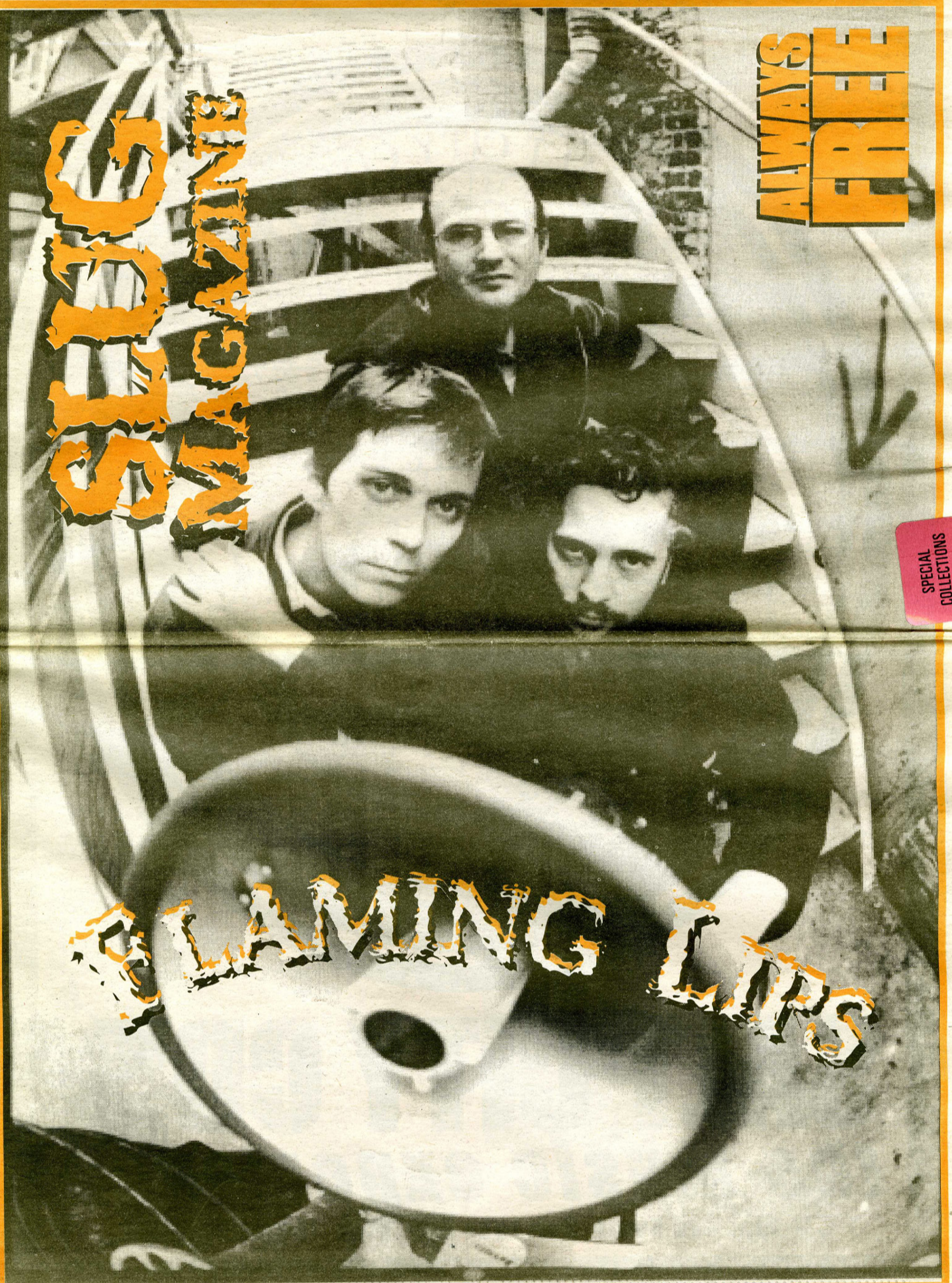


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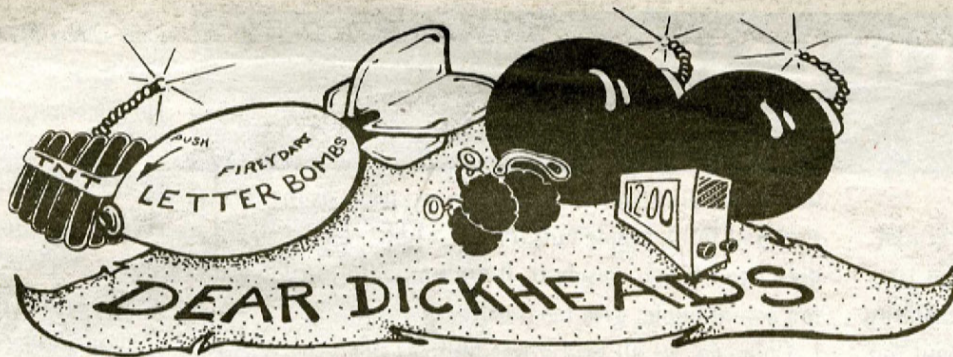




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Dear sir or madam,

With the rising number of unwanted mothers in this country and the appalling conditions in which they are forced to live becoming a public health and moral issue I was wondering if Slug Magazine had a point of view how best these young milkmaids without lodging should be kept?

I mean well within the laws of this land. I mean well. I mean, well. In Checkoslovakia young mothers are sold at marked discount to pornographers or police photographers in case of future mishap, perhaps we could do something similar here?

Perhaps we could change the world through cyclosporin injections. Or perhaps we could just engage in a new form of mind control against the blue ones with the sticks.

Really mister, my wife is worried about what she will do if she becomes a mother and it turns out that she is unwanted.

Also, I voted for Rocky Anderson. And now I see he wants to take the one public means of conveyance away from the poorest of our poor underpaid community. Shopping carts! What the hell. Rocky, do something about your murdering police department, your racially criminal judges, your overzealous and mediocre prosecuting attorneys. And for God's sake, help the unwanted mothers.

Yours,

Rachel Finegold

Email withheld because of fear of pregnancy.

Ed note: Pretty scary when this is the most well written letter of the bunch.

Dear Editors,

Samuel Clemens once quipped, "It is better to be thought an idiot than open one's mouth and remove all doubt." Obviously, Dirty D (the D has to stand for dumbass) of Chola has never received such profound advice. Why else would he chose to reveal his own lack of intelligence to the many readers of your fine mag? Perhaps it is a desperate cry for help. One can only speculate. The bottom line is this. If you are so insecure about the quality of music your band performs that you have to lash out (albiet stupidly) at your critics, then you probably do suck.

P.S. Salt Lake Community College offers night classes in English. I strongly encourage you to enroll.

P.S.S. By the way, James Brown is funky. You're not.

—H. Bates

Subject: PUNK ROCK RULES!

Date: 03/17 10:04 PM

Received: 03/20 10:37 AM

From: basementassassins@hotmail.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

Dude, I read the letter that was saying all that "FUNK" crap. Sorry you funklers (no pun intended), but Punk rock will always dominate you. Not to knock on other musicians, but Punk rockers could kick your ass. (I know your Dad is bigger than mine. Damn, got me there.) Anyway, to all you musicians reading this KEEP PUNKING OUT! I know it gets rough out there, especially in this town. No damn

unity, when it comes to musicians. Sucks. But hang in there, it's worth it. And if you ever need anyone to back you, BASEMENT ASSASSINS got your back. We'll play with you. Let's get the scene back again, and stick together. SLUG, you guys are bad asses, wait to keep the scene alive. We love ya. Everybody check out "www.utahbands.com," and support your local jerk-offs like us.

Peace

—TJ

Subject: Argle-Bargle or Foofurrah?

Date: 03/10 3:47 PM

Received: 03/10 4:50 PM

From: HonEngine@aol.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

A few years ago Mary Tebbs and I started an organization called The Wasatch Audio Reserve. We naively thought that local bands/musicians could work together. We were so dead wrong. Immediately I was assaulted by scores of bands/musicians claiming that they couldn't get a gig because Honest Engine had a lock on weekends at whatever club happened to be popular at the time, or that we were sucking someone's cock to get air play. Endless bitch sessions ensued about how the Disco Drippers/Chola/Whoever, were whores that were bad for the scene, or how club owners were only in it for the money (duh). We had inadvertently tapped into a bottomless spring of stupidity. I am a musician, yet I learned to hate musicians very quickly. It is so much easier to whine about your lot in life than to do something about it. Bands that claim that they can't get a gig because somebody is hogging all the weekends obviously have no clue. One band's success does not require another bands failure. The blame for a band's failure to score a gig lies squarely on their own shoulders. I know the guys in Chola, I know the guys in Disco Drippers, they (like myself) have never been 'lucky', or 'given' anything. You have to WORK to succeed. Preferences about music are valid, but nebulous personal attacks are juvenile and say more about the source than the intended target. Reactionary non-constructive criticism will destroy any 'scene' that may or may not

exist here. The one thing that ALL successful bands have in common is a strong work ethic and dogged determination. Rockin' out in your parent's basement to an audience of stuffed animals does not qualify.

So talk trash if you will, but keep this in mind: The headlining band gets to choose their opener, and Karma is a STONE...COLD...BITCH.

—Cram

HONEST ENGINE

Subject: Just a quick thank you...

Date: 03/18 11:09 PM

Received: 03/20 10:37 AM

From: duckage@prodigy.net

To: dicks@slugmag.com

I just went over to The Heavy Metal shop and picked up "Filthy Bunnies and Teenage Tramps" and I just wanted to say that it was a great use of my thirteen dollars. I'm especially thankful that you had the decency to leave Chola off the compilation, other than for the nice bit of hate voice messaging on disc two. Excellent work and thanks again!

—Duck

Subject: RE: Bates' Institutionalized Deviance Date: 03/11 3:49 PM

Received: 03/13 10:14 AM

From: wes sadler, king_mob@juno.com

To: dicks@slugmag.com

When will people stop believing that by passing a law the crime will magically stop? Bates' March column ends with his angry rant that a law wasn't passed keeping guns out of schools, well news flash Batesy! Kids already cannot legally own guns. So, will yet another law once again overcomplicating things stop kids from shooting each other at school? I can see it now... "Billy, let's get revenge on those jocks who were mean to us" "no, wait Chad kill our fellow students, reverse our career to suicide mission."

So what would such a law accomplish? It would keep teachers and other adults with carry permits from taking their guns to school. A) People with carry permits are not the problem & B) Since when are the teachers killing each other at school? fuck the illusion of safety, cause that's all such a law would be. Otherwise good article & mag.

—Wes Sadler

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SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT To Me...

a letter from the editor

THE STINKYS.

The stinky. As in the good, the bad, and the stinky. Or maybe as in did you make a stinky?, did you let a stinky?, or man that kid is stinky. Another possibility is the stinky cheese or the stinky beer. What about the stink foot? Ask Frank about stink foot. Ever seen a band that stinks? "These guys stink!" That has been replaced by "These guys suck!" Suck, however cannot always replace stink in everyday language. Think about it. Stink the big one? I Don't think so.

Other events have struck me as stinky.

Last night I watched the end of game 1 of the 1997 NBA Finals on ESPN Classic, Jazz vs Jordan and remembered how the Jazz got screwed by the Bulls officials. That was quite pungent.

While skimming through another City Weekly "Best Of" fiasco, I had to hold back the vomit as I read how the Olive Garden won Best Italian Restaurant. AGAIN. More proof that the CW staff wouldn't know a fagiolo from a frito. And of course the annual "let's vote our own guy in and call it a readers choice award..."

Best Newspaper Reporter —Readers' Choice — Ben Fulton, City Weekly. What stinks more? The fact that

you would print the same thing every year, or the fact that you think people buy it? P.S. guys, Dizzy Dean didn't say if you can do it, it ain't braggin'. If you want the actual quote, give me a call.

Come on, we all said it was bullshit when the W.A.R. people voted their own organizers Best Local Band, how is this any different?

If it's not, then I would like to hand out a few awards of my own...

The "SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME AWARDS," or the SLBTMyS (pronounced slab tammys) or Stinkys for short. First let's go with

BEST LOCAL MAGAZINE...

I'm gonna have to go for SLUG MAGAZINE. whoo-hoo!

How about BEST LOCAL FEATURE COLUMN?

That award goes to Randy Harward for his local CD column. (SLUG Magazine)

How about BEST WRITER / SHORT STORY

The winner is Jeanne Zeigler! "Pussy", "Spastic", "An Almost True Story" (SLUG Magazine)

How about BEST WRITER / SATIRE COMEDY PLATFORM?

No question, Phil Jacobsen. (SLUG Magazine)

Next category BEST PHOTOGRAPHER...

Angela H. Brown. (SLUG Magazine)

BEST WRITER / BAND FEATURES

Jeremy Cardenas. (SLUG Magazine)

BEST MANAGING EDITOR

Angela H. Brown. (SLUG Magazine) Her 2nd Award! Wow!

BEST VIDEO REVIEW COLUMN

Mr. Pink's Video Review. (SLUG Magazine)

BEST OVERALL COOL GUY

Tie. Scott Farley & Me. (SLUG Magazine)

BEST LETTER FROM THE EDITOR COLUMN

That would have to be me, doncha thank?

Unbelievable. We (SLUG Magazine) swept those awards this year. Just goes to show what I already knew. The people that work here are the coolest people around. But thanks for playing.

The "losers" at Planet SLUG



First off I should say that this column is brought to you by Stakerized.com(tm), since I was without corporate sponsorship in the form of any kind of badge or laminate, that magic ticket that provides entrance into (almost) all the parlors of those musical initiates who gather here each year and bestow the benediction of coolness on what is deemed cool. Although part of my expenses were reimbursed by the other publication I work for, I was without official sanction, and thus almost an untouchable, below even the wristband-wearing locals, although, friendly to a fault, several still engaged me in social intercourse.

How did my week off from "going postal" at my other job to making the pilgrimage to the greatest indie music festival turn into, in some ways, a horror story of epic proportions, in some ways a magical mystery tour? What the hell happened to SXSW? Maybe I should rephrase that: what happened to the music industry? Of all people, musicians should know enough not to take themselves too seriously, but several moments during the week I almost thought I was at Sundance, due to cell phones sprouting like spring flora, the laminate/wristband hierarchy, and a general high-falutin' tone that continued from last year. Like the film industry where sometimes it's more about the deal than the reel. At the same time, the music, though lacking in any real unknown surprises to come out of the woodwork, was better than ever. Maybe the generally mediocre, over-saturated music world has the lucky side effect of having enough room to give almost anyone the space to find their niche.

For the second year in a row, for economy's sake I roomed with local writer, (un named writer), but that story would take up another entire terrifying volume in and of itself. Suffice to say, while (un named writer), and also Salt Lake's Doublewide, were stuck in Phoenix awaiting their connecting flight, I had already arrived in Austin and was enjoying the music. After being unable to find a barbeque (un named writer) had directed me to over the phone, I headed down to Red River and the club district. I knew Stubb's was

always good for barbeque, and the lovely Damnations TX also happened to be scheduled. But there also happened to be a free punk show at Red Eyed Fly down the street, so unintentionally I started the week off with what were to be some of the strongest bands I was to see there, which also happened to be local Austin bands: Voltage with their punk version of Skynyrd, and the Fuckemo's, fuck all if you could tell what they were doing, but it was loud and drunken. So far so good.

When (un named writer) finally arrived later that night we decided we had to move to a different hotel, since the one we were at wasn't even on the map, though it might've technically been within the "Austin city limits," and cab fares are a major expense. We did miraculously find one within walking distance of downtown, but the previous one wouldn't give me a cash refund for my room deposit; instead I'd have to wait for a check in the mail that barely arrived as I am writing this. And they also put a hold on my credit card that was a pain in the ass to get removed, so I was almost without funds the rest of the week. So if you ever stay at the Comfort Inn on Delmar, steal all the stuff you can there. Tell 'em Staker sent you.

Then on Thursday night the cop who wouldn't let me take pictures at the spinART label showcase with the Poster Children and the Fastbacks (who by the way were infucking-credible) even though Brendan from spinART said it was OK; the cop just kept repeating, "You can't take photos here, do you understand?" I couldn't even take the camera inside, but luckily Brendan watched the camera for me or I wouldn't have been able to see the show at all. And had to stand out in unseasonable cold and hail to see it. File that under ones that got away. Under the same file you can stick all the mental snapshots I took of Modest Mouse and Sebadoh, since I couldn't take a camera in there either. I actually went all the way back to the damn hotel to stow my lens and ended up missing most of MM. But both groups rose to the occasion of the arena-like setting of the Austin Music Hall, similar to our State Fairbarn. By that time, I was pretty exhausted though, see next paragraph.

Still, some moments were magical. Earlier that evening, actually getting into the invite-only Revolver Magazine launch party with GBV and Nashville Pussy at the Millennium, which was the most sought-after ticket of the week, eating more free barbeque and drinking one of the former band's beers. Not to mention the show itself, Corey Parks breathing fire and Bob & the boys starting one under the crowd with their short but highly-charged set. Although the wait to get in was lengthy, due to the Fire Marshall itching to shut the unofficial show down if crowds exceeded capacity. (un named writer) snuck in through a side entrance. Earlier Thursday before spinART it was a treat to catch former Salt-Laker and Yale Poetry Prize Winner Craig Arnold mixing it up at a poetry slam at Ruta Maya Coffee House.

The afternoon alt-country shows at Yard Dog and other places with the likes of Kelly Hogan & the Pine Valley Cosmonauts, Split Lip Rayfield, Waco Brothers, Neko Case and others. Not to mention the free beer and barbeque. Next year I'll bring back a Jon Langford painting.

And another moment, (un named writer) and I both almost not being able to see hometown heroes Doublewide: me because of the camera again, but guitarist Brian Marcus intervened so I could enter and snap a roll of their show; and (un named writer) because even though he had an official laminate he didn't have a photo ID, of all things. Like he could be taken for underage. (un named writer) rushed in when the bouncer wasn't looking. The show was lightly attended because they were booked at the same time as Joe Ely and Reverend Horton Heat. This was just one schedule dilemma for attendees; there was too damn much good music to pick from. Among the ones I chose: the Detroit rock of The Go and the easy LA sounds of Beachwood Sparks at the Sub Pop showcase at Emo's.

The Norwegian group Poor Rich Ones who'd travelled all the way from Oslo, enthusing to us at the hotel about the clouds lifting to enable them to play their outdoor show, although as one of them explained, "that was just a bonus, it's cool just to be here!" Groups like them and Doublewide might get lucky and land record deals, maybe not. Everyone was just glad to be under the Texas sun, fleeting though it was. Seeing Patti Smith in Waterloo Park and being reminded that, sometimes, rock'n'roll can be religion.

The panels and booths in the convention center: amidst all the mp3s, dot.coms and even just old-fashioned record labels, sometimes you wonder: where's the music? Tributes to Smith and the late Sterling Morrison of the Velvet Underground demonstrated a need among industry people to keep in touch with the music's history amidst the general insecurity, and one panel even asked the musical question, "What's the Next Shit?" There was no need to ask where the music was at the Austin Record Show Saturday and Sunday, as discs, posters and other artifacts of those achieving musical sainthood as well as those not quite at that echelon were on display for a strangely hushed public, as though in this world of sound one had to remain silent, except for haggling of course. Dead Rock Stars for 100, Alex?

I spent the last hours of Sunday and early Monday back at the Red Eyed Fly (which is what I would be on the plane the next morning) immersing myself in the real live music of Voltage, Solid Gold 40 and the Fuckemo's again. The Fuckemo's guitarist had as much trouble with his equipment as an ancient lawn mower that needed a tune-up, microphones shorted out, and a trombone was musically abused. I lost count of the number of beers I'd consumed and, rock critic that I am, I thought, this is a musical epiphany.

—Brian Staker



her all the better. The movie is about a killer whose life was ruined by Denzel, who is a forensic expert. The killer uses a series of murders to get to Denzel. Interesting show but along the same lines as *Seven* or *Copy Cat*. Worth keeping. Also a watch closely flick. The killer has blue eyes.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

Ashley Judd and Tommy Lee Jones star in this revenge thriller. You probably know the plot but Double Jeopardy is a 5th Amendment statute that says you can't be charged twice for the same crime. You can however track down your lying bastard husband and make him pay the price for screwing up your life. Go on sisters, Hell hath no fury...

P.S. don't try killing your husband and hope to be protected by the double jeopardy loophole. It won't fly, you'll go to prison. I promise. I'm only here to help.

EYES WIDE SHUT

Nicole Kidman must be very proud of her ass. She makes sure to show her ass to the camera every chance she gets. Too bad she's not that proud of her acting skills so we'd see them just one time. Of course it's hard to see what's not really there. If there is a more unsexy horrible actress alive I'd like to see her, as that would be truly amazing. Tom Cruise on the other hand is very sly and has some real ingenuity. He has somehow overworked the same tired character that he plays in every single movie he has ever made. Nothing new here. How you can base a movie on these two having a relationship is beyond my realm of comprehension. The few offshoots from the boredom of these two, dwarf any onscreen dynamic the married mundanes try to muster. All of the offshoots are hoogly boogly bullshit though, and I didn't buy any of it. It's almost like they saw the movie before they finished it and said, "Hey let's throw in some hoogly boogly bullshit to top it off."

—Mr. Pink

THE SIXTH SENSE

Bruce Willis is the doctor. The little kid is the "I see dead people" kid. The story is easy enough to figure out except for the twist. The twist is big. The show is really good. Second runner up to American Beauty for best picture. No question. The cool part about this show is that if you believe in ghosts or such things, this movie seems pretty feasible. Even though it remains true to its horror genre. The kid is great too. Watch closely so you don't have to rewind after the movie and check your work.

THE BONE COLLECTOR

There is one small detail about Angelina Jolie's face that stops her from being startlingly pretty. I can't put my finger on it. Maybe the lips. But it keeps you looking at her face to see if it's lights or shadows or what. Because she's pretty good looking. Denzel Washington is just a straight up good-looking guy. Moreover, a very foreboding actor. Queen Latifah is dripping with charisma which just makes

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photo / Brett Porter

ELLIOT

March 20th, the basement of Club DV8, in all of its grimy all ages glory, played host to two of post hardcore's foremost players, **Hot Water Music** and **Elliot**. Kansas City natives The Casket Lottery and locals Sandkicker opened the show with front rowers leaning their heads back and screaming choruses. Next was Elliot and shortly after Hot Water Music played stellar sets, fists and fingers pointed above the crowd for the duration. I had the opportunity before the show to sit down at one of the basement's dim corner table with Chris Higdon, the responsible party of half of Elliot's vocals and half of its guitar work.

Elliot is making a name for themselves among indie-rock and hardcore circles by pushing their song writing to innovation. The band members themselves could be put on any best of hardcore list. Combine those sensibilities with Kevin Ratterman's versatile drumming and **Elliot** hatches powerfully catchy and diverse songs that would be comfortable spending time in any camp, whether emo, indie, hardcore, or even radio friendly rock. I first found Chris sitting under one of the lone heat vents on a folding chair tuning his Telecaster and staying warm.

SLUG: First Question, how's the tour going?
CHRIS: It's going really well, you know we're playing with **Hot Water Music**, them taking us out, you know, it's just really easy for us,

there's no stress or, you know, just show up and play and have fun with our friends. It's good. One of our very first tours was supposed to be with **Hot Water Music**, and that was when they disbanded for a little bit, and so it's kind of like they're paying us back for that time that we didn't get to go out with them.

SLUG: How's the reception been, I mean I know you've got a new album coming out, the new songs, have they been going over well?

CHRIS: Yeah, everybody seems to be into them. We just released two new singles.

SLUG: Those are on Revelation?

CHRIS: One's on Revelation, one's on Initial, and Initial took their 7-inch and released an EP, and that's what's out. People seem to be into that, and we have a whole new album coming out in June, so we're just trying to prep everybody, just getting back out. We took like 8 months off to write the album, so we're just coming back out, just getting back into doing the road thing.

SLUG: Are you following any bands? Who do you have your eye on? You're of course playing with **Hot Water Music**, but are there any other bands out there that you have your eye on?

CHRIS: In the live sense as far as bands we tour with, there's always great bands out there, everybody from **At the Drive In** to you know, who I think it'd be really fun to play with, bands like **Burning Airline**. Mainly just bands that are out there working are usually the ones I respect the most. The ones that are always touring, they relate to us because that's what we try to do. There's a lot of bands now that are trying to do it, which makes me happy, it seemed for a while that everyone was kind of resting on their laurels. They'd copy a band

that's popular, their sound, and then they just do that for their whole sound, and didn't really push the envelope. I can think of a lot of bands that are trying to do that now.

SLUG: You're on Revelation Records and you are not a typical Revelation band, what's your response to that?

CHRIS: I think it's good, I mean we like playing with all different types of people, so being on a label that's fairly diverse is very cool. They're always reincarnating themselves, there's always something, they're an 88 label for awhile and then they'll move and be more of a rock label, and then some other resurgence. They constantly seem to be changing, it's good I think to be part of something as diverse as that.

SLUG: Everyone talks about the hardcore scene, where do you see yourself fitting in?

CHRIS: I don't know, it's hard for us, we're kind of really right in-between. Personally I would like to have, crossover appeal to, you know, the hardcore kids. It's just sad that we have to have these different divisions between hardcore, indie, emo, rap metal, new metal, whatever. I really like the bands that have the crossover appeal of all the different genres, it really doesn't matter. There's bands like **Snapcase**, I know kids that are completely, all they listen to is **Palace Brothers** and stuff like that, and then you ride in their car and they have a **Snapcase** album in. It's like their hidden little treasure.

SLUG: Their dirty little secret.

CHRIS: Right, their forbidden fruit. You just can't deny that it's good. There's a lot of bands that are like that, they have that wide appeal. Hopefully we somehow fit within that, because we're not just one specific type of music. We try to incorporate all of our influences, spread that out. Hopefully it translates.

SLUG: What would you say your influences are?

CHRIS: Completely diverse. Every member bring something else to the table. And that's what we're really trying to shoot for, to integrate all those together, not just focusing into one particular sound. Trying to get just all the different elements of our influences, from, you know, 80's pop sensibilities to more electronic stuff, all of us come from hardcore backgrounds, that's definitely going to be in there. Just trying to mix all that together, trying create something a bit fresher, at least fresh to us.

SLUG: The new album, is it completely finished? Cover art and everything?

CHRIS: Yeah, we're looking around June, it'll be coming out. It's called *False Cathedrals*, and I'm really happy with it. I think it's the best thing we've done so far.

SLUG: Could you give us a sneak peek, a comparison to your others?

CHRIS: It's definitely different than the last album. If you had been with us since the last album, when it came out it was already a year old, so if you were able to be with us in the band, it's a fairly good translation of that segue way all the way down, you wouldn't be just like, "Oh my god, what are they doing?" But it is different, there's a lot more subtle things going on, we incorporated more instruments, piano, a lot more synthesizer. Vocally I tried to push myself in different directions. In no way is it like, what's going on? I think that you'll definitely see that we concentrated a lot more on it than previous releases.

SLUG: It seems every hardcore band's got their politics, do you have any sort of band platform?

CHRIS: Not really, we're so diverse as individuals, we have different views on how things should go, and so it's hard for us to say what we believe in because all of us have kind of different beliefs, but we tolerate those beliefs and we respect them, and I think that's what we put forward, to try to respect other people's beliefs even though they might not be exactly like yours. Give them the space to do their thing as long as they aren't hurting other people. I think if anything that's probably what we stand for.

SLUG: You have played in Salt Lake a couple of times before, how has the reception been?

CHRIS: It's pretty cool. It's like everywhere, you've got to play it three or four time before you start getting into your niche. Last time we played here it was really cool. There's been some shows where we've played to hardly anybody, and some that were good in attendance, it seems like a really cool scene. It's definitely, well I guess it has its stigma sometimes with a lot of the straight edge hardcore, some of the things that are involved, the violent aspect of it, everyone's kind of wary about coming here. Luckily we haven't had any problems, hopefully we never will. I think it's a pretty cool place.

—Curtis Jensen

local cds

Doublewide / Thirty Weight Trailer Trash Tunes

The best way to describe this band is if Gas Huffer and Supersuckers had a bastard child in Utah.

Doublewide is a talented group of musicians that are very skilled in what they play. They have the talent of playing violin, harmonica, and I believe an accordion. This disc ranks up there with the best of major releases that have come out in the last year, it also boasts a full and clean production to it. Favorite track *Need for Speed* in which their lead vocalist declares that "Marlon Brandon had it, James Dean had it, Tom Cruise definitely did not." The first track, *Good to Go*, pretty much sums up the whole point of life, "Give me hot-blooded women and rock n roll." Their lead vocalist could wrestle down the biggest steer with his pinky. Doubt me? He declares on *Ready for Me*, that he smokes TNT, drinks gin non-stop, and hopes that "You motherfuckers start a fight." The second track is about self-righteous assholes with that holier-than-thou because god is on my side attitude that runs rampant throughout this state. Track nine is about getting even with the girl/boy friend that plays games and betrays everything. I guarantee that Doublewide will quickly become the biggest and best



PHOTO/ANGELA BROWN

export from this uneventful state of Salt, the next big rock stars that will be flashing middle fingers for all the magazine covers. Doubt me? They won SXSW and will be played in Texas alongside Zeke, Supersuckers, Murder City Devils, and REO Speedealer. Hopefully, they can nab a major record deal and can get the chance to kick Backstreet Boys and Phish's asses. Drink a beer for luck to 'em. Want a copy of *Thirty Weight*? Go to one of their shows or drop an E-Mail to blmarcus@hotmail.com and request one. Don't forget I told you so.

—Kevlar7

Swagger Her Dance

Recorded at Tom Cram's (Honest Engine) Friction Studios and it shows. Cram's penchant for guitar effects (read: his sound) and polished production permeate *Her Dance*, as it has on releases from Mr. Sunshine, James Woods (see review below), not to mention Honest Engine's fine discs, *Combustion* and *Overhaul*.

Despite the better than average production, the album suffers from a common malady among our local bands: songwriting is not a priority (As a preemptive strike against any "NO WAY! NOT MY BAND" whining, let me clarify: Not ALL local bands can't write songs, just a lot of them. If your inferiority complex still prompts you to go on the defense and pick up a pen, stop for a moment and consider why. Maybe your band really DOES suck).

—Randy Harward

JHard Bargain Hard Bargain

I like 70s rock. I like cock rock. I like a band that has the balls to play either style well and without apology. On "Independent," the opening track of their debut CD, Hard

Bargain whips out a big one and proceeds to whack us on the head with it. Bassist Dane Thomson's raspy vocals and guitarists Jeff Cross and Dan James' Hagar-esque riffage make you wanna hop on the highway and defy the Highway Patrol.

Too bad the end of the song signals the beginning of the listener's descent into a dark, stinky hole full of Cliché Monsters who are waiting to stick their spiked tongues in his ears and wiggle them around until his brains start dripping out and he turns into a zombie and starts eating people's brains because he doesn't have one and shit.(COUGH!)

—Randy Harward

Fistfull Fortune Cookie

Just before it burned to the ground, I ate at the Pearl Garden on 9th South and State. The food was a gas. The fortune in my cookie said, "Tomorrow you will set the world on fire. Tomorrow you will win the lottery."

After hearing *Fistfull's* much-anticipated debut, I felt something pretty close to the excitement a fortune like that would produce, only without the money. More like the endorphin rush you get after prolonged exposure to pain.

Recorded at Counterpoint Studios and mastered at Capitol mastering in Hollywood, California, the punk-by-way-of-metal foursome's first album is the best-sounding local release I have EVER heard. On track one, "Look Me In the Eye," *Fistfull* comes out spitting corrosive liquids in your face, only to finish you off by sticking your seared, wretched face in the salty, crashing rhythms of "Ocean" and walking away.

—Randy Harward

THUNDERFIST



blah bla blah couch blah blah worthless ass blah blah now!
 blah blah thunderfist, blah blah *agro-bunny rock!*
 new c.d. blah party! blah unadulterated blah blah fun!
 blah blah blah burt's, no cover, blah blah blah blah.
 If you don't blah blah blah, I'll go blah blah and
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 So get up and get ready to go!
Honey?

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Concert Previews

He's watching me. It's the Porn Czar. Out there behind the white Nissan Pathfinder, looks sorta like the black spy from *Spy vs. Spy*, except he's wearing a What Would Jesus Do? t-shirt. He wants to bust me looking at cyberporn, then tell my wife the REAL reason I like to stay up late.

Asshole. It's none of his fuckin' business where I find inspiration. Hot Lesbo' Action is my muse and I make no apologies.

As a matter of fact, I have access to a complimentary password to the Vivid Video web site (www.vividvideo.com) and I am using it now to download the cream of the crotch of Internet smut. Hopefully the Slug Porn Czar will let me use some of the photos with this article. Wouldn't you rather see Janine Lindemulder and Kobe Tai doing scissors instead of a lame ass black and white photo of Beck?

The first show I have to tell you about is **Calobo**, on the 6th at the *Zephyr Club*. These guys come around so often, it's tough to find something new to say about them. I usually make a crack about my wife and how it pisses her off that I lust over Michelle Van Kleef, one of the band's vocalists. Now that that's out of the way, I'll say that for a group that is often lumped into the dreaded Jam Band category, their songs match their chops.

Alternative: the **Forty-Fives** show at *ABG's* that same night.

Speaking of Hot Lesbo Action, who reading this always stops to ogle the cover of *Bloody Kisses*, whenever they're in the record store? There has to be at least a few guys and girls out there that are mesmerized by the sight of two women making out. Pay close attention to the cover of *Slow, Deep and Hard* and you'll see the most daring cover since *Pauly Shore's Pink Diggly Diggly*. By the way, the band is playing with *Coal Chamber*, *Full Devil Jacket*, and the *Deadlights* at *Saltair* on the 7th.

Of local interest are **Fistfull's** CD release parties (all hail the arrival of *Fortune Cookie!*), the first of which happens tonight at *Getty's*. The buzz is all around town about this band, and if their performance at *SLUGfest* was any indication, it is well deserved. This show is 21 and over, and will feature performances by the **Red Bennies** and **Street Legal Theater** in addition to belly dancing by **Shahravar**.

A second CD release extravaganza, this one **ALL AGES**, will take place at *Kilby Court* on the 8th. Each of the previously mentioned support acts will appear, with additional sets from **Flesh Peddler** and **Broken Standard**.

Finally, on the 14th, the band travels to Provo for a celebration that will include **Sugarpants**, **Street Legal Theater**, and **Shahravar**. The venue is *ABG's*.

Alternatives (on the 7th): **Sexpot** accordionist **Phoebe Legere** is at the *Dead Goat*, or **The Go**, nineties practitioners of sixties Detroit rock ala the **MC5** (only fronted by Jim Morrison), are at *Kilby Court* with **Office Party** and **The Vexations**. If you must miss **Fistfull** at *Getty's* this evening, this is the only excuse.

The **Dub Narcotic Sound System** and the **Subdebs** will

are at the *Dead Goat*, and **Marlena Shaw** is the *Jazz at the Hilton* attraction.

There is only one show worth your time and money on the 11th. **Guided By Voices**, a band I ignored for way too long, are returning to *Liquid Joe's* after playing a poorly-attended, but thrilling show there last August. I can honestly say that I have never seen such a sight as a forty-something former teacher holding a beer in one hand and swinging his microphone with the other.

Only one show worth mentioning on the 12th as well. **Matthew Sweet**, touring in support of *In Reverse*, his best album since *Girlfriend*, returns to the *Zephyr* five months after selling the venue out. An artist with an incredibly loyal fan base, Sweet could easily repeat the accomplishment this time around.

Interestingly enough, Sweet and **Guided by Voices** just completed a series of dates together, only to wind up in the same town a day apart.

The 13th brings the **Mentos Freshmaker Tour**, which sounds as bad as *Coca-Cola's* **IYDKYDG** (If You Don't Know, You Don't Go) Tour. Every time I think of *Mentos*, I think of the commercial where that dumbass albino guy pops one of the minty candies, gets into a guy's car, smiles as if to say, "Well, you didn't expect me to walk all the way AROUND the car, did you?" Exits. Then whirls around to shove the product in the guy's face. What were they trying to say? "You can do stupid shit and not get your ass kicked as long as you've been popping *Mentos*?" If that were true, I'd buy a case of *Mentos*; go to the mall and grab me some ass. "What's that? Sexual assault? No, ma'am. Not when you have *MENTOS!*"

Stroke 9 is headlining the tour, with **New Rising Suns** supporting. It's formulaic, radio-friendly pop purveyed by pretty white boys. God, it even sounds like the *Mentos* commercial.

Alternatives: Dance hall reggae with **Lemo and the Calypsonians** at *Cisero's* in Park City, **Love as Laughter** at *Kilby Court*, or anything on TV.

April 14th has to be the saddest fucking day of the month in terms of live entertainment. **Shaking Tree**, **Don Williams**, and **Trout Fishing in America**. If you really care where these events will occur, do the research yourself.

I won't pretend that *SLUG's* target audience is the type to indulge in folk or country blues, but **Kelly Joe Phelps** is the type of performer whose voice and playing are a kick to both your nuts and your soul. You can check him out in Logan at the *Ellen Eccles Theater* on the 15th or the *Marriott Center for Dance* at the University of Utah on the 17th.

Anyone sick of "Sweet Virginia" yet? I hate that fuckin' song. The purveyors of the crappy Live imitation are **Train**, the pride of *Aware Records*, the indie label that originally released their nearly-platinum album. They're at *Club DV8* on the 17th with **Stir** (a band that credits their change of direction "from rooty, quasi-alternative country to something along the lines of a stoner's *Eve 6*" to the influence of bands they toured with last time out) and **Wood**.

Alternative: **ThaMuseMeant**, another one of them jam bands that cares about songs, will be at the *Hogwallow Pub* on the 17th and 18th and **Hassle Power Ride**, fronted by the Artist Currently **Know As Sta(uumlaut)ker**, will

play with the **Vexations** at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*. On the 20th, **Buckwheat Zydeco** returns to Utah after a rousing set at *Red Butte Gardens* last summer. This time he'll play *Harry O's* in Park City. **Shapeshifter** will be at the *Zephyr*.

Christine Lavin and **Rosalie Sorrels** will entertain fans of folk at *Highland High School* on the 21st.

Bass legend **Tony Levin** will headline a show with the **California Guitar Trio** on the 24th, but the venue has yet to be determined. Expect it to happen somewhere near the University of Utah, or perhaps in Logan.

Alternative: **Michael Hill's Blues Mob** will be at the *Dead Goat Saloon* for those of us who don't give a shit about music theory and technique.

Are we there yet?

25th: **Citizen King** at the *Zephyr*.

26th: **Beck** at the E Center, **Ben Weaver** and **Tom Feldmann** at the *Lazy Moon Pub*.

27th: **Phlegmatic** and **Possibilities** at *Yabba Dabba Doo But's*.

28th: Well, well, well. **Thunderfist** already has a new CD for

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WITH BROKEN STANDARD
KILBY COURT
ALL AGES

us. They will hold a CD release party at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*, which, in my humble opinion, is the ONLY place to hold a CD release party. No cover equals more money for CDs and beer.

Alternative: Come ON! You're going to skip **FREE Thunderfist!** Well, the **Arsonists**, a hip-hop group signed to *Matador*, is playing the *Warehouse (?)* that same night, so go if you must.

As for the 29th, we have **Sugarpants** at *Burt's*. Check them out on *Mp3.com*, where you can download three of their songs ("*Fuzzpudler*," featured on the *SLUG comp Filthy Bunnies and Teenage Tramps*, "*Exhibition Masturbation*," and "*Meet My Friends*") on *Mp3.com*.

Which takes us into May. **Tim Reynolds**, probably best known as the guy who plays electric guitar on the *Dave Matthews Band* studio albums, will be at *Harry O's* in Park City on the 3rd. His playing is dazzling on a level that no other guitarist has achieved. Do not miss this one (and leave all notions that he is a jam/hippie artist at the door).

Later on in the month, **Smashing Pumpkins**, **Bruce Springsteen** and the *E Street Band*, **Foo Fighters** and the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** (yep, same show), and **Eric Idle Exploits Monty Python**.

I'm off to eat my *Mentos*.

—Randy Harward

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INSTITUTIONALIZED DEVIANCE

BY

H. BATES



Have you ever noticed that no matter where you are in the world, a Big Mac from McDonald's looks and tastes the same? From their fries to their pies, McDonald's is able to produce a product that is remarkably similar in taste and appearance regardless of the location it is purchased. Obviously, this is no accident and it makes perfect business sense. The greater the amount of control a business is able to exert over the products it produces the greater the profit that those products will generate. Assuming, of course, that there is a demand. The control McDonald's is able to maintain over its products has made it one of the most successful business enterprises in the history of this country and is the primary reason so many other businesses have attempted to emulate their success.

For McDonald's, control is the key to a successful business venture, but let's say you're not in the fast food business. Let's say your product is entertainment, specifically, musical entertainment. How do you control that kind of a product? Especially when you have historically been at the mercy of temperamental, drug-addicted, egomaniacal musicians who

insist on calling your company's product their own and are continually exerting their own brand of control, which may not be profitable at all. In other words, how do you make music like a Big Mac?

The answer is simple. Replace those pesky musicians with performance artists. Here's how:

The first step is the most critical. Go out and get an attractive, but easily disposable teenager that can sing and dance. You can limit yourself to one or go for an entire group. If you do decide to go for a group the optimal number appears to be five. Group or solo act? Just remember that five people require more money, but a single person is like sticking all your songs in one basket and this can undermine your control once he or she gets popular. To diffuse this potential problem in advance make sure that: (A) Your attractive teenager(s) is smart, but not too smart. You want them to be able to give a good interview, but not able to look at a balance sheet without getting a headache. (B) They are highly motivated by money and fame. That way they will be willing to do anything you need them to do, regardless of how foolish, demeaning, immoral, or unethical it is in order to attain success.

Age is critical in the selection process. They must be old enough to be sexually appealing but young enough to be confused with virgins. That way your performer(s) will have a broad appeal to those adults that fantasize about having sex with them as well as those children who want to simply be like them. I recommend the young looking eighteen-year-old group (Please note that if your attractive teenager(s) is female keep one thing in mind at all times when making your selection. Breasts! Buy em' if you have to, but by God make sure there are breasts. All the outfits that are worn in public and on stage absolutely require breasts. They can't be too big and they can't be too small. Perky is important. Sag is right out. Breast appeal is critical. Save on the breasts now and pay later. I cannot emphasize this point enough).

Step Two. This step is not nearly as important as step one but it's necessary if you want to keep an eye on your overhead, especially if you've paid for boob jobs. Put together a group of

inexpensive songwriters. They need to generate songs with catchy, bass-ripe pop tunes faster than they can defecate. The lyrics must be about sex, young love, or broken hearts. Mix the songs with a group of easily replaceable and equally underpaid musicians that are willing to play the crap. Add computers and recording equipment whenever possible to limit the musicians potentially disruptive musical influence on your product. Then, feel free to fire any of these people at any time should they try to get creative. After all, McDonald's doesn't change its recipes. Why should you?

The last stage in the process of creating a performance artist is the choreography and wardrobe stage. Be careful not to look past this stage in the rush to get your product to market. A well-choreographed dance number with a high impact wardrobe will cover up marginal music much better than great music will cover up a marginal wardrobe and mediocre dancing. Hire only the best even if you have to fire a few musicians and songwriters to cover the costs.

Male wardrobes should include some sort of unidentifiable hockey equipment, and/or parachute pants. Female wardrobes should do everything possible to highlight the all important breast appeal and, under no circumstance, conceal the belly button. This tends to amplify breast appeal.

One final word of advice, compel your performance artist(s) to change their name(s). Few teenyboppers are going to pay thirty bucks to see Mike. They will, however, cough up that much to go see Mikey. The same could be said for Joey, Brittany, Christie, etc. Name recognition is important, do your research and choose wisely. After all, at McDonald's you pay to eat Big Macs and McNuggets, not beef or chicken.

Finally, hire a small legion of make-up artists, hair stylists and security and you're ready to go. If you have followed the recipe precisely, you will soon see your performance artist(s) raking in the kind of profits most businesses only dream about. If things don't work out or if the music seems half-baked, feel free to scrap the whole idea and try again. After all, that's what are recipes for.

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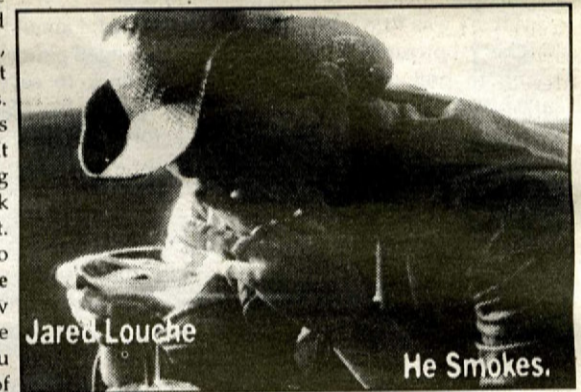
—J. Cameron

Leather Strip will be releasing a new single, *Carry Me*, on April 11th. The single is said to contain 7 versions of the song ranging in many different styles. Accompanying this, **Funker Vogt** will be releasing their first single on Metropolis *Gunman* on April 11th as well. **Funker Vogt's** full length album *Maschine Zeit* will be out on May 23rd. Other releases to be looking forward to include: **Wumpscut's** *Bloodchild* (May 23), **Snog's** *Dear Valued Customer/Lies* (April 18), **Halo_Gen's** self-titled (April 18), and **VNV Nation's** *Empires* (May 2). The new **Velvet Acid Christ** album *PsychoAktive* will be released in early September and Europe will see a limited edition *PsychoAktive Construction Set* with all sorts of bonus goodies. There has also been more talk about the upcoming VAC states tour as well. Nothing is set in stone, but I guess he has been pushing in the direction of setting up the tour with **Funker Vogt**. *A Remix Wars Strike 4 US tour*. Bryan Erickson's side project **X-tekk** is also scheduled to be released this fall.

INTERVIEW WITH JARED LOUCHE

We've all heard about Jared Louche at one point or another, haven't we? Whether it was his famed work with **Chemlab**, or his now somewhat solo deal as Jared Louche & the Aliens. **Chemlab's** past albums have recently been reissued on Invisible Records along with Jared Louche & the Aliens debut, *Covergirl*. Accompanied by these reissues are liner notes Jared added himself going into detail about the concepts about some of the songs, and a little **Chemlab 101**. Personally, I found the liner notes intriguing, and the feedback I was getting from peers was exceptional. So, fuck it. Why not ask for an interview to get a little more detail on some of these issues that left all of us begging for more? I emailed Jared asking for the interview and his response was more than positive. He even asked me about *ClubDV8*. It's nice to know that SLC is remembered by at least one individual. Read and enjoy. **SLUG:** How'd you get involved with the guys from Invisible? **JARED:** I left the music scene in '97 after we had finished the **Gwar** tour. The record label (Fifth Column) was going up in flames and there were thousands of dollars in different debts accrued from the tour. The label had been gutted and mismanaged because the owner had decided that he simply didn't want to play anymore and he wouldn't give over the control of it to me. He stopped paying for ads, manufacturing, advances and royalties (he was never good with those two!) and hadn't paid me in two months. It was incredibly unpleasant and this guy ran the label into the ground. It fell apart as soon as I left, the artists scattering. **Chemlab** was in massive debt. The labels that had been looking at us didn't know what to do with our music. What category to put it under? And lost interest. We weren't 'electronica' and that was what was happening at the time. Self-destruction was the reigning king with us and our lives were generally falling apart. I had decided I'd had enough of 'the music biz' and wanted out for good. That was it for me. I was cast adrift. Through one twist and another, a few weeks later I found myself working for an investment banking firm on Wall Street. That's another long story, but I was moving between two wire-houses when I got a call from Atkins asking me if I would be interested in coming out on tour with **Pigface** as one of the slew of singers. So I arranged a quick break and went off on the tour that eventually led to my recording *Covergirl* and leaving Wall Street (or being told to leave the city, depending on which story you believe). Martin and Dave were both very supportive of the idea of getting me into the studio to record some of the ideas that I had run past them. They knew that it wasn't going to be a new **Chemlab** album but they were willing to just let me record what I wanted regardless of what it might sound like. I was still uncertain as to whether or not I was going to be going back to Wall Street to get my broker's license (a six-and-a-half hour exam!!) or not. Putting together a new version of **Chemlab** for recording and touring was not even on the horizon yet. They liked the idea of an album of some of my favorite cover tunes and so they just let me loose in the studio for a month of rending and noise-making. In terms of being in the music industry again, it simply makes sense to work with Invisible. They are supportive of the things I want to do and are really into my doing a new **Chemlab** record. I have the artistic freedom I want. I'm not making any money, but that's nothing new. It's not as if I was living in the lap of luxury and had to down-shift my needs and

expectations. I've always been broke except when I was working on Wall Street and pulling down some real bread. Rock and roll has yet to pay the bills. The only way to get that to change is by working with a label that understands the concept of "artist development" and that is financially impossible at the majors nowadays. The only place where it still exists is at the independent level. **SLUG:** The liner notes in the reissues of the **Chemlab** albums, was it your idea or was it pitched to you by someone else? **JARED:** Dave Baker at Invisible suggested the idea of putting in some liner notes for the re-issues because I was always rifling off stories to him about how something we had recorded had been done, or some tale of the road, or some bizarre rumor that had gotten started and what it actually came from, etc. Storytelling is a lot of what I do at shows here in London so it just made sense to me. I could have gone on for pages and pages. 10 Ton Pressure and assorted remixes and unavailable trax are being re-issued this summer as well and I'm in the process of doing more liner notes for that too. I'm also involved in putting together the **CHEM/LOUCHE** web site at present and that will be full of stories, misinformation, photographs, tour/album info, etc. It should be up and running in a few months. **SLUG:** What did you think of the remixes done for the reissues? **JARED:** Great! It may seem like favoritism, or ass-licking (it's neither), but I really feel that the track Atkins did of "Chemical Halo" is brilliant. It really captures the feel of the song. I also really liked the mix Mark from **Death Ride 69** did. I was hoping to do some of the new **Chemlab** trax with him but he's out of the music biz as well. **SLUG:** What were you wanting to accomplish with the release of *Covergirl*? **JARED:** I wanted to record an album that was just, selfishly, to satisfy me. I wanted to record an album that would allow me to explore some of the terrain that I had never had the chance to do with **Chemlab**. I wanted to record an album of contrasts that would stand in diametric opposition to each-other. I wanted to record an album that would let people know that the old goat was not dead but that he had certainly mutated into something unexpected. I wanted to record a jazz version of "Suicide Jag" because I've heard it that way for so many years, even on stage sometimes. I wanted to record an album within whose context I could do things like sodomize a song by 'air'...and I did..twice. juicy! I wanted to make some of the songs that have taken up space in my head, with all of the noise they make, start paying rent. An exorcism of sorts, if you will. I wanted to record a diversion before I returned to destroying the world with a new **Chemlab** machine. **SLUG:** Were there any covers you had in mind that didn't work out, or that just didn't make it on the album? **JARED:** Lots and lots of them. I could go on for hours talking about the songs that I would like to mutate. There are loads of great songs that even a 10 CD set would not be able to encompass. The total destruction of every single one of Madonna's songs, in sequence, played end-to-end at triple-speed, would take up quite a wedge on their own. Ahh what twisted wreckage I would leave in my wake! So many songs form the sonic backdrop for me and in the blur of days they start to mutate and take on new shapes. That's when I start wanting to do un-natural things to them. I joke about never releasing another original ever. There are so many good songs out there to drag over the coals. I could just make a career out of other people's songs, but then I would become the Joe Cocker of the machine rock scene. Bad joke. **SLUG:** We all know what you've been up to since the breakup of **Chemlab**, with the *Covergirl* album and all, but what ever happened to that Dylan fellow? **JARED:** There's only so much I can say about how/what he's doing. He left New York about a year ago. It's uncertain if he's going to be doing anymore music. I would like to work with him again but it would be easier if he lived over here in swinging London. He's a genius, that much is for sure. A true-born cybernetic-organism! **SLUG:** Are you expecting to release anything else in the future? As Jared Louche and the Aliens or anything else? **JARED:** I'm back. Yes, I'm mutating and shifting my skin and I'm certainly not done with making music. I am in the process of putting together a new **Chemlab** album that will be a twist on what came before but will rock in that same broken fashion. I am doing shows here in swinging London to support *Covergirl* as well as to preview new **Chemlab** material. I'm also working on a multi-media book as well as some performance-endurance pieces and a few steel sculptural installations around Europe. I'll be back in the states again in the fall to support the albums and to soak up as much of it as I can. I've been missing the road, I'm hungry to get back. See you on the stage soon. Stay burning, burning hot.



Jared Louche

He Smokes.

Remember "Down" in '96, that song from the 'indecently exposed' band from Omaha. It soured up the charts and their video made MTV's Buzz Clip. The hip crowd ran out to buy this reggae, funk, hip-hop new sound, while devoted fans from '93 tried to keep the underground alive. 311, self titled album, and "Down" had been released 14 months earlier.

Since 1988, 311 has been touring non-stop, releasing 5 CD's and a live album and video (*Enlarged To Show Detail*). With a lot of new bands rock/rap style, 311's influence shines through while they have experimented, created and come out on top. With their newest release *Sound System*, they step it up to and put all their talents together for 12 precise, tightly refined songs. With touring in full swing again after the small club shows, I had the chance to talk with Chad Sexton (Drummer) of 311, about touring, life and plans for the future:

SLUG: Hello, how you doing?

CHAD: I'm doing good.

SLUG: Where are you calling from?

CHAD: Springfield, MO.

SLUG: Isn't that where your RV caught fire during the 'Music' tour?

CHAD: Yea, outside of Springfield.

SLUG: Hope you don't have the same bad luck tomorrow.

CHAD: Hell, no.

SLUG: How's the tour going so far?

CHAD: Going real well right now.

SLUG: After breaking your wrist, (an accident in Australia while playing football) and having time off, then doing the small venue tour, was it like a re-birth compared to the larger arenas you have been playing?

CHAD: Yea, we started in clubs and we grew our fan base, not through radio or MTV, but through hard touring from 93-96.

In '96 MTV and radio came around and helped us out with "Down", so obviously we were playing arenas by then. We decided to go back to the clubs because it

was like a re-birth, it was like us starting over again. That's how it felt because we took a long time away from the band and when we came back it felt all new and fresh. We just thought the club tour would go along with what we were thinking.

SLUG: Will 311 be touring with any festivals this summer?

CHAD: No Warped Tour, but a few radio show that have a lot of bands on the bill, but that's at the end of April and early May.

SLUG: 311 has been known for your great live performances. When you passed through at DV8 last October your set list had 22 songs and 2 encore's. On this tour will the shows be that long?

CHAD: Actually, we've been averaging 26 or 27 songs every night.

SLUG: Concerning the *Enlarged To Show Detail Vol. 2* (video and CD pack), how are the plans going for that?

CHAD: Were picking up footage along the way, touring and getting stuff to put on it. We don't have a release date, but possibly by the end of this year or beginning of the next.

SLUG: How much time has the band left off since the last tour and then the small venue tour last year?

CHAD: It's been a year and 7 months, but we only took 4 months off and the rest we worked on *Sound system*.

SLUG: And about *Sound system*, did you record the entire album at your studio, 'The Hive'? And how do you like recording in your own studio?

CHAD: Yea, there's pro's and con's of having your own studio. It's our equipment so we have to fix it, more bills to pay.

SLUG: After looking at the bands that you have played with (from KISS to Wu-Tang) are there any bands that you would still like to play with?

CHAD: Yea, tons. Deftones, Incubus, Black Eye Peas, I wish the Pharcyde were still together (ED. note: See *The Pharcyde at Boarding for Breast Cancer, April 15, Lake Tahoe, NV*) so we could play with them. I'd be leaving so many out, but those are just a few.

SLUG: On the new album, on *Come Original* you give prop's to Black Eye Peas, do you have a relationship with them, or respect of style?

CHAD: Yea, I've met those guys a few times, but were just giving prop's. We know the NOFX guys, but don't know Ronney Stiles. Check him out on the strumming base in the electronic section in music stores.

SLUG: With only 12 songs on the new CD are there a lot of out takes?

CHAD: No, only one titled 'Dance Hall' didn't make it. We came out of *Transistor* making so many songs, that limited our time we put into each song, this album we wanted to get a set number of songs and put all of our efforts into these songs. There were songs in pre-production that we didn't record, but they still exist.

SLUG: Do you think 311 has a good fan base in Utah, say the response to keep

coming back often?

CHAD: Yeah, it's a good market for us, we sell well there, but I think it's mostly what our fans want. That first show at DV8 there were some problems with people sneaking in because it was such a small venue. So we wanted a chance to come back and let everyone see us.

SLUG: Do you have signing/meet and great at your shows?

CHAD: Not officially, but usually we come out to fans waiting by the bus and sign and take photos. Unless one of us is sick or can't make it out, we're usually there.

SLUG: I know the fans appreciate that. A lot of big bands come out and perform and then run back to their limousine and hotel room.

CHAD: Yeah, swear to god 90% of the time were out there.

SLUG: How has the covers for *Drummer* gone?

CHAD: Awesome, I'm very pleased to be on the Drum covers I've been on.

SLUG: From your first show in 1990 with Fugazi, did you have any idea 311 would be this big?

CHAD: I think, like the rest of us, I liked to write and make music and always hoped for the best.

SLUG: So now what?

CHAD: Were going to concentrate on touring through the states until July and then maybe Japan in August. If we do anything in Europe it will be a small tour in Germany, France, and London.

SLUG: The albums great, good luck with the tour and thanks for the interview.

CHAD: You're welcome, sounds pretty good. Take it easy.

SLUG: See ya, *click*

311 played Saltair April 1 with Jimmie's Chicken Shack.

—Josh Scheuerman



When I was first told about Machine Head, I about fell over laughing. I pictured some crazy ass middle aged paunchy guys trying to pull off the Warrant, 'We're back to save rock!' bullshit, but man was I wrong. I caught up with Machine Head guitarist Ahrue Luster at Club DV8 before the show, and got the 'inside scoop' as to what's up with the band. I don't know what else to tell you about Machine Head except, they are loud, heavy, and they aren't doing it for the nookie, yeah. The interview is as follows:

SLUG: You're one of the new guys in the band, aren't you?

AHRUE: I've been in the band for close to two years now.

SLUG: So, you personally have played in Salt Lake City before?

AHRUE: No. This is actually the first time I've been here.

SLUG: I know that Machine Head was doing the 'rap-metal' sound a long time ago, so what do you think of bands that are capitalizing on it today? It seems to be the 'hip' sound of the moment.

AHRUE: I have no problems with it. It's not my place to judge, really. I never really criticize people, or bands for what they do.

SLUG: How long have you played guitar?

AHRUE: Oh, I don't know, for about a year now. At this point I knew that the shit was getting pretty deep, so I added some of my own.

SLUG: Do you shop at Hot Topic?

AHRUE: What?

SLUG: Nothing.

AHRUE: I thought you asked me if I shopped at Hot Topic?

SLUG: Maybe I did, and maybe I didn't, anyway, how do you get a gig as illustrious as Machine Head? Did you take lessons? I mean, only playing for a year, that's pretty good.

AHRUE: Well, I used to deliver pizza, and I would deliver pizza to Rob's house, and one day he said, "Hey, do you want to be in a band?" I said, "Sure!" and that was that.

SLUG: I see.

AHRUE: I was just kidding man, I've been playing for about eleven years. Feel better?

SLUG: Classically trained, or did you grow up listening to Yngwie Malmsteen?

AHRUE: I've learned a couple of classical things, but none of that applies to what I do now.

SLUG: Is everything you guys do in 'Dropped D' tuning?

AHRUE: No. We do a 'Dropped B' tuning. So, we tune to C#, and then we tune that to B.

SLUG: Fuck. Why don't you all just play bass then? Do you play those 7-String guitars that those dudes in Korn use?

AHRUE: No.

I know, you people are thinking, "What the hell is this? Guitar World? I had some questions of my own, okay? Anyway, back to the interview."

SLUG: How much longer do you have to tour for this album?

AHRUE: We've been out for eight months, and after this we head to Japan. And, when we get back, I'm not sure if we're going to do Ozzfest or not, we'll see.

SLUG: Ozzfest? Do you know Ozzy?

AHRUE: The band did Ozzfest over three years ago, and I wasn't in the band then, but I can tell you a story.

SLUG: Okay, shoot.

AHRUE: Well, I know one show Ozzy was sick, and they



didn't want a riot to happen, so they had the band play, and Marilyn Manson, Phil (Anselmo) and Rob did all of the Ozzy songs with his band.

SLUG: Man, that would be fucked up. Marilyn Manson singing Ozzy songs. He/she can't even sing.

AHRUE: Yeah, Marilyn had to ask Rob what the lyrics to 'Crazy Train' were, because he couldn't remember them.

SLUG: What about you? Have you personally played any 'big' shows while in this band?

AHRUE: Yeah, I've played with Kid Rock before, you know, pretty much all of the 'heavy' bands out there we've played with before.

SLUG: Kid Rock. That's interesting. That little dude he has in his band gives me the creeps, man. What's your take on his music?

AHRUE: Uh More power to him, I guess. (laughs) No. He was pretty cool when we met him. We sat around and did 'Brown-

Eyes' with him all night.

SLUG: What the fuck is a 'Brown-Eye' is that some kind of homosexual activity?

AHRUE: No man, it's Absolut Vodka with Coca Cola. We turned him on to those, it's the official drink of the band.

SLUG: Oh wow, that sounds good. Say, have you ever had Red Bull and Vodka?

AHRUE: Oh God! (laughs)

SLUG: Yeah, that shit just makes you hyperactive.

AHRUE: When we were on our European tour I was introduced to Red Bull and Vodka. Anyway, the ingredient that 'gives you wings' or whatever, is Taurine. It's extracted from a bull's brain, right.

SLUG: (laughs) Right.

AHRUE: Well, in Europe the amount of Taurine that they're allowed to put in Red Bull is way higher than in the U.S., so the Red Bull in Europe fucking floors you.

SLUG: One of my friends told me that it came from the bull's balls. I'm glad you cleared that up. All along I felt unusual drinking something that came from a bull's balls, you know?

AHRUE: (laughs) Man, Utah is kind of backwards isn't it?

SLUG: Maybe it does come from the bull's balls here, we haven't figured a lot of shit out yet.

AHRUE: (laughs) Whenever I want to get in trouble, or get arrested, I drink Red Bull and Vodka.

SLUG: I drink Jagermeister. AHRUE: That's good, too.

SLUG: Have you ever been a victim of alcoholic violence?

AHRUE: Well, one time when we were playing in Scotland. It was a 3000 seat venue, and we sold it out. We played this song called 'Nation on Fire' and I play the beginning by myself. We have this half-million dollar lighting rig with us, and all of the blue spotlights, about twenty of them, are focused on me. Well, I'm doing this really mellow thing on the guitar, so it's really quiet in there, and, BAM!! A fucking beer flies out of nowhere, and hits me in the head. Someone in the crowd threw a beer, and hit me right upside the head. Luckily, it was in a cup, so it didn't hurt too bad. I was furious, but I kept playing, somehow, and channeled that negative energy into playing a better show.

SLUG: You're a bigger man than I. I would have killed the son of a bitch.

So, Machine Head played, they rocked, and they left. I was tempted to throw a beer at Ahrue during 'Nation on Fire' but I didn't (too obvious) Good band if you're into the heavy stuff, and they put on one hell of a show. See you at the office.

—Jeremy Cardenas

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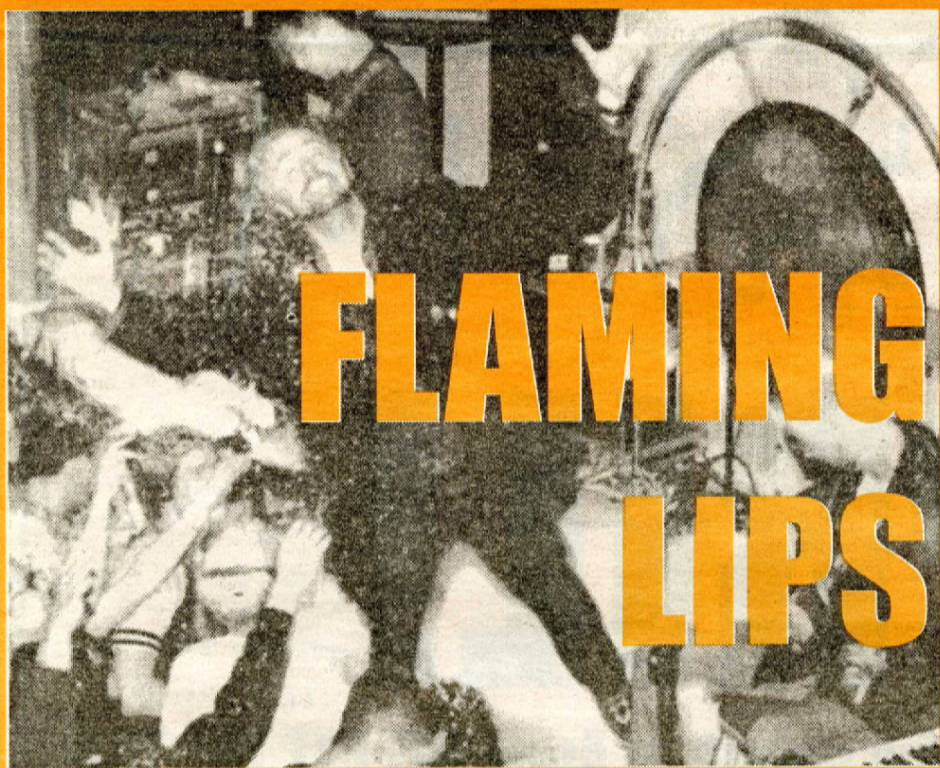
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FLAMING LIPS

It was the night of February 21st, the 2nd day of spring, but it felt more like the 172nd day of winter. The **Flaming Lips** were in town at the *Zephyr* and I was as sick as a dog. As I made my way up the construction riddled 3rd South to the show, I watched a 2/3 full moon creep over the smog encased mountain and couldn't help but wonder if the aura that surrounded it was due to some sort of atmospheric phenomena or if my homemade cold fighting concoction (a combination of vitamin C, Alka Seltzer cold tablets, ibuprofen, echinacea, cranberry juice, and lots of vodka) was finally starting to kick in. Normally, I don't like to mix my medicine, but this show was too important to miss, and besides, I had to be in a bunny suit.

Let's back track a little to a week prior to the show, when I had the exclusive opportunity to interview **Steven Drozd**, the multi-talented musician who makes up 1/3 of the band we all know as the Flaming Lips.

Now, some of you familiar with the Lips might be thinking that I should have interviewed **Wayne Coyne**. Sure, he is the frontman of the band, the lead singer, and he may have started the band with Michael Ivins back in the eighties, whereas Steven has only been with them since '91. But come on, this is **SLUG**, we do things differently here. We like to dig a little deeper for our readers.

SLUG: First of all, Stephen I would like to congratulate you on the success of your latest album, *The Soft Bulletin*, it has been hailed as album of the year by many different magazines out there. How does it feel to finally receive some long overdue praise?

STEVEN: I don't know. We've always liked our records I guess. Its kind of fulfilling, I mean Wayne and Michael have been around since the mid-eighties and I'm just glad to be in a band that people think is doing something interesting still. When we made it we thought this is really cool but we didn't think that people would react to it the way that they have.

And have they ever reacted. Their press packet includes a list of about seventy different music and news rags from around the country that have placed *Soft Bulletin* in their top ten lists. They have also received critical praise from several international mags, including Album of the Year from both the critics and the readers of N.M.E. Magazine.

SLUG: How would you describe your sound to the unfamiliar reader?

STEVEN: Just say we are like Led Zeppelin meets Walt Disney.

SLUG: I feel like you guys are bringing a sort of renaissance to the whole concert experience what with your Boom-box Sessions, the Parking Garage Experiments, and with your passing out headphones at the shows, it is not the same old boring thing with just some band performing up there. What is your next big idea to enhance the concert experience in the future?

STEVEN: It's gotten really boring, hasn't it? I'll agree with you on that. I mean, there aren't too many bands out there

that I like that I would go and see. But a lot of it is like, you know, a band will come out and start doing their thing and if a lot of us get together and think its cool and then the whole public's fooled into thinking it is something great. The thing with us has been the opposite where there has been a small handful of people that have liked us. And now it is like everyone has kind of come around to us, you know what I mean? As far as in the future I really don't know what is in store. We are going to kick back for a while and just see what we can think of next. Whether it is more boom-boxes playing live, or boom-boxes with audience participation, I'm not sure what it'll be. It'll be something crazy. Wayne's always got some new ideas.

I can't wait to see what these guys come up with next. For those of you who are not familiar with some of their "experiments" I'll try and give you a brief description of each. "The Parking Lot Experiments" involved fifty cars parked strategically in a parking garage with their doors open. Each car was given a tape with different recordings of sound effects, rhythms, and melodies. The car owners all started their stereos to Wayne's cue and a new way of listening to music was born. The boom-box experiments involved the same idea of audience participation with a sort of orchestra-like flair. Forty different tape decks were arranged like a pit of musicians each with a volunteer who would manipulate the volume at the command of the conductor, Wayne. This later led to a made-for-home version known as their 1997 release *Zaireeka*.

The album *Zaireeka* (a fusing of the words Zaire and Eureka) consists of four cds each with different parts of the same songs which are all meant to be played together on four separate players at the same time. I know some of you out there might consider this a little gimmicky. I thought the same thing until I tried it with some friends the night of the show. The first thing you notice is that the players are nearly impossible to get to play in synch. They sort of go in and out of synch as some players play faster or slower than others. This creates, as Wayne describes it in the liner notes "a suspended anticipation" that can soothe or agitate. It adds a whole new dimension to the music that otherwise could not be achieved with one player. It also makes the same tracks sound different every time you play them.

Why go to all the trouble of placing hundreds of tracks of sound together? As Wayne describes in the Lips' media release, "You see we had hoped that the sonic boundaries that were stretched to the limit on *Zaireeka* would not retract and continue to allow us a bigger palette to work with - hopefully with an earned confidence to conquer ambitious visions - to communicate 'real' expressions, not just references, about the nature of existence, outer space, love death, reality, melancholy, madness, self-doubt, the victory of optimism, the wonder of things, and whatever else the songs would be about. Our odyssey of experimentation had poisoned us and we hope, if we are lucky, to never fully detox from it"

Four or five of the songs originally intended for *Zaireeka* didn't seem to work in this expanded format. The band had really worn themselves out recording the tracks for *Zaireeka* and going back to a more simple approach proved fruitful for them in 1999, when *The Soft Bulletin* was born.

SLUG: Obviously, with all the different instruments you play on the album you are kind of forced to play against a recording when you perform live. Were you afraid that it would be regarded as kind of like cheating?

STEVEN: For about five minutes. Then we were like fuck it, man, what else are we going to do? We don't want to have to hire a bunch of people to do this. It's still us that made the music, so who cares? And there are always a couple of people at each show that are like 'what is this shit?' There was a guy at this show last night that told our sound guy that it was like we were just playing to karaoke. (ED. Note Could this be Lief Myberg?) But there is enough of a visual impact that you kind of forget that we are playing

to whatever. I mean the drums are the drums from the original recording, the drums that I played so it's like what the fuck do you want?

Their show definitely has a "visual impact". A 12"x12" screen was filled with all sorts of eye candy. Even before the opening act **Looper** hit the stage a barrage of different "trippy" video imagery hypnotically drew my gaze repeatedly. Each song had a preplanned video that included everything from prerecorded shots of Steven playing drums in synch with the current song, to shots of nuclear bombs exploding, or conductors leading symphonies with live interlaced close-ups of Wayne singing.

The visuals didn't just end with the screen. Bags of confetti were dispersed among the crowd and were constantly seen catching the lights in little explosions throughout the medley of people. After the show, the floor looked like it had received three inches of snow in spots.

SLUG: So, I have to ask the Spider Bite Song, is that really based on a real life incident?

STEVEN: It happened to me, yeah. I got bitten by a spider, went to the hospital, I was there for four days. They had to do major surgery on my hand. I remember when Wayne came to the hospital he seemed really distraught. He wrote those lyrics about it. I thought that's pretty nice that he would say those things about me. The second verse is about Michael and this weird car accident that happened about the same time. He got in this bizarre accident where this tire flew off of this car and came rolling at him out of the middle of nowhere and just bashed into his car and almost came through his windshield. It was almost this tragic accident. I guess the third verse is about Michelle, his girlfriend but I'm not really sure. I never really asked him. But yeah, they are all true stories. That's the cool thing about Wayne, he takes his life experiences and turns them into songs.

SLUG: I really appreciate your taking the time to speak with me, I know you're really busy. I just want you to know that I'm really looking forward to your show, in fact I'm thinking about showing up in costume.

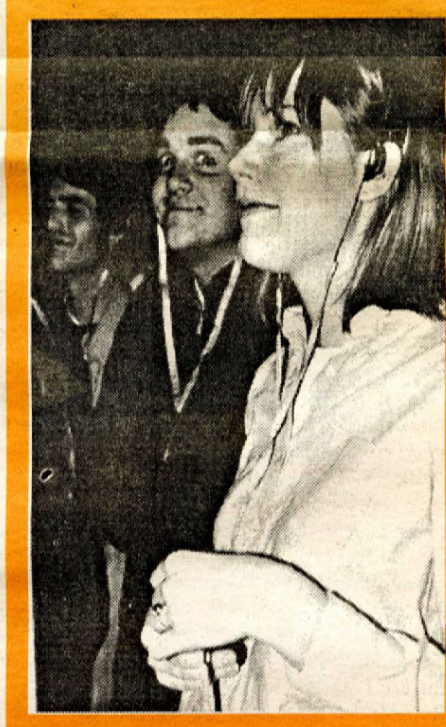
STEVEN: Costume?

SLUG: Yeah, I saw on your web site that you guys encourage people to show up in costume.

STEVEN: Oh, well we travel around with a couple of bunny suits and during the fourth or fifth song we have these volunteers in bunny suits come out and bounce around and throw confetti and stuff. We pick two volunteers in every town. Do you know of anyone who would be interested?

Did I ever. What better way to write about the show after experiencing it through the eyes of a bunny costume? I knew right away that this was exactly the angle that my story needed. I mean come on, this is **The Flaming Lips**. To write an article on these guys I felt obligated to at least try to make it a little different. I racked my brain for weeks to come up with something that could reflect what they were doing musically. I thought about having the whole article printed with all of the letters backwards, so to read it you would have to hold it up to a mirror. I toyed with the idea of arranging the words in a shape like a giant set of lips or something. I even asked Steven Drozd for any suggestions that he might have. He suggested printing the whole damn article in invisible ink. I don't think I could get that one past the editor.

—Derecimo



All ye faithful lend me your ears! I'm about to lay the hand of the almighty on yah all, the power and glory of the mighty Reverend Horton Heat. I was truly a sinner, thought I knew what life was all about. Went through my years completely ignorant to the truth, missing the mark, blinders on, and no light to guide my way. Then one day, about three years ago, a friend took me to a big festival over the summer. It was called the Warped Tour, and it was quite an experience for my deprived tortured soul. It was later in the day when my moment of clarity came. My friend nudged me over to a large stage in the back of the park and there I was hit by a lightning bolt; a spark that has forever changed my life. Out came the Reverend with a big shiny guitar at his waist, dressed in a black suit with red flames up the side. He stepped up to the microphone and began to preach to the masses. His sermon covered the sins and struggles that I had been having throughout my life. I was converted on the spot, my body began to shudder and shake, and I felt a shiver go down my spine. The Reverend wrestled with that guitar, twisting and bending it to his ultimate control, like a snake charmer showing the power of his faith. Backed up by his two disciples of power, Jimbo beating a giant stand-up bass, and Scott Churilla pounding out the thunder and the fury on his drum kit.



When I was able to pull my eyes off the Rev. I observed Jimbo climbing up on his bass and playing it while balancing on it. He then laid that big 'ol stick on the ground, slapping those tortured strings, as the Rev. stepped up on to that flaming bass and continued to wrestle with his screaming guitar. At the conclusion of their sermon to the gathered masses, Jimbo threw his stand-up bass into the air and caught it in his outstretched hands. Flipping it around so that the audience could see the big duct tapped words PSYCHO on the back of the instrument; Jimbo shook it for the converted and uncertain, pounding home the promised salvation that the band preached. I was left with a buzz in the head and was weak in the knees, but I knew that I had found my true calling. At the conclusion of the festival, I set out on a holy pilgrimage to many music stores in search of compact discs that contained the testimony and message of the mighty one. I found his latest scripture *Space Heater* and devoured it. Then the other blessed documents followed shortly thereafter. Money was no object, as I purchased all of the Reverend documents of faith, *Smoke 'Em If You Got 'Em*, *Full Custom Gospel Sounds*, *Liquor in the Front (Poker in the Rear)*, *It's Martini Time*, and the latest collection of selected passages from his musical testaments, *Holy Roller*. He played again in the fair City of Salt Lake at a place called the Tower Theatre, in which he took the stage and commenced to set it alight with holy fire. And then it was quiet.

When nothing new was heard from the Reverend for a year, I began to wake up in the middle of the night shaking and sweating. I needed to hear the words and sounds of his faithful sermons as my life was becoming quiet and boring. I was questioning the nature of my sins, wondering if I was going to spend life like all the rest of the soulless zombies one sees walking down the street dressed up in a stuffy suit, briefcase in hand, cell phone pressed to the ear. I slipped into a dull melancholy, as my old tunes from the Rev. continued to spin in my disc player, slowly wearing out. I began to fear for my soul.

Then one day I received a call from SLUG headquarters, informing that the new scripture from the Reverend was in their office awaiting my presence. I drove at high speeds (the Rev. would have been proud), to the SLUG HQ and snatched it up. I was then asked if I would be interested in an interview with his holiness. I drooled heavily as I agreed. The phone interview was setup and I headed home to listen to *Spend a Night in the Box*. The record was amazing and I found new affection. I prepared my questions and drank heavily to force myself asleep. The day arrived and I called Mister Jim Heath at his hotel. He answered and after introductions were made I clicked on the tape recorder.

SLUG: I had heard rumors that this was going to be your last album because you have throat cancer and that you are having troubles singing, is there any truth to this? I wanted to get this cleared up.

REV. HEATH: That's bullshit. There are a lot of rumors going around on the Internet and that's the most popular one. That's complete bullshit.

SLUG: I'll quote you on that completely "Bullshit", got yah. I was also wondering what, if there really is one, is your favorite album?

REV. HEATH: Well every last one we record is the favorite. I will say that this new one is one of the best. We really had a good time recording it. Paul Leary, the producer, wanted to keep it simple and not do to many takes. I think that there is a good sound to it.

SLUG: I was also wondering what you think of all this sudden explosion of Rockabilly and greaser rock bands that are coming out of the underground scene? It seems like there is a huge popularity and momentum for this type of music now.

REV. HEATH: I think it's cool that there is a lot of attention right

now on what I call the "Hot Rod Culture", there is a prediction in the music world that Rockabilly is the next big thing. I hope that's true, I would like to see it happen.

SLUG: I don't know if that's really a good thing, look at what happened to Swing.

REV. HEATH: Yeah, but I think Swing took itself way too serious. You have all these guys up on stage trying to out do each other with these flashy suits.

SLUG: Look at how good I can dance, aren't I such a fucking showoff?

REV. HEATH: Exactly. But I don't think that would happen to rockabilly and the "Hot Rod bands. There is too much fun in the music and the bands don't take themselves too serious. They are out to have a good time and aren't into that pompous nonsense.

SLUG: Swing sure did come and go really quick. I think that more attention should be on the Rev. because you have been doing all different classic styles of music for a long time.

REV. HEATH: Actually we were

playing the Pompadour and the Troubadour (popular Swing clubs) back in the early nineties before the whole craze got out of a hand. We had been playing swing style songs way before anybody else was. Like the song "Martini Time", that has a lot of Swing to it. When the craze was happening we got left out of the whole thing. There were doormen writing these books on the whole "Neo-Swing" thing, but for some reason they wouldn't mention us.

SLUG: I think most people think of the Rev. as a Rockabilly band and not swing. Which brings me to my next question. I heard the new album, *Spend a Night in the Box*, and I think that the style and sound is more like the cleaner Rockabilly sounds of your older records, *Smoke 'Em* and *Full Custom Gospel*. Was there a conscious effort for that sound?

REV. HEATH: Well, first off, our other albums have Rockabilly type songs on them. *It's Martini Time* has "Rock This Joint" which is a remake of an old Rockabilly song. We never actually say we need to do a certain type of record. We try to do all different types of songs; Blues, Rockabilly, Jazz, Swing. People always come up to me after shows and say how come you don't write songs like "400 Bucks" anymore. I tell them that we can't write the same song over and over again. It would get boring. If we did nothing but that it would not stay interesting and fresh. We end up doing stuff like "Lie Detector" to keep it fun. For each album I usually have at least four or five demos of blues songs. Only one makes it onto an album. But for the new record, Paul (the producer), wanted to have all of them on the record. In fact, I'm playing more lead guitar on this record than on any of the other ones.

SLUG: Speaking of "Lie Detector", I think a lot of people got turned off to your last album *Space Heater* because of the more melodic sounds of it.

REV. HEATH: It's funny because when that record came out. A lot of critics where saying that we were throwing them a left ball and that we were breaking the rules. And we were in the back smiling and shaking our heads going "Yep, that's the point." People were saying that we shouldn't do the slower stuff, but again there are slow songs on *Liquor in the Front*. We were in the studio with Ed (Stasium, producer of "Heater"), and the band *The Toadies*, who are a pretty hard group, were recording in the same building. They kept walking by the door and saying that what they were hearing was pretty heavy and loud. I also think that there are a lot of fast songs like "Jimbo Song" and "Texas Rockabilly Rebel" on that record.

SLUG: I personally really like it, and I'm not just saying that to suck up. I think it's different than your other records, but that's why I like it. It has that outer spacey sound to it. I hate bands that have just one sound and they bang it into the ground. This new record is different, but has elements of your other older ones and that makes it a classic in my book. I also noticed that the new record is on Time Bomb, how's that?

REV. HEATH: Great, the owner of the record label seems to be really into it. The label has a good roster.

SLUG: Another favorite

Rockabilly band, *The Amazing Crowns*, are your label mates.

REV. HEATH: Yeah, those guys are great. The label boss is behind us and everything looks good so far. When we were on Sub Pop, they were always in meetings with Grunge bands and didn't seem to have much time for us because they were to busy trying to push the Grunge thing. They signed us because they liked our music, but they were to into pushing bands like Love Battery.

SLUG: Uggghh!!

REV. HEATH: When we were on Interscope, they just wanted us to go away. They were into us for about two weeks and then the excitement just kind of died off. But now we seem to be getting a push from Time Bomb and the label head seems to be really into it. He wants us to do a new record every time we go on tour.

SLUG: It took two years after *Space Heater* to put out *Spend a Night in the Box*. I don't think your fans would mind even a new record every six months. What was the song that was on the car commercial?

REV. HEATH: It was a song that was on *It's Martini Time*, and it was "Big Red Rocket Of Love." It was for a Mazda commercial. It's funny because I took the money from it and bought a Lincoln Continental.

SLUG: Ha! I remember hearing that you played a show in Denver and that Kamel Cigarettes sponsored it; even though you quit smoking.

REV. HEATH: Yeah, yah know, maybe when I'm in my old age I'll care about politics. Until then, that was a really fun show. That was a good time, lots of good-looking chicks.

SLUG: Ha! Ha! Ha! Yeah-Haw!! How was the Drew Cary show?

REV. HEATH: That was cool. We got our own trailer, free food, dish TV. I got to see how they make shows and got to walk around the set. There was a really fun atmosphere to it, I was wondering if they were ever going to actually tape anything because they were constantly joking around. We did the song, "Now, Right Now", since we only had like two minutes to perform. So, that song has me screaming and talking with lots of fast rhythm and playing to it. It was a lot of fun.

SLUG: What's it like playing the SXSW festival in Texas?

REV. HEATH: Every time we play that show the fire marshal shuts us down. One year we were supposed to play two nights. The first night we played as Mike Ness' backing band. The second night we played about two or three songs and we got shut down. We always have a good time there. It gets pretty crazy. Unfortunately, we never get to stick around to see any of the bands play.

SLUG: That sucks, cause there are a lot of good bands that play on the bill. There's a band from Utah that won the contest and are playing the same night as you. They're called *Doublewide* and they are really fucking good. They play that greaser "hot rod" style of rock n' roll, you should check them out if you can.

REV. HEATH: I'll try to make it, since we'll probably get shut down again.

SLUG: Last time you played in SLC, you played a venue called the Tower Theatre.

REV. HEATH: I remember that place; everyone was having a good time, even though there were all these seats in the place.


SLUG: Yeah, it was a damn good time; I was so drunk. Anyway, I remember you telling at the end of the gig, that you were really appreciative for the support. Was there a reason for the comment, were you having a bad tour? The turn out for that show and other SLC shows are always very good; the venues are always packed and the crowd always goes ape-shit.

REV. HEATH: Well, it's that when we were first starting out, we couldn't book a show in SLC. We were selling out shows in Portland and Seattle, but we were having trouble getting a gig in SLC, not many people knew who we were then. Now, we always have a good turn out, and it just seems that more and more people show up each new time we play in SLC. It's usually one of the best shows of the tour.

SLUG: That's all the questions I have. Thank you for giving me the privilege. I look forward to your show on the fourth, I'm having a raging patio party and barbecue in the afternoon before the show so that I'm in the right frame of mind.

REV. HEATH: Thanks, have a good time. Drink one for me and I'll see you at the show.

—Kevlar7



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Give Me a Dollar

by
phil
jacobsen

Give me a "D." Give me an "O." Give me an "L-L-A-R." Give me a dollar.

Money is being made. But not by me. The Dow Jones rises. The NASDAQ does too. Soccer moms have stock portfolios. Hockey moms have high yield bonds. Kids no longer get allowances, they receive stock options. And I get nothing.

When the stock market was rising, I thought it was bull. As it kept rising, I couldn't bear to watch. I keep my money safe by spending every penny I earn. Jesus Saves. I don't.

Complaining only gets me another day older and deeper in debt. I'm tired of being poor. Yesterday, I felt like I was one step away from standing on a highway exit ramp with a sign that said, "My Dad is a Veteran. Give Me Money." And that's when I came up with "The Plan."

The Plan: I shouldn't stand on a Highway Exit ramp and ask for a dollar. It's all about location. I need to stand smack dab in the middle of the Information Highway and ask for a dollar.

So, give me a dollar. And email this story to all your spam loving friends.

Not persuaded? Wait there's more.

First off, you need to realize it's all about me. And you also need to realize, it's all about you. When you give a dollar to someone on the street that looks like they could use the money, what do YOU get out of that. Sure you get that tingle down your neck of a general sense of humanitarian good Samaritan nonsense. But how long does that last? One step? Two steps? Ever think if the person you just gave a dollar to was in a Twelve Step program, they wouldn't need your money?

Well, I'm in a Twelve Step program. Step 1. You send me a dollar. Step 2-12. I spend your money. But, here's the big difference, somewhere around step 7, 8 or 9, I will tell you how your money was spent. And the best part is, Sally Struthers has nothing to do with it.

Like a good Ginsu Knife commercial, wait, there is still more.

Not if, but WHEN, you send me a dollar the good times will start rolling in for you. Since it's about me, I, of course, get the money. And that's good. Since it's also about you, I hope you're asking "What do

I get?" Good question! And it's not rhetorical.

This is what you get. Your single dollar will be pooled with the other money that is sent to me. With the dollar you give, if you also include your email address I will write YOU a letter that A) Gives monthly dollar totals of money sent in (This offer void if you work for the I.R.S.) B) I will tell you how I spent your money (Did the guy with cardboard sign ever tell you how he spent your money-You just had to assume alcohol, now you'll know for certain what specific brand of alcohol.) C) There is no C. D). No D either. E) Joy and Bliss. F) No F.

It Slices. It Dices. It cuts through cans.

A dollar is all I ask. And Madonna is pregnant with her second child, oh Lourdes. Is she still the Material Girl? This is still a Material World. What if you can give more than a dollar? Then do. And your generosity will be rewarded in kind. Honest Abe. If you give me five dollars, I will send you a very short email, thanking you personally for your contribution. The Ten Dollar donator will receive a sticker, in the mail, that says "I Gave Phil a Dollar." If you send more than ten dollars, allow me a few seconds to gain my composure from laughing at your stupidity, I mean generosity, and then tell me what you want. I would never sell out, but I can be rented. In every monthly email, the person who sends in the most money, will be highlighted, lambasted, and taunted until they cry.

Did you know when you donate your money to a "charitable" organization, only one penny from every dollar actually goes to your bleeding heart cause? With the "Give Phil a Dollar" plan, I get 100% of your money. That's great-for me.

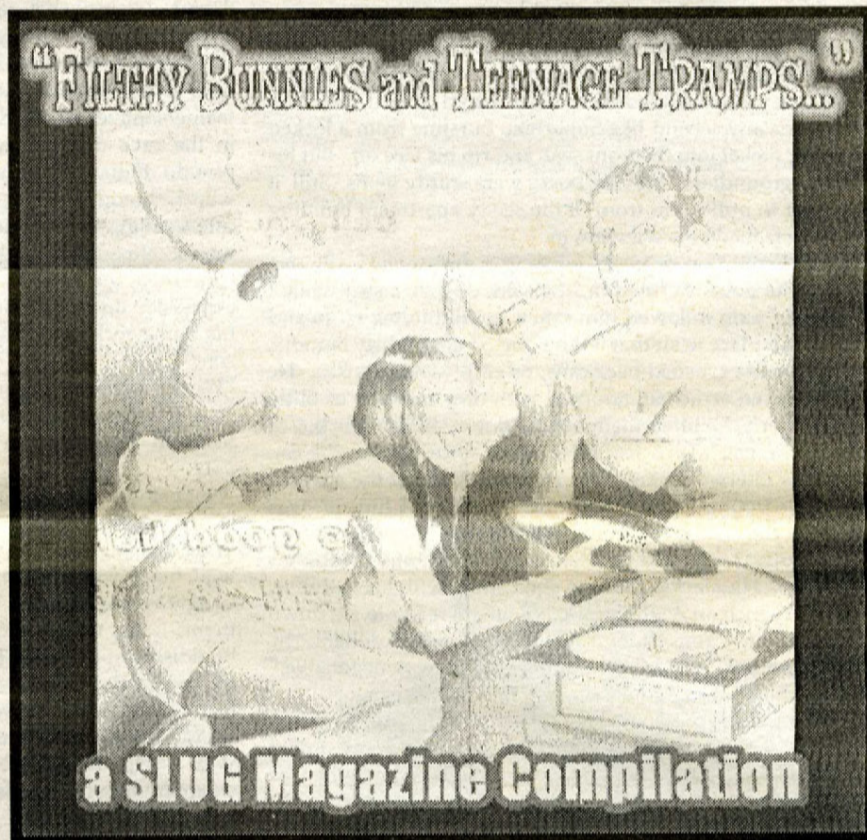
The weather in a rain forest is always dreary. Hungry children get tired of eating rice. Isn't it time you quit greasing the pockets of Bill Gates and this Alan Greenspan economy? Isn't it time you gave a dollar to Phil?

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pussy

a short story

—j.d. zeigler part three of three

Back home in the Avenues, he found one of the cardboard boxes he and Caitlin had used when moving. He punched some air holes in it, opened a can of tuna, and laid a stinky trail of fishy tidbits to its opened end. Then he hid behind the sofa and waited. Before long, the cat, its yellow eyes filled with greed, showed up. It daintily ate the tuna one piece at a time, pausing to wash its whiskers thoroughly before going on to the next piece. Sam's legs, in their crouched position, began to cramp. Finally, when he was convinced that he'd be crippled for life, the cat jumped into the box. Stiffly, Sam sprang from his hiding place and closed the lid. He put a coffee table on top of it and left to find some packing tape.

When he returned, the cat was howling like a legion of demons and the box was rocking violently. Sam had to dive headfirst to catch the coffee table before it hit the floor. Quickly, he taped the box shut. A paw, its claws extended like switchblades, shot out of an air hole. Sam jumped back in the nick of time, almost getting "fixed" himself. He considered taping the holes, but remembered that Caitlin expected a live cat when she got home. Instead, he used extreme caution when carrying the box to his car.

Wind Cougar lived in West Valley, not far from Sam's old apartment. The drive was a long, and gave the cat plenty of time to get angry, angrier than Sam thought a cat could get. By the time lake stench enveloped them, Sam feared the cat might fly from the box any second like Superman bursting from a locked bank vault, rocket into the front seat, and rip his face off. But his fears were groundless. Moving boxes were sturdy items. Still, it was a relief to pull up in front of the seedy apartment building Wind Cougar made his wigwam in.

The Authenticated Shaman, wearing a dirty plaid bathrobe, answered the door. "C'mon in," he said, "Have a seat while I get dressed." Sam followed him into a squalid living room and tried to find a place to sit that wasn't buried under dirty laundry, old newspapers, crushed beer cans, or empty pizza boxes. He chose a battered armchair, adorned with only one pair of filthy socks. Gingerly, he lifted them off, sat down, and set the box at his feet. The cat, which had been quiet since leaving the car, resumed its infernal racket. "Be right out," called the shaman from the bedroom. Sam stifled the urge to tell him he was talking to a cat. The guy would probably find it totally cosmic.

Wind Cougar emerged dressed in rental costume buckskins and feathers. His slacker persona shed along with his bathrobe, he was every inch an Authenticated Shaman, ready to get down to business. "My consultation fee is one hundred dollars," he told Sam unblinkingly. "I thought your fee was negotiable," said Sam, annoyed by Wind Cougar's false advertising.

The shaman's expression was a mix of piousness and avarice. "True, my son, but that is for services beyond my initial consultation fee." Sam gave up. Even though he knew he was being taken for a ride, he extracted the requisite amount from his wallet. Somebody had to believe him about the cat!

Wind Cougar tucked the bills under his headdress. His eyes crossed slightly, and he entered into a trance, walking around Sam with a silly pow-wow two-step. When he spoke, in a sepulchral voice and fake Native American accent, he sounded like Darth Vader channeling Sitting Bull. "My son, you have come to seek the wisdom of Wind Cougar. Let your eagle fly. Let your words flow like a river." Sam winced. He hated New Age mumbo-jumbo. This was a total farce. He was about to say, "Never mind," take his pet, and split, when the cat let out a lionized howl. Wind Cougar's face lit up like a Christmas tree. "A feline entity!" he exclaimed. The cat howled again. "An unhappy feline entity," he added. No shit, genius, thought Sam. Then the box began to shake as the cat hurled his obese body

against its sides. Wind Cougar's eyes uncrossed for a moment and he stared at the jitterbugging container like it was a lit stick of dynamite. "Uh...what do you want me to do?" he nervously asked in his normal voice.

Perversely, Sam enjoyed the shaman's discomfort and decided to stay. He'd come this far. He might as well get something for his time and money, if only the spectacle of Wind Cougar making an ass of himself. "Tell me if this cat can levitate," he said. As if to demonstrate, the box bucked so hard, its bottom lifted off the floor for a second. Wind Cougar's eyes bugged out. He needed no further proof of the cat's supernatural powers. "It's possessed!" he cried. "Maybe," agreed Sam. That kid in "The Exorcist" could levitate. Why not the cat? "Your ad said that you do exorcisms," he reminded the shaman. Wind Cougar paled. "No way, man! I'm not fucking with what's in that box. Get a priest!" So much for help from the New Age, Sam thought bitterly. He gathered the writhing box in his arms, preparing to go. But he couldn't leave before giving this phony candy-assed medicine man a piece of his mind. "Pussy!" he spat. Wind Cougar reacted like he'd been slapped in the face with a glove. "How dare you?" he said indignantly, blocking Sam's way. "Put the box down," he ordered, his courage restored by the insult to his manhood, "I will perform an exorcism. Wait here." He turned on his heels and stalked angrily into the bedroom to get his beads and rattles.

Wind Cougar returned, carrying sage bundles, tom-toms, coup sticks, and indeed, many beads and rattles. Carefully, he placed them in a circle around the box. Then he lit one of the sage bundles and fanned the smoke into the box's air holes. If the cat was angry before, it was now in a blind panic, convinced it was in danger of being burned to death. Its howls became ear piercing and its sharp claws popped through the sides of the box until it resembled a pincushion. Wind Cougar stepped away, feathers quivering, beads clattering. He waved the sage bundle in the cat's direction as if waving bye-bye, and muttered a pseudo Indian chant that sounded to Sam like, "shredded wheat, shredded wheat, shredded wheat". In spite of the hellish caterwauling that continued to issue from the box, "shredded wheat" apparently worked for Wind Cougar. As far as he was concerned, the demon was dispatched. He looked at Sam, the expression on his face that of a kid who claimed that the dog ate his homework. "All done. Demon's gone. Go in peace, my son."

"What?" exclaimed Sam, incredulous. "You heard me," answered Wind Cougar belligerently. "Get the hell out! I mean, go in peace my son...and take your cat with you!"

"Not before I get my money back!" said Sam, determined not to let some New Age weenie bilk him. He stepped around the box. Wind Cougar backed away from Sam until he stood against a wall hung with various "genuine" Indian artifacts that he'd bought on the Internet. For once he had a genuine use for one of them. He reached up, pulled a tomahawk down, and brandished it at Sam. "Back off! I know how to use this! I was trained by a guy who was trained by a guy who was a real Native American!" he warned. Now it was Sam's turn to back away. His legs brushed the box. Claws sunk into his calves. With a yelp of pain he leapt forward. Wind Cougar swung his weapon. Wisely, Sam decided that the money wasn't important after all. Gingerly he picked up the box and shuffled ass-forward out the door as fast as he could, not once turning his back on the ax-wielding loony who had one hundred of his hard-earned dollars under his war bonnet. Briefly, Sam considered leaving the cat behind, as a tip for services not rendered. But then he thought of Caitlin and took it with him. By the time he reached the car, the cat had grown so maniacal that Sam put the box in the trunk. There would be enough air in there for the cat. Then he thought of Caitlin and reluctantly stowed the box in the back seat. As he drove away, he nervously glanced in the rear view mirror only to see the receding image of Wind Cougar standing on his balcony, giving him the finger.

The drive back to the Avenues was nerve-wracking and loud. The car resounded with the cat's homicidal screeches. Sam was

solely tempted to dump the box on the side of the highway. He longed to rid himself of the infernal beast it enclosed. So what if the stupid animal could levitate! It hardly cleared a half-inch. It wasn't much of a paranormal phenomenon. It wasn't much of a cat either. If he "lcst" it, they could get a kitten, or even a puppy. A puppy would be nice. Caitlin would like a puppy. But then again, she liked the cat. Damn it, she loved the ornery thing! Sam couldn't leave it behind. He had to get it home before Caitlin got back from work.

So he drove too fast, hoping to get back early enough to calm the cat down before Caitlin saw it in its present state. She would ask questions, and Sam didn't want to explain anything to her. He didn't want to explain anything to the cop

that stopped him either, but he didn't need to. The officer, assuming that Sam was rushing a very sick cat to the vet, dismissed him with just a warning. But the delay left Sam only five-minutes before Caitlin got home.

It wasn't enough time to calm the cat down. When Sam opened the box, the furry fiend, hell-bent on revenge, sprang at him, claws foremost. Sam fended it off with a chair, like a lion-tamer, but got badly scratched on his arms and legs anyway. The savage brute finally gave up and retreated to the basement just as Caitlin arrived. She found Sam in the kitchen stanching his wounds with paper towels. "Oh my God! What happened?" she cried when she saw all the blood spattered around the room.

Glumly, Sam told her the truth, unable to lie plausibly in his shaken state. He couldn't look her in the eye as he confessed the lengths his obsession with the cat had driven him to. What must she think of him? He swore he'd never mention the evil beast's ability to levitate again, but didn't believe there was a snowball's chance in hell that would appease Caitlin. The cat was the apple of her eye, whereas he was now material for a "worst-boyfriend-I-ever-had" story. Sam was sure their relationship was over. Simultaneously, he realized he wanted Caitlin by his side for the rest of his life. But her only response to his tale of woe was to cleanse and bandage his cuts while softly exclaiming, "Poor baby!" Sam assumed she meant the cat until she tucked him gently into bed and spoon-fed him a hot whiskey toddy. Then he realized that Caitlin's tender coddling meant that she chose him, not the cat, and his heart filled with joy.

"I love you," he told her for the very first time in their relationship. Very matter-of-factly, Caitlin replied, "I know, baby. Now get some sleep. I'll bring supper up later," and solicitously fluffed his pillow. A cloud of bliss enveloped Sam. Desperately wanting to make this state permanent, he impulsively asked, "Will you marry me?"

"Of course," was Caitlin's pleased, yet calm, answer, "We'll talk about it later, OK?" She kissed him on the lips, lightly but slowly, a kiss hinting of more to come. Then she left and went downstairs.

With no regrets about "popping the question" so suddenly, Sam closed his eyes. As he drifted off to sleep, he heard the sweet sound of Caitlin scolding the cat and the slam of the back door as she tossed it outside to fend for itself during the night.

Later that evening Sam awoke to find Caitlin lying beside him and a bottle of champagne on the bedside table. For the first time since the cat had come into their lives, they made love with no interruptions except when they stopped to refill their glasses.

The next morning Sam rose late in a very good mood, in spite of his still painful scratches, and moseyed down to the kitchen. Caitlin had left some scrambled eggs for him. He poured himself a cup of coffee and tucked into his breakfast, enjoying the beauty of the new day.

He'd cleaned his plate and finished reading the paper before he noticed something was missing. Ah, yes, the cat wasn't around. It usually greeted him with a hiss every morning. So far, Sam hadn't heard a peep. The food in its bowl was untouched, odd for an animal with such a voracious appetite. Then Sam remembered that Caitlin had thrown the beast out the night before. Apparently it hadn't returned. Maybe it had reverted to its old alley-cat ways. He could only hope. Still Caitlin would feel bad if it were lost. Just to make her happy, Sam decided to search for it.

It took him most of the day to cover the Avenues. Only his newly declared love for Caitlin made him diligent. If it were up to him, the cat would have been history after his first hour of fruitless searching. But Sam wanted to please his fiancée, even as he secretly contemplated what breed of dog they should get. However, neither love nor dedication was rewarded. He went home empty-handed. Morosely, he waited on the front porch for Caitlin. He waited and then waited some more. She was late. Sam recalled that the only other time she'd been late was the day she'd first brought the cat home. He wondered if she was looking for it on her way back from the hospital. Just as he was about to go searching for her, a taxi pulled up to the house. Caitlin climbed out holding a cardboard pet carrier. She put it down and kissed Sam in a way that made him want to pick her up and carry her to their bedroom without bothering to shut the front door behind him. But he controlled himself.

"What's in the box?" he asked. "A surprise," said Caitlin as she opened the carrier. The cat jumped out. It mewed sweetly and brushed its head gently against Sam's ankles. Sam flinched. The cat meowed plaintively and nuzzled Sam's sneakers in affection. Although Sam could hardly believe it, it was the same fat black cat, cross-eyed and battle-scarred. But, wonder of wonders, the beast was purring. What miracle could have brought about such a change? Sam looked at Caitlin for an explanation.

"I dropped him off at the vet's this morning," she said. "Yeah, so? What'd they do? Give him shock therapy?" Only something that drastic would have any effect on the cat.

"No, silly," Caitlin giggled, "Cats don't get shock therapy." "What'd they do to him then? He's a different animal," insisted Sam.

"They fixed him." Suddenly Sam had a bad feeling below his belt. "Fixed him?" he asked. Caitlin looked at Sam, her pretty face innocent of the effect her words were having on him.

"Yes, fixed," she said, and made a scissoring motion with two fingers, "You know, snip snip."

—J. Zeigler

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Since I have fallen woefully behind on reviews, this month is all CD reviews. Next month, back to the regular format.

Stan Getz / Chet Baker
Quintessence, Vol 2
 Concord Jazz

This is the second half of the previously unreleased Getz / Baker concert February 19, 1983 in Norway. Getz on the tenor sax and Baker on the trumpet made up one of the best live horn duos ever. Never over playing, always making each note in each song count. Seven live tunes from **Sonny Rollins**, **Gerry Mulligan** and **Billy Strayhorn's** "Blood Count," which is the highlight of the record next to "It's You or No One." *Quintessence* was the last known recording these two made together. If you are a fan of either of these giants, then this is a must have.

Steve Lacy and Roswell Budd
Monk's Dream
 Verve

These two musicians combined age is 129 years old. Not bad. Steve Lacy played soprano sax with **Thelonius Monk**, so he is

more than qualified to play on an album called *Monk's Dream*, as is his trombone counterpart **Roswell Rudd**. In 1961 Lacy and Rudd fronted the **School Days Quartet**, and have been collaborating ever since. This time their mutual fascination with Monk brings about this new record. With some Monk originals and some previous Lacy tunes, this record is smooth and refined with both players roots in avant-garde and pre-bop Dixieland jazz creeping through the wide range of songs. You probably missed the tour in March, don't miss the record.

Keely Smith
Swing, Swing, Swing
 Concord Jazz

The bio for this CD starts off with this statement. "Keely Smith, the queen of Las Vegas swing is back to claim her crown." Well I can only add one thing... Bring it on baby! Old timers may recognize Keely as the original duet partner of **Louis Prima** on the original "Jump Jive & Wail." She is as amazing on this record as she probably was back in the 50's playing with Prima at the Casbar in the Sahara Hotel in front of stars like **Francis**

Albert and the rat pack. Backed by one of the better true swing bands you'll hear, she belts out 16 new versions of classic be-bop and swing tunes. So if you're a true jazz/swing fan, or just one of these swing band-wagoners, this is the real deal.

Sonny Stitt / 12!
 32 Jazz

Sonny Stitt could be one of the most under appreciated sax players ever. Remember I said "one of." The reason is that he was pegged as a **Charlie Parker** or **Lester Young** clone. That's a criticism I could live with. This record was originally recorded in 1972 and reissued last February. The rhythm section is formidable, with **Sam Jones** and **Louis Hayes** on bass and drums. Completing the quartet is pianist **Barry Harris**. This session was outstanding, with various dives into different genres from **Count Basie** to **Duke Ellington**. Stitt plays through them all as if he wrote them himself. This record is a fantastic example of why Stitt should stand along side of, not behind the great sax men of his time.

Caribbean Jazz Project
New Horizons
 Concord picante

If it's hot, it's picante. That's the slogan that goes under the Concord picante label. I don't know about that. Maybe if it's hot, it's caliente? Who cares. This record features one of my favorite guitar players ever. **Steve Khan**. **Dave Samuels** (*Spyro Gyra*) conceived the project at the Central Park Zoo in 1993. After original members **Andy Narell** and **Paquito D'Rivera** left, he resurrected CJP with a new lineup and new record. He added flute virtuoso **Dave Valentin**, latin jazz bassist **John Benitez**, and percussion monsters **Richie Flores** and **Robert Vilera**. I will admit my bias to Khan stealing the show, just listen to him fly through

"Charanga Si, Si." There is also a great version of **Dizzy Gillespie's** "A Night in Tunisia." The rest of the CD is easy to leave on, and smoking from start to finish. And the band? How about... the band is just fantastic, that is really what I think, oh by the way which one's Steve?

The Hudson Project
Stretch / Concord

The Hudson Project is **John Abercrombie** (guitar), **Peter Erskine** (drummer), **Bob Mintzer** (saxophone) and **John Patitucci** (bass). This is the final performance of a tour the Hudson Project did for the D'Addario guitar string company. Recorded live at the Manhattan Center in New York City with no overdubs and produced by **Chick Corea** and **Ron Moss**, this is an incredible live CD. All four players contribute two original tunes each. There is also a video available at www.hudsonmusic.com that I have not seen, but the audio side is well worth having. You should want this record on the reputation of the players alone, but I will toss mine too. That and a quarter won't get you bubkiss.

John Scofield
Bump
 Verve

Of all the guitar players you listen to as a jazz addict, John Scofield is the king of the funk groove and playing "outside" the groove. It took me awhile before I really knew what that meant. If you want a crash course on what it means, go buy this record. As always he has a great band with him, this time it's the New England based "Funk Mob." The record is awesome. Scofield summed it up best when he said "I guess I've had a pretty good look at some great players. The soulfulness of your music goes up when you play with musicians at that level". No kidding.

—Maxx



When you look at the full catalog of Cargo Music and its affiliated labels (*Earth Music, Tackle Box, Grilled Cheese, Fist Puppet, Headhunter, Re-Constriction, Cherry Red, and RPM*), some names stand out. The label claims **Jon Wayne** (remember the song "Mr. Egyptian"? Don't give me none of that "No go diggy-die shit!"), pop punk supernovas **Blink 182**, bluegrass rebels **Bad Livers**, **SNFU**, **7 Seconds**, **Rocket From The Crypt**, "scariest band in the world" **Deadbolt**, **Drive Like Jehu**, **Three Mile Pilot**, Celtic rockers the **Young Dubliners**, and **Big Drill Car** among their alumni, and continues to sign, record, and distribute high-caliber artists.

Here are some of their newest releases. Visit www.cargoland.com to view their vast catalog in all its glory, learn more about their artists, hear sound samples, and buy their music.



Deadbolt

If you read SLUG, you would be sure to know the name Deadbolt. The quartet is comprised of four freaky dudes that wear leather, ride Harleys, own sawed-off shotguns, and play diabolical surf-instro music. That's enough for me.

Tension

Sick to death of political music, I was ready to repeatedly back over my copy of Tension's latest (titled *War Cry*) with a hopped-up, chromed-out, American-made 4-Wheel drive vehicle with big, knobby tires and big-titty bitches on the mud flaps and the SLUG logo adorning the hood.

After giving it a courtesy spin in the ol' boom box, I found that despite their issue-laden lyrics, Tension kicks it out with a ferocity that overpowers the message and could possibly crush Slugfoot like a Dixie™ cup.

Smile

Mmm...power pop. Imagine Velvet Crush if they got sick of the sixties. *Girl Crushes Boy* is the name of their 1998 release.

Lisa Sanders

Lisa Sanders is a rare breed of singer-songwriter nowadays. On her latest, *Life Takes You Flying*, she seems to have no agenda, is pensive, but not depressed or pissed off, and I would bet that she shaves her pits. God bless her.

—Randy Harward



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**Velvet Crush/Free Expression
Bobsled**

Down to two members (drummer Ric Menck and guitarist/vocalist Paul Chastain), since the departure of guitarist Pete Phillips, Velvet Crush continues to do their 60s retro thing (in between touring with Phillips, incidentally as part of Matthew Sweet's band).

Free Expression is possibly their best album since *Teenage Symphonies to God*, the album that Sony picked up for distribution some five or six years ago.

The album is produced by the band with Sweet, who also contributes guitars and backing vocals.

It would be nice to see them live and solo, but we will have to settle for catching them with Sweet when they stop at the Zephyr Club on April 12th.

—Randy Harward

**Rollins Band/Get Some, Go Again
Dreamworks Records**

If anyone ever tries to tell you that there's no relation between the music one listens to and behavior, they're either lying or they don't know shit about shit.

Henry has been fucking you up and not getting high! From the various incarnations of the ROLLINS BAND to publishing his own books, working in films, TV, and spoken-word appearances.

Just when you thought they were gone the ROLLINS BAND smashes into the millennium with a brand-new truth bomb. Designed to re-introduce caveman rock to the uninitiated, *Get Some Go Again* is their relentless vengeance. This shit is not for sissies nor the meek! I'd suggest a helmet. The tracks come with tick-tock fury and the verbiage will test the mettle of your perception. This thang fuckin' rocks!!! If you know what I'm saying when I say that, then you know what I mean. The new band, a.k.a. Mother Superior with an appearance by Wayne Kramer, just absolutely kills bugs dead. And Henry's definitely more intelligent and lucid than me, not to mention a percentage of y'all. He's still got it and he rips on all the junkie fakes who are buying the hype. This doesn't have to be you if you pay attention. If this disc doesn't get stuck in your player and/or kick your ass then I will! Either you get it, or you don't. Do yourself a favor and own this. Keep it real, humpers. Old's Cool Out.

—Bryan Mehr

**Lee Rocker /Live
J-Bird Records**

The live disc from Lee Rocker is so fucking good!! Go get it now!! Obey the mighty Kevlar!! If you didn't know, Rocker used to be the stand-up bass player for the Stray Cats. Now that he is much older and wiser, Rocker is playing first generation rockabilly. The roots that he sowed in the Stray Cats are still here, but he has gone back to the basics. This is not Psychobilly,

which to the common layman, is rockabilly played with electric guitars and distortion; used by the Reverend Horton Heat and the Road Kings. Instead Rocker's twin guitar players use "clean" guitars to get the place jumping. This disc has ten tracks recorded live at a series of gigs in Southern California. Rocker sings and plays bass, his band comprises of drums by Jimmy Sage, and guitars by Adrian DeMain and Brophy Dale. They are very tight as a band, complimenting each other and keeping the sound together. The press kit informs me that the disc is dedicated to the legendary Carl Perkins. Again, for the common layman, Perkins

was every much a king of traditional rockabilly as Johnny Cash was. Rocker does two songs by Perkins on this disc; *Restless* and *Everybody's Tryin' To Be My Baby*. In fact, this disc has Rocker and band rip roaring through songs by Elvis, Paine Brothers, and Hank Williams. Plus there are several of Rockers own songs showcased on this disc, written in the fine tradition of hell-raising and ass-kicking. Favorite tracks are: *Red Neck Mama*, *Love Me Good*, *Mind Your Own Business*, and *Miracle in Memphis*. It's nice to see a musician exploring the roots of country and rock and roll, full of spirit, attitude and inspiration. So comb that hair up, put your boots own, take a shot of whiskey, and get your butt on down to the record store and get this fine rockabilly record. Or order it online www.j-birdrecords.com either way don't pass this up.

—Kevlar7

**Scout/It Seemed Like A Good Idea At The Time
ModMusic Records**

Scout has had one or two songs featured on the WB Network's piece of shit *Felicity*. I can understand why you would want the exposure, but to me, letting a drama about twenty-somethings aimed at teens is like selling your song to Burger King or the Gap. You lose equity in your name, and the song will forever remind you of a whiny Barbie clone, a cheeseburger, or the haughty bitches pushing blue denim at the Gap.

Scout's songs are just good enough that they have a 51% chance of overcoming the damage done to their songs by a shitty TV show (Of course, since no one really watches the WB Network, we could be talking 65, maybe 75%).

I'll give them points for covering the Replacements ("Unsatisfied") and not fucking it up.

—Randy Harward

**Pornosonic/Unreleased 70's Porno Music
J-Bird Records**

This disc has just become my new favorite party album. Put this one on during the time when everyone is completely drunk and keep that party going. Make sure to move the furniture out of the living room because everyone will be dancing their asses off. To give you an idea of what this disc is all about, I will use the quote from Producer Don Argott, as to the inspiration for making this disc. "I was in the middle of doing it with my girlfriend and fantasizing about being the star-stud in a porno." From the hot sweaty moment came the ejaculation that became the end result of Pornosonic. This disc is funky! Real funk, not that white-boy hippie funk that most bands in SLC, (including the horrific group Chola); continue to stupefy the dazed and confused masses in this city with. The music on this disc, are old seventies Porno opening theme songs, revamped by some pretty talented

musicians who keep it tight and groovy. To give the disc an even bigger flair is the monologue throughout the disc, provided by adult film legend Ron Jeremy, one of the most popular and recognizable (face and penis) in classic porn movies. Jeremy telling the secretary at the beginning of *Sex Starved Secretaries* that she needs to stay late and take *dick-tation*, is downright hilarious. These narrations by Jeremy, are the extra spice needed to keep the disc engaging and fun to listen to. I guarantee that you will be shaking your booty, either on the dance floor or in the bedroom, to tracks like: *Dick Dagger's Theme*, *Ramming for College*, *Her Magic Carpet*, *Laying Pipe*, and *Nice N Sleazy Does It..* Argott also claims in the discs press kit, "Tell me what guy hasn't imagined himself as the lead pump machine" in a porno flick. Order the disc www.j-birdrecords.com or find it in fine record stores throughout the valley.

—Kevlar7

**Nerf Herder/How to Meet Girls
Honest Don's**

I want to join Nerf Herder. I'm packing my shit and heading for Parry Gripp's house post haste.

Self-deprecation (or in the words of Dave Pirner, "self-defecation")? Sleestaks? Teddy bear love? Pantera Fans in Love? These guys are my people and I must join them.



With nerds, what one feels, we all feel. Kinda like the Borg.

Christ, I AM a nerd.

—Randy Harward

**The Reverend Horton Heat
Spend A Night In The Box
Time Bomb Records**

What can I say about the Reverend that I haven't bragged, idolized, worshipped, totally been left on my hands and knees, drooling, barking and howling like a rabid dog for his holy self, before in the past. He is the new king of rock n roll. All bow down and worship in praise for the glory of the Rev. I own everything this man and his band have done on disc. He is solely responsible for getting me into the whole Rockabilly and Psychobilly scene. He has five albums that give testimony to the power and fury of his music. He started on the label Sub Pop and then moved to Interscope, which he has now left behind for the Time Bomb label. The label has Mike Ness, The Amazing Crowns, No Knife, and Social Distortion on their roster. So I know you're asking, "How is it, is it any good?" And in response I say, "Fuck Yeah!!!" The Rev. has gone back to his more traditional sounds of his first two records *Smoke 'Em If You Got 'Em* and *The Full Custom Gospel Sounds..* Steering away from the more Psychobilly sounds of the Interscope records. That doesn't mean the knee-slapping humor is gone. "Sue Jack Daniel", keeps me chuckling every time I listen to it. "The Girl In Blue", has a good blues sound to it. The chorus on "Hand It to Me" is for the latter-day alcoholics out there. Lust is the theme on, "I'll maake Love", my

favorite anthem. Stand-up bass thumper Jimbo and drummer Scott Churilla plays in top form, giving the Rev. a solid platform to stand upon. The albums fourteen tracks burn with hell-fire as the Rev. attempts to get the listener to see the light of salvation. His motto of course being, I was a sinner until I saw the Reverend, and now I'm going straight to Hell. I can bare my soul and testify to all that I've been baptized by the hymns of the Rev. and now I'm a goner. Yeah-hah!!!

—Kevlar7

**The Hell Caminos
Crashed and Burned on the Road To
Recovery
Camino Records**

I've actually had this disc for a while, but they are coming to town and the SLUG boss asked if I'd do a review. I met the guitar player of this band last year when he was playing for a band called JP5 who was opening for D.O.A. at Spanky's. He and I kicked a few back and compared musical likes and dislikes. Seeing that we had similar tastes, he enthusiastically gave me a copy of this disc. He figured I would probably like it, and he was right. Great Canadian slicker rock. To give you an idea of what the Caminos sound like, take Supersuckers and New Bomb Turks and you get the idea. Tracks like "Drunk all Weekend," "Grateful Jerry's Dead," "Ex-Girlfriend," "Ed's Drunk," and "P.M. got a DUI" are fucking hilarious. In fact a lot of their songs deal with the timely subject of drinking, alcohol, spirits, beer, and getting shit faced. What a wonderful thing to sing about. A band after my heart. The Caminos do great covers on the disc as well, *I'm Hurting* by Billy Childish, and *R.A.M.O.N.E.S* by Motorhead. This disc blazes through the CD player at high speeds, keep off the roads!!! They're coming through and they got old Satan right behind them. They will be playing Burts Tiki Lounge, my favorite bar in SLC, on the twenty-second of March and I'm very excited for this one. Finally get to see them play these priceless hits live and I can drink to my hearts content while they light the stage on fire. If you want a copy of the disc and you missed the show, (dipshit), contact the band through email hellcaminos@hotmail.com to get a copy. Don't be a chump, impress your friends with this great drinking music.

—Kevlar7

**Olive/Trickle
Maverick/Warner Bros.**

What began as a simple invitation to present a song for a soundtrack (in this case Madonna's "The Next Best Thing") has turned into Olive making their Maverick Records debut, with what is surely one of the most anticipated dance releases of the year. "Trickle," their incredibly hypnotic new album—their first incidentally since their 1997 RCA debut, "Extra Virgin"—showcases the best elements of the band (which categorically floats between trancey trip-hop and electronica) and presents these in a highly enjoyable and instantly memorable set. This duo's greatest asset surely is singer Ruth-Ann's voice, here in fine form. When this duo's first single "You're Not Alone" was released in America, it became something of a club anthem. Already a huge hit in their native UK, going all the way to No. 1, "You're Not Alone" was memorable for its intoxicating vibe and Ruth-Ann's incredible vibrato.

"Trickle" starts in a similar fashion, with the haunting "Love Affair," which begins as a simple guitar strum and Ruth-Ann's soft vocal, and quickly builds into something quite stunning. About a minute into this track, when the chorus hits, it is as though this band hadn't disappeared from the

music scene for three years. By the third song, their highly acclaimed cover of 10cc's classic "I'm Not In Love," see if you're not smitten by their sound. There is something indeed to be said about albums that you can listen to start to finish and not be bored with. "Trickle" is this sort of an album. I'm not quite sure what the term "trip-hop" means, because casually most of these songs, like the title track and the incredible "Smile," sound initially like ballads, but upon further listening, you will discover the hidden beats and rhythms that run like an undercurrent throughout. Sometimes the beats go much faster than more traditional dance music, but because they are so cleverly layered, they become part of the background and never drown out the vocals and other textures. Credit this then to Ruth-Ann's musical partner, the extraordinarily gifted Tim Kellett. As both musician (providing both keys and trumpet) and co-producer, he has an uncanny knack for framing sounds around Ruth-Ann's golden voice.

Other highlights of this album are the mysterious sounding "Speak to Me" and the catchy choruses in "Liberty." You'll be surprised how soon you're at the end of this set—the beat-driven "Beyond the Fray"—and patient listeners who let this track play will be rewarded with the very pretty hidden track, "Take My Hand." "Trickle" is an amazing record, and I for one can't wait to see which tracks get chosen for singles this time round. Olive's "Trickle" is quite simply smashing!

—Son of Damian

Sarah Cracknell/Lipslide
Instinct Records

You've got to hand it to Sarah Cracknell. Rather than taking a break when her bandmates, in her full-time group the fabulous Saint Etienne, were off working on side-projects, Sarah embarked on a side-project of her own: her first solo album. Originally released in her native Britain in 1997, this impressive album featured songs co-written and/or co-produced by Sarah. No mean feat for the songstress sometimes dismissed as merely "the singer from Saint Etienne." The influences of 60's pop groups and vocalists, as well as the techno beats that are sometimes adopted by Saint Etienne, came across on the album's smooth tracks. So, you may be asking, if this is the same album that came out in 1997 (and even the same album that was previously mentioned on a best-of listing in SLUG at the end of that year) why is it being reviewed now? Well, the main reason is that for the North American release, "Lipslide" has been completely revamped.

I'm probably not objective enough to argue about which country's "Lipslide" is better; the original UK version, with different tracks, or the Japanese with bonus cuts, including her infectious cover of Petula Clark's "Downtown," or even the rumored (but seldom seen) Scandinavian version. Instead, I'd put my money on this revamped US version. Not only does it contain those other releases' "singles" including "Anymore," "Desert Baby," and the beautiful "Goldie," it adds three of her best b-sides, and a brand new ballad "4 Months, 2 Weeks." If that weren't enough, Cracknell has re-recorded the beautiful "Home" just for this release. The artwork has changed too, but I think the other most-impressive addition to this version is the enhanced video for the "Anymore" single. A fairly simplistic video, featuring Sarah working alone in an all but deserted gas station, with a Utah license plate featured prominently on the wall behind her, she abandons customers and takes off on her moped (a la Saint Etienne's "Pale Movie" video) for a short retreat. As said before, a simplistic yet pretty video too. I also love

how this release changes the track order around from the other countries, ending on the excellent "If You Leave Me."

Possessing a beautiful voice, and here amply showing her skills as a songwriter and producer, Sarah Cracknell's "Lipslide" is a perfect addition to any Saint Etienne fan's collection. But it would also be a great addition to fans of 60's pop, especially female based, and even fans of 90's techno. If you're not familiar with Sarah Cracknell or Saint Etienne, this would be a perfect introduction.

—Son of Damian

Fishbone & the Family Nextperience
Presents: The Psychotic Friends Nuttwerk
Hollywood

A Fishbone album is indeed an experience. They defy classification, merging a multitude of influences into something original AND appealing.

Since I received the advance copy from the label a couple of months ago, I would estimate that I have heard it twenty or thirty times. I don't listen to ANY albums that often.

Because of that, this review ends here. When I gush, I sound like a weenie.

Just buy the fuckin' album.

—Randy Harward

Elliot/If They Do
Initial Records

Talented. Very talented. This record is incredible. Took my breath away. I had been hearing from countless people how good this band was. I never really checked into them until I was in SLUG HQ and I saw this disc sitting on the racks. I knew the hype and I remembered they were coming to town with Hot Water Music; so I figured what the hell!? Man, was I glad that I picked this up. Dipping and soaring Elliot is a band that can write the perfect songs. I mean it. The lead vocalist Chris Higdon has one of the most impassioned voices I've heard in a long time. He hits highs and lows with delicate ease. The music is tight and powerful, backing up Higdon's vocals. The music climaxes and peaks in a steady progression. Reminds me of Shiner, Hum, Jawbox, and Jets to Brazil. Simply elegant music that grabs a hold of you and leads you down majestic soundscapes that causes shivers down the spine and goose bumps on the skin. This record is only an EP, it has six songs, some new and some old, from

their first 7i. Elliot also has a previous LP entitled *U.S. Songs* on Revelation records and they are currently working on a new album. Apparently Higdon and bassist Jonathan Mobely were in a band together previous to Elliot that was called **Falling Forward**. Might be worth checking out. People used to tell me that this band was an Emo-group, and I believed them. I would not classify them in the same league as The Promise Ring and Texas is the Reason. I would not really classify them in any pigeonhole at all. They are just a five-member band that writes really good sonic epics that are skilled in their expressions through the art of music. A new fan of this band, have I become. Check 'em out.

—Keular7

Aimee Mann/Bachelor
No. 2...Or, The Last Remains of the Dodo
SuperEgo Records

I love Aimee Mann. Literally lost in the shuffle of the Universal/Polygram merger, she was told that in order for Interscope (her appointed label after the merger) to release her third solo album, she needed to collaborate with AOR Queen Diane Warren to produce some "hits." (Shudder.) So, Mann—fed up with the major label bullshit that began while in her 80's band 'Til Tuesday, and continued through both of her previous solo albums—bought her album back from Interscope. Literally.

And I wish I could see the looks on the faces of the executives who surely are now watching the Mann-filled "Magnolia" soundtrack—a critical and commercial success, including an Oscar nomination for Best Original Song—turn into gold. And what of those newer songs on the soundtrack, the primer of which was the basis for this outing, "Bachelor No. 2"? Well, three of those great tunes are here again, and they fit perfectly into place. The real surprise of the "Magnolia" songs, however, is a fourth, the sharp "Nothing is Good Enough." Originally a pretty instrumental, and now completely transformed with cutting lyrics and Mann's

ironic delivery, especially on the chorus where she sings: "Nothing is good enough for people like you/who have to have someone take the fall. I love how simplistically Mann has packaged this album. No fancy artwork, no flashy pictures (in fact, the picture of Mann on the back of the sealed CD was actually just an insert.) Instead of a big production in the marketing department, refreshingly you are forced to simply listen to the tunes. And how memorable these became by only the second listening. One of Mann's greatest songwriting strengths is her extremely catchy choruses; and these abound on such great new songs as "Red Vines," "Susan," and "It Takes All Kinds." Mann's other primary writing strength is her realism about people in relationships, and on the Elvis Costello co-penned "The Fall of the World's Own Optimist," when she sings: "There's no charity in you and that surprises me/I guess I thought you were a golden idol/ 'cause I called you majesty" you see the honesty that has always existed

in her best songs. I also love how far Mann the producer has come. There are some beautiful arrangements, especially the background vocals on the previously mentioned "It Takes All Kinds." Guest musicians on this record include Jon Brion, Benmont Tench, Juliana Hatfield, and Mann's husband,

singer/songwriter Michael Penn.

How sad that an artist as talented as Aimee Mann had to play the "record company game" for so long, but also how incredible of her for getting out of it. In recent interviews, she has said that she is in the process of getting a distribution deal cemented, but for the time being, you can purchase her "Bachelor No. 2" CD where I did, from her website at: www.aimeemann.com. Already on my year-end "best of" list for 2000!

—Son of Damian



SNUFF "Numb Nuts"

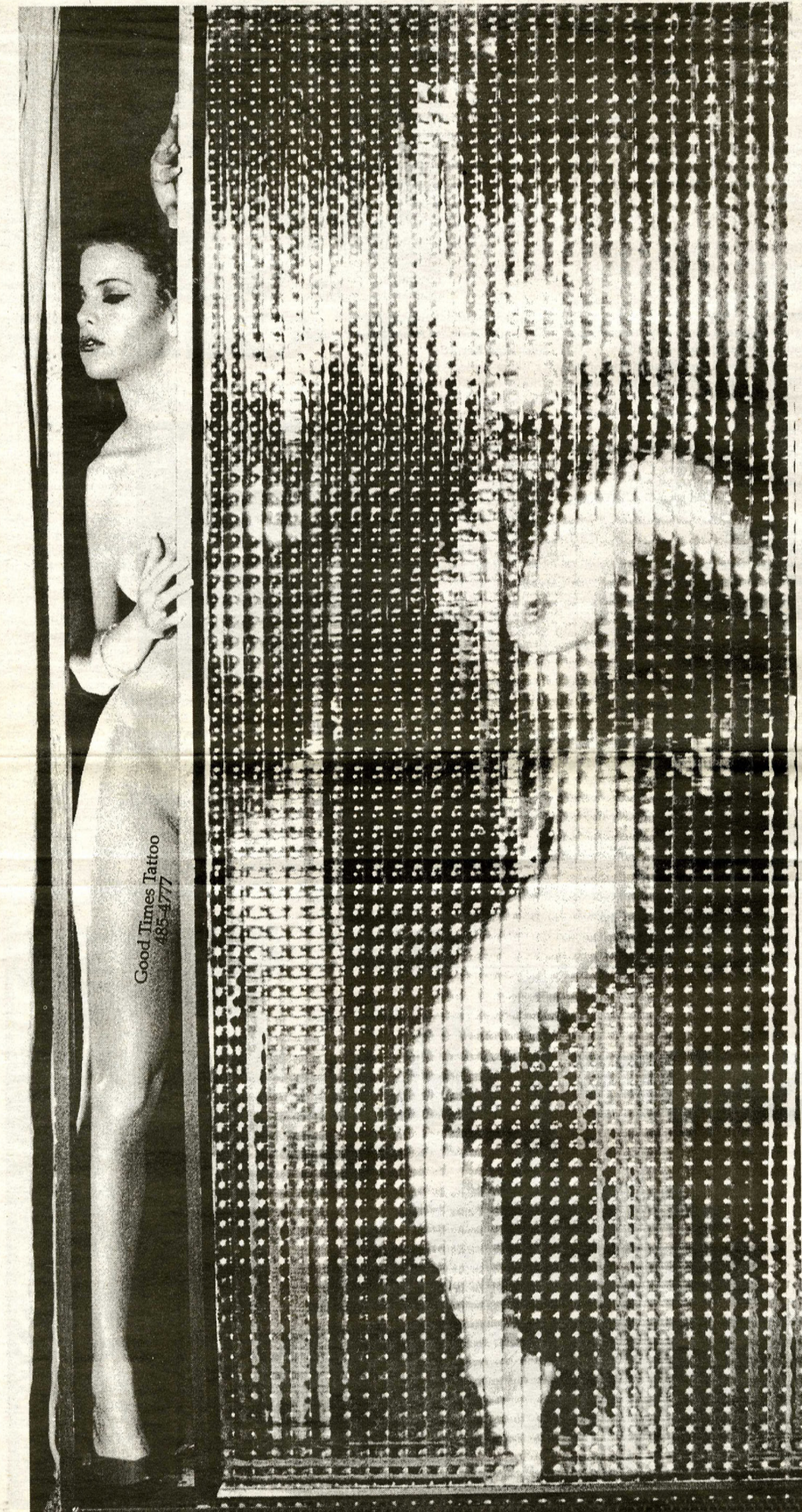
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WRITTEN IN BLOOD

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

BY JOHN FORGACH

RELAPSE : I've been to many shows in my day, but I've never experienced anything quite like **The Dillinger Escape Plan**, that is until March 3rd (2000). D.E.P. had the misfortune of playing the basement at DV8 on that night.

From where I stood at the beginning of the show, the one foot-high stage left everything to the imagination once the crowd was three or four people deep. I swear the two opening bands could have been spinning records up on stage and I wouldn't have known the difference. Once the openers were finished, Cody and I exited our plan

to make sure we actually saw Dillinger's performance. Our "plan" consisted of planting our asses in front of the stage and moving for nothing - surprisingly simple, but it worked. The Dillinger Escape Plan ripped up the stage.

Each member of the band worked their respective instruments with kill-force intensity. I've never actually feared losing an eye from watching a band play until witnessing the mass of flailing bodies and instruments that was a D.E.P. performance. While the performers were busy lashing out at the crowd, they never lost sight of delivering the technical masterpieces from their **UNDER THE RUNNING BOARD** e.p. or **CALCULATING INFINITY** full-length (Relapse Records). Just as the band was working the crowd into an uncontrollable frenzy.....the power went out. This probably happened at least another three times, but never seemed to effect the attitude of the band or their desire to give the people what they came for. Bravo Dillinger Escape Plan, bravo!

Even after fifteen years of pounding out metal, the band **Deceased** refuses to live up to their name. **SUPERNATURAL ADDICTION** is the latest from Deceased and proves this band won't be kicking up daisies any time soon. S. A. is a solid classic metal performance. - The Swedish metal / hard-core act **Breach** are releasing their third full-length, **VENOM**. This band mixes varied styles with a free-form vibe. While the music hits very hard, there is an almost "jam" quality to the music. The layered instrumentation used throughout this release produces a full sound and suggests that there is a lot going on in the heads of each member of Breach. The beat-heavy instrumental, track five, "Diablo" introduces the band's dual drumming approach. Interesting....



superb recording job allows every bit of power that this band exudes through to the listener. **PRAYING, HOPING, NOTHING** was originally released back in '98. For the re-release three songs have been added ("Umbilical, "Monuments Collapse" and "1 of 2"), the entire release has been remastered and new packaging is featured. It's rare that I ever feel this strongly about a band, but I honestly feel that you would be doing yourself a grave injustice not to check December out.

NECROPOLIS : **Impaled's**, **THE DEAD SHALL REMAIN DEAD** is the follow-up to their appearance on the split 7" with **Cephalic Carnage**. The only thing more disturbing about this release, other than the cover art, is that out of the 60 bands (approx.) listed in the "thank you" section, the band **Carcass** isn't one of them. There are just too many similarities between the two bands (**NECROTICISM...** era **Carcass**) not to mention this, but also, too many similarities to even bother going into it. Other than that, these guys are pretty good. - American black metal has good representation with the release of **BAPTIZED BY FIRE** from the band **Summon**. This three piece out of Lansing, MI injects as much evil into their music and plays with as much ferocity as any of their European counterparts. A heavy dose of technical play is also featured on **BAPTIZED...** If you go searching for this release, don't confuse it with **Hate Eternal's**, **CONQUERING THE THRONE** (same cover art...oops) - April 11th will witness the re-release of the '94 demo from the band **Usurper**. Besides the additional live and unreleased tracks on this release, **VISIONS FROM THE GODS** also answers the question, "Does it get any more raw than this?". Well, yes it does, but not by much.

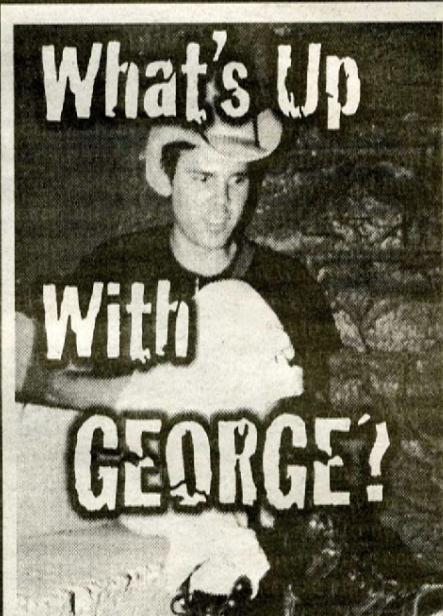
WICKED WORLD : After being a band for eight years, **Corporation 187** is finally releasing their first album. **SUBLIMINAL FEAR** is a thrashing good release that was almost released after it's time. This band adds an updated feel to the thrash approach. **Corporation 187** is certainly not reinventing metal, but they are doing something that hasn't been done in a while (done well at least).

METAL BLADE : Sweden's **Lobotomy** have released their third album, **BORN IN HELL**. This is a pretty straightforward death release. There's nothing on this release that I found overly complex - nothing that will scramble your brain. The songs range from adequate to good, but limited guitar skills keeps this band from being great. - If my count is correct, **AS BLOOD RAINS FROM THE SKY...** is the fifth album from Germany's **Fleshcrawl**. This is uncompromised German death metal played fast and loud. The **Fleshcrawl** sound is so "uncompromised" that it sounds a lot like the last album I heard from them. - Need more **Cradle Of Filth** in your life? If so, the gods of marketing are watching over you. **FROM THE CRADLE TO ENSLAVE** e.p. has been released as a companion to the previously released video

INZANE : If you've been on the hunt for something special, then the band **December's** album **PRAYING, HOPING, NOTHING** is what you've been looking for. This band's outer shell is fully encrusted with extreme hard-core / metal. As the many layers of the December sound show themselves, a skull-rattling groove appears. All of this is tied together with extreme technical playing ability. A

PANDAEMONAEON. The **Cradle Of Filth** electric turkey carver with matching **Cradle Of Filth** gravy boat will be out by Thanksgiving! No, not really, but a full-length from C.O.F. is expected this fall.

PAVEMENT : **Defleshed** are back with album number three, **FAST FORWARD**. Track one, "The Return Of The Flesh" starts off with, "Get in control, I load my soul. That's a fatal need - getting high on hyper speed". Lars, Matte and Gustaf have all speed controls turned to ten and the pedal is to the metal. This band redefines the word speed in "speed metal". As with **UNDER THE BLADE** (**Defleshed's** last album), **FAST FORWARD** contains all of the speed-induced musical acrobatics that one has come to expect from this band. While **FAST FORWARD** is a worthy follow-up to the stellar **UNDER THE BLADE**, **FAST FORWARD** has lost some of the cool metal subtleties that were a highlight of **UNDER THE BLADE**. Although it seems to have become a trademark of this band, I think those subtleties were lost for the sake of speed. - Heavy, heavy rock is what it's all about on **Transport League's** latest, **SATANIC PANIC**. Detuned guitars, pounding drum beats and melodic vocals fill the eleven tracks from this release. Some of the music from **SATANIC PANIC** has an almost classic metal, stoner rock appeal (especially track two, "Plague Ship"). - A "best of" **Malevolent Creation** album has been released. Consider **MANIFESTATION** a musical yearbook, featuring the multitude of musicians that have filed through **Malevolent's** doors over the years. **Phil Fasciana** (guitar) has single-handedly kept this band going since 1987. The double cd **MANIFESTATION** is a tribute to the members of this band that have come and gone (and come back again - **Brett Hoffman** (vocals)), and the music they have made together. I understand that disc 2 of the set contains live footage of the band. The label didn't send me that disc, so I can only assume that it sucks. (next time send me the whole damn thing)



Last Month I:

Got shitcanned in Pocatello
Saw a bald eagle soaring majestically above a truck stop

Got a ride from rocking bob
Participated in a hippy jam
Hurled ashtrays at my foes
Got my boots resoled
Switched to World War One
Found a parking ticket machine in the street
Signed the Sincerity Manifesto
Realized that booking agents are often times of a lesser species
Otherwise just towed the line.

DAILY CALENDAR

Wednesday, April 5
 Sugarpant- *Burt's*
 Relief Society- *Dead Goat*
 Vinyl- *Zephyr*
 Sugarpants- *Burt's*

Thursday, April 6
 Calobo- *Zephyr*
 Arrogant & The Solutions- *Ya' Buts*
 Forty-Fives- *ABG's*
 Elsewhere- *Dead Goat*
 Submachine w/Endless Struggle- *Burt's*

Friday, April 7
 Coal Chamber w/Type O Negative & Full Devil Jacket- *Fairgrounds*
 Gene Loves Jezebel- *Phat Squirrel*
 Double Wide- *The Canyons (Base Plaza)*
 Voodoo Carpet & Zambu Fly- *Ya' Buts*
 Go- *Kilby Court*
 Poebe Legere- *Dead Goat*
 Disco Drippers- *Zephyr*
 Swank 5- *Burt's*
 Fistfull CD Release Party- *Getty's*

Saturday, April 8
 Fistfull CD Release Party- *Kilby Court*
 Thirsty Alley- *Dead Goat*
 Double Wide/Johnny 7 & The Radio Flyers- *ABG's*
 Disco Drippers- *Zephyr*
 White City Tai Chai & Gerald Music- *Ya' Buts*

Sunday, April 9
 Pop Unknown & Borgo Pass- *Kilby Court*
 Magstastic- *Zephyr*

Monday, April 10
 Dub Narcotic Sound System- *Kilby Court*
 Greg Piccolo & Heavy Juice- *Dead Goat*
 Punk-O-RamaTour - *Club Axis*
 Pato Banton & The Reggae Revolution- *Zephyr*
 Poopee D- *Burt's*

Tuesday, April 11
 B-Side Players- *Zephyr*
 Guided By Voices- *Liquid Joes*

Wednesday, April 12
 Side Players- *Harry O's*
 Half Lite- *Ya' Buts*
 Matthew Sweet- *Zephyr*
 2 1/2 White Guys- *Dead Goat*
 Pimp Gernade- *Burt's*

Thursday, April 13
 Love As Laughter/The anniversary, Tara Jean O'Neill- *Kilby*
 Double Wide/The Unlucky Boys - *Liquid Joes*
 Clean & Cryptobiotic- *Ya' Buts*
 Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
 Royal Bliss- *Zephyr*
 Sleen- *Burt's*

Friday, April 14
 Shaking Tree- *Oh Shucks*
 Prime Mover- *Ya' Buts*
 Fistfull w/Sugarpants- *ABG's*
 Backwash- *Dead Goat*
 Chola- *Zephyr*
 Unlucky Boys w/Wormdrive- *Burt's*

Saturday, April 15
 Hot Rod Circuit/Piebald/The Gammits- *Kilby Court*
 Shaking Tree- *Oh Shucks*
 Boarding for Breast Cancer- *Lake Tahoe, NV (http://bbc.chickclick.com)*
 7 Grande & Unlucky Boys- *Ya' Buts*
 Mambo Jumbo- *Dead Goat*
 Ritmo Caliente- *Zephyr*
HAPPY BIRTHDAY BRIAN STAKER!!!
 Wormdrive w/ Unlucky Boys- *Burt's*

Sunday, April 16
 Doug Wintch- *Zephyr*

Monday, April 17
 Mark Hummel- *Dead Goat*
 Train, Stir- *DV8*
 Tha MuseMeant- *Hogwallow*
 Kelly Joe Phelps- *Marriott Center*
 Project Storm- *Zephyr*
 Hassle Power Ride w/ Vexations- *Burt's*

Tuesday, April 18
 Marty Wilson Piper- *Zephyr*

Wednesday, April 19
 Send Phil a Dollar- *The Story is in Slug*
 Third and Failing- *Kilby Court*
 Prime Mover- *Ya' Buts*
 Chester Everett- *Dead Goat*
 Scotty's Birthday- *Burt's*

Thursday, April 20
 Buckwheat Zydeco- *Harry O's*
 Earth Jam- *Dead Goat*
 Mookie & Proofed- *Ya' Buts*
 Shapeshifter- *Zephyr*
 It's 4/20 Dude- *You Know What to Do*
 Sea of Jones- *Burt's*

Friday, April 21
 Red Bennies & Fumamos- *Ya' Buts*
 Cinnamon Brown & the Eskimos- *Dead Goat*
 The Given- *Zephyr*
 Fistfull- *Burt's*

Saturday, April 22
 The Given- *Zephyr*
 I-Roots- *Dead Goat*
 Triggerlocks- *Burt's*

Sunday, April 23
 Shiner w/Tanger & Orange- *Kilby Court*
 Easter Egg Hunt- *SLC Airport Tarmac #2*

Monday, April 24
 Michael Hill's Blues Mob- *Dead Goat*
 Camera Obscura- *Kilby Court*
 Can't Fly Coach- *Zephyr*
 Kelly Roxx- *Burt's*

Tuesday, April 25
 Citizen King & Chola- *Zephyr*
 Rip CARson and the Twilight Trio- *Dead Goat*

Wednesday, April 26
 Beck- *E Center*
 Head Shot & Maladjusted- *Ya' Buts*
 Winefield- *Dead Goat*

Relief Society- *Zephyr*
 Cruel and Unusual- *Burt's*

Thursday, April 27
 Gearl Jam- *Dead Goat*
 Lori Davidson- *Zephyr*
 Phlegmatic & Possibilities- *Ya' Buts*
 Polly Plush Cats- *Burt's*

Friday, April 28
 GiGi Love- *Dead Goat*
THUNDERFIST CD RELEASE PARTY- BURTS
 Vertical Skinny & Profane Oath- *Ya' Buts*

Saturday, April 29
 Sugarpants- *Burt's*
 Double Wide/The Unlucky Boys- *Todd's Bar & Grill*
 The Uninvited- *Zephyr*
 Ether & Furious Fire- *Ya' Buts*
 Zak Parrish Band- *Dead Goat*

Sunday, April 30
 Smilin' Jack- *Dead Goat*

Monday, May 1
 Studebaker John & The Hawks- *Dead Goat*
 Moose Cock- *Burt's*

Tuesday, May 2
 Studebaker John & The Hawks- *Beatnik's*
 Thunderfist/Beautys- *Ya' Buts*

Wednesday, May 3
 Rocky Anderson tells Merrill Cook to Fuck off- *Capitol Hill*

Thursday, May 4
 Orrin Hatch Writes Songs of Love w/Chola- *Temple Square*

Friday, May 5
 Just Another Day Pissed Away- *Welcome to Your Life*
 Wormdrive- *Burt's*

KOI Piercing Studio



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SUBTERRANEAN SECT



Decapitated "Winds Of Creation"
Mixing exceptional songwriting skills with technical musicianship and relentless brutality, this Polish teenage four-piece manage to emulate their forefathers Vader, harnessing a relentless brutality well beyond their years.



Deceased
6990 Supernatural Addiction
Supernatural Addiction conjures fearsome apparitions of thought-provoking classic heavy metal mysticism, paralyzing time with an obsessive devotion to 80's metal stylings. Poseurs beware!



Cephalic Carnage
6443 Exploiting Dysfunction
Welcome to deformity! Destroying parameters by misapplying composition, Cephalic Carnage stupefy and astound with Exploiting Dysfunction, curtailing varied elements of sound and configuring them with a surgical precision, ensuring that grindcore will never be the same again.



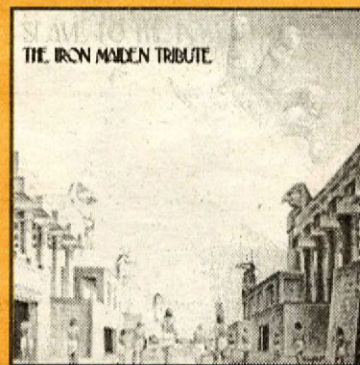
Grave Digger-Excaliber
Hailed as one of the best Metal records of the past year, Excaliber is finally unleashed on US soil. Raise your swords! Featuring guest appearances from Hansi Kursch of Blind Guardian and Piet Seelck of Iron Savior.



Incantation
6442 The Infernal Storm
Crippling the consecrated with The Infernal Storm, Incantation encapsulate all that is heinous, deforming serenity with a punishing power and blistering ferocity that reeks of absolute immorality. Enter the Pandemonium!



the Kovenant-Animatronic
Norways Kovenant mutate from their stark black metal days to a 3 headed beast welding their own unique mixture of industrial, black and traditional metal stylings. Featuring current and former members of Mayhem, Dimmu Borgir and Arcturus. Catch the Kovenant on tour this May with Amorphis and Moonspell !!!



VA / IRON MAIDEN TRIBUTE SLAVE TO THE POWER Definitive Maiden tribute: two CDs, 26 faithfully performed classics, w/Sebastian Bach, Ray Alder (Fates Warning), Kai Hansen (Gamma Ray), Solace, Chris Caffery (Savatage), Crowbar, Kamelot, tons more!



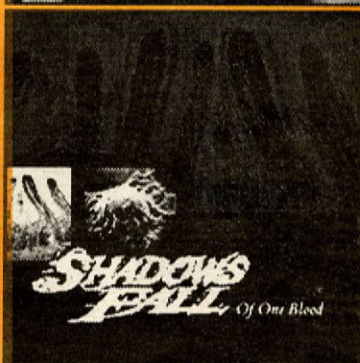
Old Man's Child- Revelation 666: the curse of Damnation striking Norwegian black metal triumph teeming with scathing vocals, ripping guitars and chaotic keyboards; produced by Peter Tagtgren (Hypocrisy, Dimmu Borgir)



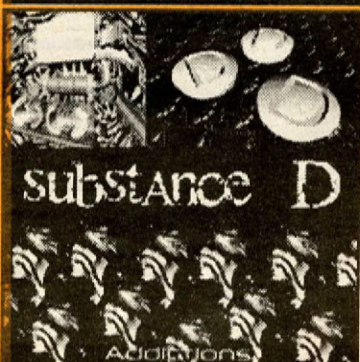
Satyricon-Rebel Extravaganza
Satyricon lays all to waste with this masterpiece of blackend art! See them filth-grinding a town near you on their 1st US tour this April!



Savatage-Ghost in the Ruins
Live tribute to the late Criss Olivia. A MUST for all fans of the band. Featuring classic Savatage tracks such as 24hours ago, Hall of the Mountain King, Legions, Gutter Ballet, Sirens and 8 more including a never released studio outtake from Criss!



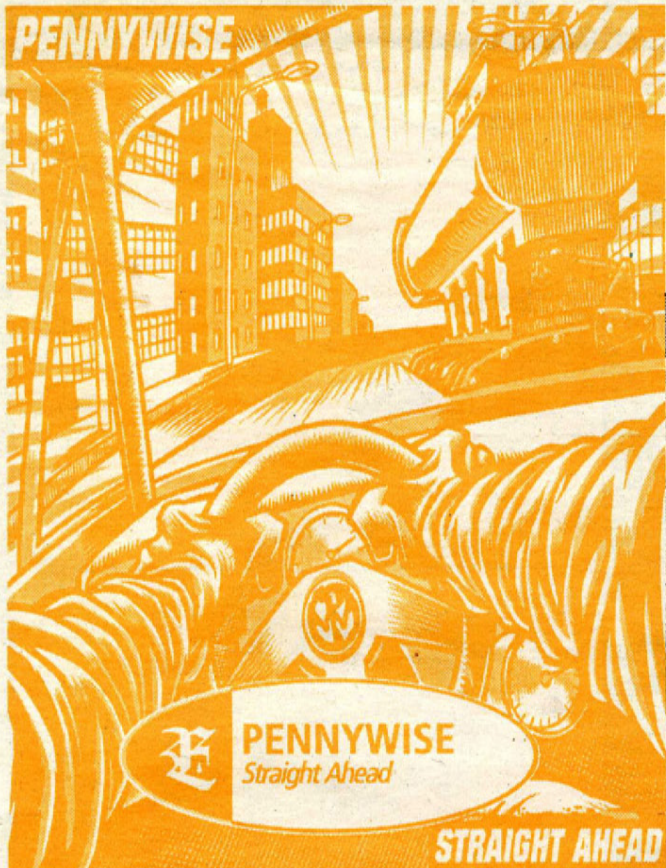
Shadows Fall-Of One Blood
An Album that knows no boundaries, Of one blood delivers ten uncompromising and original tracks that blend the finest traditions of metal with a melodicism and brutality all their own.
In stores April 4, 2000



substance D Addictions
"...Addictions just may be the metal album of 1999" - Hit Parader. For more info on substance D, check out the Loudside webpage at www.loudside.com.



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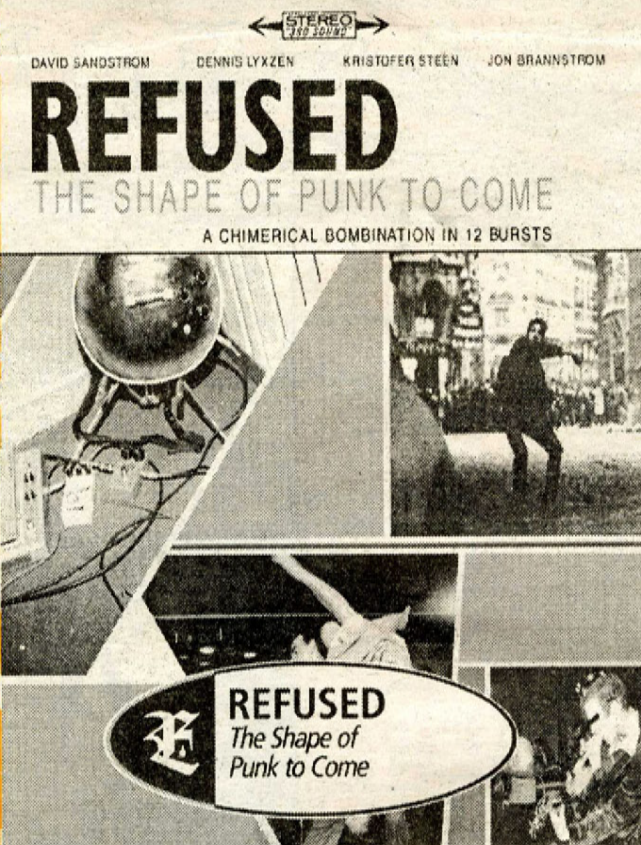


PENNYWISE



PENNYWISE
Straight Ahead

STRAIGHT AHEAD



STEREO

DAVID SANDSTROM DENNIS LYXZEN KRISTOFER STEEN JON BRANNSTROM

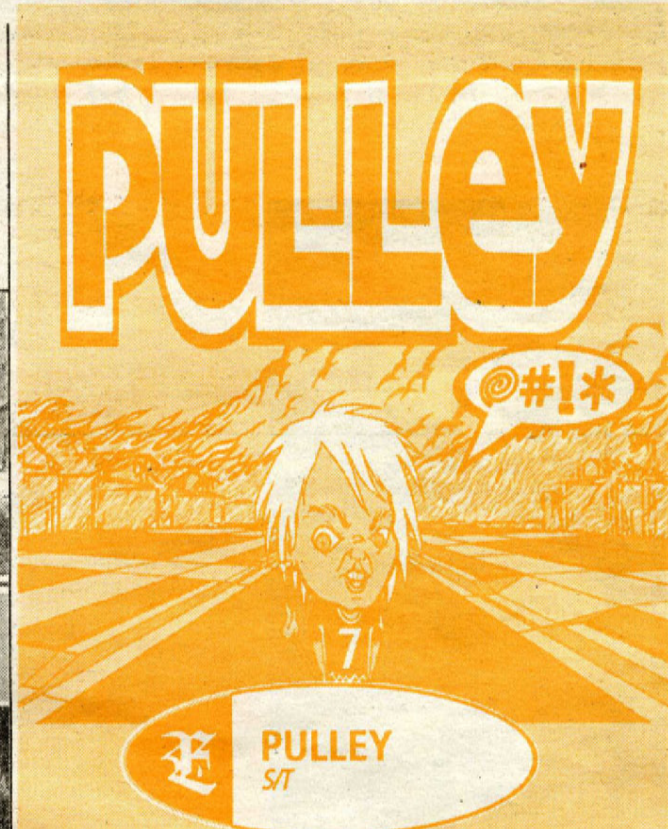
REFUSED

THE SHAPE OF PUNK TO COME

A CHIMERICAL BOMBINATION IN 12 BURSTS



REFUSED
The Shape of
Punk to Come



PULLEY
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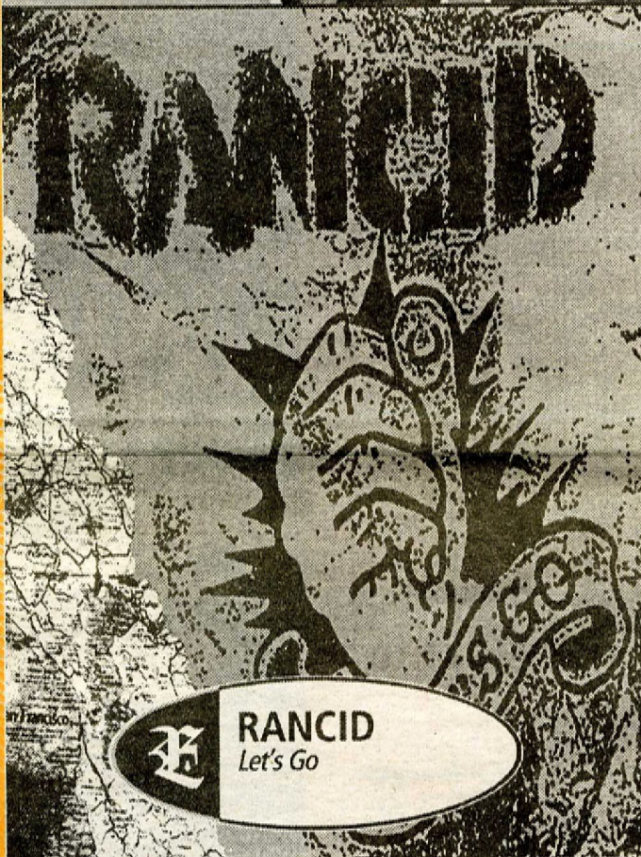


H2O

3

H2O

H2O
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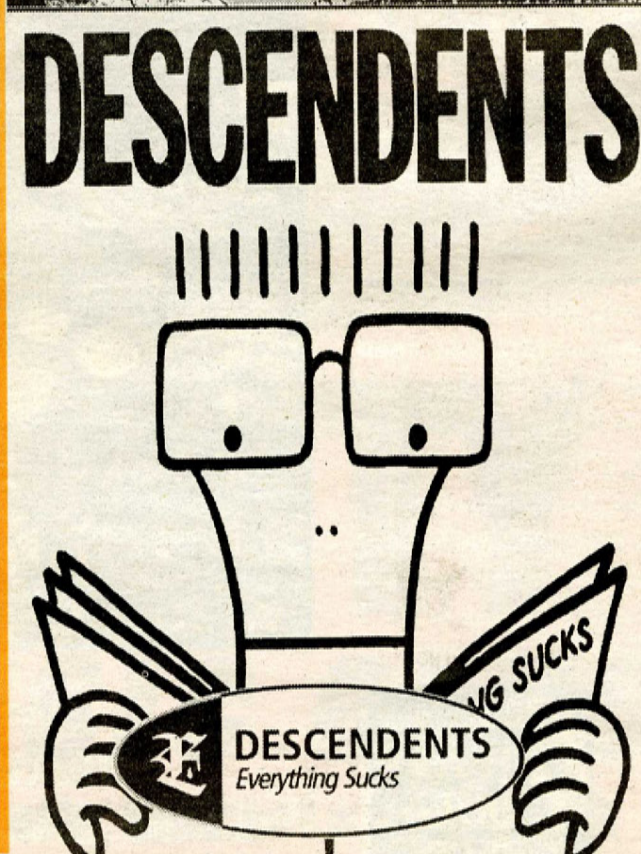
RANCID
Let's Go



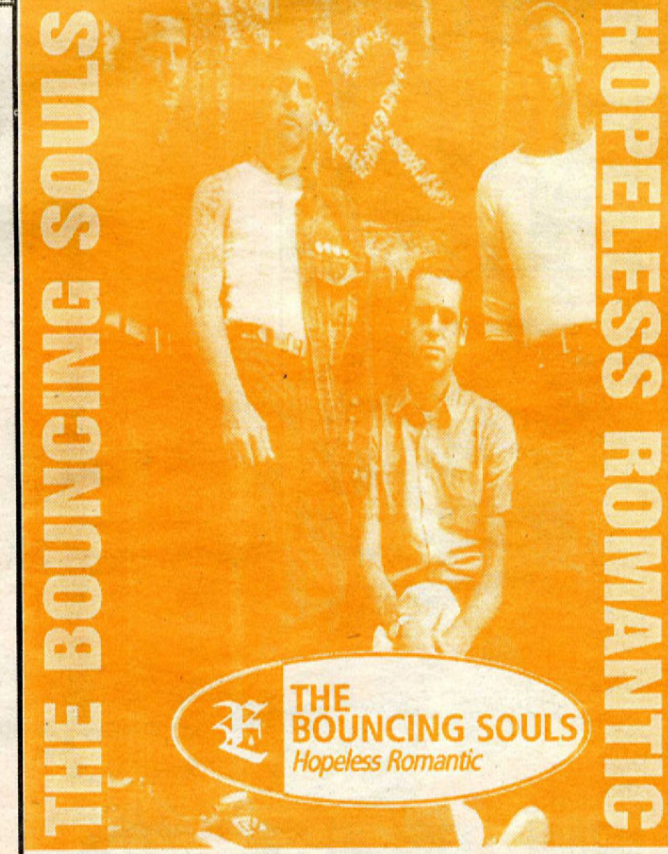
BAD RELIGION
All Ages



VGS
Firme



DESCENDENTS
Everything Sucks



THE BOUNCING SOULS
Hopeless Romantic