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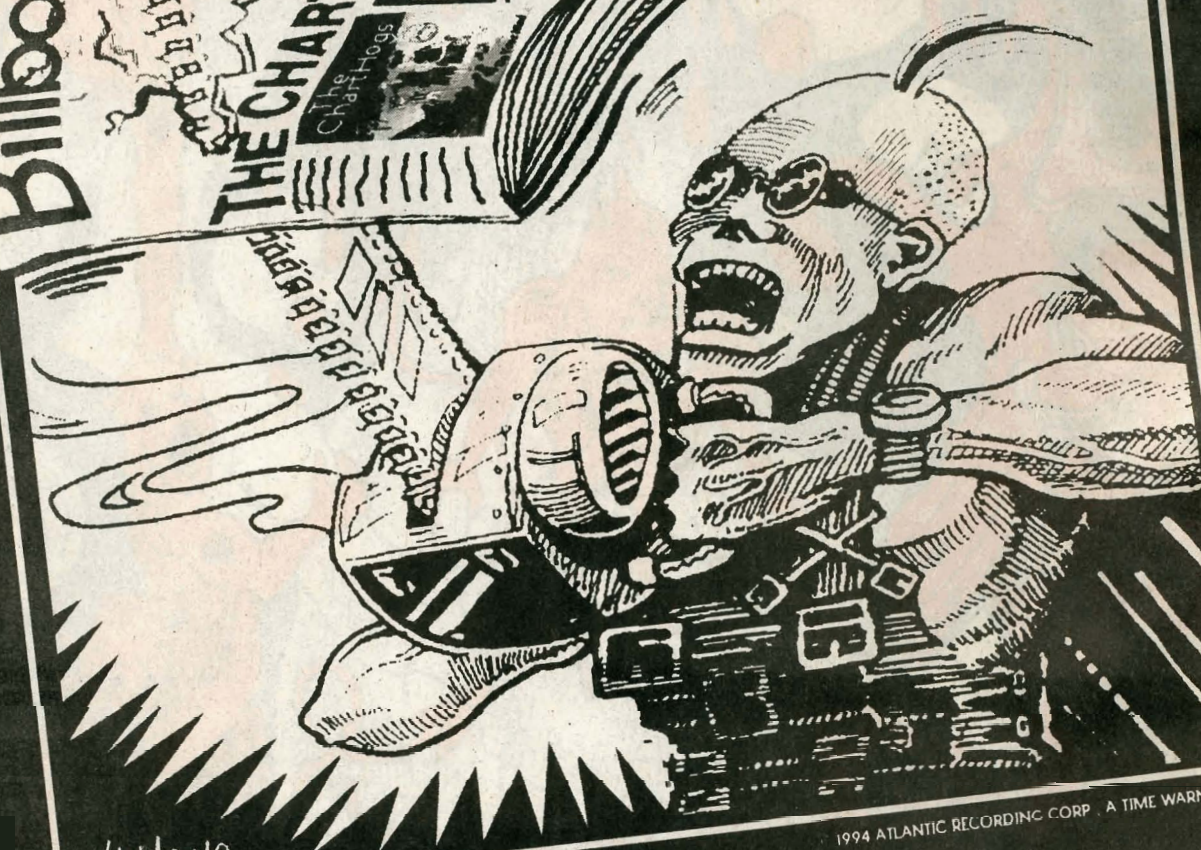
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about the cover

artist: Kelly Munteer

I met Kelly a few years ago when I first got involved in the all-age shows. Kelly is the bass player, one of the founders and driving force in Decomposers. He has been drawing his macabre style of artwork since he could hold a pencil. I have seen a lot of his art work, but most people haven't since he hasn't really made himself available.

He has submitted artwork to SLUG before but due to circumstances beyond either of our control, this is the first chance we have had to use it. Hopefully, we will be seeing a lot more of it in the future. The only published piece I have seen of his is the demo cover Decomposers released a few years back.

Kelly didn't want me to mention it but I have seen several tattoos that he has designed. He is not currently tattooing due to financial obligations he has to keep, working for the man, but he continues to design this medium of drawings and design.

He says he is currently available to do more work for people, and I would recommend it highly. However, he will be moving in the next few days and he has no current phone number. If you are interested in having work done by him, you can contact him through SLUG. He has no future set plans for what to do with his skills, but he says when he grows up, he wants to be the guy that puts the worms in Tequila bottles...go figure.



If you would like to submit a cover, do it. Any form of artwork is acceptable, photos, artwork, drawings or whatever. If we haven't used artwork you have submitted, we still might, this is an ongoing thing. The final size of artwork must fit into a space 8" wide by 10 1/2" tall. If you want to design a second color it must be done separately on a second piece of paper. Please include a name and contact information so we can tell people about you. If you have any questions call the number or write to the address listed below.

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SPECIAL THANKS

Maile

SLUG is published by the 1st 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 20th 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.

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dear dickheads

Dear SLUG,

I am writing to complain about the ad in your magazine for "Harder Than Your Husband" Why does this outfit have to offend to get attention? I found the picture disgusting and tasteless, and upon further review of your magazine I see that it fits right in with your blatant disregard for women in general. The portrayal of women in your articles (Psycho Corner) and your ads are degrading and infantile. Step into the nineties and do something productive for a change.

Sincerely,
Julia Stanton

Ed Note: Ms. Stanton, it's called art, and besides it seems pretty productive if it got you to write a letter, now doesn't it? Step out of the seventies, or don't you remember "You've come a long way, baby"?

Dear Dickheads,

Amber's letter last month was a needed and appreciated reminder of how careful you have to be when you do or say anything. As with most things in this scene, our actions at our CD release show were taken the wrong way. We had no intent of offending anyone. The bra was intended only as a corny prop, as were the balloons, confetti, party hats, rock cards, pom-poms and even the New Kids on the Block books. The bra was originally just going to be placed on a microphone stand, until our "male friend" suggested that he throw it on the stage.

By doing this, we were mocking (as Amber put it best) "Cock Rock" band who do that stuff seriously. We weren't trying to impress or fool anyone into thinking that some woman actually threw her underwear at us. Come on! We're not ego-maniacs either. I can understand however that to someone who has never seen the band before, this could give the wrong first impression. If Amber knew us personally, or knew what our music was about, she would know that it was meant as only an ironic, harmless joke. Our goal was only to make the show a

memorable one and give people a few laughs. We don't disrespect women or want to alienate them at all. I thought it was painfully obvious that the bra, along with all the other props were supposed to be one thing and one thing only...completely cheesy!

So to Amber and anyone else who may have been offended, a sincere apology. However, to be fair, just because you don't think something was funny, you shouldn't accuse someone of something as ugly as sexism until you find out what they're real intentions were. You shouldn't judge us on a misunderstanding and you also should avoid shows if you're going to take everything personally and seriously.

Trent
(Suspension of Disbelief)

Dear Dickheads,

I would like to respond to a letter written by Amber Heaton in the June '94 issue of SLUG magazine concerning allegations of sexism during the Suspension of Disbelief CD release show. My response is as follows:

Dear Amber,
Learn to take a joke, life is full of them.

Sincerely yours,
Scott A. Bell
(Suspension of Disbelief)

Dear Dickheads,

Why does everyone think they know all the details of Kurt Cobain's suicide? A lot of you say he was "Some whiny rock star who took the easy way out." How the fuck would you know? Everyone thinks about suicide at least once in their lives. Just because Kurt had the balls to go through with it, doesn't make him less of a person than you. There were a lot of reasons why he did it. No one knows them all, and no one should. Just because someone is "famous," doesn't mean their lives are any of our fucking business. I think everyone should just let it drop and let the poor guy rest. And another thing; I'm sick of all you losers out there who are rushing out and buying the Nirvana CD's. Where

were you when "Bleach" came out? I was searching all over this fucking state for it, while you were at home listening to Debbie Gibson. Fuck you all. Leave Nirvana for the real fans.

R. Darke

Dear Dickheads,

Who the fuck is this Wa fellow? and who gave him the pen and told him to play Siskel and Ebert?

What ever happened to the days when record reviews were more about the band and not it's listeners.

When I first read last months reviews and finished the Offspring piece I thought to myself this asshole sounds like one of those leather brained fucks who used to try and pick fights with me for dressing different back in high school.

So now I'll deal with you the way I did them in those days. (I never did go with that pen vs. sword, peace, love, politically correct bullshit.) Crumbing on the Offspring alone rubs me wrong. Let alone the rest of the ignorant crap you spewed, my friend... them's fighting words...

If I were you I'd be praying to the good lord above that I don't find out where you live 'cause I'll tag every square inch of you're fucking block including you're Suzuki Samarai. Then beat you to death with the empty fucking can.

Cody
(Not to be confused with Birdman)

Dear Phalli,

Why don't you get someone to review comics and movies? That way you can give Scott Vice a job that he's qualified for, like dusting, or beer runner. I live in L.A. and L.A. is full of pretentious idiots like Mr. Vice, maybe you can ship him here where he would be surrounded by morons like himself. A) the review of Spawn/Batman was so pathetic, I had to go read it again to make sure, and I was right, you're full of shit. B) the so called review of 'The Crow' was so amateurish that I went to see it again. Not only are you a terrible critic, but you're costing me money, and pissing me off. Now listen close and I'll go real slow so's you can unnerstan'...Both of these cre-

ations are FANTASY! They're supposed to be. It's called imagination. And the fact that you dismissed Draven's revenge in such a ho-hum manner, shows your lack of mental capacity. His wife was raped and murdered, remember? If that's not good reason to destroy the planet, I don't know what is. But you don't think that's a good enough plot. Yet you scream for humanity and pathos in your review. Wake up and get a clue. The sign of a bad critic/reviewer is that they can only criticize what they don't comprehend. By the way Tony Todd is a Broadway prodigy and quite an accomplished child actress.

Sincerely,
Nicki Rivera
Black Dragon Studios

Dear Dickheads,

I am again responding to the Psycho Corner's response to my last letter...

To the Fatman, I'll treat you like my dog if you'll treat me like your pussy, and well, J.T. can watch. Better yet, I'll watch the two of you share your doggies. You can make your own special sausage sandwich. I'll bring the mayo if J.T. will do the meat tenderizing. As for the location, you should try being a bit more civil and try dining on a table, rather than in a parking lot. It could be a new eating experience.

Now, to address your article. It could just as well apply to women for naive men. Therefore, men are not pigs, but people who are sexually frustated (the impotent, the frigid, the shy, J.T. & The Fatman, etc.) who may have a tendency to be incessant liars and unable to be straightforward i.e. honest. Hell, if my lover wants oral sex, all they have to do is whisper thier request in my ear and I can't wait to be on it.

In closing, so that you can understand me, when I say "Fuck You" it means love and best wishes, or is it the other way around?

Love and best wishes,
Wishy

Dear Dickheads,

I am writing in response to a letter I saw in the June issue of SLUG. The letter in question was written by an individual named Amber Heaton, who stated the

local band "Suspension of Disbelief" engaged in sexist behavior at thier CD release show. Apparently this individual perceived their stage antics to be degrading and of a sexist nature. I am sorry but since this was your first time ever seeing these guys in action, you got the wrong impression of this band. I have seen them before and I know their nature, and I feel your statements were premature and without proper foundation. I found thier stage antics to be very funny, and as a woman I took no offense to this. There is a fine line between humor and insult and I am afraid you missed the point totally. I feel that before you put yourself in the position to make blatant allegations on a subject, you should have factual evidence of true insults instead of the nature of true muchly needed humor.

Thanks, Tina

Deer Dickhedz,

Hello and condolences. I recently found myself bored, stoned and doing that fucking word search thingamawong, when I stumbled across what appears to be a "typo" and subsequently the last three freakin words that had eluded me to hear virtual-insanity! That is, if that is due to a typographical error, or even more sinister, some kind of really low, supposed dirty joke. My suspicion is now kiñdled. I for one, wouldn't put it past any of you to toy with your readers emos and grey matter in such a fashion. I've enclosed a copy of the completed wordsearch (June) with the questionable area highlighted for you to check for correctness. Please let me know if this is a new conspiracy theory or just another casualty of technology. Did I forget to say BLOODFISH?

Thanx,
He Who is Fish
a.k.a. Uncle Shame

Ed note: Dear Shamey, You have foiled the master plan! You see our buds at the CIA (Crossword Infiltration Agency) thought it might be fun to destroy the minds of the SLUG readership before they form a compound in Eastern Utah and name JR as thei "God" and take over the four corners area of the midwest with zipguns and red beer. So, no it's not a conspiracy theory, but a protective measure.

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THE INFORMATION SUPER BIG GULP

Dr. Workin' For The Man

The new boss at SLUG is a demanding, delusional little fucker. His ultimatum to yours truly is to actually work(!), and up the written output or let him and his Mafioso buds "paint my tonsils with their love nozzles". Since I usually prefer females (or at least humans), this was damn motivational. So here's a random megadose of trivia for you to chew on while I mail these resumes to Put Yer Cat Clothes On and Diesel. OK, not Diesel.

At least The Man gave me a stack of cool new freebie music to check out—and it doesn't all suck! The best of the bunch includes: **The Elastic Purejoy** (World Domination), punchy wierdrock—like the Flaming Lips with a better guidance counselor; **House Of Large Sizes—My Ass-Kicking Life** (Red Decibal), loose trailer-trash rockin' from Iowa(!); **The Charthogs—Do Your Mind**, antigrunge guitar wrangling; **Thee Hypnotics—The Very Crystal Speed Machine** (American), tough-as-nails retrocrunch with the throttle stuck open—Thee Hyps drink unleaded for breakfast and wipe their asses with Primal Scream; **Piss Factory—I Melt** ep (Relativaty), New Yawk guitar scuz over Lizzie Avondet singing/screeching with that not-so-fresh feeling; **Luscious Jackson—In Search Of Manny** ep (Grand Royal), the future of rock n' roll; and **Whale—Hobo Humpin' Sloba Babe** (EastWest), the future of rock n' roll on Neptune. The big turd in the Zima, however, is **Unleashed—Live In Vienna** (Century Media), tubby Cliff Burton clones with an illegible logo featuring an upside down cross—where do they breed these fucks? The liner notes say this live thing was rushed out to beat bootlegs of "lesser" sound quality. It sounds like a dishwasher full of pitbulls, so you've really got to wonder about that one. Includes "Breakin' The Law". Yes, that "Breakin' The Law".

Speaking of that live rock noiz that the kids seem to love nowadays (segues baby, segues), I caught two inverse doses in one week. On the downside: **Bleeding Soul** and **They at the Cinema Bar**. At least They's musical muscle made you forgive them for hiring the stiffest singer they could dig up without using a metal detector. But Bleeding Soul? Nooo, these indutraposers suffer from the most horrific disease known today: The-Geek-Who-Worships-Trent-Reznor-Just-A-Little-Too-Much Syn-

drome. I don't know what this Nine Inch Naylorboy is so pissed off about (Mommy gave him that haircut and made him wear the fishnets?), he just annoyed the shit out of me and the 3 or 4 others who made the mistake of showing up—get laid, get a life and get some pants, dickhead. Fortunately, I got to end the week with **Surgery at the Bar & Grill**. Riverbed Jed opened with that cementmixer funk that could power a medium-sized city. Chad's Lurch-on-crack delivery was great as always, but Jodi's one lead vocal was so gorgeous it makes you wonder why she doesn't do it more often—g'wan girl! Then came **Trailer Park**—no one can clear a room of the wrong element (I.E. wimps and non-alcoholics) faster than these studs. Surgery just bashed it good n' loud, no excess adjectives required. And yes, I did miss **Dick Dale** (car trouble), but I did catch **Rick Derringer** while stranded in Arizona (again, car trouble—anybody wanna buy a tricked-out Yugo, cheap?), and he rocked quite well for being an old midget with a sizeable gut. One last live note: If more bands could be more like



Marlon Brando Impersonator, Gene Simmons

Mouthbreather, the world would be a much better place for you and me.

I finally took a trip to check out the MegaCorporateClusterFuck warehouse o' the future, **Media Play**. Actually, I'm faxing this from the bowels of the storebeast—I think I'm somewhere in Sector G. Send the goddamned search party already!

Marketing geniuses are taking aim at Generation you-know-what with **OK Cola**, a bland slackerswill that tastes like a blend of Mr. Pibb and Liquid Wrench. Other demographic dumping includes the **F/X Channel**, which has got to be the most useless thing since the Aquarium Network, and MTV's **Dead At 21** about a grungerik with a computer chip in his

brain—bet he gets a ponytail and a job at Media Play. And then there's that national survey showing that more and more college students are drinking to get drunk! It's this fucking amazing grasp of the obvious that really renews my faith in surveys and higher education.

The latest predictions just in from the Psychic Friends Network: **President Clinton** (Bill, not Hil) will be assassinated before the end of July, bumping up sales of those "Gore In '94" bumperstickers; the Mt. Rainier volcano will erupt, Seattle won't notice; after a major coastal earthquake, **Bo Gritz** retirement village/compound in western Idaho will become beachfront property—**Baywatch** will get real wierd; new LDS prez **Howard Hunter** will take a dirtnap soon and be replaced by yet another geezer ticking off the clock on the Lord's timecard (Morman heirarchy now has a higher turnover rate than Taco Time); and **O.J. Simpson** will be named an honorary Menendez brother. Hey Juice, next time get **Rodney King** to drive the getaway truck—no, make that a monster truck that shoots flames and crushes compacts, something tasteful.

Finally, Kiss bassist/Marlon Brando stand-in **Gene Simmons** paid a visit to Salt Lake Rock City recently to finalize **Livestock** contracts—the fact that the original members of Kiss will play a surprise reunion (in full makeup!) set at this year's dinosaur gathering is a closely-guarded media insider's secret. Oops. Anyway, Gene granted me an interview after I told him I write for SLUG... **Swingin' Libidinous Underage Girls** magazine and we met over dinner at Dee's (hey, big spender). Unfortunately, before I could get out my first questions ("Does Cher swallow? Does Paul?"), the Gut Of Thunder started choking on his Lumberjack Breakfast. Thanks to my cat-like reflexes and paramedic training, I managed to dislodge the pancakes and his tongue—the Bat Lizard will live to disappoint a whole new generation of fans. What the fuck have I done?

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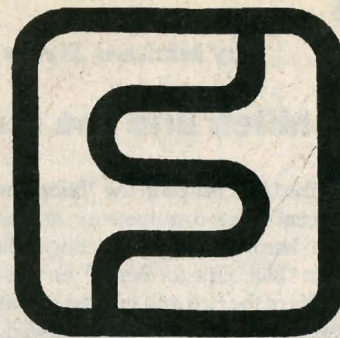
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INDIVISION

6
7 COLOR FLY
with FLOWER

7
HEADSHAKE

8
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12
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ABSTRAK • ONE EYE

13
REZIN

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HONEST
ENGINE
ALL SOULS AVE

15
JEFF BUCKLEY
RIVERBED JED
and ONE EYE

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GAMMA
RAYS

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MADDER ROSE
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and IDOT ZOO

21
TRAILER PARK
& NOVAGENUS

22
RIVERBED JED
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STRETCH ARMSTRONG

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STOMPBOX
HONEST ENGINE
MEND AT LARGE

27
ONE
EYE

28
UNDERBELLY
and CLOVER

29 **BLUES**
HOUSE
of CARDS

30 **THE**
OBVIOUS

public enemy

by Michael Styles

Miles and the Juice

I've always liked O.J. Simpson the "Juice", he was a great football player, a decent sports commentator, and had become some what of an American hero. Although his acting ability was reminiscent of Ronald Reagan's in "Bed Time for Bonzo" he was still cool, for an athlete.

He lived the life of the rich and famous and at thirty, divorced his wife (who to me was also gorgeous) for a large chested, semi-virgin, blonde, who was just out of high school and could have been the California poster girl. He had it all. So what turned the "Juice" loose?

If we look at the philosophy of the legendary Miles Davis, he would tell us that, "it's the Bitches." Mile's intelligencia into the workings of the female mind was mesmerizing, simple and direct. He was also able to analytically address domestically oriented problems, like O.J.'s. Miles was able to cut to the core of problems involving men and women.

In his most analytical voice Miles would tell men with troubled relationships that "You got to get away from that bitch before she fucks you up." Obviously O.J. didn't read Mile's autobiography, if he had he wouldn't be in the shit that he's in today.

It's easy to condemn O.J. of murder, thanks to the media. Did he do it?No-one knows for sure, but if he did, I can give you one theory as to why. The motherfucker was a control freak who was out of control due to his jealousy.

I'm a closet chauvinist and proud to be one. However, like Miles, I would never use the term bitch around a woman, because it's disrespectful and dangerous especially if your using the term around a Black woman. But when I get around my boyz, I become a real man, and I flush all that politically correct bullshit right down the toilet when analyzing females. I've listened to all the holier than thou bullshit along with the fake disgust which the closet chauvinist have displayed concerning O.J.'s alleged murder of his ex-wife Nichole Brown Simpson and her "just platonic friend" Ronald Goldman. It's important to note that when men get together, all that holier than thou shit goes out the window, until they return home to the little woman. So let's discuss this from a lockerroom perspective.

While discussing the O.J. Simpson incident with my best friend David, who resides in Long Beach California (He's my version of A.C. Cowlings and if shit like O.J.'s ever happens to me, I'm sure he'll hide me in the back of his Trooper and get me the hell out of town) and we couldn't understand why O.J. slipped as a man, thus, letting the bitch take him that far. I mean the "Juice" has money, he's good looking. (Don't get the wrong idea, I'm as homophobic as you can get) and he has two Ferrari's..... Well, I guess he thought he had two.....until his ex-wife's "Platonic Friend" was seen driving around town in one of them. Some argue (mostly women or the closet girls) that O.J. gave the other Ferrari to his wife, consequently she could let whomever she wanted drive it. Bullshit.

Since O.J. paid for and was the registered owner of both Ferraris, he had a say in who should or shouldn't drive his Ferrari, and if he didn't like who was driving he should have killed the car. O.J. didn't need to find pussy, pussy found O.J.. So why?

Well there's no mystery here, In O.J.'s divorce agreement he gave his ex-wife four hundred thousand dollars for the divorce settlement and ten

thousand dollars a month for God knows how long. So essentially, he was supporting for his ex. According to the News reports O.J. wanted to reconcile the relationship, but his ex wasn't down. So O.J. got pissed off and instead of squashing the alimony, he made it his goal to win her over at any cost. This shit only happens in the movies and are the actions of a desperate man or a man who can't take No for an answer.

O.J. started hearing rumors about his ex-wife allowing her "Platonic Friend" to drive around town in O.J.'s Ferrari, not to mention rumors about her doing the wild thing with her alleged "Platonic friend". I know I would be pissed off to my highest pissitivity if I heard some shit like that about my financially

I don't know how they do things in L.A., but where I come from, fucking around with a man's ex-wife and driving that man's Ferrari around town, showin off for the boyz is certainly grounds for a severe ass-kicking and any man who tells you different is discussing the subject around a room full of women.

Remember no real man likes to be disrespected, especially by a younger more virile man who's doing his younger wife.

Miles owned a Ferrari and he wouldn't let his wife go near it, much less drive it. Could you have imagined his reaction if his exwife's lover was driving his Ferrari around town? Would Miles be able to contain himself, thus, living his philosophy of "getting away from the bitch?" hell no. Miles would have snorted up a gram of something and used his trumpet to bludgeon the poor mother-fucker (Him) into stardom, packed up his shit, located better pussy and would have written a song about it. Miles probably would have titled the song "You broke my heart bitch now I'm cutting up your credit cards and kicking you out the goddamn condo I paid for". (Subtitle) "But I ain't gonna kill your ass."

If O.J. did dust his wife and her "Platonic friend" he should get the chair. The fact that he's O.J. don't mean shit, he played a fucking game for Christ sake, he didn't discover a cure for cancer let's not overblow his contributions to society, which are Zip.

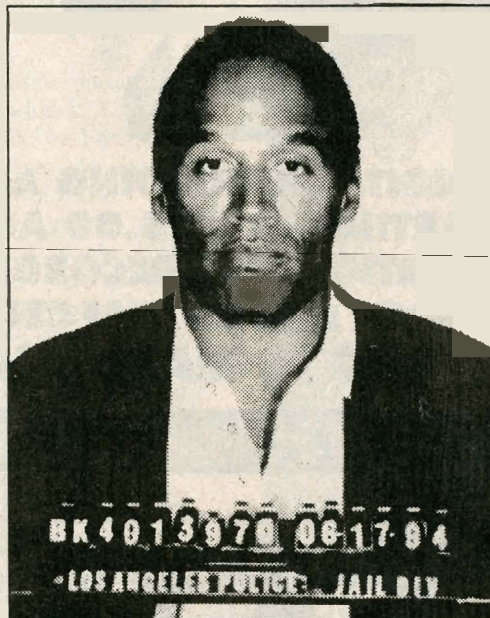
There have been many times I've wanted to kick the ass of my girlfriend in an imaginary, comical, figurative "Ralph Cramdon's Alice to the moon" sense, but the reality is, men should be responsible for themselves and get the fuck away from any bitch who is driving you literally crazy, thus, finding some new pussy (as Miles would say) violence is a Man-bitch's way of solving problems.

Granted I'd be pissed off like most men to see my woman with another man.....but goddamn, off the bitch, I don't think so. Only a Man-Bitch would beat a woman. Slapping? Well I'm a James Cagney fan, and James didn't take shit from any woman.....at least not in his movies, but James.....murder?.... absolutely fucking not!

Sometimes, us men believe that women are at fault for taking us that far, but ultimately we have to be responsible for our own actions. Like O.J., we can only blame ourselves if we slip into the game of domination and control, which is a smoke screen for being out of control.

Establishing control of a relationship is sophomoric bullshit. If your woman isn't acting the way you want, go find another who will. Although I can empathize with O.J. to a certain point, his shit was out of line (I'm also referring to the beatings he gave his wife). When you become so controlling that you don't want anyone else to have your bitch (as Miles would say) then it's time to seek some serious help and put on your walking shoes and get the fuck out of this dangerous situation.

O.J. should have read Mile's autobiography, it would have given him the guidance to avoid the "Juice on the Loose" scenario and for you men who slip and find yourself in the same situation as O.J. remember, you don't have the money to hire the high powered attorneys who can get your ass off a murder rap. As Miles us to say, "Get away From the bitch."



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SHOWER GIFTS
JEWELRY
SWIMWEAR
LIP SERVICE
SUMMER DRESSES
TIE DYES
INCENSE
STICKERS
ADULT STUFF

BROKEN HEARTS

Stardust Records

In the mainstream world of country music, the fans couldn't wait for Reba's new disc. In Salt Lake City's rockabilly and country music underground they were waiting for the Broken Hearts to release an album. Reba's album is out and now, finally, so is the Broken Hearts. After a visit to Burt's, the tiny Salt Lake City home of honky-tonk and the 'billy, I headed for home with the album. As soon as I reached the safety of my cocoon I slapped this cassette in the deck and punched play.

Out of the speakers came the sound of a fiddle followed by the voice of an angel. This angel doesn't have a lariat and she doesn't wear boots or skin-tight Wranglers. She may or may not have worn her glasses for this recording and she probably had on one of those simple cotton dresses she appears in on stage. Laura Jones doesn't need rhinestones, she has a "voice."

I can list all the names listening to her bring to my mind, and still never touch the live or recorded experience — Patsy Cline, Kitty Wells, Wanda Jackson, Ella Mae Morse and maybe even a touch of Patsy Montana and Wilma Lee Cooper. It depends on the song. Lara Jones combines them all to take to the listener off on the wings of a dove. She takes the lead on the first two songs. "Time Will Tell" is a nice opening, but wait until you hear "100 Miles Of Heartache." Anyone with an ear for country music will instantly wonder where they've heard this song before. It sounds so familiar, yet it is a new song written by Andy Ballanger.

Country music is supposedly responsible for innumerable suicides. How can the Broken Hearts pay off all the lawsuits brought by kinfolk of people who killed themselves after listening to the song? "There's a hundred miles of heartache between I love you and good-bye." If you've just lost your best friend, if he or she just walked out the door, plug this song in, pop a top and pour a shot of whiskey. Turn the shotgun in to the latest program "The System" has developed to take guns off the streets. You will get over it. Plenty of drink, a membership in a support group, AA and the Broken Hearts will help.

There is more than one vocalist in this band. Andy Ballanger takes over on the next song. Keep drinking, we are far from finished. "Gone, Gone, Gone" is a song for the inevitable rebound relationship. Just in case any-

one reading this hasn't caught on yet, the Broken Hearts sing about love — lost love, new love, painful love, heart-break, and tears.

The singing voice of Laura Jones is reason enough to purchase the tape. The heart of the band lies with Ballanger. Andy Ballanger takes on an Ernest Tubb persona live. On this first Broken Hearts album there is only one name in my mind. A man better known for the stories he tells in song, a man whose entire recorded works have yet to see a transfer to the digital format, (except in Germany) the name is Marty Robbins.

I've listened to this tape I don't know how many times, I keep re-winding the damn thing to "Durango Girl." I haven't bought "Gunfighter Ballads" on CD yet, but the vinyl set is indispensable to even a minimal country music collection. So how come Robbins didn't come up with Durango Girl?

The Broken Hearts have deep roots in the 'billy. Just in case you think the Wanda Jackson reference was misguided have a listen to "Any Other Man Will Do Blues." The 'billy is followed by straight-up honky-tonk with fiddle and Ballanger and Jones showcasing the harmonies that make this band.

They close with the boogie. Gotta have the boogie. If you wonder what ever happened to the western in your country-western music the answer doesn't lie in Nashville. It is out here in the Great Basin. It's in the desert, it's in the high Rocky Mountains and it's in the Broken Hearts.

—Wa

RIVERBED JED

Woke NRC

The epic press release that came with *Woke* could be made into a major blockbuster movie: I laughed, I cried, I went to the john during the car chase! Like the Pope writing Godzilla's resume — it's that amazing.

Oh yeah, the music: *Woke* clocks in at about an hour with 12 songs and nary a dud to be found. The title track and "Jedediah" are good n' evil openers, but I prefer RBJ's funky side. Jimmy James Velour (bass) and Devin Affleck (drums) are one mofo rythm section, "Grey Eyed Vision" and "Again" are groovy enough to hump anything to — and I do mean anything. "Mental Masturbation" is a familiar live staple to loyal Jedheads — you know, the one that starts with the line: "My philoso-

phy is biting my kelp" or something like that. Chad Herd's speed-rapping on this tune invokes a really bent vision of Danzig at a cattle auction. "Non-Verbal Incantation" is a sort-of instrumental that could double as a spy show theme after a few doses of your favorite liquid.

"Homegroan" serves up some boiling riffage that your average grunge-vendors can only dream about and Jodi Hessling's stunning solo vocal stab. I've mentioned elsewhere that she deserves more mic time, so 'nuff said. "Snail" is a slinky little number thrown into the fray just when you thought you had 'em pegged, and by the time you live through "Ed", "Broken", and "Bog", you should note that guitarman Lance Everill has utilized wah-wah, talkbox, and the minimal soloing required by law — take that, ax-wankers! The 7 minute-plus finale kicks off with some of Chad's cool acoustic noodling that spices up the whole CD as much as his leather-lunged baritone.

I'm going to put every ounce of my credibility(!) on the line, look you straight in the forehead and urge you to buy two or three copies of *Woke*, even though I can't narrow it down to just one reason — Riverbed Jed is more complex than Allstate's Bonus Dismemberment Plan. I'll just sum this sucker up with TV Guide's plot synopsis of *Teenage Catgirls In Heat*: "Small-town felines are transformed into young women with mating — and murder — on their minds". Proper!

—Helen Wolf

BROADSIDE

Self-released cassette

It looks like the Plug gang has broken up. Two of their members appear here in the Broadside crew. Referring to my meticulously kept files I see that I gave the Plug release much praise. I refuse to categorize this and go off on some tangent about the difference between the Dead Boys, the Germs, Black Flag and Richard Hell as compared to the Offspring, Alice Donut or No Means No. I say fuck the nonsense. Call me jaded if you will but to me it's all punk rock.

Some can play punk rock with finesse and talent, others simply irritate. Plug and now Broadside fall into the group that can play it. Jimmy Scott, vocals, is still extremely pissed off. It sounds like he's been working in the Utah service industry. Sure the press would have us believe that the Utah economy is booming and that there are countless high paying jobs going unfilled all over the state. Jimmy's (actually Jesse's since he writes all the songs, Jimmy only sings them) experience reflects the true reality.

"Pissed" is the song. For a trip back in time to the classic rock staple, "Iron Man" let's move on to "Indian Paintbrush." Broadside twists the slow heaviness to meet their needs combining thrash with heavy in a commentary on hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is a subject dear to the hearts of most native Utahns and this group addressed the issue previously with "Defecation of the Mouth" on the Plug tape.

The tape ends with "Burn" The song opens with a lovely acoustic guitar ditty and ends with crash and burn rock. As all punk bands must, Broadside has grown with maturity. I've never met the members of Broadside or Plug, I've never seen them play and I don't even know where or when they play, but they put out some killer tapes. Is it because of my deep love for that old hardcore sound or are they really as good as they sound? They reside in Sandy and I'll give out the address and number just in case SLUG readers want a copy of this new Broadside tape. 9696 South Birchwood Way, Sandy UT 84092. Call Erik at 943-9732 or Johnny at 255-0377.

By Lenny

FATAL CAUSE

Mindchrist

Aida House Recordings

The first time I listened to this tape I thought it was a fully realized death metal band existing in West Valley City. It has all the marks; the singer uses demonic growls and howls thus rendering the lyrics nearly incomprehensible; it has the trademark solos in the middle of songs along with head banging bass and pounding drums.

Here's the real deal. The songs concern corruption of children's minds by other minds, Hitler, religion, recreating ourselves, (see corruption of children's minds) and entering the realm of transension and tribal ritual of the shaman. The press release contains material on Fatal Cause's ideology. Change comes from within and they want to change their generation and the generations that follow with their music. Good luck, radicals have been with us forever, the general populace remains programmed. With that out of the way it's back to their vehicle for creating change — the music.

My only complaint is the cassette. Tapes simply don't have the range metal such as this needs. Believe me I understand why this was released on a cassette — money, money, money. The cost of manufacturing CD's hasn't dropped to an affordable level yet.

The musicianship on the album

continued on page 34

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DAISY GREY

As long as I have been involved with the music scene in Salt Lake, I have seen Terrence D.H. He fronted The Stench for years and is also the latest voice of the Bad Yodelers. Now he is doing it again with Daisy Grey.

The band is relatively new, but it has been in the makings for a long time. After The Stench broke up, Terrence played a short time with Gravelweed which eventually went the way of most local bands. Soon afterwards Terrence released a 7 inch on Constant Change Records in Massachusettes. Now Daisy Grey seems to be the home for Terrence's song writing.

The band is as solid as ever and the song writing, done mostly by Terrence, is as good as anything he has done. The band also features Anthony Davis from Waterfront on bass and Rylee Mills on drums, making up one of the most solid rhythm sections in town.

After talking with Terrence and Anthony I felt some of the same discouragement about the Salt Lake music scene that I feel from most locals. Gigging sucks because people aren't supportive enough of local bands. It takes a trend in this town to become popular, I don't think necessarily being good is even a part of it. As unfortunate as this is, it's true. Not that the more popular bands aren't also good, it's just that no matter how good, well rehearsed, or creative a band is...you got to be hip.

Terrence is still the key song writer in the band as he was in The Stench and his song-writing abilities have only improved. The music has slowed down a bit, but it is just as good. It's a shame that more people who go to the all-age shows don't support them. The band is also reluctant to hit the club circuit for fear of over exposure. Now that "alternative" music is safe the club scene might not be such a bad idea.

The music itself is far more accessible than most of the stuff Terrence has written. The band now has a full length album recorded, and enough music to release another one. There really isn't anything available yet to the public but Terrence feels that if something doesn't happen for the band soon from a bigger label, he will probably release it on Running Records. (Terrence's own label that The Stench and Bad Yodelers were released on)

Hopefully the band will keep things rolling. The music and the bands outlook is still positive despite Salt Lake's rough effect on the local bands. The music has a lasting sound and it is obvious Terrence and the band are in the music scene for good. If you haven't seen what Terrence and Daisy Grey are up to these days, it's time you did.

—JR Ruppel

Since this was written, Rylee quit the band so the band will not be playing live for a while...keep your eyes open though.



DAISY GREY left to right
Terrence D.H.
Rylee Mills
Anthony Davis

Photo: Rick Egan

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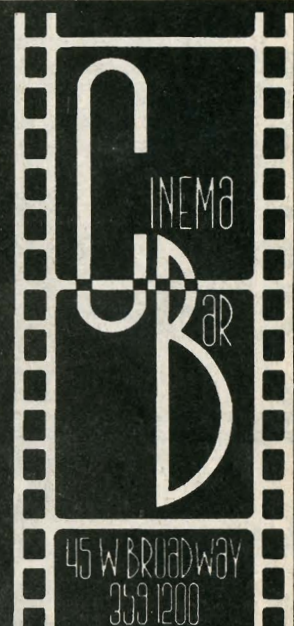
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Where Your Two Feet Will Get You A Yard

unmitigated rambling

Thinking about it, I can see what leads men like Napoleon and Hitler to want to rule the world. I mean the idea in itself certainly is intoxicating, like gee, wow, where shall I go today in MY world? Or, do I really feel it's necessary we have a place like Texas, or South Carolina? Why can't I rule the world? Or at least a country? I want to be supreme dictator, majordomo de facto commander of all that I survey. I want to be able to go places, like dance halls and throw my naked, prostate body out onto the people, masturbating onto them as I do so. If I want to watch three-hundred pound women, dressed in blue monkey suits ram Louisville Sluggers repeatedly into Kathy Lee Gifford's puckered little rosebud, while I feast on Pepperidge Farms Orange Milano cookies and EctoPlasmic Cooler Hi-C, then by God, that's what I want, dammit. And, I want it now.

But this idea hit me the other night, and quite unusually, it came closely on the heels of a potpourri of drugs and alcohol. From now on, only men can rule the world, but if they want to do so, they must first file a petition, outlining all the things that they want to do when they take over. Which petition must then be reviewed and judged by a panel of experts who would merit the paper based upon such critical data as, will he allow a 24 hour Hee Haw and Beverly Hillbillies channel, and a show devoted entirely to Claudia Schiffer, shaving her legs, cleaning her ears, waxing her bikini-line and flossing her anus.

Once that the petition has gained approval (and here you can picture that Schoolhouse Rock cartoon where that little bill explains to the little white boy all the bribes, butt-kissing, getting the senator all the girlfriends that he could handle for the next two months, getting the senator another drink, waking the senator up from his afternoon inebriated stupor to remember to vote his ascension on the bill, until finally the little bill becomes an ignored and forgotten law, much like vehicular child restraintment devices in the state of Utah. "Ooohh, I'm just a bill for now, but in a short time I'll be law, if that drunk fuck of a senator doesn't die of alcohol poisoning or kidney failure...") Then, once approved, the Candidate for World Supremacy (CWS) must undergo one helluva physical, including the mother of all rectal examinations. If the CWS passes muster, then he and whomever he will be fighting against, must then strip naked, get into a sunken pit and strap on segmented boralyne steel knives that attach to their dicks, attempting to kill one another by stabbing him to death with his dick-sword. The trick though is that in order for the dick-sword to be of any effectiveness, the wearer must have one hell-bent-for-leather-raging-hard-on.

I mean just think about it in Spartacus or Ben Hur ideas: Kirk Douglas and Sidney Greenstreet, sweating it out in their birthday suits, faces twisted and contorted in pictures of anguish and consternation, skin bloated with boiling blood below the surface, lusting for the knife blade, seeking consummation with steel to release in an orgasm of death, eyeballs, bulging and straining, bodies turned into grotesque gingh gham patched quiltwork of deep lacerations and hanging flesh as, exhausted, they collapse into their opposite corners, warily eyeing the other as they feverishly pump their dicks with their bloody fists, desperately trying to get another hard-on to finish their opponent off with one last thrust.

Christ on His throne, if Busby J. Berkely were alive today, he'd worship me as a fucking god walking upon the face of this earth. Shit, Tobe Hooper for that matter, with Leather Face getting to make masks from the faces of the losers, prancing around in the sunset afterglow of nuclear holocaust to the sound of Julie Andrews screaming out "Welcome to the Jungle" from ratty PA systems atop enormous penis towers, encircling God's Green Earth.

It may be a dream, but hey, it's my dream...

—Chris Salisbury

THE DEATH OF GENERATION X

When I was young, I grew up on the west side. Adults called us greasers and toughguys. They told us we'd grow out of it. They also told us we'd end up in jail. They were right. Me and Blaine Adderly stole a box of Tiparillos from Safeway, went behind my garage and smoked them till we puked. That was the easiest Saturday of my youth. When we weren't getting rolled by thugs from 3rd West, we were getting thrown in juvenile hall for vandalism. There was always a fight. Always one of my gang getting his ass kicked by someone else. I was lucky, I had big brothers who beat up the guys that I smarted off to...But we all thought we'd live forever. We'd never grow out of it, and we'd never get caught. We were wrong. Of the guys I hung out with, two are dead, two are in prison and the rest just disappeared...almost.

And so goes the theory that Generation X is the remainder of our destroyed youth. Yes, they have guns and drug problems and listen to 'bad music'...so did we. But the whole scare that society's children will be the downfall of this country is ludicrous. People in general (Generation X too) will always come to a point in their lives when they have to make a decision. Do I want to spend my life in a drug induced hole that I can't crawl out of?, or do I want to do something with my life? Once that decision is made, some automatically separate themselves from their label, or they fall right into the mold they created. That's fine as long as the blame is laid in its proper place. This is the problem I have with these self proclaimed martyrs of today's youth. The blame is so readily placed on everything else, and never on themselves. The excuse that you grew up poor or from a 'dysfunctional family' (a phrase that makes me sick) is just a cute way of saying "I suck and I'm blaming you" Yes, it's true that a lot of people who grew up in a shitty neighborhood with no money took the other route...Crime, Drugs, Jail. So what, those are the same type of people who get everything handed to them on a platter, and still they can't talk their way out of a paper sack. Too bad! Waaah! Show me a teenage pregnancy between two consenting people that couldn't have been prevented. Show me a junkie who was bound and gagged while someone forced needles into their arms. As a matter of fact, show me anyone who didn't have the chance to make that decision to change their life, (with the obvious exception of death) and I will show you a figment of your imagination. It just doesn't happen. Throw that in with the fact that most of these 'disparaged youth' come from average to above income families and it makes you wonder just how really lazy these kids are. (The twentysomething generation spent 8 billion dollars on CD's last year alone) Tell me you don't know any trust fund babies that just sit around in the houses that daddy bought smoking pot and getting fat. Well open your eyes people, because this is a society filled with leeches and scumbags who do nothing but take up space under the pretense that they are doing something. (or someone)

But luckily for the rest of us there are people who make a difference, regardless of where they came from or what happened to them as a child. Just because your dad beat you up when you were a kid does not give you the right or even a lame excuse to do the same to your kid. So you can line up all of the psychiatrists in the world that think that child abuse, drug dependency and 'challenged behaviour' (oh I love that one) are hereditary and have them flogged. That is exactly the kind of irresponsibility that turns these kids into freaks. What they need is a good ass kicking. That's what my dad gave me when I was being an idiot, and gee, I'm not even in a support group because of it. My friends always tell me that I'm the luckiest person they've ever met. Not true. I decide what I want to do, and I do whatever it takes to get it. If I fail, then I fail, but I take the responsibility myself. And usually I get what I was after. Imagine that, goal-followthrough-result.

So the next time you're watching Geraldo and everyone wants to know why nineteen year old Jenny Marie can't stop shooting up, turn the channel. There might be a good baseball game on.

By the way, Generation X was a great band that Mr. Idol was in before he turned into Elvis, and Blaine Adderly...well he is married with four kids and he runs a heating company. He still finds time however, to go see his dad, Mr. Adderly and share a cold one while they bitch about the kids of today.

—G

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psycho corner

by J.T. & The Fatman

First, the letters...Winky, Baby, you seem pretty preoccupied with us don't you think? You must have a pretty liberal job, or you sell drugs. Either way I think maybe you should talk to your counselor about this obsession you have with me & J.T. I'll bet you get off every night just thinking about J.T. & the Fatman, and how you'd love to be our sex slave. A little word of warning though, this infatuation you have with us is the same thing that cost Madonna her career. And isn't the difference between you and her the same difference that exists between champagne & cat's piss?...Or is that the other way around?

And now on with the show...

"Beneath the Planet of the Chin-Weeds"

Now I'm sure none of you are convinced that we're brain surgeons, but that's because you're stupid. So follow along very carefully...

If there's one thing that never ceases to amaze, it's the idea that something you wear, like certain types of clothes or shoes or hairstyles makes you unique and original. Even though everyone else is doing it. Take for example the CHIN-WEED. What does it mean? Far as we can tell, it means "I hang out in coffee shops, wear flannel and read Bukowski...oh yeah, and I'm a rebel" Now, don't misunderstand, a good goatee is a good goatee. Like for instance some of the pioneers of the 'killer goat': Colonel Sanders, Abe Lincoln, Frank Zappa and of course the granddaddy of all goatees, Uncle Sam. He must have scored like a madman with the chicks. But nowadays it seems like you can't swing a dead cat without hitting someone in the Chin-Weed Clan. (CWC) Pretty weird considering that the goat was brought into modern culture by the beatniks. You remember them don't you? They were too cool to hang out with anybody else cuz they were busy reading goofy books and bangin on bongos in some coffee house. Sound familiar? Today's CWC has a wide variety of styles though, which make them even that much more cool. There's the 'Double Devil Loop' where the weed is like two little weeds under each corner of the mouth. The 'Dahli Swoop' in which the tip of the weed curls up to the sky. And of course the ever popular 'Lane Staley One Eye Matt Dillon Singles Baggy Pants Caramel Latte Great Northwest Pseudo Intellectual Sup Bro? Nothin Jus Hangin Weed', which is soulfully original and looks like nothing else in it's class. And it was the only way you could tell the difference between David Hasslehoff and his evil twin in the famous good car-bad car episode of 'Knight Rider'

Little known fact...there are several derivations of the word 'Goatee'. The French *gouti* meaning 'bonehead'. The Latin *Goata Urinata* translates from 'Goat Pee' cuz all goats put their chins on each others butts. And the Italian *Gota Teya* which means 'Wipe that dirt offa your face little boy'

Our favorite however is the WhiteTrash translation of *Go-tee* which simply put just means 'Jackass'.

Now we're not condemning the Chin-Weed altogether, there are some good useful things for a little hair on the chin every once in a while. My dog has a little Chin-Weed and it kinda tickles my ass when she's lickin the old jewels if you know what I mean. And when you're at your local CWC watering hole and you forget what kind of beer you were drinking cuz you were busy being deep, you can always slide the tongue down the bottom lip and tell the bartender "I think it was Bud, dude" What about when the rock climbin weeds run out of rope? They can cut off the weeds, braid them together and climb down to safety. Not to mention that mothers all along the Wasatch Front now have something to

grab on to when they scream "Look you little bastard, I don't care what that guy from Nerve-anna did, you go to your room now mister!"

But the ultimate power of the Chin-Weed has to be it's total control over it's members. (The CWC) The fear that after taking 15 or 16 months to get your goat to the proper length, losing it will somehow render you helpless. It will cause you to lose your individuality. You might get a job. You won't be able to 'relate' to anyone. And worst of all you will definitely be excommunicated from the Chin-Weed Clan. Which of course means you also lose your Bandaloops Press Pass and your Alice in Chains bumper sticker. We say "Fear not brothers" Forge ahead through the dungeon of despair and shave that fucker off. Be strong and take comfort in the knowledge that some other pseudo-fad will come along soon, and you can be one of the fore runners! Me & JT were just in Seattle and we hear the new thing is 'bathing'. Besides, you never know, maybe you'll get a girlfriend who has a car.

Till next month, remember
Hell is just like Utah

miscellaneous

"I WANT SOME ANSWERS!"

Maybe I watch too much TV, maybe I'm not as hip as I used to be. Maybe I should cut back on the masturbation...but there are a few things I'd like to know...Such as...

Could the girls in Salt n Pepa be any uglier? Does anyone believe a word that Tony Robbins says? Does Rikki Rachtman cop a new fad every week? Why won't Helen Wolf return my phone calls? Is Tom Skerritt in every made for TV movie ever filmed? How did 'Tootie' get so fat? Can Aerosmith make a video that doesn't revolve around that no talent slut from "The Crush"? Why do I scream "SEGA!" every time I come? Is Lorenzo Llamas really as stupid as he looks? Will we watch Star Trek reruns as long as we watched MASH reruns? How long till Henry Rollins hosts MTV's "The Grind"? Why won't Helen Wolf return my phone calls? Why don't they show some coverage on O.J.? When will the fur merchants beat the shit out of those lovable Coca-Cola bears? When will GWAR get to do their own version of "The Young Ones"? Why is Michael Stipe such a weeny? When is David Letterman going to fuck that Connie Chung whore? Who, besides Madonna would sleep with Dennis Rodman? Why hasn't Clint Eastwood kicked the shit out of those geeks from the Mountain Dew commercial? Is there a McDonalds that has both black and white people? Why does Taco Bell use everyone but Mexicans to do their commercials? Why won't Helen Wolf return my phone calls? Is Julia Louis-Dreyfuss really looking at me? Why aren't there more tramps on Melrose Place? Why won't Sam do it with Carla? Why don't those pesky government guys leave the tobacco companies alone? Why do they advertise tampons, douche and vaginal cream, but not condoms and vibrators? If Star Trek is the most hi-tech sci-fi show around, why can't they get that air filter off Jordy's eyes and get him some glasses? Will Kennedy get breast implants? And if so, will Dennis Leary pay for them? Will Cindy Crawford ever give Dennis Leary head? Why is Axl Rose a racist prick when Slash is obviously mulatto or at least medditeranean? Has anyone ever said "No, no, Rikki Rachtman is really cool"? Will JR and Helen Wolf have a secret love child and name it after me? Will those greedy bastards at SLUG pay me for this stupid article? And finally, will Bart Simpson ever have sex with that hippie chick and make Homer sleep on the wet spot?

—Madd Max

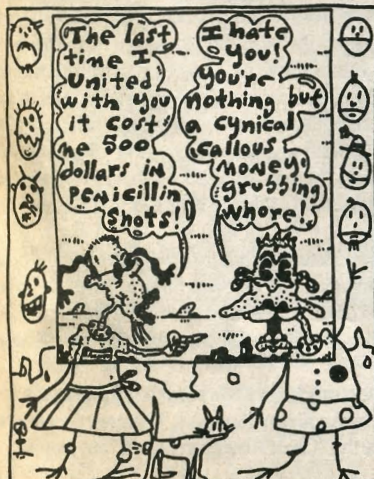
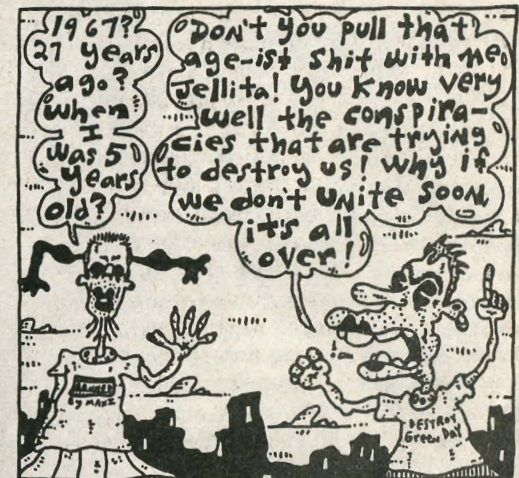
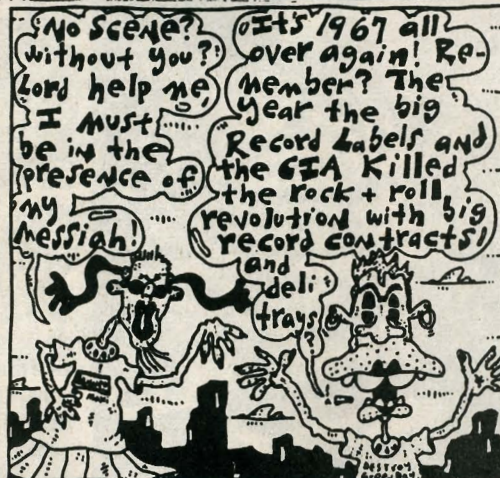
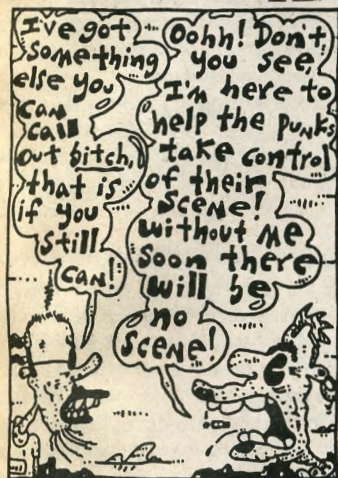
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DAVE SIM

Since December 1977, Dave Sim, a Canadian artist, has been chronicling the life of an anthropomorphic aardvark in the self-published pages of *Cerebus*. It is a fictitious world populated by barbarians, politicians, religious leaders, and people. From its beginnings as a *Conan* parody, *Cerebus* has evolved as has Sim, until the work now stands as one of the best examples of a comic book transcending the confines of the sequential art limitations. *Cerebus* is probably the best comic book being published.

Moreover, though, Sim (in his role as self-publisher) has become a model of a "self-made man" in the comic book industry—a vocal proponent of self-publishing, he has helped inspire many young and talented artists and writers to seek alternative publishing venues, rather than slaving away with little recognition on the company-owned dross which dominates the market.

The following interview was conducted June, 1994 at Nightflight Comics. My thanks to Alan Carroll, Mimi Cruz, and the entire Nightflight staff for setting up the interview, providing photos, and all the other niceties involved. Plus the beer.

—Scott Vice

INTERVIEW

SV: Before we start, I just wanted to give you a chance to answer any questions you've always wanted to be asked in an interview...

DS: Well, I've done so many interviews at this point that I always turn the questions into ones that I want to answer. That's one of the skills you learn; you start off answering their questions and then just veer off into what you want to say.

SV: Fair enough. Bearing in mind that this is for an "underground" magazine and most of the people who are going to be reading this either can't read or have never read comics, why don't you give us a little background on *Cerebus* and if you can think of any reasons why these losers should be reading *Cerebus*...

DS: It's a...6,000 page story about the life of the title character and it's trying to do a life as accurately as I can with all the ups and downs and sometimes it's interesting and sometimes it is boring but I try to make the boredom interesting and like most of the best of the, whatever you want to call them, cult comics coming out right now you can't really describe it. If you try to do a *Reader's Digest* version or a *TV Guide* description of it just sounds really dumb. So I would suggest that the best thing to do would be to come into a comics shop, get a copy of *Cerebus* #0 from them (which gives an outline of the story and a few excerpts from the large trade paperback collections), see if it looks like something interesting and if it does then kiss a lot of money good-bye because it's expensive. At this point, just buying all the trade paperbacks to get caught up on the story would run around \$180.00. But considering how much money you could spend on "entertainment" that doesn't go anywhere, I figure that's not a bad deal.

SV: Looking back on things 17 years later did you ever think you'd get to this point and when you started, what did you see yourself doing 17 years down the road (if anything)?

DS: When I started, I was trying to stay in the game to just see if I could sell enough copies to keep going and once I knew that all I had to do was switch from bi-monthly to monthly and avoid all the shitty advertising work, then it was a matter of, "How far am I going to go with this?" Once I knew I was going to issue 300 and I felt comic stores and *Cerebus* could keep going it just seemed like this weird revelation. You know, I will turn into something just because I won't go away. For a number of years, I speculated, and it turned out to be pretty accurate, that people would try to explain *Cerebus* away or diminish it and comics, just like the music field, is pretty much the "flavor of the month", you know, you have difficulty making an impact but the difference with *Cerebus* is it's all one story,

well past the half way mark now, but that does lend itself to a career a certain, longevity to it just because people want to know how the story turns out and it's the only story in existence where you have to wait 26 years to find out.

SV: What exactly do you find to motivate yourself to keep going to issue 300? I mean you've been in this for 17 years and certainly there's a story in you dying to come out but how do you motivate yourself to keep going?

DS: There's not really any "need" to motivate myself. I have to motivate myself to do other things (apart from just sitting and writing and drawing *Cerebus*), because it's just so much fun. I enjoy writing and drawing the stories, seeing a story go down on the page or seeing a page you've been thinking about for 15 years is such a weird (good) experience that everything else can't compare with it. *Cerebus* is what I do for fun. *Cerebus* is the thing that I enjoy the most. -Going out to clubs on Friday or Saturday night is my job, because it's the 90's. It's really, really boring out there and I go out there and I think, it's my job, so I have to stick it out 'til 2:00 in the morning, gotta have another beer, gotta have another pointless conversation with somebody, gotta take one more look at that chick in the mini-skirt and know that I'm not gonna go talk to her..." But I get to wake up and go in and draw another page.

SV: How has doing the book monthly helped or hindered or affected the story? Is there

any point where you'd like to just sit down and produce a huge chunk of *Cerebus* and not have to do 20 pages in a month?

DS: That happens in phases. I'm going through that right now because this really is the heart of what I started writing 15 years ago when I went monthly...trying to figure out how to put down on paper what there really isn't work for...I'm in the middle of October...I'm mentally writing the October issue and I've got most of the September issue done. I've never been that far ahead on the book and I'm so engrossed in what I'm doing that every waking hour is spent trying to get it as close to what's in my head and trying to take all the thinking I've been doing about this for 17 years, and make sure that it all goes in to this one "kick at the cat" that I've got. I'm taking 3, 4 weeks to write what turns out to be only 11 pages of text in the book. I'm writing 85 pages and then distilling it down to 11, so it's a brutal kind of process and there's a kind of recoil to that. But it's the most fun you can have without laughing.

SV: The interesting thing in following the current story cycle in *Cerebus* has been the text pages...it seems as if you're asking for a reaction for the readers and at the same time you're stepping back and saying, "There's my story. You can either take it or leave it."

DS: Right. It's...This is the first time I've ever put the relationship between myself and the work, myself and the fans, and the sort of "imaginary relationship" between myself and the reader down on the page. A lot of that is to get context. I've been doing this for 17 years, it'll be done in 9 years...I wanted to have one little "blip" in the middle of the story that breaks the surface. We'll go back to it just being the *Cerebus* story, but for this one six-issue span out of 300 issues, I just reach out and drag the reader into the story, pull myself into the story and how we're in this very

tightly-confined circle, right here, and...as with all the writing I do. Most it is just creating a mirror. I'm sitting there making something and people watch me make it and think, "Wow! This something really interesting he's making and I want to see what it turns out to be..." And when I'm finished, I turn it around and it's a mirror and people see in it whatever their personality puts into the book. This part of the story is the closest I've come to identifying that process. None of us are outside of this; we're all inside it, temporarily. Let's see if I can maintain this.

SV: A lot of what seems to be coming out in *Cerebus* is stuff that you pick out of the "real world"...it seems to be a process of accumulation. You started out as a satire book, then moved on to government, now it's moved on to male-female cycle...The illuminati even got thrown in. Do you do a lot of research or is it a matter of filtering this stuff through your artistic screen?

DS: I try to be very careful about doing too much research, because I think research is another one of those "black holes" into which you can disappear. There are people who will spend 15 years getting ready to write the "Great American Novel" but they're



continued on page 20

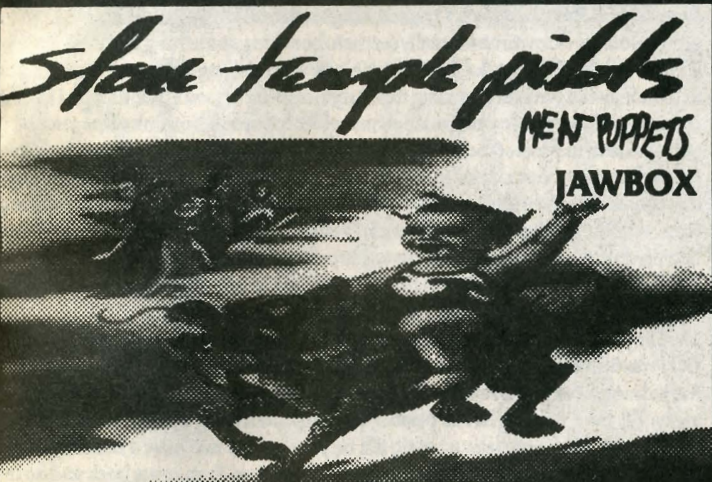
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essentially just people who like to read. The excuse is, "All of this is going into my novel so I can just read for 20 years" ... Well, fair enough. Do that. In my case, it's more a matter of coming up with plausible explanation. What is society made up of? Let's ignore how society portrays itself and let's look at what always keeps happening and let's try to find a working model I can identify. I think I've got, between the Cynicists and Kevillists (two societal factions in the story - sv), the illusionists, Groucho Marx running the most lucrative city-state... I think I've got a more accurate portrayal of the world than how the world portrays itself.

SV: Moving on to Gerhard ~Sim's artistic assistant... For the longest time, Cerebus was a solo effort, and then Gerhard was brought in to take some of the artistic workload. Was it tough for you to take your individual vision and turn over even a little bit to somebody else?

DS: Yeah, it was a hard decision. Once you've done 65 issues of a comic book (which really nobody had done to that point, outside of the mainstream), to bring somebody else does really change what it is you're doing. You're no longer a pure auteur in your approach and it becomes sort of a "team book". But at the same time, it got rid of a lot of the things I had no great sympathy for. I don't like using a ruler, I don't like drawing chains, I don't like drawing buildings... So bringing on somebody who likes drawing inanimate objects and architecture while I worked on getting all of the faces right (instead of saying, "I need to finish this Jaka drawing so I can finish the room she's sitting in") was a strength. It's allowed me to work on my writing, too, which is really the centerpiece of the book. It's what I'm trying to say. I can work on the characters and how they bring the story across. So I wasn't really giving up that much. And Gerhard is so much better at drawing backgrounds than I could ever hope to be. It seemed like a proper trade-off. Just as John Lennon was faced with, "Do I let Paul into the group because he knows all this stuff I don't know? Which is more important making the group stronger or being the biggest person in the group?" ... I felt it was the best decision to make.

SV: Going back to Jaka... She's a central figure in the story and it seems that when she was introduced, that was when the story moved past its "parody" stage. Was that the germination period for the story's progression?

DS: I suppose so... I think a lot of it is that as you get older, as a creative person, you have a choice of endlessly duplicating your successes and hoping that you can hold your place in the market or you can take chances, even more than taking chances, you can move on to your "mature work". My interests at age 32 were different than my interests are age 21. My interests at age 38 are different than my interests at age 32. If you're going to do something for 26 years, you'd better be interested. If you want other people to be interested, you have to be interested, so my interests change. I still think there's a lot of humor in the book. There's not as much broad parody or satire but my sense of humor has changed. I'm not one of those people who goes out and entertains a table full of people for 4 hours, competing with the other guys at the table to see who's funniest. I'm the guy who sits, listens, laughs occasionally, and will have a really good joke at an appropriate time about an hour and half in. That's not who I was ten years ago, but that's who I am now. That's more the kind of humor I like now - the strategically placed joke as opposed to, "Let's keep them convulsed with laughter page after page" - although I do sometimes go back to that. Like the Sandman parody. That was a case of everything out of his mouth being humorous. After Mother & Daughters' is finished, which is the story I've been working on for 15 years, then I can picture going back to more of the funny approach. But you don't work 15 years for a pratfall.

SV: Would it be safe to say that Cerebus is a constantly-evolving artistic process? While you have 300 issues planned out in advance, it also seems to be fairly spontaneous.

DS: There has to be a mix. If you nail everything down 15 years in advance, then it becomes a mere technical exercise. One of the great satisfactions is having a four-issue span where I don't really know what's going to happen. The parodies, the satire... obviously those aren't planned. Sandman wasn't even coming out when I began planning that part of the story, so, you know, that's one of the things that allows me to keep it fresh. I can say, "Here's where the Roach parody comes in? Who can I pick on next?", and I pick up a comic off the stack.

SV: You seem to track a fine line (sometimes) with the parody. You have some people pleased with recognition and some cases like Wolveroach where folks get bent out of shape.

DS: Again, that's individual reaction. Like Truman Capote said: "The dog show, but the caravans roll on." If you start to pay attention to the dogs howling, the caravan's never going to get anywhere. Any time I get reaction, it's usually so far behind what I'm doing that I can't even remember doing it in the first place let alone taking offense at what somebody has to say about it.

SV: Moving on from Dave Sim the artist to Dave Sim the publisher, do you sometimes feel uncomfortable with the role you've seemingly assumed in the comic book industry (sort of a model of a successful self-publisher)? There are a lot of folks who seem to be shooting for the same results you're getting. You've inspired a lot of creators to self-

publish their own materials. What's your reaction to all that?

DS: You know, I never react to reactions. My reaction is pretty much that I've gotten this far by accident, luck, and hard work. The other folks are a lot more vocal. The corporate team has a lot more advocates, a lot more money, a lot more people in suits saying, "This is the way to go." For a long time, I was the only person saying that's not the best bet and self-publishing was worth a crack before trying the "corporate way". To me, that's your responsibility as a creative person. You can't just say that self-publishing worked for you and then laugh at everybody else. The time to change rock and roll was when the Beatles and Rolling Stones had a lot of economic clout and power and the fact that they didn't change anything about the structure while they were there... well, we're living with those repercussions. The fact that a band that starts out now has to sign off on their first three albums, all the touring money comes out of their share... these things are just "standard operating procedure." There was a "window of opportunity" and it's been nailed shut by the corporate interests. It would be very easy for me to just sit back and say, "Well, I made it through the maze, figured out their game, and I got around it," but I'm not going to tell anybody that it's really difficult and they can't do it. I feel more of an obligation to a 20 year old who's trying to figure out whether to go to Marvel (one of the big corporate comics publishers - sv) or go his own way, to be more of a model and certainly not much was happening on that end until other people did it. It's not something where you can be the only example. The fact that Jeff Smith is now doing Bone and is outselling Cerebus 3 to 1. That's done far more for self-publishing than anything I've done in the last 5 years.

SV: So are there any creators whose work you follow, that just blow you away?

DS: Although he's probably the biggest opponent of self-publishing in the alternative field, Peter Bagge's Hate is my favorite comic book by a wide margin. I really, really like what he's doing and he's getting better and better at it all the time. I would not miss an issue. As soon as I get one I have to go somewhere isolated, even if I have to pretend I'm going to the bathroom and lock the door so I can read Hate. Another one I'm looking forward to is Steve Bissette's Tyrant in a big way. Still enjoy Sandman. Hellblazer is a guilty pleasure - sometimes he really seems to be saying something and then other times it's just "here's what a guy looks like with his stomach falling out - and at that point I have to wonder what I'm doing reading this. Anything that's good I like, though I like mini-comics. I get mini-comics and fanzines from a lot of people who think of me as somebody you send stuff to. Most of the alternative press stuff, the real alternative press, the fanzines, the mini-comics, photocopied things are a lot more interesting than the mainstream stuff that comes in or the industry magazines or trade papers. I read the trade press first and then I read the mini-comics next because I want to be "psyched" when I go to the board. I don't want to be depressed. You know, 180 pages of glossy superheroes with claws and nails, big guns, and all the rest of that, that's fine. It keeps all the rest going, but it's not something I want to see before I go to the drawing board.

SV: Do you have any plans after you finish the last page of Cerebus 300?

DS: I was thinking I might go and have a shower and change my shirt. Maybe go out and have a burger. I might have some ribs instead. No, instead of actual plans, that's snine years away. I'll be a very different person. Fundamentally the same, but with different interests. I'll obviously take a break; it'll be very nice to not have a monthly deadline hanging over my head for the first time in 24 years. And then come back and do comic books. I think the best model is Will Eisner, with The Spirit - where you put in your time and now you're going to do very personal work that when it's done you'll see it, but I'm not shooting to get it done by August 31. I would hope that Cerebus will be providing enough of a livelihood by then that I could just sit down with a blank sheet of paper for the first time in 26 years and say, "O.K., what do I want to say that doesn't have an aardvark in it?"

SV: On a parting note, do you have any advice for aspiring cartoonists?

DS: If you want to do comic books and you want to do self-publishing, you want to get control of it, you have to find out if you have the aptitude for it. The only way to do that is to realize that you have to produce a lot of material relatively quickly. If you can't produce a page a day, finished, pencilled, inked, and lettered, you're asking for trouble. The best thing to do is to sit down, take the calendar, and figure out how much you want to have finished after say two months. If you wanted to have 50 pages done and you have four pages done, then you should consider another line of work. It's also worth looking at why you didn't have 50 pages done. What distracted you? Was it family? Was it friends? Was it drinking? Was it drugs? For somebody who wants to put their creativity down on paper exactly the way they see it, the world is one big distraction with a lot of different faces on it and you really do have to make a choice if you want to be a comic book creator. You have to realize that since everything is a distraction (a wife, drinking, friends, etc. - all the things we call a life when we say, "Get a life."), it's important to choose between those distractions and creativity. When you're doing a comic book, it's probably going to take 8 hours, depending on how complicated the page you're doing, how slow you are, etc. At the end of 8 hours, you'll wind up with about 2 to 4 seconds of entertainment. It's taken me 16 years to produce something that takes the average person 4 or 5 days to read. If you take that in proportion to 16 years to produce 4 days' worth of entertainment, you have a rough idea of what you're up against. It's a matter of looking at that and asking whether it's worth it. For me it is.

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Briefly speaking, many filmmakers would be better off if they would speak briefly. Directors can often do better work in 10 to 20 minute but there are few places for short films to play because they don't fit into movie theater's tight schedules. The 2nd International Festival of Short Films is a collection of eleven of the best short subjects to be produced in the last few years, including two Oscar winners! Most of the films express a view of the universe as absurd and indifferent - but usually as a darkly funny experience. Of particular note is Gus van Sant's "Thanksgiving Prayer" with William S. Burroughs, and Allison MacLean's gloriously outrageous "Kitchen Sink", a perfect double feature match for David Lynch's "Eraserhead".

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THE LEGEND OF FONG SAI-YUK II (1993)

Director: Corey Yuen Kwai

Stars: Jet Li Lian-Je, Josephine Siao Fong-Fong, Michelle Reis (Lee Kar-Yan), Adam Cheng Siu-Chau.

Jet Li is a thrillingly acrobatic martial artist: his moves are more dance-like and flamboyant than the flat-footed, sledge-hammer stuff that passes for kung fu in most American films. Whether he's playing Wong Fey-Hong in Tsui Hark's *Once Upon a Time in China* films, or an alternate Cantonese legend in the rival *Fong Sai-Yuk* series, Li's martial touch is light enough to justify an admixture of comedy and family melodrama and even puppy-dog romance. This enjoyable sequel effortlessly shifts the balance from martial arts action laced with politics to the comedic elements that surprisingly worked best in the first installment. Happily, this means that even more screen time is devoted to the glorious Josephine Siao, a Cantonese swordplay and musical comedy queen of the 1960s, in her comeback role as the hero's two-fisted kung fu mama. (The battling-mom motif can be picked up again in *Flirting Scholar*, in which Cheng Pei-pei, a parallel icon of Hong Kong Mandarin cinema, has the tough-matron role.) The central storyline here has Fong Sai-Yuk (Jet Li) hooking up with the anti-Manchu Red Flower Society and becoming embroiled in an internal power struggle. Meanwhile, Fong becomes the awkward apex of a romantic triangle involving his new bride (Michelle Reis) and a temptress portrayed by Kwok Oi-Ming, a recent Miss Hong Kong, in her film debut. Relax and Enjoy.



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b-reviews



Return Of The Living Dead
(1985 Fox)

Based on the story by John Russo, co-author of the legendary original *Night of the Living Dead*, This is another sequel to the series, but from the angle that part one was the only installment. The premise is based on the idea that the original actually happened, and the Army put the remaining zombies in barrels in the basement of the Uneeda Medical Supply Co. The gaseous contents escape because of meddling kids, and the neighborhood cemetery comes to life, or back from the dead or returns to a state of animation. Whichever you prefer the movie is quite entertaining, 45 Grave blare the anthem "Do You Wanna Party?" as decayed flesh zombie types search for "brains" (the zombie staple). The action is perfectly paced, and the humans, and the zombies do a great job together making this film grrreat.

Hello Mary Lou: Prom Night II
(1987 Warner)

Hell-O Carrie: Carrie II was probably the working title for this stooley stew of different movies. Carrie being the main theme ripped off, not Prom Night as the title suggests. Here's the story anyway: The ghost of Mary Lou Mahoney has been trapped in a trunk in the school basement since 1957, anxiously waiting to exact her revenge on the people that made her externally combust just before she was crowned Prom Queenie. Unluckilly Viki (Wendy Lynn) finds the trunk and opens it causing her to be possessed by Mary Lou, making Viki Mary Lou II! She then promptly runs around naked, kills people, makes whoopee (fucks), and then does some E.S.P. tricks at the dance. The story is a lot like Carrie without the suspense, or tension. The effects are decently executed, but all around Mary Lou is no Prom Night II. But hello anyway.

—B-Zill

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Megan has a great laugh. How do you emphasize that? Well, I guess I could start by saying I've been more than impressed with her for quite sometime. So when I actually sat down and talked to her, it was a thrill to listen to her describe certain things...like her father's voice. "It's like molasses and avocado" She started playing guitar to get her father's attention, and from there she turned into the "folk blues babe" that she is now...the often sultry, never dormant, always from the gut performer that she is.



photo by Anthony

From her solo stints at D.B.Coopers to the thursday night steady gig at Ashbury Pub with 'Big Leg', Megan holds her own. She exudes great confidence without becoming pretentious. It's a perfect mixture for any musician, but she seems to make it her own. Even down to her philosophies on life. "I believe everything we do is for our biological sexual well being" I'll buy that. "Praying to God is like transferring responsibility to someone else, if we have to judge, we can judge ourselves" I'll buy that too. It's called conviction. Think what you want, but believe in it. Maybe that's why she has such a wonderful presence on & off stage. Megan sings and plays like she means every last note, and that's because she probably does. She likes raw music, quoting her influences as Rickie Lee Jones and Etta James (just a few) "Some of us want heroes in our music, and some of us get turned on by cooperation and group projects" She would rather watch basketball than tennis. A woman after my own heart. A lot of people come to see 'Big Leg' and they sit and stare at them. That's cool with her, "I don't really give a fuck if people can dance to it or not. Is it a good tune? Does it move you? That's what really matters" She would rather be listened to than danced to. An amicable goal for this 29 year old singer. Although she thinks she's a better performer, one has to admit that watching her fills you with an undeniable energy. You may love it, you may not, but you can't ignore it.

The band is called "Megan Peters and Big Leg", however she states emphatically that it is a four piece band, she's just the singer and all parts being equal, everyone feeds off each other. You can see that when they play. Rob Clifford on drums, Wally Barnum (bass) and Dave Park on guitar bring an electrifying mix to this otherwise stereotypical 'chick lead singer' theory (which holds no water). Especially where 'Big Leg' is concerned. This is a very good band that forms style around a song and not vice versa. She's a trip to watch though, and I had a great time seeing her interact with everything else going on. And 'The Boys' play together like they've been in this band for awhile, which is not the case (another sign of a very good band) So go see 'Big Leg'. They will more than likely do something that will move you, make you think or possibly even make you forget that they're a local band. That's a good thing. So to answer the first question Megan asked me when we sat down: "Are you sure you don't mind having a 'folk blues babe' in this magazine?" Yes, I'm sure, I don't mind at all.

—Madd Maxx

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SOUNDGARDEN with TAD and ELEVEN

June 6 - Golden Spike Arena

Golden Spike Arena (Ogden's finest rodeo grounds) may not have been the venue of choice for most with dirt floors, cattle shoots and such, but the "no beer" policy was the most upsetting. In any event, I wasn't there to appreciate the ambiance or drink beer (well maybe); I was there to enjoy the music of the evening.

The night began. Tad and Eleven primed the crowd for what was to come: Soundgarden.

Soundgarden started off cleverly. This impressive 4-man-band gave us the familiar through a powerful rendition of "Jesus Christ Pose," and then took us by the hand into the unknown of *Superunknown* with "Spoonman."

After this, the band enticed the audience with the following songs: "Let Me Drown," "Mailman," "The Day I Tried to Live," and "My Wave." Soundgarden gave us their music with its dark and foreboding sound, but failed to give a lot of enthusiasm. But Cornell did manage to keep the "pit" in an uproar, and for those who weren't moshing, he entertained us with his powerful, signature vocals that made every song enjoyable.

The next hour found the band venturing through the majority of both *Badmotorfinger* and *Superunknown*. As they began "Searching with My Good Eye Closed," the mass of sweaty bodies in front still going strong, Soundgarden began to return the enthusiasm with newfound energy in their stage presence.

As the night drew to a close, Thayil, Shepherd, and Cameron began laying the foundation for "Rusty Cage" and when Cornell started the vocals, the entire crowd broke into a roar of recognition. I was excited after hearing Rusty Cage and waited in anticipation for Soundgarden to play "Outshined" but, to my disappointment, they did not. Oh well! They weren't on this tour to support *Badmotorfinger* now were they?

Golden Spike Arena may not have been the best place to see these Washington-staters, but their music clearly outshined any event held there—including rodeos.

—Sharee Sorenson

VICTIM'S FAMILY

June 7 - Bar & Grill

When I sauntered into the bar half an hour late, this threesome was already going at it hot n' heavy. The audience made themselves right at home, pulling their chairs up to the stage and leaning forward intently to witness this musical orgy.

The drummer was skillfully beating the shit out of his head as the bass player slapped his shiny wood. He lurched back and forth to the rhythmic pounding, hair swinging in his sweaty face. The guitarist/singer fondled his tool not so gently, making it screech and wail. When that one was spent he'd ditch it for another, trading off throughout the show. (Damn— is this reading like some trashing porn romance or a music review?)

So I'll get to the point now. The drummer was one heavy hitter and proved that it's not the size but how you play with it that counts. The singer/guitarist had a strong voice which is sometimes atypical of this punk, psycho-billy style. You could tell that he had vast musical differences by his guitar playing, which switched from twangy to smooth, heavy to chunky all in one song.

What really stands out in my mind though is the bass player, yanking on that big 'ol harp of a bass. He had a nice thick (like butta' fresh from the fridge) low, super-chunk kind of a sound.

Just when I was getting comfortable on my stool, the band would whip into some twisted little frenzy that would send me flying onto the

dance floor. Fat arms flailing in the air, I'd be two-steppin' the tube steak boogy in my hot pink mumu. As my meaty hips gyrated to the groove, I thought to myself- "Hot damn I'll have to go out and get me one of them *Victim's Family* albums." So until next time...watch out for me, I just might be lurking in the shadows at the next show. And you just might be my next dance partner.

—Big Bertha

7 YEAR BITCH and THE OBVIOUS and LOUDSPEAKER

June 4 - Cinema Bar

The girls of 7 Year Bitch finally made the Salt Lake City stop. Need I say the wait was worth it? The Obvious and Loudspeaker warmed the audience. I saw neither because down the street Leon Russell dragged his tired old bones onto the road. I thought he deserved one last look, and besides, I wanted to catch some more sounds of the swamp from C.C. Ad cock.



Back at Spanky's Loudspeaker's set went long. By the time 7 Year Bitch plugged in it was well past the witching hour. Their opening songs were plagued by malfunctioning microphones. After the equipment problems were worked out they demonstrated why Atlantic Records was so intent on stealing them away from Seattle's C/Z.

The sight of the band came as somewhat of a shock after listening to the power of their albums. With the exception of bassist Elizabeth Davis, they are tiny. Call me sexist if you will, but 7 Year Bitch is a group of petite women. Lead singer, Selene Vigil prowls the stage like a tiny feline. Within minutes after taking the stage she had every male (and many females) in the house feeling the primal mating urge. She exudes a powerful sexuality. Part of it has to be her husky voice. The rest comes from her stage movements. This is the living, breathing embodiment of Ted Nugent's "Cat Scratch Fever."

Her sly smiles and sneers, her impassioned movements and the way she fell to the floor to emphasize the words of the songs captivated the audience. In what has become almost a cliché, this band rides on the rhythm section. The bass boomed out over the remodeled theater and vibrated the floors, tables and bodies. I watched as a full beer glass danced across a table and shattered on the floor. Even inanimate objects felt the energy. Thundering drums kept time with the bass and the new girl, Roisin Dunne screamed out the melodies on her newly learned guitar.

They played songs off of both albums. Without a doubt the best song off the first was "Dead Men Don't Rape." From the second album Jim Carrol's "It's Too Late" rocked the house and "The Scratch," "Cat's Meow," and "Rock A Bye," kept it rocking. In the audience I saw one man trying to pull the hair from his head in response to the music that overwhelmed him and his frustration with the sexual passion Selene woke in him. Another head-banged while playing air guitar and a small pit was going. It was way too crowded in the small hall for a full-scale pit.

This show will live on in the memories of all in attendance. Male or female, it doesn't matter, 7 Year Bitch are a great punk rock band. The next time they come it won't be in a club and it will cost a lot more than \$6 to see them. I hope their contract with Atlantic takes them to the heights of a Pearl Jam or Soundgarden.

—By Lem



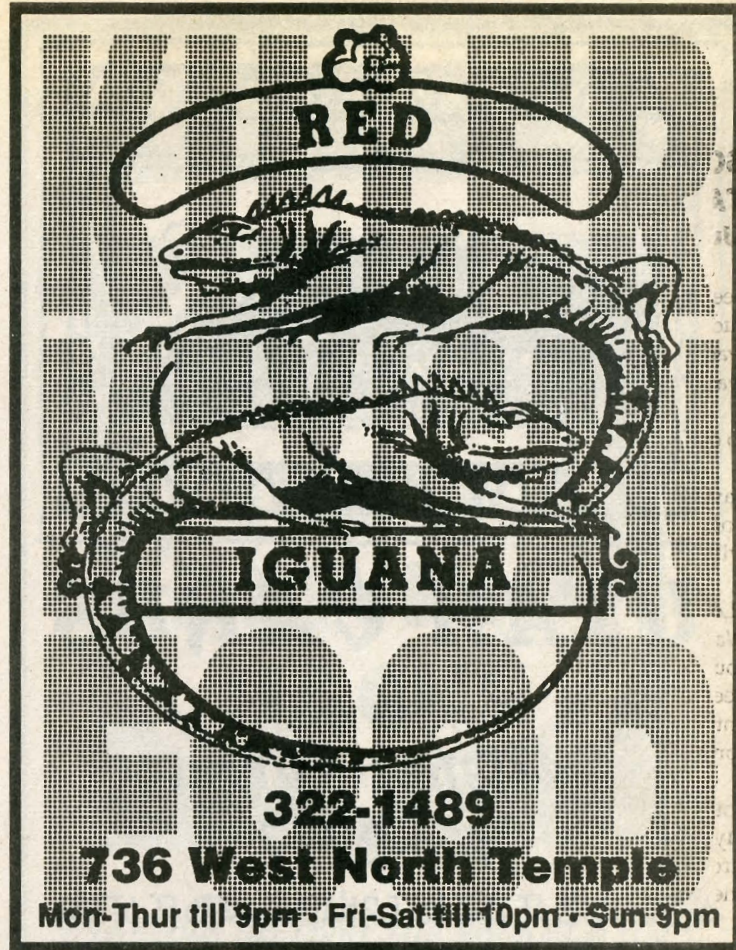
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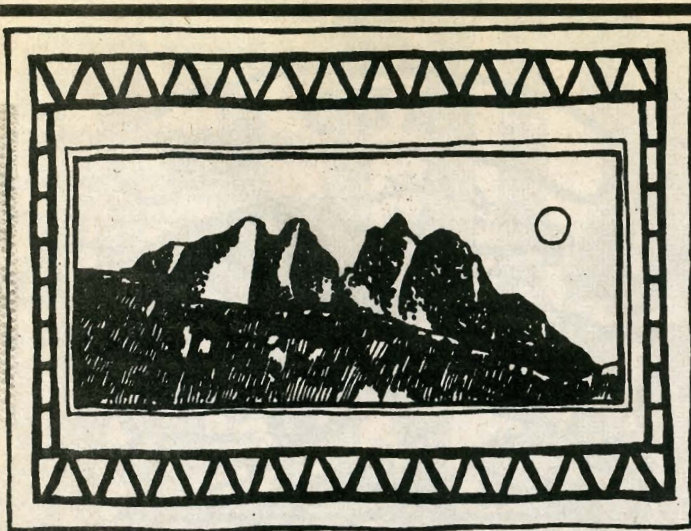
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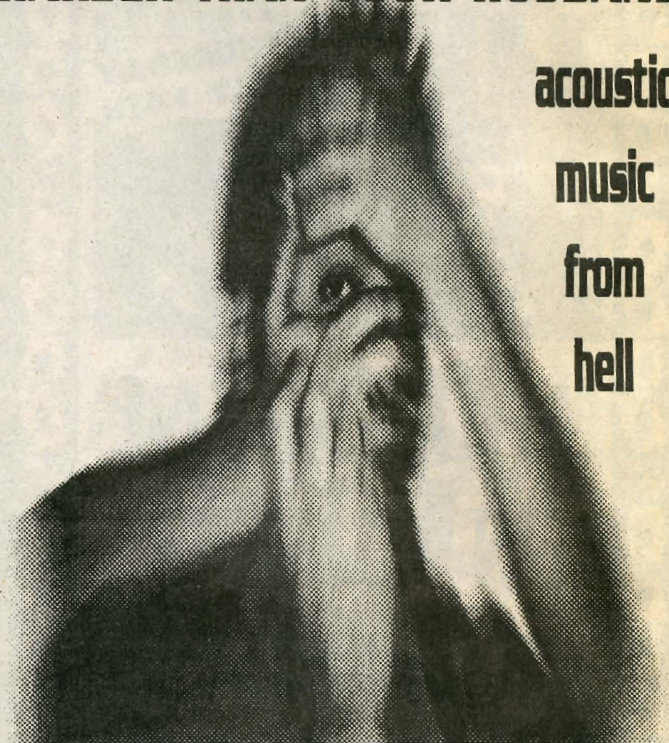
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look at religion

Blessed moon to all my beautiful brothers and sisters. I convey this correspondence upon the shortest night of the year 1994, YEAR OF THE DOG. My coyote howls at this eve, a short intro to the longest day. It is in this seasonal configuration that I wish to explain my feelings about original sin. Original Sin is incorporated in many various forms of religion and certainly emphasized in western theology. Spotlight on human's inhumanity. But who to blame? So somebody scripturized the idea that everybody plays the fool. No matter how smart, rich, holy or connected, we all go down that joker lane. Why is it that we have to trip over our own toe, time to time? Like clockwork, we can't turn the wheel on one decent cyle without itchin' the sphincter too deep, without scratching that wet flaw. Let me tell you my sisters and brothers, our learning relies on that fatal bite of apple. The Goddess will never tango the entire dance through perfection alone. One must dive deep to discover the nectar juice.

One sweltery summer day in the bowels of uptown Manhattan, I came to share a beer with a peace officer outta New York City. We was down at the Racon Lodge, West 86th Street, next door to the O-SPOT deli where ya coulda usta buy ganga late at night. This guy Anthony Petrillo, impressively pushin' fifty, was employed as a underwater diver for the NYPD. Something about this cocksure dego had me listening good over the brewskis. See somewhere in my evolution as a wide eyed spiritualist, I heard that sinning was not so much a bleed & scar wound as it was a basic mistake. And this discovery gave me much comfort in my simple unders tanding as a sensible but mistake prone human bean. So Tony T pops up and informs me from his professional point of view that most human beans don't make mistakes, they make miscalculations. The human science equation shifts from the sordid split between good and evil to the collaboration of various forces.

Now did O.J. just cash in on an ancient black swab buried in his delirious soul or it totally worthless anymore to base our cognitive experience on the demise of yet another made for hire celebrity? Yo best bet yo base, baby, be better for boppin' than no programized bull. Cause who sez this reality be any thing worth forging in stone? When I was barely an adolescent, the radio, newspapers and T.V. were all informing me one night the balance of our earth's existence was a virtual crap shoot depending on the attitude of quarreling politicians. Did not blow all to hell as it turned out, but my mind was forever gone. Forget about me staking claim to this rational nonsense anyhow. If we be taking life on like some cheezy Vegas gambling binge, then I'd rather play on my own gaming table. Like to see that table spin and let them funky chips fly. But outside of original sin reality, the risks have been presented as terribly dangerous if only for the unsteady nature of the wild one.

We as people sometimes feel quite threatened by the actions of the insane. Look at O.J. on the cover of PEOPLE MAGAZINE. People hate the idea that going beyond could turn our decency to shreds. Price we gotta pay sistahs and brothahs. Cause it's also the insane rascals hip hoppin' the reality fence that barely hold together an entire race gone mad. Yo okay, so blessed be the wingspan of those archangels who chose not to wander farther than the pitted landscape of our beloved heritage. In my experience, there is always opportunity to be crucified for our innocent miscalculations -usually between family or friends. Yet I rarely disbelieve in my own daily resurrection, cause the blessed baby Jesus and the holy tribe of angelic childrens before us already doused that bloody ring of fire.

Amore,
Padre Beelzebub

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daily calendar

Friday, July 1st

- Hifi & The Roadburners w/ The Scoffed-Bar & Grill
- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Dead Kats-Zephyr
- Killer Clowns-Cinema Bar
- Broken Hearts-Burt's
- Fat Paw-Uncle Bart's
- Zion Tribe-Green Parrot

Saturday, July 2nd

- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Hifi & The Roadburners-Bar & Grill
- Dead Kats-Zephyr
- Venus Wreck & Cokleo-Cinema Bar
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's
- Fat Paw-Uncle Bart's
- Zion Tribe-Green Parrot

Sunday, July 3rd

- Blues on First-Old Bottling House
- Gamma Rays-Zephyr
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat

Monday, July 4th

- Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead Goat

Tuesday, July 5th

- Forte - Lazy Moon
- Petting Zoo - Bar & Grill
- Hinge w/ Iris - Cinema Bar
- The Blazers - The Zephyr
- Painted Cloud - Dead Goat

Wednesday, July 6th

- ★ Inner Circle, I-Roots & Wendy Shaw & the Roff & Ready Kreww - Triad Amphitheatre

- ★ Bouncing Souls, Scrotum Poles & Deviance - hanger 18

- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

- Cajun/celtic - Burts Tiki
- Still Water - Lazy Moon Pub
- Mother Hips - The Zephyr
- 7 Color Fly w/ Flower - Bar & Grill

- Rhythm Fish - Dead Goat

Thursday, July 7th

- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Native Son - Dead Goat
- Headshake - Bar & Grill
- Thirsty Alley - Cinema Bar
- Junglz Apart - The Zephyr
- Voodoo Swing - Burts Tiki Lounge
- Mocha Joe - Green Parrot

Friday, July 8th

- Broken Hearts - Burts Tiki Lounge
- Insatiable - Uncle Barts
- Voodoo Swing - Bar & Grill
- Honest Engine - Cinema Bar
- Too Slim and the Tailgators - The Zephyr
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - Dead Goat

Saturday, July 9th

- Love/Hate w/ The Obvious - Cinema Bar
- Too Slim and the Tailgators - The Zephyr
- Pepper Lake City - Burts Tiki Lounge
- Insatiable - Uncle barts
- Rayband - Green Parrot
- Abstrak w/ So Wut
- Insatiable - Dead Goat

July 19 @ BAR & GRILL Madder Rose w/ Swell



Madder Rose returns to the Bar and Grill less than a month after their last appearance. Their debut, "Bring It On Down," was the best thing I heard from the Seed Record label. That's not saying much since included in that Seed batch were things like Leatherface, Tumbleweed and the Television Personalities. Now fully out of the closet, no longer masquerading as an indi band their latest, "Panic On" is from Atlantic. Fronted by songwriter/guitarist Billy Coté and vocalist Mary Lorson, Madder Rose plays atmospheric mood music drawing Velvet Underground comparisons from everywhere. Melancholy vocals over grinding guitars should suffice.

Sharing the bill with Madder Rose are Swell. They too are of the minimalist school of rock and roll. On record acoustic guitar is tracked over mildly distorted electric while bass and drums do the slowburn. Swell is David Freel, guitar/vocals, Monte Vallier, bass and Sean Kirkpatrick, drums. How do they do it live with only three members? They add second guitarist Nike Wenner for tours. It looks like a good night to combine Xanax with Prozac. A dose of Utah's leading prescription drugs and a couple of beers should induce the perfect psychological state for this quietly noisy music.

By Lenny

★ Paige Fox, Mayberry, March Hare, Daisy Gray, Suspension Of Disbelief, Animation, Jeezus Rides a Rickshaw, Iceburn, House of Cards, Riverbed Jed, The Rhythm Fish, Lazy Moon Blues Band, Fender Benders, 7 Color Fly - Liberty Park

Sunday, July 10th

- Big Sandy & the Fly Right Boys w/ Voodoo Swing - The Zephyr
- Harry Lee & Part Timers - Lazy Moon Pub
- Acoustic Jam - Dead Goat

Monday, July 11th

- Rob Rules - The Zephyr
- All Saints w/ Agent 86 - Cinema Bar
- Brian Bailey & Clint Lewis - Lazy Moon Pub

Tuesday, July 12th

- Last Dance - Dead Goat
- Dirt Clod Fight w/ Abstrak & One Eye - Bar & Grill
- Renegade Saints - The Zephyr
- Not My Son - Cinema Bar
- Sarcomeres - Lazy Moon Pub

Wednesday, July 13th

- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
- Hinge - Dead Goat
- Rezin - Bar & Grill
- CJ Chenier - The Zephyr
- Cabaret - Cinema Bar
- Still Water - Lazy Moon Pub
- Cajun/celtic - Burts Tiki Lounge

Thursday, July 14th

- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Honest Engine - Bar & Grill
- Tree - Cinema bar
- House Of Cards - Burts Tiki Lounge

- Mocha Joe - Green Parrot
- Moonshine Willie w/ Voodoo Swing - Dead Goat

Friday, July 15th

- Jeff Buckley w/ Riverbed Jed & One Eye - Bar & Grill
- Crossroads - Dead Goat
- Paladins w/ House of Cards - The Zephyr
- Kid Logic - Cinema bar
- Adam & Clint - Lazy Moon Pub
- Broken Hearts - Burts Tiki Lounge
- Peace Meal - Uncle Barts
- Insatiable - Green Parrot

Saturday, July 16th
 ★ Alternative Arts Fest w/ 10
 Bands - Cinema Bar Parking Lot
 • Gamma Rays - Bar & Grill
 • Strangers - The Zephyr
 • Pepper Lake City - Burt's Tiki
 Lounge

• Peace Meal - Uncle Barts
 • Adam & Clint - Lazy Moon Pub
 • Insatiable - Green Parrot

Sunday, July 17th

★ Alternative Arts Fest w/10
 Bands-Cinema Bar Parking Lot
 • Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
 • King Sunny Ade-Zephyr
 • Harry Lee & Part Timers-Lazy
 Moon

• Blues on First-Old Bottling
 House

Monday, July 18th

• Leftover Salmon-Zephyr
 • Cottonwood Swing w/Rex
 Flinger-Lazy Moon
 • Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead
 Goat

Tuesday, July 19th

• Madder Rose-Bar & Grill
 • Acoustic Junction-Zephyr
 • Forte-Lazy Moon
 • Thirsty Alley-Dead Goat

Wednesday, July 20th

• Los Lobos-Zephyr

• James Scott-Lazy Moon
 • Cajun/Celtic-Burt's
 • Shoutin Ground w/Ildiot Zoo
 • Clover-Dead Goat

Thursday, July 21st

• Los Lobos-Zephyr
 • Trailer Park w/Novagenus-Bar
 & Grill

• Stanford Prison Experiment
 w/Abstrak-Cinema Bar

• Voodoo Swing-Burt's
 • Irie Heights-Green Parrot
 • Rayband-Dead Goat

Friday, July 22nd

• Riverbed Jed w/Petting Zoo-
 Bar & Grill

• Broken Hearts-Burt's
 • Crazy 8's-Zephyr
 • Treble Hum-Dead Goat
 • I-Roots-Uncle Bart's

• Steel Wool w/Wish
 • Irie Heights-Green Parrot

Saturday, July 23rd

★ Star Pimp w/ Trailer Park -
 Basement of DVB

• Harder Than Your Husband-
 Cinema Bar

• Pepper Lake City-Burt's
 • I-Roots-Uncle Bart's
 • Crazy 8's-Zephyr

• Irie Heights-Green Parrot
 • Let's Go Bowling w/Stretch-
 Bar & Grill

• House of Cards-Dead Goat

Sunday, July 24th

• Crazy 8's-Zephyr
 • The Joads-Cinema Bar
 • Harry Lee & Part Timers-Lazy
 Moon

• Blues on First-Old Bottling
 House

Monday, July 25th

• Naked Angel-Cinema Bar
 • Blue Rum-Lazy Moon

Tuesday, July 26th

• Sarcomeres-Lazy Moon
 • They w/ Old Sol-Cinema Bar
 • Stompbox w/Honest Engine &
 Mind at Large

• Thee Hypnotics-Zephyr
 • Subterraneans-Dead Goat

Wednesday, July 27th

• One Eye-Bar & Grill
 • Vanilla Trainwreck-Zephyr
 • Doug Wintch-Lazy Moon
 • Celtic/Cajun-Burt's
 • Flat Stanley-Dead Goat

Thursday, July 28th

• Black Currant Jam-Dead Goat
 • Voodoo Swing-Burt's
 • Sundogs-Zephyr

**July 26 @ The Zephyr
 Thee Hypnotics**



Can't make it to Woodstock or the Meeting Of The Rainbow Tribes? If you are the least bit curious about what things really sounded like back then you might want to pay the Zephyr club a visit on July 26. That's the date Thee Hypnotics roll their minibus into town. Now signed to American Recordings and produced by Black Crowes lead singer, Chris Robinson, they remain trapped in a time-war. It's a hippie band and I don't mean the Grateful Dead. These are the protesting, acid-eatin', draft-card-burning, fucking-like-rabbits, Hunter S. Thompson-reading, bomb-making, pig-hating, dirty stinkin' hippies, not peace-sign-waving, flower-wearing, bongo-playing, kool-aid-drinking brother-calling white collar hippies.

Think Spirit, Love, Mason Profit, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Moby Grape and MC5. With Robinson in there producing we get the Rolling Stones too, but it's closer to "Her Satanic Majesty's Request" than "Some Girls." The album is retro as hell and it will give you a headache trying to figure out all the bands they sound like. If you have to live in the past this looks better than becoming one of the herd in a pen. It could be some fun.

By Lenny

• Skabs on Strike w/ Mind at
 Large-Cinema Bar
 • Underbelly w/Clover
 • Phur Pajamas-Green Parrot

Friday, July 29th

• House of Cards-Bar & Grill
 • Disco Drippers-Zephyr
 • Reverend Willie-Cinema Bar
 • Broken Hearts-Burt's
 • Backwash-Uncle Bart's
 • Gamma Rays-Green Parrot
 • Thad Beckman Band-Dead
 Goat

Saturday, July 30th

• Dead Kats-Zephyr
 • Backwash-Uncle Bart's
 • Pepper Lake City-Burt's
 • Cheshire Cat-Dead Goat
 • Riverbed Jed-Cinema Bar
 • Disco Drippers-Zephyr
 • The Obvious-Bar & Grill

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**July 23 @ SALT AIR
 The Lemonheads**



The man they call alterna-hunk, Evan Dando, and the Lemonheads are coming to Salt Lake. If you believe all the press on Dando this show should sell out within hours to pre-teen Sassy girls. Although, I think they are more into Garth Brooks, Tim McGraw and John Michael Montgomery in these parts. I'm not worried because the stink of the lake will cover-up their little girl smell.

Those over the age of consent might recognize the Lemonheads for their previous albums on Boston based TAANG Records, their current major label works, their cover of "Mrs. Robinson" and the growing influence of country and western in their music. They might also know Dando for his collaborations with critically maligned Juliana Hatfield. Appearing with the Lemonheads will be Possum Dixon.

I plan to get drunk enough to ignore the screaming hordes of little girls, enjoy the show and sleep with the brine flies on the beach. July 23 at Saltair.

By Lenny

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A quick glance at the bottom of the page will show a new name credited with writing this mess. The name Wheels makes me sound like I'm into cars. I'm not. Willie Wheels is a dedication to running away from hate mail, the law, the heifers at the Livestock festival and all the reformed '70s bands with new releases in the stores.

In rockabilly news for the month of July is the departure of Voodoo Swing. They hit the road at the end of this month as a nationally touring act. They are off to play the USA to audiences more knowledgeable, in-tune with and appreciative of music with the "Big Beat." Just because Voodoo Swing is on tour doesn't mean we will do without rockabilly music in Salt Lake City. Hi-Fi and the Roadrunners played the Bar and Grill on the July 1 and 2. I say played because the show will probably have gone on before you read this. Don't despair, there is more coming. Moonshine Willy plays the Dead Goat on July 14. In case you are drawn more to the honky tonk of the Broken Hearts than the 'billy of Voodoo Swing, I'd better give the info on this show.

Moonshine Willy are not a rockabilly combo. They are a country band that plays rockabilly. They mix bluegrass, punk rock, country and rockabilly all together. To slip a little record news into the schedule of live performances I'll mention Moonshine Willy's most recent recorded effort. They have a song on Bloodshot Records newly released, underground Chicago country compilation titled, "For A Life Of Sin." For those of you still trapped in your ruts - also appearing on the disc are former and current members of the Mekons, Pere Ubu, Eleventh Dream Day, Bodeco, and Poi Dog Pondering. Just to drop the name I'll enlighten you on Steve Albini's involvement. He recorded Robby Fulks entry. This CD will most likely be available at the Moonshine Willy show. That may be the only opportunity for local residents to pick it up. Rockabilly, twang, and western beat sucks I know, that's why Albini and the Mekons are involved with it. Bloodshot's address is 912 W. Addison, Chicago IL 60613-4339.

To continue with the schedule of rockabilly appearances, (the next three are at the Zephyr) on July 10 Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys return to Salt Lake City. He doesn't play rockabilly either. It's country boogie and western swing. There might be one or two rockabilly numbers included in the live appearance. Preceding Big Sandy, on July 5, is the first band of July's Cesar Rojas express. The Blazers come from East LA and they grew up with members of Los Lobos. They have a recent record out on Rounder which combines rockabilly, blues, roots rock, nortefios and cumbia. Rojas produced it for his friends and the live show will far surpass the recorded version. Much like last month's appearance of the Cadillac Tramps, the Blazers are a live act. Buy the CD and attend the show, or attend the show and buy the CD there.

Next come the Paladins. Their new album was also produced by Rojas and he played guitar on it. Rockabilly music was a huge part of the Paladins early influences and they still include the style live and on record. They also do the blues better than almost anyone around. If you hate the blues and love rockabilly or if you love rockabilly and hate the blues this is your chance to expand your horizons. The Paladins reportedly don't like Salt Lake very much. Maybe it's because of their past reception here. Change their minds and let them know how much roots rock is appreciated here - as long as it's at a classy downtown nightspot.

Then, near the end of the month is the real deal. Rojas and Los Lobos return to Salt Lake City on July 20 and 21. Los Lobos aren't known as a rockabilly band; they too incorporate the sound in their music. I can guarantee that anyone attending their show will be exposed to the "Big Beat." There may be more on the way, who knows, I have to meet a deadline and details on live shows come in later in the month.

Here's the latest on my turntable/disc player/cassette machine. I picked up a bunch of stuff at Smokey's again. He continues to beat anyone in town with his selection of rockabilly music. Let's hope whoever buys the store continues stocking rockabilly. I'm expecting a check in the mail any day now for giving him all these plugs in SLUG. Meanwhile satisfy your appetites for the 'billy and purchase a disc or two. It is possible to find music in the land of Zion without resorting to mail order.

Local rockabilly historian David Candland reviewed one of a series of three rockabilly releases from the folks at Sundazed several issues back in Put Yer Cat Clothes On. I hope they do a fourth soon, but while I'm waiting I've been listening to the label's sampler disc and a few of their new releases. I was informed recently that punk rock didn't exist in the '60s, but you would never know it from the Sundazed reissues of the Standells and the Five Americans. Three, count 'em, three Standells albums are once again available courtesy of the folks at Sundazed. These albums have been out of print for 20 years and copies of mint originals would set you back at least \$40 each. The Standells were one of the premier punk rock bands. If you think "Western Union" is the only thing the Five Americans ever recorded check out their Sundazed album. Can't find this stuff in record stores? Write to Sundazed at P.O. Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12051. Rockabilly and punk live on at this company.

Another company on the edge of the western beat scene is Watermelon. They've enlisted the services of a public relations/publicity firm to promote their recordings so they must be getting big. Watermelon sent a reissue of Webb Wilder's first album. Wilder was a cat doing the roots rock, rockabilly thing during the lost years when no one paid attention. Also new from them is a disc of honky tonk/western swing by Don Walser and some discs of folk/singer-songwriter/alternative country-rock from Vince Bell, The Setters and The Silos. The Setters are a group of Texas all-stars who got together and recorded an album for a German label. Americans get their chance to hear it with this reissue. Everything on Watermelon is highly recommended. If you can't find it and must resort to mail order write to them at P.O. Box 402088, Austin, TX 78704.

Rockabilly, western beat and garage punk aren't all that's out there. The new Dick Dale album is in the stores, at least some of them. MTV informed me that surf music is seeing a resurgence this summer. When looking for surf check out the king. Even Beavis and Butthead know it. Remember the Salt Lake Tribune thinks he does blues, but that's not all, they describe the Broken Hearts as a variety act. The new Dale album has nods to Native Americans, south of the border guitar and surf in abundance. For covers Dale selected "California Sun," "Ghost Riders In The Sky" and the old Johnny Cash number "Ring Of Fire." Instead of purchasing the soundtrack to Endless Summer with only one Dick Dale song I'd recommend "Unknown Territory."

The Reverend Horton Heat and company are finally in stores with their major label debut. After a month of listening to the advance cassette I've decided "One Time For Me" is the best song. It is an echo-drenched, thrashabilly, on-his-knees plea for the live, in-his-face sights, sounds and smells of a girl using her fingers to become a "Fujiyama Mama." It should be a hit, but will modern rock radio dare play it?

Any would-be writers out there should send a resume to the Private Eye. It seems that Fulton can't cover the local scene. He's getting to old to go out and I know the local releases he begged for in the Private Eye's music issue have been received. Personally I'd like to see my dear friend Helen Wolf on the Eye's staff. After all she took her name from a misspelling of Howlin' Wolf in last year's Private Eye music issue. If not her, my next choice would be Stim Boy or the extremely literate Charlie Johnson of Mouthbreather-Deviance.

In closing - right before we say amen - in case you don't get it with this rockabilly, western beat, garage punk and surf kick; go listen to the Kiss tribute. Bow down to Garth Brooks' feeble attempt at Nashvillizing rock 'n' roll then check out Shandi's Addiction doing "Calling Dr. Love." Kiss My Ass indeed.

by Willie Wheels

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impressive, the song writing is effective in getting across the messages. The vocal work sounds slightly amateurish. Jeremy Sundeaus overdoes his vocal impression of Rawhead Rex and a howling wind on too many songs. I'm informed by the press release that Fatal Cause is embarking on a tour of the western states. I'm sure time on the road will bring the vocals to a fully professional level. "Mindchrist" is thrash and burn metal from the locals. Of the seven songs I prefer "The Inhuman Way," the song of self change; "Infinitive Chaos," the filler/master race song and the title track "Mindchrist," which condemns organized religion.

Brian Crowder down at KRCL knows the local sound-check bands are as good as many nationally touring acts. According to the CMJ "Loud Rock Reports," included with the tape, he gave Fatal Cause and Aida House label-mates The Bawg some heavy airplay last summer. Both should return this year in the late night slots when KRCL jocks escape the boomer confines of daytime programming and the freedom of community radio returns.

—By Lemmy

RADIO WENDY

Punch The Fat Kid 45

Flatline Records

Radio Wendy is a band out of San Diego with a red vinyl 45 on Salt Lake City's Flatline Records. It has a small hole which fits quite nicely over the spindle on a turntable. "One For The Road" opens with slow melodic grind and Neil Young vocals and guitar. The focus is on the instrumental work more than the vocals. The song gradually increases in tempo to a crashing climax. "Jettison," the b-side, continues the thrashing climax of "One For The Road." It is one of those drunken staggering songs which slows to a pause in the center and then builds the

noise back up before the abrupt conclusion.

Colored vinyl, locally released, pleasant and noisy, what more do you want from a single? This record is available for \$3.50 postage paid from Flatline Records at P.O. Box 520202, Salt Lake City, UT 841522.

—By Lemmy

PUSHMONKEY

Maize

Sector 2 Records

THE HORSIES

Trouble Down South

Austin Throwdown Records

Pushmonkey and The Horsies are two outfits from the Texas underground with nothing else in common. Pushmonkey's album falls into the realm of "alternative." I can feel the waves of hatred already from the legions of "modified mohawks" even as the word appears on the screen. Yea, dude they're like the Stone Temple Pilots and the Spin Doctors, one part Pearl Jam and one part Grateful Dead. This album is already seeing increased attention on the Modern Rock charts.

To demonstrate my talent with worn out clichés I'll quote "Rockin' Granny" Cordell Jackson from her beer commercial with Setzer—"Not." Pushmonkey steals from every place. Their song "Mother" uses Geddy Lee vocals and heavy metal guitar soloing with the drone and swirl that made Seattle famous. The extremely short "Ordinary Cowboy" features Willie Nelson dueting with Tony Park, Pushmonkey's vocalist, pianist, trumpet player and random percussionist. "Blue" is Lemonheads pop by way of the Lyres psychedelia. Also included are rapping to hard rock, stop-start authentic grunge and anthemic arena rock. "Leaky Faucet" is one of the albums better numbers. The '70s heavy metal meets punk

rock of modern radio is fucked up with world beat percussion, rap and jazz improvisation. "Tag" is a ballad highlighted by trumpet, from the Herb Alpert or Chuck Mangione school if Miles Davis taught the class. The hidden track is a reprise of the opener, "Krush," featuring funk bass, heavy metal rapping, psychedelic guitar soloing and a chorus reminiscent of Def Leppard's "Pour Some Sugar On Me" if the Beastie's Mike D replaced Joe Elliot in the group.

I love comparisons, especially comparisons so obscure that no one else gets them. Imagine if polka kings, the Brave Combo, met up with the Roche sisters in a Tex-Mex bar someplace in Africa. The Horsies have the quirky female vocals and silly yet on target subject matter of the Roches, the dance rhythms of Brave Combo mixed with African pop and the Latin rhythms of Perez Prado, one of their earliest influences who also influenced the Brave Combo.

All of this came together in Austin, a town better known for Texas blues and singer-songwriters. Much like the music of fellow Texans, the Brave Combo, and those weird yet beautiful Roches, you either love this or hate it. One song especially, "Tribe," sounds exactly like something off the Roches' first album — if they'd recorded it with a world beat orchestra.

The Horsies come billed as one of Austin's hottest dance bands. From the Houston Public News comes this quote, "A band for whom every song is a dance song and every lyric is deceptively silly. Never typical." The album is a dance album, but don't listen for it in a dance club. It hasn't been mixed and re-mixed and propped up with heavy bass. You might hear it on community radio, or try to find it in local stores if a world beat Roches album sounds appealing. I'd like to see The Horsies do it live, because I'm sure the recorded version comes nowhere close to the live sight and sound.

—By Lemmy

CHARTHOGS

Do Your Mind

Third Stone/Atlantic

This band is going to be big. I've said it before and I was right (i.e. The Beatles, Rolling Stones etc.) Well, maybe not that big, but this debut release from The ChartHogs screams of unleashed talent, both in songwriting and very catchy melody lines with great guitar hooks that are as original as they are simple. According to guitarist/singer Danny Pinella, "distorted, jazzy chords that become dissonant and annoying, but in a good way" Almost reminiscent of early XTC, but with heavy, dry moving rhythms, "Do Your Mind" shows a healthy disregard for conventional song structure. This is probably due to this bands background of post-punk noise ravaged avant-pop. At least that's what their record company says. I however think it's a chemistry thing. This bands tunes are as diverse as thier sound, from the opening cut of "Glitter World" to the unforgettable chorus of "Hush, Hush Sweet Charlotte" (inspired by the movie of the same name) They stay on track with great lines from guitarist Mat Dennis, and raw snarling rhythms from drummer Mauro Rubbi and bassist Ric Markmann. (the Australian faction in the band) When they decided to cover "Mr. Soul", Mauro and Ric hadn't even heard the original Neil Young/Buffalo Springfield 60's classic. "I just showed them the chords" says Danny "We rehearsed it twice and put it on tape" Very few remakes rival their originals, but this one does in a big way. I guess that the best way to describe this album is to antique it to their 90's love song "Since I've been inside you" This album gives you that freshly laid feeling, like the lyrics say, "Where to now, nothing left to do, since I've been inside of you"

The ChartHogs will be here in August, possibly with Eleven but no more details as of now, so until then...GO GET THIS CD NOW!!

—Madd Maxx

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