



SEVENTY FOUR • FEBRUARY NINETY-FIVE • ISSUE  
**ALWAYS FREE**



**RICH SAYS...**

# sebadoh

**HELEN WOLF • CONCERTS • DEAR DICKHEADS  
GENERAL APATHY TOWARDS LIFE IN GENERAL  
Y ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR...**

**SPECIAL  
COLLECTIONS**



# SLUG

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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

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# DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

Who the hell does Jon Shuman a.k.a. Stimboy think he is? Local legend my ass! JR, you suck and I know how hard, but why don't you tell Shuey to get down off his mighty throne and form a real band, or move back to Cali?

You Know My Name

Editors Note: No I don't know your name cause you are to big of a pussy to sign it. Gee, Somebody who thinks I suck, How original. You could be anyone or everyone!

—JR Ruppel

Dear Dickheads

In response to the Public Enemy column printed in SLUG #73, the January issue, I have some comments for Michael Styles. First - I have a great deal of respect for you. Your articles in the past, especially the gang piece and the one describing how the mainstream media steals ideas from SLUG were right on the mark. However, your Elvis article was filled with inaccuracies and it was poorly researched. Your reply to Johnny Angel's rebuttal of the article was embarrassing. The debate over Elvis can go on forever. The name calling can become even more offensive. I say, who fucking cares?

My interest in Elvis lies only with the 16 sides he recorded at Sun Studios. Only five of the sides were actually R&B influenced by country. Whatever Elvis went on to become - he began as a rockabilly singer. Rockabilly music is not, nor was it ever a rip-off of blacks. "As all things that contain more creativity than formula, more emotion than intellect, rockabilly cannot be precisely defined. As the word implies, rocka-

billy is hillbilly rock-and-roll. It was not an usurpation of black music by whites because its soul, its pneumonia was white, full of redneck ethos. When Elvis cut Big Boy Crudup's "That's All Right," he was no more usurping black culture than Wynonie Harris was usurping white culture when he cut country singer Hank Penny's "Bloodshot Eyes" three years before. Presley's version of "That's All Right" is better than the original, just as Harris's version of "Bloodshot Eyes" is better than its original." The words were written by Nick Tosches and I agree with them.

One final comment. I saw Koko Taylor perform at the "Martin Luther King Jr.'s Legacy of Non-Violence in a Violent World" concert at Symphony Hall. She sang "Hound Dog" and when she finished she said she sang the song in tribute to two artists who had influenced her music. The artists were in Koko's words, "the late great Big Mama Thornton and the late great Elvis Presely." Punk ass bitch? I've been in lock-up my friend, more times than I care to remember, (have you?) and my asshole and mouth remain virgin. I am not Johnny Angel, but he is a friend, I hope Gianni is a friend as well and I stand up for my friends.

Sincerely

William Athey

EDITORS NOTE: NO MORE ELVIS SHIT! PERIOD! ELVIS HAS LEFT THE MAGAZINE! This is not the World Weekly News, or The Inquirer, so if you want to continue this stupid argument over Elvis, continue it in Pompadour Press, Put Your Cat Clothes On, or some Elvis worship mag. NOT HERE.

Thank you.

# NOTES

## MUSICIANS NOTICE

On February 20th, The Cinema Bar and Slug will be holding a BAND HOME EVENING at Cinema Bar (45 West Broadway) at 8:00pm. All bands and merchants in the music business are welcome and encouraged to attend. This will not be a sales thing for merchants but a chance for musicians to get together to see what can be done about Salt Lake's music scene and for merchants to let musicians know what special deals they can get. This is by invitation only but all you have to do is swing by Cinema bar for an invite or call Cinema at 359-1200 to have your name put on a list. Things that will be discussed will be: Promotion, Rentals, Band Merchandise sales and manufacturing, advertising. NO obligation, no cover just a chance for everybody to help each other out. Come participate and see what you can do for yourselves and each

## BOWLERS NOTICE

April 15th. will be the annual bowling tournament. If you haven't been to one of these things it is time you did. Tons of prizes and trophies plus free beer and pizza for everyone who participates. 4-person teams, \$15 per team, all ages welcome. 487-9221 for more details

## WRITERS NOTICE:

All writing must come in typed, or on a 3.5" disc (IBM 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'S

## 4TH ANNUAL

## BOWLING TOURNEE

## APRIL 15TH

## DETAILS IN THE

## NEXT ISSUE





**MONDAY  
MARCH  
6TH**



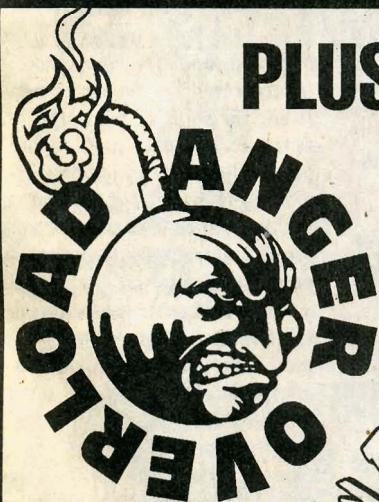
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must be wiped from the ass of this planet and if you're not with me, you're agin me. For the uninitiated, I've compiled a short list of Dead annoyances. Remember, use a Birkenstock, go to jail.



## SUCKIN'

### 5 (More) Reasons To Hate The Grateful Dead

That's right, they're coming back. Soon SLC will be overrun with hygieneimpaired granola children and VW vans undoubtedly filled with illegal drugs (Which one? Take your pick.) and tie-dyed everything. The Grateful Dead and thier ilk

### I Jerry Garcia

Call him Cap'n Trips, Colonel Cholesterol, the Bearded Clam, or the worst guitarist since Bob Wier, just don't call him late for (second, third~ ninth) dinner. Gramps G. recently cheated death yet again in Mill Valley when he totalled a \$32,000 BMW (on Loan!). The CHP sez: "He isn't sure

how he lost control." Let me guess, reaching for the Twinkies? Ham sandwich blackout? Dozed off listening to last night's bootleg? Most Dead recordings are clearly labeled "Do not use while operating a motor vehicle". Jerry, please allow me to recommend the North Temple Taco Bell for your dining pleasures while in town.

### 2 The Music

The Grateful Dead have released about, oh, seventy-five official albums and the bootlegs total that number times pie. What's even more amazing is that there is not ONE single decent song in the whole fucking catalog! Even the covers smell like tuna! Only a SUPREMELY lousy band could spit out sheer numbers like that and not stumble on a passable tune (Agnes Poetry not withstanding - too early to say yet). Deadheads even trade tapes of this shit all over the world. One lucky sap someday will be able to say: "Dude! I got it! Mickey dropped dead during his drum solo last night - and I've got it on tape!". But what about those incredible extended jams of musical virtuosity, you ask? My grandpa used to trail off into indecipherable jags too, and nobody lined up to hear THAT. Maybe the Dead wear "Depends" also - there's a job no roadie ever wants.

### 3 Deadheads

The one thing I hate more than the Grateful Dead are the lowlifes who follow them around everywhere to actually see the show again! This is basically a bunch of wannabe hippies who lack the job skills to panhandle in front of ZCMI, or "students" living off Dad's Gold Card. Some even have oh-so-original nicknames like "Wharf Rat", "China Doll", "Stagger Lee", and "Yeast Infection". Lately, there's been alot of whining by these losers about cops "profiling" thier vehicles and pulling them over for drug searches. Yeah, whenever I see a VW microbus covered with pot leaf and Dead stickers, I know it's headed for a Young Republicans luncheon. Can't wait 'til these pinheads meet up with the Delta Center nazis - oh the humanity. Fun Fact: The penalty for killing a Deadhead in Salt Lake county is only a small fine, slightly lower than an expired meter ticket. Happy hunting!



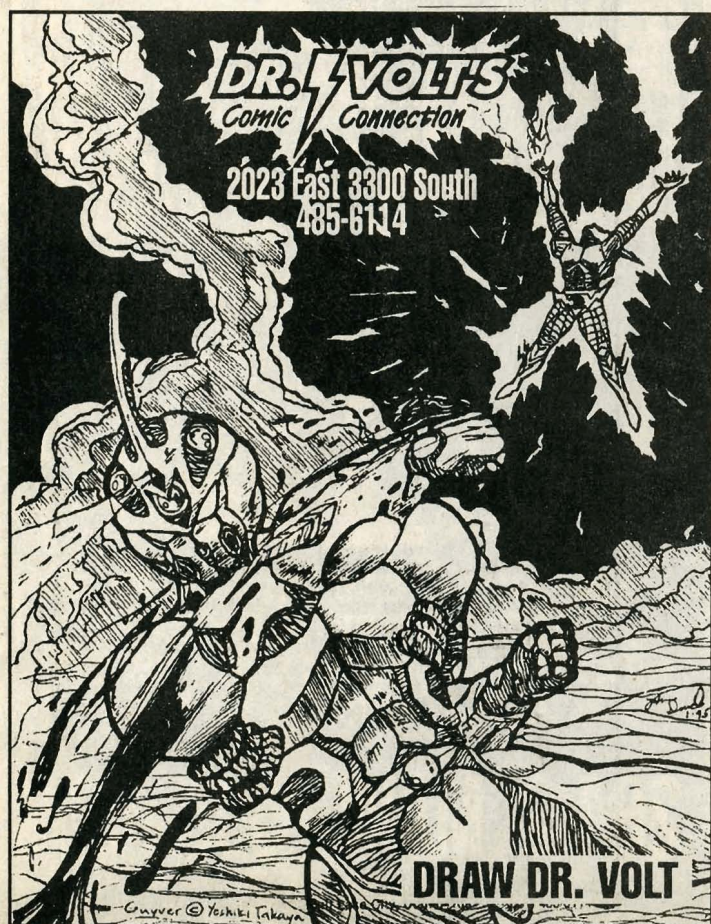
### 4 The Merchandise

And I thought Disney had a racket going...

### 5 Relix Magazine

Not just Relix, mind you. Diamond Dupree and a pile of others I didn't feel like looking for are out there, let's just use Relix for target practice. My sample issue of this rag includes lots of whining letters (Hmm, sound familiar?) about "the Pigs", legalizing pot~bad acid, and "the Pigs"; the Incarcerated Deadheads Listings (None for Utah - c'mon pigs! Catch up!); wall-to-wall pix of very ugly people in tie-dye displaying thier Dead merchandise; the disclaimer "Relix is printed on virgin unbleached water-processed paper with soy-based inks" (SLUG uses spotted owl blood exclusively); Deadheads on the Internet (e-mail some hate to deadheadsrequest@gdead.berkely.edu, cyber-nauts); Dead set-lists for five(!) months worth of concerts (It's true, no two nights use the same list - if you can tell the damn songs apart!); environmental stats like "Americans produce almost 150 million tons of garbage per year", most of which you can mail-order from the back of the magazine - save the planet, bro; and other irrelevant factoids such as: "Jerry Garcia had a secretary named Lincoln, Lincoln had a secretary named Lardass".

—Helen Wolf





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## FEBRUARY

SHORTEST MONTH...MOST GOOD SHOWS

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**MYRRH**

James Stewart

2  
**VALDERAMA**

3 RINSE RULE

3  
**TONGUE & GROOVE**

4  
**MOLLY MCGUIRE**

iceburn

5  
**JAMES COLLET:**  
"ONE SOUL"

6  
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7  
**PANSY DIVISION**  
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and IRIS

8  
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DEVIANCE

9  
**CAROLINE'S SPINE**  
ABSTRAK

10  
**REVEREND WILLIE**  
QUALITONES

11  
**CAROLINE'S SPINE**  
J-Binder

12  
**WIG**  
J-BINDER

13  
**SHUT UP FRANK**

14  
**IRIS**  
VALENTINE'S PARTY

15  
**SHOW BOAT**

16  
**MOUSE TRAP**  
SUGARHOUSE  
HAPPY B-DAY JIM

17  
**MARYMONIQUE THE TRIP**  
A BAND & HIS DOG

18  
**LOW POP SUICIDE**  
THE BLACK WATCH BAND  
SUGARHOUSE

19  
**THE JON SHUMAN JAZZ EQUATION**

20  
**BAND HOME EVENING**

21  
**PLANET OYA**  
SUNSHINE & THE BIFFS

22  
**REZIN**  
SHUT UP FRANK

23  
**THE WEED**

24  
**SLUGFEST**  
3 BANDS 3 BUCKS

25  
**DECOMPOSERS and DEVIANCE**

26  
**K. McCARTY**  
MaryMonique

27  
**WALKING ON EINSTEIN**

28  
**3 MILE PILOT**  
ICEBURN  
MYRRH

1  
**CAKE**

COMING IN MARCH...

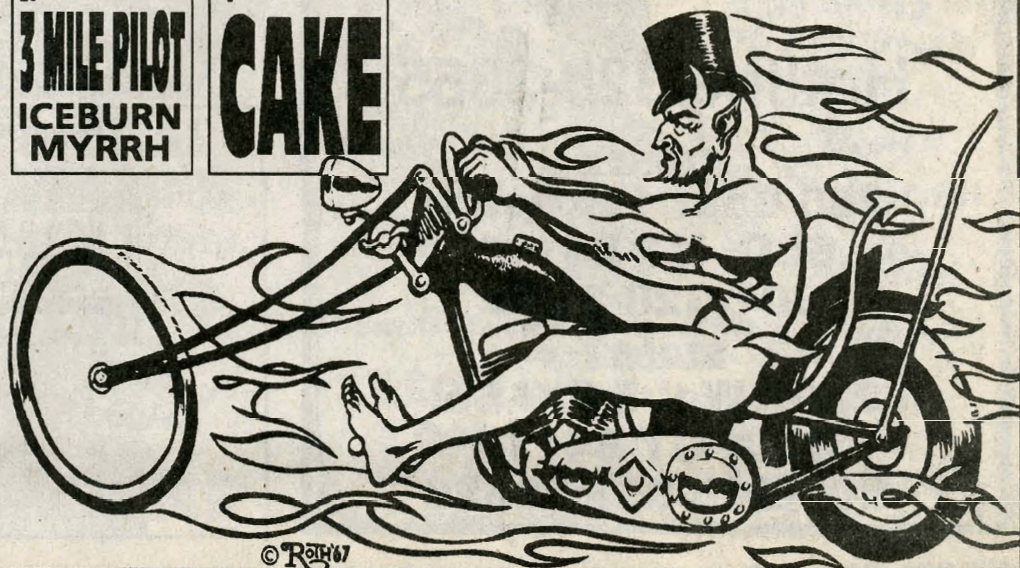
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## "COLD HARD FACTS... THE WAY THEY IS"

J.T. is off recovering from a long over due mental collapse, (probably from OVER EXPOSURE) so once again, I am doing the rambling solo act this month. So I will take this opportunity to make alot of brash statements about people that I should have made long ago, and some that have just recently pissed me off.

First, there never seems to be any lack of really shitty music these days, but a few have risen above the muck and produced some incredibly bad, bad songs. Like Ini Kamoze's "The Hotstepper" What a piece of shit this is. "Here come de hotstep-pah, blah, blah, I'm a lyrical gangsta, blah, blah, ak like ya know g-bo, I know what Bo don't know, blah, blah" Whatever. My dog leaves the room when this gem comes on. Another shit heel tune is "You Suck" by The Murmurs. Gee, how long do you think your careers in songwriting will last? Here's a little sample of this lyrical wonderment..."But now there's dust on my guitar you

!#6°Δ!  
..and..for..that..you..suck..and..for..that..you..suck"  
Wow! You said 'suck' on the radio, how cool and different! The last excuse for a song that I will belittle this month is a real doozy..."Seether" by Veruca Salt. This ditty blows from the word go.

Actually from the first riff...danananana..danananana.. stolen from Cheap Trick's 'He's a Whore'. The rest of the song just stinks like poop. Can anybody write a song where 'black & white' isn't followed by "wrong or right"? Gimme a break. Who blew who to get these dumb fucks on MTV? And what the hell is a Seether? This song is only palatable if you replace the word 'Seether' with the word 'Penis'.

More Shit: The Dallas Crybabys-after weeks of bragging and predicting a Super Bowl victory, the 49ers kicked their ass in the championship game and sent them home crying and whining like the pussies they are. Dallas coach Barry Switzer cried like a little girl, instead of acting like a man and admitting the loss, he blamed it on everyone else, including the referees. I called his office in Dallas and told him what a loser he is. If you'd like to call and tell him what a bum he is, here's the phone number .1-214-556-9900. Ask for Mr. Switzers office, or the head girl scout, he'll get the message. Send me a copy of your phone bill, and I'LL PAY FOR THE CALL!

Salt Lake's incredible shrinking gene pool-Every time I walk into a bar, I see ten people who have slept with ten other people all at the same club! I just can't get excited over a sexual prospect that has done it with the guy I'm shooting pool with.

Turnabout is fair play-Call it whatever you want...karma..irony...! call it justice. My ex girlfriend, let's call her "The Nuclear Bitch" that screwed me over last year, married a FAT guy, and she got FAT! ...HA !HA! HA! ...My new girl friend is NOT fat, and she likes me to tie her up! HOO-HOO! I love it when God turns the knife.

Derwood's Theory of Revolution-The ongoing finger pointing contest between The Private Eye's 'music critic' and The Event's 'music critic', all caused by my boy, Travelin' Man, it seems that Barry Squeal and Benji Futon got their panties in a bunch because T.M. said mean things about them. Grow up girls! He wouldn't do it if it didn't piss you off so much. Of course, he has a point, considering both of your knowledge of music won't fill a thimble in a rainstorm. Face it guys, you're easy to make fun of. Your columns are so straight laced that they're laughable.

STAR TREK XVII-THE FINAL VOYAGE-ULTIMATE SNOOZE-ATHON-Give me a break. FOX. This plotless overdone repetitious dribble must end. NOW! You are in the way of some original idea trying to break into TV. BE GONE! Besides there are some really good shows on TV, like Ren & Stimpy.

GLASS HOUSES-Finally, I have something to say to Ms. bad hair psycho tramp man hater, Susan Powter. YOU HAVE A BIG FAT ASS!!! How do you expect women who want to lose weight to listen to you? YOU HAVE A BIG FAT ASS! You claim to know all this stuff about losing wieght (you lost 150 lbs.) but you can't seem to finish the job. YOUR ASS IS BIG & FAT! Maybe you should call your book "How to lose alot of poundage---and still have A BIG FAT ASS!"

Well, there you have it, I hope you feel better. I know that I do. Me and my miserable little life are doing just fine, thank you. By the way Happy B-Day to Mark, Mitch the Man, Bella, Rory and of course Crystal. And Happy Upcoming B-Day to Kevin, Lisa G., Nicki (The Dark Overlord) and of course ME! Send presents!

—The FATMAN

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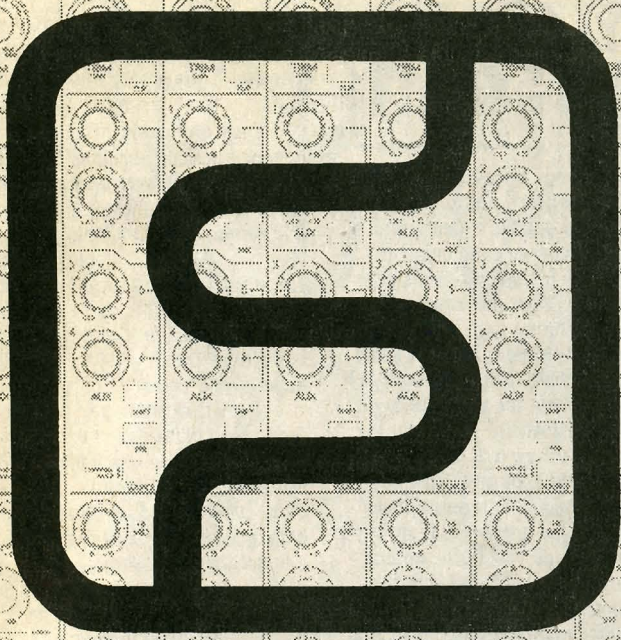
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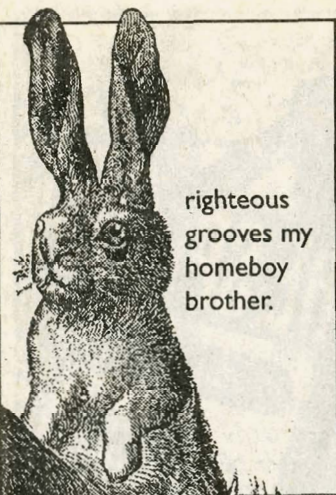
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# O'DELL WISH-HEN

## Communism Masturbation Soap box

Over the length of 1994, I witnessed the writers write, and the whiners whine. JT and THE FAT MAN...they made us laugh, they made us cry, and they offended every living creature on God's good earth. And provoked every whining cry baby within a thousand miles of the SLUG corporate HQ. And it is



so much easier to respond/whine on a 3x9 postcard and write "waaa, you guys are mean, and you don't represent my opinion!" Like anyone is thinking about your opinion. Don't get me wrong, there is nothing wrong with writing in, it's just the people who don't want to say anything, they just want to complain about the people who do. The whiners! Armed with only the weapon of whine, will no one champion the whiners? They live much like beaten villagers under the rule of evil overlords. Is there no Jean-Claude Van Dame among you who will stand and stop this evil tyranny? No, no little sheep, you will do nothing and like it. And I will tell you why. It's the pecking order, the food chain, Darwins theory. The ones with enough passion to express their opinion, do so with any means at their disposal, ie, art, music, writing, spraypainting a wall, urinating on a public official, whatever. And the ones who sit and wait to be insulted or offended, whine.

I myself often fantasize about a publication that focuses on the positive.

Writers would have to represent everyone's opinion, even if it's not their own. It would read like:

This is good and that is good and isn't life wonderful and fair? The forest creatures are my friends. I live life in a little dreamworld full of fairies and bunnys. I love you and let's sing.

Why, you could call yourself Deisel, and it could read like the mormon wife's guide to family living. Dear Dickheads could be called "Dear Friends" And the letters could read:

Dear Friends, I loved the article you wrote on love. You are my favorite magazine. Well I have to go. I love you all. Good bye and God bless.

Joey Boring  
SLC Ut. ward #162

If you don't have the point yet, it's hate people. I hate, hate, hate. I hate you. I hate me. I hate this house, this street, county, city, state, country, planet...I hate all things everywhere! (ouch) I just bit myself. I hate that. And now here are a few examples of my hate...

Dear dickheads, these Growin Graphics ads offend me because I don't have the brain

power to see it for what it is. I want to be offended, so I am. Dear goin somewhere else for graphics, guess what...I hate you!

Dear dickheads, I recently attended the Suspension of Disbeleif show, and the singer was swingin a bra around, and hung it on the mic stand...blah blah blah...

Amber Heaton  
The very fact that anyone could be insulted by this, is so unbelievable, it's funny. Amber, you have won the 'Big Daddy I Can't Believe You're For Real' award.

Dear Dickheads, you sold out man...blah blah...I'm so underground, I'm dead...blah blah...I remember when...blah blah...punk's not dead...blah blah...you're too scared to go against the establishment...blah blah.

Signed, Clueless wanna be angry punk living in mommy's basement in Kearns & travels uptown in mommy's Olds to stand inbetween the ZCMI & Crossroads Malls.

Thing one, Mr. Clueless Punk Dead! Me there. Me saw. Three chords and a 4/4 beat does NOT a punk make. So don't use the words 'punk rock' in the same breath as anything you hear now. This is exactly like the resurrection of rockabilly. These are both things extremely cool at the time, but the hard truth is they have lived and died! My grandfather was cool too, but I don't dig him up and stick him in an easy chair in my living room because I can't replace him in my life! And this disco thing...My God, the 70's were the most evil moment of music purgatory in all of history. Again, I was there. Evil! And you people want to relive this? (Whoops) Where was I? Oh yes. Anyway Mr. Clueless, my best advice is to move out of mom's basement, get a job, live life awhile & channel your anger. Hopefully, the years will give you the objectivity and the insight to better equip you for your next letter.

Hopefully, this article will have everyone at each other's throats, and I will wait patiently, close by, watching with a meticulous eye. Like a mad Russian poet. Looking down on the arena called Salt Lake, masturbating ever so slowly, using hot sauce as lubricant. Soon you will all be gone, and there will only be my opinion.

—O'DELL WISH-HEN



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**ABSTRAK**



# NO HOLDS

Many of today's secular crowd could easily disconnect from the world's church folk. Better off without 'em. Yet sometimes it seems there's no light of day where the religious can't cast their shadow. Not that it's all bad, though. You might fall off your skateboard and bust up your leg and got no insurance. Well the HOLY SISTERS OF MERCY help run a hospital where you walk in & they take care of you. Maybe you pay 'em maybe you don't. But on the other side of the coin, there's the needy response invoked by supposedly spiritual saviors that make you look for change to pay the toll to get you over the damn highway bridge of their invention. "Brothers & Sisters, do you want to be saved today by the Good Word of Truth & Rebirth or else be swallowed by fire?"

Or the raging righteous might use a more proactive approach by shooting dead in cold blood an abortion clinic clerk not making much over minimum wage but who happened to believe in a vision of personal choice. Christ, even Mother Theresa's been subject to an expose accusing her of fascist leanings and fishy finances. Is it that as we get closer to the millenium humanity's demons become adept at adapting different masks? Conversely the angels & saints aren't interested in exchanging their passion & love for humanity for a Vanity Fair profile. They'd rather see & experience it on ground level or underground if necessary.

To be a lover of the world today take's more than following a spiritual creed. Nobody's learn how to embrace this crazy place the same way twice. Experiencing love between people is never quite as idealistic as might be stated in black and white. Especially in such a gumbo as the modern globe. In my long running service of God I have found that despite all the best inten-

tions, sometimes LOVE MUST EXILE. The rip-off dude in the hood must be shunned. The crazy lover must be shown the road. You gotta tell your best friend to go to hell.

That's where a lot of these organized religions go wacko. They try so valiantly to engage the flock as a whole. To nail down the one true body of their lord. To fill up them churches and keep padding them roll calls like some Wall Street numbers game where those with the most points can call themselves king of the crap pile.

Jesus sakes let it go its own way time to time. Not everybody wants or deserves the knowledge or understanding that their God or Goddess may provide. Could be they just ain't ready. Could be they just waiting to come back as a sexy Hindu lass who can orgasm in meditation. Ready or not is a case by case barometer that could be given a lot more space. When some hillbilly thinks he found Jesus looking down a double barrel 12 guage shotgun there is something dreadfully wrong with the picture. How do we know that boy ain't better off fishin and fornicatin with his country cousin don't know no better no how.

It's okay to spread a GOOD WORD to the world. But Jesus Christ, Mohammed, Zoraster, Buddha, Krishna and all the really holy people gave the word and moved on without jammin it so hard down people's heads that it felt like a fish hook. You see they had the original idea. After that the parasite followers demanded a bandwagon mentality so that they wouldn't stand alone with the lofty truth. A man or a woman must be allowed to walk without impedement no matter how beautiful your message of salvation. And people like I was saying, sometimes you gotta give the occasional pain in the ass a good shove out of your way.

Then you have those that take their own life. Can't seemed to override the inner dysfunction so they choose self-exile into the great beyond. But how great is the beyond anyhow? When my Uncle Peachy back in Pawtucket got a little liquored up he would expound upon strong feelings concerning the Suicide Zone. As a fierce independent Peachy battled hard and crazy between the law and the mob and must have taken a few peaks into the ethereal side. I was inclined to listen intently to his passionate convictions. He felt that an individual who offed her or himself landed in an astral plane that really didn't care for a person's shit at all. You go there for relief and be like looking for Valentine presents in the Combat Zone.

But hey, if that's someone's ticket, I ain't gonna try to be too persuasive. One must see one's one path. Now if someone were to ask me for a bit of advice, I might suggest to the demented to grab some loose bucks and head on some hare brained adventure into desolation out in the far reaches of this fascinating Earth. The Mama Globe has her own way of healing the deranged but you must walk her trails without ambition or expectation. Given a fool's trust you will walk that medicine wheel.

The main ingredient in most dementia is a floundering due to lack of love. As necessary it is to sometimes exile the parasite, so it is possible to welcome back & forgive. Don't beat yourself up in the process, learn to recognize when love is really happening, when one's mind, heart & loins barter not because essential understanding skips senseless arguments and flies fully into the song of the eternal heart dance.

—AMORE PADRE BEELEZEBUB

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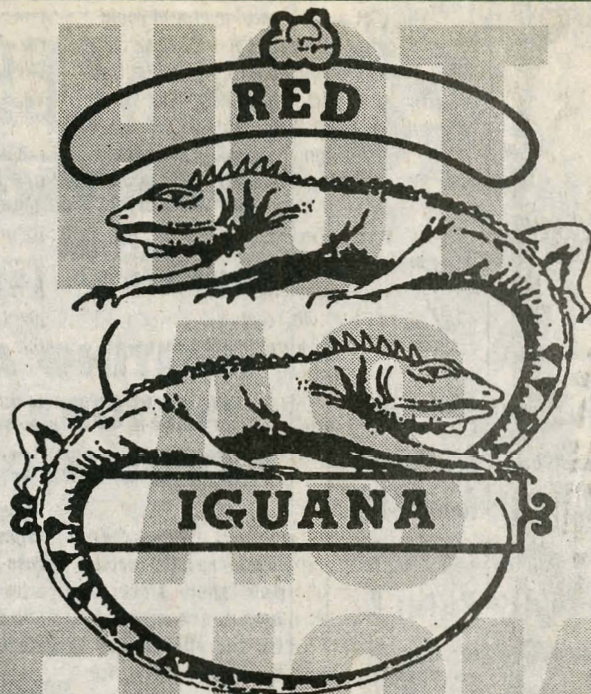
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## CONCERT REVIEWS

### DANZIG

SALT AIR  
DECEMBER 14, 1994

### INCITING A CULTURAL REVOLUTION

Glenn Danzig: musician, writer, artist, comic publisher, director, producer and death-metal band leader. On the evening of Wednesday,

December 14th, he was Glenn Danzig, performer. As the concert got started, the set looked like a scene from one of Clive Barker's Hellraiser movies. Thick black ropes were draped over the stage speakers and stretched painfully behind the drummer stood a 20 foot face, strait From a Hellraiser comic book cover. The atmosphere was eerie (no pun intended to Bassist Eerie Von) as the band took the stage like four threatening Cenobites all dressed in black. Though once they took the stage they were more invigorating than ominous. Glenn Danzig grabbed the microphone and punished the willing crowd with his biting lyrics as Eerie Von (Bass), John Christ (Guitars) and Joe Castillo (Drums) all added to the powerful eruption of testosterone infecting the crowd. Particular compliments to drummer Joey Castillo, newest member of the band, who didn't miss a beat and played ferociously all night. Comic fan himself, Danzig looked much like Wolverine of

the X-men with his spry antics complete with sideburns, build and body language. His voice was powerful, reminiscent of Jim Morrison or Ian Astbury of the Cult; his vocals shared a mesmerizing strength and quality that was similar if his music is not. The audience proved ready for the band with many singing along verse for verse. A few concert goers even received medical attention due to their enthusiastic appreciation of Danzig's music. One fan, anxious to get back to the concert, refused needed attention from a medic



while blood still ran down his face from a broken nose. The band played on tirelessly for two hours with an encore. Though sometimes individual numbers seemed to blur together, still all were well received by the crowd, from hits like "Mother" to Danzig's new releases like "Can't Speak" or "Going Down To Die".

Surrounded by groupies backstage, Danzig handed out autographed "Deathdealer" posters to celebrate his upcoming comic book project with Frank Frazetta. A surprisingly refreshed looking Danzig commented that

it's tough to predict who will attend his concerts these days, with the mix of his death-metal legion widening all the time. The conversation soon turned towards comics and Danzig's own comic publishing company, Verotik. As with his music, Glenn is doing it his way and could care less what people think of the comics he publishes as long as they are forming their opinions by actually reading them. When asked about the violent and erotic nature of Verotik's line, Danzig stated, "You have the right to say and do what you want as long as it doesn't hurt anyone else. There's a new right wing in America that is trying to repress the whole country. You cannot control how people think, act,

talk, where they're gonna go, what they're gonna be reading, what they watch on T V — not in a country that's called America. This is supposed to be the shining light for the whole world to look at."

On a side note; Glenn Danzig's recent venture into comics publishing was also evident with the "Little Whip" concert t-shirt,

drawn by the outrageous "FAUST" artist, Tim Vigil. In addition, Danzig continues to use "The Shadow" comic artist Michael W. Kaluta for cd cover art. Who better to know what evil lurks in the heart of Danzig?

In the end, braving the long drive out to Saltair, poor parking (though better than Wolf Mountain), the rancid smell of the Great Salt Lake (even in the cold) and a freezing walk in the dark, a good time was waiting for the perseverant.

-Vicki Brown

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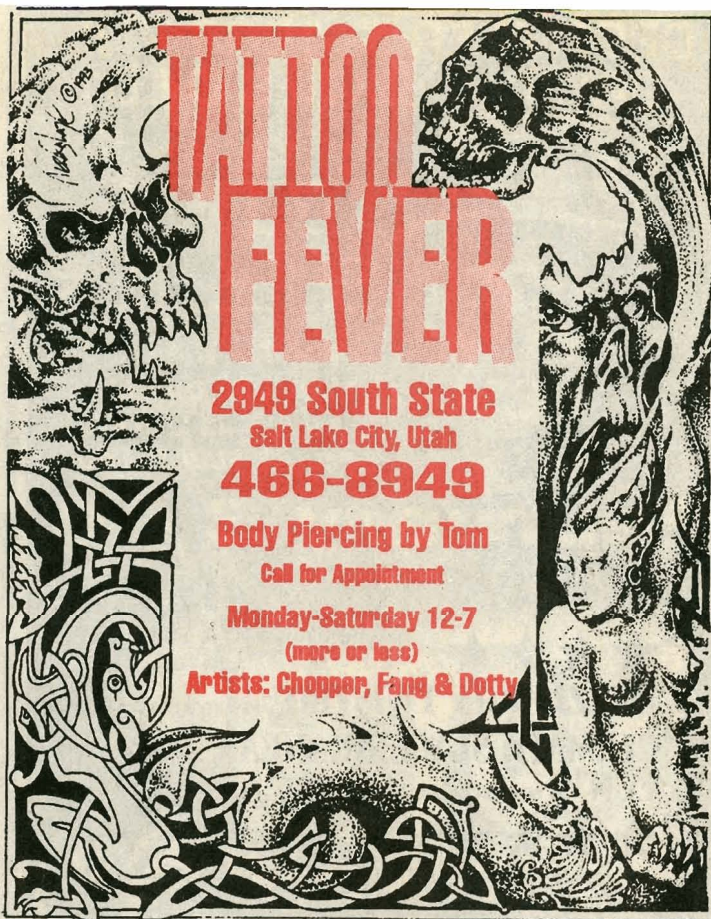
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## CONCERT REVIEWS



Sinister  
Dane

at the Cinema Bar

The never-ending series of Jon Shuman reunion gigs continued with appearance of the Dollymops opening for Sinister Dane. If the reunion concerts continue expect to see the Massacre Guys getting back together for one night only sometime in the future. The Dollymops knocked out an impressive set of noise and sarcastic commentary on their music that was a pleasure. Providing cheap entertainment and warming up the crowd is what it's all about, the Dollymops did their job.

I heard that Sinister Dane weren't all that great. Apparently the major label hype machine biased the person reporting to me against the band. I met the guys before they started playing and they were pretty decent; friendly, down-to-earth and all that kind of thing. When they took the stage I was impressed before the music began by the bass carried by Duck. It was white and built by a small indie company whose name escapes me since I lost my notes on the show. Duck told me that he'd met with the owner of the company and personally picked out the instrument. Whatever the make and model the sound of it was impressive. I'm a bass freak with stacks of bass recordings in my low-riding Nissaa. I cruise State blasting them every Friday and Saturday night.

The press kit says these guys were pleased with their first recording and that it captures their live sound. The CD doesn't touch their live. Funk, punk, metal, ska and whatever are all mixed up in their minds. They fly about the stage sending out as much energy from the view as their music damages the eardrums. They wear earplugs to protect their own hearing. Matt Martin, drums, doesn't face the audience. His kit is set-up sideways, in a similar fashion to (as he told me) Rage Against The Machine and Fishbone.

The references are Living Color, who invited Sinister Dane to tour with them, and the aforementioned Fishbone. References are only references. Sinister Dane live are entirely original. A major label executive twisted my arm behind my back and held it there until I promised to attend the gig. Glasses were vibrated off tables, record store clerks were driven to dance, everyone in attendance enjoyed themselves as much as the band enjoyed playing and I'm thankful for the arm twisting. At most, 100 people saw the show. If you weren't one of them too bad.



# NEW BAND REVIEW

**SLUGFEST** —February 24th @ Cinema Bar.  
**Three Bands 4 Three Bucks.**—**Erector** —**Sir Knobbie Hassle & The Swamp Donkeys**—**Valdarama**

SLUGFEST is a new alternative for local bands to showcase their material on a night dedicated to new local bands. We will try to do this every month or so, and keep it up throughout the year. It is strictly for NEW local bands that get little exposure.



The first of our SLUGFEST shows of 1995 features three very diverse bands, the first of which is Sir Knobbie Hassle & The Swamp Donkeys. This band features ex-Maggotheads & Rubberneck rock Gods Jason Lamb & Keith 'Cornholio' Musig. Add the drumming of Trent Pratt and Wayne Moss (a guy who's looking for a cross between a 24hr coffee shop waitress and an industrial vacuum for a girlfriend) and you have the makings of quite a cool band. They call themselves "Good old punk rock", while stating that they just want to be 'fuckin hip' and have women find them highly erotic at the same time.



Next band...Erector  
 This trio consists of Jimmy Scott (ex Broadside guitarist) on guitar and vocals, Jason Jensen from the metal band 'Mindrape' on drums, and Jaime Goble of Athlete's Butt fame. This band boasts over 40 tattoos, 11 body piercings, breasts from SLUG back issues, and songs about drinking, cars and women. Not to mention the very cool song "Bleed Baby Bleed" appearing on the upcoming SLUG Compilation #5. This band should kick ass if they can keep from killing each other on stage. The music is, however, killer stuff and that's what makes this band gel. I can't wait to see if the rest of their set is as good as the one song I've heard. You can see for yourself at the show. This band will be up last on the 24th, so plan to stay up late.



The last band, and probably first in line to play, is Valdarama. Make sure you get to the Cinema Bar early, so you don't miss these guys! This four piece may very well redefine punk rock in the land of Zion. Or maybe they'll just play a set & drink until they vomit. Either way, you'll want to witness Valdarama for yourself. The lineup consists of Dan Petersen (my man...Dan) on guitar, (I've known Dan for four years and he still holds the title of 'Coolest Man Alive'), Greg Fredette of Salt Flat Records on bass, Ryan Smith (not sure if that's his real name) on drums, and Vaughn 'Vonzy' Brown as the vocalist/noise-maker. That is all I'm going to tell you. If you blow it and miss this band, you'll be the idiot going "Huh, I didn't see them" when your friends are all telling you how cool they were.

—MADD MAXX

SLUG PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

# SLUGFEST

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## More Little Records

The first three are from Fat Wreck Chords. They advertise so whores that we are we review their "product." The final two are on the Burnt Sienna label. They'll probably advertise next month.



### Bracket - *Stinky Fingers EP* -

"2RACK005/WWF, Warren's Song 3." The cover is highly original. They copy the Rolling Stones Sticky Fingers and call the ep Stinky Fingers. I took a box cutter and sliced down the zipper to see what was inside. All I found was a God damn record. I think the blade ruined the record 'cause all I heard was pop punk that reminded me of the Jam. Warren's Song 3 is the best, it only lasts about 30 seconds.

## WANTED

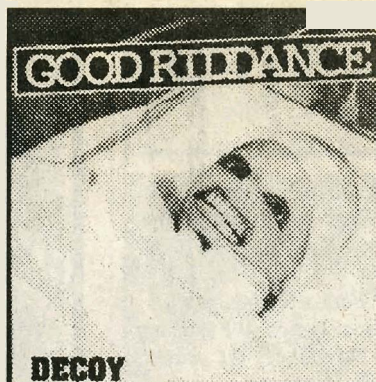


### 88 Fingers Louie - *Wanted EP* -

"Holding Back, Honestly/Blink, Help?" I had to check the personnel on this one. It sounds exactly like the Offspring. How come 88 Fingers Louie aren't on MTV and featured in every magazine on the newsstand? It's probably because they come from Melrose Park, Illinois. If you like the Offspring you will definitely like Wanted. The highlight is a cover of the Beatles "Help!" done in punk rock fashion.

### Good Riddance - *Decoy EP* -

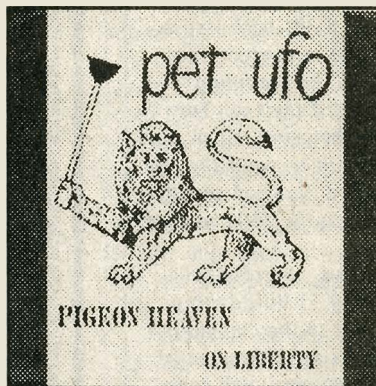
"United Cigar/12 Year Circus, Free."



Another dose of California punk rock from some actual California residents. They are from Santa Cruz. The best song is "Free." The lyrics are printed on the record cover and "Free" takes the police and the Right To Lifers on, "Keep your morals to yourself. Get your hands off of me, I'm supposed to be free." Thank you Good Riddance.

### Morning Glories - "Tower/Average

Crowd Pleaser" I expected some kind of psychedelic music because of the band's name. Not even close. The Morning Glories don't play psych and it isn't another punk rock record. This single is what a single used to be - radio ready. The vocals are a touch abrasive but the hooks are present and the breaks in the middle of the songs show that this group can play their instruments. They aren't copying anyone. Wholly original and refreshing.



### Pet UFO -

"Pigeon Heaven/On Liberty" Pet UFO had their CD reviewed in the December SLUG. This is apparently something new from them. Souci is the girl singer and I'm in love. She's a twisted little darling. "Pigeon Heaven" addresses the subject of six year olds finding dead birds and taking them off in shoe boxes for burial. A decent burial is required if a bird wants to reach heaven. "On Liberty" is more on the subject of

Souci's lonely life. It's winter in Ohio, her boyfriend moved to Boston and became a rockstar. Souci is left waiting for the phone to ring. However, she's not as lonely as she would have us believe. "(This is your fault.) I fucked a boy last night who left me sleepless and sore and hating myself for thinking I deserved it. Hating myself for hoping he'd go down on me." The music backing this girl is simple garage punk. Without her they'd be another in the wilderness. With her Pet UFO easily take the prize for the best single of the stack.



### Decomposers - "Tardbasket/A.A."

A year or two ago when Aaron (vocalist) quit Decomposers, I was distraught. See, Kelly (bassist) told me without Aaron they would have to break up. I begged like a kid wanting Count Chocula for them to just find another vocalist and keep going. Well I don't know why I didn't think of it but Chopper soon joined the band.

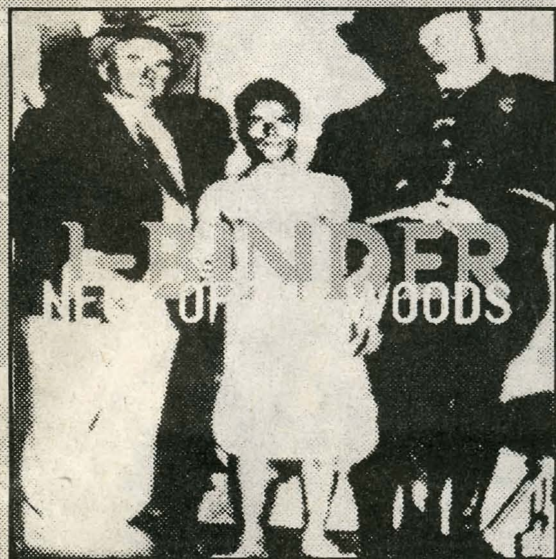
I have to admit that I prefer Aaron's vocals over Choppers, but the band is just as good as they have always been. I am not the best judge of music but I know what I like and I like this seven inch. I wish it were a full length album but it will do.

This is the first offering of Decomposers since the reformation with Chopper (there second as of yet) and it deserves every bit of recognition possible. Whoever mixed & engineered this little doozy did one hell of a job catching Decomposers sound. I am going to scratch my copy so I can get the pull punk sound like all of my other early eighties trash/garage punk albums.

If you haven't ever seen Decomposers live than it is time you did. The band still has all the energy to rock the crowds and get banned from a good portion of the Salt Lake clubs. Next time they play live harass the band for your own copy, take it home, get drunk and dance yer pants off.



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## Lou Barlow of Sebadoh

Sebadoh brings the low-fi to the University of Utah Union Ballroom on March 2. Loved by critics everywhere, they have escaped the financial rewards less deserving musicians receive. An article in SLUG will do little to rectify the situation, but it might help sell a few copies of their albums or convince the public to buy an advance ticket for the show.

Lou Barlow is no slouch. In my high-tech home environment phone interviews are recorded using the latest in modern technology. As the recording process began Barlow immediately knew what kind of equipment I used. Barlow: Would that be a AT&T gray answering machine? SLUG: Yes, how did you know that? Barlow: Someone else used one during an interview. With the preliminaries out of the way the interview commenced.

SLUG: In several interviews included with the Sub Pop press kit you refer to your father and country musicians. In one interview it's if I sold this song to Billy Ray Cyrus I'd be a millionaire and in another it's Randy Travis. Is your father a big country music fan? Barlow: Yea, a lot of people are. A lot of middle aged people are. It's what he listens to when he goes back and forth to work. It's always on the radio - modern country stations. SLUG: He just listens to modern country? Barlow: Yea, the modern country stations don't seem to play any old ones which is kind of a bummer. That's the really sad thing is that there's really no classic country stations around here. I would listen to those. I get really sick of the new stuff cause they all sound the same. It's really condescending.

SLUG: The cover of your new CD, Bakesale, features a picture of a baby looking into a toilet. I'm sure you've been asked this before, but is that you? Barlow: Sure is. Everyone has nude photographs of themselves. Toilet photographs as well. There was one single I saw, I only saw it once about two years ago. It was an amazing cover of a single someone put out of a little kid reaching into the toilet. I thought that was such an amazing photograph that when I found my own photograph I was like, hell put it on our front cover.

SLUG: I talked to John Fredrick of the Black Watch the other day. He has a Ph.D. in English and he was trying to write a novel. He gave it up because he found writing songs easier than writing fiction. Many interviews I've



read with the members of Sebadoh have a lot of literary references. I wanted to ask - have you ever written any fiction? Barlow: No, I can barely read. People sort of make the assumption that I read a lot because my lyrics are fairly literate. I sort of write in plain language and I think I make myself understood. Also I wear glasses and people kind of think that I read a lot. I don't at all. I think if I ever had to face writing a piece of fiction, I would just be lost. It takes too much. I also don't think I have much of the ego to create a whole world out of just my thoughts - some sort of alternate reality. I'm pretty much stuck here - stuck here in our present reality. I just have to write about things that I've felt and even then I can only manage about four or five lines about it. I'm pretty limited. I can only write like a song's length about anything. It is easier.

SLUG: How much of the reams of press written about you do you read? Barlow: (Laughs) I read all of it if I have it. It's a morbid impulse that I have. Usually Sub Pop will collect all of the press that we have and put it all together in the press kit and I will be compelled to read the entire thing. It's usually pretty depressing - Wow, I'm a total idiot. Jesus I don't explain myself very well now do I.

SLUG: With all the hundreds of songs you've written how do you


decide what to play live? Barlow: Well, there's like a fraction of all the songs I recorded that we know how to play as a band. There's probably 50 or 60 songs that we can play as a band. We kind of choose between all of those.

SLUG: How do audiences react to you live. Barlow: It really depends on the place. If we play some smaller places down south people can be really noisy and get really into it and be really noisy. But mostly it's just really incredibly polite people standing there staring. I'm like are you people enjoying this? Do you like what's happening right now? It's kind of cool because there's no kids jumping on top of each other or anything like that.

Over the course of the conversation I learned that Lou Barlow doesn't make that much money from his music. His girlfriend, who he reported he will soon marry, works. He says he is psyched to play Salt Lake City because the band has never been here. He almost made it as a member of Dinosaur Jr, but the van broke down in Idaho. No rockstar mentality was present. I asked my idiot questions and he answered them as best he could. He's an exceptional musician and songwriter and also nice guy. I'm psyched that Sebadoh put Salt Lake on their schedule. The other bands performing will be God Head Silo, State Of the Nation and Stella Brass. Tickets are \$8.



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After thanking everyone and their Chia pets last month I apologize for this column and my drunken sot behavior. The entire first month of the new year was spent in a stupor, the causes are too numerous to list. This shit comes from someplace and it ain't the "Real World." We've had some fun with the "professional" music journalists in town the last several months. I've had my ears filled with enough gossip and complaints to last me a lifetime. Get the message boys and girls. It's free advertising for you. We read your reputable shit and now you are reading ours; if only to see if your name is mentioned. Fulton and Scholl do a hell of a lot more than write about music and I respect their work. All those with complaints about SLUG are cordially invited to write a Dear Dickheads letter. I believe that is what it's for. 'Nuff said. Sticking with the sissy writers slap fight is my one sentence analysis of Grid Magazine - it is so cutting edge that I required stitches after reading it.

The rockabilly news was pretty sparse in January. After listing the rockabilly sightings in the national press I'll spew some of my rubbish on a variety of musically related topics and report on the blues. While local news is non-existent national rockabilly coverage is picking up in music biz rags. CMJ and Billboard ran stories or reviews on Ronnie Dawson and his new "American" album. Billboard almost went so far as to predict a rockabilly revival on college radio. That should put some fear in the hearts of certain locals, at least it should spark some ridicule of rockabilly music. Option had a story/interview with Hasil Adkins and another one with Kelly Willis. A new magazine, Outré, dedicated to B-movies and the retro-culture of white trash, had an interview with Chicago's Riptones. The issue included a flexi-disc. What's a flexi-disc? Well, it's a piece of plastic that you...never mind.

The report from Phoenix is that Voodoo Swing tore things up in the heat. The Broken Hearts and Voodoo Swing are on the radio in Australia - "world famous, unheard of in their hometown!" It sounds far fetched for two Utah bands to have their music played down under, but the work we do to help our local favorites extends far beyond this city. Cheryl Cline publishes a little fanzine called Twangin' out of the San Francisco area. She was kind enough to print some Utah articles. The Broken Hearts, now named the Rattle Kings, and Voodoo Swing had their music reviewed in the magazine. Ms. Cline has hooked up with some pretty good distributors (Twangin' is sold in Tower Record stores, too bad we don't have one here) and she posts the paper to the Internet.

The story is that a guy in Australia read the reviews, told his disc jockey friend about them and they requested copies of both Voodoo Swing and the Broken Hearts. They are in fact played on the radio in Australia.

That leads into the next topic for discussion - the SXSW Showdown. The Rattle Kings were invited to participate this year. The news surprised me when I heard it and I hoped they'd make it to the finals, but no one expected to see them there. They made it! The Rattle Kings turned in the best set I've ever seen them play at the SXSW finals. They gave it everything they had. Lara Jones dressed for the occasion. Jerry, or is it Jerald,

Cochran proved once again that he is the most talented multi-instrumentalist in

town and Max, Jim and Tim all confirmed that the band has overcome the loss of a founding member and come back with a vengeance. I thought they won.

Weeks before the contest began I'd heard that Megan Peters was the favorite. Don't start all the bitching and crying because she still had to play. It is my opinion that the most diverse possible panel of judges was selected for the finals. The gossip I heard was that Megan Peters beat the Rattle Kings by two points. If that is true the upset of the decade almost came about.

Now I'll fantasize about what might have been... If the Rattle Kings had won. In the wonderful underground world of rockabilly and western-beat music we kind of network with each other. (I learned all about networking in college and my skills at it paid off. I have a high paying job in the service sector.) The music press and the radio generally ignore the music.

The only way to find out what is going on is to read the fanzines, talk to the bands, the writers and the labels to find out what is new and good. There are friends, record labels, and bands down in Austin.

There is little doubt that the Rattle Kings would have a "buzz" surrounding them before they arrived. A few phone calls, an article or two, networking with

labels, bands and friends - Austin would know that one of the "world famous, unknown in their hometown" Salt Lake City bands was on the way. Who knows, maybe the Rattle Kings would impress Austin, their music is certainly better understood in Texas (not Nashville) than it is in Utah. A miracle was needed to send the Rattle Kings and it damn near happened. I am not whining or crying, the judges picked the band they thought should represent the town.

Megan Peters has many fans in Salt Lake. Some of them are powers in the local media. If you really want Megan Peters and Big Leg to have a chance in Austin I'd suggest you get behind her (figuratively, not literally). Heat up those phone lines, write some letters, send faxes, make her a press kit, let Austin know that Salt Lake believes this is the best band in town and that the city supports her. Don't sit back and do nothing...then next summer go watch her band play in the same bars and ask "so how was the trip?" She now has my support and she obviously wasn't my favorite.

I was shocked and disappointed to see that neither the Salt Lake Tribune nor the Deseret News gave the final competition much of a review. Their pages were filled with more important "news". Renzhofer and Iwasaki were both on the judging panel. We work hard in the "underground" to promote the locals. It is true that we could do better (if you want to hire me and pay me a decent wage I'll write about locals full-time). Too bad the mainstream can't help out a little more. The reason Salt Lake City has never been recognized for the thriving music scene that exists here has little to do with the weather or the liquor laws. It is the press, the apathy and the reliance on "fads" that exists in this town. As this is written I am listening to Pat Boyack & the Prowlers. Pat grew up in Price, Utah. He moved to the Dallas-Fort Worth area to receive the recognition he deserves. Should I name others? OK, I'll name one more. Doesn't the Chris Ledoux band have former Cow Jazz members on board? "Support the locals" is the chant of the city's lemmings as they dive off Suicide Rock.

Here comes the abrupt change of pace. On the blues scene were the Vanguards, an Austin band that brought the "spits with them," according to guitarist/vocalist George Rary, in the form of bones strung on a rope in front of the stage. As usual, whenever I attend one of these affairs the audience was as entertaining as the band (I'm a one man show myself. Pour a few drinks down my throat and you'll understand where all the nicknames come from). Who in their right mind would ask a Texas blues band to cover "Love Me Tender?" Someone in the Dead Goat audience did and the Vanguards played the song. Will you people please stick with Port O' Call on Saturday nights. If you must see out-of-town bands try your best to behave. I like originals, or at least obscure covers.

Koko Taylor was hot at Abravanel Hall. Half the people picking up the free tickets didn't bother to show up - how typical of Salt Lake. Taylor played mostly cover songs - there's a woman who knows her market. White suburbanites - dressed in their "casual," week-day best purchased at Nordstroms or Dillards - attended to see a bar-room blues band. The experience was almost as surreal as when Big Sandy & His Fly-Rite Boys played at Media Play. The band wandered out on that huge stage and appeared totally lost until they started kicking out the music. Koko's manager didn't care where he was. He strolled about the stage as if it were home passing out towels and going on with his business. The coolest thing of all was when he hawked Taylor's latest, Grammy nominated CD to the audience before the band began playing. Yes, it was a blues band, those CD and baseball cap sales provide food money on the road. The show was tight and programmed. Koko Taylor and her band are professionals. It's only too bad all those free tickets went to waste.

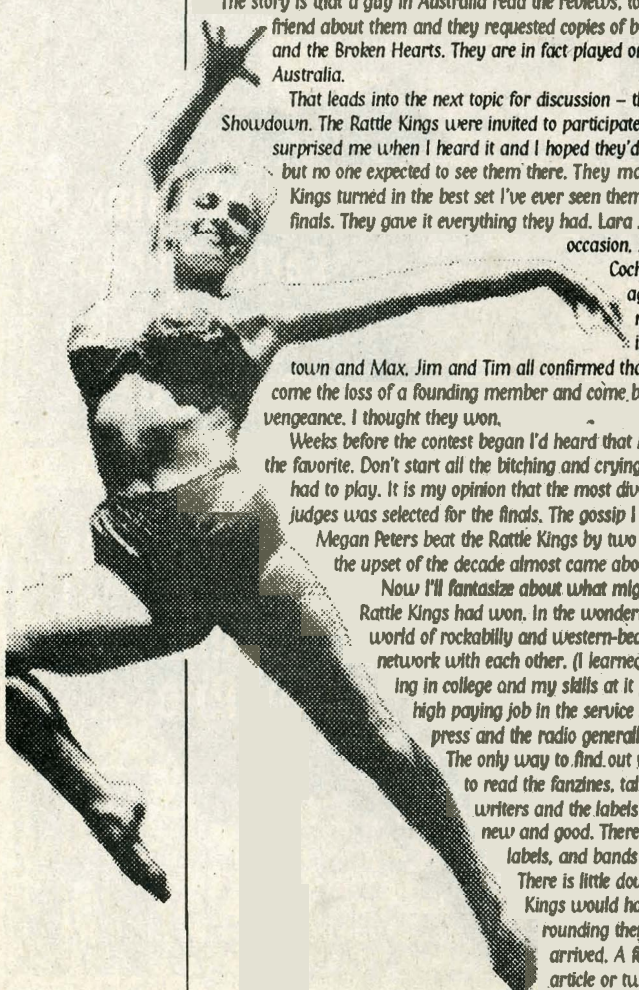
I'm sure the Governor's State of the State address was more entertaining. What's up with that anyway? Leavitt are you a complete idiot? The Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial was going on and you decide to take over the television? Proof indeed that this is Utah. People thought Evan Mecham was bad - he didn't want a Martin Luther King Jr. Holiday in Arizona. Utah has one, but Governor Leavitt would rather ignore it. Next year give the tickets to the homeless. The blues is the music of their lives and the opportunity to get warm for a few hours would be welcomed. At least they'll show up!

Issue #4 of Pompous Press will hit the streets sometime in February. The report on white trash music will be available at the usual locations. Cool records from all over the world have been received and maybe Johnny Angel will consent to write a column. I think I'll review the Shelly Fabares CD reissue.

"Johnny Angel, how I love him, he's got something that I can't resist, but he doesn't even know that I exist. Johnny Angel, how I want him, how I tingle when he passes by, every time he says hello my heart begins to fly. I'm in heaven. I get carried away, I dream of him and me and how it's gonna be....'cause I love him and I pray that someday he'll love me and together we will see how lovely heaven will be."

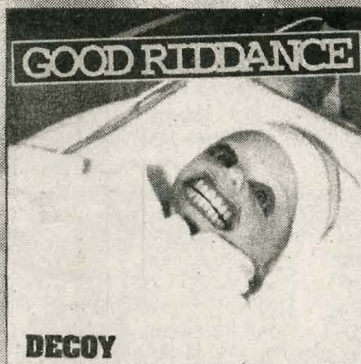
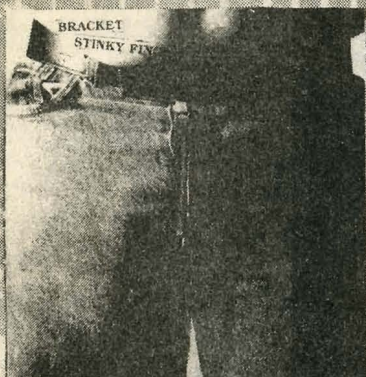
I almost forgot the quote. Two "alternative girls" were in a chain record store. One turned to the other and said, "I think I'll go to Woodstock next year." Her friend replied, "What is Woodstock?" Here's the second from a well informed local. "What's Diesel?"

Willie Wheels





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# DAILEY DARR

## Wednesday, February 1st

- Elbow Finn - Bar & Grill
- Myrrh w/ James Stewart - Cinema Bar
- Fat Paw - The Zephyr
- Rhythm Fish - Dead Goat Saloon
- Blue Wood Moon - Burt's Tiki
- Ashbury Pro Blues Jam - Ashbury Pub

## Thursday, February 2nd

- Scar Strangled Banger - Bar & Grill
- Valdarama w/ 3 Rinse Rule - Cinema Bar
- Jerry Joseph - The Zephyr
- Rattle Kings - Burt's Tiki
- Dogs Day - The Green Guinea
- House Of Cards - Dead Goat Saloon
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - Ashbury Pub

## Friday, February 3rd

- Tongue & Groove - Cinema Bar
- Disco Drippers - The Zephyr
- Qualitones w/ Tommy Dolph - Burt's Tiki
- Armed & Dangerous - Ashbury Pub
- Zion Tribe - Salt City Cafe
- Iris - Green Guinea
- Backwash - Dead Goat Saloon

## Saturday, February 4th

- Decomposers, Trailer Park, Power Tools For Girls, Erector (SLUGS Anniversary Party-No Cover) - Bar & Grill
- Caroline's Spine w/ J-Binder - Cinema Bar
- Disco Drippers - The Zephyr
- Insatiable - Dead Goat Saloon
- Pepper Lake City - Burt's Tiki
- Dog - Ashbury Pub
- Muttaneers - Green Guinea

## Sunday, February 5th

- Games Collet - Cinema Bar
- Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat Saloon
- The Twist Offs - The Zephyr
- Jam Night - Green Guinea

## Monday, February 6th

- Chris Duarte - The Zephyr
- James Stewart - Cinema Bar
- Blue Monday with Smokin' Joe Kubek - Dead Goat Saloon

## Tuesday, February 7th

- One Legged Diamond - Dead Goat Saloon
- Oasis w/ Headshake - Bar & Grill
- Pansy Division w/ Decomposers, Iris - Cinema Bar
- Rattle Kings - The Zephyr
- Clint Lewis - Ashbury Pub

## Wednesday, February 8th

- Royball - Bar & Grill
- Texass w/ Deviance - Cinema Bar
- Fat Paw - The Zephyr
- Rhythm Fish - Burt's Tiki
- Spittin' Lint - Dead Goat Saloon
- Ashbury Pub Blues Jam - Ashbury Pub

## Thursday, February 9th

- Sir Knobbie Hassle & The Swamp Donkeys w/ So Wut - Bar & Grill
- Ali Ali Oxen Free - Dead Goat Saloon
- Caroline's Spine w/ Abstrak - Cinema Bar
- Peter Himmelman - The Zephyr
- House Of Cards - Burt's Tiki
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - Ashbury Pub
- Lunch - Green Guinea

## Friday, February 10th

- Caroline's Spine w/ Abstrak - Bar & Grill
- Reverend Willie w/ Qualitones - Cinema Bar
- Coco Montoya - The Zephyr

## MaryMonique - Burt's Tiki

- Fat Paw - Ashbury Pub
- Killer Clowns - Green Guinea
- Lee Milo & Tishan - Dead Goat Saloon

## Saturday, February 11th

- One Eye - Bar & Grill
- Caroline's Spine w/ J-Binder - Cinema Bar
- Coco Montoya - The Zephyr
- Pepper Lake City - Burt's Tiki
- Suspect - Ashbury Pub
- Lee Milo & Tishan - Dead Goat Saloon

## Sunday, February 12th

- Wig w/ J-Binder - Cinema Bar
- Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat Saloon
- Northern Lights - The Zephyr

## Monday, February 13th

- Shut Up Frank - Cinema Bar
- The D.K. Stewart Band - The Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Review - Dead Goat Saloon

## Tuesday, February 14th

- Time Machine - Bar & Grill
- Iris - Cinema Bar
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - The Zephyr
- Michael Brochu - Ashbury Pub
- Black Locus - Dead Goat Saloon

## Wednesday, February 15th

- Jesus Rides a Rikshaw - Bar & Grill
- Showboat - Cinema Bar
- Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels with Rare Earth - The Zephyr
- MaryMonique - Burt's Tiki
- Ashbury Pro Blues Jam - Ashbury Pub
- # Megadeth w/ Corrosion of Conformity - Saltair
- Junk Drawer - Dead Goat Saloon

## Thursday, February 16th

- Wolfgang w/ Splatterfield - Bar & Grill
- Mouse Trap w/ Sugarhouse - Cinema Bar
- Crossroads - Dead Goat Saloon
- Merl Saunders and the Rainforest Band - The Zephyr
- Rattle Kings - Burt's Tiki
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - Ashbury Pub
- Elbow Finn - Green Guinea

## Friday, February 17th

- Headshake - Bar & Grill
- MaryMonique, The Trip, A Boy and his Dog - Cinema Bar
- The Loved Ones - The Zephyr
- GT Noah - Dead Goat Saloon
- Zion Tribe - The Green Parrot
- Qualitones - Burt's Tiki
- Rayband - Ashbury Pub
- Gem 13 - The Green Guinea

## Saturday, February 18th

- Bad Manners w/ Stretch Armstrong - Bar & Grill
- Low Pop Suicide w/ The Black Watch Band, Sugarhouse - Cinema Bar
- GT Noah - Dead Goat Saloon
- The Loved Ones - The Zephyr
- Zion Tribe - The Green Parrot
- Pepper Lake City - Burt's Tiki
- Volunteer Kay - The Green Guinea

## Sunday, February 19th

- Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat Saloon
- Jon Shuman Jazz Equation - Cinema Bar
- Zion Tribe - The Zephyr
- Monday, February 20th
- Musician Meeting at the Cinema Bar

## Monday, February 20th

- Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat Saloon
- Jon Shuman Jazz Equation - Cinema Bar
- Zion Tribe - The Zephyr
- Monday, February 20th
- Musician Meeting at the Cinema Bar

## (Invitation Only)

- Blues On First - The Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Review - Dead Goat Saloon

## Tuesday, February 21st

- They - Bar & Grill
- Planet Oya w/ Sunshine & The Biffs - Cinema Bar
- Voluntary King - Dead Goat Saloon
- Dr. Bob - The Zephyr

## Wednesday, February 22nd

- J-Binder w/ Cokleo - Bar & Grill
- Rezin w/ Shut Up Frank - Cinema Bar
- The Rhythm Mob - The Zephyr
- Rhythm Fish - Burt's Tiki
- High Water Pants - Dead Goat Saloon
- Ashbury Pro Blues Jam - Ashbury Pub

## Thursday, February 23rd

- MaryMonique & The Trip - Dead Goat Saloon
- Joe Jam Night - Bar & Grill
- The Weed - Cinema Bar
- Salsa Brava - The Zephyr
- House Of Cards - Burt's Tiki
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - Ashbury Pub
- Dream Street - The Green Guinea

## Friday, February 24th

- So Wut - Bar & Grill
- Erector, Sir Knobbie Hassle & The Swamp Donkeys w/ Valdarama - Cinema Bar
- The W.C. Clark Band - The Zephyr
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - Dead Goat Saloon
- MaryMonique - Burt's Tiki
- Backwash - Ashbury Pub
- Riverbed Jed - The Green Guinea

## Saturday, February 25th

- Season Of The Spring w/ Qualitones & Tommy Dolph - Bar & Grill
- Decomposers w/ Deviance - Cinema Bar
- Zion Tribe - Dead Goat Saloon
- Al Di Meola (2 shows 8:00 & 10:30) - The Zephyr
- Pepper Lake City - Burt's Tiki
- Backwash - Ashbury Pub
- Zion Tribe - Dead Goat Saloon

## Sunday, February 26th

- K. McKarty w/ MaryMonique - Cinema Bar
- Mother Hips - The Zephyr
- Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat Saloon
- Monday, February 27th
- Walking On Einstein - Cinema Bar
- Mark Hummel - Dead Goat Saloon
- House Of Cards - The Zephyr

## Tuesday, February 28th

- One Eye - Bar & Grill
- 3 Mile Pilot, Iceburn, Myrrh - Cinema Bar
- The Weed - Dead Goat Saloon
- Jimmy Lane & Blue Earth - The Zephyr
- Barry Carter - Ashbury Pub

## Wednesday, March 1

- Elbow Finn - Bar & Grill
- Cake - Cinema Bar

## Thursday, March 2

- Anger Overload, Wicked Innocence - Bar & Grill
- Sherman Robertson - The Zephyr
- J-Binder - Salt City Cafe

## Friday, March 3

- Big Daddy & The Kinsey Report - The Zephyr
- Saturday, March 4
- Abstrak - Bar & Grill
- Big Daddy & The Kinsey Report - The Zephyr





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