wizard. Their album SUPERCOVEN adds a doom element to the mix. Fascinating...

RELAPSE : Artistically layered instrumentation begins to sum up Coalesce's sound on their new release, 0:12 REVOLUTION IN JUST LISTENING. This band takes an almost jazz-like sensibility to their music and mixes it into an extreme, noisecore framework. This is the most fun I've ever had being abused. - THE POACHER DIARIES is a split CD from Virginia's, Agoraphobic Nosebleed and Boston's, Converge. As if one weren't enough to deal with, the two bands on one release is just plain lethal. Kiss the wife and

kids goodbye and subject yourself to the first nine tracks, courtesy of ANb. Blast beats abound from the digital circuitry of their masterfully programmed drum machine. A brutal menagerie of guitar chaos will have you wishing it would only end....if it could only go on forever. Your crumpled body flails while Converge steps in to finish you off with the final six tracks of the release. Converge alternates somewhere

between over-the-top noisecore and swirling, discordant passages. Despite the extreme nature of this music, both band's technical play keeps this release from being extreme just for extreme's sake.

CAPITOL : You were at Megadeth's performance at Saltair on Dec. 28th. I too was at that same show. Was that really a heavy

metal show, or was it a killer, guitar fashion show? "Here we have a lovely, double-neck Jackson V....\$3,200..case included" O.K. guys I get it! You have way more guitars than I have. Megadeth's latest release, RISK has been out for quite some time, so I'm not going to do a review as though it just came out yesterday. Let's just talk about it for a moment. I've read the letters that I get from you all, and I can tell that only the smartest of all of the readers of SLUG understand and can comprehend the many subtleties of heavy metal. So, I know you can make up your own minds on this matter. What do you think? (This is the part of the review that you pick up a pen and write down your thoughts on the album.) I suppose there are two kinds of Megadeth fans - One fan is o.k. with the change that took place with the Megadeth sound somewhere around COUNTDOWN TO EXTINCTION. Others dealt with the change, but by CRYPTIC WRITINGS felt that it was time to get back to a little PEACE SELLS... Personally, I could do without the techno influence, and would rather not have any songs on the album that could in any way be associated with a sporting event, let alone the WWF. Don't get me wrong, RISK is not a bad album. Dave Mustaine is too talented to put out a bad album, he just needs to get back to his roots. He needs to dance with the girl that brung 'em. Another thing he needs to do is work his boy Marty Friedman (with his "kicky" new haircut) a little harder. I mean, that guy is a verified guitar, gun-slinger. Mustaine should be working him like a circus elephant (not that I condone cruelty to animals in any way). In conclusion, RISK is a good album, but please if there's a god in heaven, don't let the next album be titled RE-RISK. I rest my case. This court is adjourned.



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dailycalendar

Wednesday, January 5
Thad and the Markonians- *Dead Goat*
Paris, TX w/Dan Vesper and Blue East- *Kilby Court*

Thursday, January 6
Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
Cobb w/ Fall of Olive- *Ya Buts*
Milemarker 16- *Zephyr*

Friday, January 7
Blind dog Smokin'- *Dead Goat*
Tarn w/The Drunks- *Ya Buts*
six Days- *Burt's*

Saturday, January 8
White City Ganja Coalition - *Ya Buts*
Fistfull- *Burt's*

Sunday, January 9
Swingin' Sundays- *Dead Goat*
Free Pool- *Burt's*

Monday, January 10
Eddie King-*Dead Goat*
Orange Whip - *Burt's*

Tuesday, January 11
Blues Jam- *Burt's*
Blues Jam- *Dead Goat*
Sturgeon General- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, January 12
Pilut- *Dead Goat*
Pimp Gernage- *Burt's*
Chupacabra- *Zephyr*
Rhythmn of Black Lines w/Star no Star- *Kilby Court*

Thursday, January 13
Pilut- *Dead Goat*
Kung Fu Grip- *Burt's*
Wheelchair Weed- *Ya Buts*
Grooveberry Jam- *Zephyr*

Friday, January 14
I-Roots- *Dead Goat*
Maladjusted- *Burt's*

Sand w/ Fistful and Throw Away Generation- *Ya Buts*
Half Visconte w/The Beaumonts and Mantarays- *Kilby Court*

Saturday, January 15
Donner Party- *Dead Goat*
Ineffect w/ Vessel- *Ya Buts*
Swmap Donkeys- *Burt's*

Sunday, January 16
Swingin' Sundays— *Dead Goat*
SXSW Prelim- *Burt's*
Kill Holiday w/Pop Unknown- *Kilby Court*
SXSW Prelims- *Zephyr*

Monday, January 17
Slackjaw Blues- *Dead Goat*

Tuesday, January 18
Blues Jam- *Dead Goat*
Roger Clyne & Peacemakers- *Zephyr*
Blues Jam - *Burt's*
Mark Growdens w/Ursula Tree and Electric Pinata- *Kilby Court*

Thursday, January 19
Swingin' Sundays- *Dead Goat*
Mark Growdsen's Electric pinata- *Burt's*
SLAMDANCE PRE-SCREENING- 7pm and 10pm @ Brewvies
Shiv w/ Casa Diablo- *Ya Buts*

Friday, January 20
Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
FSLB w/ Last Drop- *Ya Buts*

Saturday, January 21
Swing Gorillas- *Dead Goat*
Wormdrive- *Burt's*
Tony Furtado Band- *Zephyr*
Matt Mateus w/ Gerald music- *Kilby Court*
Worm Drive w/ Zambu Fly- *Ya Buts*

Sunday, January 22
Thirsty Alley- *Dead Goat*

21/2 White Guys- *Burt's*
Tony Furtado Band- *Zephyr*
Reba McEntire- *Delta Center*
Slamdance Film Festival-Treasure Mt. Inn Park City

Monday, January 23
Swingin' Sunday's- *Dead Goat*
Free Pool- *Burt's*
Slamdance Film Festival-Treasure Mt. Inn Park City
Slamdunk FREE Film Festival- *Harry O's Park City*

Tuesday, January 24
Chicago Rhythm & Blues Kings- *Dead Goat*
Joshua Redman-Hilton Hotel
Slamdance Film Festival-Treasure Mt. Inn Park City
Slamdunk FREE Film Festival- *Harry O's Park City*

Wednesday, January 25
Blues Jam- *Dead Goat*
Blues Jam- *Burt's*
Peking Acrobats- *Abravanel Hall*
Slamdance Film Festival-Treasure Mt. Inn Park City
Slamdunk FREE Film Festival- *Harry O's Park City*

Thursday, January 26
John Davis & Little Big Band- *Dead Goat*
Ineffect- *Burt's*
Vinyl- *Zephyr*
Slamdance Film Festival-Treasure Mt. Inn Park City
Troma Dance FREE Film Festival- *Park City*
(check troma.com for location)
Vicious Delicious w/ JJ Flash- *Ya Buts*
Slamdunk FREE Film Festival- *Harry O's Park City*

Friday, January 27
Yer Mom- *Dead Goat*
Muddfly- *Burt's*
Ultimate Feedback- *Kilby Court*
Slamdance Film Festival-Treasure Mt. Inn Park City
Lap Dance Film Festival- *Park City*

Ursula Tree and Jenny Jenson's w/ Joshua Payne Orchestra- *Ya Buts*
Slamdunk FREE Film Festival- *Harry O's Park City*

Saturday, January 28
Lisa Marie & Codependents- *Dead Goat*
Endless Struggle- *Burt's*
Incubus W/Mr. Bungle, System Of A Down, and Puya- *Saltair*
Cher w/- *Delta Center*
Danny Dean & The Home Wrecker's w/ The Specials- *Zephyr*
Slamdance Film Festival-Treasure Mt. Inn Park City
Jesus Rides a Rikshaw- *Ya Buts*
Slamdunk FREE Film Festival- *Harry O's Park City*

Sunday, January 29
Gary Hoey - *Dead Goat*
Red Bennies- *Burt's*
By a Thread w/Magstatic and Thornside- *Kilby Court*
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young- *Delta Center*
Specials' Neville Staple- *Zephyr*
Slamdance Film Festival-Treasure Mt. Inn Park City
Slamdunk FREE Film Festival- *Harry O's Park City*

Monday, January 30
Paul Galaxy and the Galactics- *Dead Goat*
Free Pool— *Burts*

Thursday, February 2
Swingin' Sundays- *Dead Goat*
Kind of Like Spitting- *Kilby Court*

Friday, February 3
Ratt- *Zephyr*

Saturday, February 4
Beaumonts w/ Others- *Kilby Court*
Maceo Parker- *Zephyr*

Sunday, February 5
Bracket, Consumed, Mad Caddies, No Use For A Name- *Brick's*
Maceo Parker- *Zephyr*

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SUBTERRANEAN SECT



Agoraphobic Nosebleed/Converge - The Poacher Diaries
Virginia's vicious grindcore Behemoths Agoraphobic Nosebleed team up with the Boston HC kill team Converge for the low priced Poacher Diaries release. Take cover or be destroyed.



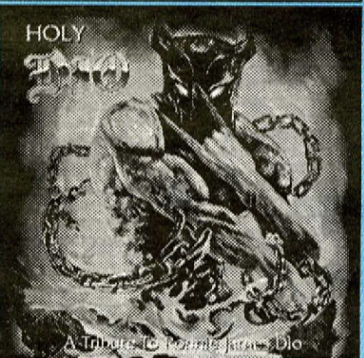
Neurosis - Times of Grace
An introspective war cry, Times of Grace lures with its vivid rhythms, strikes with a siege of emotion, and consumes with abysmal force. On tour until the apocalypse!



Coalesce - 0:12 Revolution in Just Listening
Coalesce deliver suffocatingly dense, drastic music that purely annihilates. Incredibly raw, psychotic vocals incessantly punish the listener while explosively chaotic guitars and left-of-center rhythms and grooves mesmerize and manifest in the most devastating manner.



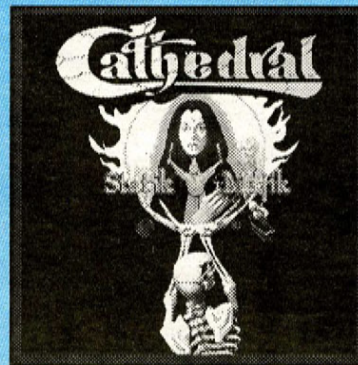
The Gathering - Superheat
Recorded on last year's "How To Measure a Planet Tour", Superheat is the first live release from The Gathering and features tracks off of their last three studio albums.



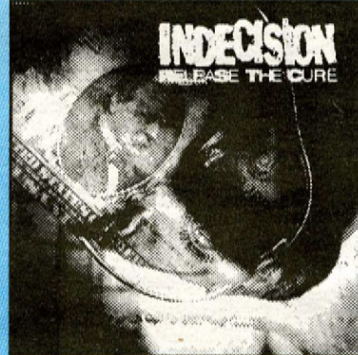
Various Artists - Holy Dio: A Tribute to Ronnie James Dio
The first and only officially approved tribute to Ronnie James Dio featuring an introduction from Dio himself as well as a complete discography. Fourteen interpretations of classic tracks by the likes of Fates Warning, Blind Guardian, Jag Panzer, Hammerfall and Gamma Ray among others.



Eyehategod - Southern Discomfort
Eyehategod return with a collection of studio outtakes, alternate versions and non-album tracks previously unreleased or available only on rare 7" singles.



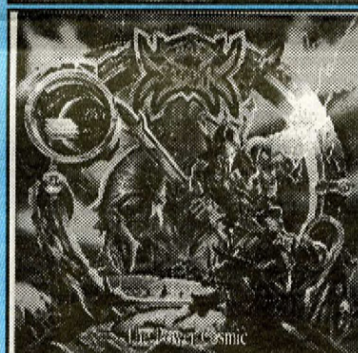
CATHEDRAL - SOUL SACRIFICE/STATIK MAJIK
Combining two long out-of-print EPs, "Soul Sacrifice/Statik Majik" is a chance for Cathedral fans to complete their collections. Featuring a brand new layout including all lyrics, this release will be sure to please all those who missed these releases the first time around!



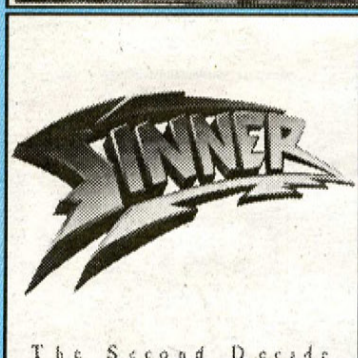
Indecision - Release the Cure
Brutal, honest, uncompromising hardcore from Brooklyn, NY.



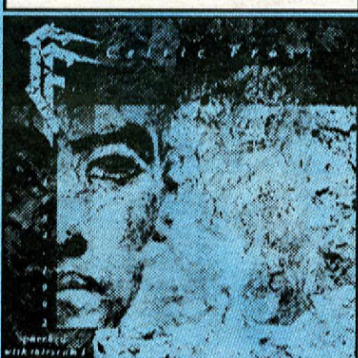
Metal Church - Live
All original line-up churns out the classics! Recorded back in 1986 on the Dark World Tour!!!



Bal Sagoth - The Power Cosmic
This is their first offering from these underground innovators on Nuclear Blast. They return with their unique blend of Black/Death Metal. This time trading in their swords for lightsabres and slaying all contenders in the Metal Universe!



Sinner - The Best of Sinner, The 2nd Decade
Classic metal for "Sinners" the world over. Featuring: Devils River, When Silence Falls, Balls to the Walls, and 12 others. Complete with CD-ROM Video



Celtic Frost - Parched With Thirst, Am I and Dying
Celtic Frost finally done right! "Parched With Thirst" is just one of 5 reissued Celtic Frost titles remastered by CF leader, Tom Warrior, containing bonus tracks, rare photos, liner notes and more. Also available are "Morbid Tales", "To Mega Therion", "Into the Pandemonium" and "Vanity Nemesis."

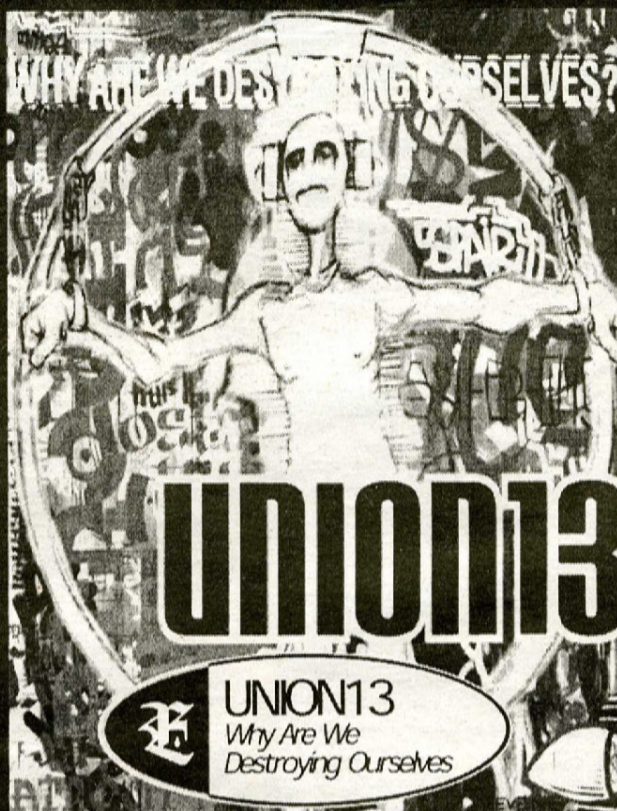


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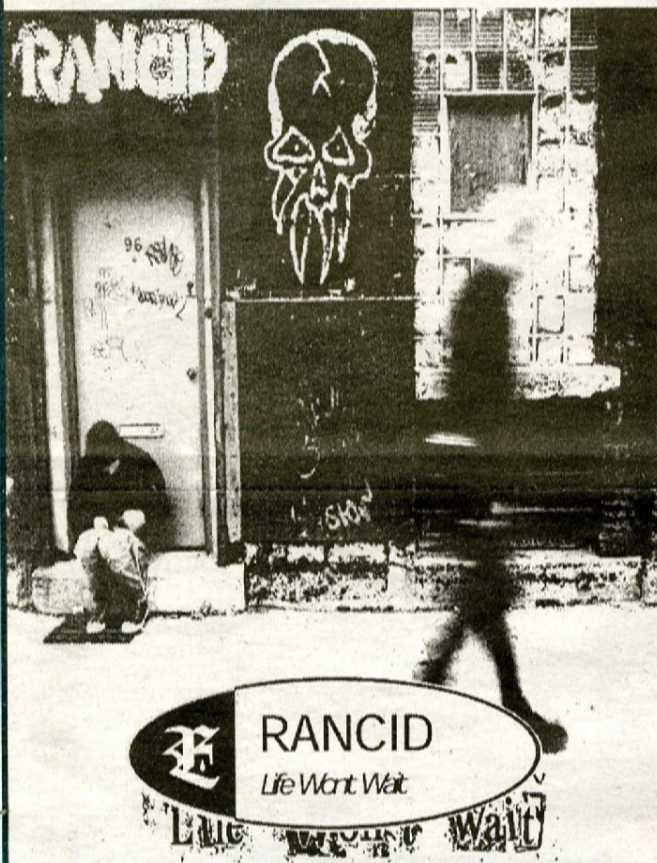


UNION13
*Why Are We
Destroying Ourselves*

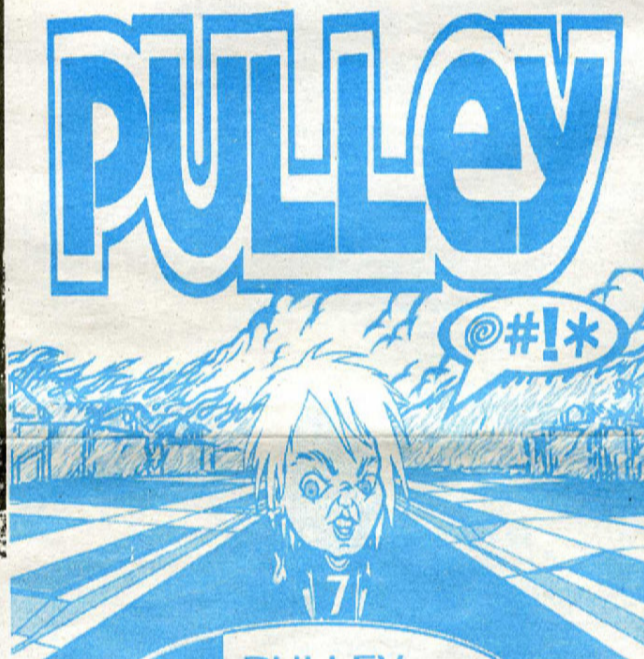
Voodoo Glow Skulls



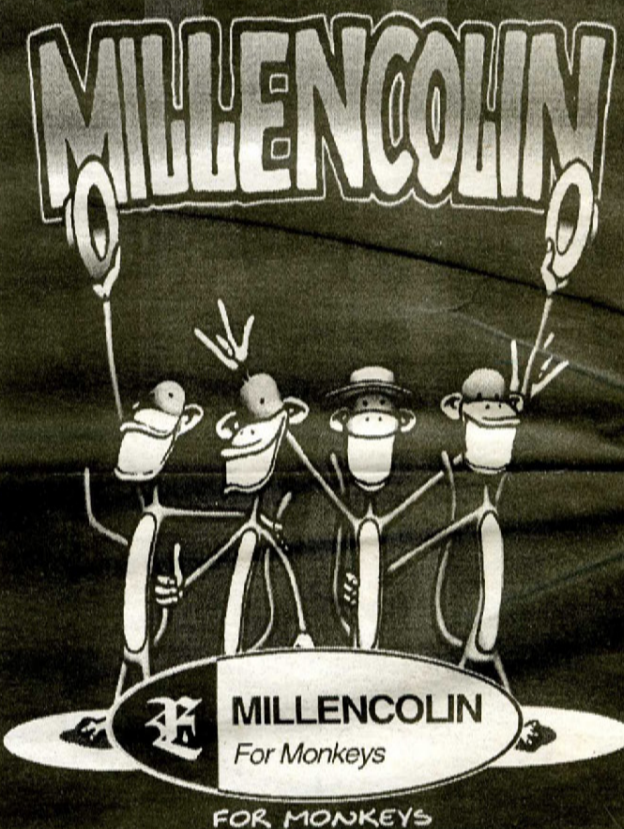
VGS
Band Geek Mafia



RANCID
Life Went Wait



PULLEY
*@#!**



MILLENCOLIN
For Monkeys

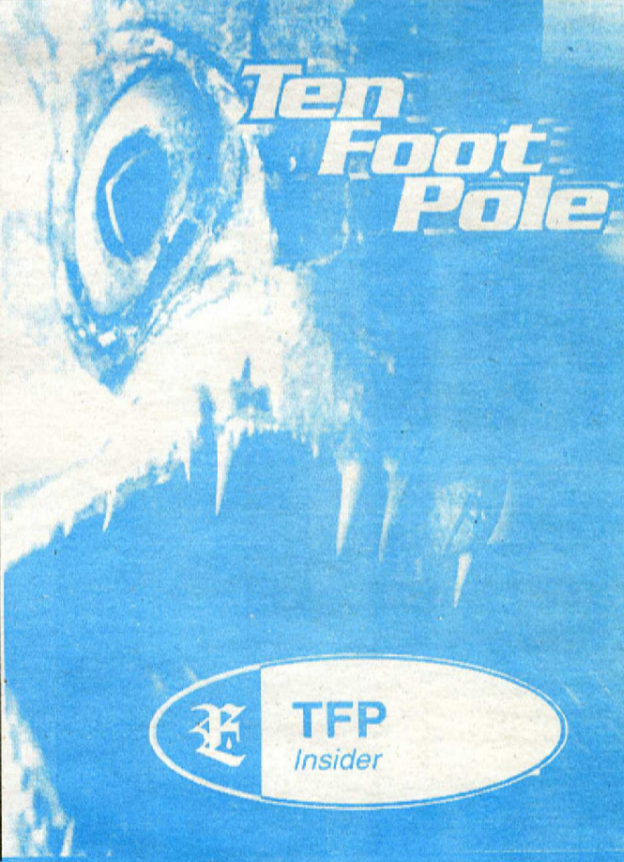
FOR MONKEYS



ALL
Mass Nerder



REFUSED
*The Shape Of Punk To
Come*



TFP
Insider