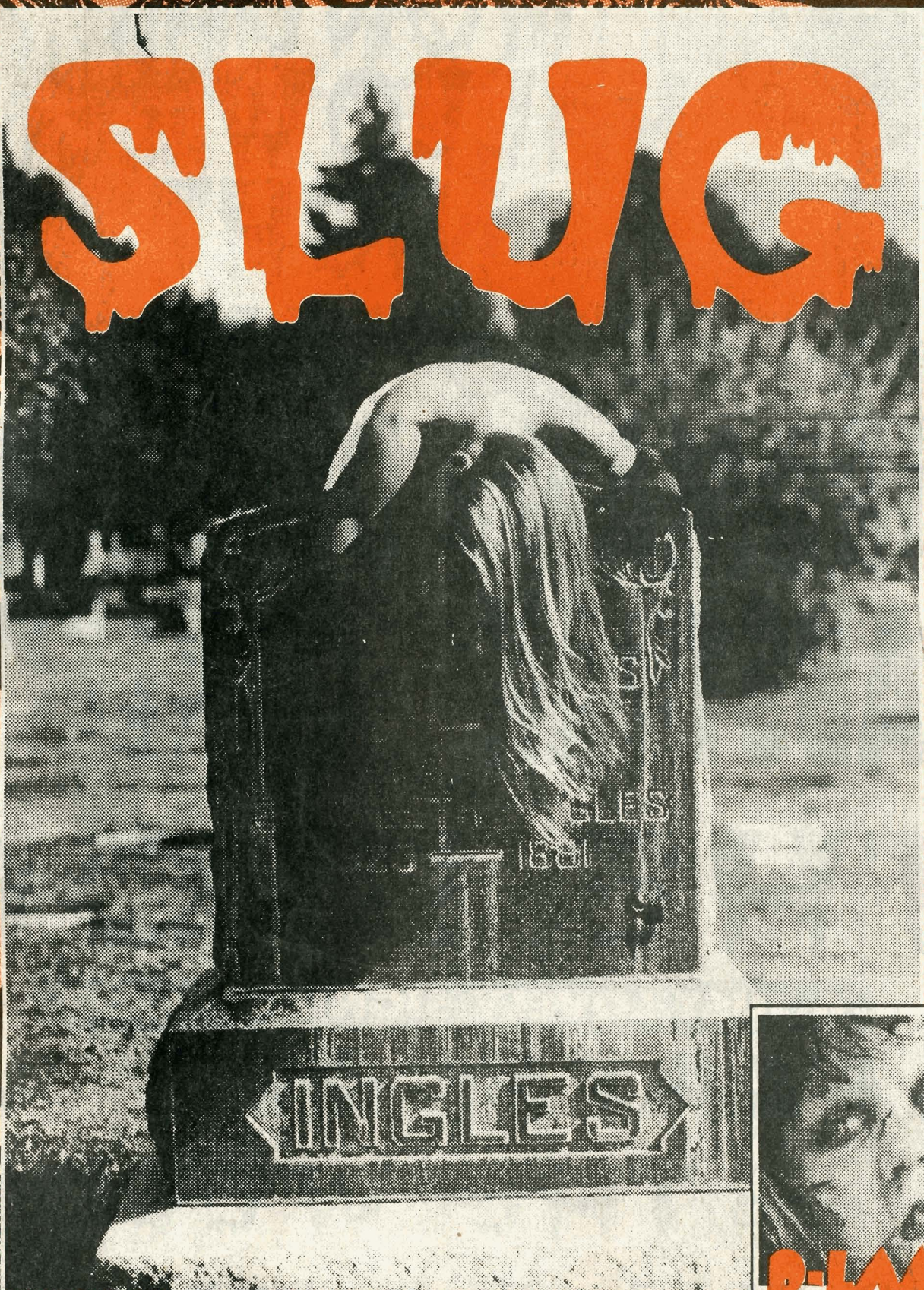


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This month's cover was done by Royce Jacobs. He is a SLUG staff writer and photographer. He's been doing photography for five years, and graduated from Weber St. The woman slumped over the headstone is a friend of his named Diana. It was taken at the Ogden cemetery. Royce is a heluva photographer and a really cool guy, so if you want to get in touch with him you can reach him at Audition Audio 467-5918.



If you would like to submit a cover, do it. Any form of artwork is acceptable; photos, artwork, drawings or whatever. If we haven't used artwork you have sent, we still might, this is an ongoing thing. The final artwork must fit into a space 8" wide by 10 1/2" tall. If you are submitting it camera ready, the line screen must be less than 85 dpi.. All color must be done on a separation separate from artwork. Please leave us a space to write what is in the issue. Please include contact information so we can get a hold of you and tell people about you. Send all submissions to address below. Any questions, call the # that's also listed below. **We are now accepting FULL COLOR covers for the December #72 Anniversary Issue. Call for details**

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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SLUG
OCTOBER 1994
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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.

Thank you
 SLUG STAFF

SLUG STAFF (801) 487-9221
P.O. Box 521465 • SLC, UT 84152

Dear Dickheads;

You can really be sure you're a weenie when you use valuable column space whining about people in the Smith's express lane like J. Titus and that Milkman dude. I say take your sniveling complaints, stuff them in that soapbox, make it into a nitrous oxide injected go-cart, point it straight to hell, floor it, count to three, then press the nitrous button and hang on. Now you're talking express lane!

X-Man

Dear Dickheads,

I have a definite need to air something that has been pissing me off since I moved back to Utah after two and a half years of schooling and moshing in Southern California. I went to the Offspring show ready to mosh for the first time upon my return to this hell. Anyway my question is- what happened to the "pits"? They've turned into a bunch of indiscriminate straight edge prepubescents flailing around throwing a bunch of elbows like they see on MTV! Do they not have an understanding of a steady pit, which was once ruled by skinheads and the few punks we have left? What happened to the punk etiquette which we once had at the Speedway and the semi-organized mosh pit that has turned into a bunch of assholes who have only one purpose and that is to knock someones teeth out? It's pretty pathetic when you have to be intoxicated to withstand the pain and to put up with these idiots bouncing and jumping around like a bunch of blind rabbits at feeding time.

I am pissed because being a female with some pent up aggressions too, I cannot even enjoy going into the so called pits here, because they are just flat dangerous. You know we'd like to be able to mosh it up and not go home with twenty or more bruises afterward. What the hell is the problem? Hey-I'm not saying Southern California is the only place they mosh correctly, but Utah is fucked up!!!

I went to the Epitaph shows in L.A. in July with four righteously guys and it kicked ass!!! The pits were full of skinheads, but at least it had some order to it, and I was able to ride around on one of the guys shoulders. Sure it was rough and a handful of people were injured but they at least understood the concept and when myself or any of the other females went down we were the first to be picked up and sent on our merry little way. And yes, there were some assholes in the crowd and a Goliath skinhead calling on the whole crowd, but it was mosh heaven. So what's wrong with this picture? Do we need a class? Less chaos? (The world is fucked up as it is.) Show a little more respect for others, it's supposed to be fun!!!! And learn some organization.

So listen up you little poser fucks, you'd better watch out because at the next show, I'll be there moshing and kicking each and everyone of you in the ass for every elbow I run into!!!!

Yours truly,

One pissed off little redheaded bitch!

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HELEN WOLF



BROWN JELLO The Stones Hit Utah

Unless you've been living in a cave or working at the Deseret News, you know that the world's oldest, er greatest rock & roll band will steam Rice Stadium later this month. No, not the Roger Clinton Experience, cheesehead- The Rolling Stones! The Voodoo Lounge tour will bring every (grand) mother's nightmare back to S.L. for the first time since 1966. I caught up with Mick Jagger and Keith Richards at the Mark Hotel in N.Y.C. earlier this month, for an exclusive SLUG interview.

Helen Wolf: First of all, how do you do it? How do you get up on stage at 50+? Good vitamins or a pact with Satan?

Mick Jagger: What a fucking stupid question! This interview is over!

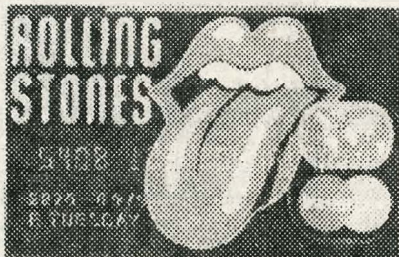
Keith Richards: Oh sit down & shut up you old bag. Listen here sugar-tits, we're the Rolling fucking Stones. We do what we want. And that Satan pact thing was

greatly exaggerated.

HW: The last time you came to Utah was in 1966 at the Lagoon amusement park, do you remember anything about that show?

MJ: Not a bloody thing...amusement park?

KR: I remember I could 'nt get a drink or a blowjob to save me fucking life, Utah is Amish country right? The sound was terrible and some group called The Gamma Rays were the warm-up act. Where the hell did they book us this time?



Don't leave the rest home without it!

HW: Raging Waters Coliseum. What about your 12-ticket limit and scalpers controversy? And the exorbitant prices?

KR: Sod off, whiners! You may never see us again. At least we're not charging as much as The Eagles or Barbra Streisand. Just buy the tickets and shut up.



"Look, Aerosmith have fallen and they can't get up!"

MJ: Who wants to see the fucking Eagles anyway? They're just a bunch of old farts who can't dress...at least we have fashion sense. And Streisand?

She looks like she's got a board up her arse! We're what rock & roll's all about!

HW: Budwieser's sponsoring the tour, the QVC home-shopping channel is hocking your merchandise, and now there's even a Rolling Stones Mastercard Visa credit card. What's next, action

figures? This doesn't seem very rock & roll to me.

KR: Look honey, you'd get a little greedy too, if you had as many rabidly devoted fans as we do.

HW: I already do, and you don't see ME pushing paraphernalia on MY masses (by the way a compilation of my complete works will be available by Xmas for \$14.95—save those pennies boys & girls) Since you didn't play at this year's Woodstock scam, do you have any plans for an Altamont '94

festival?

KR: What the fuck? (chokes on bourbon, spits up piece of lung and crumples on floor)

MJ: OK, that's it, bitch! Our lawyers will be in touch with that little magazine you work for—what was it called?

HW: Uh, Diesel. One last thing, Mick. At the MTV Awards, Jerry Hall told me that you're hung like a hamster—any comment? (just then a chair crashes through the hotel wall, and a scruffy actor in a green stocking cap crawls through the hole)

Johnny Depp: Yeehaw! I'm god-damned Edward ScissorGrape and my girlfriend's a stick figure Life sucks! Let's trash this dump!

HW: Hey, Johnny, will you sign my 21 Jump Street lunch box?

MJ: Let's wreck this room (tries to pick up TV set) Oh, me aching back! Help me toss this buggger out the window, Wolf!

HW: Now THIS is rock & roll!

(The Rolling Stones will appear at Rice Stadium on Oct. 23rd, call your local scalper for details)

Helen Wolf

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PSYCHO CORNER

by J.T. & The Fatman

THE BEST, THE BAD & THE REALLY UGLY

Well, 1994 is winding down, so it's time to pass out honors. In true Psycho Corner fashion though, we must first condemn any & all local magazine 'awards' and any of you who voted...you are only part of the problem.

The Best

Best Letter-Sarah Jolley's response to our NOW article (April 94) followed closely by our response(May 94)...she was the cause of an extended vacation for J.T. **Best Prank**- Helen Wolf's comment that Kiss would play Livestock, followed by hundreds of calls to Z93...mwaah! **Best Record Review**- Scabs on Strike-Prosthetic Pizzle(Mar 94) written by you know who. **Best Ad**- Blue Boutique(Feb 94) I have this picture glued to my ceiling, and I didn't even use any glue. **Best Joke**- Mike Russo "Ya wanna hear a joke? Two Italian guys walk into a gay bar..." **Best Movie**- Like Water For Chocolate. Although I'd bet my erector set that most of Zion missed it's subtle meaning, it's still the best of the year. And finally **Best Article**- O'Dell Wish-Hen. A Guide to SLC Coffee Shops...letters, phone calls, pictures, dogs & cats living together...man, did people lose their sense of humor. **Best Rockabilly Show** Yea, OK whatever.

The Bad

Bad Idea- Amber Heaton's letter to Suspension of Disbelief (June 94) Boy did she catch some shit for that little ditty. Five letters to be exact! Nice goin' readers, I'm sure she'll write SLUG again real soon. **Bad Promo**- The cover of a certain local rag...picture of a heroin addict wearing a 'Trash' shirt. Gee I don't think you can buy advertising like that, huh Spence! **Bad Slogan**- The Deseret News...'*Imagine Utah without it*' Well I imagine Utah without it every day, in fact I imagine Utah with a real newspaper instead of those worthless papers on Regent St., while I clean the dung from my iguana cage.**Bad Habit** Winky...for those of you not keeping up, she writes us letters every month trying to mask her wanton lust for me & J.T. You want it & everyone in Utah knows it, so give up the ghost. **Bad Benefit**- SLUG's Bowling Tournament...a benefit for *Autonomy House Book Collective*...JR, what a great call, next year maybe you can donate to the Mass Murderers Reform Act or Fagbashers Anonymous. **Bad Marketing Move**- Guitar Gallery (now defunct)...let's open a store & sell everything at cost so we can support our gambling fix & launder money for the mob at the same time.

And now the feast begins

Really Ugly


Morton Thiokol ...Eighteen phone calls to SLUG H.Q. and numerous calls to Z93... "Is Kiss really playing Livestock?" These are the mental midgits that we pay to make air bags and rocket boosters that blow up? Did ya know, the word gullable is not in the dictionary? **The Private Eye Weekly** ...every issue since Jan. 94 to present. How odd that PEW means stink, shitty etc. But that's right they have that yearly awards scam. Gee if I advertise, do I win? **SLANK**- Another one issue wonder. God these people had their finger on the pulse of Salt Lick's music scene, huh? ...since we are slamming copyrats...**Diesel**- Nice interviews people. **Diesel**: Hows it feel to be in a band? **Band**: Cool... **Diesel**: Whats it like playing live? **Band**: Its cool man.

You too can run your own magazine, it's just a box of staples and a phone call to Kinko's away...**The Alternative Arts Festival** Great idea, bad execution. Let's do enough promo to get 35 or 40 people downtown, in 105 degree heat and make them wait a day and a half to see Amphouse

Mother...**Major League Baseball Strike '94** You assholes!! Matt Williams was on pace to break the home run record and you don't think six zillion dollars a day is enough for you bastards to make ends meet. Someone should form a *Fans Union* and walkout of the '95 season and show these pricks who pays their checks. And finally...*If I Were A Carpenter* ...a compilation of bad covers of shitty songs originally written by America's most famous incest family, The Carpenters. Oh, when do we get to hear Jeffrey Dahmer sing the hits of Doobie Brothers? Or what about Rodney King doing the Steelers Wheel classic 'Stuck in the Middle With You' or even better O.J. Simpson singing the Bryan Adams anthem 'Cuts Like A Knife'. Well loyal followers there you have it, and now you can act accordingly in the year to come.

Till next month, always aim high and shoot low.
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-J.T. & The Fatman



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MEDIA MAN!

ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND DEEPER IN DEBT, BUT WHO CARES?

Here's the picture: you owe Honest Louie's Loan Shoppe and House of Hubcaps your right arm and part of your upper lip as interest on the money you borrowed to pay off your loan from his brother Honest Larry of Larry's Pantyhose Heaven. But-blame it in the recession-you're broke. What to do? Why, you call up Good Ol' Louie, explain the whole thing and ask for an extension. He'll understand. Good Ol' Louie.

Now, if you believe in Food Ol' Louie will reward your candor with anything less than a pair of Jimmy Hoffa concrete fishing shoes, you'll like this idea: The National Debt-let's just not pay it!

That's it! No fuss, no muss, no icky bowls to clean. We just call up the guy who we all owe eleventy-umpteen jillion simoltons to and tell him we can't pay. Sorry. Tell him we're like Isreal, or Cuba, and he can't squeeze blood from a turnip country, and hang up.

Why has it taken a humor columnist to think up this simple, if not simplistic, idea?

Who let all the economists out and gave them crayons to write our national economic plan?

Plan? What plan?

Economists cavort on wing-tipped shoes and chicken head necklaces scattering the blood of sacrificed auto workers to the four winds (or is it five now with inflation?) to appease the gods of the Federal Reserve. Isn't that what they do? Who knows? Who understands fluent voodoo since Watergate?

The only thing they say clearly is "You're all broke. Pay up."

Maybe you're broke, but I'm not. I still have checks left.

There is a problem with my "junk mail economics" plan: Nobody knows who the guy is that we owe all this money to.

I've checked. I watched Oprah, Geraldo, Phil, Arsenio, even Letterman, and none have done interviews with the national debtee's bimbo. Nary a peep on the CBS Evening Crock. Nothing in the National Enquirer on his alien loce-child. As for Sesame Street, forget it.

Why is this?

If you owed me every banana produced in every banana republic on the planet for the next 300 years, I'd be sure you had a self-addressed stamped envelope to send in your share, and an 800 number to call in case you want me to pick it up at your door America isn't a difficult place to get rid of money in.

So who is this guy, whose motto is "it's morally wrong to allow suckers to keep their money?"

Maybe the guy is ashamed of being the Saddam Hussein of the national debt. Is he afraid that if it got out who he was all his relatives would come over to borrow a 20 until payday and that the rest of us would come over to slash the tires on his BMW? Maybe the poor guy looks like Ross Perot.

But maybe we've been worrying too much. If we don't know who he is, we should just toss the check in the dead letter box and forget the whole thing.

Ha! Remember what happened when you tried to pull a fast one on Good Ol' Louie? Threaten to declare chapter 11 on the national debt and whoever he is-the one all that dinero is owed to-will scream bloody national emergency. You'll be able to tell who he is by pulling teeth, gnashing of hair and lobbying for capital gains tax cuts.

Okay, so it won't work. Not because it's a stupid idea-show me an idea involving economics that isn't stupid-but because the national debtee doesn't need to point his own gun at us to collect. He has Congress and the IRS for that.

Still, I'd like to know who he is, and I have an idea how to smoke him out: put the entire national debt in small bills in a pile in the Grand Canyon. When he comes to pick it up, we jump him and beat the snot out of him.

—MEDIA MAN!

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WRITE FOR CATALOG

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LOCAL ARTIST

Mic Radford-Tattoo Artist Southern Thunder Tattoos

The Tattoo Parlor. A seedy place filled with unsavory characters, dirty needles and dirty people doing less than attractive things. That is what you are supposed to think if you were born in the fifties. Wake up kids, cuz that old stigmatism is gone. For the most part, due to artists like Mic Radford. First off the term 'Parlor' has been replaced by 'Studio'. Why? Because now it's art. Now artists from other industries have become involved in the tattoo business, bringing with them phenomenal innovations to the art of skin illustration. Artists like Mic Radford. Walk into his studio (Southern Thunder) and you will find a floor so clean, my Italian mother would be proud. Look around and you will see nothing but sterile clean surroundings. Almost like a doctor's office with cool pictures. While Mic admits there are still some old 'Parlors' around, alot of studios have changed their image. "Artists need to raise the level of conciousness surrounding tattoos. I am not a death dealing stain-maker and I won't be bunched into that prison-tattoo mentality"



For Mic it is a labor of fulfillment, an expression of his talent. He has

built from nothing, quite a lucrative business. He started working for 'Living Art' four years ago, bought the studio, turned it into Southern Thunder and tripled the facility in the last two years. He has a true passion for his art, as you can see by looking at the depth and dimension in his work. He thinks of the industry the same way you think of getting your hair colored or buying designer jeans. Yes, it's a vanity thing. Yes, it's addictive. But Mic wants people to be respected for wearing a piece of art on their body. Maybe that's why after ten thousand tattoos he's never had someone come back unhappy with his work.

He has won four awards in the 'Exhibition in Iron' tattoo competition. He has also tattooed such famous people as Mickey Rourke and Carre Otis. After all the success he has had, Mic speaks very modestly of his talent and achievements. He is much more concerned with his clientele, how clean his studio is and public perception of the tattoo industry. Counseling is one of the things he's big on. "Sometimes I'll talk to people for 30 to 45 minutes before we start thinking about their tattoo" That's because Mic is the kind of guy who would never want to be responsible for permanently changing someone's appearance in a way that later became embarrassing to them. He doesn't do hands or faces unless the situation calls for it. He wants his subjects to have a beautiful piece of art on their body and be proud to display it. Thusly, the appreciation level of the viewer goes up. "There are tattooers and then there are tattoo artists. A tattooer follows a stencil design, and that's it, but to be a tattoo artist, you must first be an artist. You must have a natural talent for drawing. Tattoo artists also use stencil art as a guide, but the talent comes in when you give the tattoo dimension, shade and light."

So the mystique of the tattoo has not gone away. It is still a statement of identity, separating yourself from the rest of the crowd, be it for whatever reason you choose. All of the bad and negative connotations, however, have gone away. At least when you walk into Southern Thunder Tattoos, you forget about all of them. I know I did.

—Madd Maxx

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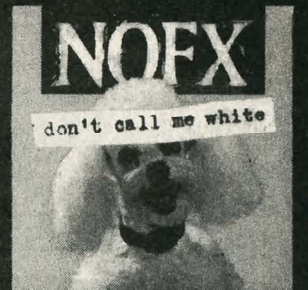
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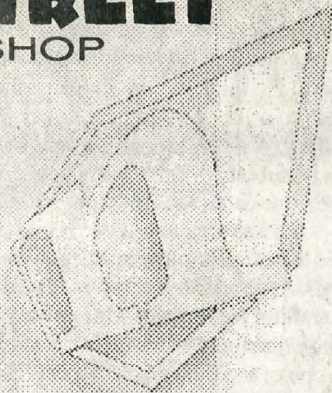
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Photo: Royce

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INTERVIEW

SHUDDER TO THINK



Photo: Royce

Shudder to Think's lead singer, Craig Wedren, took some time out of a sound check on a balmy September 8th afternoon in front of Playscool to answer a few questions. The traffic overhead was loud, the atmosphere casual and content; relaxed, much like Wedren's demeanor. It was a great day.

Shudder To Think was formed in late '86/early '87. The current line up of Stuart Hill on bass, Alan Wade on drums, Nathen Larson on guitar and Wedren, lead vocals & guitar, has been together for about three years. "Obviously the chemistry

always changes," said Wedren, "and you hope it evolves. But yea, we're in a bit of a groove now."

Previously, Shudder To Think released three records on the Dischord label and one on the Sandwich label (The Sandwich label is somehow financially connected to Dischord. Sandwich at that time was run by Amanda MacKaye, Ian's sister.).

Shudder To Think made the big leap from independent label to a major about a year ago. There was some hesitation at first, but since the move to Epic things have worked out great for them and they have been very pleased. Wedren expanded on their experience, "When you're in a band, you grow up with horror stories, (about major labels). But, I think that people of our ilk have sort of "come into the folds" of major record labels. And the major labels have loosened up a bit. Epic signed us for what we do and the way we do it. They're supporting our direction and that includes what ever may happen next."



Photo: [unreadable]

At the end of the interview I told Craig it was an open format and I would write what ever he would say...anything. "um...uhhh...I'll leave it totally open to you. You can write any 'ole thing you want, and say that I said it." **SLUG:** "Something like, your favorite place to play in Salt Lake City, Utah and you wouldn't rather be anywhere else in the world? **C.W.:** "Exactly, Exactly, never...unfortunately I have to keep touring. I have to leave this fair city tomorrow." Oh well...remember, you read it here, first!

—Royce

MISCELLANEOUS

Adventures from the Underground

...a continuous saga by the X-man

So there we were boys and girls, hurtling straightforward into the 21st century. People were being butchered for organs, scientists were developing insidiously secret nerve gasses designed to wipe out *populations*. the mafia had the materials (but thank God not the brains) to build a nuclear weapon, and the CIA (read Cocaine Importation Association) gets a new multibillion-dollar budget with absolutely no accountability on what kinds of dastardly covert operations they can spend it on.

The phone company's got a computer so powerful it can scan all its line at all times —billions of conversations— listening in for certain keywords and using some convoluted algorithm to decide which phones need to be tapped. They can turn any telephone handset into an infinity generator that picks up nearby conversations, even if the phone's turned off. Conspirators and businessmen can aim a powerful beam through walls and doors that tranfixes on a computer screen, allowing the voyer not only remote access to all files, but the ability to remotely operate the computer and all its funtions.

The American Dream died on the information superhighway, in a shredded heap of hot metal, broken glass, and diesel fumes. The pedal was still glued to the floor, the beer can still in the driver's twisted grip. The radio was still on, blaring Don Maclean out of torn speaker-cones while upturned wheels rotated silently against a bleak sky. Where did we miss the turn? In 1960 maybe... Or was it in the Seventies with Nixon? How about the Reagan and Bush years and the losing war on drugs -just say N20 kids! Who even thought we were on the right track to begin with.

Ah, strange and exciting times to be underground, but I wouldn't have it any other way... Next issue the adventure begins as we try to revive the American Dream on a high-speed run to Vegas in a stolen Mach -One. For our cover we'll say we're headed to see the Grateful Dead, but we really infiltrate the Consumer Electronics Show and use designer drugs, expensive liquor and cheap whores to steal Intel's much touted Pentium processor chip. Of course the booze, drugs, and sluts weren't for bribes —they were for us, to get us psyched for the caper of a lifetime. Corporate hit men are the worst guys to fuck with, as you'll see.

Until next time, remember that they have to *catch you* first, before they can hurt you.

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Travelin' Man

bands. Oh well, it is still Salt Lake, home of the finest, under-appreciated music in the U.S.A.

I saved up all my cash so I could afford a couple of beers at the long-awaited Dave Alvin show at the Zephyr. Certainly a leg end in his own time. Last time he came through town he goddamn near put me asleep, but this time his set was reminiscent of the old Blasters gigs and the place hopped all night.

It seems that Cinema Bar hosted most of the interesting shows again this month. Zoo Records' (Tool, Crowbar etc.) Love Jones stopped in to lounge things up with their eclectic set of soul, r&b, and I don't know how the fuck to describe music. Certainly a step out of the norm of music you would see at a club (excluding the Holiday Inn.). Their music was great and a nice change from your day to day grunge bands who seem to be flooding the music market these days. This is also a CD to be purchased...mind the flannel-wearers warning sticker on the front though, this aint no moshin' stuff.

I caught the first part of *Insatiable's* set at the Dead Goat. After talking to Jeff Evans (singer/sax & stuff) it appears that another local band has been signed. Moon records hooked up with these guys in New York and gave them a deal. I spoke to a friend in Chicago who says they are huge there. Gee, huge in Chicago—unappreciated in Salt Lake. Sound familiar? Get off your asses and check out some of the local bands. Or, just stay home and bitch about how lame the Salt Lake music scene is...you pussies.

If you didn't catch a copy of the Events "Best & Worst" issue, check it out! They listed *Gamma Rays* and *The Obvious* as Salt Lake's worst bands. Hey Barry, I think you need to get out more, or lay off the crack. The Obvious may not be the best band in town but they are the hardest working mother fuckers playing original music. *Gamma Rays* on the other hand, don't give a shit, and are still laughing all the way to the bank playing music to clubs full of Event readers. There are a lot of worse bands than these two.

Stuff to check out this month. Creamers at Bar & Grill, Built to Spill and Foreskin 500 at Cinema Bar. Sure things!

—Travelin' Man

I guess I should apologize to the Back Alley Gators for dis'n them last month, even though I didn't I just liked Jon Shuman's opening performance much better. I won't apologize and I won't lie but I will ask the corporate whores at SLUG to send them a nice fruit basket. I am sure the gift will be meaningless after they make the cover of Rolling Stone Magazine. In any case I did go back and see them play one more time before they headed to Denver (like I suggested to everyone) I'll stick with last month's review.

I started the month out with a trip to the Bar & Grill to catch up with the local just-made-it-to-the-big-time, just-signed-to-a-major-label Stompbox. Now catch this, two years ago I saw these guys touring on a self-released cassette in front of 6 people. Now they make the big time and walla, new stage moves, flannel shirts and a bar full of people who had no fucking idea who was playing. Who knew?

It seems like Man Or Astroman? was the shit last month and if you ask me the band to be reckoned with this month was Mozart. I got dragged out to see *Three Day Stubble* and since the opening act cancelled, *Mozart* opened the show. *Three Day Stubble* was interesting with their kooky polyester outfits and goofy stage antics but

after Mozart played I wanted to hear good music. I did however spot Don Bolles (former Germs, 45 Grave and Celebrity Skin) who denied it was he, but still rocks on the drums. Mozart only played for about 20



LOVE JONES

minutes, but in that time I was hooked. They looked like Soundgarden but played like Lenny Kravitz. I was much impressed so I made the mistake of checking them out a few nights later at The Holy Cow. Big mistake! Those of you who haven't been to the Holy Cow, don't bother. We got lucky enough to go on ladies night. It should be called Fratboy Hell-searchin-for-poontang-testosterone-night. Big hair, big muscles and if you don't have tits sticking through your shirt, don't even bother trying to get a drink. Mozart ripped out a killer 50-minute set which most of the people trying to get laid didn't pay much attention to. Couldn't stick around for Backwash...Go figure!

Made a trip to the Bar & Grill for this years annual Sabbathon. 20 killer local bands and a shit load of money made for the prevention of child abuse. I don't know why anyone bothers doing all age shows any more, unless they are straight edge bands. Sundays all-age crowd was half the size of the over-21 crowd and the kids sat on their asses most of the day. Those people who were over 21 and went on Sunday sat on the patio most of the time and missed the best

Coming In November The Tattoo Issue

If you are a tattoo artist or a collector, send us your photos along with tattoo artist & shop as well as name & address.

Deadline October 20th-No Exceptions



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SMILE maquee three kids from tustin playin' power chord pop. "rock anthem for the retarded teenage hipster population."

DRIP TANK sprawl produced by mark trombino of drive like jehu, this sophomore release showcases a denser, more discordant drip tank.



DEADBOLT tiki man pioneers of the voodoo-billy sound and it's blend of cavernous guitar, primitive rhythms and disturbing lyrics.

PILE UP norwalk layers of heavy, buzzing bass over noisy bursts of thick guitar.



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OCTOBER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNES	THURS	FRIDAY	
2 HELIOS CREED w/ LOVE 666 & ACID BATH	3	4 HEAVY VEGETABLE commonplace	5 iris elbow fin	6 HEATMEISER one eye	7 3 YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY REVEREND WILLIE HONEST ENGINE SKARS ON STRIKE Members No Cover	8 BO BUD GREEN
9 poetry	10	11 mary n monique	12 MIGHTY PURPLE	13 ROGER NUSIC WATER WORKS	14 JUGHEAD'S REVENGE 5' TO THE WINDOW	9 ACCUMEN
16 SHUT UP FRANK	17 FORESKIN 5'0'0' QUALITONES DEVIANCE	18 commonplace	19 FLOATER one eye	20 PILOT honest engine	21 SMALL RED #5 GODSPINE	10 COP SHOOT COP QUESTS TEA
23 ROLLING STONES	24	25 the pinch	26 APOCALYPSE THEATRE	27 DECOMPOSERS	28 j binder CD RELEASE	11 DOA BUILT TO SPILL with distance
30 iris	31 HONO MEDIA PRESENTS Halloween Party QUALITONES and more	1 CORROSION OF CONFORMITY	45 West Broadway info call 359-1200 A Private Club For Members			

RELEASING AND PROMOTING YOUR OWN RECORD

by Hugh Chance

Your band plays a gig at the "Joe Blo Bar". A rep from Capitol Records is there. He is "really" impressed and pulls out a contract. You sign it and live happily ever after on thousands of dollars a year. You're famous, just because your music is soooo good. Whatever.

Let's be realistic. It doesn't happen like the movies. Record company reps don't frequent SLC bars and the chances are that nobody is impressed with how you sound in most of them. Even if you did get "signed" you probably wouldn't even make enough money to quit your day job. If you want to get noticed by companies or the public then your best plan of action is to release your own record.

Releasing your own record can open many opportunities for your band. It's the best and easiest way to get press, do small tours, get more gigs, and be noticed by record companies. Here's how you do it.

Wait. Before we start I would like to say that this little instructional article should not be regarded as the only way to do this. This is a simplified version of what record companies do.

Some companies do it differently than others. But if you follow this plan you will get results.

1 GETTING YOUR RECORDS OR CDs MANUFACTURED

After you finish recording you need to get your record manufactured. There are many companies that cater to the needs of the small company or band. Most of them will play on your ignorance about the manufacturing process in order to rip you off - so do some serious comparison shopping. Generally you will need to get at least 1000 or more CDs or records pressed to get one of these companies to do it. Make sure that the recording you give to the manufacturer is top quality and be sure that the recording levels are high enough that your finished product won't sound "weak". Here are some reasonably priced manufacturers. You can get more contacts from The Billboard Buyers Guide available at the downtown library in the Arts dept.

Cassette Productions-Salt Lake 531-7555
CD/Cassette

Creative Sound-25429 Malibu Rd.
Malibu, CA 90265
CD/Cassette/Records

American Helix-1857 Colonial Village Ln.
Lancaster, PA 17601 - 1-800-525-6575
CD/Cassette

After you get your CDs or records you are going to need to sell them. This is harder than you think. Musicians tend to think that their CD is "going to be so cool" that it will sell itself. It won't. In fact you will be surprised that many of your fans are willing to go to your gigs and spend \$5 on cover and \$18 on beer, and then pass up your CD that only costs \$10. If you have 300 "loyal fans" you can expect to sell about 180 CDs. You have to get new fans. Promote yourself!

2 PRESS- HOW TO GET RECORD REVIEWS.

Put together a press kit. You will send this kit to every single magazine in your home town and surrounding towns. Just like AR reps, music writers are not going to come looking for you, you have to look for them. Send them your stuff or you won't get any press. Also send this kit to magazines out of state (see list at end of article.) One single review can generate tons of interest from perspective buyers and record companies. From a single record review published in Alternative Press Magazine, a nationally distributed music magazine, Mayberry received over 20 letters from AR reps from various companies including SONY MUSIC, and TVT RECORDS. And other press that the band has received has brought the same results.

Your press kit should include a few different things. First- A BIO or "one sheet". This is 1 page with info about the band and your record. Write a short paragraph telling them about your success and strengths - but don't lie. Chances are that whoever reads your bio will know if you are stretching the truth.

Put this bio on a nice looking, professional letter head. At the top put name of your band, name of album, date of release, song titles, band members and which band member to contact (pick one person) or manager. This bio is just general info that will be

sent to radio, reps, magazines, and others.

Your press kit should also include one of your new records, any good magazine articles or reviews that you already have, and a photo of the band (take special care on the photo so you don't end up looking like cheese balls). If you want to, you can call the magazine and ask who's attention you should make your package to. If it is a music only magazine or a small magazine then just send it to "attention Reviewer." For bigger magazines like Alternative Press, Option, or Spin, send more than one package. Chances are that you will not get reviews from these magazines but you might as well send them anyway. If you do get reviewed you will be gaining a lot, and if not, you only lost a couple of bucks for postage.

3 RADIO- GET RADIO PLAY.

This radio press kit should include all the same things. I think it's a good idea to wait until some reviews of your new record are on newsstands (this however is not necessary and some would disagree.)

Make some copies of these reviews to send in each one of your radio kits. This gives the release more credibility and the chances are that someone that works in a college radio station reads the very same magazines that you sent your press kits to. About 2 weeks after you send your radio kits you might want to call the station and ask for the program director or the music director. Ask them what they thought of your record, and if it has received any air-play. Make small talk and be

friendly. This can make the difference between your record being on the air or in the trash. (List of radio stations at the end of article) Keep hassling them. Also, target specific areas. There are over 1000 college stations in the USA and you cant hope to actually send a press kit to each one and call all of them several times. Concentrate on a realistic number of stations in areas where you want to tour or sell records. You might want to target only Salt Lake.

4 RETAIL. STORES AND DISTRIBUTORS.

This is perhaps the hardest part. Stores and distributors are not likely to buy something from you unless you can convince them



TATTOO ARTISTIC SKIN ILLUSTRATIONS

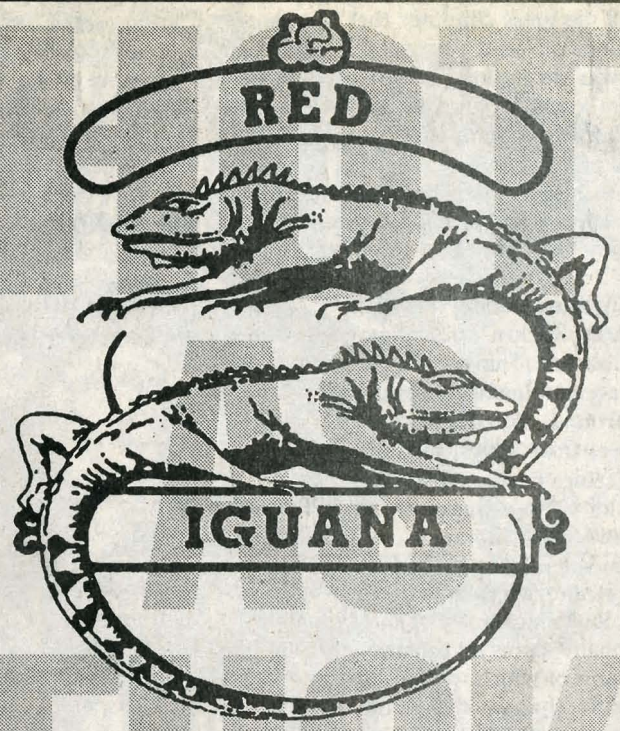
High
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that it will sell (they are funny that way). Send all the press clippings that you can get your hands on, send your press kit, tell them where you are getting air-play (if you know), let them know what your advertising and tour plans are. Send them a record along with all of this. Do anything that you can to convince them to take even just 2 records on consignment. Do this in local stores, which is relatively easy, but also to stores in other states. You can get lists of stores from promotion guides like the one that Maximum Rock-n-Roll magazine publishes. This is the most easily accessible and cheapest guide around. You can also get addresses from advertisements in magazines from other states, even the yellow pages from other cities (at the library.)

You can also find distributors by reading promotions guides and magazines. There are so many stores and distributors, most of which won't take your stuff, that we didn't list any. 3 or 4 addresses aren't going to help you. You have to find many. Direct sales to stores are very hard and very expensive so if you can get good distribution then take it and use it. For local distribution there is one company that can help. Happyville records is a company that works with Utah bands to get their music in stores. If you don't have the time to run to every store in town (or your just too lazy) then you should call them. They distribute Salt Flat Records releases and stuff from bands like Daisy Grey, Swim Hershel Swim. Happyville, PO Box 299, SLC, Ut. 84110, (801) 375-1478.

5 ADVERTISING.

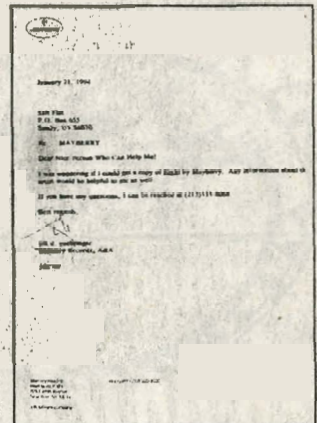
This can get expensive. Be practical and set realistic advertising goals. To advertise effectively you must do the following:

- 1- Establish a budget
- 2- Identify your target audience and find ways to reach that audience.
- 3- Place your ads. Have a professional designer make these ads for you. Presentation is important.
- 4- Replace your ads. Run them often, in fact, run them constantly in as many ways as you can afford.
- 5- Be creative. There are more ways to advertise than just magazine ads. Realize that every record review, all air-play, or even word of mouth and concerts are advertisements of their own and best of all they are free. Even a well designed flyer can sell a record for you. Trade records for ads in fanzines, make T-shirts, do anything. We have listed some magazines that sell reasonably priced advertising at the end of this article.

On yeah, I almost forgot. Include your address (PO Box) and offer "Free Catalog" or "Free Info" in your ads. You can even include the price of the record so people can order it right away. Selling through the mail may end up being the only way that you sell records out of state so this is important.

6 TOUR.

There are a lot of ways to tour. Booking tours is difficult so I will just suggest that you hire someone who is experienced to do it for you. If you want to do it yourself then you should follow the basic plan... SEND STUFF. Packages sent to a club or venue should include the record, photo copies of any press you have received, photo of the band, a letter that says you want to play and what you want from the club. Definitely call the club and try to convince them. Chances are that they will not call you just because you sent a record to them.



Letter From A&R Reps Example

7 REPEAT all promotion steps. Don't just promote for a little while, keep it up constantly.

Look. This is just a brief article on how the promotion process goes. It gets complicated and it can be much work. The best thing about putting out your own record is you can decide just how much work it will be. You can do as little or as much as you want. You decide how the band will be represented. You call the shots. Promote locally or try to enter the overwhelming world of national promotion. It's all up to you. But don't just sit there and hope to be "Discovered" because it won't happen. Do something for yourself.

MAGAZINES TO SEND FOR REVIEWS

- Ben Is Dead - Box 3166
Hollywood, CA 90028
- Billboard - 5055 Wilshire Blvd. 7th fl.
Los Angeles, CA 90036
- Flipside - PO Box 60790
Pasadena, Ca. 91116-6790
- Option - 2345 Westwood Blvd.
LA, CA 90064
- CMJ New Music Report
245 Great Neck Rd. 3rd. Fl.
Great Neck, NY. 11021

- Spin - 6 W. 18th St. 11th Fl.
New York, NY 10011
- Alternative Press - 1451 W. 112th St. Ste 1
Cleveland, OH 44102-2350
- Paperback Jukebox - 1914 NW 24 Pl.
Portland, OR 97210
- The Rocket - 2028 5th Ave.
Seattle, WA 98121

CHEAP ADVERTISING

- Flipside
see list above
- Maximum Rock n Roll - PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA 94146
- Fiz - P.O. Box 67E10
Los Angeles, CA 90067
- Angry Thoreauan - PO Box 2246
Anaheim CA 92814
- Ben is Dead - PO Box 3166
Hollywood, CA 90028

RADIO STATIONS

- X-96
Locals Only Show - Attn. Sean boy
KRCL - look it up
KLA - UCLA
308 Westwood Plaza - I.A, CA 90024
- KSCR - USC / 404 Student Union
LA, CA 90084
- KPBS - San Diego State U.
San Diego, CA 92182
- KPFA - Box 288
Berkeley, CA 94701
- KRCX - 5000 Lowell Blvd.
Denver. CO 80221

Hey! This listing is incomplete. We have limited space here. Find your own addresses too. Remember that the more stuff you send and the more calls you make - the better response you will get.

Coming In November
The Tattoo Issue

If you are a tattoo artist or a collector, send us your photos along with tattoo artist & shop as well as name & address.

Deadline October 20th-
No Exceptions


BAR & GRILL



SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

NO COVER BEFORE 9:00PM*

1 THE HIGH COURT
SUPER AMERICAN
and ABSTRAK

2 CLOSED	3 OASIS PETTING ZOO	4 WISH	5 ARCHERS OF LOAF KID CORDUROY HONEST ENGINE	6 PSYCHEDELIC ZOMBIES RHYTHM FISH	7 GAMMA RAYS	8 The Change
9 CLOSED	10 JAMIE'S PARTY	11 RED #5	12 THE CREAMERS ABSTRAK	13 WISH RISK POOL	14 HONEST ENGINE ABSTRAK	15 TONGUE & GROOVE
16  BIG BLUE featuring LEE ROCKER of THE STRAY CATS	17 SLOAN HEADSHAKE	18 AUGUST RED	19 ENGINES OF AGGRESSION THE OBVIOUS	20 CD RELEASE HONEST ENGINE WISH	21 THE FIGS ONE EYE	22 BIG BLUE Featuring Lee Rocker of THE STRAY CATS
23 CLOSED	24 ALL SOULS AVENUE RHYTHM 101	25 SUPER SUCKERS HONEST ENGINE the QUALITONES	26 SIMPY CLOVER	27 ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY PETTING ZOO UNCLE IRVING TRAILER PARK	28 ABSTRAK ONE EYE SO WUT	29 HALLOWEEN

60 East 800 South, slc
Info Hotline 533-0340

*Every night except touring acts • A Private Club For Members



ROCKABILLY

Last month rockabilly was replaced by an insert devoted to white trash music. Imagine my surprise when I opened the September 18 edition of the Salt Lake Tribune to find a front page article on the white trashing of America. I don't know how they did it but somehow the press has found us. Except the press didn't find US. Rockabilly is the music of an earlier white trash generation. In the '90s the illiterate, in-bred white trash are into heavy metal and rap. Believe me I talk to them every day. Rockabilly music came from white trash, today almost everyone I've met who listens to rockabilly music is highly intelligent and in many cases well-educated. The music is underground and far more popular in Europe than in the home of its birth. The conservative Rush Limbaugh fanatics are as oblivious to the music as the white trash are. In a recent conversation I was ridiculed for my interest and the music was dismissed because it is more popular in "socialist" countries.

Of course Rush's voice is easier to take when Yawn-i is tinkling away in the background. Another fascinating sight and sound for the month was an antique car show I observed. There sat all these tricked out cars from the '40s, '50s and '60s, but the music the "oldies" DJ played consisted of Paul Mauriet, the Tokens and such. Tell me that duck-tailed cat with the Lucky's rolled up in his sleeve was listening to Paul Mauriet when he drove his '49 Ford Coupe or '57 Chevy into the burger shack.

That's life in Utah. Those in control can't understand why the high school drop-out rate is so high and the white trash population is increasing at such an astronomical rate. The kids are in the parking lot planning their next tagging party to the sounds of MC Eight or listening to Joey C. Jones and the Glory Hounds while sniffing glue, and smoking reefer. They spend millions on gang control programs and I'll be God damned if the gangs aren't increasing in numbers.

Anyway, I am proud to announce that white trash rockabilly loving nuts are the latest subjects for examination under the microscope of highly paid, university educated upper class researchers. Let's all turn ourselves in, maybe they'll pay us big bucks for the insights we can offer.

The live rockabilly scene is pretty cold. All we had in October was Dave Alvin, Big Sandy and of course the Back Alley Gators. Dave Alvin gave his usual all and the band he brought was red hot. I'm sure Big Sandy did the same; he'll be here just before the SLUG goes to press. I like the Back Alley Gators. They are pretty hard and they rely on a lot of covers, but they are the first band I've ever seen do a rave-up version of "California Sun" and then follow it with "Little Sister." I think if they'd take some time off, use their obvious talents to write some songs and get a CD on the shelves their appeal would be greater. The live rockabilly scene should improve in November. Cool Cat Productions is rumored to be putting some shows together and Voodoo Swing might leave their retreat to open them.

The hottest record I've heard this month is actually a three CD box-set. Rhino Records recently released their *Sun Box*. True rockabilly nuts, even the cross-dressing ones, have most of the rockabilly already. I don't believe Rhino is targeting the box to hard core fans. They are trying to get the music into the hands of novice rockabilly fans. There's music from Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Warren Smith, Billy Lee Riley and Johnny Cash. A few

lesser knowns include Onie Wheeler, The Miller Sisters and Malcolm Yelvington & The Star Rhythm Boys. One disc is comprised almost entirely of blues. That disc gave me more enjoyment than the other two mainly because I haven't memorized every guitar lick, drum beat and vocal inflection. The booklet is excellent. I'd recommend Michael Styles pick up the box or maybe the book *Good Rockin' Tonight: Sun Records And The Birth Of Rock N Roll* to straighten out the inaccuracies in his trashing of Elvis last month. Styles' essay was filled with misinterpretations and downright lies. I'll leave it to others to correct him. I love his pieces and I realize he is only writing an opinion so don't take it so hard. I hope Rhino issues a sequel with the more obscure stuff. Meanwhile Bear Family in Germany will release six volumes of Sun music. Every single Sun Records ever released will be available on a Bear Family compact disc. Watch the pages of Pompadour Press for the run down.

Second on my list of hot records is the disc from Lee Rocker. It actually came out in late August so I've had a month to digest it. Everyone hits the stores to buy Eric Clapton doing the blues. His disc is tremendous. I can find no fault with his work. I happen to prefer things a little rawer. Lee Rocker managed to keep his rockabilly past firmly in place as he explored his blues roots. The slap bass on the album is some of the best I've ever heard and he somehow convinced Scotty Moore to lend his guitar to one song. Rocker played in Phoenix and our connection in that town is ordered to send a review to Pompadour Press. I don't know why the show skipped Salt Lake except maybe Rocker heard that audiences are fickle here and the distinct possibility of 20 or 30 people showing up to see him existed. Even as I write this I'm told that Rocker just might appear on October 28 and that the Frantic Flattops will return on November 27. Hot damn, rockabilly does live on in this town.

Third on the list is the new Love Ones disc. These guys have always sounded like the Blasters to me on record. Their live show is completely different. The new one again brings the Blasters to mind, but they've expanded their repertoire to include some garage music. It is a required disc. Other releases I've heard that are possibly of interest to roots rockin' rockabilly nuts include; Robert Gordon, Don Walser, Cub Koda, Carla Olsen and a very few songs from *Red Hot and Country*. Carl Perkins with

Duane Eddy and the Mavericks doing "Matchbox?" I can almost lay down the \$15 to hear that song over and over and over again. Don Walser does honky tonk, western swing and a touch of 'billy. Watch for an interview in Pompadour Press. Robert Gordon is so, so smooth. His voice is in fine form and there are songs on his new disc that recall his best work, especially when he interprets Jack Scott. Cub Koda is an archivist with a sense of humor. His effort is also excellent, but the hard core 'billy fan might dismiss it because of the doo wop. Carla Olsen is a Texas rocker with a powerful voice and guitar. She has Ian McLagen and Mick Taylor on board and no, they won't be playing with the Rolling Stones. Her song with Percy Sledge is one of the best of the disc.

Rumor on the street is that Paradise Music has the best rockabilly selection in town even if it is a mall store. I still frequent the independents, but by all means check out the selection. That's it. Pick up a copy of Pompadour Press around the 15th. Watch for *Put Yer Cat Clothes On* around town. The first issue from Phoenix should be out and we will do our best to get a few to distribute in Salt Lake City.

"If you've got the money, I've got the time, we'll go honky tonkin' and we'll have a time. Bring along your Cadillac, leave my ol' wreck behind. But if you run short of money, I'll run short of time. 'Cause if you've no more money, I've no more time."

—Willie Wheeler



Elvis Presley



Carl Perkins



Johnny Cash



Jerry Lee Lewis



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9 • STORYVILLE

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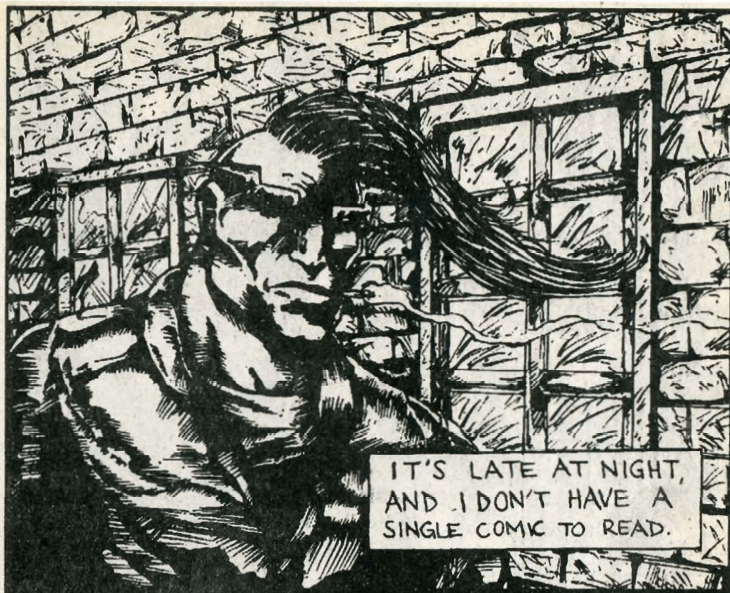
19 • CANNED HEAT

21 • JERRY JOSEPH

W/ THE STRANGERS

24 • CHRIS DUARTE

26 • GILBY CLARK



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MOVIE REVIEWS

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OCTOBER 7 - 20

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You know, in the last few issues I've been kinda slamming a filmmaker named Jean-Luc Godard, so it's only fitting that the guy has got a new film and it's coming to the Tower starting October 14th. I guess I need to explain myself.

For those unenlightened souls, I'm not talking about the captain of the Starship Enterprise...this is the leader of the French New Wave movement, one of the world's foremost film scholars and critics, and perhaps the most influential filmmaker of the last thirty-five years. You're probably wondering two things then...if he's so great why have you never heard of him, and why is this SLUG reviewer hassling him? Well, part of the answer to both questions is because he's French. But like Godard's films themselves, the other part of the answer is more complex.

Beginning as a film critic and then taking up directing with his first flick "Breathless" (not the Richard Gere remake), Godard quickly redefined filmmaking with a rigorously self-conscious style. He was not interested in presenting stories as much as he wanted to present ideas. To that purpose he played with the structure, the language if you will, of film so that viewers were constantly challenged into deriving meaning from both what was happening on the screen and how that action was presented filmically. Thus you might say to yourself "Oh, he did that little obnoxious edit to jar me out of my passive acceptance of the story. He wants me to be aware that this is a movie, to never sink into ignorant acceptance, to understand he is setting up some concepts that need to be analyzed, not just digested."

Basically, Godard doesn't want to tell you a story, he wants to present ideas and make you think about them. To that purpose, it doesn't make sense to present a two hour film where you are guided from point A to point B, never having to analyze for yourself but just soaking it all in. Godard makes you work for your meaning...and that's why his films frequently piss me off. I don't always get them on first viewing, and I rarely watch films more than once. Another reason I like to slam Godard is that he has so many groupies. Every director and film-school student worships the man and think every word he says and every frame he makes is a cryptic utterance from the oracle. If I mention a similarity to dead heads, I think you'll understand.

Anyway, "Helas Pour Moi" stars Gerard Depardieu (the guy who stars in all French films), and its about God coming down and inhabiting a man's body for a day so that she could experience directly what it's like to be a human. I haven't seen it yet, but you can be sure it's a complex and challenging film - check it out.

Moving on to films I have seen...one after my own heart: "SEX, DRUGS, AND DEMOCRACY". It's a flick about the Dutch vision of society and government involvement in the lives of its people. Holland is kinda unique in the world. They decriminalized marijuana use, legalized prostitution, granted full civil rights to homosexuals and women, have socialized medicine which includes abortion and euthanasia on demand, taxes are huge but the government holds out a large all-encompassing safety net, public nudity is legal, etc. etc. etc. Everybody seems happy and well-adjusted 'cause there ain't much crime, there's little social strife, there's no mafia cause everything's legal, and nobody gets so rich that they make everybody jealous 'cause they all get taxed to death. In short, they've got a bob-damned utopian society over there!

Why not here then, you ask? I mean, isn't the government of the United States supposed to safe-guard the "pursuit of happiness", to be "for the people and by the people", etc. etc. etc.? Well in theory yes - but in practice not always. We've been legislating morality from day one. Let's face it, western civilization still reels from the effects of centuries of dysfunctional Judaeo-Christian/patriarchal leadership. There is a legacy of repressed feelings and intellect, a general loathing for the body, and a fear of self-expression. We need to move beyond our history...to not be judgemental of different lifestyles as long as they are not endangering other people or the environment.

"Sex, Drugs, and Democracy" makes you take a long hard look at the constrictive nature of our own society and compare it to the pragmatic, humanistic nature of Dutch government. It made me sad that we are wasting so much energy on repression of lifestyle choices, when what is needed is acceptance. Choice is the operant word. In the Netherlands, you are allowed to make your own. The government is designed not to constrict you, but to support you. Instead of wasting its time in repression, it addresses the important questions of how to protect the environment and civil rights of individuals, how to reduce social conflict and provide for the inopportune. The Netherlands may not be perfect, but their progressive vision sets an example that I hope is followed by the rest of the west.

By the way, this film gets kinda gratuitous about showing drug use, the sex shows, prostitutes, etc. so it's one of those have to be 18 or older gigs. It plays for two weeks starting October 7th, also at the Tower Theatre.

-Ima Mess

CONCERT REVIEWS

DROWN

Sept. 6th at The Cinema Bar

O.K.,...straight up.

This was one of thee best live shows I've seen all year, no bullshit. This was Drown's second time in Salt Lake. (They opened for White Zombie at Saltair a few months back, and you can bet your pierced nipples I kick myself for not being there!) Drown finally hit the stage at approximately 12:35 a.m. They opened with "I Owe You," the song that starts out their fairly new disc, *Hold On To The Hollow*.



When the first chords were struck I didn't know whether to run for cover or to take my chances and ride out this terrifying wave of sight and sound. I opted for the latter, and what a ride it was. The stark white lighting was behind the band and on the sides. No direct lighting was used, so all you really witnessed were exaggerated silhouettes and distorted shadows. The eerie atmosphere was in direct contrast with their full throttle, in-your-face brand of music, and it worked great. Drown's live sound has got more of a raw bite to it, than on the CD. It seems like the guitars and the vocals are pushed right up front. I thought the whole set was great, but "Pieces of Man," and "What it is to Burn," really amazed me. Drown is going on tour with Clutch and Prong later this fall and rumor has it they'll make a stop in this pretty great State of ours. Do yourself a favor and check out Drown before they get really huge and untouchable, because with this band,...it will happen.

—Royce

STONE FOX

Sept. 20th @ The Cinema Bar

Stone Fox, aah yes. I know this band is from San Francisco and I know that this was their first time in SLC, and that's all I know about them. Four women kicking it out and one dude on drums, what a killer combination. I loved watching the lead singer, man she could move, (maybe gyrate would be a better verb phrase here). And the bass player, I think her name was Janis, she could not only play, but she could sing great, too. She took the lead vocals on two songs. Stone Fox opened with a nice, mellow acoustic song, then they went into some kick-ass, thrash song and then later on they did a Metallica cover of "Seek & Destroy." On the chorus it seemed like they were really saying, "She Can Destroy." (I'm not a big Metallica fan, but my friend Nick was, once, a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away and he claims the guitar solo was exactly like the Metallica version!...Amazing!!!) At one point they did a song called, "Candy," and they threw candy out to the audience, (what a thoughtful thing to do.) Any way, they were really good and really varied and a hell of a good time. By the way, Spanky's has been booking some great shows. If your not hanging out there...where are you?

—Royce

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MOTOCASTER

Motocaster was supposed to play in Salt Lake City on October 7. Apparently they are having some problems with booking and the show was cancelled. It's our loss. Another recent cancellation I don't understand was Royal Jelly. They have a Robert Plant impersonator and I was quite looking forward to a visit to the '70s. Motocaster has strong '70s tendencies, but they've gone beyond it all. The first time I listened to their album I dismissed the thing. After going through the stacks and listening again, and again, and again, I found it to be quite enjoyable. You might want to search it out in the local stores. They are currently signed with Interscope, but they originally were with Cargo. Along with the new album is an EP on Cargo that I plan to pick up with this Friday's paycheck. They are from Raleigh, North Carolina and their new album was produced by Mitch Easter; he of REM production and Let's Active recording fame. Motocaster's Bo Taylor talked to me from a pay phone in the road from God knows where while I sat in the comfort of my home. Here are the results.

SLUG: How did you three get together? Bo: We'd all been playing around the Raleigh area before. John and Brian were both...are both bass players. John switched over to drums because he is multi-talented. Jon was in five or six bands, I was in a couple. SLUG: How old are you guys? Bo: I'm 27, those guys are 29. SLUG: So you've been around awhile. Bo: Yea, we've all been playing around the area of Raleigh for six or seven years.

SLUG: You self-released a single and then you put an EP out on Cargo. Bo: Yea, that's right, it's called *Acid Rock*. SLUG: How did you hook up with Cargo? Bo: Well we'd been working on an independent deal before we got picked up by Interscope. I guess the deals just came through at the same time. Our plan was to put out some kind of EP on an independent and Cargo said they'd do it so we did that first and then we followed it up with our LP on Interscope.

SLUG: So you signed to Cargo and Interscope at the same time? Bo: Yea, pretty close to the same time. SLUG: How did you get signed to Interscope? Bo: Well, it started when I sent a tape to CMJ, we got written up in the "Futures Section." I got lots of phone calls, made lots of tapes and sent 'em out one by one. We played New Music Seminar two years ago and after we played we had a couple of majors interested in us. We flew out to LA and checked-out the ones who were interested and decided on Interscope. I was really impressed with the bands that they're signing now. We signed with them when they were still pretty small, but I like the rock music they're signing. You know, like Rocket From The Crypt and Drive Like Jehu.

SLUG: Did your musical style change at all between the recording of *Acid Rock* for Cargo and *Stay Loaded* for Interscope? Bo: I don't know, I think the LP is a little garagey or something. SLUG: The LP is more garagey sounding? Bo: I sometimes think so. I don't know... the EP...fuck, (laughs) all the songs were pretty much written around the same time. SLUG: Inside the CD booklet there are pinball machine graphics; is the album named for a pinball machine? Bo: *Stay Loaded* is actually named after a mud flap ornament like on a truck or whatever. There are some pinball machine graphics in there. There's a place in Rocky Mountain, North Carolina where some friends and I went looking for some artwork. They have like stacks and stacks of pinball machines and he was willing to let us take back-glass artwork home to photograph it. My friend kept some of it and we ended up using that one for the record. It's just part of the artwork...the pinball machines.



SLUG: How did you get together with Mitch Easter? Bo: Our drummer, Jon Heames, was a member of Let's Active. He was the bass player on the last record, *Every Dog Has His Day*. We started doing some demos with Mitch and we liked the way he worked. We liked the sound he got so we kept going with him. SLUG: Did you set out to get a garage sound with him? Bo: No, we weren't thinking, it's gotta be garagey, it's gotta be garagey. I think that's kind of the way it turned out. Our goal was to be raw...trashy. That's the way I described my vision to him before we started and he's like, we can do that. Do you like the album.

SLUG: Yea, I love the album. Let's skip right to the next question. Your song "Uranus" sounds very much like the New York Dolls to me. Did you set out to get that raw New York Dolls nature from the beginning? Bo: Well, I wouldn't claim them as one of my major influences although, I like the Dolls and Thunders a lot. There was a band in Raleigh that was influenced by the Dolls... one of my favorite Dolly bands of all time. They were a band called Fingers, anyway "Uranus" was more... you know that song "Tuckin' Up," it was on Neil Young's *Ragged Glory*? SLUG: Yea Bo: That's kind of where the song originated from because I tuned the low string down to a low C, that's kind of what Neil does too. And that's what came out. SLUG: The other song that really struck me on the album was "Truth." You didn't write the song, it was written by Lee Johnson. Bo: Yea, she was in a Raleigh band called the Blackgirls. They were kind of an acoustic, quirky trio. That was one of my favorite songs of theirs and it fit into our repertoire pretty well. SLUG: So you took an acoustic song and changed it to include feedback, Led Zeppelin and Hendrix references? Bo: Yea, that's the Motocaster version of it.

We finished the conversation with some conversation on Motocaster's current tour. Just in case you think Salt Lake City is unique, Bo pretty much informed me that it is the same all over the U.S. They play to good crowds in some places and tiny crowds in others. The road is far from glamorous and he was obviously very tired when I talked to him. They may be on a major label, but to the masses of American citizens they are as unknown as any indie band. Motocaster has a hell of a good album in the stores and Bo Taylor is one of the good guys. Like so much of the best music it isn't on the radio. Check out the album or the EP and hope the booking agent straightens things out so we can see them in the city of Salt.

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Helios Creed Love 666 Acid Bath

Acid Bath was more than kind to me. They sent a T-shirt, a video and a CD. The video displays this clan of maniacs playing before an enthusiastic crowd and bizarre images of a girl dying in a lily pad and scum filled pond. She is attacked by an alligator. The blood is missing because this isn't a big budget flick. Acid Bath's music is on the edge - extreme slashing metal tinged punk. They are enough to please any audience looking for the hard edge.

That isn't all there is. Helios Creed will be in Salt Lake with Acid Bath. Who the hell is Helios Creed? Ask Trent when he gets here, because as a member of Chrome, Helios Creed recorded music that inspired Reznor. Creed will soon have two new albums available. One is on the shelves now. *Busting Through The Van Allen Belt* on the Cleopatra label showcases the quieter, more experimental Creed side. Soon to be released is *Planet X* on AmRep. Holy shit what a racket. This album is Creed at his noisiest. Helios Creed is a genius with a guitar in his hands and an inspiration for many.

That is more than enough pleasure for one body to take but there's more. Love 666 are another AmRep band. All they have out so far is a single. This combo is catatonic. "XTC" is simple droning noise, with a slow beat and muffled vocals. The flip, "AR-15" is pretty much the same - highly experimental with plenty of noisy feedback. Love 666 should be interesting live.

October 2 at the Cinema Bar

Biohazard

Biohazard comes to us courtesy of Brooklyn. You may know them from their collaboration with Onyx on the *Judgement Night* soundtrack. You might even know them from their previous album, *Urban Discipline*, on the

Roadrunner label. Now they're on Warner Bros. with a new album titled, *State Of The World Address*. If you've ventured into a record store lately you've seen the album. It's hard to miss the fluorescent orange cover featuring the Biohazard logo. The package is a limited edition. The logo will disappear from store shelves shortly and the cover will simply depict a child in a gas mask.

Inside the package is a CD with



some frightening sounds. They open with the MC5 as in, "kick out the jams motherfucker." Biohazard's version says, "It's the state of the world address motherfucker." Is this band with the hazardous-to-life logo taken as their own actually hazardous to human life? Evan Seinfeld, bass and vocals, speaks to the issue. "We don't say that we're a biohazard. We sing about everything in the world that is a biohazard. Break it down in Latin: dangerous, life danger - AIDS, crack, gang violence, nuclear bombs, war, anything you can think of, the guy standing on the corner waiting to take your wallet, the air we're breathing, the environment, the ozone layer. As soon as we wanted to write about things that are fucked up in the world, everything turned out to be a biohazard, so it seemed like the most logical name."

The WPA Film library is a source for Biohazard samples. They use dialogue from *Great Crimes Of The Century* twice. *Reservoir Dogs* is also mined for a sample. Rap vocals on the sorry state of the world front extreme guitar noise, but listen closely and you might hear some piano.

Biohazard will open for House of Pain on October 5. House of Pain is a trio of white boy rappers with an in-your-face style. Their first went platinum, the second, *Same As Li Ever Was*, is making the attempt. Give thanks to Medina Concerts for putting this one together.



Built To Spill

Doug Martsch wrote the songs for the Treepeople. I don't know what happened there, but he ended up in Built To Spill. They put out an album on Seattle's other label, C/Z last year. I don't know what happened there either because now Built To Spill has a new six song release on Up Records. Martsch is still there and so is Brett Nelson on bass. Ralf is gone or he's changed his name to Andy Capps. He's the drummer.

The credibility factor is pretty high with Built To Spill. Besides his work with the Treepeople and Built To Spill, Martsch was also a member of The Halo Benders which included Calvin Johnson of Beat Happening. They released an album this summer on K. An Idaho boy releasing albums on two of Washington's most prominent labels is enough to make this Utah boy sit up and take notice. What do they have in Idaho that we don't in Salt Lake?

The answer is the third and final in a series of I don't knows. Built To Spill's latest, *There's Nothing Wrong With Love*, is a weird little piece of magnetic tape. I'm tempted to dismiss it as some kind of folk album except for the distorted guitars all over the place. It compliments the C/Z effort, *Ultimate Alternative Wavers*, and is if anything more bizarre. It must have something to do with the K and Beat Happening involvement.

All the hard-core, straight-edge, skaters and punks are all pissed off by now because it's one of those artsy, fartsy low-fi bands. Check out the cello on "Fling," "Stab" and "Car" if you want to be even more pissed off. Now I'm really going to piss you off. Built To Spill will open for one of the premier punk rock bands ever on October 29. Yes, they are scheduled to open for Vancouver, Canada's D.O.A. Low-fi meets punk rock at the Cinema Bar and it's about time a few minds were opened.

Cop Shoot Cop

Pre-dating Ministry and a whole bin filled with better known industrial noise makers are Cop Shoot Cop. Don't go looking for that heavy guitar sound combined with samples and synths because they don't rely on guitars. It's not that they lack amplified stringed

instruments, it's just that they have two bassists. Tod Ashley, bassist says, "We break chords down in high and low-end parts. I play high and Jack (Nantz, the other bassist) plays low. He plays fairly traditional bass lines and I play a lot of chords and harmonics."



Along with the basses are a trumpet played by Steve McMiller, who also plays guitar, samples and piano from James Filer Coleman Jr. (Cripple Jim), and drums and percussion by Jack Nantz. His drum kit reportedly includes pots, pans and assorted scrap metal. Their fourth album is just out. Titled *Release* it is a slice of funky bass tortured vocals and wailing horns. Cop Shoot Cop is on the road and they have scheduled a date for Salt Lake City. Cop Shoot Cop,

October 22 at the Cinema Bar

The Flaming Lips

Since their humble beginning in 1985 the Flaming Lips have been through who knows how many line-up changes and two record labels. Michael Ivins and Wayne Coyne have been there since the beginning. The Lips have a new EP out which I have yet to hear. The last full-length, *Transmissions From The Satellite Heart* remains true to the cartoon psychedelia they're known for.

Filled with screeching, squawking guitars and Coyne's imitation Neil Young vocals and about one minute of irritating stuck-needle noise following "She Don't Use Jelly," it failed to break these guys through to the hordes. They were scheduled to play on the Lollapalooza stage, but the Salt Lake City date was scrapped. They will open for Candlebox at the lake. It should be interesting to see how the audience reacts to an opening band whose music is far different than Candlebox's. Who knows maybe The Flaming Lips will win some New Salt Lake City

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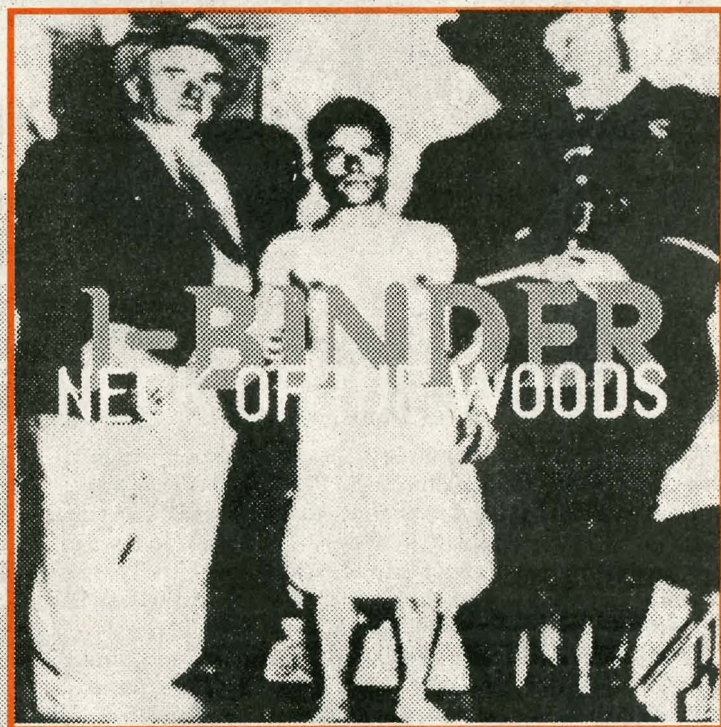
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LOCAL BANDS

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Seems like whenever you hear about eclectic art in S.L.C., it's always some type of off the wall genre, or the usual hype of ethnic or cultural society. Well we also have something in our beloved city that is equally off center and driven by a different source. Call it the underbelly of the music scene, or maybe even a holdout from years passed, but it survives and thrives in our fair city like a parasite...we call it Heavy Metal.

Quite possibly the most prolific music scene in Utah, it's roots are deep and have been for years. Those who refused to change with the new fad or what is hip in the local circles, have remained a constant force in and around the melting pot of local music. They have their own ideas, uniforms and opinions about what they do. The mystique of the black leather jacket, tight pants, big tennis shoes and skull tattoos. Kevin Kirk, owner of the **Heavy Metal Shop** sees it on a daily basis, and says it's been that way for years. "While other music styles come and go, there is always a market for metal, and it it always sells" And after seven years, you can't open a Kerrang magazine, or see a Slayer photo without one of his shirts draping over some metal head. So, without bias to all of S.L.C.'s metal bands, we sat down with two of them... Blister'd Toad and Kaotik Contortion.



BLISTER'D TOAD

This band has been together for three years with three of it's original members, Dave Henriod, Rick Crocco and Plumb (swears that's his name) They filled out the band two years ago with Matt Reis on guitar and Chris Morrison, (a transplant from Dallas) on vocals. To listen to B.T., you may find yourself slipping back to the late eighties. Possibly mislabeled as traditional metal, their power chording and anthem like chorus lines run throughout their all original sets. It's driving, it's hard and it's sincere. These guys believe in what they do with strong conviction, and they play that way. Blister'd Toad has just returned from Foundations Forum, a music convention in L.A. where they shopped their new CD, and got one of their songs, "Lost Child" on the Foundations CD. It's not been easy though, B.T. has had their share of setbacks. Namely, bassist Dave Henriod got his hand stuck in a table saw, lacerating all the fingers on his left hand. After several months in rehab, and wondering if he'd play again, Dave is almost back up to par, though he still can't make a fist. The band stuck with him all the way, believing in his desire to play. Blister'd Toad is currently seeking

booking and management to get signed to an indie label. They've been down that road already, as "Eden", a band that Dave and Rick were in that was signed to Restless Records. As far as writing goes, Rick (a GIT graduate) and Matt write the guitar parts, and the band forms it into it's end result. Most of which are well written, as you find listening to their new five song CD, available at The Heavy Metal Shop. It was recorded at Musicians Choice studios by Chuck Kohan and Steve Terry. B.T. will be at Starr Studios Oct.6th,7th, and 8th with Kaotic Contortion. For more info you can write Lily Pad Productions P.O. Box 1017, S.L.C., UT 84152.



Kaotik Contortion

For the past five years, Kaotik has been pillaging the S.L. metal scene with their unique brand of music. Somewhere between White Zombie and old Metalica, lies this four piece band comprised of guitarist/singer Jeff Mondragon, guitarist Chance Brimhall, Dylan Weales on bass and drummer Chad Thomas. By day, they all work regular jobs to support their music addiction/habit, but by night they follow their real passion...music. They don't write songs about fast cars and women, rather songs about how they feel. Songs that are politically motivated social statements. Trying to shed the term "Death Metal" is something that concerns Jeff who writes most of the lyrics. "We try to stay heavy, but remain really melodic at the same time" When the band writes a song, it's a group effort to keep it melodic and still maintain the integrity of their sound, which is basically hard edged guitars, booming bass and thunderous drums. Kaotik just released their self titled second cassette and is working on an upcoming CD (hopefully). They also have their first tape available called "Test of Time". They are currently playing live shows around S.L. including the Star Studios shows w/Blister'd Toad. They have played L.A. twice at the Anti-Club to great response, and are planning a trip to Phoenix. They were also voted Best Metal Band of 1994 in an indie readers poll. The best part of the band though is their live performance. You just can't get the same energy on tape. They play all originals except for two Kiss songs. "You'd have to hear 'em the way we play 'em to appreciate it", Jeff says, and that would be my suggestion too. Go check out Kaotik Contortion and Blister'd Toad, Oct. 6th,7th,8th at Star Studios, or check the daily calendar for their other live shows.

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CONSOLIDATED

Consolidated's latest album, *Business Of Punishment*, was released in September. They are three educated white boys rapping in a hip hop band. Consolidated has been compared to the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy many times. Their music is closely aligned with that of Hiphoprisy — heavy on the politics and the beats. Last year they released *Play More Music* which drew some criticism for the inclusion of many, many taped audience confrontations. The audience confrontations are present on the new one, but they close the album. If you don't want to listen you don't have to. Consolidated is currently on tour without a Utah date. One could be in our future. SLUG spoke with Mark Pistel seeking his opinions on music and politics with a Utah slant.

SLUG: "A woman running for Congress in Utah is using a \$500 tax credit for every child a family has as one of her campaign promises. This tax credit will be funded by cutting back on money provided to the arts and job programs. Any comments?"

Consolidated: "She wants to take money away from the arts and job programs? Is she a staunch pro-life person?" SLUG: "Probably"

Consolidated: "Yes, I'm not saying that I figured, but it's probably an incentive for people to have more white children. I'm of course making assumptions, but it's a pretty frightening thing. Whenever you give incentives to people for having children rather than education, job training and culture such as the arts and you have an incentive for children there's always some kind of strange religious reason in back, or some anti-woman statement. I mean it's a good way to keep women at home by making them have children. It's a good way to control women, giving them incentives to have children. I think it's pretty frightening that a woman would be behind this."

SLUG: "There is also a proposal that anyone be allowed to carry a gun in the state of Utah as long as they are of good moral character."

Consolidated: "What's good moral character — hunters? Good moral character is different for everybody and everyone. It means a different thing. Someone that hunts for recreational sports, I see them as having no good moral character."

However, the elk's may think that a hunter is great gift from God. I think for a person to carry a gun shows that you have no moral character. Societies that let people carry guns in my opinion have no moral character. I'm completely against guns and they should be illegal."

SLUG: "Closely aligned with the gun issue is the showing of a video on hunting by the local PBS station during their fund raising campaign. The

video included a soundtrack provided by Ted Nugent which is only available through PBS stations who show the video." Consolidated: "Was the show trying to show how stupid he was?" SLUG: "I have no idea, I just talked to people wanting the soundtrack." Consolidated: "So sad, really sad. That's amazing, public broadcast doing that in Utah. They'd never do that in California. I've seen that video, I think it's the same one. Even if it's not I know what videos he's made. They're like snuff films. They're live footage of him killing animals that are usually enclosed in hunting ranches and can't get away. He's a coward, a disgusting human being."



SLUG: "Gangster rap music is extremely popular with little white boys. Their parents buy it for them without knowing what their children are listening to. Why do you think gangster rap is so popular while guys like Consolidated with a different political message can hardly get any commercial acceptance at all?" Consolidated: "It's sort of the way the popularity of Bruce Willis and Arnold Swartzenegger is much greater than that of Noam Chomsky and Woody Allen. Woody Allen is not a good example because he's popular and we're not. People buy Bruce Willis movies and they buy Arnold Swartzenegger films and they buy other violent movies before they'll buy a documentary or a Noam Chomsky film. I'm not comparing us to Noam Chomsky, but in some ways I am in the sense that our culture is based around guns and violence. Rap, I'm not saying all of it, but the gangster rap is based on the same sensational, male violence. It's a rite of passage for young boys to see Bruce Willis kill 10 people in five seconds in a movie. It's the same rite of passage that we have in gangster rap, it's becoming a man at 12-years-old, carrying a gun and being macho. It has a lot to do with living in a culture that is violent. Living in a

culture where women are not respected at home women are not respected in public life, and gangster rap represents this sort of macho male rite of passage where being insensitive to women and being violent and aggressive is rewarded. It's attractive to young men growing up in that environment anyway."

SLUG: "Another highly political band, the Crass disbanded because frustration with their inability to change anything through music alone was causing them to want to commit acts of revolution attempting change. Do you see any of that happening in Consolidated?" Consolidated: "I think Consolidated has come close to breaking up in the past. A lot of it has to do with the politics not matching our personal lives sometimes and the music taking over our political beliefs. When the music starts becoming more important than our personal lives and our political beliefs then you have to start taking the situation in hand and realizing what's the most important. Consolidated has come very close to breaking up because of this. I think it will cause the band to split soon. I don't know whether it's the album, the next album or the one after just don't know. But it's definitely difficult, just being a human being in today's world and dealing with your personal life and having a political life. Can you imagine adding a band that's political and trying to have a personal life? I know that my personal life suffers, I don't see my family very much, I'm always busy plus you add the politics it and you don't even get to be serious

involved with your politics when you're always doing music. Also double the fact that you're making certain statements and you're out being a pop band, it's hypocritical and it is very, very weak."

The interview concluded with a question about Consolidated's confrontations with the audience during their live shows. I asked if they'd ever been physically attacked. The answer was no. Finally, London Records sent a Consolidated *Bandzine* as part of their promotional packet. I asked Mark if they'd ever considered including the *Bandzine* as part of a CD package similar to what Alice Cooper did by packaging a comic book in a limited edition with his latest. Consolidated has never thought of the idea, but they believe it is a good one and future albums might incorporate the *Bandzine* into the package.

After wishing Consolidated well on their tour and encouraging them to book a Salt Lake date the conversation ended. Consolidated knows they are somewhat hypocritical. They advertise the fact and that advertisement is much more honest than say a television evangelist preaching chastity while visiting hookers on a regular basis.

—Lenn

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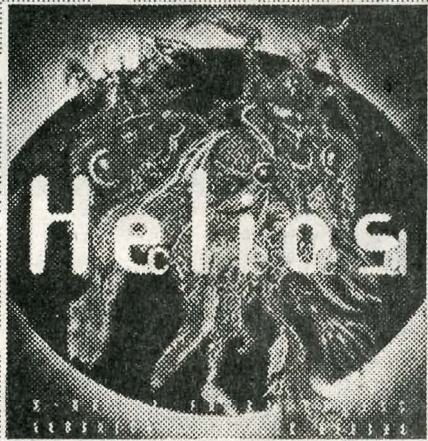
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LOOK AT RELIGION

Some folks feel contrary to my steadfast taste for liberal sex views. "For Chrissakes Padre, the danger of aids and venereal disease are pretty scary. Don't you worry about what could happen?"

Sex from day one always included a certain intensity. Today, everything that's intense immediately implies a sense of danger: Yes, transmutable disease is putting too many sickos six feet under. Yet the life and death battle that this entire species is fighting has more invested in the sacred heart than basic physical presence. Where stands our human intent? Disease can always be linked to the potential of healing. Without adequate attention to the real problems, nothing improves. We so easily quake guarding our little bodies, while our planet's weekend resources go long unnoticed. The big picture becomes awesome, cause we must rely on a vast network of inter relations. "Scary monsters" we cry, "let me go dig that tunnel!" The average mook is deeply pained by Personal Politics, so for big bucks we hire poly-sci goons from Yale and Oxford Law Schools to do our world things for payment.

So how in a dirt bag town like Salt Lake City Utah, can one help solve global dementia? Expand your world chump! Let your observations heal the branches of the universe. Ya ain't gonna fall out of the frigging tree. People who rip off or turn away on people are too scared to share some ups and downs, some major shifts, a few crazy quirks. Fear closes the interactive door. Back on home turf we shoot ourselves in the foot trying to protect our valuable values and we leave a stupid bloody trail.

Too many fences and locked gates plague this lovely planet. The worse disease we've ever faced is all the needless worry. All the cross data scientific research has proven we can now exterminate everybody. I wouldn't recommend kamkaze joy rides for the hell of it, but for the sake of the bigger picture, loosen the seat belt and go out and live life.

Whether you catch a severely debilitating disease or not seems to rely heavily on attitude anyway. I had an old scum bag plumber in my parish when I was a young padre serving the Mission District of San Fran. The old timer was a sworn lover to several generations of street walkers. Never caught one case a nothin, though he suffered from a dad gut due his heavy drinking. He loved all them girls, ole Larry did and remembered them fondly. He did however claim that he'd wash his johnson in a handy glass a cheap whiskey when ever he was a bit suspect.

But enough gutter talk 'bout the medicinal miracles of bad booze in the tough terrain of sleazy sex. Let's tune into an ancient religious practise for the sake of this month's spiritual lesson, TRUTH IS ONE, PATHS ARE MANY.

ZOROASTRIANISM began 2600 years ago in ancient Iran and was founded by Iranian

dude by the hip name of Spenta Zarathustra. Seems that this Spentz guy had been much unimpressed by a wild desert prophet called Zoraster. The local BIG MAN, that is their Wise Lord and the Power of Good, Ahura Mazda (no relation to the Japanese Chariot God) was way tight with ole Zoraster. Hence the Z-man projected to the persian people sacred ethics of the maintenance of life and the struggle against evil. Working the soil, raising cattle, marrying and popping babies were deemed epic principles. Sloth, reflection and celibacy were outright condemned. The Universal contention between two opposite forces was fleshed out with the help of the Evil Spirit, Ahriman who let the bad forces. (Perhaps as a young hod, Ahriman was into smoking weeds, spacin' out and jerking off when he so pleased.) Zoroastrians believe that good will triumph on Judgement Day (but can't say what happens if there's a Judgement Night.) and the righteous will get Eternity in Ho-Hum Paradise. The wicked will get their butts kicked accordingly down in the pit of Hell.

However, Zoroastrians, living in a dry desert furnace, worshipped fire above all other symbols. They believed the heat of Hell would eventually burn all sins away. Given enough waiting time, all the devil's down below would one day party in paradise and mingle with the halos.

One's holy hell of pain in the form of an absessed tooth or psychopathic anxiety is a burning thang. If we can learn something from the ancient Zoroastrians, we might understand that the fire cures. Like Arnold Swarzenegger sez: "you have to feel the burn." Whether that's a lusty burning love circle or a nice toasty tub or a 106 degree Hatian voodoo fever, you the individual can use the nature of this world to help light the healing fuel. Fire Up That Honey Love, Chilluns

Amore, Padre Beelzebub

P.S. Here's an ole Halloween tip for later in the moon of October. Grab a couple of grocery bags and do a neighbor a good deed who owns a backyard bow-wow. Clean up his grounds and put a good pile into the paper sack. When the moon feels right, deposit the bag on a neighbor's front porch, one who could use a sense of humor. Soak the sack in hi-flash lighter fluid and hit it with a match. Ring the doorbell and run. Don't even turn around when that flaming shit hits the scam fan!

MORE CONCERT REVIEWS

MOZART

I was first introduced to Mozart exactly one year ago. A friend had seen them before and told me not to miss this band. Taking her advice, I went; I saw; I listened; I became a fan!! Right then a precedent was set: A local show of Mozart's would not be missed. To this day, we have attended each show (that we've heard about) religiously.

My admiration for Mozart comes from them being a band that communicates to their audi-

ence on and off stage. Their music is honest powerful, and the individuals of Mozart are uine. Their music is so intriguing that when you watching them you don't even realize that you being pulled in (in to what, I'm not exactly sure). you do know one thing, something has affected and mesmerized you, for when they've finish playing, the only thing you do know is that want more.

Recently Adam, Peter, James, the D and Ralph returned to Salt Lake—not for an eve but for a week and, upholding tradition, I attend their shows.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13 BAR & GRILL

Mozart's performance tonight was diverse from their previous shows. Their usual live & roll, theatrical set became an awesome acoustic jam session. It was short, yet powerful and direct. These are five, talented guys who can rock an audience of 5 or 500. You can tell they enjoy playing music.

Most of their songs were new and alteration from their usual material. The progression of their music is natural and very becoming. Mozart. Along with their new material, they intrigued the audience with an incredible rendition of The Guess Who's "No Sugar Tonight." The cover of "No Sugar Tonight" is always a crowd pleaser, but it never takes away from their original material it only seems to enhance it.

Wednesday, September 14 CINEMA BAR

With no plans for this evening, they decided they wanted to play, and landed a gig at Cinema Bar. Tonight is was Mozart "plugged" with electrical guitars and bass, amplifiers, keyboards, etc. This was an excursion into the Salt Lake club scene, with which these Californians were unfamiliar. They introduced themselves to a different crowd, separate of their local regulars.

Mozart produced an incredible performance. From the sonic barrage of "Speed Train" to the melodic intensity of "Annabelle", they delivered awesome rock & roll to a small, yet receptive audience. Gaining, what I believe to be, new enthusiasts.

Thursday, September 15 Friday, September 16 HOLY COW

The band's show was intense, raw, energetic. Holding true to his adventurous nature, front-man Adam intrigued the crowd with his licking on-stage performance, complemented by stimulating instrumental work of the other members. Even though I have seen Mozart on numerous occasions, they never cease to amaze and tonight was no exception. Listening to Adam's voice is fascinating. He has a vocal range that is unbelievable and untouchable. But Adam is not singing solo. Mozart is a band comprised of incredibly talented musicians, who work together like dream work.

After the show, they returned to Arden to finish their second LP, which features most of the songs played in their recent shows. I look forward to their return in November and to the release of their sophomore CD. Until next time.

—Sharee Son



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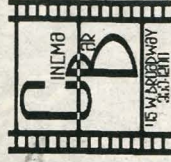
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RECORD REVIEWS



IF I WERE A CARPENTER

Various Artists

A&M Records

The long awaited Carpenters tribute album has arrived. A&M Records is running a contest in conjunction with its release because, "the album offers many classic Carpenters songs done by some of today's hippest, coolest, college bands." To enter you need to write down the 1st and 8th songs on the disc and mail in the answers or you can make a demo tape with a rendition of a Carpenters' song and send that in. There will be a winner at each participating college. Prizes include \$300 cash, CDs, T-shirts, and gift certificates. SLUG is a college of society's underbelly. I believe SLUG readers are eligible to enter, but we don't want to deal with your mail. Send the entries to PGD/C. Rep, 5000 Quorum, #200, Dallas TX 75240. Some lucky SLUG student should get some free stuff. Make sure to tell them you read it here and hurry! The deadline is 10/13/94.

The album itself consists of the Carpenters hits you all know and love done as drones and dirges. Shonen Knife garages up "Top Of The World," complete with digital pops and crackles as if it were actually a record. (You can also purchase the album as a box set of 45s if you so desire.) Then Sonic Youth does "Superstar" as psychedelia and Sheryl Crow brings tears with her version of "Solitaire." The American Music Club opens with "Goodby To Love" and it is just as "pretty" as the original. Other lesser knowns (Bettie Serveert, Dishwalla and Johnette Napolitano with Marc Moreland) turn in the best performances. Johnette and Marc cover "Hurting, Each Other" as the number eight song on the disc. One surprise is the heavy, hard-rockin' version of "Bless The Beasts And The Children" by 4 Non Blondes. It's stadium rock to stampe the buffalo — Billy Mumy would fling his hair in joy and the

hunters would call the "Nuge" for advice.

Truth be known this is better than *Kiss My Ass*. Garth doesn't appear to ruin it although, the quivering, quaking vocals of the Cranberries on "(They Long To Be) Close To You" comes damn close. Feeling a little depressed and filled with melancholy? Don't call Charter Summit, *If I Were A Carpenter* is cheaper and there aren't any embarrassing insurance forms to fill out.

—John Sin



SAMIAM

Clumsy

Atlantic Records

Clumsy is the debut Atlantic album for Northern California's Samiam. Their previous three were on indies so I guess they can be added to the list of sell-out bands. They are friends with another sell-out band, Green Day and they remain close to them as well as Jawbreaker. Samiam's members have done time with the likes of Social Unrest, Isocracy, The Mr. T Experience, Redd Kross and Masters of Reality.

I can't tell the difference between an indie production and a major label one anymore. The major recording might have slightly more shimmer and shine because there's more money to spend on production. Other than that *Clumsy* sounds as it should.

"As We're Told" opens the album fashionably hard and dark. It is an anthem commenting on life is what you make of it. The analysis of modern life continues throughout the album. After four albums and sundry singles Samiam are a mature rock combo. Many rockers put out a great first record and proceed down the path to mediocrity and commercial acceptability for the next 25 years. Others manage to grow over the course of their careers. I would place Samiam in the growth category.

They haven't recorded the same song over and over again only changing a few chords and words and calling it new. "Bad Day" has vocalist, Jason Beebout, screaming

out at his lack of control over yet another bad day and in the next song, "Tag Along," he manages to sound almost pretty. This five-piece takes full advantage of the two guitarists, James Brogan and Sergie Loobkoof for that wall-of-sound, buzz-saw attack. The full interplay between the two requires a pair of headphones. The first two or three times through this album I focused on the lyrics and Beebout. After that and reading the words, which are helpfully included, I tended to tune him out and concentrate on the musical backing.

Don't go buy it because you've fallen in love with the Oi Oi music of the last decade, and no it isn't full-on hard core thrash. It's too punk for the Alice In Chains, Pearl Jam, Soundgarden crew, it's too metal for the Green Day, Offspring skater bunch and the glam rockers trapped in their New York Dolls/Joey C. Jones/Royal Hunt/Motley Crue phase will dismiss it. If you don't quite fit in Samiam might be for you. Metal, grunge, punk and sell-out, abrasive vocals, huge guitars and a throbbing rhythm section; Samiam sold-out completely and I like it.

—Lenny

BAD RELIGION Stranger Than Fiction

This came with a press kit describing a riot after fire marshalls closed down a Bad Religion performance. True punk bands always have riots at their shows. If there isn't one it can't be punk right?

After reading the press release I spotted a Billboard Magazine article which depicted Bad Religion as a band attempting to follow in the footsteps of the Offspring. Now that MTV and the radio have caught on to punk rock will they give some time to the old school? Is there any reason for the old punker to pick up a major label CD or a youngster with the mohawk pulled into a ponytail instead of standing tall, proud and spiked to investigate the music the owners of his favorite label just released?

In spite of the insecurities about remaining true to their punk rock ideals while accepting money from mega-corps, or is that only the marketing plan developed around the polished wood of the corporate board room, Bad Religion sounds like Bad Religion to me.

For further credibility they've enlisted the talents of Wayne Kramer, the former MC5 guitarist for one song. Pretend you are Curious George and the Man With The Hat got his first tattoo in 1978. It isn't all about how fast you can play and how hoarse your voice is.

the great ones know how to throw a hook in there.

Bad Religion continue to do what they've always done. The guys have been at it awhile, they should know how to play the instruments by now. Just because they can play doesn't mean they're around posturing and showing off. There are a few impressive guitar solos, most notably in the title song but they are kept short. Along with the speedy little numbers are some slower, heavier pieces. "Infectious borders on heavy commercial rock yet even with big production backing them these original punkers can't quite get the harmonies clear enough for AOR formats. The subject matter seems to be a love/hate relationship. One listen to the song and you'll have some insight into one Seattle influence. I'd venture to call it "grunge" except '94 is near its completion not '91.

Opening side two is a critique of the drug of the nation "Television." "Individual" addresses the herd mentality. "Hooray For Me..." has this chorus; "Can you imagine, just for a second, doing anything that you want to. Well that's just what I do so hooray for me...and fuck you." Yes! I believe that's pretty damn punk. I think they stole "Slumber" from the Offspring and it features a 15 second guitar solo. "21st Century Digital Boy" is a song for the children of hippies... best known as the "lost generation." It's no wonder because Daddy's an intellectual a mommy's on Valium. That's enough. Go buy the album. My copy is an advance cassette and in spite of the trashy nature of the artifacts it didn't end up in a parking gathering dust. I've listened to many times over the last month. It's good. Are they playing it on radio I'll be fucked if I know, the radio sucks as bad as MTV these days.

by John

JAH WOBBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART

Take Me To God
Island Records

MATERIAL
Hallucination Engine
Axiom Records

SOLA
Blues In The East
Axiom Records

These three albums are all from Island or the affiliated Axiom label. None of them fits a rock classification, nor are they world music, trance, house or acid jazz. Each in its own way has elements of all.

Jah Wobble gained infamy



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TATTOOS BY Teresa



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the bassist for Public Image Limited. He was present for the Metal Box sessions - the best thing P.I.L. ever did. He has seemingly played with everyone and contributed to countless records. This is the third album from his Invaders Of The Heart.

Island only sent an advance cassette so I don't have complete details on the players. I do know that Wobble's bandmates Justin Adams, guitar, and Mark Ferda, keyboards are here with Chaka Demus and Pliers, Baaba Maa, Anneli Drecker of Bel Canto and Dolores O'Riordan of the Cranberries.

This album has, quite literally, the entire world of music present - hypnotic North African, dancehall, dub reggae, South American pop and the Middle East are brought together with more familiar Anglo elements. The album is mesmerizing, soothing, danceable and trance inducing. O'Riordan and Drecker are the stars. Drecker wails ethereally over the polyrhythmic percussion of "When The Storm Comes," which blends into the spoken word "I Love Everybody," while her voice gradually fades out. "The Sun Does Rise" is reggae and African, O'Riordan's vocals add a Scottish tang - is that a bagpipe in the middle of the African percussion?

The early P.I.L. albums were some inspiring works; they've lost nothing with time. Wobble has man-

aged to progress with the music Metal Box began; Lydon lost it a long time ago.

Bill Laswell has created an entire industry around his genius. Axiom is his label and everything I've listened to on the label is good. He has gathered almost everyone imaginable together for the latest Material incarnation, except of course the original members. Laswell continues the Material name without his long lost cohorts, Michael Beinhorn and Fred Maher. William S. Burroughs, Wayne Shorter, Bernie Worrell, Bootsy Collins, Shankar, and Sly Dunbar are here along with an entire all-star cast of world musicians.

"Hallucination Engine" opens with a Laswell/Shorter composition entitled "Black Light." Shorter's saxophone leads are "pop" jazz; the song is saved by space bass from Collins. Luckily I didn't yank the thing after that song because it gets better. "Mantra" doesn't have chanting, the trance is induced musically with bass, tablas, Shankar's violin and a whole brotherhood of percussive elements. "Ruins (Submutation Dub)" adds the voice of Liu Sola to a song with hints of reggae and a strong oriental influence plainly evident. On "Eternal Drift" Shorter gets the sax right, he's still melodic, but he expands from the boring "pop." Burroughs gives his "Words Of Advice" to slightly funky keyboards and bass continuing his Laswell association which began in '84 with Laurie Anderson's "Mister Heartbreak."

That covers five of the eight songs. The trance inducing music continues. Hard core Material followers may miss the funk; they can find it on Parliament or Funkadelic reissues. The funkiest thing Material does is "Cucumber Slumber (Fluxus Mix)." Skopelitis and Worrell work their magic with a Joe Zawinul composition and the tablas add flair. This is a "New Age" album which inspires deep thoughts. It isn't some fool noodling around on keyboards making music for middle-aged sub-

urbanites to vegetate to.

Liu Sola presented herself vocalizing on one song of the Material album. "Blues In The Sky" is a concept album bearing her last name as the group's title. For the album Sola used two classical Chinese stories, "The Broken Zither" and "Married To Exile." She composed music in the first case and combined the traditional Sichuan folk opera melody with the blues in the second. In the liner notes she describes how she added blues, jazz, gospel, Japanese Noh Theatre and the speech rhythms of African-American story-telling to these Chinese musical styles.

I could go on and on about this album giving full details on Sola's vocals, the players on the album and the stories imbedded in it. There isn't space. Of the three albums "Blues In The East" requires the most effort. It is not an easy piece of music to listen to. Sola's experimentation is not always successful, but make the effort and the reward is an uncommon listening experience.

I refuse to place one album above the other two. Each can stand on its own merits. For something much different from the usual rock, trance, blues, dance, country, or reggae pick up one or all.

By Cole O'Rado

PIST 'N' BROKE

S/T cass.
sonic aggression records

Late August I received a package of cassettes and CD's from Sonic Aggression records and not a single one disappointed me. This label releases asskickin' Oi! cassettes and vinyl as well as distributing for smaller labels that nobody would otherwise know about. Pist 'N' Broke is Sonics' 5th release. They are skinheads (as are a majority of Sonics' bands) and proud of it, as evidenced by the opening track "Skinhead 4 life." For those of you who can feel your sphincter clenching at the mention of skinheads, these lads are not racist or is there any mention of

sexism or anything else to get your panties in a twist about. Other standouts include "Ireland," which opens as an acoustic number and turns into a raging ode to the country that the singer, a dealer for Stiff Little Fingers' Jack Burns, obviously feels passionate about. But the standout track is the Ska/Oi! anthem/theme song "Pist 'N' Broke." This song, complete with horns and chinka' chinka' rhythm guitar, makes you think that they should an entire album of ska.

If you'd like to get your hands on this and other American Oi! bands such as the Bruisers, the System and the Anti-Heroes (Highly recommended), you should definitely lend a stamp for a catalog to Sonic Mailorder 253 Low Street Suite 28 Newburyport, MA. 01950.

-Dylan

YUPPICIDE

Shinebox
Wreckless Records

It's so exciting for me to purchase an album from a New York band and not have to hear the "new breed" of arena rock (Quicksand, Into Another, etc.) that is passing for underground music today. What the hell happened to Revelation Records? Did they just abandon hardcore? Has those new fuckin' bands ought to be playing Rafters opening for Motley Crue. After all, Motley Crue has that new extra heavy sound. If your as sick of all this moody, introspective guitar rock as I am then it's time for you to pick up Yuppicides' newest release "Shinebox." Pissed fuckin' New York hardcore complete with noise, parts, fury, and a blood-soaked singer, these boys will get you emotionally worked up as they are. I can't remember hearing such sincere, intense anger and hatred from a band since S.F.A.. While the aggressive music stands on it's own with a powerhouse sound similar to Killing Time without the metall production, the lyrics are the high point of this album. Generally, the subject matter revolves around the singers' self-hatred, while other topics tackle the insecurities of a teenage girl victimized by mens constant painful scrutiny of her body. Also, the concept of the "Six Bullet Plan" where everyone in America is allotted six bullets to do with as they please for population control and stress reduction purposes. Pick this hardcore beauty up at the local indie store or mail order it from Wreckage Records 451 West Broadway 2N New York, NY 10011 for \$7.00 LP & Cass. or \$10.00 CD ppd.

-Dylan



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B-LAME

ISSUE
8

TONS
OF
LOADS
OF FUN
INSIDE!



FREE
STUFF
Page 5



Spooky  Halloween  Issue

B-LAME Contents

Issue EIGHT

Page 1 is b-cover of The Exorcist. No. 2 iz Muck w/ contents pages #3+4 = Video Review & page #5 is da Cemetary Section and #6 Viewings number 7 is not noteworthy and the last page is probably a picture of a movie all together with lame poetry, weird articles, and bad writing equals the B-Lame halloween insert in SLuG



Sort of Published Quarterly
Design-B. Nelson

Creators/Contributors-Clyde Lewis B. Nelson ARLO

Writers this Issue - Clyde "Mucky Muck" Lewis,
ARLO, the Buzzard, and B-Zilla.

Extra Thanks Nolan Nelson

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Rantings Of A Mucky Muck

FALLING FROM THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

"B-Lame says so long to a face that everyone knew, but couldn't place the name."

I received a phone call from an old friend from high school who told me that he picked up a copy of B-Lame while he was downtown. He asked how everything was going. I said fine, needless to say that the conversation dragged. In the broken sentences of meaningless "yeas" and "but anyways" came "Did you hear that Peter Cushing died?" That was when I started to pay attention. "When?" I asked, "How?" It seemed that old horror actors are dropping like flies. I couldn't believe it. I asked other people if they had heard that Cushing had died and to my amazement, no one knew who he was! PETER CUSHING!! you know.... Hammer films, Dr. Frankenstein.... Van Helsing.... it was no use. I felt misunderstood. I scrambled into my dungeon of leftover "Famous Monsters of Filmland"

magazines, my Horror and fantasy film encyclopedias, and my Transylvania Catalogue and managed to dig up a picture of Peter. Everyone knew who he was then. "That's the guy in STAR WARS." "Illiterates" I fumed "STAR FUCKING WARS?" "Is that the only film that you can think of?" Peter Cushing was acting with Olivier long before STAR WARS! He was in several horror movies with Christopher Lee. He was Sherlock Holmes!

He even was in a movie with Laurel and Hardy for Chrissakes! HE WAS DOING LUCAS A FAVOR

BY BEING IN STAR WARS! AND THEY KILLED HIM OFF WHEN THEY BLEW UP THE FUCKING DEATH STAR! If it was an outstanding horror film it had Cushing in it.. If there is an empty spot in the Horrorwood hall of fame it should be given to Cushing. He was one of the best Horror actors of our time. He once said that he would play Dr. Frankenstein or Van Helsing again, even if it meant doing it from a wheelchair. That's how devoted he was to his fans. I'll bet if he had the power he'd even play them from the grave. Peter Cushing died August 12TH 1994 of Cancer. I'd like to remember Cushing as the kind old man in "Tales from the Crypt." Kind of like a Doberman that could turn on you by ripping your heart out of your chest and putting it in a Valentine. That's the kind of man he was, kind and gentle with the ability to convince you that he is morbid and evil. So when some one asks you "Who is Peter Cushing?" You can tell them that he was a man who either played goodness in the face of evil, or played evil in the face of more evil. He battled Dracula, he created a Monster, and he ordered the destruction of planets. A multifaceted horror Deity. Luckily for his fans his immortality will remain forever on the screen. If God misunderstood the intentions of Peter Cushing and carted him off to hell. I will be there during visiting hours.

-Muck

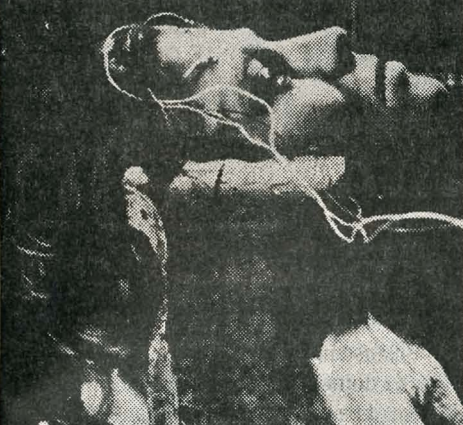
I'M SPORTIN' WOOD! SO GIVE ME SOME ED!

In a special Collector's Guide to the Universe B-Lame salutes the man of "trash" cinema Ed Wood.

He is considered the worst director in film history. Ed Wood's Films may be arguably bad, but that's the beauty of them. Ed Wood is the subject of a new film by Tim Burton. It may peak your interest in "His Badness." Here is a lame list of films that are worth searching for at the video store:

GLEN OR GLENDA.....	1953
JAIL BAIT.....	1954
BRIDE OF THE MONSTER.....	1955
THE VIOLENT YEARS.....	1956
THE BRIDE AND THE BEAST.....	1958
PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE.....	1959
THE SINISTER URGE.....	1960
NIGHT OF THE GHOULS.....	1960
SHOTGUN WEDDING.....	1963
ORGY OF THE DEAD.....	1965
1,000,000 AC/DC.....	1969
TAKE IT OUT IN TRADE.....	1972
CLASS REUNION.....	1973
FUGITIVE GIRLS.....	1974
THE COCKTAIL HOSTESS.....	1974
NECROMANIA.....	1975

Ed Wood died in 1978 an alcoholic and destitute



Demon Seed (1977)

Just when you thought it was safe to have sex with your computer, the computer in Demon Seed wants to bone you! Scientist Dr. Harris creates a SUPER COMPUTER named Proteus IV which tries to impregnates a hu-man woman, so it can aquire a hu-man form. Julie "Babe" Christie is the object of the positronic brains desire. Proteus IV surfs the internet over to do some lovin at the Harris's residence and Julie isn't too thrilled, but finally thinks its cool. The story is pretty involved, and its a bit tired, but Christie great acting makes it even better.

B-Zilla

Deadly Friend (1986)

Wes Cravens robot film is actually a reworking of the old Franky theme. Loaded up with fun, heaps of gore, suspense, and shocks o' fatness, it really packs a punch. A boy genius named Paul (Matthew Laborteaux from The Little House) has created a blubery, yet EVIL! voiced robot named B.B. His neighbor Marcus beats to much shit out of his daughter Samantha (sweet babe Kirsty (Buffy) Swanson) hospitalizing her. Kristy is unfortunately braindead, but lucky for you Pauls got B.B.'s robot brain handy to shove in her head and replace her lame brain. Deadly Friend gets a bit silly at times but it seems intentionally tounge in cheek. Watching Sam/B.B. bash some heads apart is good times for all.

is ns 8791 ni be



Dead Ringers (1988)

This Ones about identical twin gynecologists,(both played by that babe Jeremy Irons). Their brotherly bond is severed when the two bros fall fer the same super star actress(Genevieve Bujold). The two gynedocs are well renowned for their work and research. They like to change places with each other and play with the patients, and other cutesie twins shit. One twin is the outgoing type, and the other shy, and intellectual. The actress decides she likes shy boy more,and the bond between the extremely close twins begins to disintegrate. There are some cool ideas, like the mutant gynecology tools for mutants, but the gore levels never get to high, compared to a typical Cronenberg film. Nonetheless the show is a lot of fun, especially the pill pop'in loady heads ending.

B-Zilla

Blood Castle

This is supposed to be the edition which embraces the fullness of Halloween. In this spirit I decided a Vampire movie was a must. This one is a definite keeper. The film is made in some foreign country, (no I didn't even find out which one). It is based on a European legend of a Nobleman who is charged to help a court decide if a man is guilty of being a vampire. The people actually put a dead man on trial. Cool! During the trial one of the witnesses claims that the man was victim of a cursed amulet. In the interest of "science", he decides that the amulet must be tested. Well, the amulet really is cursed and he soon dies.

At the same time his wife (cousin of the king) feels that her beauty is fading and tries desperately to renew her fair skin partaking of all of the local remedies thought to help restore the natural beauty of the skin. Accidentally, a maid whom she slapped, dripped blood on her hand. When the blood was finally wiped off, there were spots of younger looking skin on her hand. So now she feels that some of the local legends (such as the blood of a pigeon in heat rubbed on the breasts will help keep them firm) may hold some veracity. After a few tests with other than human blood, she realizes that only blood of young girls will make her skin like new.

Now that both the nobleman and his wife are basically in the same business, she uses him to get her blood baths and he gets a little satisfaction and dinner, hey that's a switch, the guy doesn't have to pay for the date. I won't spoil the end, but I enjoyed this one. It may not be scary, but it definitely gets you in the mood for tricks and treats.

The Buzzard



VIDEO REVIEW



Class of Nuke'em High

This is my fluke pick of the month. I caught part of the "Aroma from Troma" series on the Sci-Fi channel, and I thought of this movie when I went hunting for my Halloween picks. This is not a close your eyes and hide under the cushion show, unless it is because of the acting, but I always enjoy a good spoof.

The film is at best a silly characterization of greed and consequences. At its worst, there are a lot of scantily clad women. There is no basic plot, as if I expected one. The actors, (surprise) cannot act. If this is all true then why should you see this and why am I writing about it. It is simple, this is just a fun movie. The Johnson & Johnson of the movie genre, no tears, no frights, just plain silly and fun. This isn't a terrifying movie, but I guarantee a few good costume ideas. Go for it.

The Buzzard

Creepozoids

Imagine yourself in a world where rain brings death and all of the society you know today has been destroyed. Set in the future, some of man's worst fears are realized in this one. A genetically altered beast roams the networks of a completely self contained environment.

Seeking to escape the coming acid rain, five military deserters chance upon an abandoned lab. To their surprise and enjoyment, they find a plentiful food supply and fresh water. This is all very curious and they wonder what happened to the original occupants of the lab. Not to worry they soon find out.

This is a not so original then, and not so "scary monster", but I liked the twist at the end of the movie. There are some pretty cool death scenes and a lot of intensity in this film. I like the way the movie was laid out, but there was not much in the way of a plot and the monster or "creepozoid" was not very scary. One of the things that I didn't like was that the title gives you the false impression that there is more than one of these creatures running about creating havoc, but not so. Also when the creature has offspring, (which I thought was male by the other reports in the movie), it looks frighteningly similar to Chuck in child's



play.

Other than the little disappointments in this one there are some redeeming qualities. I liked it. I won't say much more. This would be a good movie to invite a date over to watch. Not enough action to miss if things start cooking, yet enough for the date to get cozy if they don't.

The Buzzard

Island

Michael Caine! Usually I would veer away from any film in which he plays a major part. I shouldn't say that, but I am leery of any film he acts in. He's done some great stuff, but I just cannot take all of the seriousness all the time. But that is enough about my opinion on him.

I found this film enthralling, and was entrapped by the sheer brutality of the movie and the theme. Boy did I enjoy this one. This story portrays the mysteries of the Bermuda Triangle in a little different light. What if the disappearances were do to a party of time lost pirates. No they don't move through time, they have just been left out of the last several hundred years. And it seems that they don't miss our world much at all.

There is a good basic plot surrounding the story. Michael Caine, as a reporter, tries to find out why people keep disappearing around the same place near the Caribbean. Taking his son they rent a plane to an island which lies close to many of the disappearances. He and his son rent a boat to go after barracuda and find bigger fish. The pirates capture both he and his son using a young girl as bait. In the struggle Caine's character kills one of the attackers and the next thing you know he is on trial. Yep he's a love slave. Now from the glimpse of what his life was like as a reporter and seeing his love mistress, you'd think that it isn't a bad life. But he can't enjoy himself, nope he must escape back to the civilized world. Meanwhile, his mistress has fallen for him. I shant go on. If I do you'll know all. This is a good Halloween show, full of all the elements that make a good show. Also, there are the helpful costume hints. This is my Halloween pick for best non Frankenstein, Halloween night movie.

The Buzzard

VIDEO REVIEW

Cemetery Section

Salem's Lot

This is one of the first (or 1st?) miniseries from Mr. King's pile of stories. Tobe "Chainsaw" Hooper directs, and David "Hutch" Soul and James "Nemo" Mason star. In case you've never seen it the story is based on the town Jeruselums Lot in where else but maine. A man named Straker (Mason) moves to town and opens up a antique store. The oldest antique is his business partner "Mr. Barlow" an evil (Nosferatu-esque) rat vampire! Shocks and horror infest the screen, and everybody dies!, well not everybody. The original T.V. version has been hacked up so it fits within 2 hours. This creates some mondo plot holes, actually making the films pacing quicker, and the scares bigger. Since the show was made for the tele, don't expect pornographic, grisly goodness, just expect a good spooky time.

B-Zilla

MISS JULIE: So you think I can't stand the sight of blood? You think I'm weak? How I'd love to see your blood; and your brains, on a chopping block! I'd like to see your whole sex swimming in a sea of blood... I think I could drink out of your skull, dabble my feet in your chest, and eat your heart roasted whole. You think I'm weak...?
Miss Julie, by August Strindberg (1888)

Webster's International Dictionary defines a Vampire as "A bloodsucking ghost or re-animated body of a dead person, a soul or re-animated body of a dead person believed to come from the grave and wander about by night sucking the blood of sleeping persons, causing their death."

Usually when one thinks of Vampires they would refer to the above definition but, Vampirism and sexuality have been linked together since the 1800's. "The myth is loaded with sexual excitement, yet there is no mention of sexuality. It is sex without genitalia, sex without guilt, sex without love - better yet, sex without mention." (James Twitchell)

I expect this is someone's idea of 'safe sex'!

Bram Stokers nightmare was about sex from the neck up. Someone with pale skin might naturally be inclined to sexual pleasure. And an illegitimate child born of illegitimate parents is said to become a vampire upon death. Most would agree that this issue of Vampirism is also and issue of sexual repression. Enacting extreme forms of sadism, cannibalism, necrophilia, dominance, and dependence.

Kierkegaard accused Christianity of introducing sexuality into the world by labeling it under 'sin.' Perhaps Christianity is to take the blame for Vampirism as well.

The resemblance of Vampires and mass and serial killers/rapists is quite strong. Feelings of lust are brought on by acts of cruelty and vice versa. It sometimes happens that the sight of blood, etc., awakens the instinct of the sadistic individual....

Better watch out baby bat...!

Margaret

FREE STUFF



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PARADISE BY THE DASHBOARD LIGHT

How long has it been since you've been stranded at the drive in?

EDITORS NOTE: This article was originally written in late July after my car broke down while going to the Days of 47 parade. I was taking cabs and busses around town and found myself stranded at the Redwood Drive in. It was a beautiful day and I saw the mighty 40 year old screen which inspired me to write this article. We are deeply saddened by the recent fire that destroyed the drive in's screen. We hope that this tragedy will not end showings of movies at the theater. We at B-Lame feel the loss of this edifice. Not only did the screen go down in flames but many of our memories as well.

I remember it well, the last time I went to the drive in. Unfortunately it wasn't in the backseat with some hot babe. I was in High School at the time, and worked a dead end Janitorial Job. I decided to take an unannounced night off to go see the movie ZOMBIE. It was at the old Valley view Theater . I saw allot of horror movies at the drive in. If it wasn't the Valley view it was the Redwood, with that mammoth screen that scraped the Granger skyline. There were other theaters that disappeared one by one

leaving only two in the Salt Lake Area. I fondly remember seeing "The Omen" at the Woodland Drive in. The Fox Olympus showed "Planet of the Apes" and the ridiculous "Incredible Melting Man" and the "Abominable Dr. Phibes" at the Ute Drive in. I saw "The Hills Have Eyes" at the Highland, and Leatherface's chainsaw ripped through the Redwood, with "Texas Chainsaw Massacre". All those memories, all tumbling down, for apartment buildings, parking lots, and shopping centers.

For me, The Drive in was the only place to see scary movies. Joe Bob Briggs the major disciple of horror films says that seeing movies under the stars is the way God intended it to be. He does have a point, think about it, going to an indoor Theater is like watching a Big screen T.V. When you are outside you are open to the elements. You never knew who or what would wrap it's hideous knuckles on the door of your car, while you were choking on a kernel of popcorn. When I saw ZOMBIE in 1980 one of the strangest things took place.

We ordered pizza, and while the Zombies were eating Human flesh, the pizza took on a weird taste. It was if the tomato sauce and cheese were like flesh and blood. Crispy crusts were like crunchy bones, and the mushrooms and olives squeaked between our teeth like eyeballs.

Needless to say the pizza ended it up in a technicolor purge on the bathroom tile.

Continued on Pg#6

Where else but at the drive in could you drink beer while watching a movie. Where else but at the drive in could you hide in the trunk chomping on Red Vines until you pass the box office. If you weren't claustrophobic, the trunk was free pass to the drivein.

Drive ins are facing extinction. The Ute drive in is now a Smith's store, the Park view is a medical complex, and the Fox Olympus is now a condominium. I recently had to ride the bus after my car broke down. I found myself walking down Redwood road, and sauntering passed the Mammoth screen of The Redwood drive in. I found that I could walk through the exit unnoticed. There I was feeling all nostalgic. A warm chill went up my spine, you know the feeling you get when you are told that you have a really good credit rating?

I smiled a big smile and looked up at the huge screen. Then the memories overtook me. I stood there transfixed. There I was among the styro-foam cups and the pizza boxes, remembering how we used to get people to honk their horns by honking ours. I remember the swings, the bad tasting cheeseburgers, the intermis-

sion cartoons and then it stopped. I all ended. A bad feeling came over me. It was like I probably would never see the screen again. All this land could become a strip mall, a sub division, a used car lot.. Eventually all drive in theaters will go away. Sad but true. I saw my bus go by, leaving me in the dust. I thought "Who cares?" This was a great moment. Like a dream, but dreams end. The drive in will end too. Recently I read that the first drive in ever erected was torn down. It was in Camden New Jersey. It has been replaced by a fur store. There isn't even a plaque or a marker saying that this was the place where Americans saw their first drive in feature. I guess a tombstone would be more appropriate for an American pastime that all over our country is dying.

-Clyde Lewis

stunts... Speaking of Arnold, I loved 1011 ARNOLD in this m... he can continue this, he can dump that extra 300 pounds he's been holding onto...

The hero saves wife, daughter, the entire world from bad guys who like really big phallic symbol nukes.. Wife knocks off bad girl, who falls in ocean... daughter knocks bad guy off a big plane who falls to his death... Best friend cracks jokes... Fast cars, tight corners, black underwear, horses in elevators... All of this and more... P.S. This is in no particular order!! Yep, exactly what you expect, I liked it!

In closing if you would like to spend some time viewing a couple of nothinkers, these movies would be it... 'The Mask' is a laugh a minute, 'True Lies' is a boom a minute....

...ARLO



N.B.K.

Once a lifetime fate smiles upon you, you find your soul mate, fall in love, and...you just may get the opportunity to view a predestined cult classic. This summer the fate Gods have not only smiled upon me, they have let out a deep belly laugh... I've met my soul mate, fallen in love and I've had the opportunity to see two possible cult classic choices, one

being 'The Crow,' the other being 'Natural Born Killers.' The latter of which will go down in this cult classic mind as rivaling 'The Wall' for pure visual and hidden meaning. Others have compared it to 'Clockwork Orange.' 'Natural Born Killers' special effects make 'Star Wars' look like a high school art film.

Ok, so I should know better than to go see a movie on opening weekend. Yet there we were in a line from hell, waiting. Which by the way gets my adrenaline so pumped that I have a really, really hard time sitting through the opening credits, nonetheless I still torture myself this way (torture is good!). It starts... a diner, cowboys, a deer, a jukebox, a scorpion, flashbacks, flashforwards, flashleft, flashright, flashblack, flashwhite, flash...flash, blood, blood, blood. NATURAL BORN KILLERS, Starring Woody Harrelson, Juliette Lewis, and a bunch of other unimportant people. Even if the thought of Woody Harrelson makes you want to chew rocks for pleasure, don't let that stop you from seeing this flick... This movie will dispel all myths you may have about Woody Harrelson, good or bad...



This movie is so fucking cool... At first I tried to find the logic and figure out what it all meant, bad idea... the best way to view this film?? Just sit there, let it take you where it needs to... I guarantee you have never experienced a movie the way you will experience this one!! Phantasmagorical is the only word that I can think of that even comes close to a plausible definition. I became so entranced by the psycho-visual aspects and the underlying idea that I had no time to breath, let alone think... Save the thinking for after the show as you are sitting drinking a double espresso in a lonely diner, on a lonely stretch of highway 666, then think!!

What were the statements which I extracted from this... x.) The media has a way of making a mockery of murder through the coverage that inevitably follows... Just look at the Juice!! y.) What is reality anyway?? z.) There is in fact the kind of fate that is so predestined to bring two people that belong together, together, with a bond of Love that is so intense it knows no bounds of time, space, reality, or logic!!

In closing, take some major hard drugs, or not (the visual of this movie is a trip in and of itself), sit back, relax and enjoy the hell out of this movie... P.S. The sound track is KILLER... if Danny Elfman is God, Trent Reznor is Buddha...

...ARLO



I have been going to the Drive In lately, trying to find a movie that I just really, really hate so I could rip it to shreds, (My feline instinct). So I picked out two shows that looked really, really stupid or something, 1) 'The Mask,' 2) 'True Lies'.... Both of which I unfortunately liked, for different reasons, nonetheless I did like them....

THE MASK

Ok, so I really, really intensely dislike Jim Carrey nonetheless I did succumb to my curiosity this time and saw 'The Mask' (I refuse to see Ace Ventura)... Boy, oh Boy what a pleasant surprise I loved this show. Nerd gets good girl who turns out to be bad girl, nerd gets bad girl who turns out to be good girl, who was the main squeeze of the bad guy who turns out to be dead, or something... Boy oh boy talk about turning all of my social expectations upside down... For a brainless nothinker this was a laugh a minute... I think the dog made the show, not stole the show, made the show.. (I'm not going to give it away, you have to see for yourself!!) Another thing I noticed... Lime Green combined with Banana Yellow is a major fashion cluster fuck... In fact Lime Green with anything is a major fashion cluster fuck..



TRUE LIES

This show is exactly what I expected from Mr. Schwarzenegger... lots of booms, bullets, phallic symbols, horse/motorcycle stunts, special 'air' effects, slicing mobile homes, you know 'Arnold'



HELL HATH NO FURY THAN A WOMAN WHO SPITS PEA SOUP

Exposing the hidden meaning of Friedkin's "THE EXORCIST"

and had a constant fear of being caught in a dark room alone with Lucifer. I know it sounds silly now, because we eat, drink, and sleep with the devil everyday. I even married the devil. She was wife number 2! To prepare for this issue, I saw the Exorcist three times. It still gave me a sick feeling inside. But I got over it easily. I watched it with my stepson and stepdaughter ages 12 and 14. The 14 year old stepdaughter was



bored the entire movie. It didn't bother by stepson. He felt it was silly, they thought it was repulsive and not scary. I find it interesting that in 20 years, we have become desensitized. Movie's need more gore these days to make anyone shake. But arguably gore is not scary....reality is scary and I have always felt that the paranormal things such as demon possession is myth mixed with reality. It is so easy to take a mythological demon and blame it for a psychological defect, (The Devil made me do it.) However there are dark powers that can be transmitted and those are the most horrifying. Regan, the character played by Linda Blair talked with a being named Captain Howdy through a Ouija board. Captain Howdy was the catalyst in bringing about the possession, not the devil. Therefore the true star of the film was not Satan but some evil entity named Howdy. Allot of the people fail to realize this. Watch the film for yourself. The Devil, Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, never make an appearance in the movie, but Captain Howdy does. Now you could say "You are full of Shit! But I am not. Mr. Howdy who never gets a film credit is in the movie 3 times. However you really have to look closely, if you blink, you will literally miss his appearance. The first time we see him is when Father Karras has a flashback to when his mother falls in the subway, If you look closely there is a flash of light and a blackness.. In the blackness appears a white faced entity in a hood. It has black eyes and a red blood mouth. There is your Captain Howdy. He also appears in the possession sequences and they superimpose the face of Howdy on Regan right before Father Karras plunges through the window. It's not what you see that is horrifying. It's what you don't see. Unless you really watch the film closely. Another memorable image is

where the priests witness an incarnation of the demon Pazuzzu. Which makes you wonder if Captain Howdy was not the only one inside Regan. Another disturbing factor of the film is that there was no aftermath. Two people were violently killed, was anyone sent to trial for the murders, or did the police keep it quiet.

One thing is for sure, Director William Friedkin created the images of what Hell would be like. Everyone has the concept down about what God and heaven are like, Man, woman, or an old guy with a long beard. But beyond cloven hoofed pointy horned critters, Friedkin showed us the dark unseen spiritual powers at work. Creating havoc in a small community with a little 12 year old girl. In 1994 the gore that was pioneered in the Exorcist exists. Nothing really has changed since 1973. Could it be that the devil decided that his debut would be in 73? There were many copycats that followed. Many movies dealing with Old Scratch. Ironically Max Von Sydow the actor who played Father Merrin, plays the Devil in Stephen King's Needful Things. If you can't beat them join them. In a sense we all have, joined them. No matter how religious you think you are, since the Exorcist you have demanded more blood and violence in your films. You demand heads exploding, snakes crawling out of human stomachs, people being ground into hamburger and served to the family dog. Yes that's it, bring on the blood and the guts. Without a film like the Exorcist, Boy Scout campfire stories would have been a lot less interesting. No one would stop and stare at the 12 car pile up on the freeway because 15 people have been diced into stew meat all over the pavement, and a film with very little audience.

So tell me, in a year where Ouija boards and Dungeons and Dragons were getting their start, don't you think the Exorcist gave them that little boost. I do. Everyone told me that all those things were evil. What could top the Exorcist? None of the films today. After seeing the Exorcist for the first time you realize that it was the first step on that Highway to H-E- double toothpicks. The only way that Hollywood can top it is to invite the Devil to star in several movies that are dull and boring. He wouldn't even have to have any acting ability. Then again I really don't have the time or energy to write about Kevin Costner.

-Clyde

It was 1973. When you're nine years old things are bright. You don't worry much about the things around you. The neighbor invited you over to shoot some pool in the basement. You listen to his new Bread album.. You were into Bo Donaldson and the Heywoods. His older brother comes downstairs, and rips the needle across the fresh vinyl and grabs a box with his eight track tapes inside. He says her is good music. He throws on Bloodrock and D. O. A. and Sabbath Bloody Sabbath. You go into his room and it is a den of Black light posters, Kiss albums, and drug paraphernalia. Near the bed is a burned out candle and a board with numbers and letters on it. He says it's a Ouija board. It was in

1973 that I was introduced to Satan. Evil was cool. It was poetic in a sense. An intense high. Slowly my childhood was being taken from me like a virgin's virtue. But....I really don't think I was quite ready for the ultimate test. I was invited to see a new movie The Exorcist. We thought it was rated X. It didn't matter. We saw it at the drive in so it was easy to sneak a nine year old in the trunk. That's where I ended up. Here was the ultimate test of your manhood I thought. The truth is, the beginning was so boring I fell asleep. I woke up at the "right" time, I guess. The girl came downstairs at a party. She gazes at the crowd and pisses on the floor in front of everyone. I laughed... an uncomfortable laugh, the kind of laugh you force when you hear a dead baby joke. Next thing I see is a crucifix being placed in a new and interesting place. Then came the vomiting and her head doing the triple axel. That's when it became painfully real. Too real.. The horror extended far beyond the screen. People were coining the phrase "The Devil made me do it." There were cartoon parodies, and recently in an episode of Dinosaurs the baby becomes possessed and doesn't want to eat it's rice thus forcing the family and a dinosaur Exorcist to say "May the spirit of rice compel you!" Very corny, I know, but inspired by a film that was made over 20 years ago.

But what was the hidden meaning of "The Exorcist?" Did it represent the failure of psychiatry to deal with hidden problems? Is religion failing in society. It's obvious in the film that the devil had the power to destroy priests. Did it really put Ouija board companies out of business? Back in 1973 those things were not important, all I knew was it scared the hell out of me. I went back to church. I slept with the light on,



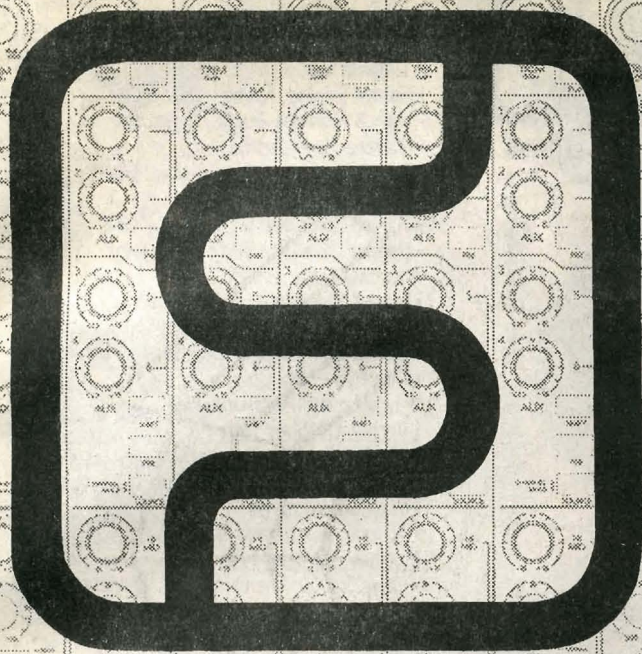
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DAILY CALENDAR

Saturday, October 1st

- The High Court, Super American, Abstrak - Bar & Grill
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers
- Tongue & Groove, Fuzz Beloved - Holy Cow
- Bo Bud Green - Cinema Bar

Sunday, October 2nd

- Helios Creed, Love 666, Acid Bath - Cinema Bar
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat

Monday, October 3rd

- Oasis, Petting Zoo - Bar & Grill
- Timbuk 3-Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead Goat

Tuesday, October 4th

- Grumpy w/ The Mommyheads-Dead Goat
- Wish - Bar & Grill
- Heavy Vegetables, Commonplace - Cinema Bar
- Love Spit Love, Gigolo Aunts - DV8
- Dynatoners-Zephyr

Wednesday, October 5th

- Pagan Love Gods - Burts Tiki
- House Of Pain, Biohazard, Corn - Fairpark Colesium
- Wish, Elbow Fin - Holy Cow
- Iris, Elbow Fin - Cinema Bar
- Archers Of Loaf, Kid Corduroy, Honest Engine - Bar & Grill

Thursday, October 6th

- House of Cards-Dead Goat
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Zephyr
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers
- Heatmeiser, One Eye - Cinema Bar
- House Of Cards - Burts Tiki
- Uncle Irving, So Wut - Holy Cow

Friday, October 7th

- Psychedelic Zombies, Rhythm Fish - Bar & Grill
- Honest Engine w/Shadowplay-Dead Goat
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Gamma Rays - Bar & Grill

- Reverend Willie, Honest Engine, Skabs On Strike - Cinema Bar
- Headshake, The Pinch - Holy Cow
- Coco Montoya-Zephyr
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Backwash-Dead Goat

Saturday, October 8th

- The Change - Bar & Grill
- Accumen - Cinema Bar
- Honest Engine - Holy Cow
- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Coco Montoya-Zephyr
- Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers

Sunday, October 9th

- Storyville-Zephyr
- Poetry - Cinema Bar
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat

Monday, October 10th

- Jamies Birthday Party - Bar & Grill
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, October 11th

- Last Dance-Dead Goat
- Red #5 - Bar & Grill
- Mary & Monique - Cinema Bar
- WaterWorks-Zephyr

Wednesday, October 12th

- The Creamers, Abstrak - Cinema Bar
- The Mighty Purple - Bar & Grill
- Rezin-Dead Goat
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, October 13th

- Fat Paw-Dead Goat
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Wish, Risk Pool - Bar & Grill
- Roger Nusic, Waterworks - Cinema Bar
- Mother Tongue - Saltair
- The Specials - U of U Ballroom

• Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Cooper.

Friday, October 14th

- Jugheads Revenge, 5 feet To The Window - Cinema Bar
- Honest Engine, Abstrak - Bar & Grill
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Gamma Rays-Zephyr
- Rankin Scroo and Ginger-Dead Goat

Saturday, October 15th

- Rankin Scroo and Ginger-Dead Goat
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Gamma Rays-Zephyr
- Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers
- Tongue & Groove - Bar & Grill
- Confusion Intrusion (Drag Show) - Cinema Bar
- One Eye - Holy Cow

★ Lyle Lovett- Abravanel Hall

Sunday, October 16th

- Shut Up Frank - Cinema Bar
- Mary & Monique-Ashbury Pub
- W.C. Clark-Zephyr
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat

Monday, October 17th

- Foreskin 500, The Qualitones, Deviance - Cinema Bar
- Sarah Hickman-Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, October 18th

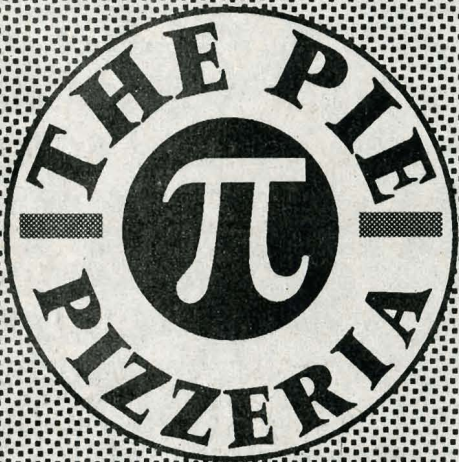
- Sloan, Headshake - Bar & Grill
- Commonplace - Cinema Bar
- Dr. Jekyll-Dead Goat
- August Red-Zephyr

Wednesday, October 19th

- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
- Goody Blick & The Country Kind-Dead Goat
- August Red - Bar & Grill
- Floater, One Eye - Cinema Bar
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Canned Heat-Zephyr

Thursday, October 20th


- Two Slim & the Taildragers-Zephyr
- A Band & His Dog-Dead Goat
- Engines Of Aggression, The Obvious - Bar & Grill
- Pilot, Honest Engine - Cinema Bar
- Clover - Holy Cow
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers



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- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Friday, October 21st**
- Jerry Joseph w/ Strangers-Zephyr
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Love Lies-Dead Goat
- Honest Engine, Wish - Bar & Grill
- The Obvious, Suspension - Holy Cow
- Small 23, Red #5, Godspine - Cinema Bar

Saturday, October 22nd

- Salsa Brava-Zephyr
- Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers
- Love Lies-Dead Goat
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Cop Shoot Cop, Deviance - Cinema Bar
- The Figs, One Eye - Bar & Grill
- All Souls Avenue - Holy Cow

Sunday, October 23rd

- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
- Mary & Monique-Ashbury Pub
- Voodoo Lounge-Zephyr

Monday, October 24th

- Chris Duarte-Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, October 25th

- All Souls Avenue, Rhythm 101 - Bar & Grill
- Third Stone-Dead Goat
- Fat Paw-Zephyr

Wednesday, October 26th

- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Gilby Clarke-Zephyr
- Apocalypse Theatre - Cinema Bar
- Abstrak, All Souls Avenue - Holy Cow
- Supersuckers, Honest Engine, The Qualitones - Bar & Grill
- Shadowplay-Dead Goat

- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, October 27th

- Clover, Simpy - Bar & Grill
- Decomposers - Cinema Bar
- Elbow Fin - Holy Cow
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Insatiable-Dead Goat
- I-Roots-Zephyr
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers

Friday, October 28th

- Petting Zoo, Trailer Park, Uncle Irving - Bar & Grill
- J Binder - Cinema Bar
- Clover, Inspid Brown - Holy Cow
- Crossroads-Dead Goat
- Disco Drippers-Zephyr

Saturday, October 29th

- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Dead Goat
- Lee Rocker's Big Blue - Bar & Grill
- D.O.A., Built To Spill, Deviance - Cinema Bar
- Baby Snuffkin - Holy Cow
- Disco Drippers-Zephyr
- Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers

Sunday, October 30th

- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
- Gamma Rays-Zephyr
- Iris - Cinema Bar

Monday, October 31st

- Gamma Rays-Zephyr
- Halloween Party w/Tempo Timers-Dead Goat
- Abstrak, One Eye, So Wut - Bar & Grill
- The Qualitones - Cinema Bar
- ★ Abstrak, Deviance, Cokleo, Birdman - Playschool

Tuesday, October 1st

- Corrosion Of Conformity - Cinema Bar

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