

SLUG

MAY 1994
ISSUE #65

FREE



MAYBERRY

HELEN WOLF • STIMBOY • RORY BLOCK
RECORDS • CONCERTS • LETTERS • COMICS
DAILY CALENDAR OF LIVE MUSIC

SLUG

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Malle

SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing in the paper is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of the people who put it together. The topics included are also contributed. If you don't agree with what is said, or you feel something is missing then you should do something about it... write. All submissions must be received no later than the 25th of the preceding month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask that you keep your writing short and to the point. This gives us more room for more people's writing. We thank you for your continued support and hope we can do this for a very long time.

Thank You

SLUG Staff

Send Us Your Stuff

SLUG STAFF

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Salt Lake City, Utah
84152

Need More Info

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ON THE COVER



Sorry, we don't have a cool story to write about the artist who drew this month's cover. His name is Bill and he is an excellent sculptor from back East somewhere.

I met him one night at Burts and he handed me this cover and I never got contact info on him. We will be featuring him as next month's local artist if we can get a hold of him. Sorry Bill (I think that's your name).

If you are interested in submitting a cover, do so. The art work must fit into a 8" x 10.5" and must be reproducible. We will accept any kind of submissions. If you are drawing the design, draw a new logo. If you want to use a second color, do the overlay yourself. If you have any questions call 468-6294.

You were chosen,
You are chosen in time.
We are frozen,
We are frozen in line.
You won't feel it, You can't
feel it, but I can.
The touch of your hand.
My heart is beating,
and all the screaming, you
cannot hear.
As I draw you near. On the
last parade.
I wear the mask.
It is dreadful, this game
that I play.
Wanting you this way.
Your eyes are bleeding,
but do they see me, as I
waste away,
further each day. On the
last parade.
The simplest things that we
have to face,
are taught by our eyes and
learned by mistake.
Chained by this dream
that's breaking in two,
out of my heart and into
you.

—LTP

Dear Dickheads

Dear dickheads,

In response to your Psycho Corner bashing of Queer Nation. It is just this type of Moronic Attitude that stops any progress in our fight for Equality and Understanding. It's Bigoted Assholes like you that treat men like "Bitches" because of their own fear. People don't turn gay. We're just born with a different outlook on sexuality. The easiest thing to do is to make fun instead of trying a little understanding. We are not ballerinas and hairdressers. I am a waiter and my lover is a lawyer. One who will not be defending you in your upcoming civil discrimination suit. Why don't you "MACHO BOYS" come down to the Deer Hunter and get your asses kicked by some real "FAIRIES."

*Love to the Power
Michael S.*

Dear Dickheads,

It seems to me that J.T. and the Fat Man have confused insult with humor but, none the less, it's a good thing that they don't need balls to be humorous.

They seem a little to preoccupied with fucking, maybe they should try venting some of their obvious sexual frustrations so they can broaden their focus. I'm not saying that they should have sex with humans since bestiality is illegal. Then again it's not my place to say what consenting adults do in private. If they want to do mannequins, glazed donuts or Mr. T's fist, whatever makes them happy if it helps.

Now concerning my gender or sexual orientation, it is irrelevant. Not that I'm some proponent of universal androgyny but

what I write does not in any manner involve the use of a twat or a dick (like some sexual freak show in Tijuana may use.)

Best wishes to that blue balled couple and if all else fails they have each other.

*Sincerely,
Winky*

Dear Dickheads,

After reading in the Salt Lake Tribune about the murder of Birtes Lee Wilson Jr. by two rookie cops, I feel that this has happened one too many times. It is too bad that this poor man was not better armed in order to defend himself from the attack. It is also too bad that he was not able to run fast enough to escape the police bullets. This is another example of the police brutality that runs rampant in this city. I am upset about this because I have seen so much of it. What we need is a system where the accused are automatically innocent until they are proven guilty in a court with a judge and a jury.

Until such a time comes, the only defense for our citizens is to be as well-armed or better armed than the police. Unfortunately, these sadistic cops must be dealt with on their own level: with guns and attitude. If they ever arrive on my doorstep they will be faced with their worst enemy: a responsible, law-abiding citizen who is aware of his rights as a human being and also happens to be well armed. I ask the residents of this city to remember that no matter where you go in life these creeps are always the same, because a pig is a pig, and that's that.

Rob Magley

**All Correspondence
should be sent to:
SLUG MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 1465
SLC, UT 84152**

news & VIEWS

FROM THE SLUG HEADQUARTERS

Well, another issue of SLUG, and another dollar (literally). Don't worry, this isn't going to be one of those columns where I bitch and moan about how pathetic Salt Lake is, well maybe later. I actually have something to say, so pay attention.

I know rumors are flying around town about my selling the paper (SLUG, that is) and in a sense they are true. I am going to be selling a portion of the paper to Gianni Ellefsen, former owner of Guitar Gallery. I will still be putting the paper out so it will still be pretentious and over designed. I just won't be doing the business end of the paper. Those of you who know me will agree this was a wise choice, I am no businessman.

Things won't change too much, mostly someone will answer the phone when you call, and if they don't they will return your message. I will still be happy to blow you off if you call or write for a response...so feel free to call anytime. This paper will still be there for you and we hope the people involved and advertising will continue to do so. The paper is only going to get better. SLUG is growing faster than I can keep up with and I felt it was better to bring in help than throw in the towel—my usual business move.

On to my sad story about how pathetic Salt Lake is. I got

one thing to say. MTV really sucks. I have been crashing at my brother's pad cause the man said I had to pay rent. Selfish bastard! But, I have been able to enjoy the comfort of cable TV. MTV sucks. I know why the younger generation is so fucked up now. Don't get me wrong, I still love my time in front of the tube. I would never miss a rerun of *Charles In Charge*. But, this whole MTV generation is really backwards, the youth of today have the attention span of a tree and the creative minds have dwindled into a Sega commercial. What a shame! Suggestions: Do something.

As far as this whole Kurt Cobain thing goes, it really doesn't mean anything. If any of you are looking for an answer to why today's youth are so fucked up, he was not the answer or the reason. He was a creative guy who couldn't handle it and he quit, a chicken-shit approach, but he chose it. I personally like the music and thought he had some interesting things to say. But, he was not a spokesman for the youth of today. He was a fucked up songwriter whose 15 minutes made David Geffen a lot of money. Who cares JR, shut the fuck up.

Okay, See ya'll next month
Peace & Dorc
JR

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HELEN WOLF

HELEN WOLF SMELLS LIKE DEAD ROCK STARS Generation X Gets The Square

MARCH 4-Kurt Cobain slips into a coma after overdosing on prozac and Diet Ice Clear YooHoo.

After a stroll thru the Karma Desert with Jim Morrison and Michael Landon, Kurt is revived by an advance tape of the new Hole album, if only to muster the strength to hit the "stop" button.

Actor John Candy dies. Unwitting fat-guy fans world wide ask: "Why not that fuckhead in Nirvana?"

MARCH 18-KC locks himself in the house with enough weaponry to qualify as a cult compound during a domestic dispute. Janet Reno and the ATF (Alcohol, Tobacco and Fire, Fire, Fire!) sit this one out.

MARCH 28- Fugitive Kurt escapes a detox in Marina Del Ray and flees back to Seattle...all the while pursued by a mysterious, one armed man wearing a Def Leppard T-shirt.

The Weekly World News reports that Rush Limbaugh has met with space aliens. Unwitting fat-guy fans world wide ask: "Why not that fuckhead in Nirvana?"

APRIL 6- Though no one else will confirm it, one neighbor swears to spotting Axl Rose holding a scope

rifle on the grassy knoll not far from Cobain's house.

APRIL 7- Courtney Love is arrested in Beverly Hills for drug possession and impersonating a skank ho. After being taken to a hospital for overdose treatment, Love claims the powder was just Buddhist ashes she kept around for luck (?) Cops smell the biggest pile of moo since a cattle truck jackknifed in Pasadena.

- Hurtin Kurt gives himself a 30.06 haircut. In the room is a suicide note, several Judas Priest tapes, his driver's license, a shopping list...(1. Woolite 2. Club soda 3. Sponge mop) and a TV tuned to channel 42's "Three's Company" marathon.

- Sensing a disturbance in the force, Eddie Vedder vows to preserve the Jedi Grungewhiner's legacy.

APRIL 8- While doing a routine Clapper installation, an electrician discovers the body. He first calls a local radio station, then the police. Safety tip for you kiddies: If a friend or family member needs emergency care, call Kerry & Bill-then maybe 911.

- Courtney receives the fateful call: "Courtney? OK, first the good news. You're going to be getting EVEN MORE publicity, and it's totally free! Now the bad news..."

- Realizing they have their own Hendrix/Lennon/Ian, MTV launches a round-the-clock Grievathon. Videos, documentaries, interviews, Unplugged, (which only proved that the Meat Puppets could dust Nir-



vana flat) and a bleary eyed Kurt Loder rambling "If you never saw them live, now you never will. So just blow your brains out too, you pussies"

APRIL 9- After catching "Weekend at Bernie's 2" on a plane, remaining bandmates Chris (Krist?) and Dave realize that they've already been propping up Kurt for years-why stop now? Playing with a lifeless stinker who can't sing or move seemed much better than plan B: "Chopper and Nirvana".

- Cobain's suicide effects Gianni E. so deeply, he decides to bail on the music biz, shut down the Guitar Gallery and open up a tofu restaurant. Quote: "You got a fookin problem wit dat, fruitcake?"

- MTV's Nirvanathon continues unabated as Meat Loaf announces his summer tour dates. Unwitting fat-guy fans world wide ask: Why not that fuckhead in Nirvana?

(I don't know what that means, I was just on a roll)

APRIL 10- Thousands of Dead-

head understudies gather in Seattle to listen to a tape of Courtney Love reading Kurt's suicide note and look cool. After the mourn-in one fan goes home and kills himself with a shotgun. In related news, carpet cleaning franchises show a 70% jump in business for this weekend.

- Kurt Loder calls up CNN's Bernard Shaw to ask for advice on how to maintain during a crisis, likening his ordeal to Bernie's in Desert Storm. Shaw politely hangs up.

APRIL 12- Nirvana album sales soar as that Dead Rock Guy mystique kicks in. Elektra Records sends Motley Crue a set of gold-plated pistols and a memo on the importance of being "team players"

APRIL 14- Lawyers for Stone Temple Pilots and Candlebox negotiate and crunch the numbers for a joint "Temple of The Dog 2" recording.

APRIL 22- No Cobain developments, so the SLUG staff celebrates Earth Day by getting drunk, grilling up Spotted Owl steaks, and cranking the Psychic Buddhist Gorilla's classic "Drop Acid, Eat Meat, Pave the Earth"

APRIL 25- Oliver Stone begins preproduction on his epic Nirvana film. His first choice to play Kurt is River Phoenix, but...

APRIL 30- VooDoo Swing bassist, Junior is found dead in a bathroom at the Sun. The suicide note found clutched in his clammy palm ends with "I can't live this lie any longer" No one is sure exactly WHICH lie he meant, but Voodoo Swing cd sales continue to decline.

- B-grade hack Helen Wolf mails a letter bomb to the asshole who coined that annoying phrase from Hell, "Generation X".

-Helen Wolf

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10 TBA	11 PETTING ZOO REZIN	12 RUBBERNECK MIND@LARGE	13 GAMMA RAYS	14
17 ALL SOULS AVENUE DIRTY MOVIES	18 FLAT STANLEY GREEN ADAMS CRADLE	19 BLISTR'D TOAD KAOTIC CONTORTION	20 HOUSE OF CARDS FENDER BENDERS	21 the change
24 trailer park MONDO ZULU	25 UNDERBELLY INDIVISION	26 PETTING ZOO The Pinch	27 VOODOO SWING	28 HONEST ENGINE ONE EYE INDIVISION

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RECORD REVIEWS



CYCOMOTOGOAT

Cycomotogoat

Alkaline

Sector 2 Records

Cycomotogoat is a band firmly rooted in the strange sounds heard in the early '70s when the psychedelic era was dying, and disco and arena rock were rising. Since they thank Blues Traveler in the liner notes, and they love to meander around in long extended jam sessions, they beg lumping in with the new breed of "hippie" bands.

There is something else to the music of Cycomotogoat. They are more than just another "hippie" band. Their music is of the slow-rocking noise variety. I'll drop some more names in here to demonstrate my complete lack of descriptive talent. How about Acetone, Engine Kid, Idaho, and Milk? Not that Cycomotogoat is even close to the music of any of them, it is just that slow groove, heavy on the bass and drums, grinding guitars and hoarse

vocal thing, you know?

Separating this band from the cluster of like minded others lies deeper in the pits only a laser can read. The jams these guys get into are dizzying. It reminds me of laying on the floor, unable to move, after ingesting a megadose of PCP and too much whiskey. Then I looked at the CD for the song title. It was "Dizzy." It must be a flashback or psychic experience.

Since chanting is so big right now, with Enigma and some monks from somewhere bringing every fool with a bad plasticized haircut and Dockers out of their Acura Legends into the record shops. Cycomotogoat explores that area on a piece titled "Do What I Say." Spoken word? Yes, they do that too, backed by feedback, and the aforementioned deep grooving bass and drums. "El Pico" is a perfectly orchestrated Grateful Dead jam. Why does it only last only one minute and four seconds?

"Army Ant/Heart Beats"

throws in the kitchen sink. Pavement/Sebadoh lo-fi with a synthesized drum circle, orchestra and a human violinist. To finish let me quote some other, much better paid music hacks, "If only this band could focus on one area of music the CD would be more enjoyable." Hah, I like it.

by Wa

The Loved Ones The Price For Love Hightone Records

The press release bills this band as following in the footsteps of the English Mods. They dress the part on the album cover. If this were vinyl, with a copyright date of 1965, I'd instantly buy it while browsing the garage sales. It could only be an obscure '60s punk band or a group of mods.

It's neither, the band is from Oakland and it's a CD. Chuck the press release, they sound like the Blasters. Maybe I've been listening to Dave Alvin too much, or maybe the Blasters are just so dear to my heart that I hear their influence in a lot of new roots rock bands. It could just be that the lead vocalist, Bart Davenport, has one of those rootsy voices that brings Phil Alvin to mind, although, Davenport blows a mean harp that isn't even close to anything heard from the Blasters. Whatever, this new Loved Ones album still sounds like a young Blasters.

These boys don't have the rockabilly and country roots, theirs are all soul and blues. The album is exciting because the band is so young and they demonstrate so much talent with their brand of rock and roll. It is rock and roll after all, the roots are the blues, they always have been. Tell that to Meatloaf.

A couple of standout tracks are "Lickin' Stick," a James Brown cover, and an original tune written by Davenport, "I Told The Truth." "I Told The Truth" takes a trip to the country, country blues that is, with an acoustic guitar solo from Davenport. The circle is complete, the mods took inspiration from America's bluesmen and now the Loved Ones take inspiration from England's mods.

By Wa

Offspring Smash

Epitaph Records

"Smash" is the latest from Offspring and their die-hard punk rock label Epitaph. I know all you little skater bastards are out there in your big pants that would hold three of

me. You are armed with cans of Krylon and Walkmans and you are thrashing about to this one already.

Well don't let me see you in my neighborhood. We have a Suzuki Samari with a Neighborhood Watch sign on the side. We are patrolling the streets looking for you. When we catch you, it's into the nearest alley for a good switching. (We don't cane in America, although, we should.)

Don't try recycling any of those Dick Dale surf licks, Duane Eddy twanging or Greg Ginn shit on me either, I know what it sounds like. As for the ska, well you'll be skanking plenty when you're apprehended painting my new cinder-block wall. Don't even try hiding that Middle Eastern/surf guitar at the end of the CD. Who do you think you are GnR or something? I'm listening.

I don't care if your parents, my parents and yours truly ruined the world for you. I don't care if you don't have a future. Deal with it. Wear a god damned rubber so there aren't any more of you. Stay off my sidewalks with your boards and blades. Be satisfied with your job at Burger King, and pay that FICA tax. How in the hell am I supposed to live after you've taken my job, and Lexus, Wardley BH&G, Girbaud, and Ralph Lauren have taken all of my money?

Songs about lack of self esteem, gangs, shootings on the freeway, an anti-blunt song, and loneliness. Punk rock as it should be played - loud fast and angry with just a smidgen of pop. Watch for the Offspring to return soon to Salt Lake City. Now if they'd only make a video I could see it on TV while channel surfing from the safety of my couch. I wouldn't have to leave the house to see them live or buy this album.

by Wa

The Paladins

Ticket Home

Sector 2 Records

The Paladins are back after much too long of an absence with a new album and a new record label. They've swerved off into a new direction, and some of the songs approach the commercial acceptability of your common everyday classic rock station. The opening song, "Ticket Home" has chiming guitars ala the Byrds and a hook bands like 38 Special, the Outlaws and Marshall Tucker wished they could still write. "Everytime I See Her" is almost more of the same. Dave Gonzalez, Paladins longtime guitarist and vocalist, screams out an electric blues solo that Jimmy Ray Vaughn could have used on his latest.

While I hope the mainstream



CANNIBAL CORPSE

songs gain the Paladins some recognition and resulting monetary rewards, my favorite songs on the album are the ones where they rely on their older sound. "15 Days" is rockin' blues as only the Paladins can do it. "Lil' Irene" is a screeching song with Gonzalez hiccuping and howling his way through a rockabilly influenced workout. Producer, Cesar Rosas, Los Lobos, takes full advantage of the recording studio's echo capabilities on this one. "Who's Been Sleepin'" is a slow blues where Gonzalez shines on both guitar and vocals.

Next to "Lil' Irene" the instrumental "Re'jive'inated" is the album's shining light. Gonzalez pulls out a guitorgan and plays the thing as if the year were 1963 and he was a member of Booker T and the MGs. Overall this album is as fine an example of modern blues as I've heard lately. The one question in my mind is why guys like Jimmie Ray Vaughn get all the attention and shelf space in record stores while the Paladins do it better and are far more satisfying. Jimmie Ray's album is another fine release and well worth purchasing, but give some respect and dol-

lars to the guys in the trenches.

The cover is a work of art in itself. I give credit to Independent Project Records for the inspiration. It looks as if it were produced on a letter press. The paper has that combination feel of recycling and antiquity. Much respect to the designer.

by Wa

Cannibal Corpse

The Bleeding

Metal Blade Records

Cannibal Corpse is back with a new album. It should be in the stores shortly after you read this. Chris Barnes, infamous vocalist for the Corpse remains in his persona as the troll-under-the-bridge vocalist. Believe it or not, Barnes vocals are barely recognizable in short bursts on this advance cassette.

Since the release of their last album, "Butchered At Birth," I've spoken with a number of thrashing, death-metal, 'blood-hounds' who dismiss the Corpse because of their lyrics. The advance cassette didn't come with a lyric sheet so I can't rely on an in-depth analysis of the printed material. I really don't give a fuck because the attraction of the band for me has never been the lyrical content.

I don't even relate to them as one of the death metal genre. I place

them in the realm of extreme, noise-producing experimental music. I don't know how many SLUG readers are familiar with the work of John Zorn, Ronald Shannon Jackson, the experimental jazz recordings from the Kitchen in New York City, or even Australia's Extreme label, but to me Cannibal Corpse falls into the same unlistenable noise category as these.

Last year when Cannibal Corpse appeared in Zion I sat with them, shared the holy sacramental herb and discussed their music. They compare it to any extreme of modern culture. Their kicks come from playing to the extreme, not from drive-by shootings or spraying Krylon on buildings under cover of darkness.

On "The Bleeding" Barnes adds the sound of a screaming cougar caught in a trap to the troll voice. Guitarist Rob Barrett replaces missing in action Bob Russay and the complete insanity of drummer Paul Mazurkiewicz serves a summons on such as Tony Williams, Kenny Washington, Dave Weckle, Trilok Girtu.

Forget the lyric sheet, forget the death metal stereotype, pick this album up for an experience in the extreme and for the offensive cover art which I have yet to see.

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MEDIA MAN!!!

Frankly Carl I don't give a dadgum

Did you see "Total Recoil," the latest Arnold ["Schmile ven you say dat"] Schwarzenegger sci-fi pseudo-comic tragifarce? How much of it did you watch through your fingers?

I like to watch these movies twice. The second time, I go to count bodies.

Body count in "Rambohead III" was about 20 jillion. My calculator melted on "Total Reject." I'm going to hire an accountant for "Die Lard 2."

I'd like to have a monopoly on Hollywood movie-blood sales. That's where the big money is, forget cocaine-dealing, divorce-lawyering, gaudy picture-taking, tacky rumor mongering or stupid dress-designing.

The rating people should start a new rating based on how many buckets of blood in a movie. Per minute.

"Die Pard 2" prop-blood came in tank trucks. [Where do they dump it? Is it toxic?]

You'd think people who run the celluloid dream machine would tire of violence after a while. Not so. Remember, they drive on L.A. freeways. Maybe breathing brown air has weird side wierd side affect, like mutating the brain cells responsible for the ability to distinguish enough from to much.

If you see enough of these slash-o-ramas, you can get used to it. I cut off my left ear while shaving last week and didn't bother to stitch it back on until two days later. I used dental floss and fingernail clippers. No big deal. I'd seen Sylvester Steroids sew his arm back in with a pocket knife in "First Crud."

Movies can teach us a lot. Americans know that the way to handle our frustrations is to take out city hall with a bazooka, Hollywood style. Is it a legitimate political statement if it doesn't explode for the cameras?

But it's not the violence that attracts me to these movies. And it's not the car-plane-train-tricycle

crashes and chases, or even the vast expanses of semi-nekkid aluring young starlet flesh daringly displayed in bigger-than-life well-lightened vivid color.

Nope.

I go for the stimulating dialogue.

The quips Arnold Schwetc., Bruce Willis, Chuck Norris, Mel Gibson, Pee Wee Herman and the rest of the Steroids-R-U's crowd use in the movies intellectually stimulating.

Like when Schwar (why can't they get a decent American name?) rips some guy's arm off and says "See you at de party." Or when he stabs somebody with a flag pole and says "Schtick around." Or when he cuts somebody in half with a chainsaw and says "He had to schplid."

This is real literature. Ol' Billy Wiggle-stick never wrote stuff nearly as neat. Sure, he could wipe out a stageful of actors, but all he had to deal with was rapiers and bodkins. Real American dialogue requires at least 600 rounds a minute.

Why can't I think of snappy lines like that when I'm gunning down a squad of dopers in the park?

Dadgum it.

Remember the classic "Yippie cai-yo, caiyay, [expletive deleted]" Willis said as he blew up the bad guys in "Die Lots"? Pretty snappy comeback. And the classic Silly Stallone "All I wanna do is go duh distance" from "Rockhead"? Could Clint Eastwood blow some guy's head off without a clever line like, "Go ahead, make my day"?

Golly, how nifty.

It makes the violence more palatable, especially when you know your kids are getting an education in proper linguistic utilization, communications wise.

If your child is ever called upon to gun down 20 deputy sheriffs on Main Street [all henchmen for a politically corrupt corporate type bad-guy war toy manufacturer cocaine dealer, of course], he or she will know exactly what to say before pulling

the trigger.

All that education comes at no cost the taxpayer! Isn't show biz wonderful?

Where so these wits think [if that's the right word] of these lines? Do they have teenage ninja mutant writers who do it for them or do they read comics?

Geepers, I sure am awful doggone jealous.

I think of an appropriately snappy comeback days after I've fire-bombed a squad of Nazi CIA dope-runners. Sometimes months pass before I come up with an ending to a column.

Like this one. Dadgum it.

How would the "good guys"

do it?

-Arnold S[see spelling above]: "De schtory iss over. Buss auf before I rip auf you lips."

-Bruce Willis: "I'm gonna [expletive deleted] kill some [ditto], or my [ditto] name isn't [ditto,ditto]."

-Clint Eastwood: Blamblamblamblamblam...

-Chuck Norris: "EEeYyaaah [kick, poke, jab, rip, tear, stomp]."

Golly, I wish I'd said that. All I can think of to end the column is to say: "This is the end of the column."

—MEDIA MAN!

LOCAL ARTIST

LOCAL ARTIST SPOTLIGHT AL GROSSI Guitarist for House Of Cards

Sit and talk with Al, and you get the impression that he spends alot of time at the Humane Society saving small animals.

Mild mannered, calm, all around nice guy. See him play live and it is quite a different story.

Speak softly but carry a big stick.... In this case Al's main stick is an 88 Fender Strat ran thru a modified Marshall 1/2 stack and a Twin Reverb.

He tears into his solos with untamed passion and creates an almost hypnotic connection between him, his guitar and the crowd.

"It's all gut reaction" he says of his playing. "I much prefer live to the studio because you can't seem to capture live energy on tape." And energy is something he's had since his first real gig with 'The Scats' "There were 400 people and when we hit that first chord, it was like a bomb went off! Everyone loved it." From a farm in upstate N.Y. when he first took his brothers Bob Dylan songbook his



love for the guitar has grown at a torrid pace. He quotes his influences as Hendrix "of course" Buddy Guy Clapton & Jeff Beck. "The blues is where it all came from, and I've always been affected by those old blues And if he had to pick one album? "Layla by Derek & the Dominoes" If you haven't seen him play, you're blowing it. So go see House of Cards later this month at the Bar & Grill or Memorial Day weekend at the Ashbury Pub. Have a beer, hear some blues, and listen closely to Al's guitar. Listen to the soul in his playing.

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—MADD MAXX

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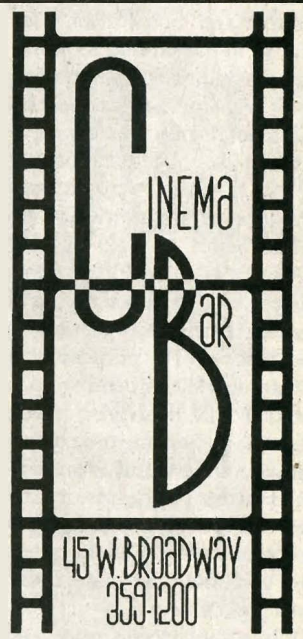
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MISCELLANEOUS

THE MOSH

It has only been a few days since the Sepultura show at Saltair and, while I couldn't tell you every song they played or in what order, I can tell you the moshing was amazing. I haven't had so much fun in a long time. Salt Lake City has a very strong hard core crowd. You might not expect it because of how conservative a state we live in. On the other hand, that does give everyone a whole lot more to be angry at. I was really excited to see so many crazy, ugly, rebellious, loud people at the show. It reassured me that hard core will be with us for quite some time. Thank you, God.

Usually, it takes some time for me to get excited about jumping into the pit, but that night was the exception. I moshed to all three bands Saturday night (and days later, I still have the bruises to prove it). The mood was perfect: Sheer aggression—violence absent. That is so important. Sometimes, I see these guys in the pit that look like fat boys or red necks that are just using the pit as an excuse to beat on other human beings. Those people are missing the point. It's probably better that way; they wouldn't understand it even if you tried to explain it to them.

What it is: a bunch of idiots running around in a circle trying to release all their pent up energies and aggression. The purpose: you spend all week conforming to a world that will crush you if you don't, while at the same time trying to show yourself and everyone around you that you despise it. End results: A) experience a temporary lapse of sanity riled by all the others around you doing the same; B) one hell of a good time.

It is a mob scene pure and simple. But everyone needs to keep their heads about them. When you let go of your inhibitions and let primal urges take over, prove to lower life forms that you keep an even deeper ability to maintain self control with regards to those around you. A controlled chaos. At the end of the week, the hard core show is your release, but don't put someone in the hospital for it. So many fights rise up from moshing now that it is

sick. Shit, you idiots, don't deliberately hit someone or push them down. Henry Rollins would call you weak and he would be right. I saw a guy at last summer's Danzig show decide to hit someone across the pit and just took off after him. Maybe he deserved it, but I doubt it.

Don't be violent; express aggression.

Another thing, if you are a skinhead or in a gang or a straight edger or some other similar extremist, do not use my pit as an excuse to brawl. The cops can't always get to you in the pit, but remember, the cops might have to save you from everyone in the pit if you get out of hand.

The thing to remember is that moshing is a mindless act of lunacy, nothing more, nothing less. It has no social redeeming values. It can send you home with countless bruises, scrapes, sprains, or worse. But the bottom line is that it is so much goddamn fun you just can't believe it. Nothing compares to the release a person experiences while moshing. You can become totally different person when you enter a mosh pit. To be fully understood, the mosh pit needs to be fully experienced.

In the beginning there was Malcolm McLaren and his Sex Pistols. Suddenly all the crazy youth who hated pop dancing and pop dance clubs had a place to go (face it, some people can't dance to save their lives). They needed a format to expel their hates and frustrations and forget about the real world, if only for a while. Everyone was just doing their own goofy, ritualistic dance and occasionally they would bump into each other. At this point there was no organized pit. Then sometime in the 80s bands like Suicidal Tendencies and the Punk movement transformed itself into Thrash music. Now those same punks dodging the dance clubs had something to listen to while skating, and eventually snowboarding. We were starting to see more and more aggression displayed by kids at the shows but not everyone was into it so there would be small clusters of kids going nuts with their friends. This is where the circular movement is born. As more friends joined

the group they needed more room. Possibly reverting to primal instincts they all started to move around each other in a circular fashion. The mosh pit was created. But that was not the end.

Everything evolves and with bands like Pantera hitting the scene the aggression level soared to new heights. Chaos ensued in the pits and there were twenty to thirty people joining the pits, maybe more. Here, moshing was truly defined. But I don't think it has been refined enough, yet.

I'm not saying we should revert back to slam dancing (that just wasn't aggressive enough for today's needs). On the other hand, I do think there are some things we should keep in mind when we go pitting. I don't want to call them rules because that is what we so truly want to rebel against, so I would call it etiquette.

When you are in the pit, go ahead and do your own thing, but don't simply be running into each other. I've seen people pick someone out of the crowd and run headlong toward them flinging themselves at them. You could really hurt someone that way. There's no fun in that. You see, moshing is more than picking a person out of the crowd and running headlong into them. That's fucking dull. Moshing is the act of trying get your own mindless dancing done while a mob of other people are all trying to do their own thing. All of this is taking place in a circle that is simply not big enough to handle everyone. This is what leads to the panic factor, that feeling that you are all running down an alley and total destruction is following close behind and catching up. If the equation is correct, the result should be nothing less than a mass hysteria bordering on complete loss of control. If you have been in a pit, you know this feeling. This means that all the energy from the band is flowing through you. That flow pulls the pent up frustrations and aggravations out of you as it passes through.

It also makes you go completely out of your mind. Moshing also sends practicality and sensibility on a temporary vacation and some of us really need that sometimes. Some of us are in college trying to make the system work for us and dressing properly and hiding our true self. The pit is the place to reassure ourselves that we have not lost touch with our youthful perspectives on life.

When the band sees nothing but total chaos before them they know they're doing their jobs. That is gratifying for the bands; it tells them you are enjoying the show.

Head walking and stage diving you do at your own risk. I don't have much advice on those stunts other than don't expect people to catch you when you dive off the stage in their direction. Usually, people are pretty cool about head walking, but there will be some people who don't have any patience for passing your whole body weight over their head while they try to enjoy the show.

Here are some more points to keep in mind about moshing:

- Do, be aggressive. Everyone around you is feeding off of your anger.
- Do not be violent; do not use the pit as an excuse to inflict pain on other people.
- If someone falls down, pick them up.
- Do not wear spiked clothing.
- If you are leaving the pit, hold your hands up so the people on the edge of the pit know not to throw you back in.
- If you are a guy, be on the lookout for girls. Some really want to be in there but we need to remember that we are usually bigger than they are. You don't have to act like one of King Arthur's courteous knights, but try to show some regard for the girls and smaller people in general.
- Do not grope girls participating in the fun. Just because they can't see you doesn't make it OK. I've met some really cool girls at local shows and not one ever said, "Oh I just love head walking because guys are always trying to grab at my tits and my ass."
- Do have a great time. That's why you're at the show isn't it?

Thanks to all of you who picked up my drunken ass when I fell down running amuck under the lights of the Sepultura show. You're welcome to those of you I helped to get up. See you at the next show!

P.S. I conducted an inpromptu pole at the drinking fountain right before Sepultura went on stage. The question was "Would you rather be drinking more, moshing more, or having more sex?" Now, I did get a wide range of different answers (one guy wanted more crystal meth?) but the resounding response was "more SEX!" Go figure.

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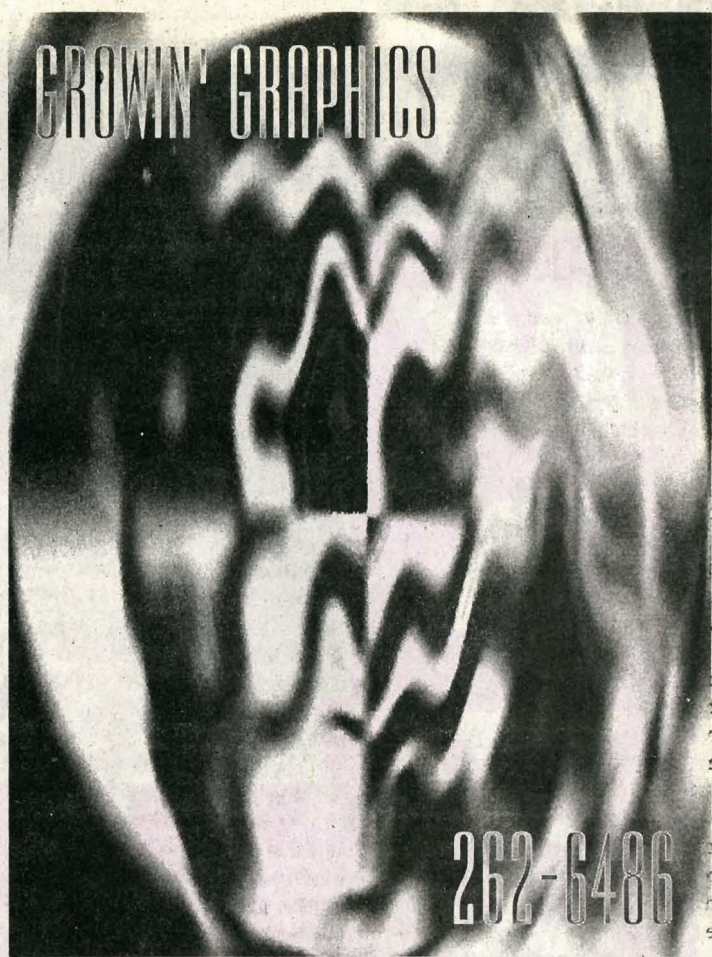
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From the suburbs of Salt Lake City comes one of Utah's better bands. The first time I ever saw them about a year ago, I was making a quick visit to The Starzzzzzz club and I got the willies so I didn't stick around to see them. But, I have seen them a few times since, at all age shows and even once at the Bar & Grill. I must say that every time I hear them live, I like them more.

I must admit that my first impression was my usual "another local band I will probably never pay attention to," then when I decided to write them up I listened a little more closely and payed attention. I have been pleasantly surprised, and after I spent an evening shootin' the breeze with them I think I like them even more. They are four of the most down-to-earth guys I have met in local bands in a long time.

I get to a lot of local all-age shows and get to see a lot of the bands and the people that come to see them. It is a real drag that this town is so cliquy. Some bands are cool and some bands are not, and I haven't quite figured out how this is determined. I do know the better bands are usually not

considered cool. Maybe I am off base here but I think that people in this town have misjudged too many local bands and Mayberry is one of them. All of the press and out-of-town response has been phenomenal, even Ben Fulton at the Private Eye gave them a good review on their CD, "Eight."

The band consists of Ryan Workman-vocals/guitar; Spencer Jacobs-guitar/vocals; Joe Patterson-drums; Josh-bass. The band has been together since spring of 1992 but with the current line-up since fall of 93. One of the great things about the band is the way they get along. They have a definite unity and goals they have worked up together. Hopefully, unlike other great local bands, they will stay together long enough to taste some of the success they deserve.

The bands 5-song Cd has done quite well locally as well as out of state. Unfortunately, the band and Greg Fredette of Salt Flat Records (producer and publisher) don't have the kind of funds necessary to get the word out to ensure a large amount of sales. Considering what has been done so far, the CD has done quite well and the

band's name is getting out of the valley. The thing I like best about the CD is the quality of the engineering and production. Nick Fry did an incredible job capturing their sound, an area where most bands lack. This also due to proficient musical skills and a lot of hard work by the band.

I really hate the part of the article where I have to describe the music but I always do it anyway. Melodic hard-core, there, are you satisfied. When I heard the first song from them it was on the SLUG Compilation III and I thought they sounded like the Stench, a label that has unfortunately been placed on the band. Don't get me wrong I loved the Stench, but I like Mayberry too. Ryan's voice has certain similarities but the music is much heavier than the Stench's due to the dual guitar. However, the musical vein is similar.

The best way to find out about them is to buy the CD, it doesn't cost much and I guarantee you will enjoy it. Or, if you are willing to stick your neck out, try catching them at an all-age show at DV8 (upstairs) on Sunday, May 29th.

—Less Nessman

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STIMBOY Says

It's May & spring is in the air, bringing with it all it's wonderful sights and sounds of the season: The crack of the bat at Franklin Field, the oppressive stench of the brine flies at Saltaire and way too many hairy, sweating, tye dye clad acid casualties at the University ta' Utah's Mayfest. Yeppers, spring is here and everyone is all aquiver with anticipation, looking forward to another Salt Lake summer chock full of beer runs to Evanston, projectile vomiting at Lake Powell and more reggae festivals than anyone should have to endure. The month of May also brings the end of another school year, providing thousands of youngsters with the opportunity to wreck their parents cars on highland drive in a mad scramble to clog the hallways of Cottonwood Mall. I guess the reason I'm getting so sentimental about all this is because after this school year, stately old East High will be torn down and replaced with a newfangled, state of the art learning facility. It's probably obvious to you by now that I am something of an East High alum. While I wouldn't go so far as to call myself a graduate, I did spend a good part of three and a half years there, and it breaks my heart to see the old school go.

What upsets me most, is that no one has yet asked me to help aim the old wrecking ball at the rat infested walls of that heinous institution. If it's going to be torn down anyway, they could at have the courtesy to let a few of us with a genuine grudge against the place take a few cracks with the sledge hammer or plunge the detonator that brings the fucker down. That's one raffle I'd buy a dozen tickets for. So this month I recommend all East High students do what I should have done in the first place and deface, destroy and generally

help demolish that festering sore on 13th east that drove me to a life of beer drinking and punk rock. Well in case you haven't heard, another alienated high school dropout punker blew his head off last month. Kurt Cobain, the "spokesman for a generation" was found dead in his Seattle mansion by an electrician blah, blah, blah. We've all heard the story.

Unfortunately, Cobain's suicide did little more than provide tabloid fodder for a week and make Courtney actually seem sympathetic in her cameo role as the grieving widow. 'Nevermind' the fact that she o.d.'d in L.A. the morning her husband was composing his suicide note after threatening interdiction because if his drug problem. Considering that his greatest hit repeated the phrase "a denial" over and over again, it's a little ironic to sift through the pounds of bullshit and subterfuge being generated by the Geffen family in the wake of Cobain's latest and sadly, only succesful suicide attempt. The most obvious tragedy is that Kurt was basically a well meaning guy who made the mistake of swallowing the punk rock integrity myth hook line and sinker, and consequently determined that his life was worth less than the millions of acne wracked trend hoppers who adored him. Sure he was a whiner, and slightly too sensitive, but he was also a great songwriter and singer who had a hell of a clue for a couple of years anyway. All I have to say is where's the loaded shotgun when you really need it? Like for example, anytime Morrissey, Axl Rose, Peter Murphy, Eddie Vedder, or any member of Alice in Chains opens their pie hole to opine about the pressures of their world and their need to escape it.

—Stimboy

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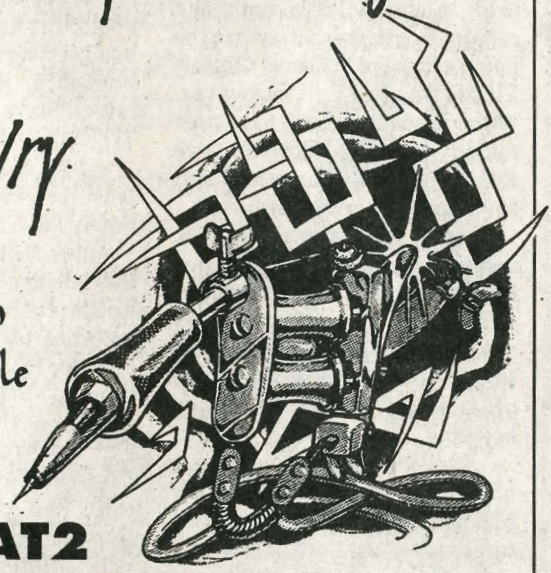
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COMIC BOOK REVIEWS

—Scott Vice

Since this month's comics for review are pretty stinky, I suppose I'll start off positively with a few recommendations.

Jeff Smith's **BONE** has reached issue 13 and continues to get better, now is a good time to give it a try. Likewise, **HATE** [the odious rant by Peter Bagge] promises changes store soon, but is as amusing and sardonic as ever. And **MILK AND CHEESE** get their "first second issue" courtesy cranky New Yorker Evan Dorkin. **SURPRISE!** There's still some life left in the dairy duo, especially with their Herve' Villechaise tribute...

The gem from the shelves this month is **MADMAN COMICS #1**, however. Mike Allred's ode to 60's camp [with zombies, aliens, and weird superheroes] is delightful, and it's nice to see Allred working some other **GRAFIK MUZIK** characters into the mix. Recommended only for the really cool, though.

SPAWN/ BATMAN

WRITTEN BY FRANK MILLER
ILLUSTRATED BY TODD MCFARLANE
PUBLISHED BY IMAGE COMICS

For those of you under the impression that everything Frank Miller does is golden [having forgotten the sumptuously illustrated but terribly-conceived **RONIN**], Image Comics offers a nasty eye-opener: **SPAWN / BATMAN**.

Conceived as a comic book company "Cash Cow" [both DC Comics and Image Comics do their own books featuring a crossover with popular characters Batman and Spawn meeting - yes; it's a dumb idea, but one that seems to make money], **SPAWN / BATMAN** focuses on a bizarre plot involving a mad scientist [who turns homeless people into cybernetic mercenaries ala "Robocop"].

There's a little more to the slender storyline than I've let on; mostly dealing with the establishment of who the characters are [with no explanation of how they came to inhabit the same continuum in-

cluded] and then putting the characters through their paces with a lot of clenched fists and tooth-gnashing.

If I sound utterly bored and disgusted with this comic then pat yourself on the back. For some reason, I was under the delusion that Miller cared what he put on the written page, but the script for **SPAWN / BATMAN** is an embarrassment. The plot is asinine [most super-heroics are, but good writers can usually make one forget the stupidity and enjoy the ride], the characters are overblown, and the melodrama is so overwrought that the reader suffocates. Simply put, the story isn't any fun.

Evidently, Miller's forgotten how to write Batman or else he just didn't care when writing this garbage.

Then again, Miller could have been influenced by co-culprit Todd McFarlane, the hack responsible for creating **Spawn**. When McFarlane defected Marvel for Image, a great deal of fuss was made about how McFarlane's art had become so bad it was nearly a parody of his earlier work. Sadly, McFarlane's writing ability is similarly deficient.

But in the context of **SPAWN / BATMAN**, McFarlane is "just" the illustrator. He still deserves to be vilified for his pitiful drawings, though. His anatomy, pacing, fluidity, flow, and imagery are all deficient to the point that I could only shake my head and grimace.

I never even looked at the DC **BATMAN / SPAWN** one-shot, but it's hard to imagine that it could have been any worse than **SPAWN / BATMAN**. Miller and McFarlane ought to be ashamed of themselves for this crime against comic book fans. I wish my vocabulary were foul enough to describe this garbage... [color, \$3.95] Grade: F

WHOTNOT

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
JEREMY EATON
PUBLISHED BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

Fantagraphics Books [for the uninitiated] has built a reputation as a publisher of more daring comic book titles, from **HATE**

EIGHTBALL to **LOVE AND ROCKETS**. More recently, though, Fantagraphics is better known for publishing softcore porn comics under the "Eros Line" banner and for printing the work of almost any cartoonist, no matter how hackneyed.

Into the latter category falls Jeremy Eaton, the creator of **WHOTNOT**. So far the chief attraction through three issues appears to be "Americaville", a continuing serial of weirdness that seems to be Eaton's homage to Daniel Clowes' **EIGHTBALL**. However, "Americaville" doesn't have even the advantage of Clowes' naive Kitsch; it merely meanders and sinks under its own weirdness.

Actually, Eaton's gimmick seems to be finding some unique idea and hammering it to death, as with the wooden-headed "Akimbo" or "Rose-Colored Man" strips. The initial amusement wears off quickly, leading to simple boredom.

Probably the only thing of real note to the entire issue is "Whot Might Transpire", in which the future lives of "cute kid" comic strip characters is extrapolated in disgusting detail [and those of us who hate that genre will be satisfied with the fate of "The Family Circus" 's Jeffy...]. Too bad the rest of the contents weren't as sharp and misanthropic.

It appears that Eaton's heart is in the right place with **WHOTNOT**, as comic asides with Eaton's alter-ego [the dishevelled "Artist"] poke fun at the comics industry. However, these little bits are rather tiresome, unfunny, and heavy-handed. Everything has this feeling of Eaton either trying too hard or re-hashing material that's been done before [and better] by others.

What's sad about all of this is that Eaton has a reasonably good cartoony style that fits the material well. The problem, then, lies in Eaton's inability to come up with interesting ideas and characters to populate the pages. One gets the feeling that Eaton feels pressured to become another Dan Clowes, rather than establishing his own identity... either that or Eaton's identity as a cartoonist isn't terribly compelling.

So **WHOTNOT** is pretty indicative of the current crop of Fantagraphics Books like **THE CEREAL KILLINGS** and others. In trying to endorse new comic book

talents, Fantagraphics deserves to be lauded. It's just a shame they keep picking unworthy candidates. [Black and White, \$2.50] Grade: D

ATTITUDE LAD

WRITTEN BY PAUL TOBIN
ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL HESTER, VINCENT STAHL, AND COLLEEN COOVER
PUBLISHED BY SLAVE LABOR GRAPHICS

I occasionally find comic books that have me scratching my head and wondering how they got published. A fine example of this is logic Slave Labor Graphics' **ATTITUDE LAD**.

This curiosity of publishing features a variety of stories written by Paul Tobin and illustrated by one of three artists. The common thread in all the stories appears to be "attitude", as exhibited by the title character, Chester Field, Attitude Lass, and others. What's missing in all this is anything compelling.

Take for example, "Little Conversations", in which Attitude Lad propositions women in a bar with no subtlety, interrupted intermittently by author Tobin, who decries that he's nothing like Attitude Lad. This little self-deprecating tale is smarmy at best and tiresome at worst. It's all been done before [and certainly better]. Other "gems" include a bit with Attitude Lad's pal Wanky Dog spewing on a T.V. while being spanked and Attitude Lass being beaten up at a punk show. If somebody can show me where any of this deserved the paper it was printed on, I'd be severely rebuked.

The blame for this piece of crap has to fall on scribe Paul Tobin, who evidently hasn't got a clue as to what comprises a good story. But the artists chosen to illustrate Tobin's little bits also have to be held responsible, especially the underwhelming Vincent Stall. The collaborations between Tobin and Stall are especially excruciating. Sadly, artist Phil Hester [currently pencilling DC's **SWAMP THING**] manages to get dragged along and shows cartooning talent. But it's a waste of talent.

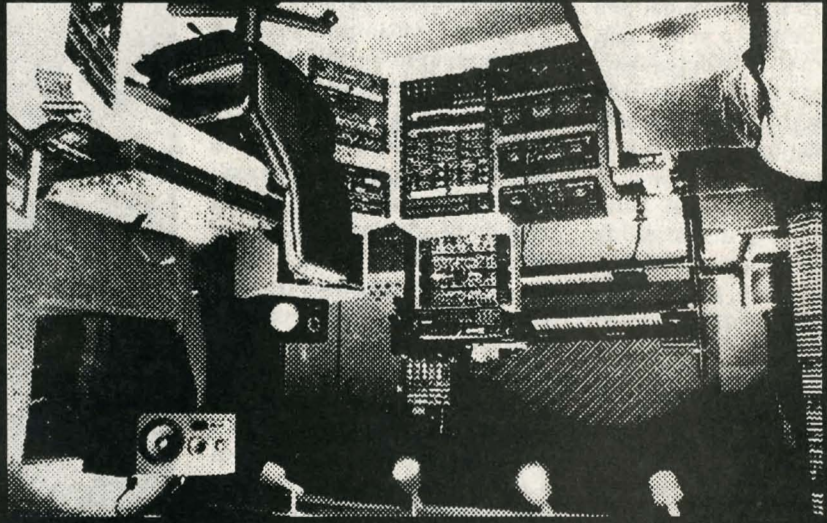
Get the picture? Slave Labor should have to eat copies of this... product. [Black and White, \$2.95] Grade: F

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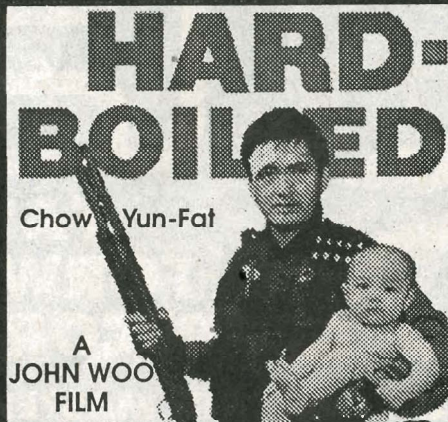


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INTERVIEW

RORY BLOCK

by **T.C. FISCHER**



The "Queen of Delta Blues" performed at the University of Utah on April 22nd, and proved once again that she can still pick, pluck and pound her guitar in a style that is reminiscent of names like Robert Johnson and Mississippi John Hurt, but is unequivocally Rory Block. Regardless of recent recording deviations, it's comforting to know that her concerts always include her roots in the Delta blues. Soul wrenching ballads, such as "Ain't I a Woman" have taken the place of her more traditional gospel selections, yet the emotional impact remains potent and profound. With over a decade of recordings with Rounder Records under her belt, Rory succumbed to Rounder's influence on her latest release: no blues. She describes the CD as coming off "a little commercial" and jokes that it could be interpreted as a sort of "middle aged woman's bible". Inspired by a close network of friends, Block fills the CD with songs of life's idiosyncrasies and issues from a woman's point of view.

TC: What is important to you as a songwriter? To express yourself? To better mankind?

RB: I never do anything for the purpose of accomplishing anything. I just don't do that. I do it because I've written it and I want to do it. I do it because it is relevant to me. I'm not thinking in advance that it will be relevant to a lot of people, or that this will be great, and everyone will relate to it. It is something that is going on with me, it's very immediate and very personal. I have found that those kinds of songs do reach out to people. We are all in this experience together. We are all human. People in general can relate to what other humans are feeling, whether they have been in that exact spot or not. It's not usually an issue, although it does help when people say "Oh yea, I've

lived through that exact situation"

TC: When you first started playing the Delta blues did you feel a sort of responsibility for upholding the heritage of the blues?

RB: Yes I did feel that it was historically meaningful. People almost all the time ask me, how did a young, white girl from New York City, start loving the music of the rural black south of the thirties? You know mostly men were singing it etc. It's the same reason you can't make somebody else love someone by explaining why you love them. It's so personal. You can't say "Well that person has beautiful ears" you know? You just can't explain why you're in love. Someone can appreciate it. But it's the same thing with the blues. I was in love with it. I heard it and went "Oh my God". And my heart just resonated with it. It was the most powerful music I've ever heard. I wanted to do it. It didn't matter that I was a young woman or had white skin. It didn't matter that I was from N.Y. Aren't we all human beings?

Rory Block successfully moves her audiences with soulful guitar and song, and indeed reaches a wide range of people with her heartfelt expression. Block is considering an invitation to tour with "The Band" in the future. Currently, she is winding up her tour in the states

Rockabilly

Since last month's rockabilly utterances from my keyboard the Salt Lake rockabilly scene has continued to grow. The Frantic Flattops played to a slightly disappointing audience at the Bar and Grill. It was on a Thursday night which had a lot to do with it. I had to leave early and didn't see enough of the show to give a decent review of their performance. Watch *Put Yer Cat Clothes On* for the details. Their records, so far only seven inch vinyl, are deep on the bass and echo, the T-Shirt kicks and if you missed the show you don't have any of this shit.

Coming up in May is a psychobilly show. Cosmic Voodoo plays the Bar and Grill on May 6 and 7 with a no restrictions matinee performance on Saturday afternoon. This is one for punks as well as 'billy fans. Dick Dale plays the Zephyr Club on May 12 with our own Voodoo Swing. This show is a guitar freaks delight. For the uninformed, Dick Dale is the King Of The Surf Guitar. The man melts picks on his strings. Surf guitar and rockabilly are my ticket to heaven.

Scheduled for May 31 is Russel Scott and the Red Hots and on June 7 the Roadhouse Rockers visit. Nobody's making any money on this, so go pay your five bucks and keep the bands coming. On the local scene is another young rockabilly band from Utah County, Pistol Pete and the Fine Line Bandits. Since I'm a clueless old man with family responsibilities I have yet to see these guys do the bop. I plan to see them several times when they open for Cosmic Voodoo.

New on the turntable or the disc player are some discs worthy of mention. From the SchoolKids label is a new CD from one of the original '50s boppers, Johnny Powers. Powers is raw as hell and his voice can irritate the less than true 'billy fan. Nevertheless, his new one is a frequent listen for me and the original psychedelic funkster, George Clinton, appears on two songs Figure that one out.

I've received the new Big Sandy and the Fly-Rite Boys, but at the time I write this I have yet to

see a copy available for sale in a store. If you were present for Big Sandy's appearance in "our town" you already know how good this album is, if not, visit the store of your choice and ask for it. While you're at it ask for the new Dave Alvin. It arrived in the mail with Big Sandy and is a thoroughly enjoyable surprise. Alvin has moved in this direction ever since the Blasters broke up. He does folk blues, the singer/songwriter thing and reworks some old Blasters favorites. The focus is on his songwriting and for the majority of the album he shows what he can do with an acoustic guitar. He includes one boppin' tune. It will take the focus off Alvin's talent with an electric guitar and put it squarely on his formidable talent as a song writer. Is this his best yet?

Courtesy of a major label and completely unexpected is C.C. Adcock. This CD is on the Island label and it should have distribution, but I can't find the thing in a record shop. Adcock does Ronnie Hawkins like I haven't heard since the original. He doesn't stop with the dirty, raunchy guitar, he is from the bayous and his music includes the swampy sound of the area. Not strictly a rockabilly album, it is hard boppin' swamp rock with a few slow ballads and it is another one to confound record store clerks with.

Also on a major label is a new Johnny Cash album. Produced by Rick Rubin and released on his American Recordings label it is all Cash and his guitar. Cash sings Danzig, yes, that one, Nick Lowe, Leonard Cohen, Tom Waits and Loudon Wainwright III as well as himself. It is as pleasing an album as I've ever heard from the "Man In Black," one of the original Sun 'billies. Cash is now a folkie.

In the vinyl area I picked up a new seven inch from HI FI and the Roadrunners. It isn't traditional rockabilly either. It's wild and crazy roots rock with some honkin' sax from Denis McQuinn and HI FI doing the growling vocals. The band is from Chicago so I'll compare them to a rootsier version of the hillbilly punk from Mule. The seven inch has me anticipating a



full-length recording.

The whole point of this column and the best news I've heard in quite some time is the availability of rockabilly locally. If you coax BC long and hard enough he might get something in for you. I picked up the HI FI and The Roadrunners at Raunch. When you ask for it check on his latest bluegrass recommendations. Another store in town has entered the rockabilly marketing arena with a vengeance. Smokey's Records, with some help from the local 'billy fans, now has a presentable selection of rockabilly available for purchase.

When I arrived the bin had been picked over extensively but I was able to find more than my wallet could handle. There in front of me was a copy of Buzz and The Flyers on CD. The vinyl version ranks as one of my favorite rockabilly albums of all time. On CD the sound isn't as warm, it is a touch brittle, but when vinyl isn't available you might as well settle for next best. This album is a classic, anyone interested in exploring rockabilly could start with it as their first purchase. Ask Smokey to order another, if he hasn't already.

Out of the realm of rockabilly, but very close to what is going on in Salt Lake City is another album I picked up from the store. Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbillies began as a band dedicated to recreating the sounds of Johnny and Jack. If you don't know who they are I'm not about to explain it to you, visit a library. Since then they've expanded to a full-fledged honky-

tonk band. Sweet on the fiddle, heavy on the steel, twang in the vocals, this album is drinkin' music for all the Broken Hearts. It includes enough country-bop to keep "big beat" craving swing dancers on the floor. Ask Smokey to order it in again. The 5 Star Hillbillies are another American band whose music doesn't fit the soft rock of country radio—the album is on an import label.

Smokey's has the connections for SchoolKids records, it may be the only store in town that does. On the SchoolKids label are several CDs well worth purchasing. First is George

Bedard. I heard that Smokey had his album in stock but it was missing when I arrived. The album was released in '93 and was praised in CD Review. Bedard is a guitarist extraordinaire and his self-penned tunes on the album swing like hell while rockin' your socks off. SchoolKids also has the rights to the first two Kingbees albums. They are both classic pop albums with a sound deeply indebted to rockabilly. Both are available on one CD. Again out of the realm of rockabilly, but still an excellent purchase for fans of roots rock and blues is an album by Steve Nardella. Also on SchoolKids, it is Nardella's dedication to his roots. Bedard and Nardella played together in the past and each is present on the other's album. Nardella is famous for two legendary albums. One was on Blind Pig, the other on the Amazing record label. His new one is destined to be just as legendary and possibly as difficult to obtain. Order Nardella and Bedard at the same time.

The Scoffed have a tape available, The Broken Hearts should have a cassette out by the time you read this and soon to follow is a new Voodoo Swing album. Salt Lake City's best 'billy band has reportedly just finished 12 new songs in the studio. Until next month - keep boppin' the blues. Open your pathetic punk rock minds and realize where you came from. The first punks were the 'billies.

—by Wheels

CONCERT REVIEWS



Sepultura w/ Clutch & Fear Factory

Salt Air - April 9th

Holy fuck does Salt Air stink, but what a cool building. It is a great place for a show. Hell the crowd was a show in itself. Well anyway back to the concert. First was fear factory. They sucked! Try yelling at the top of your lungs when you have a sore throat. So instead of banging my head I walked around and looked at all the rockers. Finally Clutch. What a treat. These guys rock. Talk about fast and grindie. How about aggression, and did I mention slick. They played with such a force. To bad the sound guy didn't mix the sound worth a shit. Or maybe it was the building. I don't know. It also would have been a lot nicer to have seen Clutch in a small club, but you gotta do what you gotta do. Next was Sepultura. I really don't like

these guys, but they kick ass. These Brazilians know what the crowd likes. Their set was raw and fast, playing everything off of Chaos A.D. If you missed this one too bad.



Prong

Club DV8 - April 23rd

All right I sat in the bar for the first two bands, I don't even know who played. But when Prong came on I left the bar and headed for the stage. I said it once and I'll say it again, this guy looks, acts, and I think is possessed by Charles Manson.

This is the third time I've seen these guys, and I do have to say that the key board player has to go. But these guys did kick ass they played a lot of stuff off their newest release. Even my favorite, Pick Up the Broken Peace. The only thing I don't understand is why does Tommy get pissed if the crowd isn't being as rough as possible. I guess he feeds off of it. Anyway it was good to see these guys on a headlining tour, they deserve it.

ous work force is shrouded in myth. These same deluded souls may think that long nights of drug use, circulation philosophical conversation and brain impaired rehearsal will lead to fame or even a decent gig.

Musicians are people first. They have the same problems shared by common men. Being creative or artistic does not shield one from problems of, depression substance abuse, self image, distorted expectations, communication or coping with change. The issue in utilizing skills or available services falls in the original myth or subculture surrounding music and musicians. If the world expects musicians to look like a deviant, drug abusing or dying subculture they will be one. Most sources of media and the public have glamourized this picture. It has only been recently, that personal credit has been given to musicians, like Prince and Madonna for their expertise in business management.

Society does not prepare college students, by leading

them to believe, the most important aspect of college is long nights in smoke filled rooms. It is also not generally acceptable, getting high improves proficiency.

What will help? Change will have to begin with the musician and the music world - Musician mentor each other as business men and women do. A strong work ethic includes the reality of the musician having knowledge and control in business arrangements is important. Personal problems should be assessed and treatment success should be the mentor and media focus.

The public has a strong ethical responsibility to avoid subculture myths and begin stressing reality. The image of suicide or drug over dose should not be a media circus. We owe it to young musicians to promote acceptance of problems and seeking help for them.

Death of any person or talent is sad and should not be immortalized.

—Susan Gleason
Licensed Clinical Social Worker

MISCELLANEOUS

Death in the music world

Why do so many musicians end up in death at a young age? This is a question, due to

Kurt Cobains death, everyone is trying to answer.

Historically music has been a subculture full of both myth and reality. A musician who believes a career in music takes less work than completing college and completing in a seri-

DAILY CALENDAR

Send Your Events Toooo:
SLUG Music Editor
P.O. Box 1061
SLC, UT 84110-1061

Thursday May 5th

- Bar & Grill-Wool, Honest Engine, Underbelly
- Cinema-Milltown, Kerosene
- Dead Goat-Elmos Fire
- Lazy Moon-Tempo Timers
- Burte Tiki Lounge-Voodoo Swing

Friday May 6th

- Holy Cow-Obvious
- ★ Playchool-Suspension
- Diebelief, Prod Iron, March Hare
- Burte Tiki Lounge-Broken Hearts
- Ashbury Pub-A Band and his Dog
- Dead Goat-Megan Peters & his Big Leg

- Zephyr-Monkey Meet
- Cinema Bar-Milltown, J-Blinder
- Bar & Grill-Coemic Voodoo, Pistol Pete, Voodoo Swing

Saturday May 7th

- Cinema Bar-Killer Clowns
- Zephyr-Monkey Meet
- Dead Goat-Tomcats
- Ashbury Pub-A Band and his Dog
- Bar & Grill-Matinee Show w/ Cosmic Voodoo, Pistol Pete, Voodoo Swing, The Scoffed
- Holy Cow-The Obvious
- Bar & Grill-Coemic Voodoo, The Scoffed, Voodoo Swing

Sunday May 8th

- Dead Goat-Acoustic Goat
- Zephyr-Control
- Cinema Bar-Unleashed, Demented Ted, Broken Hope
- Lazy Moon-Harry Wee & the Part Timers

Monday May 9th

- Zephyr-Cleero's Jam Band
- Cinema Bar-Speak Easy
- Lazy Moon-Kevin Dern
- Dead Goat-Blue Devils Blue Review

Tuesday May 10th

- Cinema Bar-God Chowda
- Dead Goat-Face In the Dirt
- Zephyr-Fat Paw

Wednesday May 11th

- Ashbury Pub-Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam

★ Basemen of DV8-Best Kleeers In the World

- Bar & Grill-Petting Zoo, ReZln
- Dead Goat-Not Necessarily
- Zephyr-Peace Meal
- Cinema Bar-Blietered Toad

Thursday May 12th

- Burte Tiki Lounge-Voodoo Swing
- Holy Cow-Headshake
- Bar & Grill-Rubberneck, Mind @ Large

- Dead Goat-Native Sons (From Little Women)

- Zephyr-Subduces
- Cinema Bar-Fanatics, Seurj
- Ashbury Pub-Megan Peters & his Big Leg

Friday May 13th

- Holy Cow-Tongue & Groove
- Bar & Grill-Gamma Rays
- Dead Goat-Backwash
- Zephyr-Azucar Cermea
- Cinema Bar-House of Cards
- Ashbury Pub-Tempo Timers
- Burte Tiki Lounge-Broken Hearts

Saturday May 14th

- Bar & Grill-Gamma Rays
- Dead Goat-Backwash
- Zephyr-O.J. Ekendo
- Cinema Bar-Reverend Willie
- Ashbury Pub-Tempo Timers
- Holy Cow-Tongue & Groove

Sunday May 15th

- Cinema Bar-Poetry
- ★ Basement of DV8-(Benefit for the Utah Snowboard Association) Pennyless, Pot Hole, Anger Overload

Monday May 16th

- Dead Goat-Blue Devils Blue Review
- Zephyr-Voodoo Swing
- Cinema Bar-Pond, Heatmiser
- Lazy Moon-Megan Peters & His Big Leg

Tuesday May 17th

- Zephyr-Ray Band
- Cinema Bar-Seratonin Flow
- Bar & Grill-All Soule Ave., Dirty Movies

Wednesday May 18th

- Cinema Bar-Random Access
- Ashbury Pub-Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam
- Holy Cow-3 Pigs
- Bar & Grill-Flat Stanley, Green Adams Cradle
- Dead Goat-Reverend Willie
- Zephyr-Twelve Bar Flye

Thursday May 19th

- Ashbury Pub-Megan Peters & His Big Leg
- Burte Tiki Lounge-Voodoo Swing
- Holy Cow-Obvious, Old Sole
- ★ (J.C. Building) Logan-Voodoo Swing, Decomposere, The Scoffed
- Bar & Grill-Blietered Toad, Kaotic Contortion

- Dead Goat-Rooster

- Cinema Bar-Shadow Play, McPherson Strut
- Ashbury Pub-Megan Peters & His Big Leg

Friday May 20th

- Holy Cow-Main Squeeze
- Bar & Grill-House of Cards, Fender Bender
- Dead Goat-A Band & His Dog
- Zephyr-Salsa Brava
- Cinema Bar-Mono Media
- Ashbury Pub-Backwash
- Burte Tiki Lounge-Broken Hearts

Saturday May 21st

- Bar & Grill-The Change
- Dead Goat-Ray Band
- Zephyr-Dick Dale, Voodoo Swing
- Cinema Bar-Medicine, Daddys Protein

- Ashbury Pub-Backwash

- Holy Cow-Main Squeeze

- ★ Basement of DV8 - Common-place, Doghouse

Sunday May 22nd

- Zephyr-Eat
- Cinema Bar-Triety Alley
- Cinema Bar-Overwhelming, Colorfast, Blood of Abraham, Small Ball Paul, Cher U.K.
- Dead Goat-Blue Devil Blue Review (KRCL Live Broadcast)
- Zephyr-Voodoo Swing

Tuesday May 24th

- Bar & Grill-Trailer Park, Mondo Zulu

- Dead Goat-Shadow Play

- Zephyr-Headshake

- Cinema Bar-God Chowda

Wednesday May 25th

- Dead Goat-House of Cards
- Zephyr-Phur Pajamas
- Cinema Bar-Bark Market, Sponge Head, Scream Cheese
- Ashbury Pub-Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam
- Bar & Grill-Underbelly, Individual
- Holy Cow-The Change

Thursday

- Zephyr-Freddy Jones
- Cinema Bar-Mouthbreather
- Burte Tiki Lounge-Voodoo Swing
- Holy Cow-The Change
- Bar & Grill-Petting Zoo, The Pinch
- Dead Goat-Mr. Jones & The Previous

Friday May 27th

- Cinema Bar-Accumen, Reverend Willie
- Ashbury Pub-Ray Band
- Burte Tiki Lounge-Broken Hearts
- Holy Cow-Backwash
- Bar & Grill-Voodoo Swing
- Dead Goat-Individual
- Zephyr-Crazy 8's

Saturday May 28th

- Ashbury Pub-Ray Band
- Holy Cow-Backwash
- Bar & Grill-Honest Engine, One Eye

• Dead Goat-Insatiable

- Cinema Bar-Gigolo Aunts, The Obvious

Sunday May 29th

- Cinema Bar-Poetry
- ★ Basement of DV8-Suspension of Diebelief, Mayberry, Trailer Park, Skabs on Strike, Decomposere
- Dead Goat-Blue Devils Blue Review

Monday May 30th

- Dead Goat-Blue Devils Blue Review
- Cinema Bar-Wade & the Swim Pigs

Tuesday May 31st

- Bar & Grill-Rüssel Scott & the Red Hots, Voodoo Swing
- Dead Goat-Voyeur
- Cinema Bar-Irie

★ INDICATES ALL AGES WELCOME

CEREBUS



Cerebus comic book fans will be interested to know that Dave Sim creator/writer/artist of Cerebus comic book will be making an appearance at Night Flight Comics in Cottonwood Mall Wed.-June 8 from 7-9pm

SATURDAY, MAY 21ST

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And to those of you who didn't (And you know who you are!)

BITE ME!

See Ya, The Big Dogs

