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This month's cover is a picture of LeeAnn Kay. The photo was taken by Kathleen Lighty. She is a photographer, and that is all she has to say. Oh yea, stop whining and PLAY BALL.



NOTICE:

Last Month's article on Honest Engine was written by Dawna Branagan. Sorry, We lost it in or usual chaos.

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WRITERS NOTICE: All writing must come in typed, or on a 3.5" disc (IMB or Apple). If you are one of the many writers out there who haven't sent it in yet...what's the problem? See the way it works is, you send it in...we print it. We can always use opinionated columns, short stories or whatever strikes your interest.

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
GIANNI ELLEFSEN
ART DIRECTOR
JR RUPPEL
MUSIC EDITOR
WILLIAM ATHEY
COPY EDITOR
STEVE TRINNAMAN

PHOTOS
Royce Jacobs
Kathleen Lighty
DISTRIBUTION
Rich Smith
CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Helen Wolf
Dylan
Michael Styles
B-Zilla
Padre Beelzabub
Royce Jacobs
O'Dell Wishhen

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SLUG is published by the 1st of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing 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 month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask you keep your writing direct and to the point, thus leaving more room for other writers. We thank everyone for the continued support.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dearest Dickheads,

This letter is in response to the homophobic ex-punk that was published in the August issue of SLUG.

First of all, wiping your ass with the local music sounds like a complaint to me. There are some very talented local bands such as Riverbed Jed, Enchwurm and State of the Nation. If you don't like any of these bands, perhaps you should do something about it, start your own band, and play Fear cover tunes.

Now, in response to your eloquent critique of the dorky, clownish and homeboy-looking clothes I wear, I wear them because I like them, not because I want to be accepted or shunned by a particular crowd. I regret to inform you that in truth one can only fit oneself in these large pants. I know because I have tried to squeeze myself and a few of my friends in a pair. You should not criticize the lower class six year olds because they are poor and are unable to afford the clothes that they would like to wear. With that said, I may be an idiot but I am not a queer.

To you, being "punk" meant being shit on by others for not looking the same as they did. Well sweetie, it appears that you are shitting on me. Has Peter Pan become a pirate? And you call Green Day sellouts. By the way, have you listened to Kerplunk or Dookie? That's some good music.

Now, being the self proclaimed music connoisseur that I am, I listen to the gamut of music. From "girly boy/ pussie?" such as Rage Against the Machine and Dinosaur Jr. to your favorites: Sick of it All, Gorilla Biscuits, Bold and Turning Point. Are bands like Green Day, Stone Temple Pilots and Rage Against the Machine sellouts or have they been soldout? Are they in control of their label or is their label in control of them? These are some of the questions one should ask oneself before spewing his or her paranoia.

You say you're your own person, so let others become at peace with themselves (as you have, obviously) and become their own person. Why don't you come on over to my house. We'll sit around, sip some Snapple (or can't you drink that because so many others drink it as

well) and listen to some Pearl Jam. *Ryan Tronier*
Clown Extraordinaire
 P.S. I would rather dress like a six year old than write like one.

Dear Dickheads,

I'm writing in response to the "homophobic insecure" ass hole who wrote in last month's issue. I want to start off by saying, just because you wear pants that go up to your forehead, hug your shlong, and ride up your butt doesn't give you the right to judge other people because of what they wear, besides I sincerely doubt you should be talking. And in case you are not enlightened, a punk ass mother fucker is someone who prejudges others on what they wear, look like, or what their sexual preference is. Huh, that sounds just like um... you. Besides what is it any of your fucking business. The only reason I can figure you act this way is because you are some pussy who thinks of himself very highly. Well don't.

I never knew that the way a person dresses made them upper or lower class, but if I had to go by attitude and personality you would be the lowest class of them all. And who do you want to be accepted by, the preppy ass wifes who don't even know what this magazine is about in the first place? The good old days when men were men is when idiot pricks go out shooting innocent animals and stuff their heads on the wall to invite their friends over and brag about killing and who can pull the biggest booger out of their nose. Plus being punk never meant anything. If you were really comfortable "being your own person" you wouldn't have to put other people down. You are definitely the one who needs to pull their head out and take a good look at what reality really is. Well not to be rude or anything, but for all I care you could have a horrible anal probe and get such an incredible infection you couldn't pop for six months.

Liz
 P.S. To the person who wrote the little bit after the letter I think it was completely good and I really respected it.

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PSYCHO CORNER

"YOU JUST MIGHT BE A WEENY..."

If you are the one that sold the 'grunge' idea to Nordstroms. If you paid money to see Livestock. If you are drinking De-caf skim milk iced cappuccino. If you're 'into' alternative music. If you are a regular at Liverpool. If you missed Man or Astro Man. If you don't read Helen Wolf. If you're still wearing flannel. If you know J.T.'s real name. If you ever watch Geraldo, Oprah or Sally. If you care what happens to any of the full of shit whiny suck up to the camera wanna be morons on The Real World. If you read Psycho Corner religiously. If you don't know O'Dell Wish-Hen. If you really think you're a vampire. If you are that peace-loving stinkfoot glassy eyed hippie that's doing 40 mph in the merge lane while I'm trying to race onto the freeway en route to my Models Inc. audition. If you don't know who Pitt is. If you are one of the ASSHOLEES that started any of the fights at Spanky's during Sugartooth. If you think Axl is deep.... Well you just might be a weeny.



Now, we know that this sounds a little holier than thou, but too bad. We are sick of the permanently stuck on the hamster wheel faction of do-nots that is festering in Salt Lake. Or as my good friend Mark nicknamed them... "The Arkansas Cartel". If you wanna be a dead beat, that's great. But stay in your house! That's what cable T is for. Don't bring your dyin ass out in public so you can get in the way of people who are accomplishing things. Don't be the idiot in front of me in the express lane who is only now getting ready to write their check. We have to eat! Don't be the jackass who butts in between us at the bar so they can ponder which trendy beer to order. We have to drink! These are things that interfere with me & J.T.'s job. So go away. Better yet, go to The Power Plant or any bar in Magna. Besides, you don't have to tape Beverly Hills 90210, you can watch it live! At home! Then you can call all your loser friends and use words like 'Brah' (what-up bro) and 'Beat' (bad, lame, stupid). Well, we can feel the inner windings of our soapbox starting to unravel, so time to go. Let us say this one last thing. It's for your own good. Scary stuff happens outside and you people will only get hurt. If not physically, then almost assuredly mentally. Those of you who think you know jack shit are particularly irritating to those of us who do. And if that question has popped into your head, the answer is... Yes we do think we're pretty goddamn neat.

*Till next month, remember
Forever is the time between when I come and you leave.
J.T. & The Fatman*

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HELEN WOLF

DON'T WORRY, BE TRENDY

What's New For Fall

What did you do this summer? If you're like me (and you should be), the Year Of Our Lard 1994 bottomed out in the hot months like a wiseguy in the Hudson river. With the notable (make that *fucking* notable) exception of the Man Or Astroman show at Skanky's Enema Barn, JunJulAug was even weaker than the 3.2 piss we tried to drown it with. So unless the apocalypse comes on Sept 20 like that nutjob minister predicts (on pay-per-view—call your cable company!), fall has *got* to be better—here's your exclusive *SLUG* preview.

FASHION: The lumberjack/gas station attendant look is dead, honey. Throw out those boots and bowling shirts, the next logical (?) fashion step is here and it's fresh and fly: fast food uniforms. Ensembles from TGI Fridays and Skippers will be especially hot on campus this fall, as well as the classic 1984 Burger King polyester "Turdsicle". And, of course, the timeless Hot Dog On A Stick "Rodeo Clown From Mars". Underneath those visors and paper hats you're going to need the right haircut, fashionslaves. For guys, the "Uniburn" is a must: Trim sideburns to the bottom of each earlobe, shave the front and back halves of head leaving a stylish hairstripe across top of skull. Accessorize with pierced forehead ring. For the gals, two words: Stop Combing. Also watch for parachute pant bellbottoms, "Frankie Say" t-shirt reissues, mood shoes, flannel tube-tops, and even *stupider* Dr. Suess hats.

TELEVISION: This one's been a long time coming: talk show executions. At the end of each taping of *Donahue* , *Geraldo* , *Oprah* , et al, every set of "guests" (referred to in *The Biz* as "Human Pus") are taken out of our misery in swift, televised justice. Dig if you will the picture: "On tomorrow's show, Lesbian Necrophiliacs in the KKK. I'm Ricki Lake, thanks for watching— *TURN THE DOGS LOOSE!* " Audience members fill out question cards stating preferred death style: firing squad, gas chamber, piranah tank, electric chairs(s), and the aforementioned attack dogs. On good days, the audience is taken out also. Pick hit shows for the new fall season include: *Urkel: The Prison Years* , *Full Crackhouse* , O.J. 911, *Roseanne's Grave* (ABC); *Late Night With Lyle Menendez* , *Seaguest 90210* , *Unsolved Pregnancies* , *The Fresh Prince Of Waco* (NBC); *The Nanny—Exposed* , *Oh Shit!* , *Mad About You And Your Sister* , *Barney & Felons* (CBS); *Big And Tall Models Inc* , *Henry Rollins' Dance Party* , *Married...With Dysfunctional Co-Dependant Children Of The Corn* , and a last minute addition to the talk-show wars, *Titus!* (Fox).

MAGAZINES: New rags this season: *Put Yer Mom's Clothes On* , fanzine for cross-dressing rockabilly nuts; *This Fucking State* , for cranky transplants in Utah can't stop complaining but just won't

move; *Axl Watch* , ex-battered girlfriends, bandmates, relatives, dealers and the population of Hollywood discuss possible "accidental" deaths for Axl Rose monthly. I easily kicked his little spankex ass earlier this year at the Cat Club (see photo), so I don't see what the big deal is; and a bold new experiment in journalism where scientists fill chimps full of Robitussen and let 'em take turns at the typewriter, *SLANK* .

MOVIES: This one is true, I swear: *John Wayne Bobbitt—Uncensored* . Mr. Detachable Dink himself will star in the docudrama porno that will prove that "a guy can have his penis cut off and recover." Hell, President Hillary could have told you that! I can't top that one, so let's just move on.

BOOKS: Yeah, like *you read books* .



MUSIC: Zappa is still dead, Woodstock '94 cashed in, idiots still take heroin like aspirin, Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie *fucking?* , Motley Crue at the Power Plant for \$22, New Wave is on the rebound. Blistered Toad still exists, limp dicks like Green Day and The Offspring in punk rotation, the Eagles are back, the Bar & Grill's calendar has been *exactly the fucking same* for about 4 months, Trent Reznor... *y'cottid go on* and on—let's just call rock n' roll dead, fini, kaput, *sloppin'* with the tuna, OK? So I'd like to announce this magazine's upcoming format change right here and now: Recipes and cooking tips with a Republican slant. The new *SLUG (Salt Lake Urban Gourmet)* will strive to bring you the best in cuisine and...

(Editor's Note: Due to an apparent nervous breakdown and/or caffeine overdose, Ms. Wolf will be taking a much-needed vacation. Check out our new, non-sexist, politically correct column— *Tattoos Get The Babes Wet* by J.R. Ruppel—next month. Thank you.)

Helen Wolf

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TRAVELIN' MAN

I figure since I spend so much time in bars and have such good taste for music I would share some of the wealth. It is nice to be able to walk into most bars and weasel myself a free drink. I am always broke and I can usually leave the bar loaded. Plus, the bars will usually slide me in without making me fork over too many clams so I will let you know what you are missing out on.

It seems to me that Cinema Bar was the place to be this hot-as-hell August we all suffered through. The highlight show in my books of the month was MAN OR ASTROMAN?. I didn't know anything about them but I hit the town early after checking out HELMET at the Fairgrounds Sweat Palace. I saw them at the Bar & Grill and again at DV8 and enjoyed them much better there. Helmet's music is too tight and precise to be heard in a giant echo chamber. Their CDs are great and wait for them to play a club. Didn't stay for Rollins—go figure. Back to Man or Astroman?. These guys put on the most entertaining show I have seen since the Warlock Pinchers in '88. Garage/surf music with b-movie samples and a between-song comedy routine that could land them an hour on HBO comedy hour. The thing that was good about them was they didn't use their stage props and sideshow to compensate for shitty music, the music was great.

Another great band that I got to see at Cinema Bar was GLEE CLUB. Not exactly your run-of-the-mill club band but they were great. I guess when you are a 4AD band that record music you put on to relax or neck to you can't expect people to do a whole lot of dancing. The floor was covered with people sitting on their asses and watching. If you like

Cowboy Junkies or early Cocteau Twins you will love these guys. The soft yet powerful female vocals will amaze you. Didn't make it back to Cinema Bar for Christian Death, go figure.

If any of you ever get out on a Saturday night, stop into Burts Tik and check out PEPPER LAKE CITY. They are three piece unit that play traditional blues, real traditional blues on nothing more than a steel guitar, harmonica and a minimal drum kit. It's different but worth a listen.

I heard a lot of hype about the BACK ALLEY GATORS when they were in town last time so I figured I should catch at least on of their four nights in town this time. After the guitarist was hit by a car in Sturgis (where they played with Motley Crue—party on Wayne) and their drummer wound up in the hospital with a bad tooth, I am surprised that they played at all. The band was okay and I will check them out again this time, but, I think the best part of the show was Jon Shuman opening up with a solo set of original and old Boxcar Kid songs. Then the Gators went on stage and Jon filled in on drums, I personally think he stole the show. I will look forward to checking the band out again this time

It seems I checked a lot of the Rockabilly shows this month. Maybe it is because I am getting a bit tired of most of the other bands playing around town. Thursday, August 25th one of the kings of rockabilly played the Zephyr...SLEEPY LaBEEF. What a fantastic performer with about 40 years of experience under his belt. I felt his band dragged a bit and he kept having to kick them in the ass to wake them up for solos, but he can do it on his own. His music is timeless and there should have been a line backed up to 7th East waiting to get in, but not in Utah, people like to stay safe and not take the risk. This time next month he will be playing in front of 5,000-8,000 worshipping Europeans who know about good music, and where to find it.

These are just a couple of things that I saw this month. I am sure there was tons of stuff that others saw, but probably not...too many lazy people.

—Travelin' Man

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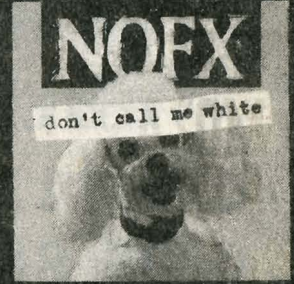
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INTERVIEW

On Saturday, August 6th, the Sausage, Helmet, Rollins Band demolition team rolled through Zion. If you were there you came, you saw, you got your ass kicked. Needless to say, if you weren't there you missed an incredibly intense show and you, are a loser. I had the opportunity to interview Page Hamilton, the lead singer and songwriter for Helmet, here's how it went:

Slug: "So, how's the tour working out with Rollins Band & Sausage?" **Page Hamilton:** "It's awesome. It's great, it really turned out to be a great thing."

Slug: "The tour itself is just for a limited time though, right?"

P.H.: "Just five weeks, yea. I'd like to keep on doing it, it's a fun time, everybody from every band is really cool, and it's been really fun."

In case you don't know, Page Hamilton has a Bachelors degree in Music Guitar and a Masters degree in Jazz Guitar. According to him, "It doesn't make me any better or any worse, it's just the way I approached it."

John Stainer, Helmet's drummer extraordinary, has a background in orchestral percussion and has gone to college. As Page describes him, he "has a natural gift." Rob Echeverria and Henry Bogdan are just plain bad asses and learned their stuff from playing with a bunch of different bands with various styles. When Page talks about his band mates, you can't help but notice the sincerity and adoration he has for them. He'll be the first one to tell you that Helmet is a great band and there isn't a weak link to be found.

Slug: "When I saw Helmet at DV8 about a year ago, I was amazed at how you guys came off like this well oiled machine, clean & tight. That comes across on your recordings. But, people that see a lot of live bands don't expect the music to sound as tight live, as on their recordings. Mainly because live is sloppy and there's room for mistakes, what's your practice and recording sessions like?"

P.H.: "Well, first off every member in the band is a good musician and we go in to make an album much like we're doing a live show. We go in and record rhythm guitar, bass and drums live. The first tracks we lay down are all live tracks. A lot of other bands go in and spend a week getting a snare drum sound. None of us has the patience for that, we'd kill each other if we spent six months making an album. Once we get in and play, we work quick." (Meantime took 17 days to record, from beginning to end, including mixing. Betty took about a month, all the basics in just 5 1/2 days. Sorry, no information on Strap It On.) "In rehearsals we know what needs to be done. Once an arrangement is done, if there's a part that's difficult then we focus in on that part and iron it out until it's right. What you're hearing on the album with Helmet is a fair representation of what the band sounds like live. We are a live band. We're not a studio band, we're not a corporate brainstorm, we just do what we know how to do. Some people don't dig it, that's fine."

HELMET

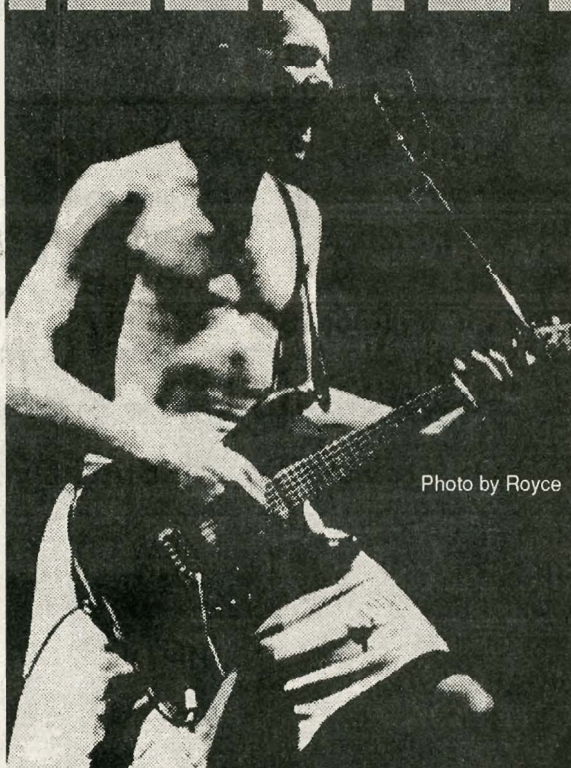


Photo by Royce

Slug: "You guys are so rhythm oriented. I've always thought Helmet songs were great to dance to." **P.H.:** "Yea, that's more straight ahead for me than some kids, but I love to see people groovin' to our music." **Slug:** "Do you use any effects for your live show?"

P.H.: "Not many and that's because we're a rock band. We look at ourselves like AC/DC, two guitars, a bass, drums and some vocals." **Slug:** "You just kick it out."

P.H.: "Yea, exactly. I think that is the best approach for us. Especially when too many bands try to push technology too far during a live performance, it just comes off too cold, ya know. And if people can't bare to

hear a rock band a little more raw than the album, then they shouldn't really come out. I would rather hear those live Led Zeppelin things than an over produced U2 album any day."

If you have seen Helmet, one of the first things you probably recognized was that they don't fit the rock and roll image at all. They all are clean cut and wear clothes that you could buy at any Gap or Banana Republic store. Sorry, not your usual band of malcontents that shop at second hand stores and try to put across some phony, I-don't-care-for-myself-haven't-bathed-in-days look.

Slug: "Helmet definitely does not fit into the mold of what a hard rock band should look like. It's great because people always try to pigeon hole other people, or bands, or whatever into certain categories. It seems like you guys strive to keep away from the stereo-typical image of what a rock band should look like. Do you strive to avoid that image?"

P.H.: "No, we're not striving to go against the grain. We strive to do what we think is right and what suits us and not be swayed by what will gain us wider acceptance or what will make people like us. Everyone is susceptible to some sort of commercial pressure or peer pressure or whatever, whether it's in life or music. And for us it's like, 'Gosh, we like playing, so let's play,' and that's what Helmet happens to be about. That's more important than looking the part or acting the part or whatever."

Slug: "That's great to be able to approach it with that much honesty."

P.H.: "Oh, some people hate it. Some of the people in the British press hate us for that. People unfortunately don't have a lot of imagination, so if you don't feed them and give them media friendly personalities then they don't take to you so easily. Part of me is like, 'Wow, we probably sell ourselves short because we could sell a lot more records,' if we played along better. But, at the same time is anybody really going to care that Suede lost their guitar player? I don't really give a fuck, but it's like front page news in Britain."

Page went on to say how much Helmet liked playing Salt Lake City. One of the main reasons is because they get air time on a certain radio station; and because of that, the people in this area are more familiar with their material and always come out to support them. (Gee, maybe there is more to X96 than just a big milk beast...Spit it out!) A splendid time was had by all.

—Royce

Thanks to Gianni at SLUG and Paul at Nasty Little Men for setting up this interview. Thanks to Page Hamilton for his time and thanks to Mark for helping out, you guys ROCK!!! (ha ha ha)

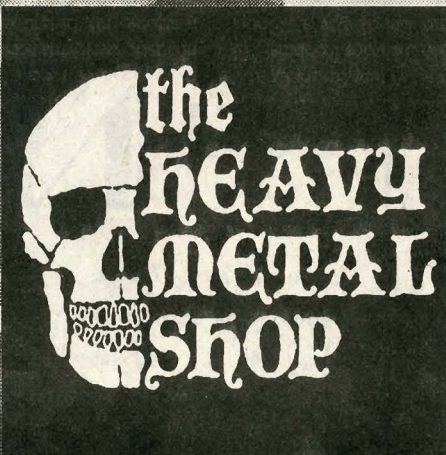
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LOCAL ARTIST



"Mary & Monique"

I love my job. I don't get paid squat, but I love it anyway. One of the reasons is, I get to talk to some very neat people. This is one of those occasions. First let me say that I hate labels like 'Acoustic Duo' and 'Female Band'. That said, I can tell you about Mary & Monique. They are a *Female Acoustic Duo-Band*. Having seen & heard them, you now understand my hesitancy to label them in any way. They met years ago and planted the seed of mutual envy & respect for each other's talent. When a mutual friend talked both of them into playing in a band, neither knew it was the person they had already admired in the past. Thus was born "Chevy Fins in the Garden"....Mary, Monique and Trace from My Sister Jane. After the fall of this local favorite, both Mary & Monique departed our lovely state for greener pas-

tures...only to return years later to find one another again in need of an outlet for their unique talents.


Thusly is born "Mary & Monique". Both from different musical backgrounds, it only makes sense that they should gel together the way they do. Monique played the piano in church & wrote songs from the ripe old age of 10, but it wasn't until she heard 'Rainbow Sleeves' by Rickie Lee Jones, on the radio, that she knew she wanted to play. Mary, on the other hand took her acoustic guitar to school and played it in the bathroom, listening to Nancy Sinatra, Hank Williams and Stevie Wonder. Being a little intimidated at the age of 8 or 9, she put the guitar away for several years before picking it up again. She does however, remember the first song she ever wrote, something about being an undercover spy for the F.B.I. "I just knew that it had to rhyme" she says as she sings a few bars. I encouraged her to do it again, on stage... we'll see.

Saturday nights at D.B. Coopers, Sundays at the Ashbury Pub or even better yet, friday nights at Burt's Tiki Lounge you can find yourself up to your neck in Doc Martens, pierced nipples and cool vibe, as Mary & Monique weave what they can only describe as magic. While Mary feels that "Monique has the best ear for harmonies...she always makes it better than my original vision of the song" Monique says that it is only connecting with Mary that balances it all out, makes it dynamic. They both have an obvious passion for what they're doing, for Monique it is "Hitting that note and feeling everything else just peel away". While Mary's sweet spot comes from "Giving something that I'm responsible for to people and them accepting it and having fun with it"

As an observer though, you may not care why any of this is happening. You might not know why Mary is eyeing her guitar like a sexual encounter, or why Monique is pulling invisible things from the sky. And it won't matter, once you've sat down and listened to (and watched) Mary & Monique do what they do. They confirm the confidence that myself and others have in the local music melting pot we call Zion. They're part of what makes this place different...and yes, cool. It's a groove thing. Like the smell of a windy October night...or is it licorice. Go see it for yourself.

—Madd Maxx

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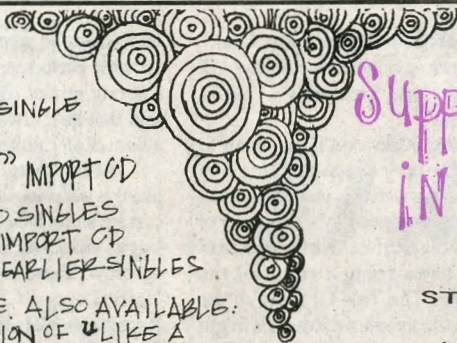
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MEAT PUPPETS

Chris Kirkwood Of The Meat Puppets

This isn't your normal transcribed Q&A piece. A paper filled with Q&As is like reading the daily output of a court reporter. I spoke to Chris Kirkwood, bass player for the Meat Puppets the day of their show in August. It was set up as a phone interview even though Kirkwood was only a few blocks away. Unable to contain myself and living up to my status as a lame SLUG hack I opened our conversation by asking him if he were tired of doing interviews yet. "We've been around fifteen fucking years and I'm fucking used to it by now."

The last time the Meat Puppets were in town they played DV8. Now that they are big time rock stars they shared a bill in August with Stone Temple Pilots and Jawbox. Kirkwood continued the conversation by describing a Meat Puppets tattoo a local kid showed him the last time through. He was impressed with the tattoo and I think more than a little flattered that someone would wear the logo for the rest of their lives.

The Meat Puppets are a band with seven albums on SST. They were in the vanguard of early punk bands that helped create the fashion heard everyday on the radio. They now have two albums out on London. I've heard the words Meat Puppets and sell-out in the same sentence more than once lately. In fact I recall sell-out name calling surrounding the Meat Puppets ever since they released "Huevos" in 1987. I wanted to find out what Kirkwood thought about selling out. "We sold out with Huevos? We fucking sold out in '82. We've always been a fucking sell-out band. Tell those people that think we sold out with 'Huevos' that they can suck my fucking balls. Ever since we signed to a major label and became famous rock stars my dick has grown. It was big before, but now it's fucking huge."

Now that the readers are acquainted with Kirkwood's tremendous wit and talent with expletives lets continue. The next topic of discussion was the strong country bent the Meat Puppets have always demonstrated in their recordings. The most recent things I've heard are a ten inch vinyl record and the CD5 of the hit, "Backwater." Both have a cover of



Marty Robbin's "White Sport Coat." The ten inch also includes Robbins' "El Paso City" and Leadbelly's "Good Night Irene."

I asked Kirkwood if they plan to do any country songs in their live show. The answer was yes. Their latest album was produced by Paul Leary of the Butthole Surfers. Kirkwood said they've been doing a cover of the Butthole's "The Tale Of Pee-Pee The Sailor" in the live show. Reader's might also know the song from the Bad Liver's version. The Puppets have played entire shows of country covers. Kirkwood claims the Meat Puppets know nearly every song George Jones ever wrote as well as a good selection of Marty Robbins. He says that their version of "Pee-Pee The Sailor" includes a break taken straight from Doc Watson's stylistic catalog. "We grew up around horse race tracks surrounded by country music." Kirkwood continued with, "Derrick (Meat Puppets drummer) is a half-wit. That country beat comes to him naturally."

I wondered if the Meat Puppets would ever record a country album. Kirkwood, "We already have, we've done seven of them. Actually I'd like to get to the point where we can do a series of live tapes and send them out to anyone who is interested." He went

on to describe recent Meat Puppets all acoustic performances which featured a strong mix of country songs and he said that he'd always wanted to do an album of all country covers.

At this point Kirkwood said, "I like this interview. It's better than doing one for some little fanzine with a hairy legged chick wearing an ear ring in her eyebrow. Those interviews go like this Hairy Legged Chick, "So the Meat Puppets are blah, blah, blah, blah, blah." The Meat Puppets reply, "Yea the Meat Puppets blah, blah, blah, blah."

Kirkwood did almost all the talking in the conversation. He enlightened me with his opinions on fucking left-wingers, right-wingers, Nazis, save the planet and animal rights activists, skate punks and virtually anyone who labels anything. Kirkwood hates labels of any kind. He told of the Puppets early days when the "stupid baldies" got on the stage and their first tour with Black Flag when the roadies appeared on stage with long blond wigs and played a set of songs guaranteed to offend the skin-head punkers of the day.

He told how the Meat Puppets got themselves kicked off that tour because Derrick wrote a sarcastic piece on Black Flag for a fanzine and the humor flew over the Flag's head. He told of a Black Flag appearance on

Rodney on the ROQ where the Flag boys told Biggenheimer how much they hated the Meat Puppets music and then proceeded to play their entire output.

Another story he related was about Henry Rollins, simply Henry to Kirkwood. They'd made-up with Black Flag and were doing a show in San Diego. Kirkwood, Joe Carduchi and Henry were standing around outside after the show. As Kirkwood tells it the conversation was of the intellectual variety. "Henry was on his I'm smart too behavior." A kid came by and shouted at Henry, "You sell out!" Henry calmly held up a finger to interrupt the conversation and said, "Excuse me." He then completely lost it and flew across the parking lot. He did a full body block on the kid, planting him firmly in the concrete and told him, "You got something to say to me, say it to my face." Then he returned to calmly continue the conversation.

Here are a few selected quotes from Kirkwood. "Two years ago all these fuckers who are into so-called alternative music were listening to Janet Jackson." "We are oppressing the weak and innocent." "Phoenix is filled with cheesy pop punk bands."

With a ton more expletives directed to everyone and anyone involved in the myriad punk rock factions nowadays Kirkwood has these final words. He directs them to Salt Lake City skater/straight-edge/post-punk rockers and anyone else who feels the need to categorize and criticize everything and everyone outside their own particular frame of reference. "Tell them the Meat Puppets are just one big fucking boner ready for licking."

That evening the drunks moshed to "Pee-Pee The Sailor," Kirkwood p'ayed hair-flinging bass in accompaniment to his brother's Doc Watson acoustic runs. I learned that the Salt Lake audience demonstrates their musical appreciation by throwing shoes, shirts and empty water bottles at the band on stage.

Sell-out? I don't think so. In 2024 when STP, Candlebox, The Red Hot Chili Peppers and Collective Soul are sharing a Livestock stage the Puppets will probably headline at Helen's Wolf Mountain.

By Wa

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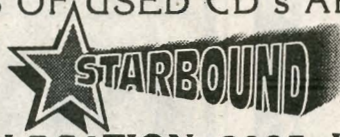
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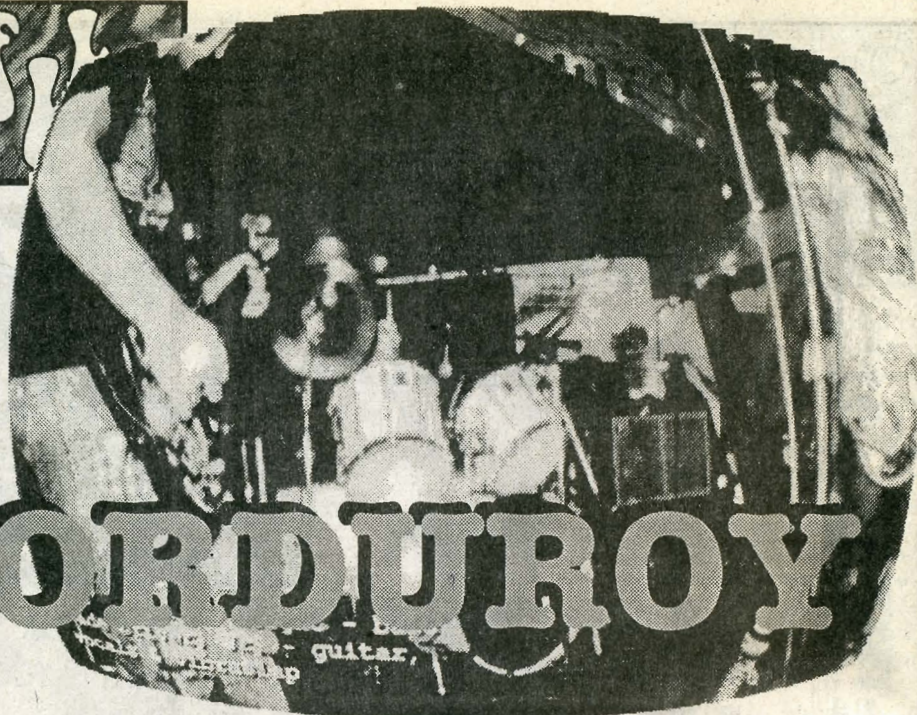


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BAND PROFILES



CORDUROY

I don't know how I wound up at the Cinema Bar this particular night, but I do recall draggin' a bunch of folks there. It was Tuesday, August 16th and somebody told me that I just *had* to check out this band Corduroy. See, someone somewhere told me that I had to see them because one of the guys in the band used to play in a band that I liked. I'll be goddamned if I could remember who it was or what band but it was a good enough to get my lazy ass out of the house and check them out.

In any case, it turns out that Junior (the guitarist and vocalist) used to play with The Hickoids. Sorry, that didn't ring any bells but I must admit I did like the Hickoids and I can see that he was definitely a major influence in both bands. He even had the corn tattoo to prove it. The rest of the band consists of Gary Gutfeld on drums, and Maximum Gross Weight (Mike) on bass.

I missed the first two bands but got there in time to see Corduroy. The band hit the stage like a freight train. It was a surprise they even made it because somewhere between here and Wyoming they had a blow-out on the freeway and they had rolled their van. Luckily they all survived with minor cuts and bruises and it didn't seem to effect there set at all. For the next hour they played some of the heaviest punk rock I had seen in a long time.

I really hate to compare bands to other bands but there music reminded me of early Nirvana with a sense of humor instead of a

sense of depression. Catchy songs with clever lyrics put to melodic and steady music. I chose not to take the safety seats in the back like I usually would under these circumstances. I sat right in front of the speakers and I left the building with a ring in my ears whistling one the many songs they played.

The band made the mistake of asking what the crowd what they wanted to hear. Of course, part of the crowd shouted for "Freebird" but the rest of the crowd gave them the Utah answer for "Country Western." The band preceeded to whip out a killer version of George Jone's "Must Been Something" which brought a tear to my eye. Just about last call time they said they would play one more song so they blessed us with their rendition of Elton John's "Rocket Man."

Before the kind folk at the bar threw my drunk ass out on the street I had a chance to talk to the band. It seems the band is still waiting for some way to get their music to the masses. They hail from San Francisco and spend all there time playing music and keeping food on their table and a roof over their head. They were a sharp outfit with great stage presence and great stories to tell. I didn't hear their CD until after I saw them play. I must say that I liked their live set better. However, the CD is good and should be checked out. It is available through Truckstop Records at P.O. Box 460402, San Francisco CA 94146-0402. Send them a post card and ask them for their killer recipe for Boffpops.

—Less Nessman

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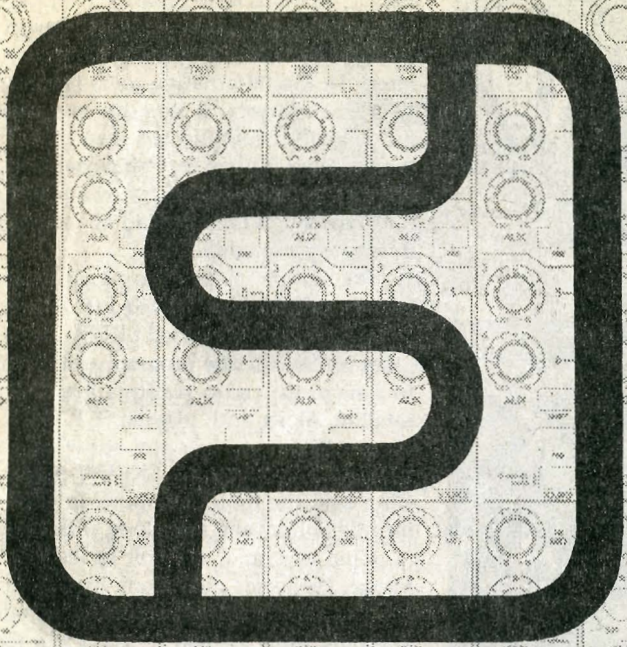
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CONCERT PREVIEW



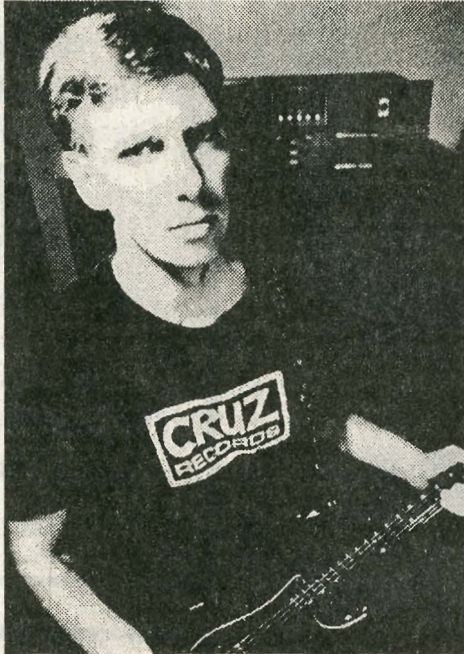
DROWN and **FOR LOVE NOT LISA** at the **CINEMA BAR** on **SEPTEMBER 6**

For Love Not Lisa is a hard working band that spends most of the time on the road. They are becoming a fixture at local clubs and by now their chops are honed to a fine edge. They started out in Oklahoma and moved to Los Angeles looking for a big break. They got the break and were signed to East/West for one album. After East/West dropped them they ended up on Merge where they continue to this day.

Drown was here opening for White Zombie at the lake. This time through they bring the noise to the cozy confines of the Cinema Bar. For an idea of what they sound like ask Dave Ogilvie of Skinny Puppy. "Heavy" is a term which is often used, misused and abused...but it is the only word to describe Drown." Ogilvie should know he produced their album. They formed in Los Angeles during the year of our lord 1990. They were "discovered" by Elektra A&R director Michael Alago, who is responsible for signing Metallica and White Zombie to the WEA family.

The album, *Hold Onto The Hollow*, was released early this summer. Love and life haven't been kind to the gents of Drown. They took their frustration and anger out on their instruments and recorded an album of noise that blends metal with industrial. "Our emotions are really intense and passionate," says Lauren Boquette, the bands lead singer. "We're a concept band in that we're always feeling (hurt) by someone. I couldn't picture myself writing 'Shiny Happy People.'" Rob Nicholson, bass guitar adds, "The record

explodes. It rips your head off." They proved themselves at Saltair, can they translate the act to the small stage?



GREG GINN and **TRANSITION** At The **CINEMA BAR** on **SEPTEMBER 13**

So what has Greg Ginn been doing for the last seven years? In a short phone conversation I asked him. After Black Flag broke up he concentrated on the music of others - producing, operating the labels and running the businesses. He never quit playing music. "I played in private, playing music for myself without having to deal with everything that goes with the industry side." He continued to develop his guitar skills and write songs.

About two years ago he built his own studio and got his current band together. Along with Ginn are Steve Sharp on bass and Gregory More on drums. They've played together for the last two years and have done some live shows. This is the group Ginn will bring with him when he visits the Cinema Bar. Ginn enjoys playing with a variety of different musicians and the touring group isn't always the same as the recorded one.

Besides running three record labels, producing others records and recording his own Ginn had his own radio show on KWIZ in Santa Ana. Titled SKREW Radio the program featured Ginn in the persona of Poindexter Stewart, a wimpy, whiny, and slightly hyper radio personality and alternative rock musi-

cian. "The character is modeled after the most irritating person I can imagine. It started as a parody of what I see as the superficial elements in the (alternative rock) record business. The character is lazy, but expects a lot. But it's more complicated than that. That's the starting-off point for Poindexter Stewart. I also try to make a lot of my own points with it, even though they're kind of coming from this lame personality."

The station changed to an all Asian format and Ginn was "kicked off" the air. He has plans for a syndicated SKREW radio program in the fall. The program will be offered to non-profit radio stations hopefully via satellite. Along with playing SST, CRUZ and New Alliance artists the show will have SKREW News and the SKREW phone line. Ginn said the topics of phone-in discussion include politics and sex, along with music.

Ginn is a quiet and soft spoken over the phone. He seems more comfortable expressing himself through his music than talking. The only thing he had to say about the old days touring with Black Flag was, "There were a lot of riots." He made sure to let me know that there was another band appearing on the stage the night of September 6.

Ginn has released a trio of albums and two singles over the last year. The only one I've heard, *Let It Burn*, is filled with catastrophic, distorted guitar and bass. He may be quiet and soft spoken off-stage, but when he picks up a guitar the pent-up anger all pours forth.

Transition recently released their debut on Ginn's SST label. Their disc is an aggressive dose of discontent. The vocals by David Benson remind me of Blue Cheer's Dickie Peterson. The words are understandable and in case you don't get the message they are printed inside the booklet. For a change the nihilism is absent; that doesn't mean they are happy. They don't want to destroy everything; they want to change it. Bits and pieces of heavy metal peek through the hard core now and again, but not enough to ruin things.

The first and second generations of modern punk will share the same stage at the Cinema Bar

STONE FOX at the **CINEMA BAR** on **SEPTEMBER 20**

Stone Fox bill themselves as "eight mountainous melons, yet ten nipples; five pee pees, yet one weenie." Four girls and one boy; he's the drummer. They've been gigging around the San Francisco area for the last few years hoping for a record deal and national acceptance. Brent Hoover, the male and Jani Tanaka, the bassist used to be in another San Francisco combo, the Jackson Saints. Tanaka also toured as a member of Tommy Stinson Bash & Pop. Jorjee Jolt is the singer and pullist for the band. Kimba the White Liar is c

guitar and so is Yvette the Orbit Woman.

They had a song on the San Francisco area compilation *Funhouse 2* in '93. Stone Fox finally took matters into their own hands early in '94 and self-released an album of their music. Now they're taking the show on the road with plans to give Salt Lake's boys and girls a peek in September.



Burnt (Piece Of Mind), their album, is a strange mixture of garage punk, '80s pop metal (think Pat Benatar) and acoustic folk. Jorjee holds the entire thing together with her vocals. On the electrified songs the band is screeching and grinding away behind her in all manner of directions. The one acoustic song, "Embalm Me" is such a straight reading that I'm surprised Rounder or Flying Fish hasn't searched them out for fame and fortune on the folk circuit.

If they can translate this stuff to a stage, and apparently they have in San Francisco, Stone Fox could give the surprise performance of the month. The entrance fee is cheap and so is the beer, it's at the Cinema Bar on September 20. Arrive early to catch one of the many underappreciated local bands, who at this time are unannounced.

SPAHN RANCH at the CINEMA BAR on SEPTEMBER 22



No it isn't industrial night at some local dance club. Instead of spinning records and CDs for the X-96 crowd this Thursday night celebration of summer's end features an actual live industrial band. They don't have guitars and drums; electronics provide the music. Three actual humans manipulate the machines.

They take their name from the former Charles Manson residence and their musical inspiration from films. "The way we laid out the album, we wanted the album to flow, almost so that it comes across like a soundtrack. So we put segues in it so it would flow from one track to another," says Matt Green one of the founding members. He is talking about their 1993 debut album, *Collateral Damage*, which AP of course raved on and on about.

Their latest is an EP titled *The Black Mail Starters Kit* and it continues the hard, grinding pounding wails of the first. Rob Morton was the second founding member of the original line-up. Since then they've added vocalist Athan Moore, who appears on the new EP and will tour with them. Spahn Ranch is much harder and faster than the town favorite *Machines Of Loving Grace*. They are even harder and faster than *Sister Machine Gun* who played here in July. It's an industrial band that could please the ravers with the high BPM count...except it's live not Memorex.

By Lenny

Gee, it looks like Cinema Bar were the only Promoters who cared enough to send us stuff about their upcoming shows.

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CONCERT REVIEW

and hardcore drinkers. Due to the large number of comp tickets passed out the majority of the audience entered free, they had plenty of money left to spend on drinks.

Many prominent local socialites attended this event of the month. Rockabilly hating columnist/satirist extraordinaire Helen Wolf was there. She was hiding out from the hit squad Z-93 hired after Wolf's sarcastic, tongue-in-cheek announcement that Kiss would appear at

the station's Livestock festival. It seems that many SLUG readers took the news seriously and inundated the station with calls. Some people just don't get it. Publishing tycoon JR Ruppel put aside his mouse and doghouse bass long enough to generously give his writers their pay in beer. Broken Hearts Andy Bellanger, Lara Jones, Tim Huntsman and Jerry Cochran mended long enough to leave their homes. Tag team swing dancing partners and advertising executives Ann and Wendy dropped their strictly business daytime leathers for more casual shorts and tops.

Speaking of leather I spotted leather brained music hack Wa cowering in a corner. He was packin' heat and pepper mace. He told me that he fears for his life after a skatepunk threatened to kill him with an empty can of Krylon for "crumbing on" the Offspring. Restaurant owner Ramone was there and so was record store executive Pablo. The crowd had 'billies, hippies, punks and even the blues trio Too Slim and The Taildraggers laid over in Salt Lake City to attend the party.

The combo on stage dressed as if they'd stepped from the set of the Andy Griffith show. They took the vintage clothing fashion trend to new heights. Wally Hersom, the stand-up man looked like the high school geek from a '55 yearbook photo. On guitar was Ashley Kingman appearing as the JD in an old health movie who passed auto mechanics and nothing else. Drummer Bobby Trimble was the slickest of the bunch, next to Big Sandy himself. Trimble wore a shiny red shirt and vintage tie. Steel player Lee Jeffriess was the honky tonk hero of the group.

From this five piece band came the sounds of an old-fashioned barn dance. Almost from the beginning the floor was filled with swing dancing couples. Girls paired off with girls and boys paired off with girls, I didn't see any boys pairing off with boys, the single boys on the floor danced with themselves. For close to three hours, only stopping for a short intermission, Big Sandy and His Flyrite Boys kept the joint jumping. They played songs from their new album, did some covers and a few new tunes. The club was not jam packed, neither was it empty. In spite of write-ups in almost every paper in town the Sunday night scheduling must have had something to do with the sight of only a few new faces. The balcony level of the Zephyr was empty. Every one in attendance wanted to be as close to the action as possible. Most saw Big Sandy the last time through and rain, snow or blistering heat wouldn't have kept them from the return. The curiosity of the night was the complete lack of Wrangler-wearin', big-buckle-sportin', hat-tippin' cowboys tottering around on high-heeled ostrich-skin Tony Lamas. I guess "Indian Outlaw," "Boot Scootin' Boogie" and "Reggae Cowboy" are as close as these folks can get to the true sounds of country swing. Too bad, because they'd have received the shock and pleasure of their lives.

The high point of the entire night came when Big Sandy invited Jerry Cochran, the Broken Hearts boy wonder fiddle and steel guitar man, onto the stage to bow a little. Cochran sat in for two swing tunes and he held his own with Orange county's best. He returned to the stage for the closing song and added his fiddle breaks to the guitar, bass, steel and Big Sandy's incomparable vocals.

Big Sandy likes Salt Lake City and Salt Lake loves him. He'll be back. Next time I hope that whatever club invites him throws down some sawdust and stacks hay bales around the floor for the dance. Hee Haw.

By Willie Wheels



Big Sandy Returns

On Sunday, July 10 Big Sandy and His Flyright Boys paid Salt Lake City a return visit. As I left the club after the show I couldn't help but think of Wanda Jackson's party trilogy, "Let's Have A Party," "There's A Party Going On" and "Didn't We Have A Party." This was not a simple club appearance nor was it a typical Zephyr club night. On Sunday the Zephyr suits and ties were preparing for their day jobs, they were safely tucked away in their beds. The club was filled with Salt Lake City's underground rockabilly/western community



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NOTES FROM THE GARAGE PILE

PART TWO

It's been several months since garage-punk appeared in these pages. There is a stack sitting next to me waiting for the full treatment. It's impossible so here's the quick and dirty enlightenment. Ordering information finishes.

Cruddy Record Dealership The Cruddy Record Dealership operates out of Seattle, Washington. They sent some EPs for consideration. The first titled, **Ultra Punch Deluxe**, has one song each from **The Bunnys**, **Thee Headcoats**, **The Untamed Youth** and **The Phantom Surfers**. It's all surf inspired instrumentals. The Bunnys, from Japan, add farfisa organ for that sci-fi feel. Thee Headcoats take the use of reverb to new heights, The Untamed Youth go psychedelic with special emphasis on the drums, and The Phantom Surfers use of pizzicato guitar running with the bass is a trip back through time to Salt Lake City's own teen hangout of the early '60s the Surfside club and the house band the Surfside 5.

The **Boatrampmen** have an ep titled "Rampage!!!" Their songs are dedicated to life lowering boats into the water. They have a spoonful of surf guitar, the influence of the water you know, but the use of farfisa and blues harp is pure garage passing through Tex-Mex on the way to Boston by way of Bo Diddley. Their record is a rave-up without trance and programmed beats per minute.

The next three are from Estrus. **The Woggles - TeenDanceParty** The Woggles like dancing, the cover has photographed instructions on the exterior which continue on the interior. Manfred "The Professor" Jones is a graduate of the Sky Saxon vocal school. The school is a private academy, creativity is emphasized not stifled as in the public system. So along with Saxon comes Roky Erickson and Jello Biafra all thrown together with Jones own creative refinements.

The Woggles write original songs, they aren't interested in recycling Pebbles and Boulders material. Grounded in the American blues of Wolf, James, and Hopkins, sifted with Diddley, stirred with Yardbirds/Pretty Things/Them then returned to America for added yeast in a '60s garage and allowed to rise and ferment in storage for 30 years the result is "Where the Action Is" '90s style.

The Mono Men - Sin And Tonic I've written of The Mono Men and Dave Crider in the past. They along with the A-Bones are at the top of my list for bands I'd most like to see in Salt Lake City. This is their latest. When I read the debates in the pages of SLUG and the rag from the back of a Kenworth cabover about what is punk and what is sell-out etc, etc, on and on into boredom I just laugh, place the Mono Men into my stereo and crank the damn thing so loud that I can't hear the landlord upstairs pounding on the ceiling. Here's your punk rock dickheads. This shit is buried so deeply in the underground that all you tattooed

moshing fools wouldn't recognize true punk rock if a chain draped engineer boot kicked you in the face with it. The history can be traced all the way back to the Johnny Burnette Trio and "Train Kept A Rolling," not to mention the Kinks "All Day And All Of The Night."

Go pick up whatever you can find on the Johnny Burnette Trio, very early Kinks, the Electric Prunes and the first Amboy Dukes album (that's a short list) then come back, sit down my children and listen to the Mono Men. It's punk rock all you poseurs have never known. You want powerful music and a mosh pit as you've never seen before bring this band to town!

The Fall-Outs - Here I Come And Other Hits Whoa, hold on missy I can't rock that fast. OK, don't slow down, "Here I Come." No "Sixty Minute Man" here, this is a "white boy trio." They can finish in under three minutes. Give them less than a second and they are right back in the saddle for

another ride. The experience passes in such a rush and at such lightning speed that the morning after is, "Did we really do it 17 times in under 32 minutes?" Then the memory, and the basic three chord bump and grind re-enter the brain. I'll love you forever if you can "play" that fast and hard for 30 years. Estrus sent me more than I have space for. It would take the entire paper. Ask for their catalog and beg them to send their bands to SLC.

B-Movie Brain - Neurotic Bop Compilation Five bands take a B-Movie theme, invent a band personality to coincide and record the soundtrack. Each band developed a trailer to begin their set. **The 3-D Invisibles** are the horror movie act. Their five songs ride the track laid by the Cramps, Talv Falco and Eugene Chadbourne in his Psychobilly persona. Call it garage rockabilly in a haunted house. **The Zombie Surfers** do horror surfing in the black waters of Transylvania Lake. This band has Crotch Face on the sax, which is a welcome addition to the absolutely necessary reverb and pizzicato picking. The zombie vocals are a spine can play. "A-Bone" is done voodoo style - a drag

chilling touch and they race through a graveyard.

The Kaos Killers are spys. Not quite James Bond types, they are more in the class of Inspector Gadget and Maxwell Smart. They open with a wacked out version of the theme to "Get Smart" then head over to CONTROL. Soundbites, blistering guitar leads, organ and sax fill their contribution. All are played with maximum love and dedication. The beautiful bikini babes with weapons hidden in their cleavage can't fool this trench-coated group. **Screaming Savage and the Cavemen** take the prehistoric approach. They also have horn and ivories on board. This band of raw-meat-eaters open their set with a cover of "Action Packed." You all know the tune from Rhino's two disc rockabilly compilation don't you? Not quite the teenaged hillbilly cat version I'm familiar with, but well done nevertheless. One, two, three, lets go, the Ramones play rckabilly influenced by John Zorn with "I Threw My Baby In The Dumpster." Next up is some blazing sax and almost straight jump R & B. The closer knocks me out with reved-up rockably mutated into a teenaged pop ballad. Cool. **The Hellbenders** are the country outfit. These cats found the movie themes disc from Rhino's Songs Of The West box in a dumpster and without any

further knowledge they entered their barn to garage the shit up. "For A Few Dollars More," "The Magnificent Seven," "The Big Gun Down" and "High Noon" are note for note white trash interpretations. "High Noon" is the highlight of the entire disc. Tex Ritter where are you now.

Two more and I'll release you back to your grunge, rave, rap and '90s punk rock filled world. **Think Link - Drink N Drive Records** Six bands, six





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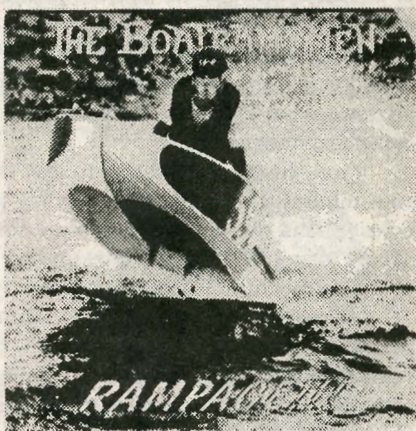
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songs all dedicated to Link Wray. It's a 10 inch vinyl Wray tribute album so don't go looking in the mall for it. Five of the six bands I'm familiar with - The Cowslingers, Huevos Rancheros, Man...Or Astroman? and Southern Culture On The Skids. This is my first listen to The Frampton Bros. Each band covers a Link Wray obscenity staying true to his heritage while breathing new life into dusty instrumentals. The message to guitar gods everywhere is; "if you can't play Link you can't play nothing."

Sundazed Sampler - Sundazed Records
Sundazed Records is like Rhino's little brother. Their catalog is mostly obscurities.



The sampler opens with rockabilly. Their three disc rockabilly set is a must have for any respectable collection. The rockabilly is a small portion of their output. They have enough garage, surf and psych in print to keep you listening for months. The Standells, Tornados, Shutdowns, Trashmen, 13th Floor Elevators and Shadows of Knight each have a song. Also included are true obscurities from The Brogues, First Crow To The Moon, The Del-Vetts and The Choir. The sampler is cheap and one listen will create excitement to discover what this label has to offer.

As promised here are the addresses. You probably can't find most of this locally. Sundazed, P.O. Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12051. Drink N Drive, P.O. Box 771101, Lakewood, OH 44107. Neurotic Bop, P.O. Box 1009, Royal Oak, MI 48068. Estrus, Box 2125, Bellingham, Wash, 98227. Cruddy Record Dealership, P.O. Box 95364, Seattle, Wash, 98145-2384.

by KRLA, King of the Wheels

The earliest postmarked letter to correctly name the source of my pseudonym wins a free Estrus disc. Ties will be decided by a drawing overseen by SLUG hacks Helen Wolf, J.T. and the Fatman, Stimboy and Wa. I'm serious, send the letters.

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LOOK AT RELIGION

Mercy on the Mother of God, did Padre get to listen up on a spicy confession lately. Twas this young lass who was moved to tears telling of a group sex experience. The dear pained teenager was terribly confused by her mixed feelings of guilt and pleasure.

(Some of you Catholics might be abored by the discussion of such a personal trust as the absolution of sin in a public forum, but my intention remains sacred. For the true intent is to draw upon the larger picture in absolving misconceptions of which many are guilty.)

In the dark musky church stall the sweet girl poured her heart out, baffled and unsure of what wrong had occurred.

"It was my idea, Padre and everybody was so fun, kind and loving."

Was it an act of spontaneity my child, a pure impulse?"

"Yes indeed Padre, all night in fact. And filled with incredible excitement, pleasure and passion, I uh, I could not, uh..."

"Do not be disheartened by tears my dear. Naturally you release. In this sad but beautiful world, sometimes our physical bodies must writhe savagely against the barbed wire. With freedom comes a little sorrow. Wash your wounds by theis sadness to help break free."

Then it is okay, Padre making love to so many?"

"Well young lady, you must now learn beyond right and wrong what is appropriate. When you are feeling in the present moment and you are listening within, your own decision will be whole. Along these lines always try to understand the feeling of all concerned."

"Oh Padre, everyone made their own choice freely."

"Very good, but never expect an exact repeat performance. To restage this experience you may fall into the mire of redundancy. Within the tender heart of intamcy, my sweet, purity must remain fresh."

"Thank you Padre, thank you. If there is anything I could do..."

"Go your own way, feel from within and learn each day. May I suggest you go to a nice movie house some night with friends and catch some decent Italian or French erotica. Then find some trees and run about bare breasted and unafraid,"

"Oh Padre, you're so funny."

"Blessings upon you child, go in peace."

After the young woman's steps were heard leaving the old

stone church andt the big oak door closed resoundedly, my heart heaved a sigh of mixed faith. Her tears and sorrow and her youthful passion had left me oddly excited. While my pulse quickened like a cat's, my mind rejoiced that perhaps people could one day learn to co-mingle lovingly. Or be thrashed in the flames. Such a mystery this sexual fire, that both warms and scorches.

In our culture that grades everything plus or minus measures for measure, it is easy to see how easily the cause and effect of sex becomes distorted. All the ballyhoo about casual sex and the only mutually accepted options of any prominence or concensus are abstinence or wrap a rubber around it. People, can work a little with this issue. We do not fail simply by being casual. However, we suffer the lack of joy when we become casual, deaf, dumb and blind. Conversely a deaf, dumb and blind person might be casual and still be quite lucid, very pleasant. The emotional heat of sexual intimacy cranks up the tailbone meter, okay. This relates to past info stired. The sub of the subconscious loves to burp old fumes, To orientate oneself from an intimate partner in the course of love-making can become a challange. To disassociate oneself from an intimate partner in the course of lovemaking can become a grave misconception.

The big fat patriarch found to have been pokin' little girls for years blames a scapegoat of temptations, but the truth on this dude was he never took the time to soften up to the interior of his now stiff homely wife. The old fart's wolfhound appetite was hardly casual but in fact very uptight. So those adolescent females were subsequently scarred as if wrapped tightly with rusted wire.

How in turn does the morals of casual sex relate to the exploits of adventurous, post-adolescent young adults? Let's address a perspective of mutually consenting adults. What is digested in a number of one night stands can't add up to an impassioned affair of love. Yet is it the role of religion to pronounce for the individual in advance what she or he may come to learn in the steamy vale of sexual experience.

It may be considered that to teach respect of one's identity, one soul might be enough education for a seeker of truth. (The high priest slams the gold cup o' wine into the chosen child's teeth, sayin' "drink of the truth now and at the hour of thy death." The babe simply crumbles its gums bleeding the red of remorse."

No matter how loud the proclaimers of faith clamor, we are a planet of breeders. Spirit will remain our electricity while sex will remain the juice of the river. Can we learn to enjoy the spark of the moment and conrinue to address the vista beyond the hard-on electron. Yo my friends, only way to see to let go the riverbank and be the stream.

And a special blessing to those lucky ones.

—Amore, Padre Beelzebub

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SLUG 8-BALL 94 RESULTS

Thanks to everyone who participated.

First place went to our friends from Colorado, Nick & Sean. They only lost one game! Second place went to Gianni & Vance (cheaters), Third place to Tom & Kat. Fourth went to local favorites Ben & Don. Jaime & Sean swept the 7-ball Club trophy, though they fought hard for Best Dressed, it went to Moondog & John. Jr & Maile didn't place but racked up 47 credits on Kiss pinball!

Thanks to everyone, especially The Prevention of Child Abuse Program.

See you next year,
The SLUG Staff



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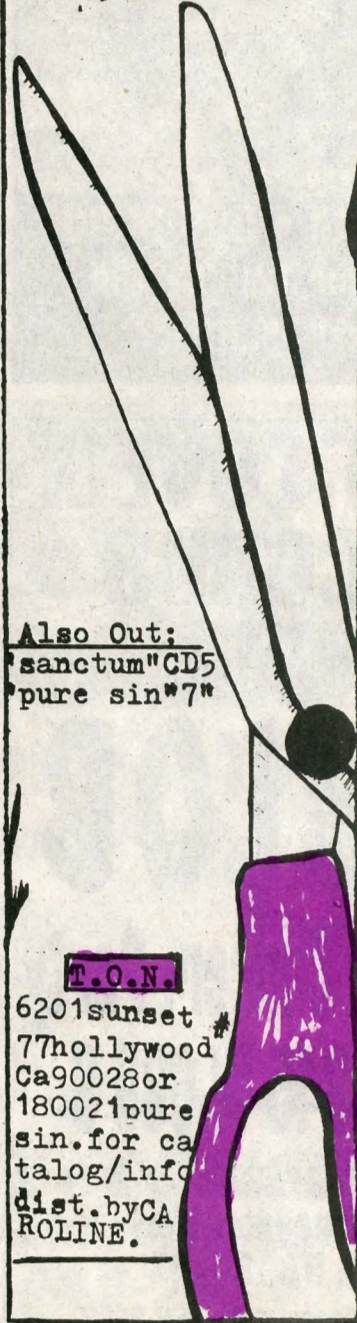
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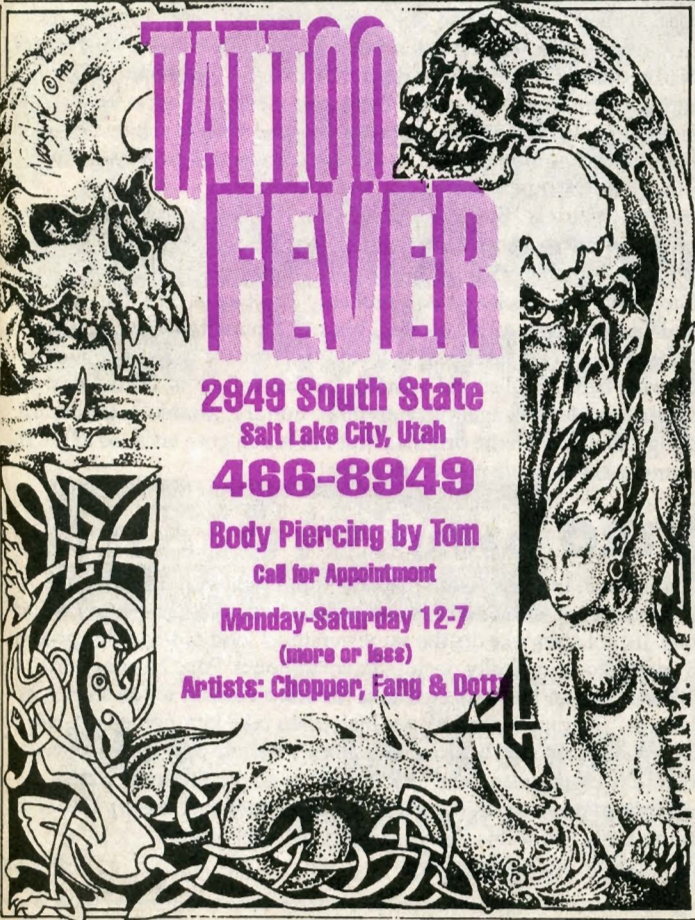
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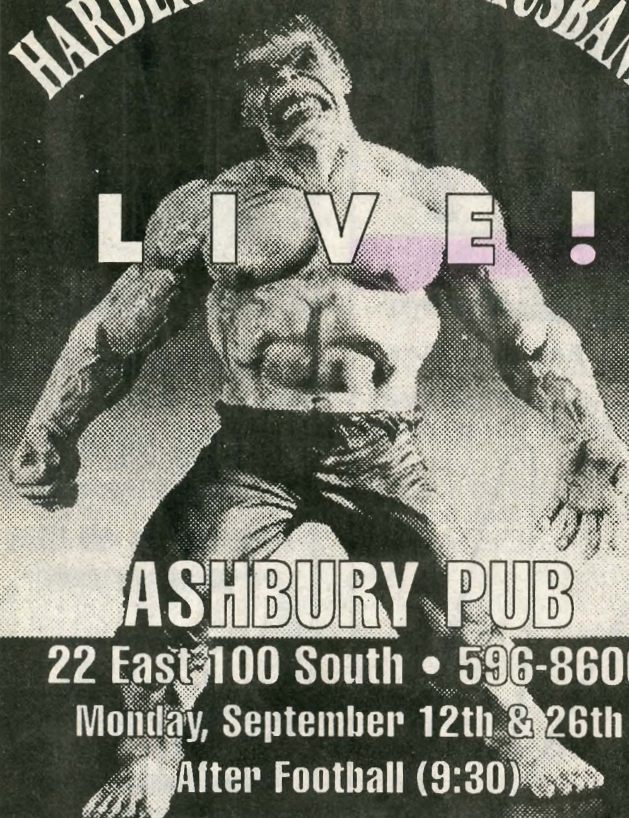


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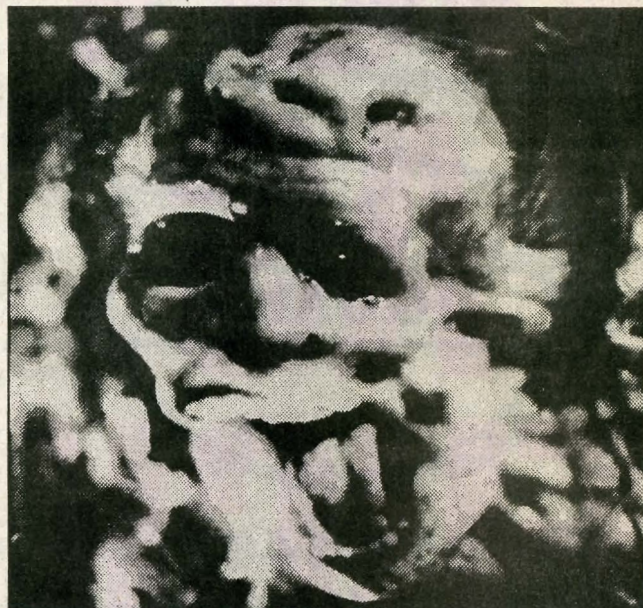
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B-MOVIES



CRITTERS (1986)

A Gremlin-esque horror movie that came out during the cute yet evil little monster era (Ghoulies, Munchies etc.). Escaped convicts from space (called "Crites) head to Kansas for a good time. The Critters have huge appetites, and roll around like tumble weeds. They've got poison quills like porcupines, and they like to hurt people! They attack a farmhouse in Grovers Bend, and a battle of good vs. evil rages. Luckily the Critters are being pursued by two shapeshifting leather-ette bounty hunters. Its a decent movie that is entertaining enough to watch.

CRITTERS 2 (1988)

The Critters are back and you probably don't even care. The first time you thought them all eradicated, but no! A bunch of Crite eggs that weren't destroyed are hatch'in just in time for the easter egg hunt at Grovers Bend. It all sound s awful, and basically it is. Fortunately the whole team is back again to stop those hungry, tumble'in porcupine things. Duller than the original, and not much gore because of the PG rating make this one not worth much.

XTRO (1982)

I saw this in the new release section at the local video shop. Immediately I wondered why somebody would have remade the old one. Its not a remake, its the same version. Good old dad disappeared 3 years ago, and finally decides to come home. Pops has been on another planet. He wants to make his son a convert to the church, at least the Saurian order (ask yer Bish), then take him home with him. There are some cool lizard-man scenes with lots of grue. The rebirth of dad is pretty goeey and sick. But all in all the film only creeps along (not creep meaning creep, but creep meaning creep). One of the finest thing about this film is Maryam D'Abo! Naked!

—B-Zilla



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O'DELL WISH HEN

O'DELL'S REVIEW OF S.L.C. COFFEE SHOPS

When I was 7 years old, me & my grampa would randomly drive across endless winding desert roads in his '58 Merc' Convertible, not talking, or even looking at each other. The smell of dusty roads that only got kicked up once a day, the orange, almost red sunsets so thick you could grab clumps of it & stuff it in your pocket, only to be pulled out years later, when you're asked why you like honky tonk truck drivin music, and you can't just say "Cuz chicks think it's cool"

Anyhoo, this has nothin to do with why O'Dell loves coffee. I could go into another story of a diner in my hometown of nowhereville, and tell of big plank floors and cigarette smoke that never goes away...blah, blah, blah...

but ya'd just know it was bullshit...I'd be foolin myself...Whoa...Hello!...on with my review of S.L.'s coffee shops.

First off, any coffee shop within 3 blocks of the U of U is excluded. I don't have the demeanor to enter those establishments without screaming "Will you people look at yourselves!" Secondly, any coffee served out of one of those Auto-Soylent Green-Coffee-Computers (Brackman Bros) is also disqualified. Any coffee shop not open on Sundays with a non-smoking policy will be bitch slapped with 5 of O'Dell's backward ass country fuck demerits (you know who you are, you worthless bastards) Smoking and coffee are joined at the hip, one and the same, yin & yang, blah, blah, blah...

THE ROASTING COMPANY

Good coffee, great snacks, good enviroment, if you can stand the clientele. Plenty of Range Rovers outside, the bike rack is always full, no shortage of bearded professor types, or those guys who never bathe or shave for months at a time because that is how serious they are about academia man! The Roasting Co. deserves it's respects, cuz it was S.L.'s first coffee shop, but what do I care? Burn in hell weasles. *4 upside down Trailer Houses*

GROUNDS FOR COFFEE

(Oh, great name) I would have liked 'Grounds For a Slow Painful Death' much better. These guys are the McDonalds of coffee shops. They turned into a corporate chain over night & it shows in the coffee. Yuk! This coffee is so mediocre, licking a rock slammed these guys in Karl Malone's Taste Test. The snacks are O.K. I give them *5 upside down*

Trailer Houses.

THE COFFEE GARDEN

Get it? It's a semi-coffee shop/flower shop.Oooooohh....I like this place. Really cool furniture, tasty coffee. I don't know if they roast their own coffee or not, but on a rainy day, you can look out across 9th & 9th and feel like you are in Seattle. Hmmm...is that a good thing? I give *5 rightside up TrailerHouses.*

BEANS & BREWS

Bad name. This plastic lawn furniture thing has got to go. Great plan, let's make people as uncomfortable as possible, so they will get up and leave and not give us any more money. But, they do have the best coffee in S.L.C. They roast their own and it is the only coffee I buy and I go to the B&B on the corner of 9th & 5th because it's the only comedy I have in my life. There is this gang of bikers that hang out there. I think they are called "The Pretty Boy-Living in Demention #17 (The Aaron Spelling Reality) \$10,000 Harly afraid to ride it so somehow I can afford to sit here all day long and look cool gang" ... So stop by, they are always on display. *6 Trailers Up!*

THE CRUX

Almost the worst name. Good coffee, good food, nice people...non rock climbers need not apply. If you don't walk in there with 'The Mexican Federali Double Cross Belts of Caribeeners on your chest, you will get your ass kicked & thrown off the big fake mountain. *3 Trailers Up.*

Some place called **CAPUTO'S GOURMET COFFEE** wins hands down, for the name alone, however I haven't been in there yet. *6 Trailers Up.*

And last and definitely least...

JAVA JIVE

The worst name conceivable. I hate this place with all of my soul. Two words 'Freak Show' The coffee is miserable. Always served at a scalding room temperature, and the foam will always last until the cash register goes ching ching one time. I was in there with this street urchin I befriended, and this beatnik, black turtle neck wearin, black beany sportin asshole was behind the counter. I asked him for some chocolate, please and he rolls his eyes, turns around, grabs the chocolate and gives me three grains worth.!!! "Hey, take it easy Asshole! You are pouring coffee for a living, moron!" You'd think I asked him to change my tire, or clean up the puke out of my car. No! It's this kind of moron who's living in their own little 'Poetry-reading-snapping at cool cats-reading Hess & Jack Kerouac-world.' Well, welcome to the 90's boys, which is why Bandaloops is only mentioned now.

And that is all I have to say about that.

— O'Dell WishHen

DR. VOLTS

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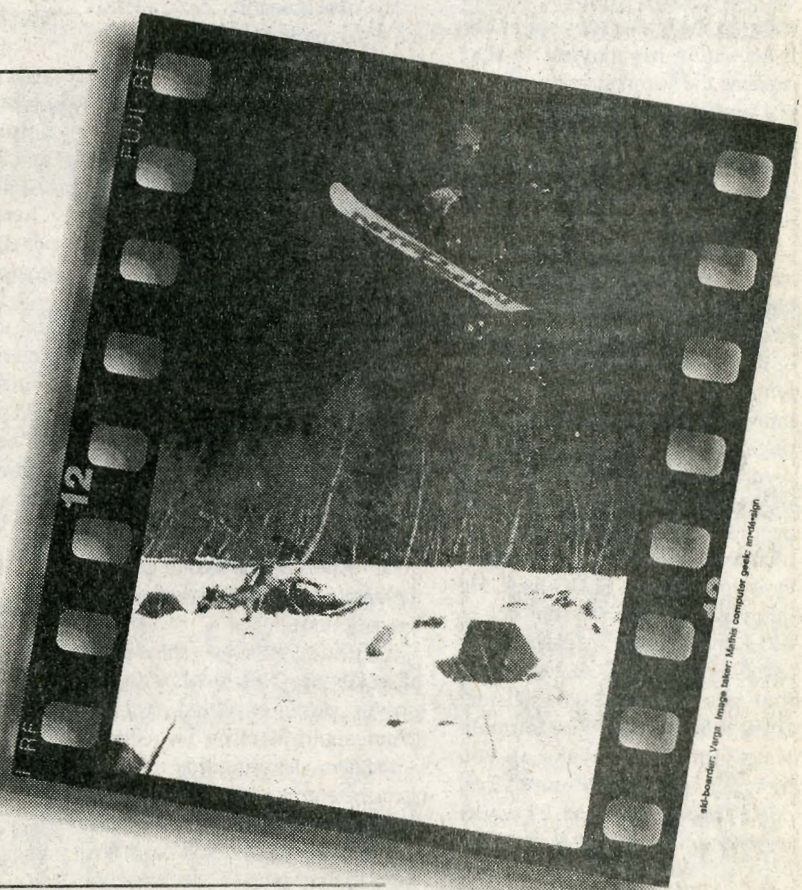
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RECORD REVIEWS

HARRY ANGEL BEEN THERE, DONE THAT! LITTLE GUY RECORDS

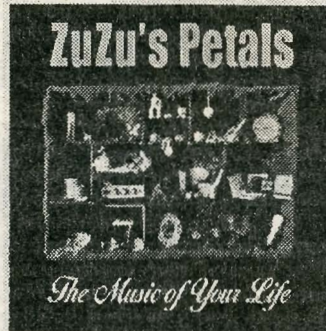
There wasn't a press kit or a bio just a CD and a business card. I gave the number a ring. Barry Carter is a native New Zealander who recorded the CD in Australia. He laid the basic tracks down and then had various friends come in to add to them.

My first impression of the album was that it was a New Zealand band Even with a local P.O.Box plainly listed on the cover this music didn't sound American to me. Barry informed me that I was at least partly correct. For further references read on. The music on the album is reminiscent of the soundtrack to a TV western. Maybe I've listened to the fourth disc of the Rhino "Songs Of The West" box too much, but that is what the guitar reminds me of. The next reference is Dire Straits. The Mark Knopfler trademark from *Sultans of Swing* is all over the place. Mark Knopfler always claimed the Ventures as a major influence in his playing so that explains the seeming inconsistency of a band playing TV western theme music that doesn't sound American. Throw the guitar of Ry Cooder and the songwriting of John Hiatt into the references for a more complete idea.

The harmonica and female harmony vocals from Nick Potts and Linda Meynes respectively on selected songs add to the mystical textures of the music presented. Once in a while the boss down at SLUG throws something completely unexpected my way. This one is good, I'd suggest that Harry Angel get one of these into the hands of the music programmers at KRCL and the Mountain. It deserves a wider audience than a single SLUG hack. He informed me that he's sent one to KRCL and that they are playing it on Monday drive time. X-96 has a copy, tune into locals only for a listen. Barry told me that the Mountain wasn't interested. Wake up you Mountain fools. Just because it's local doesn't mean it isn't good. It's perfect for your format so play it. Look for Barry and his wife playing acoustic sets around town. They will play live on KRCL's Sunday Sagebrush

September 11. For the electric version visit the stores known to stock local music and pick up a copy.

By WA



MAGNAPOP HOT BOXING PRIORITY RECORDS

ZUZU'S PETALS THE MUSIC OF YOUR LIFE TWIN TONE

Two second releases from two bands fronted by girls. Magnapop has gone from indie obscurity to major label obscurity. ZuZu's Petals are still recording for Twin Tone. The first U.S. Magnapop album was released on Caroline. They call Atlanta home and they know Michael Stipe and Matthew Sweet! Don't hold it against them. Two boys, two girls, the line-up remains the same. This time they dragged Bob Mould into the studio to produce. Obviously this band is connected. The music on the new album is basically the same as they produced on the first - guitar driven pop.

The girl vocals can only draw (they already have) comparisons to Belinda Carlisle and the Go Gos. It's not all syrupy sweetness. Someone took a piece of sandpaper and roughed-up the shiny pop. Gritty guitar played by the second girl and a rugged all-boy rhythm section give it some punch.

ZuZu's Petals are a three-piece all girl band. They open with the power punk expected from a Minneapolis band on Twin-Tone. After demonstrating that they can rock these girls settle in and present their gentler side. Acoustic folk rock with three piece female harmony accompanies tales of disenchanting suburban life. After the acoustic set

they plug back in and rock some more. ZuZu's Petals don't take a militant approach. Their commentaries on female experiences in the '90s are sarcastic. They did it with "God Cries" and "White Trash Love" from the first. On the new one "Chatty Cathy" and "Remembering Why" immediately stand out. These girls aren't into the usual thrash and burn that attracts hacks simply because it's done by girls. They can rock hard with the best, but the harmonies, the use of acoustic instruments and missing militancy leave little to offer the tabloids. I believe it's the Chenille Sisters after they became involved with genital pierced boys.

Pop records from the girl contingent. ZuZu's Petals are slightly more abrasive than Magnapop and the recording has a looser feel. Songs from either album would be welcomed on the blandness that passes for radio.

By WA

SPLATTER FROM HELL TO ETERNITY Sector 2

In the ad it says that Splatter "blah, blah, blah-blah Ascension from the ashes of Elvis Hitler blah, blah, blurbage goes here. So here's the review, Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

Unlike the Reverend Horton Heat's new album there is some bass on this album, but the high end is emphasized. I turned the treble down and boosted the bass before the digitized sound was enjoyable. There are still reasons to release vinyl, the major one is warmth. That completes the complaint section.

Splatter plays your basic everyday thrashabilly. Take rockabilly guitar and speed it up to 78 rpm, hiccup out the vocals at the same tempo, add some lighting fast chunka chunka bass, make sure the album has some echo, sing about white trash subjects like cigarettes, beer, B-movies, money, cars, sex and girls, girls, girls and there you have it.

It's a long way from the stylized version of the billy purists love and I'm no purist. Give me that big beat anyway you want to. Swear, scream, and sing about cereal turning your stomach blue. It doesn't matter. With lyrics like "I need love and I'll kill to get it," "I'm sweaty already over you," and "It was love the night I met you and now I wish you'd go away," there is proof on the disc that Splatter actually are from hell. They sold their souls at the crossroads to a

devil with tattoos, pomaded hair, motorcycle boots and riding a Harley. This music has absolutely nothing to do with the '90s unless you are a member of the growing disenfranchised former middle class now living life as a hand-to-mouth, over-educated service sector worker. Throw it in the multi-disc changer with Gene Vincent, Biohazard, the Standells and Man Or Astroman, buy a case of the cheapest beer you can find, turn down the treble, turn up the volume, hit random, get falling down drunk and forget it's 1994.

By WILLE WHEELS



PACHINKO DEEP INSIDE EP RHYTHMIC RECORDS

LIFETIME TINTVS EP GULL RECORDS

GRIMACE' DOGPATCH/PROPELLER HEAD GULL-ASS INC.

Pachinko - Split into an Axis side and an Allied side comes the latest from Rhetoric Records. The Axis side is comprised of muffled, low-fi punk rock that moves at tremendous speed and even gets melodic at times. The Allied side is more of the same. The vocalist sounds like he's singing through a megaphone. The disc is a simple, daily dose of the noise from a car crash pressed onto a vinyl disc. Very nice, pleasant and sure to spend some time on my turntable in the future.

Lifetime - So why does a New Jersey record label feature a picture of a blond-haired punker in what appears to be Moab country? Yours is not to wonder why...just write about the music. Its another black vinyl platter of anthemic power - thrash and burn, disenchantment with a fucked-up life. The vocalist should gargle and do a little yodeling. After three or four listens this circle of processed black gold starts to grow on you. When the rest of the

I had expected Milton Caniff, but what I got was...

attitude

And you'll like it!
In fact...you'll love it!
Here, be smitten with
my gorgeous fist!

LOOK!

OOO! GAUNT!
"SNICKER" OOO!
OOO! OOO! OOO!

HAI! WE LAUGH AT
THE BEAT-UP MAN!

HERE'S A
JUNGLE
WOMAN!

HE'S CLIMBING STRAIGHT
A HARD AND FAST FILA-
MOIR LIQUOR DELIVERY
MAN. HE'S IN EVERY
ISSUE AND HE'S ALWAYS
IN TROUBLE. THAT'S
WHAT HE IS. STRAIGHT?

YES, IT'S ATTITUDE LAD! IT'S A KICK IN THE GROIN YOU CAN FEEL IN
YOUR TESTES! IT'S A BLEG OF THE GOOD STUFF AT FOUR IN THE MORNING!
IT'S A FUNGUS SO CURVACIOUS YOU'LL WANT TO TAKE IT ON A DATE! DUTCH!
YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT ATTITUDE LAD IS...JABY. IT'S BEVED-UP QUIZ-
SQUITTIN' TERPENTER-POOBI! IT'S DETECTIVES AND JUNGLE WOMEN AND
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4 GODSPINE	5 [Smiley Face]	6 DROWN & FOR LOVE NOT LISA	7 [Smiley Face]	8 FOREHEAD 3 RINSE RULE	9 RIVERBED JED MOUTHBREATH	10 24 SEVEN
11 LAST DANCE	12 REACTION & ABAISSER	13 GREG GINN TRANSITION	14 [Smiley Face]	15 3 DAY STUBBLE	16 ENVELOPE & SHOCKING STILL	17 THE OBVIOUS & SO WUT
18 RED HOUSE PAINTERS w/ ABSTRAK	19 [Smiley Face]	20 STONE FOX DEVIENCE	21 [Smiley Face]	22 LOVE JONES QUALITONES	23 SPAHN RANCH & THEY	24 MILK MINE SO WUT
25 LOST PILGRIM & RED#5	26 [Smiley Face]	27 BUTT STEAK SO WUT	28 [Smiley Face]	28 CABARET	29 SUPER AMERICAN & ABSTRAK	30 24 SEVEN
						1 ACID BATH

band joins in for harmony vocals as they do on "Ferret" I noticed that they all should gargle. What is it the "weed" or the stale Drum tobacco? It's another one to stack on the spindle of an antique turntable, you remember those don't you, the ones you can stack records on and play one right after another to your hearts content. In the present you don't need a fat cylinder for the big holes, or even those plastic deals that make big holes small; most in the 90s have small ones.

Grimace - The Diesel hacks say Grimace has an "odd sound" and that the single is "pure stoner music." My interpretation is a little different. Grimace likes a big fat bass; they don't feel the need to play as fast as they possibly can in order to please the surfers in the pit. Diesel hits the mark with the Jesus Lizard comparison. I believe Chicago has the patent rights to this sound and Grimace had better pay the royalties. If they don't Albini will pull out some Big Black records and Touch 'n' Go will sit them down to listen to Girls Against Boys, Tar and the above mentioned Jesus Lizard. No, they don't sound exactly like any of them. It's a bass heavy, grooving jam session and the vocalist sings. Not a bad job from this group of Denver residents.

By WA

ROB RULE

ROB RULE
Mercury Records

Rob Rule was formed by guitarist Robbie Allen, who passed through the Red Hot Chili Peppers as a guitar tech before this gig and drummer James Bradley Jr. from Mary's Danish. The group also includes David King on guitars. They take the swirling dervish guitars and monotone vocals of Pond to mainline accessibility. Have a listen to "Never" on Rob Rule's debut and compare it to Pond's "Young Splendor."

I'm not saying they copied Pond, that band is far too obscure for anyone to go around stealing their style. Maybe it's the similarities in the singing voice of Rob Rule's vocalist, Edward Anisko and Charlie Campbell of Pond. I have a press release right in front of me and a cover of the Allman Bros. "Melissa" is on the album so I'd better get the rest of the comparisons out of the way. The press release has this to say of Rob Rule, "they all share similar inspirations, with a love of roots-or-

iented, melodic, guitar-and-keyboards-based, southern-flavored Anglo pop-rock demonstrated on their self-titled debut."

The press release goes on to cite influences such as Savoy Brown, Bad Company and the Stones. Now if you've heard the Allman Bros. latest and you remember the boogie-blues of the above mentioned bands you've already stopped reading. Too bad because the boggie is missing. The music is definitely rooted in 70s Southern rock, but the boys in the band take it past all that. It's not "Freebird" and it's not the funk of the Peppers. It's an album of guitar rock, with some keyboards and acoustic instruments thrown in. The complete package is vaguely familiar, but it is impossible to determine where you've heard this music before - because you haven't. It doesn't fit the classic rock tag, it's a little too smooth for alternative, (what am I saying, some think Counting Crows and Lenny Kravitz are alternative) Rob Rule risks being lost in the shuffle because they defy narrow-casting. They pretty much have been lost in the shuffle and that is why there's a full page ad for them in this paper. The boss tortured me by forcing me to listen to Steve Perry and Boston until this was finished.

By WA



IZ
Infinite Records

IZ is apparently a band from Denver. They sent the best thing I've heard all month. Their CD opens with a ditty entitled "Candy Man." It isn't the old Sammy Davis Jr. nugget. This Candy Man is an instrumental tune you might hear the Barnum and Bailey band launch into during the elephant parade.

Ever since Cody (Not To Be Confused With Birdman) sent the death threat letter I've been disoriented and filled with fear. The boss gave me a press release to go with this CD, but in my confused state I lost it. IZ's

bio is gone. I don't need a bio and press release to copy from although from my recent output you could never tell.

IZ exists outside the realm of your common everyday punk rock band. I'd say they've spent considerable time listening to the free jazz experiments of John Zorn and the late Sonny Sharrock or maybe they're just into Primus. Unlike many of their contemporaries IZ live in the world of production; not the service economy. Their song "Sixes" reminds me of the high-tech world of modern manufacturing. It is a science fiction world with human robots wandering about as slaves to the machinery.

IZ is comfortable enough with their instrumental ability to stray off into long jam sessions verging on complete improvisational, instrumental rock. I've referred many times to the work of Savage Republic, Human Hands or anything released by the Independent Project label during the course of my tenure as a SLUG hack. I'd say the vast majority of the readers still don't get the reference. I'll give the address of Infinite along with Independent Project's address at the completion of this review because IZ is another minimalist art rock band recalling the best of Independent Project's output.

There aren't any pretensions and the angst is at a minimum. What a breath of air this CD is. I'm a little sick of muscled jock wanna-be's well on their way to pot-bellied, wife-beatin' follow-in-the-footsteps of their white trash parents middle age in the suburbs. Give me a few nerds who can actually play and create any day. Write to IZ at Infinite Seven c/o Michael Serviolo, 1100 E. 14th Ave. Denver, Co 80218. To check out the reverences write to Independent Project, P.O. Box 1033, Sedona, AZ 86336

By WA

THE BEAT FARMERS

Viking Lullabys
Sonic 2

Apparently Country Dick Montana is healed (probably by a laying on of hands from Splatter) and The Beat Farmers are back with a new album on a new label. I think they sold out. I think everyone has sold out, including SLUG. Everyone that is except the truck driving hacks up in Logan. They wouldn't touch this with a paycheck from a Japanese multi-national.



The Farmers open with "Southern Cross," a song I believe the Band covered on a Dylan album or was it Dylan on a Band album? No it was an album titled Southern Cross/Northern Lights - just forget it. On the new one they play commercial, derivative rock and roll in an attempt to seduce the CD buying public into believing that they are the very reincarnation of a '70s arena group. Sticking with the Band format with "The Woo-Woo Song" they explore the days before Big Pink when Robertson and company toured the country as The Hawks and played down and dirty barroom roots rock.

The next song is the Eagles, and for \$82 you can see the originators, or maybe not since the show is at the Delta Center. The best songs feature Country Dick. Those days on the road as a member of the Pleasure Barons with Dave Alvin and Mojo Nixon did wonders for his song writing skills. In spite of his throat cancer the guy still pours the booze down his gullet. "Baby's Liquor'd Up," "Gettin' Drunk" and "Are You Drinkin' With Me Jesus" all feature the deep baritone Montana vocals.

The Beat Farmers bend genres with the best. What saves this album from the Sonic Garden, "God I hope Troy will give me a buck for this," pile is that loveable sense of humor in the songwriting. After close to ten years of existence the Beat Farmers have still failed to make the album that fully captures the live experience. Uneven as always there are episodes of brilliance captured in the pits only a laser can read. They are best live, but a wade through the throw-a-ways still provides enough pleasure to make the dollars spent a better value than buying that new Richard Butler disc.

By WILLIE WHEELS

WHY? THINGS BURN

SYMBOLS

TON RECORDS

All I can tell you is BUY THIS CD! It's full of well written songs by vocalist/guitarist R.J. Vasquez. None of which are predictable, boring or hard to listen to. From the cool mood/big guitar sound of 'Lucky #5' to the almost U2/R.E.M. esque 'Help Me' (without the whining) this band holds its integrity all through the CD. Obvious comparisons can be made, but they are done with such a good twist, that you find yourself trying to figure out what this band sounds like. Well, I've figured it out. They sound like "Why? Things Burn". Tracks like 'Crawl' and 'Goodbye' separate these guys from any genre you might throw them into. Besides different is good, especially when it reminds you of something you can't quite put your finger on. So once again, all I can tell you is BUY THIS CD.

-MADD MAXX

STRUNG OUT

ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE

FAT WRECK CHORDS

Fast guitars, lots of caffeine, many drums, lots of hooks, Ashes, Population Control, fast guitars, Broken songs, fast lyrics, E string bombs, Oh-oh-oh-oh's, Unclean centuries of wasted blood staining this wartorn land, breaks, stops, go's, brakes, there's something wrong with you, bass, bass, bass, In harm's way, much energy, noises, the ones you hear in your mind, burnt to the ground, up against the wall, diddley-doodley-diddley, headcase, beer for breakfast, don't question the forces that govern your miserable life, why must we die, hi-hat-boom-boom-hi-hat, screaming, yelling, whoa,whoa, whoa's, cheerios & cigarettes, drag you down to the ground, balls deluxe, take off your clothes, everything's alright, dugga-dooa, Mad Mad World, dirty & raw & in need of a shave, my world came crashing down as I stood aside and watched...Strung Out.

-MADD MAXX

THE WRETCHED ONES

HEADACHE RECORDS

Headache Records deserves a hearty pat on the back for releasing this Oi! masterpiece. 16 balls-out anthems for beer swilling and rabble rousing. It's so fucking refreshing to listen to a band that doesn't concern itself with anything more complex than drinking Schaefer Beer, contempt for school, the bleak outlook of the working man, and who will buy the next round. They obviously listened to a bit of Sham 69, as they directly rip off the chorus to "Hurry Up Harry" as the title to "Going Down The Bar," but hell, if you're gonna rip someone off, you might as well rip off the best. As for the music, these fine gents pump out driving, crunchy, American oi! that would do the forefathers of Oi! proud. Do yourself a

favor and mail order this CD from Headache Records for only \$10.00 ppd. You won't be sorry! (HEADACHE RECORDS P.O. BOX 204 MIDLAND PARK, N.J. 07432)

-DYLAN

THE VANDALS

SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES

TRIPLE X RECORDS

Quite simply, if you don't have this or at least like it, you have no taste and should be caned! This is vintage SoCal hardcore punk. All of the classics are here, starting with "Anarchy Burger (Hold The Government)" and "The Legend Of Pat Brown" then progressing into classics such as the country tinged "Mohawk Town"(my personal all time favorite Vandals song), the Vandals rap/punk hybrid "Lady Killa", everyone's concert fave, the redneck-bashing "Urban Struggle", and "Wanna Be Manor", in the middle of which unexpectedly turns into TSOL's "Superficial Love". This is all interspersed with the bands new, less

impressive material, the highlight being their cover of "Summer Lovin'" from Grease.

A good deal of the fun of this album is the between song banter of the Vandals and an obnoxious, booing, taunting, California audience. At one point they gather women from the audience on stage and play Butt Bongos with them.

This is truly a fine documentation of a band responsible for one of the punkest albums ever, "Peace Thru Vandalism", and oddly enough, one of the best country/western albums ever, the transitional "Slippery When Ill" (none of which, with the exception of the sound check "Goop All Over The Phone" is present here). If any of you saw the Vandals/Frontline/Victims Willing show at the Speedway Cafe (moment of silence please) in '88 you will understand exactly why I feel so sentimental about this band. Buy this or kill yourself. Also available on video.

-DYLAN

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PUBLIC ENEMY

THE KING THAT NEVER WAS

Elvis hangin at the Burger Ring, It's doubtful. the real lost Apparitions walk the Pauper Graves on the outskirts of Nemphis, the dried up cotton fields of mississippi or the river bottoms of Alabama.....W.C. Handy, Nemphis Minnie, Blind Jefferson, Robert Johnson & more. Names only the walls of juke joints& street corner gutters still remember for sure, I'll never let die.

Brent T. Leak

A dedication to the forgotten Artist

MICHAEL S. STYLES

Well it's that time again, when those darn Elvis impersonators dust off their white sequins suits, pull out their blue suede shoes and watch re-runs of "Viva Las Vegas" in commemoration of the Kings passing.

I've never understood the hype that Elvis Presley generated, but then I've never understood why people think Rush Limbaugh is a genius. It's extremely difficult to comprehend how Elvis can be acknowledge as the "King" of Rock & Roll, when he had nothing to do with it's creation or it's innovation. It's puzzling to think that while the people who's music he ripped off died penniless, Presley went on to make serious cash and King status. How did this fallacious propaganda transpire? It's called "Manifest Destiny", with a musical twist. This means that European Americans believed they had a providential mission to extend both their territory and their democratic process westward across the continent. Add the musical twist to this and it simply means European Americans had a provential mission to take whatever music they wanted and claim as theirs. In essence, a license to steal. Not all European Americans participated in this practice, but certainly a majority of southerners, closet southerners and idiots had a huge role in its support and execution.

What Elvis and the rest of his southern confederate inbreeds did was administer this musical Manifest Destiny on AfricanAmerican music. Its motive was to



keep segregation in tact, and prevent race mixing which was weakening due in part to black music, thus threatening the tradition of white supremacy in the deep south. I've been to the deep south and I can honestly say, "there's not a damn thing deep about it."

These are the type of people who break off into small groups after viewing a segment of "Hee Haw" to discuss the political implications of Roy Clark's overalls. But I must give them credit on this one, this plan of segregation by imitation was wickedly ingenious and had fixins of a Lester Maddox finely tuned southern political machine. And had it not been for the threat of Desegregation, white southern folk would still be listening to Minnie Pearl Yoddle "Land of Dixie." why waste time singing like negras?

This devious, pre-watergate plan of musical segregation, was executed by a bunch of racist "Dixiecrats" who made the Nixonian Burglars look like penny candy rip offs. All they needed was a average white man, who could carry a tune. They understood that if they could find a white guy, like Elvis, who could, in their eyes, imitate the black sound, they could keep their precious

lilies of the south away from those hedonistic, barbaric, over-sexed, guitar playin negras like Chuck Berry. These are the same ruthless, satanic bastards in ideology, who, in 1957 kidnapped and lynched 14 year old Emmitt Till for whistling at a white woman, and firebomb a black baptist church, killing four innocent children all in the name of segregation.

If we go back through musical history we can observe the pattern of "Manifest Destiny" or musical segregation modernized by these shrewd devils from the south, which has continued into the so's by those who, like David Duke, have traded their Klan ensembles in on Brooks Bros. suits. Here are just a few of the comparison examples I've chosen to demonstrate this musical segregation. (It's important to note that the black artist I'm naming off had been signed to record labels long before their white counter parts) Elvis does Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis does Little Richard, Pat Boone Does Johnny Mathis, The Osmonds do the Jackson 5, Tom Jones does James Brown, Vanilla Ice does MC Hammer (In Vanilla Ice's case the general public was too hip to have some Al Jolson bull-shit like that pulled over on them, progress is being made). Now! for those of you who can't see a pattern here, Artic Circle has positions available.

Two songs which Elvis sang in his early years were previously recorded by black artists. "Hound dog" was recorded three years before Elvis recorded it. It was the No. 3 R&B song of 1953 recorded by Big Mama who died alone in a run-down rooming house in Los Angeles. "That's Alright MaMa" was written by Arthur Crudup in 1948, who died a poor man in 1974, neither one received a dime from Elvis for their efforts. This due in part to those southern boys setting up phoney corporations, which made it impossible to pinpoint those responsible for violating the copyrights of these artist who were swindled. It's just too bad they didn't have my lawyers back then. Two of the most scariest women you'd ever want to meet in a court of law.

The most surprising element in this whole scenario is the notion that many European Americans believed Elvis could sing...and so did Elvis.

Even more wack was the notion that many white folks and some blacks folks (from Provo Utah) thought he sounded black...bullshit...Ray Charles...that's black. But this was fitting givin the enormous amount of money spent on publicity for Elvis. The "Pet Rock" is a perfect example of what a little hype and money can do.

The "Elvis Plan" or the "Musical Segregation plot" has been so successful that even after Presley's death people still see his divine image at K-MARTS and swap meets. Well, just to show you how well the segregation, supremacy plan worked...I swear, I saw

Sammy Davis Jr. at the Wal-Mart on Redwood Road, but when I tell white folks this they think I'm nuts. But it's o.k. to see Elvis at a KMart?..go fucking figure.

Elvis has become such an icon that the U.S. Postal Service issued an Elvis commemorative stamp... I have a thought...why not use those stamps to mail the back-royalties to the artist that Elvis ripped off?

The fact is, unlike the Rolling Stones or Beatles (who honestly had some hip shit) Elvis never acknowledged forth-rightly the artist who's sound he stole. If he had, they too would have been livin large. (livin large is an African-American term which means: rich). Negating these artist relegated Elvis to that of a residential burglar, eliminating the mystique and royalty that surrounded Presley. The only throne he could truthfully claim was the one he died on. The toilet.

There are only two things in life which I would want my friends to keep secret, when I die: The first is this repulsive looking, amazonian, bi-sexual, whom I knocked up due to a keg of Tequila, and who is now suing me for more money than gods got, because she believes musicians in Salt Lake make a ton of money... Duh. And the second: is to die like Elvis...on the toilet. I mean how much did they pay those people to drag his big ass off of there? Probably more money than I'll ever see in my lifetime, if my

lawyers lose their killer instinct.

For those of you who think I'm dogging the King too much, let me say in my defense that, I have no-sympathy for some who says, that "the only thing a nigger can do for me is shine my shoes." One of Elvis's most infamous sayings. This is the real Elvis, who like Nixon, tolerated having his picture taken with black celebrities, only to refer to them as niggers behind closed doors. Which brings us to Jacko, the Mikester, the "King" of pop and Elvis's new son-in-law. Well if turn about is fair play, then Elvis is in heaven right now cryin in the chapel. Heres a question for you psychics, who talk to the King on a weekly basis. What's Elvis thinking while Jacko is knockin the boots off of Lisa? To think of Lisa gettin busy with a negra must really chap his big hide.

I have no contempt for Elvis...o.k...I do...but I do like some of his movies, like...well...hum...I've forgotten the names, but what the heck.

But seriously folks, Elvis was only significant because he served a specific purpose, and that purpose was to segregate Americans through music. Also his failure to acknowledge those artist who made him who he is, is simply the actions of a coward.

Music should be the one element in this deceitful, loathing, decadent society which should transcend racial barriers,

revealing the truth of it's originator and celebrating that truth with all. Music should create a bridge to cross racial barriers, inviting different ethnic versions from across the world. But to simply use music as a way to segregate like Elvis and crew, is Hitler like. As sure as I'm writing this, at this moment, somewhere, there's some backwoods southern nazi who's hard at work trying to carry on the traditions of "Music Segregation" by using the message of White Supremacy and Manifest Destination, with no-other motive than to make a buck. And of course, like the "Elvis plan" some misguided children are going to believe the hype...just like their parents who believed Elvis was the king of rock and roll.

Celebrating Elvis, is like celebrating the heritage of the confederate flag, which continues to hang 125 years after the Civil War. It just don't make no goddamn sense. Let's appreciate Elvis as an o.k. singer and so-so musician, but "The King"? Not.

For those of you who insist on referring to Elvis as the "King" at least have the decency to refer to Big Mama, Memphis Minnie, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Robert Johnson, Arthur Crudupin and Chuck Berry, as Goddess and Gods. After all they created and innovated the music Elvis stole to become King.



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POETRY & STUFF

Desire wracks me
I writhe on a void.
Waves of ultrasonic
screams of frustration
attack my insides

I want
what I love
and I want
what I love
to fill me with satisfaction

Wild thoughts of carnal
cravings
eat at me
I wish that he would
feast on me
and keep my carcass
from the vultures

I want more
than to dowse the fire
with my own wet hands
I want to feel his heart beat
as I grasp him back
I want my flesh to hold

what my heart cradles

And I am impatient
I am so carnal too carnal
I fear I will fuck up.
I hold the most
precious potential lifetime
in my lifetime
in my immediate hands
and I am not content
because of my demanding
desire
my impatient salaciousness
my gluttonous greedy lust

I don't want security
I don't need help surviving
I need passions arms
to grab me and throw me
over the edge of practicality
and the cliffs of insecurity
and fear

I want desires wings and
passions halo
I want him to hold me in

heaven
I want him to be the cloud
my ecstasy walks on

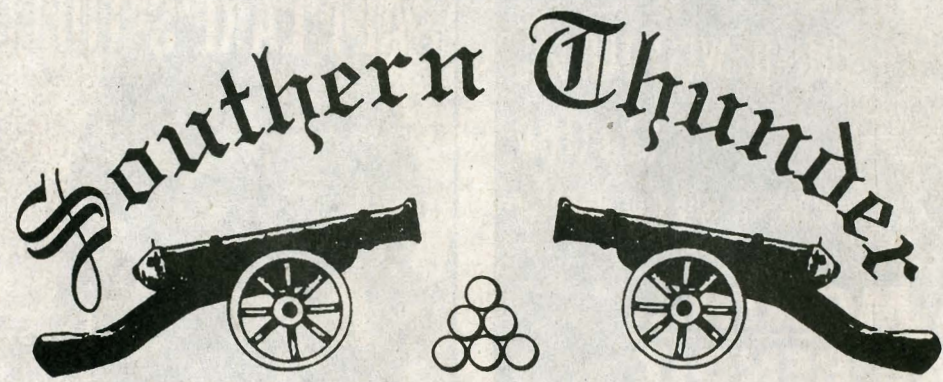
And I am impatient
.....
—D.K.

INDUSTRIAL MOVES
Cogs and wheels and gears
turn
where neurons fire
thoughts burn
an image into my mind
a branding iron
for marking
mechanical parts
a motor runs
instead of a heart
pipes and drains
filled with watered down
emotions
Industrial clatter
breathes heavy in my ear
slave labor of my own
engineered design
dressing in nothing
but escape
plugging into factory outlets
functioning at robotic
proportions
cranking out shrink wrapped
passion
Advertising for a soul

.....
—D.K.

Blind me, create me some-
thing
Make me numb, make me
feel nothing
Save me from the world I
know
And into the one in my
dreams
Deafen me, hold the words
That pain to listen and hurt
to hear
That shudder from screams
And cling to whispers of
things
Things like your lasting face
And the warm touch of your
hand
Each days loss to it's
seeming end
Easy to remember, but
always mislead
And the crying never stops
And the fear does not go
away
Of all the things I've said
Can you hear me just this
once
And let me go this way?

—TLP



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ROCKIN' GOOD NEWS & REVIEW

Volume #1
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POMPADOOR PRESS

MAN OR ASTROMAN?

Salt Lake's
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UPCOMING
CONCERTS

WHO DONE IT...

**August/September 1994
Volume 1, Issue 1**

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J.R. RUPPEL
MUSIC EDITOR
WILLIAM ATHEY
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Hot Off The Press...

Howdy folks! We figured we'd give you a quick explanation before jumpin' into things. See, P.K. up and moved to Arizona and took Put Yer Cat Clothes On with him. So Dave, William and myself decided to keep things goin' here in the high plains. Utah may not have the largest number of Rockabillys or big roots music fans, but we have enough continued support to keep this happenin'.

Since this is our first issue, nobody knows where we are so we haven't seen a whole lot of mail. This month the news is a bit scarce however, we got a little stuff.

The Caravans "No Excuses" is finally available for the first time on a new Raucous Records CD. The album also features the rockin "On The Rocks" EP as bonus tracks.

Chicago's rockabilly scene must really be hoppin' these days. Salt Lake was lucky enough to see Moonshine Willy, and The Moondogs while cruisin' through SLC. Also, Three Blue Teardrops album is now available on Nervous Records, and boy does it smoke!

September 1-5 will be the "Rebels With A Cause" Rockabilly weekend. The annual Lead East will feature over 1,700 vintage cars, 45 bands and acappella groups, drive-in flicks, seminars, etc. This years band line-up will include The Atomics, Ronnie Dawson, The Flea Bops, Three Blue Teardrops, The Razorbacks and more. Salt Lake's Voodoo Swing will not be playing as scheduled due to their recent change. This is one of those events that you wouldn't want to miss, that is if you live in the New Jersey area. We will have a representative their so watch in the next issue for Pablo's reviews, chit-chat and photos. If you want more info about this event call (908) 928-4713 for a brochure.

Here on the local scene, Broken Hearts are still Honky Tonkin, 'helpin' bars sell lots of beer to cry in and makin men think of that girl that broke their heart. Their tape is is cookin' and available at most stores that sell local music. We hope to get organized enough to set up a mail-order for all the local bands here to help get out the goods. The Scoffed are now recording music for Nervous Records whose American Rockabilly CD will feature them and locals Voodoo Swing. Voodoo Swing will continue its hiatus for a while yet while P.K. soaks up the Arizona sun and publishes PYCCO. Before moving to Arizona, Voodoo Swing recorded another 6-song release. It should be available soon.

Burt's Tiki is still the hot-spot for local roots music. Wednesdays features Pagan Love Gods, a new outfit playing a combination of celtic & cajun music, Broken Hearts and House of Cards are now sharing thursdays and on Saturdays, Pepper Lake City takes you all the way back to the roots of music with their traditional blues. Last month Voodoo Swing shared the night of their farewell show with The Flapjacks, from Portland, who stole the show and rocked the joint.

We hope you will enjoy your stay here at the fabulous Pompadour Press Motel, we like doin' this stuff. We sure can use the support of local and out-of-state artists and writers who would like to contribute. A very good portion of these papers get to scattered parts around the world and country so news in any other place is news here. Send us your stuff. We hope to dedicate a lot of our efforts to helping bands get their message out.

We will try to send a lot of these papers around the world but being on a limited budget we may not get too far. Your best bet is to order a subscription, garaunteeing you will see the paper and helping us get more papers out.

Keep Rockin' & Teep in touch

Mags Worth Checkin' Out

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"Cool Quotes About Elvis"

"He's a great singer. Gosh, he's so great. You have no idea how great he is, really you don't. You have absolutely no comprehension—it's absolutely impossible. I can't tell you why he's so great, but he is."

Phil Spector

"He's just one big hunk of forbidden fruit."

A fan, explaining why Elvis makes her "flip"

"The record that made me want to play guitar was "Baby, Let's Play House" by Elvis Presley. I just sort of heard two guitars and bass and thought, "Yeah, I want to be part of this." There was just so much vitality and energy coming out of it."

Jimmy Page

"I broke down...One of the very few times. I went over my whole life. I went over my whole childhood. I didn't talk to anyone for a week after Elvis died. If it wasn't for Elvis and Hank Williams, I couldn't be doing what I do today."

Bob Dylan

Elvis had animal magnetism. He was even sexy to guys."

Ian Hunter (Mott the Hoople)

"Elvis came to my Deer Lake training camp. He told me he didn't want nobody to bother us, he wanted peace and quiet. I don't admire nobody, but Elvis Presley was the sweetest, most humble and nicest man you'd ever meet."

Muhammed Ali

"He taught white America to get down."

James Brown

In his heyday, when he was really hot, there was an explosion of energy between Elvis and his audience. I wasn't a wild fan of Elvis's, but put the man onstage doing his music, and you got something more powerful than the sum of its parts. You got magnetism in action. Maybe it was sexual, I don't know, but if ever a performer could get up onstage and turn a crowd into crashing waves of energy, it was Elvis.

Yet Elvis couldn't really whip up a Las Vegas dinner-show crowd on a regular basis. I went to see Elvis one night on the Strip and I...thought: What is going on here? There was Elvis up there working his ass off, and the crowd was just kind of politely exhausted. They clapped and whistled, but you couldn't feel them giving anything back. I felt like jumping on top of a table and yelling, "Hey everybody that's Elvis Presley up there! You should be jumping up screaming."

Willie Nelson

"I wouldn't let my daughter walk across the street to see Elvis Presley."

"I believe I will see Elvis Presley in Heaven."

Billy Graham

**Taken from "Elvis! The Last Word"
by Sandra Choron & Bob Oskam**

POMPADOUR PRESS CONCERT REVIEWS

Moonshine Willy at the Dead Goat

What an embarrassment for Salt Lake City this gig was. A grand total of six individuals

attended the show, and that includes the soundman. To be quite honest I just don't get it. This was not a rockabilly band and they were never billed as such. I can understand why the 'billies didn't show up, although they missed an entertaining band anyone with a love for rockabilly should have enjoyed. This town has long had a thriving folk and acoustic scene along with a blues scene. Country and western is a hot seller in almost any major Salt Lake City store and this form of music also has a long history in town. After seeing them play live I'd say almost anyone involved in any of these cultures and with a semi-open mind would have enjoyed Moonshine Willy.

The music I saw played live doesn't fit any narrow category. I'll begin with a description of the musicians appearing on the Dead Goat stage. On slap bass was Mike Luke. He is similar in appearance to our own Junior from Voodoo Swing. He's tall with tattoos and he was wearing Levis cutoff at the knees, high-top black Chuck Taylors and a backwards baseball cap. He has a deep bass voice which he used not nearly enough and he slaps the bass with many of the best I've seen lately. On acoustic and lead vocals was Kim Doctor. She was dressed in coveralls with a black T-shirt whose logo was hidden. She has a beautiful singing voice and her stage presence and use of the acoustic is similar to the methods Big Sandy uses to lead his band. On electric guitar was Nancy Rideout. This girl is another extraordinary picker. Reportedly she plays a pretty mean banjo too. I missed the banjo songs while engaged in an 8-ball grudge match. Unlike many guitar heroes she is not flashy. At the Dead Goat she spent most of the night hiding behind a pole. She doesn't play rock guitar. Her playing is so understated that it nearly goes unnoticed until she lets loose with a solo or bridge that would drop Roy Clark's jaw. On drums was Rob Miller. He is heavily involved with Bloodshot Records, a label you'll hear more from soon, and he writes for Original Cool, one of the better 'billy fanzines I've seen. His playing is very similar to that of our own Max of the Broken Hearts. Never overpowering and without soloing he keeps the rhythms going with spare fills and swing.

After listening to the first set I was talking with Miller and Doctor. I said the music they played in the first set reminded me of folk music or even pop standards from the '40s. Look up Les Paul and Mary Ford or the Blue Sky Boys and the Delmore Brothers for the references. This seemed to piss off guitarist Rideout and she avoided me the rest of the night. I can't help it. Doctor's voice, those incredible minimalist yet inspiring guitar licks from Rideout and the quiet slapping and drumming of Luke and Miller along with Doctor's vocals reminded me of old 78 rpm records. It was beautiful and fits squarely in with the western beat scene I've heard so much of lately.

The second set rocked harder and included songs from the band's demo tape, the one song on the Bloodshot compilation and I'm sure songs off their soon to be released album and limited edition forthcoming 45. As I said at the beginning, this band is highly entertaining, they have no pretensions, no poseur attitudes. They are down home folks playing country music as sweet as anything from the genres heyday. Say Gram Parsons, the Flying Burrito Brothers and early Nitty Gritty Dirtband combined with the Carter Family, and the aforementioned Delmores and Blue Sky Boys. Throw the punk rock backgrounds in for a bare idea.

Everyone's looking for the next trend. What will be hot next week? This about the fourth resurgence of country music I've seen. The old billies moved to country when the music died, the hippies embraced it when corporate rock reared its ugly head, Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings created outlaw country, punk rock and the rockabilly revival spawned such as Rank and File, Jason and the Scorchers and Lone Justice; now we have a new rockabilly revival in full swing combined with a country beat scene which includes post punkers Al Jorgenson, Chris Connely, John Langford and bands like Uncle Tupelo, Killbilly, the Bad Livers and the Palace Bros. I hoped for better from this town. We have or had too of the best bands in the nation right here. Voodoo Swing may have broken up but they will be legendary worldwide. The Broken Hearts remain and I expect them to shake this town up. One of the top alternative country bands hits town and six people show up? What the hell is wrong with you people?

By Wheels

**We Should Hear From You...bands, record
producers, fans, collectors whatever. Bands
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Feature

MAN OR ASTROMAN!

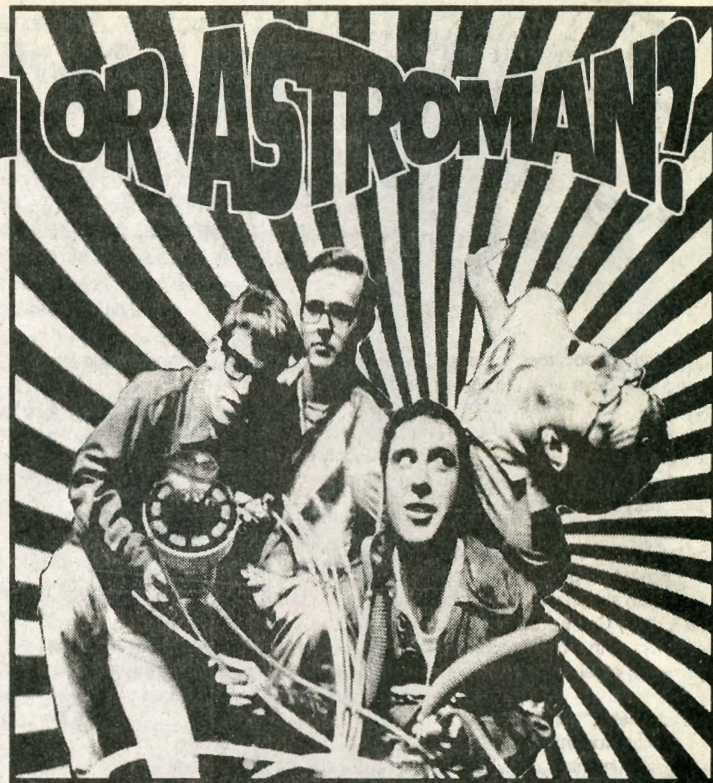
Man Or Astroman put on one of the most entertaining shows in recent memory on August 6 at the Cinema Bar. As advertised they are a surf band from outer space. They filled the stage with all manner of science projects and engaged the crowd with a tight set of reverb drenched surf music combined with special effects from the garage that actually functioned on occasion. Curious to learn more about this group of aliens I called their headquarters.

Man Or Astroman crash landed on this planet a little over two years ago. According to Brian, the earth name he uses and whose true identity will remain a mystery unless you purchase Man Or Astroman products, they have been in a Cilligan's Island state ever since. They can't get off this planet. Their original home was in Grid Sector 23B which is loosely based around Astroman 7. They cannot claim a home planet because they were all space station kids. They ran away from home and are now trapped on Earth.

One of the biggest problems Man Or Astroman has is their need to use "Earth Boy" bass players. The latest in a long succession was Dr. Deleto. He has left the group to pursue a career in experimental medical science. He wants to find a cure for cancer. Man Or Astroman is currently in the process of testing a new bass player. The testing involves various forms of torture including throwing Chinese stars at him. The cosmic line-up change reportedly will be completed in the next month.

Collectors on Earth are informed that Man Or Astroman has so far released two LPs, also available on CDs, one 10" mini album, also available on CD, two flexi-discs, 9 7" singles and various and sundry products using other formats. The latest Man Or Astroman materials are the 10" album and a flexi-disc. The ten inch is titled "Your Wait On The Moon," it is on a British label and the vinyl record is made of glow-in-the-dark materials. The flexi-disc is available in the most recent addition of *Monster International* and it contains four songs of "monster nature."

The live Man Or Astroman show is trip into another dimension. Man Or Astroman claim to live in several. Brian said, "The ninth dimension is exactly like this one except people eat corn on the cob vertically." He thought up the complete stage act Man Or Astroman use in a three and a half hour period. The inspiration came on the same day that he made a "cat prison." After completing the prison Brian rounded up all the cats in his neighborhood and placed them in the minimum security prison. They were sentenced to serve four hours. The length of the sentence was entirely dependent on how long it took the owners to discover that all the cats in the neighborhood were missing.



Brian describes himself as the creepy guy who sat behind you in high school with 12 pencils in his pocket protector and a Trapper Keeper containing a completed data base. He is one of those people who actually filed in his schedule in the Keeper's planner.

In his parallel life in this dimension, which according to Brian is the second dimension, he relates a story from junior high school. On the last day of seventh grade he ran up behind an eighth grader and hit him squarely between the shoulder blades. Later, in gym class, he was surrounded by 12 eighth graders and beaten into a daze. This was the last day of school and nobody needed their combination gym locks anymore. Brian awoke to find a chain wrapped through his belt loops with all the combination locks attached. The experience walking around the halls with clanking combination locks was unforgettable. He had to rip all the belt loops off his pants to remove them and then explain to his Earth mother how he lost all the loops on his pants.

Man Or Astroman recordings are filled with a variety of samples. To date they have never been sued. Brian said they stick with the seven-second rule and most of the samples are so obscure that most don't realize where they came from. There was one incident in their career where a sample was recognized. On their first album they used a sample from their favorite pinball machine in the town of Auburn, Alabama, the earth headquarters of Man Or Astroman. He relates the story of a Chicago appearance attended by a representative of the Bally Corp., the manufacturer of the machine. The Bally man came up to them and began shouting that he was going to sue over the use of Bally sounds. He was only kidding and he ended up buying them all a hot dog.

Man Or Astroman are collectors and archivists of all that is great and wonderful in American trash culture. Star Crunch collects old Q-Tips. Bookman, the roadie, collects celebrity toenail clippings. He finds them in celebrity carpets and reportedly has JFK clippings in his collection. Brian claims that Bookman is the most famous roadie in the world. He challenges anyone to name another more famous roadie.

He also claims that Man Or Astroman have now attained number 7,500 on the fame chart of bands playing the indie rock circuit. He compared Salt Lake to Montgomery, Alabama's capitol city, except bigger and creepier.

Contact Man Or Astroman at their Earth headquarters by writing to Man Or Astroman H.Q. 429, Moores Mill Rd. #4, Auburn, AL 36830.


—William Athey

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ROCKABILLY RAMBLE

by David M. Candland

Talking about roots rock is a passion of mine, so it mildly irks me that not enough people ask me "Dave what are some of your favorite rockabilly songs?" or "Hey, why don't you make a list of some of your fave tunes?" or "Dave what should I buy?" I'll spare them the trouble. The following is a short and largely incomplete list of some of the songs I hold near and dear to my heart. Many of them are obscure too; trust me, if you're perusing the record racks and you come across some of these titles and/or artists, they're all keepers I promise!

"Baby, I Wanna Play House With You" Elvis Presley

Great title, great lyrics, great lead guitar, great bass and Elvis too! Actually all of Elvis's Sun sides are worthy enough to be included on this list, but this one especially. The "Hillbilly Cat" wants to play house and he's not talking about the kind you play during recess or in a backyard tree fort either. One of, if not the first songs to employ the hiccupping vocal style that would soon become one of rockabilly's hallmarks.

"Rockin' Rebel" The Strangers

A right rockin' piece of work that came out in 1959, by this somewhat obscure mostly instrumental group. Raunchy guitar and sleazy saxophone are the recipe that makes for nearly three minutes of non-stop party music. The flipside "Caterpillar Crawl," a tune recently reprinted by Dick Dale on the Hightone label, is also a lot of fun. Very little is known about the strangers except that the leader Joel Hill did some recording in the 60's with that group whose songs seem to make beer commercials more palatable, Canned Heat.

If you ever get a hold of this single on the Titan label, you will be amazed how good it sounds regardless of its condition—my copy is thrashed and even has a hairline crack, but amidst the pops and the surface noise, the fidelity and clarity are brilliant. I cherish this record!

"Take a Trip on a Train" Shakin' Pyramids

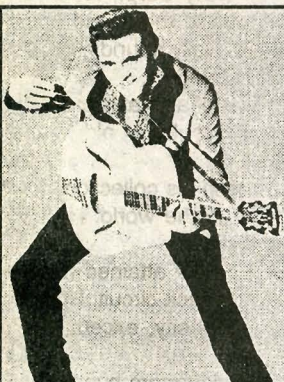
I stumbled upon this group in the mid to late 80's instead of the early 80's when the rockabilly resurgence took a hold in So. California and the UK, and the Pyramids were still a group. Heck in Utah the entire explosion seemed to begin and end with The Stray Cats.

Anyway, there lads from Scotland smoke on this number and get bonus points for not being afraid to let the acoustic share equal time center stage with the electric guitar. I'm told that their first release "Skin 'Em Up" which I've yet to find, has these guys going through songs at blinding speed using acoustic guitars exclusively.

On "Take a Trip on a Train" they tear on through without coming up for breath once the entire song. If The Ramones had an upright bass player, cut and combed their hair, changed their clothes and had better vocals, they might sound like the Shakin' Pyramids here.

"Slinky" Link Wray

King of the one-word song titles i.e., "Rumble," "Rawhide," "Comanche" etc.



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Link has in this record produced probably my favorite of all of his tunes. This instrumental with its hollow sounding drums and saloon piano interspersed with his frenetic trademark guitar onslaughts really packs a wallop. Although it's maybe a little similar and was recorded around the same time as his first hit "Rumble," I think it's a tad more visceral and satisfying...I love "Rumble," so that's really saying something. Bob Dylan said the first time he heard Elvis, "It was like busting out of jail." I felt the same way when I first heard this song and I've never been incarcerated!

"Make A Circuit With Me" The Polecats

So it's poppy, so it sounds like the lead singer has inhaled helium, so it's a novelty, it's also clever, witty and a lot of fun. This Dave Edmunds-produced record which comes from an EP of the same name, fetches a high price in record stores around the Wasatch Front. Besides, anyone who put together the chorus "Diode, cathode, electrode, overload, generator, oscillator make a circuit with me," deserves an "A" for effort.

"Old Black Joe" Jerry Adams

I came across this on an obscure album titled "Rarin' Rockabilly," that featured old mostly previously unreleased masters from the '50's. The liner notes say this song was recorded by a Jerry Adams at an Oklahoma radio station in 1959. The pianist on this record is a teenaged Leon Russell performing under the pseudonym Russell Bridges. The song's lyrics are full of southern culture, and even I can't quite make out the last few words Jerry mutters at the song's tail end, it's got style and fine Jerry Lee Lewis-styled ivory tickling as well. Ironically, the "Killer" himself recorded this song the following year. I had never heard of Jerry previous to this record and I'm sure I will never hear from him again, but that's the beauty and the mystery of uncovering unknown artists and their songs.

"Boogie Woogie Country Girl" Sleepy LaBeef

Part of Sleepy's post Sam Phillips Sun output of the late 60's and early 70's. This is also the first time I had ever heard Sleepy's unique voice or his guitar—I was an instant fan and rewound the song over and over again. The lethal guitar solo at the end alone makes it worth the price of admission.

"Rampage" The Planet Rockers

Ever wondered how a song would sound if it was one continuous non-stop guitar solo? Well this is as close as you're going to get. This Link Wray inspired rocker is part of a mostly live 4-song 7" called "On the Rampage." And what a rampage it is, Eddie Angel should be brought into custody and charged with guitar abuse for this one. His playing is relentless! To borrow a shopworn phrase used by countless other critics, "...destined to be a classic!" I hear these guys are one of Morrissey's fave bands and have gotten good exposure on one of his tours as well.

"My Baby Took a Train" The Paladins

No, not the blues band from So. California but the rockabilly band from up north in Canada. I came across this particular cut on a 1983 Nervous compilation and what a wonderful cut it is. I dare say one of the best raw, bluesy rockabilly songs ever committed to wax...it's that good. With boogie woogie piano, harmonica, nice work on the stringed instruments and both the words "Baby" and "Train" in the title how can you miss?! At close to five minutes long, this may well be the "Stairway to Heaven" of rockabilly. The only info I have on this band is that one of the members was a founder of another fine Canadian rockabilly band The Bopcats. If anyone out there has any further info on these guys or is aware of a longplay they may have put out, please contact me care of this publication.

"Worried 'Bout You Baby" Maylon Humphries and the Tri-Seniors

The only way to describe the way that Maylon and the boys cover this Big Boy Arthur Crudup-penned tune is primitive. Primitive in a good way. Manic vocals and superb instrumentation make this yet another gem mined from the "Rarin' Rockabilly" LP.



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RECORD REVIEWS



MUSTANG LIGHTNING

Texas Voodoo Surf!
Rumble Cat

One of our friends in Denver sent this cassette for consideration. It was released in 1990 and according to the enclosed letter bassist Johnny Stang was killed in a professional rodeo accident sometime after the release. Mustang Lightning never found a replacement. They left Denver and are now playing out of New Orleans. Don't buy the Mustang Lightning CD in the chain stores.

Mustang Lightning were a rockabilly/surf band. The tape is separated into rockabilly and voodoo sides. The rockabilly side opens with "Wild Wild Women," one of only two covers on the tape. It's a nice opening, but the second song is better. "Guitar" is an instrumental combining the twang of Duane Eddy, with surf and trademark Link Wray. They fall off with "Sally," but redeem themselves with the rockabilly instrumental "Double Clutchin'."

The two instrumentals on side one put me in guitar heaven and they don't stop. "Tail Draggin'" is yet another. This time they use the time honored trick of spoken word interruptions (please refer to Wipeout, Tequila, "Woo Hoo" etc.) This instrumental mixes up surf guitar with Joe Maphis. "Hot Chile Texas Boots" is pure 'boppin' billy with inspired breaks. Closing side one is the Hasil Adkins cover "Chicken Walk." Adkins is not a calm man and Mustang Lightning tear things up in tribute. The music on side one stands the test; what about side two? Auto reverse to the voodoo side.

It opens with two instrumentals of the psychobilly sort. Call it old school psychobilly not the sped up modern thrash. They can do that to as "Fighting Mustangs" proves. Surf, garage and thrashabilly are all confused for the third instrumental on

side two. "Cattle Mutilations On I-35" is an extremely weird surf/country/sci-fi/psychobilly tune. This is possibly the first time I've heard country pickin' drenched in reverb with heavy-on-the-echo vocals about Martians. They are not finished yet. "Drug Store Cowboy" is a country instrumental as heard on the ever popular western television series of the '60s. Then these crazed fools head back into Wray/Dale/Eddy land with lyrics describing Hank Williams last ride in his caddy. The tape ends with "Iggy's Back." What else? Garage punk with the big guitar featured all over the album. This time it's of the speed metal type. Phil Deville is held responsible for all the guitar work. Lightning Boy is on skins and sticks and numerous friends sit in throughout.

If you want to add the best and most bizarre to your collection Lance Romance, bass player for Denver's Hillbilly Hellcats has 350 cassettes in his basement. He will part with them for \$8 postage paid. I've already called and asked about the availability of vinyl or CD. I'd like this deal on a more permanent storage medium than tape. Sadly that's all there is. Write to him at 1044 Tomahawk Road, Parker, Colorado, 80134. Call his home at (303) 841-4299 or work (303) 796-8811.

By Willie Wheels



THE COWSLINGERS

Off The Wagon And Back In The Saddle
Drink N Drive Records

Drink N Drive Records? That's enough to get this guzzling fool to at least look at the liner notes. A quick glance inside shows The Cowslingers giving thanks to Man Or Astroman among others. A country punk/rockabilly band thanking those sci-fi surfing berserkers? They both appear on Drink N Drive's "Think Link" compilation. Slap it on the tray and punch play.

First the covers. "Rosanna's Goin' Wild" is a Johnny Cash rave-up. "Raw-Hide" is played with love and devotion. Link would be proud. Lisa Marie and the bleached one are listening to "Mystery Train" in bed; "little Michael" stands at attention for the intensely satisfying speed of the break.

"The Burro Show" is an instrumental with frenzied playing from all involved. It is especially of note for the pizzicato picking from whoever the guitarist of this group is. The most significant feature of the entire album is the guitar playing. The Cowslingers are the ideal companion for Mustang Lightning. Wray, Dale and Eddy seem to have taken over Neil Young's place as guitar gods of the underground. They are all over this album.

White-trash, trailer-park-culture, beer and girls are the thematic focus. The music is of the cowpunk, thrashabilly variety. It's more of the same from the Reverend Horton Heat/Voodoo Swing sub-culture that takes elements from 40 years of music, fuses them together and powers life in the '90s for those of us residing in the growing mixed-up confusion of the garage/surf/rockabilly underground. Search it out. Drink N Drive Records, P.O. Box 771101, Lakewood OH 44107

By Wheels

RED HOT N' BLUE

Havin' A Ball
Fury Records.

RED HOT N' BLUE



Red Hot N' Blue have been around for years. Ashley Kingman, known in Salt Lake for his inspired performances as a member of Big Sandy's Fly-Rite Boys, used to be the guitarist. Red Hot N' Blue probably miss, him but they definitely haven't suffered. On the new disc is Pascal Guimbard, a French master of the 'billy guitar and a harp playing fool.

The album opens with the big beat sounds of "Havin' A Ball," a song to fill the floor at sock hops worldwide. These Teddy Boys know that the 'billy is easily mixed with the sounds of the west. They could teach the so-called country and western artists of the present a little as they demonstrate on "Just For A Day." Guimbard cuts loose on the harp with his time honored train sounds on "Get Back On The Train (94)." Main songwriter, vocalist, rhythm guitar and steel man Mouse Zinn works the peddles for the breaks on "Let Me Know."

Just when you think Guimbard

has memorized every lick Cliff Gallup ever played he and the boys in the band come through with a completely different turn of events. "Bo Diddley Medley" has Guimbard doing trademark shave-and-a-hair-cut Diddley at the same time he blows up a storm on the harp.

For flat out boppin' big beat rockabilly this album is hard to surpass. The harp and peddle steel don't detract from the purity in the least. It's highly recommended and so is everything I've heard on Fury. Smokey can probably special order it for you if he doesn't have it in stock. Or, you can always mail order it from Hep-Cat.

By William Athey

REVEREND HORTON HEAT

Liquor In The Front
Sub-Pop/Interscope

I wanted to like this entire record. I really did, but I can't wholly recommend it. I know I'm probably in the minority here, what with major label distribution behind them, a growing fan base and lots of positive press as of late, this will probably be their breakthrough album.

To start off, this album isn't rockabilly, it isn't even psychobilly nor does it claim to be. While much of this album exhibits the Rev's creative guitar work, a fair amount is dedicated to bland heavy metal chops ala Elvis Hitler. Also, when you have an upright bassist as fine as Jimbo, make him more prominent in the recording process. The bass to these ears is all but totally lost in the mix throughout the whole album. His skills aren't even showcased but sadly overpowered by the guitar and drums.

While it may sound like I'm totally bashing this album, it does have its moments. "Big Sky" sounds like a great theme for some lost western; the ambience throughout "In Your Wildest Dreams" is both mysterious and haunting; clever songwriting in "Jezebel;" "Liquor, Beer and Wine" is an O.K. barroom novelty; and "Five-O Ford" is an above average reworking of "Hot Rod Lincoln." It's just that the quasi metal/punk in numbers like "Baddest of the Bad," and the voyeuristic smut of "One Time For Me," leave me cold.

Maybe the fact that drug addict/wacko Al Jourgensen of Ministry et al., produced this album, or that it's somewhat tired title—"Liquor in the front..." a slogan you've all no doubt seen emblazoned on T-shirts that people wear advertising taverns or bars, should have been ample enough warning for me, I don't know. I'm still ambivalent on whether this purchase was a waste of money or not.

Just when you think Guimbard is justification enough for paying the price of this disc. The Sundowners are still around and they close the album with



"We're Gonna Shake This Shack Tonight" Sid King & The Five Strings

In the United States we rely on the Europeans, especially the Germans, for American music long forgotten by the masses of television addicted illiterates filling the aisles of the mall stores searching for whatever MTV told them to buy. Sid King & The Five Strings are another example.

I tried to order "Gonna Shake This Shack Tonight" locally. I was told that it was out of print and completely unavailable in the U.S. in A. Then a package arrived from Germany. Bear Family sent a complimentary disc. It is still in print, but I don't know how you will ever get your hands on a copy. Try Smokey's or Hep Cat mail order. If they can't get it search the pages of Goldmine, travel out-of-state to a Tower Records, or order direct.

The fat booklet barely fits inside a jewel case. The story of Sid King and The Five Strings begins in Denton, Texas on October 15, 1936; the day Sid was born. He formed his first band while still in high school. The year was 1952. Sid Erwin (Sid King's given name) had a radio show on local radio station KDNT. His early appearances were as part of a duo with John Melvin Robinson. They eventually took the show over and put a band together. Along with Robinson on steel they had Ken Massey on bass, Sid's brother Billy on lead guitar and later, David White joined as the drummer. King said the R & B they heard on jukeboxes around Denton influenced them to add a drummer.

They inherited the name "Western Melody Makers" from Richard Pitzinger, who ran the show. King and the Strings played a steady diet of country music on KDNT. They always included an instrumental with lead guitar/steel guitar duets modeled after Jimmy Bryant and Speedy West. In 1954 they became featured artists on WFAA-TV's Saturday Night Shindig show broadcast from Dallas. Jack Starnes, a Belmont-based promoter and at the time a co-owner of Starday Records, heard them on the show. They cut their first song in Starnes' studio. The results were not satisfactory and the song was re-cut at a studio owned by Jim Beck.

Tapes of the first session were lost. They recorded four songs at the first session and repeated two of them for the second. The discography at the back of the booklet contains the Starday release number 147. I can't find any evidence that the single, recorded as the Western Melody Makers, was ever released. The songs, "Who Put The Turtle In Myrtle's Girdle" and "If Tears Could Cry" are on the Bear Family CD.

A chance meeting did occur at the session. Sid recalls, "There was a restaurant next door to Starday. I went in, sat and had a Coke, and the guy next to me said, 'Y'all recording?' I said, 'Yeah.' He said, 'Me too.' It was George Jones. We went over and listened to some of his stuff — and it was good!"

Jim Beck had played a part in discovering and recording Marty Robbins and Lefty Frizzell for Columbia Records. He played the tape for Don Law, head of country music A&R. Law signed them to a contract starting at the expiration of their Starday contract. The Melody Makers renamed themselves the Five Strings and christened Sid Erwin as Sid King to rhyme with Strings. On December 16, 1954 Sid King & The Five Strings again entered Beck's studio and recorded their first Columbia session.

The first single was the novelty "Put Something In The Pot, Boy." The second was a re-write of Stick McGee's "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee" titled "Drinkin' Wine Spoil Oil." In 1955 they moved to Taylor, Texas gaining a manager, Harry Gaines, and a daily radio show on KTAE during which they announced the venue for their nightly appearances. Neither of their singles reached the charts, but Columbia renewed their one-year contract.

In July 1955 they entered the studio again and recorded four more songs. During the year the Strings played the Louisiana Hayride alongside Johnny Horton, Jim Reeves and Elvis Presley. In their first recording session of 1956 they recorded a cover "Blue Suede Shoes" backed by "Let 'er Roll." On March 5, 1956 they recorded "Ooby Dooby." The song was given to Roy Orbison by Wade Moore and Dick Penner late in 1955. Orbison recorded a demo for Jim Beck who played it for Don Law. Law passed on Orbison, but gave the acetate to Sid King and he worked up an arrangement. Meanwhile Orbison re-recorded the song the day before at Norm Petty's studio for Jel-Wel. The Jel-Wel recording ended up with Sam Phillips and he arranged for Orbison to come to Memphis to record it yet again, this time for Sun.

Both Orbison's and King's version hit the streets in mid-April. Orbison won the contest, but "Ooby Dooby" was the only Sid King record released in England during the '50s. The Strings did a demo session of their own material later in March. In August they entered the studio once again for a session which produced probably their best known song, "Gonna Shake This Shack Tonight." Their final Columbia session was held in September of 1957 at Radio Recorders in Hollywood. The last Columbia gig was all R & B. "I've Got The

Blues" backed by a cover of the Del Vikings, "What Have You Got To Lose" were the last Columbia label titles released.

After they lost their Columbia contract

the group paid for a session themselves in May 1958. The songs were light, country pop and they were never released on an American label. Sid King knew Pat Boone from his college days at North Texas State in Denton. King says, "I met up with him in Dallas, and left him some demos. He liked 'em, and arranged for the Dot deal with Randy Wood." The single, "Hello There Rockin' Chair" backed by "Once Upon A Time" was issued on Dot in 1961. It charted in some markets, but didn't sell well enough to convince Dot to do another. Sid King bought a hairdressing business with his brother Billy in 1965, performing live around Dallas occasionally and waiting for 1980 when the Europeans came calling.

Sid King & The Five Strings were signed to a major label. They played a brand of rock and roll that made millionaires almost overnight. Like most major labels of the time Columbia didn't realize that they held the future in their tape vaults. Sid King & The Five Strings were ahead of their time. They cut some of the first, most original platters of the new musical form during the mid-'50s.

Columbia still doesn't realize what is in their vaults. There are two Sid King & The Five Strings songs available in the U.S.A. The history lesson is over. It's time to find out what the Europeans know that we don't.

The CD has 29 songs. It has virtually the entire recorded legacy of Sid King & The Five Strings. The only other recording that I've seen available has material from their radio broadcasts. Opening the CD are the songs from the first Columbia session. The most striking impression I receive from listening to the first session they did for a major label is the resemblance to the pop rockabilly of Ricky Nelson. "Crazy Little Heart" predates anything Nelson did by three years. As with virtually any music from the '50s the sexuality is buried in double entendre. "I Like It" opens the CD and the subject of the song is obvious.

Deeper in the pits comes "Mama, I Want You." I'll quote a few lyrics to make the subject completely clear. "Mama loved me long, mama loved me strong, big Mama loved me big, then left me all alone." Next comes "Purr, Kitty, Purr." The song is the very essence of rockabilly music. It swings like hell, the subject is sex, the breaks are sweaty and King hiccups out the words in incomparable fashion.

Columbia seems to have picked this band as the one to record re-written R & B for the hillbilly market. "Purr, Kitty, Purr" is "Shake, Rattle, and Roll." "Let 'er Roll," the flip side of "Blue Suede Shoes," is "Honey Hush." Re-writes or not The Sid King & The Five Strings swing is stamped all over everything. The cover of "Blue Suede Shoes" is jump swing and it tops any cover version I've ever heard. "Ooby Dooby" is done as jump blues complete with saxophone break and vocal group harmonies. "Warned Over Kisses, Left Over Love" is straight, vocal group harmony including one of the Strings doing the deep bass vocals. There is a piano break and a saxophone also included. The R & B influence is so strong on "Booger Red" that this could have topped the "race" charts. The subject is a red-haired, green eyed beauty the kind I believe everyone reading has met and loved at least once in their lifetime. "When My Baby Left Me" is another Ricky Nelson sound alike. It's back to the sex with "Good Rockin' Baby." "Shake This Shack Tonight" is a hit record that never made the charts.

It continues. The two songs from the '58 are more Nelson. The '61 recordings are sugar pop. Even eight years after their beginnings the pop doesn't kill the swing. Those in search of hard-core billy might want to pass, but this is the heyday of Boone, Fabian and Avalon—the years just preceding the British Invasion. Why Sid King didn't achieve the fame of those names is another essay.

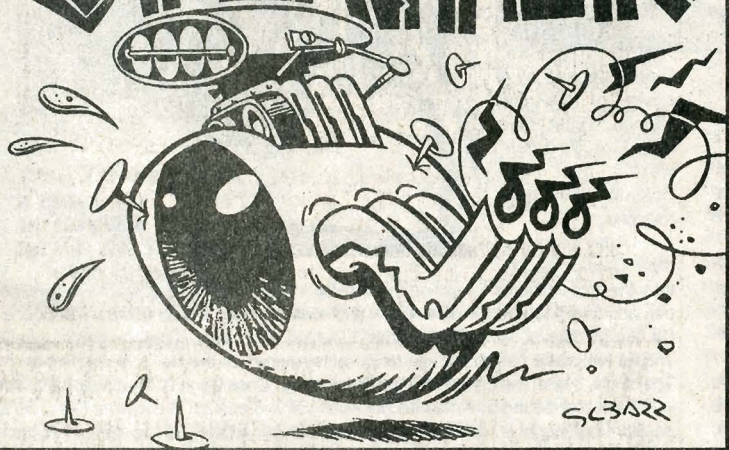
The album closes with the earliest recordings. It's a raw hillbilly string band that can rock and swing at the same time, as well as do hard country. Elvis collectors might want to check out the second to last song on the disc, "When My Baby Left Me." It recalls the Million Dollar Quartet sessions with Carl, Jerry and Johnny jamming with Elvis. Sid King & The Five Strings are a treasure that only the Germans fully appreciate. It will take some work to find this CD in the U.S.A., but it is worth the effort. For the '90s version you might want to attend the third Salt Lake appearance of Big Sandy & His Fly-rite Boys in September at the Zephyr.

By William Athey



FROM HELL

SPLATTER



TO ETERNITY

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH-BLAH,
 ASCENSION FROM THE
 ASHES OF ELVIS
 HITLER, BLAH, BLAH,
 BLAH, BLAH, BLAH-BLAH,
 BLURBAGE GOES HERE,
 BLAH, BLAH, BLAH,
 ETC....



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MOVIE REVIEWS

SPANKING THE MONKEY

Let's talk about masturbation...I don't know, but it seems to me to be a pretty natural way to blow off some sexual steam when your pressure gauge is running a little hot. And besides, what's the alternative if you ain't in a relationship and can't buy a date? Suppressed horniness is what leads to the most bizarre crimes against humanity. Of course there's religious fanaticism and political repression too, but let's stick to the subject. Simply put, the world would be a better place if more people felt okay about patting their puppie.



But in most creatures around the world, the subject is shunned from conversation. So while Vladimir is waxing the stem in Moscow, Bridgette is wetting the appetite in Tai Pei, and Orrin stroking the lizard in Washington, nobody has once brought the topic up to the United Nations. It seems to me that maybe a round-table discussion should be included at the upcoming international conference on Population Growth and Development. After all, choking the chicken is a viable alternative to other forms of birth control and could help slow the rate of population throughout the world. They could come out with a slogan saying "Peace through Wanking" or some such thing.

You know, the more I think about it, the more I believe a lot of the world's problems would be solved if people took a hands-on approach to life. Of course it'll never happen because of all those hypocritical religious leaders telling everyone it offends God or some such muckity-muck. Well he don't have to watch if he don't wanna. And besides, I bet them priests and mullahs are all a bunch of first-class apple polishers themselves.

But hey, this is a film review so let's so let's talk about a new film called "Spanking The Monkey." Okay, we really haven't switched subjects after all. This film played at this year's Sundance Film Festival, and you know what? Of all the films in competition up there, when they polled the audience (ouch!) they found out this was their most favorite film! Sounds like us folks in Utah are more enlightened than those at the U.N., don't it? Anyway, "Spanking the Monkey" is a movie about Raymond, a guy who has to stay home from college one summer and take care of his recuperating mother. He's there alone with her, and part of his every day duties are to constantly rub ointments on his mother's still attractive legs. Meanwhile, next door is a beautiful, if deranged, teenage girl who flirts with Raymond incessantly.

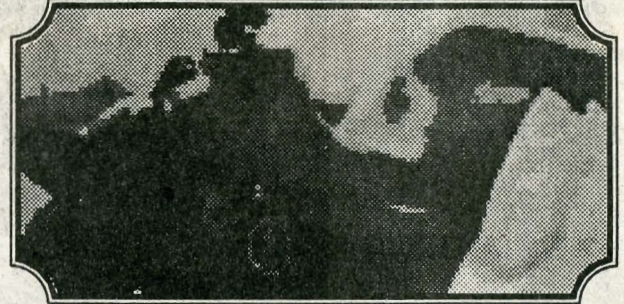
Poor Raymond, every time he tries to get a moment to himself in the bathroom to stabilize his hormones, either his Mom calls him for some damn thing or the dog starts to scratch and bark at the door. "Spanking The Monkey" is a gripping comedy that will leave you alternatively squirming and guffawing. Director David O. Russel is someone to watch and Sundance should be congratulated once again for discovering a real gem.

Oh, by the way...I believe that in the last issue of SLUG there was some kind of reference to Goddard being an asshole. I'm sorry but that was a mistake. What I really meant to say was that Goddard is an arrogant son-of-a-bitch and an asshole. I like that in a film director.

—Ima Mess

SEX AND ZEN

"A WISE AND RISQUE TREAT FOR THE TRULY GROWN-UP" - Kevin Thomas, Los Angeles Times.



An elegant and erotic comedy adapted from Li Yu's Ming Dynasty novel "The Carnal Prayer Mat," which was banned for 400 years in Yu's native China. It is an exceedingly deft blend of outrageous sex and equally outrageous humor. Director Michael Mak flirts with but never quite lapses into hard-core territory while building up steam.

September 2 - 15 - no one under 18 admitted.

BEST DRAMATIC FEATURE SUNDANCE FILM FEST AUDIENCE CHOICE!

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DAILY CALENDAR

Thursday, September 1st

- Monster Voodoo Machine w/Abstrak-Cinema Bar
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Kaotic Contortion-Starr Studios
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers
- Broken Hearts - Burts Tiki Lounge
- Phantom Bride - Bar & Grill
- Fender Benders - The Zephyr
- Clover - Dead Goat Saloon
- Son Wut, Uncle Irving - Holy Cow

Friday, September 2nd

- Gamma Rays - The Zephyr
- The Change - Bar & Grill
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - Dead Goat
- Baby Snufkin - Holy Cow
- Zion Tribe-Green Parrot
- Torpedoes-Ashbury Pub
- Tongue & Groove-Cinema Bar
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Kaotic Contortion-Starr Studios
- Phur Pajama-Uncle Bart's
- The Crush-Green St.

Saturday, September 3rd

- Blister'd Toad, Kaotic Contortion-Starr Studios
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Mary & Monique-D.B.Coopers
- Stompbox, The Obvious, Honest Engine - Bar & Grill
- Gamma Rays - The Zephyr
- Clover, Inspid Brown - Holy Cow
- Torpedoes-Ashbury Pub
- Kaotic Contortion w/Blister'd Toad-Starr Studios
- Phur Pajama-Uncle Bart's
- Zion Tribe-Green Parrot
- The Crush-Green St.

Sunday, September 4th

- Stimpj, Godspine-Cinema Bar
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
- August Red - The Zephyr

Monday, September 5th

- Morgan Heritage Reggae - The Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead Goat

Tuesday, September 6th

- For Love Not Lisa w/Drown-Cinema Bar
- Dr. Jekyll - Dead Goat Saloon
- Tab Benoit - The Zephyr
- Tongue & Groove - Bar & Grill
- The Pinch-Ashbury Pub

Wednesday, September 7th

- Big Daddy Kinsey - The Zephyr
- Fender Benders - Dead Goat Saloon
- Mark Huff and the Inflatables, Inspid Brain - Bar & Grill
- The Pinch - Holy Cow
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, September 8th

- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers
- House Of Cards - Burts Tiki Lounge

- Native Suns - Dead Goat
- Old Sol - Holy Cow
- Mark Huff and the Inflatables, Inspid Brain - Bar & Grill
- Forehead-Cinema Bar
- Mocha Joe-Green Parrot
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

Friday, September 9th

- River Bed Jed-Cinema Bar
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- 3 Pigs-Green Parrot
- Uriah Heep - The Zephyr
- Back Wash - Dead Goat
- Mary & Monique - Burts Tiki
- Petting Zoo - Bar & Grill
- Honest Engine, Abstrak - Holy Cow
- I-Roots-Ashbury Pub
- Strangely Enough-Green Street
- Insatiable-Uncle Bart's

Saturday, September 10th

- 3 Pigs-Green Parrot
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Backwash - Dead Goat Saloon
- Honest Engine, Trailer Park - Bar & Grill

- Forehead, Wish - Holy Cow
- Strangely Enough-Green Street
- Mary & Monique-D.B.Coopers
- I-Roots-Ashbury Pub
- Insatiable-Uncle Bart's
- 24-Seven-Cinema Bar

Sunday, September 11th

- Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
- Last Dance - Cinema Bar
- Floating Men - The Zephyr

Monday, September 12th

- Cosmic Freeway - The Zephyr
- Harder Than your Husband-Ashbury Pub
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat
- Reaction, Abaiser-Cinema Bar

Tuesday, September 13th

- The Pinch - Dead Goat Saloon
- Mozart, The Obvious - Bar & Grill
- Cosmic Freeway, Tongue & Groove - Holy Cow
- Gregg Ginn, Transition, Devience-Cinema Bar
- Last Dance-Ashbury Pub

Wednesday, September 14th

- 3 Day Stubble-Cinema Bar
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Pat Traverse - The Zephyr
- Face First - Dead Goat Saloon
- Back Alley Gators - Bar & grill
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, September 15th

- Swivelneck, Abstrak - Bar & Grill
- Rezin - Dead Goat Saloon
- Broken Hearts - Burts Tiki Lounge
- Mozart - Holy Cow
- Envelope w/Shocking Still-Cinema Bar
- Phur Pajama-Green Parrot
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-

D.B.Coopers

Friday, September 16th

- The Obvious, So Wut - Cinema Bar
- Salsa Brava - The Zephyr
- House Of Cards - Dead Goat Saloon
- Honest Engine, Riverbed Jed, Abstrak - Bar & Grill
- Backwash - Dead Goat Saloon
- Irie Heights-Uncle Bart's
- Tempo Timers-Ashbury Pub
- Gamma Rays-Green St.
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Insatiable-Green Parrot

Saturday, September 17th

- Skeletones-Cinema Bar
- Elvin Bishop - The Zephyr
- Rayband - Dead Goat Saloon
- Sabbathon 1994 - Bar & Grill
- Abstrak, Trailerpark -
- Gamma Rays-Green St.
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Insatiable-Green Parrot
- Mary & Monique-D.B.Coopers
- Armed & Dangerous-Ashbury Pub
- Band Jam on the Patio-Uncle Bart's

Sunday, September 18th

- John Bateman - The Zephyr
- Mary & Monique-Ashbury Pub
- Red House Painters, Abstrak-Cinema Bar
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat

Monday, September 19th

- Bloodline - The Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, September 20th

- The Pinch, Wish - Bar & Grill
- Swing Annie - Dead Goat Saloon
- Dave Alvin - The Zephyr
- Stone Fox, Devience-Cinema Bar
- RayBand-Ashbury Pub

Wednesday, September 21st

- Wish, Uncle Irving - Holy Cow
- Trip Master Monkey, All Souls Avenue - Bar & Grill
- Fat Paw - Dead Goat Saloon
- Zulu Spear - The Zephyr
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Love Jones, Qualitones-Cinema Bar

Thursday, September 22nd

- House Of Cards - Burts Tiki
- Hoodoo Gurus - The Zephyr
- Terry Hanck and the Soul Rockers w/ Rick Welter - Dead Goat Saloon
- Peeting Zoo, 7 Color Fly - Bar & Grill
- Fat Paw - Holy Cow
- Spahn Raunch, They-Cinema Bar
- Irie Heights-Green Parrot
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

Friday, September 23rd

- Jack mack & The Heartattack-The Zephyr
- Tongue and Groove-Bar & Grill
- The Back Alley Blues Band-Dead Goat

- Milk Mine w/So Wut-Cinema Bar
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Backwash-Ashbury Pub
- Chord On Blues-Green St.
- Irie Heights-Green Parrot

Saturday, September 24th

- Irie Heights-Green Parrot
- Mary & Monique-D.B.Coopers
- Jack Mack & The Heart Attack-The Zephyr
- Disco Drag-Cinema Bar
- The Smokin' Joe Kubek band-Dead Goat
- So Wut- Holy Cow
- One Eye-Bar & Grill
- Irie Heights-Green Parrot
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Snake & The Fatman-Ashbury Pub

Sunday, September 25th

- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
- Mary & Monique-Ashbury Pub
- Royal Jelly-The Zephyr
- Lost Pilgrims-Cinema Bar

Monday, September 26th

- Harder Than your Husband-Ashbury Pub
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, September 27th

- Buttsteak-Cinema Bar
- Cannible Fish-Dead Goat
- All Souls Avenue-Bar & Grill
- Ali Ali Oxen Free-Ashbury Pub

Wednesday, September 28th

- All Brown & Innerforce-The Zephyr
- Cabaret-Cinema Bar
- Thirsty Alley-Dead Goat
- All Souls Avenue-Bar & Grill
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, September 29th

- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- The Pinch-Holy Cow
- Common Ground-Dead Goat
- Tinsley Ellis-The Zephyr
- Super American w/Abstrak-Cinema Bar
- Killer Clowns-Bar & Grill
- Mocha Joe-Green Parrot
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers
- Broken Hearts - Burts Tiki Lounge

Friday, September 30th

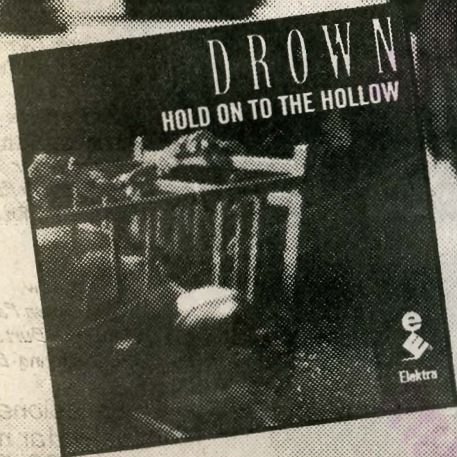
- 24-Seven-Cinema Bar
- The Obvious-Ashbury Pub
- Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys-The Zephyr
- Rising Sun-Dead Goat
- High Court-Holy Cow
- Gamma Rays-Green Parrot
- Mary & Monique - Burts Tiki Lounge
- So Wut w/Uncle Irving-Bar & Grill

All Submissions for the daily calendar must be sent to the P.O. Box in the front of the paper

AVAILABLE AT YOUR FAVORITE RECORD STORE

DROWN

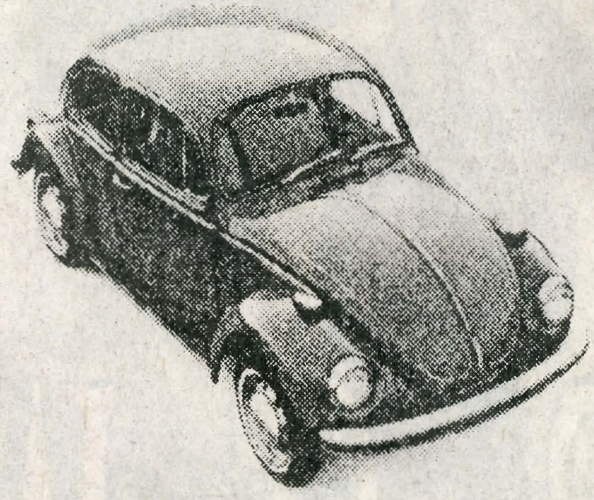
HOLD ON TO THE HOLLOW



ON TOUR WITH PRONG AND CLUTCH - SEPTEMBER 22

LIVE
SEPTEMBER
6TH - 8PM
CINEMA BAR
45 W. BROADWAY
A PRIVATE CLUB
FOR MEMBERS

How to make a VW sound like a Mercedes.



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