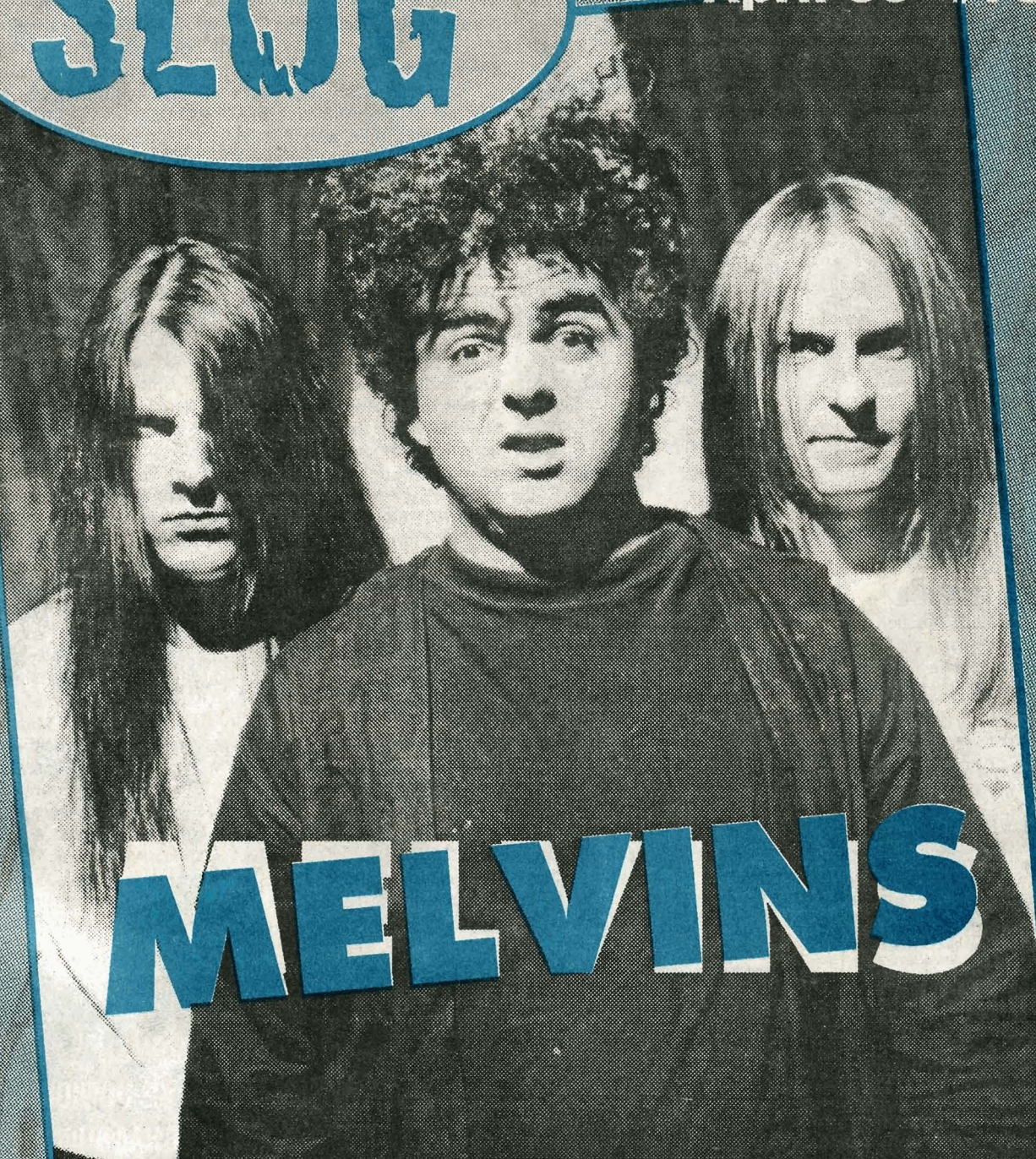


SLUG

**ALWAYS
FREE**
April 95 #76



MELVINS

THE CULT LOVE BATTERY DEAR DICKHEADS
HELEN WOLF PSYCHO CORNER B-MOVIES
RECORDS SOURMASH FACE TO FACE
HOLE SMILE ROCKABILLY SAMIAM O'DELL

SLUG

MARCH 1995

Volume 7 • Issue 04 • #76

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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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Suite H-200

S.L.C., UT 84106

DEAR DICKHEADS

My Dear Helen,

I know where you live, and I have a high powered rifle. Ha ha ho ho, you've got a sense of humor, right? Hee hee hee ha ha...! But seriously darling, that hurt—"tubby mediocre band"? That's really rude. We are not mediocre (we might suck, perhaps but we're never mediocre) What do we have to do to please you, write songs about milk? To try and win you over, we would like to invite you to grease up and come squeeze into our phone booth with us and look for the wet spots amongst the blubber. Either that, or meet us for donuts and 3 cheese pizza as we sponsor 'golden shower night' at the X-Wives Place pub next month. We want, need and love you Helen. Even our prophet, the great Meatloaf, could not boast such good fortune.

Much Love,
Dale "Tubby" Gerrard
© Headshake

P.S. What's up with those dead-head duo chicks? Though I admire Garcia's physique as much as the next man, those assholes (the heads, not the band, I think) left a mountain of fast food wrappers and garbage in the parking lot big enough that the recycling of which would have saved the trees of an entire South American country. Pile shit if you wish, but don't claim to be enviro-fags at the same time. Geeze! I waited all day outside the gun show across the way expecting some redneck (or

Jon Titus) to borrow a bazooka and make tie-dye confetti out of the Dead admissions line. Guess you had to be there. Wish you would've been, Helen.

Dear Dickheads,

Media Play, My Ass. That's the last place any local bands should take their music. Take them to the independent storse that have always supported local music, Heavy Metal Shop, Raunch, Tom Tom, Crandall Audio and many more. Media Play sucks. It is owned by Musicland Corporation. All they're interested in is the bottom line and their company president's yearly bonus. As soon as they get new employees or new management at a store, they may even toss your CD's, tapes, records out. I would be embarrassed to even work at a Media Play/ Michael Jackson /Bon Jovi hits store. The best way to distribute your local music is to call Happyville Records. They will distribute it to all the local stores, and they even have a world wide mailing list. Contact them at (801) 298-6863 or write to Happyville Records, P.O. Box 299 S.L.C., UT 84110.

If the dickheads at Media Play don't know about Happyville, they're already lost!
Scott at Crandall Audio

Dear SLUG Fucks,

I'm writing in response to last months 'Psycho Corner' article, 'Public Stupidity-The

Great Theory Crusher' I was the asshole who gave you the 'great' misfortune of hearing someone say that Thurston Moore was a great guitarist. And of course the only reason I say that, is because my sister blew someone who knew something about music (it obviously wasn't you!) and I heard it from someone else. In fact I've never formulated an idea of my own at all, unlike you think tanks at Planet SLUG.

After you revealed the shocking news to the Salt Lake Valley that Jimi Hendrix and SRV were great, you proceed to proclaim that there hasn't been much of anything great in a long time. First let's explore the word 'Great' in a musical sense. Why were Jimi and SRV great? Because their sisters sucked good dick, or someone said so? No! SRV was a technical genius, Hendrix was just way heavy & technically perfect, but above all, they were innovators (look it up) They played their instruments with styles that no one then had even thought possible. Much the same way the Beatles and The Velvet Underground changed the course of music. Many bands are great in their own respects. The Ramones, The Damned, The Clash-great punk bands. Great musicians, no. Great bands, yes! The toasters, The Specials, Bad Manners-great ska bands. So 'great' can be put into perspective that way. Enter Sonic Youth & Thurston Moore. Over the past decade they've molded & fused & created a style of their own. Fitting somewhere between the up your mama's ass style of Paul Leary, the brutality of the Accused, and

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.

CONGRATULATIONS!!

ST. ANN'S FALCONS #2 JUNIORS ATLANTIC DIVISION CHAMPIONS

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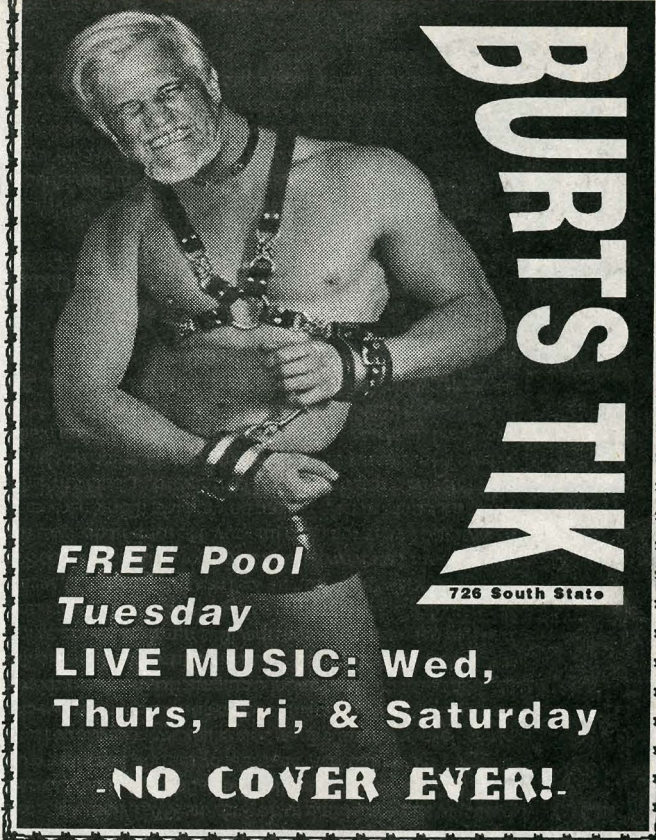
The piercing jolt of Lou Reed guitar seizure, Thurston Moore's style is a true offshoot from the blaze sounds of the Alice Temple Stone Garden Jam Chain generation that you so fully conform to oh, so well. So before you spout off with your pen, realize that the rest of the world sees things a little broader than does Planet SLUG. Moore's style is truly set apart.

*A Big Fuck Off,
Joe Badger*

P.S. Post Hendrix greats-David Byrnes, Van Morrison, Peter Gabriel, Misfits, Bob Marley...all great in their fields.

ED Note: Gee, Badger, I didn't know the rest of the world appointed you as their spokesman, do you get a regular paycheck, or is it just your keen sense of wit that inspires them? Listen up, boy and pay attention. Post means after, OK? Van was not after, and David Byrne has no 'S' in his name. 'Great' means specially important; memorable, significant in history. It does not mean significant if Joe says so. It does not mean two out of three gets you in the history books. So, I doubt that in fifteen years when people are reading about great guitarists that Mr. Moore will be mentioned in the same breath as Jimi. And the caption under Hendrix's picture will not read "way heavy" Jimi was not technically perfect. He was ridiculed for his technique, because the technically perfect didn't understand how he could do what he did. He took his thumb over the bass side of the neck to play chords. If you knew ANYTHING about technique, you'd know of what I speak. He was, however an innovator (I looked it up) I understand your point, as adolescent as it may be, but you obviously missed ours. Sorry you took the sister-blowjob thing so personally, I can only venture a guess as to why. And as far as your hesitancy to write in, write all you want. I doubt that the think tanks at SLUG will offer you a job as a music critic, but we always love letters of opinion. Just know the rules. If you play, you WILL get abused. It's kind of like being the one legged man at an ass kicking contest. Don't take everything so seriously, you may suck, but at least you have a cool name.

—J.T. & The Fatman



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INTRAVENOUS TV

Helen's Guide For Couch Potatoes

I watch a lot of TV, and since so many of you look for guidance from me in all areas of your lives, telling you what to watch on the idiot box seems a likely topic to pound out this month. Also, my CD player's dead so I can't review any music (The thing cost \$125, Mr. Repair Weasel informs me it will cost \$250 to fix—yeah, that's gonna happen you fucking parasite!), and my SLUG check bounced, so I couldn't get out to see any shows (Sure, I get in free, but I've made so many enemies no one will even buy me a drink. I hear there's big corporate \$\$\$ behind Grid—hey Sam! I'm not above whoring myself to X96 and United Concerts if the price is right! Let's do lunch). The only things I have done this month is cruise the Internet (There's a whole new world of losers out there and they're coming into my living room—more on this some other time), and suck in a lot of television—this is what prime-time looks like:

All American Girl (ABC) Disney-funded sitcom based around a Korean stand-up comedienne and her wacky family—sound like certain death? You're right! ABC recently intervened to save this dog (There's a joke here somewhere) by 86ing the cute Korean family and replacing them with hip, Gen X buddies who share an apartment and wish they were on Friends. The Disney folks should just let Margaret Cho use more of her comedy club material, like my personal fave: "I have lots of ten-

der memories from a high school representative—oh well. Reason To Watch: The sheer anticipation of one of Delta's breasts getting loose and destroying Washington DC. **V R . 5** (Fox) This cyberdweeb's wet dream moves along like a lab-rat pumped full of Xanax—with none of the cholesterol. If you buy the premise of Lori Singer as a gorgeous phone-line installer by day/computer hacker by night, then you would probably buy some story about a gorgeous columnist by day/couch spud by night who hacks out articles about nothing and actually places in readers polls alongside legitimate writers...Anyway, VR.5 stands for Virtual Reality, or Vegemite Reeper, depending on your threshold for zippy special effects and revolving hairstyles—something like a cross between The X-Files and House Of Style.. Singer's last TV series was Fame, so I keep looking around hopefully for someone to start up a showtune/dance extravaganza. Reason To Watch: Hey, at least it's not M.A.N.T.I.S.

Lois And Clark: The New Adventures Of Superman (ABC) Yeah, yeah, laugh it up—I know somebody is watching this and getting those warm, squishy feelings over Teri Hatcher (Lois) and/or Dean Cain (S'Man/Clark). The villians are almost as goofy as our local state government, but most of the show is spent waiting for Lois & Clark & the guy in the tights to do the Naked Hoedown. How does Superman fuck? Could Lois take it? Billy F. sez: "You wanna know how Superman bangs da bitch? He ain't got nuthin' on my Salami O' Steel—ya know what I'm sayin'?" Billy F.'s girlfriend sez: "Then I must have the Kryptonite Pussy—ya know what I'm sayin'?" Sorry, more information than anyone needs to know. Reason To Watch: Lex Luthor is played by my sleazy lawyer, F. Lee Gamey.

Double Rush (CBS) Remember Eldin from Murphy Brown? Didn't think so—give him a ponytail and his own series! DR is basically Taxi on messenger bikes according to the critics—according to me it'll be deader than Andy Kaufman's ass in less than 3 weeks. Reason To Watch: Megacynic Leo, a neopunk so nihilistic he makes Grindboy look like an extra from Up With People.

Women Of The House (CBS) This fluffer starring Delta Burke (Big hair, big tits, big ass) as a freshman congresswoman made it's debut on exactly the same day that Enid Waldholtz (Big hair, big ass, big budget) was sworn in as a freshman congresswoman! It's true! Have you ever seen them together? No, not like THAT you sick bastards! This unholy coincidence has got to be a part of some grand conspiracy of biblical proportions that will rip this country apart in an epic battle for it's very soul! Or maybe we just ended up with a lousy sitcom

and a lousy state representative—oh well. Reason To Watch: The sheer anticipation of one of Delta's breasts getting loose and destroying Washington DC. **V R . 5** (Fox) This cyberdweeb's wet dream moves along like a lab-rat pumped full of Xanax—with none of the cholesterol. If you buy the premise of Lori Singer as a gorgeous phone-line installer by day/computer hacker by night, then you would probably buy some story about a gorgeous columnist by day/couch spud by night who hacks out articles about nothing and actually places in readers polls alongside legitimate writers...Anyway, VR.5 stands for Virtual Reality, or Vegemite Reeper, depending on your threshold for zippy special effects and revolving hairstyles—something like a cross between The X-Files and House Of Style.. Singer's last TV series was Fame, so I keep looking around hopefully for someone to start up a showtune/dance extravaganza. Reason To Watch: Hey, at least it's not M.A.N.T.I.S.

Earth 2, ER, Mommies, Cosby Mysteries, etc. (NBC) Does anyone still watch this network? Sure, there are few good shows here and there (Friends, Frasier, Saved By The Bell reruns), but these are the same geniuses who keep Saturday Night Live limping and cancelled Baywatch! The CBS buy-out of KUTV left KSL stuck with

Dream On (Fox) Imported from HBO and excised of all the nudity and dirty language—and the point of this was...? Reason To Watch: To remind you that pirating cable is acceptable if it's used for good and not evil.

Marker (UPN) What a way to launch a network—a 21 Jump Street dropout leading into Sir Mix-A-Lot (The man who brought you "I Like Big Butts") on The Watcher : I smell tax writeoff. These in themselves are bad enough, but when coupled with Pig Sty, Platypus Man and Star Trek : Whatever , you can hear a collective "Maybe replacement baseball ain't so bad, after all" across the country. Anyway, Richard "The Eyebrow" Grieco still has it, which means they haven't invented a vaccine for it yet. Reason To Watch: Absolutely none. You can only stoop so far for bad TV, which brings us to...

Unhappily Ever After (WB) Somehow you've got to admire the balls of a show that



Helen and lawyer confer at the deadhead murder trial

NBC later this year—what a deal. Reason To Watch: I almost said Sisters , but then I'd have to admit to watching it, so I'll go with California Dreams (Saturdays at 5:30 am, just try to and get up and see it!).

Unhappily Ever After (WB) Somehow you've got to admire the balls of a show that

not only tips on married with Children THIS blatantly, but also includes a talking stuffed bunny with the voice of Bobcat Goldthwaite—what were they on at that thinktank? The other programming on the WB is basically filler around Unhappily since thier only marketing angle is jailbait vixen Nikki Cox, the redhead who will make you and your dick forget Kelly Bundy ever even existed (After me, of course). Reason To Watch: The faint hope that Bobcat the Bunny will shove an M-80 up the ass of that damn singing frog between commercials.

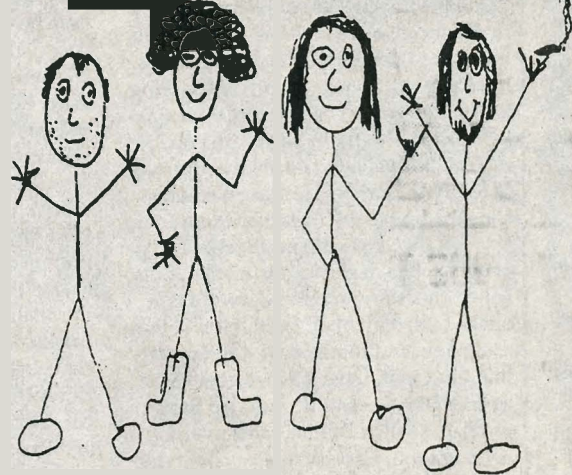
Robin's Hoods (Syndicated) Imagine Models Inc selling a nightclub. Now imagine that instead of models, the babes are spys. Then imagine that the spybabes work undercover as waitresses. Next imagine that this hummer will be back in 13 weeks—it's all kind of a stretch, innit? So it's not up on the cerebral plane of, say, The Legendary Journeys Of Hercules (Hey, what is?): It does perform the valuable ser-

vice of making one less hour available for a Tony Little infomercial. Reason To Watch: The inevitable Kato Kaelin guest appearance.

University Hospital (Syndicated) And you thought that the most brain-dead thing Aaron Spelling ever produced was *Tori*. Each week, a group of perky student nurses tackle hard-hitting life and death issues like date rape, drug abuse, and visible pantylines while hanging out at thier amazingly affordable downtown loft in skimpy but stylish underwear. Sometimes they actually go to the hospital and save a life or two—but these sassy gals are always bucking the rules! Myself, I never miss UH and neither should you. Why? Because I believe that it's the single most important and compelling hour on television, and I wouldn't be on the Spelling Productions payroll if I didn't think so. Reason To Watch: The inevitable Kato Kaelin guest appearance.

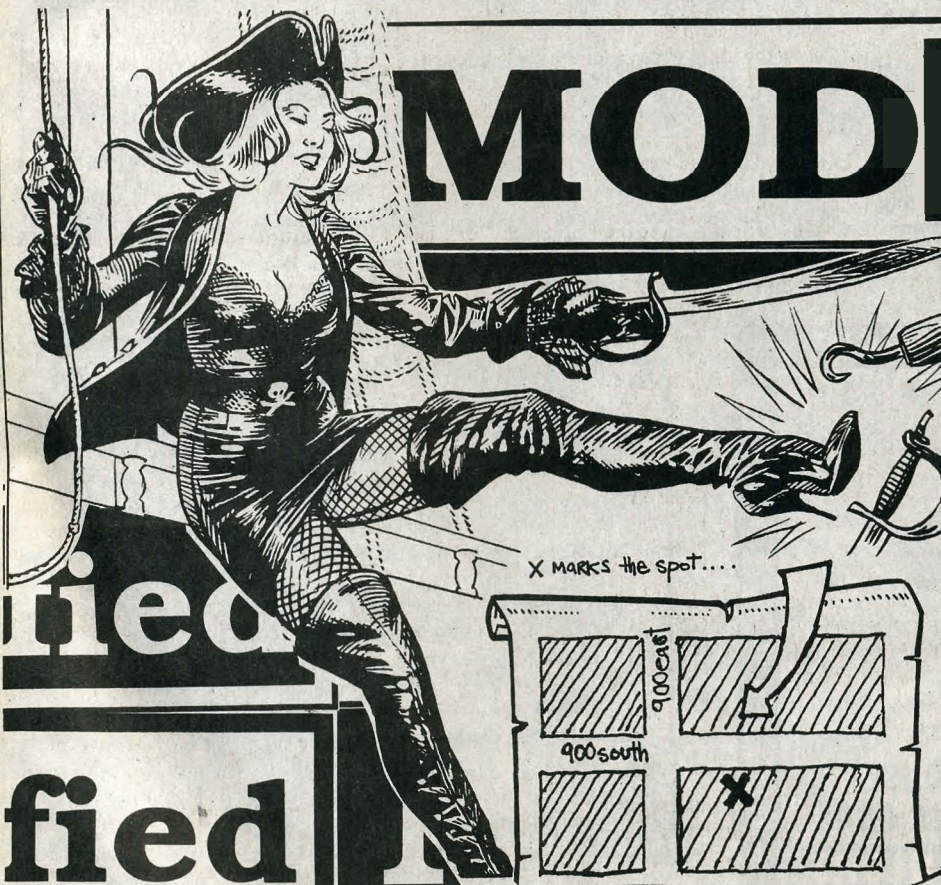
—Helen Wolf

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NEXT TO 
i GALAXINA

"WHY I HATE CLYDE BURNEE"

Clyde Burnee is someone I know that thinks we are buddies. Probably my fault, cuz I never told Clyde to just kiss my butthole. So we remain on speaking terms, like we have for years, thus making it harder to find ways to dispose of ol' C.B. But make no mistake about it...I hate Clyde Burnee! Here are a few reasons that make my dissention grow...

I Hate Clyde Burnee Because everything is negative. I hate this band...this show sucks...MaryLou is a bitch...blah blah blah. Even if it is something new and totally cool, Clyde will find fault in it. I just got this new video game that rules and kept me up for a week, but when Burnee came over to my house, all Capt. Negative could say was "Yea, but you have to shoot all those guys" Kiss my ass, Clyde. **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** last year on C.B.'s birthday, I bought a gift certificate for \$20 to Spoons & Spice, not because I thought Burnee would like it, but there's a babe that works there who wants to bone me. So what does Clyde do? He spends \$18.65 on spices and has to buy those .20 cent rubber stoppers till he gets exactly to \$20.00 even. What a cheap bastard. **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** when we met on the street last week, I said "Go to Spanky's on friday and I'll buy you a beer" Mostly cuz I wanted to get the hell out of there, and I hoped Clyde wouldn't show up. But sure enough, when I was there having fun talking to my buddy O'Dell, here comes Clyde..."So, ya gonna buy me

that beer or what!" So I bought the fucker a Rolling Rock, followed by some incredibly mundane conversation...ya yer cool, this band sucks, whatever, blah blah blah. Then when Shuman yelled last call, I was out of cash because I spent three bucks on that cocksucker Burnee. **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** when he calls, my caller I.D. doesn't say Burnee, Clyde 467-####, it says Private Name, and I always answer it and Clyde always says "Heeey, what's up" followed by more boring drool from Mr. Bicker. **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** when grunge broke out, Clyde sported a goatee for about a month, and then began the bitch-a-thon about how Seattle was weak and lame and all those flannel clad geeks had goatees. **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** when I got the #1 buzz cut, Clyde said I was trying to be cool and look like Jon Titus. Wrong again, assface, I was trying to look like my best friend Mark, who also hates Clyde Burnee by the way. He calls Clyde "Shnidely Burnbum". Heh,heh,heh. **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** every month when rent comes due, Clyde calls me up and complains about having no money, cuz it all got spent on dope and beer and dinner at Cafe Trang. I hate Cafe Trang too. The food sucks. **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** whenever I am unfortunate enough to be in the same party with the geek, and the bar tab comes, Clyde will always figure out to the penny what everyone owes, then leave a tip of exactly 10%, followed by the patented "I always tip according to the service" speech. **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** when we play NCAA basketball, and on the rare occa-

sion I lose, all I hear is "It's hard fuckin work making you look so bad" Then Clyde refuses to play for a month because his shit don't stink. Well, Clyde's feet stink, and I'm talkin BIG-TIME! **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** when we race on Top Gear, he only wins when we are in Italy, and the rest of the time, Clyde is cutting me off, making me run into those fucking grapes! **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** for Christmas, my girlfriend got him a Grass Buddy, and it died! If Clyde's so damn cool, how come he can't grow grass? And now that we are on the subject of cool, the last reason is... **I Hate Clyde Burnee Because** Clyde thinks Clyde is just too cool. Even when we were in high school, Clyde always had the cool clothes, the cool girl with the cool name and the nice tits. Clyde had to play guitar, so people would say "Clyde is cool" Always had the cool car, and the badass 8-track stereo. I hated Clyde then, and I hate Clyde now. With his dumb little boots and stupid haircut, and his tight pants that show off the fact that he's hung like a hamster, and his oh so cool motorcycle, and everything about his pathetic life. **FUCK OFF CLYDE!** I wish you would move to Daly City, so you could be one of those fuckheads that says they are from San Francisco, so chicks will think they are neat. You'll die with your dick in your hand boy, and I will laugh the laugh of a thousand hermits, knowing that your last sexual experience was with the only one you love. Yourself!!!

Till next month remember, everyone knows a Clyde **DON'T BE ONE!**

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- 5 - Caroline's Spine

- 7 - All Souls Avenue
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- 8 - Lights Out w/ Breach
- 9 - Lights Out Open Jam
- 12 - Fender Benders
- 13 - Jezus Rides a
Rik'shaw
- 14 - KBER NIGHT
Dogsdays w/ Truce
- 15 - Grand Opening
Party w/ Riverbed
Jed, Abstrak, Pijamas
De Gato
- 16 - Lights Out jam
- 19 - Blues On First
- 20 - Counter Clockwise
w/ Ssurj
- 21 - Sugarhouse w/
Marmalade Hill
- 22 - Cannibal Fish
- 23 - Lights Out Jam
- 26 - Blue Flames
- 27 - Uncle Big Bad w/
Idiocrisy
- 28 - Blue Healer
- 29 - Elbo Finn
- 30 - Lights Out Jam



MELVINS

My good friend Nick at Graywhale CD gave me Stoner Witch by the Melvins for Christmas. It was released late in '94 and it was one of my favorite christmas gifts. While everybody was sitting around the fire listening to a Fresh Aire Christmas, I was stuffing stockings to the sweet holiday sounds of Revolve, Roadbull and Sweet Willy Rollbar. Since that time, it has been a constant disc in my transport.

There is nothing like the Melvins. Either you love them or you hate them, no middle ground for these boys. And if you hate them, well, I say you just haven't seen the light yet. These guys are great because they are so original. Every album and every song on those albums are different. They always keep you guessing, which it seems, is pretty hard for this day and age. (If you don't believe me, listen to that hot, new, i group Candlebox.)

Anyway, I was able to speak with Mark Deutrom and King Buzzo the other night on the phone. Mark plays bass and Buzzo plays guitar and writes most of the music/lyrics. The connection was bad but the conversation was good, here's how it went:

Mark Deutrom: iHello, where are you from?i

Slug: Salt Lake City, Utah.

MD: Oh, Salt Lake City, we know it well. The Donnor Party passed close by there

Slug: Wow, you know your Utah history.

MD: iNo, it's just one of those facts that get stored away and now I've got a chance to use it.

Slug: Where are you at?

MD: In Buzzo's apartment, in Hollywood.

Slug: Do you like Hollywood?

MD: No, not particularly. When I left Hollywood I was a really good shot and I used to walk around with a .357, but no, I don't like Hollywood that much.

Slug: Last time I actually spoke with you was when you opened for Nirvana.

MD: Oh, yes, at the Golden Spike Arena.

Slug: Wow, you remember the name!

MD: Well, yes. That's another piece of western americana history. Golden Spike, how can you forget? I find it some what fraught with irony that Nirvana played the Golden Spike Arena, don't you?

Slug: (ha-ha-ha) Yes, very much so. And then we have the last time you played Salt Lake at the Bar & Grill.

That wonderfully, non-violent show.

MD: Oh, you were at that show?

Slug: Yes, right in the middle of things, trying not to get killed.

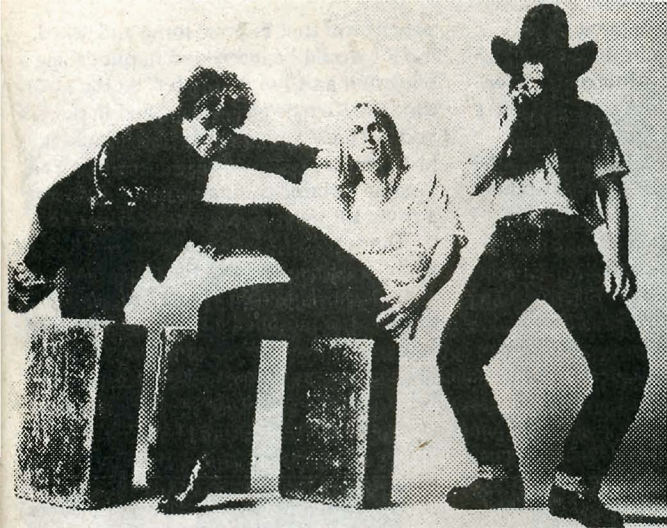
MD: Are we playing in Salt Lake City Buzz? Nope, not until we play there with White Zombie.

Slug: Your press release says that you will play on April 11, headlining your own show.

MD: Well, that's wrong and you can thank White Zombie for that.

Mark & I carried on for sometime after that speaking about various topics including, Charles Manson, litera-





here. And then, King Buzzo got on the line.

Slug: When does your next tour start?

KB: It starts on Thursday, March 31 and we are going all over the United States with this one.

Slug: Last time you played Salt Lake, that was kinda of a crazy show.

KB: Oh yea, that was a fun one. That was our last show on that tour. I had a good time that night. I'm not quite sure what I think of Salt Lake City though.

Slug: Why's that?

KB: I don't know, it's a very strange place.

(At this point in time, I wanted to say, Yea, well for the definitive definition of Salt Lake look no further than Trent Harris film, Plan 10 from Outer Space. This movie will explain a lot of your unanswered questions, but I didn't, I bit my tongue on that one!)

Slug: Have you ever spent an extended amount of time here, other than playing?

KB: No, never...I don't know how you stand it, it's very weird.

Slug: Like how do you mean?

KB: Very straight, very right-winged, you know.

(Ok, moving right along...)

Slug: Tell me about Prick.

KB: What do you want to know?

Slug: I want to know how you got Atlantic to let you release an album on Amphetamine Reptile

KB: Atlantic didn't have a choice. We would have done it anyway and put it out as a bootleg, so they might as well just let us do it. We told them to kiss our asses.

Slug: Because Melvins do what ever the hell they want?

KB: We do, we pretty much do what ever we want.

Buzz went on to say how things are going to be just fine with Atlantic because Melvins will be in charge of making their own decisions and they will have total creative control. We also discussed the superficiality of bands that seems to exist today and the only really good bands are the honest bands. Bands that are original and do the things they want to do, not because they are motivated by money or fame. Melvins are a real band, doing what they want to do. And Stoner Witch is one of the best, complete set of songs I've heard. This CD will put you in a trance like state. Check it out and don't miss the Melvins when they open up for White Zombie in June.

—Royce

Photo, Previous Page: Royce

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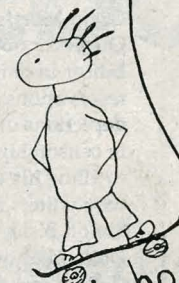
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TURN OF THE CENTURY RENAISSANCE MAN

- By Vicki Brown

"I'm the best there is at what I do, and I only do one thing"

-Wolverine by Chris Claremont

Though certainly more versatile in his career choices, Glenn Danzig bears a striking resemblance to the fictional Wolverine (of X-men comics fame). Known for his role as front man for hard rock band 'DANZIG', Glenn Danzig writes, produces, and performs the music, as well as producing and directing the videos attached to those songs. His music has been around since early punk and is now affecting modern alternative music; currently Danzig is also considering playing the character Wolverine for the big screen. (The X-men movie is in development with director James Cameron of "Terminator", "Aliens" and upcoming the "Spider-man" movie.) In addition, Danzig is considering directing and playing DC Comics bad boy 'Lobo' and it doesn't stop there. Last January 1994, Glenn started Verotik Publishing. Danzig intends to bring the same integrity and dedication to comic publishing that his supporters (and detractors) have observed for over 15 years in the music industry. As always, Glenn is doing it his way and could care less what others may think of the comics as long as they form their opinions by actually reading them.

Voted the best candidate to play the part of Wolverine in the latest Wizard poll by comic readers. Danzig is indeed considering playing the part of Wolverine. The Wolverine character is the central figure for this movie and it could be followed by a solo Wolverine movie project if this first one is successful. Danzig would like to play the part of Wolverine if the script is written with the integrity the character deserves and is not interested in playing the part of what "Hollywood" thinks Wolverine should be. Yet even more exciting is the possibility of directing and playing the part of Lobo. The total out of control over the top violence that a Lobo movie could get away with is very attractive to Glenn. Having read most of the comics myself, I tend to agree that it could

offer more action and excitement.

VB: I hear you read quite a few comics, what do you think of the adult comic selection available today? Danzig: If an adult's comic purchases are still limited to Superman and The X-men, I think he or she needs their head examined. There's nothing wrong with those titles, but with so many great comics out there that are pushing the envelope of what comics can be, I think people are really missing the boat. VB: What are your general guidelines for publishing your own comic books? Danzig: My feeling is that if a publisher is not hiring the best possible artists and writers, giving them artistic freedom and backing them with quality production, why bother? VB: What about the violent and erotic nature of Verotik's line and the censorship of Verotika #1 by one of the largest comic printers, Quebecor? Danzig: Like I've said before, 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.

The attempted censorship of Verotika #1 didn't affect its release. According to Night Flight, local comic book outlet, Verotika was nevertheless available for sale on December 12, 1994 (and still is). Quebecor was refusing to print it, but it came out on time anyway. Apparently they rejected the material after they had had the whole package (in one form or another) for three weeks. They waited until the last possible moment before deciding that they objected to the second story (the piece they had even longer to look over). Quebecor was afraid they would have trouble getting it across the Canadian border and they objected to the content. Brenner Printing was able to turn the book around in one week, and Verotik Publishing was able to make the publishing deadline. Having personally read the issue in question. I did find it to be some of the most evil stuff I've ever read, but it was well written evil. Grant Morrison did a great job on the story Quebecor objected to. Publisher and Editor-in-chief, Glen Danzig does not have reservations about publishing graphic depictions of sexuality and does not believe in censorship of any kind, nor is he willing to allow his work to be censored. That's why writers and artists like Frank Frazetta, Simon Bisley, Grant Morrison, Jae Lee, Duke Mighten, Rex Miller, Paul Lee, Nancy Collins and Esteban Maroto are working with Verotik.

VB: So how did you connect with artists like Frank Frazetta? Danzig: Jeez ya' know...maybe they liked what I had to say? I don't know. (Laughs) Originally with Frank I talked with Ellie and eventually got to meet him. She showed me some of the

pencil stuff that he was doing and asked me if I would be interested in publishing a book of it and I said "Yeah!" At the same time the Kirby's were interested in doing a book of Jack's unpublished stuff; and it just went from here and eventually it all became a comic company. Simon Bisley did a cover for my band (Thrall:

Demonsweat Live), he's a great guy and again, it just went from there. Then I just thought about all the artists I would want to use and then proceeded to call them up and ask them if they wanted to work with us. When I told them what the criteria was—which is basically no censorship and you can do whatever you want—they said "Yeah!" VB: Did you read comics as a kid? Danzig: When I was growing up, some people would just read Marvel or DC, but I read it all. I read everything. For a long time, I remember what comics did for me, especially once Marvel came out. They took comics to a whole new medium. Now it's become a business and no one's taken it anywhere new. Image broke away but, by and large except for Todd's character, they're all just Marvel clone characters. Image puts out great books with some great art, but to be honest, the characters are pretty one dimensional. That's my take on it. I know that people like that and that's great, the books sell well, and that's good. They did take comics to the next production level: great coloring, great paper, great art. Storywise though, especially for some of the older fans, they're lacking.

So here's where we come in. We're going to give people adult books, computer color, great writers, great artists—the whole package. Right now if you want an adult book, it's black and white, it's either three to five dollars and sometimes it gets very mired down in the person's personal ego because they're just doing this one book or these two books, and it gets too wordy and loses its focus. We're going to do a real comic line that's just for adults or mature readers. I'm sure that kids are going to get their hands on them—I got my hands on underground comics when I was a kid, I'm sure you did too. But it's going to be a great package. You're going to get great artists because normally most of these undergrounds don't have the great art they used to, and what more could you want? Most people I know don't buy X-men or the "spandex characters". Sometimes for nostalgia they'll buy certain characters just because they like the character itself. But it's not because it's properly written or in Marvel's case, usually their artists are just not that good anymore. So I

Continued on Page 36



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BAND INTERVIEW

THE CULT

The Cult finally, finally, finally played in Salt Lake on Monday, February 27, almost 10 years after the now legendary *Love* was released. The current line-up has been together for about two and a half years, it includes not only Ian Astbury and Billy Duffy, but Craig Adams on bass and Scott Garrett on drums. Saltair was packed. The sound was raw and alive, and the audience was more than ready.

Slug: How long have you been on this tour?

Billy Duffy: Since November.

Slug: With the addition of a consistent drummer and Craig Adams taking over on bass it seems that The Cult is moving in a different direction. How is the direction different from your perspective?

BD: The main thing about this album is it's a non-commercial effort. There was no real pressure in making the album. There really was no overt, big singles or anything. We just had fun in the studio and got back to making music for music's sake rather than get caught up in success. Which had been the case with *Sonic Temple*, even *Electric*, to a certain degree. With those we were very much into, making it, and we were judging ourselves by the criteria of how many records we sold and where we were in the charts. Once you start following that line of thinking you end up making bad music. And that's the way we ended up, making the *Ceremony* album, which is very mediocre. The new album has given us a platform to continue on with, but I really don't know what will happen. Hopefully, we'll just keep making music that is more orientated to pleasing ourselves than to make commercially successful music.

Slug: How long have you and Ian worked together for now?

BD: Oh, since 1983.

Slug: Since The Southern Death Cult?

BD: No, That was a band Ian was in before we started working together. What confuses people is that Southern Death Cult had an album released after The Cult was going. It was a posthumous album compiled with outtakes, demos and live shit. It really wasn't a real album, it was a contractual obligation. So people see that was released in 1983 and get confused.

After the show Ian sat down with me and entertained my inane questions.

Slug: It was about 12:30 at night and Ian had done about 5 interviews that day. So it was much appreciated by the Slug Staff when he took some time out for us. I appreciate you taking the time out to sit down with us.

Ian Astbury: No, I apologize profusely for the confusion and the delay.

Slug: So how did you enjoy Salt Lake?

IA: I spent a lot of time today just staring out at the mountains. Man, it is so beautiful here. What an amazing part of the world this is. Also, I thought Utah was a very conservative Mormon/Christian kind of place. When I went to X96 today I met a lot of people that were really cool and I thought, My God, this is really progressive here. There's a lot of great ideas and a lot of great people here. The crowd was fantastic. The downside was that we had very poor on-stage sound.

The audience here was great. We were shocked. We just got off of a 16 hour bus ride, so for us it was overwhelming. I felt we were a little restricted for sound by this building, it's not very acoustically good. But it's a beautiful location, it's the most beautiful location



Ian Astbury - Photo: Royce

I've seen for a concert.

Slug: Let me ask you about one of your songs, "Sacred Life," off of the new album. It seems to me that the first part you are singing to an audience, for an audience. Then, for the chorus, it seems you turn inward. So, let me ask you, what is sacred, what is holy in your life?

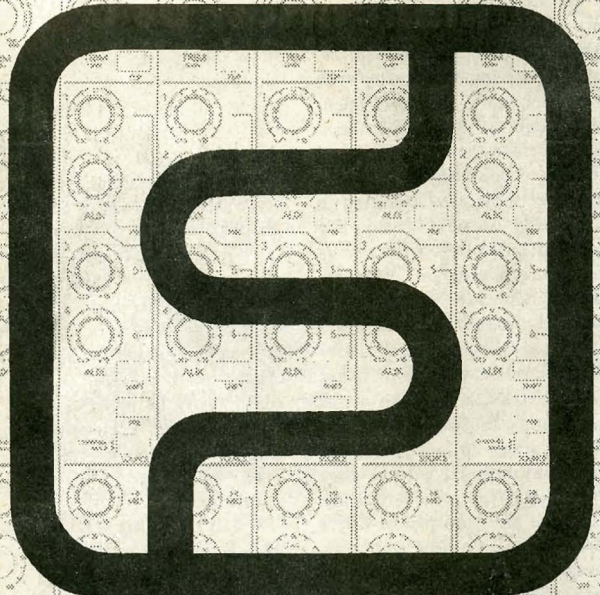
IA: The profoundness of being. The profoundness with gravity. Things that touch you spiritually, sexually, and sensually. Things that give you an accord. Things that put you in accord with the universe, nature and the feminine spirit.

My experience with Ian was a very kind and honest experience. This is a guy and a band that was way ahead of their time. They were wearing bellbottoms, had long hair playing 70's influenced rock and guitar solos while most of you were dancing to Quaterflash in your bedroom and nobody heard of or cared about just being alive. The resonance of the feelings, of the sensuality, of the feelings that you feel. Making connections with other human beings. My son, wife.

Slug: Things that really matter, like relationships?

IA: Yes, but connecting with people. I hold that very holy. Being able to sit down with people and being able to talk about anything. Being able to talk very openly and honestly about the experience of living. I hold that more sacred than anything. The gift of communication. Things with gravity. Things that touch you spiritually, sexually, and sensually. Things that give you an accord. Things that put you in accord with the universe, nature and the feminine spirit.

My experience with Ian was a very kind and honest experience. This is a guy and a band that was way ahead of their time. They were wearing bellbottoms, had long hair playing 70's influenced rock and guitar solos while most of you were dancing to Quaterflash in your bedroom.



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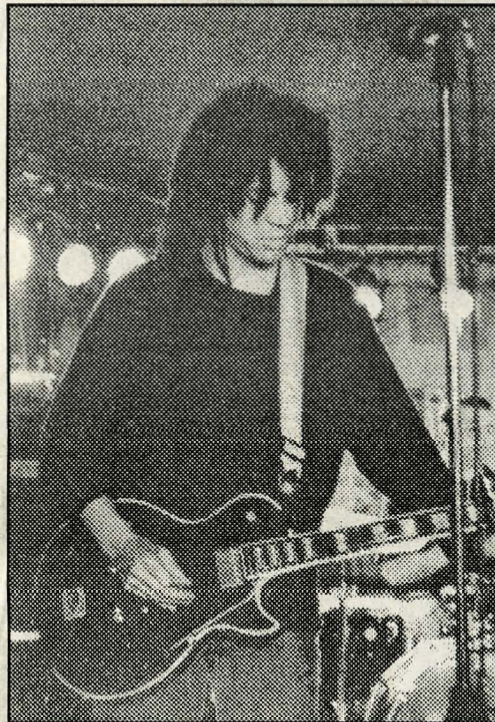
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CONCERT REVIEWS



Love Battery

Love Battery returned to the Bar & Grill on Thursday, March 9th with their personal brand of 90s style psychedelic love rock. With new material from the Straight Freak Ticket release, a fill in drummer and their dream like lyrics, they used Salt Lake, with a few other locations, to gear up for the big SXSW show in Texas. And if you weren't there you happened to miss not only a fun evening, but some really great live music.

These guys bring with them a really laid back, no-attitude, relaxed vibe with them. It's nice to be able to go to a show, dance a little, laugh, hear some great live music and have an all-around good time. Not only did Love Battery showcase some of their new material, but they also delved into their earlier full-length recordings of Dayglo and Far Gone to demonstrate they can lay it down live with no problems. These guys sound good on CD, but to really understand Love Battery and their approach to melodic, psychedelic, pop-noise, you've got to witness them live. It's a different animal we're messing with here, folks and you will walk away impressed!

Kevin Whitworth, lead guitar and Ron Nine, Vocalist and rhythm

guitar were hitting it right on from the very first chords. Bruce Fairweather plays bass and has become more confident and comfortable with it since last time I saw them. Now, not only does he play great, but he has a good time doing it. (In the beginning he did a Pete Townsend style-rock & roll jump into the air, laughing as he landed and struck his first notes. This is quite the feat if you know the stage to ceiling space ratio at the Bar & Grill.) And Greg Gilmore did a great job filling in on drums

on just a moments notice. You couldn't tell he has never recorded with Love Battery. And in case you are wondering, yes it's the same Greg Gilmore that was a full-fledge member of Mother Love Bone, just like his pal Mr. Fairweather.

Locals Elbow Fin opened up the evening. Is it just me, or did these guys pull out the best looking hippy chicks along the Wasatch Front?. These guys were on stage jammin and these sexy, beautiful women were writhing right in front. I like how these guys sound, but I love their audience. You can bet I'll be at all of their shows in the future. Alcohol Funnycar gave a strong, solid performance for their first time in Salt Lake. Check these guys out, they are on the C/Z label. And to those of you who missed this wonderful evening, fear not. Love Battery will be back later this year on their normally scheduled tour.

-Royce...Out!

Big White Rabbit, Austin, TX - March 17

Coming from a state where the only national musical breakthrough has been Donny and Marie Osmond, and where musical freedom is what-

ever the Mormon church deems as "appropriate listening," Utah's Big Leg has plowed its way through the snow of empty-mindedness and religious censorship to the warm open-armed stage of Austin's White Rabbit for their chance at kissin' a little record company ass during their SXSW showcase. Bringing a mountain's worth of the Western/Urban Blues with her as evidence that a progressive underground music scene does in fact exist in the Beehive state, lead singer/guitarist Megan Peters delivered the goods with her Janis Joplin/Melissa Etheridgeish vocal intensity and acoustic-style meanderings. Launching into "original" songs, (I say original with respect since playing cover tunes is the only way to get a gig in Salt Lake City,) the band wasted no time buttering up the crowd with the smooth bluesy grooves of "Smile So Big," and the anti-commitment anthem "Lock Me Up," which juiced up the record company reps lips so much that they ended up kissin' Big Legs talented ass instead.

*-Chris Marsh
Austin Chronicle*

Awesome, Winsome, Hole-some — NOT Hole - Salt Air

Hole's live show at Salt Air March 20 made three corporate women remember vividly what opportunities they passed up to become what they are: mainstream. I know; I am one of those women. My two friends and I attended the show for the right reasons. We were not wearing Kurt Cobain T-shirts to flash in Courtney Love's face, nor were we there to hear about Nirvana, Brad Pitt, or to know about Francis Bean. We were there just to experience Hole. Love reminded us that what she has exists in us. She gave us a glimpse of what we could have been and could still be. Not a punk rock chick, necessarily, but to achieve the attitude.

From the moment the band walked on stage carrying their own instruments, we knew we were in for a night of unpretentious, unadulterated, unpure fun. And Hole did not let us down.

Love is totally adept at what she does. She is a trashy, potty-mouthed, unapologetic tramp. If she believed in credos, hers would be "Don't fuck with me." She is not afraid to enforce her opinions. She rocks — hard — and her audience loves it. We loved it, and so did my friend's 12-year-old son and his classmate, who studied Love

through binoculars from the second-floor balcony throughout the whole show. Those boys are ruined for life. No other woman will ever meet the challenge. They have been LOVED.

Not surprisingly, most of what the band played was from the Live Through This album. They played some new songs and at least a couple of covers.

Love showed up on stage in her classic baby doll dress and Mary Jane shoes, this time all in pink. Pink dress, pink shoes, pink thigh high stockings, but she added a nice touch: black bra and panties. She could easily be perceived as a boy toy bimbo, but her lyrics and attitude let you know that this is a game over which she is very much in control.

Salt Lake City was Hole's final stop in this tour. They pulled out all the stops on stage. Love is obnoxious, a smart ass, and she battered with the audience and with her band all night. She became angry at some guys in the pit who were wearing Kurt Cobain T-shirts. "I'm so sick of you guys, get out of my face!" This interaction led to the now infamous performance of on-stage genitalia. Wow. After the exhibitionist audience member landed back in the pit, Love said to the audience, "You know what he whispered in my ear? He told me he has some pot for me in his van. I wonder if he has some 8-tracks, too." She made comments about being compared to Madonna, Meg Ryan, and she told whoever was smoking weed in the audience to stop — "It hurts my ears." She threw Benson and Hedges cigarettes into the pit, saying, "Smoking is a very dangerous habit. Don't try it at home." She performed most songs during the night with a cigarette burning between two fingers.

The band wasn't terribly tight, but they were fun. The rapport between the band members added to the overall feeling of sharing something exciting.

The audience members who were there for the right reasons couldn't get enough of the band. Those who were there to check out Kurt Cobain's widow missed out. After the encore performance, Love stood alone on-stage looking smug and precocious like Bette Davis as Baby Jane. "Good night," she said, smirking. It's a lasting image. What a brat.

Local Show

I waited four long years to see the band Forbidden again. After parting with Combat records the

band seemed to drop off the face of the earth. I finally got the chance to see a show produced by 6 Feet Under Productions featuring the band. The tentative schedule included performances by Wicked Innocence, Forbidden, and Malevolent Creation.

I spent more time looking for the venue than I cared to in one evening. My latest bottle of Snapple urged me to find the place in a hurry so I could use the facilities. The first address took me to a seedy band practice warehouse located in the area of 4200 South and 300 West. To make a long story short, the show was moved to the West side of 035 South. It appeared to be a garage converted into a band's practice area. Hardly a place I would expect to see the likes of Forbidden or Malevolent, but sometimes you need to take what you get.

I entered the establishment and found out Forbidden wouldn't be playing. Damn... Later I had a chance to talk with Matt Camacho, bass player for Forbidden. It turned out the grueling 68-shows-in-60-days tour the band was on had taken its toll on the health of the band's singer Russ Anderson. I was informed by Matt that Forbidden had been lurking in the shadows for the past four years recording demos and touring Europe. They were recently picked up by Massacre Records. The release of their new CD *Distorted* is expected to hit the stores on April 24th. I find this news notable as Forbidden seems to be one of the last really good thrash bands still around. I can guarantee their new release will be a keeper before ever hearing it.

The rest of the show seemed to be enjoyed by the other hundred or so people crammed into the place. It started off with the band (I hope I'm getting the name right) Carnal Disseminate. After, what I'm pretty sure was a duel performance of Carnal's five-song set and a twenty minute intermission between sets, malevolent Creation played. malevolent's style of grind-core was welcomed by all in the pit. Bodies flailed, hair flew, and beer spilled.

When it comes right down to it, underground music is supported by the scene, and the scene is only as good as the people that attended on a Tuesday night. A lot of people went to this show and had fun. That's all that really matters.

—John Forgach

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BAND INTERVIEW

Smile. No not an order from me, but the name of a 3 piece band out of Orange County, California. Tustin to be exact, right next to Irvine. Their debut full length, Maquee, was recorded over a year ago. It was released in September of '94 by those kind people who have a knack for good taste in music at Cargo/Headhunter Records out of San Diego. These guys are a different kind of "Punk Rock," (if I can be so bold as to use that loose, hip, very evasive word meaning alternative, loud aggressive music in the '90s.)

Scott Reeder attacks his drums, Aaron Sonnenberg plummels his bass and Mike Rosas sings and manipulates his guitar to sound like a tortured soul. When their CD was received at Slug HQ, there was an excited whispering and awe that existed. We can hardly wait to see these guys live. Mike Rosas let me call him and ask him a few questions about Smile:

Slug: Are you guys going to be on tour soon?

MR: I think in June, but we don't have any set plans yet.

Slug: How long have you been together?

MR: About 2 years.

Slug: Did members of Smile use to play with members of Farside?

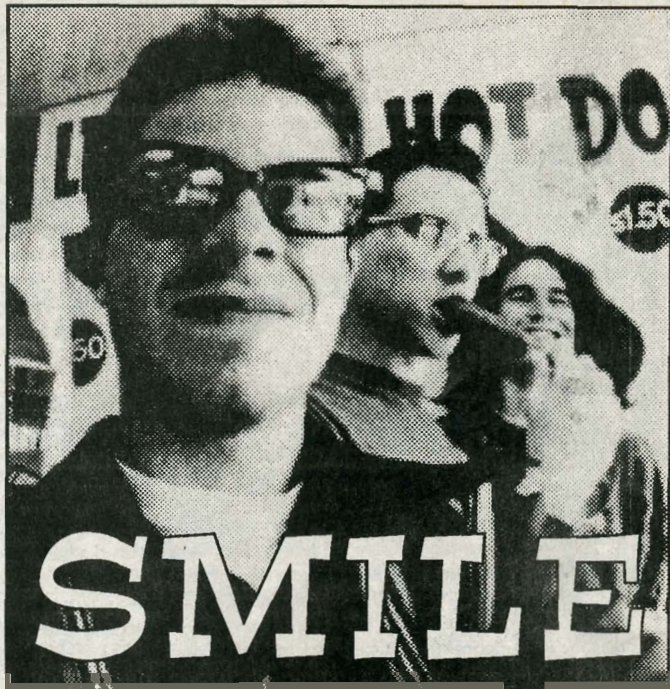
MR: Me and Aaron use to play in a band with the guitar player in Farside.

Slug: How would you guys describe your music? A lot of the descriptions I've seen call you guys punk, do you agree with that?

MR: We've heard us described as everything. When people ask me what our band sounds like, I just say, "I don't know." As far as I'm concerned, there's a lot of bands that I would say were punk in the true aspect of the word just because they did things their own way and they really didn't give a shit what people said about them. I would even say some bands that existed back in the 60's were punk.

Slug: Yea, when I think of true punk bands, I think of the early 80's punk, like the Adolescents, early T.S.O.L. and Agent Orange.

MR: *Living in Darkness* is a classic album. When Aaron & I were listening to it a week ago, it's so obvious how out of touch the music industry is. An album like that is so classic and that music is going to last forever. So many people have not heard that album because so many distributors and bigger labels wouldn't even touch that album, back when it came out. And yet if that album would have



came out today every label, little subsidiaries, and the fake indies and all the regular indies would love a band like that.

Slug: Does Smile just play around Orange County and San Diego?

MR: Yea, and out in the desert sometimes.

(Note: I'm guessing this means out in Palm Springs and places in between, but it is open for personal interpretation!)

Slug: Where did you get the name, Maquee from?

MR: Oh, it's the name of our friend.

Slug: Your friend? Why did you name it after him?

MR: I dunno, because he's a rad guy and his hair is huge.

Good enough reasons for me!!! In April Atlantic is going to re-release Maquee along with Cargo/Headhunter for wider distribution. So for you lost souls who have a hard time finding good music in between the Phil Collins and Michael Bolton bins, this one may be found filed under iSi. Now get on your trikes and go find out what all the fuss is about!

-Royce

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I was wondering all month where to come up with the overheard quote of the month. There were a number of good ones in March, but the best came from a 7-11 visit. The clerk was harassing some young beauties as they tried to pass an out-of-town check without Utah ID. Utah ID is hard to come by. You either have to waste an entire day to acquire a driver's license or stand in line for three hours or more to obtain a State ID card. This trio of California Girls didn't receive the overheard quote honor although, they came close. Also hanging out in the 7-11 was an elderly gentleman with a pompadour of white. The collar of his circa 1960's leather jacket was turned up and he seemed to be undergoing a serious conundrum. Outside it was pouring rain. He stood and watched the clerks bag numerous beer purchases in 7-11 plastic. Finally he stepped to the counter and asked with politeness and...in all seriousness, "Can I buy one of those bags to wear over my head on the way home. I don't want to mess up my hair."

For some reason I pulled out my two Joe Bennett and the Sparkletones LPs and listened to them repeatedly during late March. It probably had something to do with the KRCL Radiothon and the two hour rockabilly special. I called the station and offered to double my pledge if they could play anything by the Sparkletones except "Black Slacks." They couldn't. Even Salt Lake City's encyclopedia of musical knowledge, Dave Candland, doesn't own a Sparkletones album. The lead singer of the band and the guitarist, Joe Bennett, reportedly lives in Utah. I'm offering a reward for his address and/or telephone number. Anyone who can come up with a number or address for Joe Bennett of Sparkletones fame will receive a SLUG, Pompadour Press, and Voodoo Swing T-shirt as well as a free garage CD, whatever rockabilly record I own two of and a copy of all three Voodoo Swing recordings. I want to talk to this guy. He supposedly lives somewhere in Utah County so help me out down there. (I don't expect anyone to read this and a response would be unheard of, but I am serious. Where is Joe Bennett?) Close to two years after *Put Yer Cat Clothes On* published its first issue Sparkletones music remains unavailable in the USA. They originally recorded for ABC Paramount and MCA owns the rights. Along with the continued unavailability of the Dale Hawkins recordings for Chess, (the rights to which are also owned by MCA) the lack of a Sparkletones CD in American stores remains an unexplained and sad commentary on both the tastes of the American public and the corporate leadership at MCA. Boycott UNI, MCA's parent company, until the injustice is rectified. Meanwhile all you squirrels out there, find Joe Bennett.

Interrupting the segue. I'd like to have a chat with the GRID music critic who has the "best CD collection" in Utah County, but...allow one exception - a famous BYU author. Four hundred CDs? That's a collection? You proclaim yourself a music critic? How many records do you own? Maybe 50 to go with the 400 CDs? Think of the reference material residing in your collection. Shiiiiit! I am impressed! Imagine, you have probably listened to them all. Can I have your autograph?

Here's another thing that has the bodagats a twitchin' on my ass. What is it with these feuds all over town? Do you all need a good scolding? Private Eye Vs The Event, SLUG Vs Diesel, Everyone Vs The GRID. I'm sick of the entire bunch of you. Sign up with your teams for the SLUG Bowl-a-thon, maybe we can all have a good fist fight afterwards. It benefits the Utah Blues Society, as deserving an organization as there is. The only paper in town that didn't write up Lee Rocker's Big Blue was the *Private Eye*. They are also advertising for an "entertainment" writer. To steal a line from Travelin' Man - "go figure."

Lee Rocker! Lee Rocker! Lee Rocker! Lee Rocker! His real name is Lee Drucker and his dad is a world class clarinetist named Stanley Drucker. Rocker's dad is first chair for the New York Philharmonic or something like that and I have never in my life seen anyone play the bass like Rocker/Drucker does. I'm not saying he's the best in the world because he has some stiff competition from a number of rockabilly slap men, but no one can touch his style. I do believe, after listening to him sing three times in person and countless times on CD, that he's had some vocal training as well. Sure he's the star, but without Mike Elder and Henry Debaun it wouldn't be Big Blue. Salt Lake City rolled out the red carpet for Big Blue. The band thanks everyone in Salt

Lake City who came to see them at any of their three performances. I thank SLUG, Pompadour Press, the Utah Blues Society and Media Play. A couple of people deserve special attention - they know who they are. I also thank Martin Renzhofer and Scott Iwasaki of the Salt Lake Tribune and Deseret News respectively. Too bad none of the "hacks" around town, except the underground ones, had the good taste to catch the band live. Wake up boys, head for the used CD store and see if they'll sell you back your promo...then have a listen to Lee Rocker's Big Blue. At least the members of Pantera have some music respect, they stopped in to catch Big Blue on Saturday night. Even Diesel's publisher was on hand to take photos. Ponder this one for a minute or two as you read that latest press release. Lee Rocker no doubt has more classical training in his blood than the entire membership of Toto, Quiet Riot and Journey put together. The guy chooses to play the blues, slap an acoustic and sing songs about girls that are soaking wet. He can hardly draw a crowd in this stupid town, but the fools will fill Abravanel Hall or any "steakhouse" in town for "new age" flatulence or British pop. No wonder it's only a pretty great state Voodoo Swing opened and once again they tore things up. Go buy their music with its songs about cars, girls and bikes, listen and wait for them to return to local club stages in late May.

Continuing in the same vein was the disappointing turnout for Big Sandy and his fly-rite boys. People keep asking me who my favorite band is. The question is so stupid that it doesn't deserve a reply. In March two of my favorite bands came to Salt Lake City. Big Sandy is the second. My God can those boys play. Opening for them were the Rattle Kings. The Rattle Kings keep getting better and better. Believe that Jerry Cochran is the best guitarist in town. The solo he played in the middle of "Truck Drivin' Man" brought tears of joy. What a master! When all four of the standing Rattle Kings lined up in front of the stage to harmonize together later in the set the experience brought me close to praising Jesus for the fact that I was alive to hear and see it. Big Sandy has almost completely done away with the rock. The band is now a pure swing combo. Back in the '40s thousands filled huge California ballrooms for country swing bands - all of them would have a tough time keeping up with Big Sandy. His music is dated, nor is he a retro act. He just loves to sing and play the acoustic while the sweetest swing you can ever imagine emanates from the fingers of the fly-rite boys. If only the "yuppies" would catch on. They are soooo into the acoustic "folk" revival that they miss all the excitement and action of the best underground going on in America - the country/rockabilly underground. Sure they were all at the Capital Theatre for Tish Hinojosa/Butch Hancock/Santiago Jimenez and Don Walsby but ask any one of the four about Big Sandy and I'll bet they've seen him play.

I'll close with a second overheard quote. This came from Evan Call, the person relaying the information on Lee Rocker's true name and his parentage. After watching Big Blue perform in Media Play he walked up to Rocker and said, "You proved once again that the more talented you are as a musician the less money you make." Evan is a classically trained vocalist and an expert on classical music. Some local singers might want to look him up for help. (Hi Chopper) He gives private voice instruction. His number is 364-2326. I'm calling him to teach me to speak. He has virtually no understanding of blues or rockabilly, but when he watched the band play and heard their music he was as enthralled by it as everyone else. He was so enthralled that he went out of his way to meet all three members of the band and thank them for playing.

"I love you baby when you smile or frown/I love you girl when you're upside down/I love you baby when you're bad or worse, I love you darling 'til it hurts/I love you baby when you walk that walk/I love you girl when you talk that talk/I love you baby 'cause you can't first/I love you darling 'til it hurts./Before today, they don't understand, how it feels to have a helping hand/I'm close behind if you need a shove,/I'm in love, I'm in love. I'm in.../I love you baby, you're my hearts desire/I love you girl set my soul on fire/I love you baby when the firehouse squirt, I love you darling."

What a song! Blues? Rockabilly? Girls or double entendre?

APRIL 1995

SATURDAY

1
HEADSHAKE
ELBOW FINN

TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY

4
CAROLINE'S SPINE
ABSTRAK

5
DEVIANCE
NOVAGENUS

6
MR. GREEN
JESUS RIDES
A RICSHAW

7
WISH
ELBOW FINN

8
HONEST
ENGINE

11
FORESKIN
500
BOHEMIA
POWER TOOLS FOR GIRLS

12
SSURJ

13
SIR KNOBBIE
HASSLE AND THE
SWAMP DONKEYS
SCAR STRANGLED BANGER

14
EVERCLEAR
ABSTRAK

15
SO WUT

18
TBA

19
TBA

20
PAGAN
LOVE GODS

21
GAMMA RAYS

22
GAMMA RAYS

25
BUTT
TRUMPET

26
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O'Dell Wish-Hen IN A LARGE RED TOWN

After tearing up the pieces I did on the O.J. Simpson trial and my X-Generation piece, and my religion and government in Utah, I had to reach deeper. Something so lame, I can hold my head high.

1994 Winter olimpics? No. Dee Dee? No. And then, in the middle of my heart buster burger, it comes to me with a 'ping' and then the voice of Montgomery Burns... "excellent". You see, I was eating in what used to be a Red Barn. (the one on 8th east and 2100 south) now an Apollo Burger. I had a soap opera style flash back of the days of the Red Barn. The food was gut wrenching, I mean painful. The fries, reconstituted potatoes, the coke was like drinking tar sugar! God I loved that place. You just can't eat like that any more. And we can all thank the damned meddling government and their so called "food laws" Now I know what you are thinking, but Arctic Circle doesn't hold a candle to the Red Barn. they wish, which is why they stole the Ranch Burger. You youngsters won't remember the Red Barn, but when I was young, I remember standing in the Red Barn and thinking how funny the barn shape was. It was the most abstract thing to me, like it was a prop in a movie, like some hollywood lunatic, trying to over exaggerate some capitalistic metaphor. All right, all right, enough about the God damned barn!!!! The whole "point" (using the term liberally) is you can't buy entertainment like this any more. Then and Now, OK? Good.

Then: Utah stars
Now: Utah Jazz the utah stars were better than the utah jazz because, they had a theme song, here come the stars here come the stars da da da da. And if some day you are coming down

from a pc/crack induced month long high, only to find yourself at a jazz game, (unless you like this sort of thing and you are there of your own will) you will see me there, yelling "Go back to the bayou, you worthless bastards!! Bring back the stars!!"
Then: Rockabilly...it was new
Now : it's not!

And the creative coma has sucked up our souls, people! Soon we will be looking to the Japanese for some style. There will be an underground market where they send over their used kimonos and goofy sandals, and we will pay \$2,000 for them so we can feel like real rebels.
Then: Keds sneakers... simple \$10 new shoes , cool
Now : the Shaq o'Jordan Laas Rocket. The inside is filled with liquid moon rocks with auto pump, time and space shifting, super conductor, wish granting, Morton Thiokol powered, the inside padded with the eyelashes of angels, and the outside armored with the skulls of klingons and the horns of Satan. With the new feature, shovels will come out and actually dig your own grave upon assasination, wich automatically activates the predator exploding wristwatch.

Then: The Banana Splits...they were for real man, and they played their own instruments!
Now... Power Rangers ... wow, the most creative piece of work I have ever seen. There are no holds barred when a team of the greatest minds in the business get together for a project like this.

The layman may not notice some of the cutting edge subtelties, but let the trained master put you in the know. .
A: The scooby doo redundant repetitive reoccurring over and over again and again theme manuveur. They beat monster, monster grows and they still beat monster.
B: the shameless ripping off of some other

show, say something 15 years old, like Ultra Man. Ultra Man beats monster, monster grows he still beats monster.
C: always a well illustrated message. They beat monster, monster grows ...blah, blah, blah...did I already mention stealing creativity from the Japanese??
Then: ...Development projects....A liberal definition of the term: building streets and houses for people to live.
Now: Subdivision... A liberal definition: Any place, ANY PLACE to cram the endless countless fucking cattle whose only function besides plagueing the country side with their worthless soulless hides, seems to be taking 15 minutes to go through the left hand turn light and clogging every on ramp in the city!!! ooooo aaaaa eeeee FUCK!!!!!! OK
Then: Dives were dives. When you wanted to avoid 'scene scum' go to the dives and drink with people who don't care if you live or die. We had the Blue Mouse. We had the first Cosmic Aeroplane. The Speedway was first Shot in the Dark's warehouse. They thought mini bottles would stop people from drinking too much. Burnie Caldwell had the Big Money Movie. Hotel Balderdash had won our hearts. The allied troops had taken Berlin. The Louisiana Territory was proclaimed a state. God, could I go on.

Now: We have the Intel Pentium, cell phones, fax, pagers, caller id, 3 remotes on every table, cordless phones, lap top computers, camcorders, hard copy, lethal injections, you can have your ass removed and put on your face if you want. And on that note I would like to add just a few notes which have no relevance to anything. First I hear the whimper of a beaten villager. And to the person who wrote the coffee shop review in grid, whoa man, you do have taste. Brachman Bros. coffee is the best. You can only get that rare brand of coffee at McDonalds or a Rainbo Oil, or a truck stop rest room or any place with one of those coffee computers!! And that is it, oh and the old man on the far away planet, where everyone has fish for hands, and after a long walk on a hot road, the old man removes his hat and rubs a piece of cloth across his head, strokes his scruffy beard with his fish and looks on. And the wheel between the railroad tracks and that rusty barbwire fence: Rusting perpetually without rest. And the young boy who sits in just his white underwear, in a cold steel chair, feverish and blank, he can't hear or speak, his mind is with the wheel every second of every day just as persistant as the rust.

And me, with a tall wrinkled bag half full of pistaschio nuts , and a tall crisp bag half full of empty shells. On a large yellow table, in a large green room in a large white house in a large black universe.

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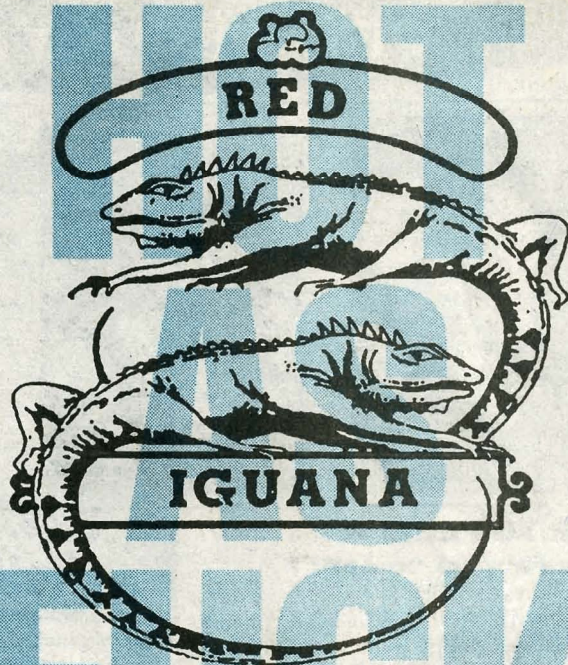
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Concert Previews



FACE TO FACE at the Fairpark on April 7

The boys and girls at Diesel have done it again with this Face to Face concert. Loud, fast and poppy punk rock will draw the disenfranchised suburban kids to the cozy confines of the Fairgrounds Arts & Crafts building once again. Hopefully they will behave themselves this time and not destroy any property.

Face to Face are from Northern California and they've toured with all of your favorite bands. They were here recently to play DV8 in an inspiring punk rock line-up. The return is a true all ages show - be prepared to see some eight-year-olds. The songs on their new full-length address all the trials and tribulations of growing up rich in the suburbs only to face a future of low wages and mindless labor. Hook filled and catchy the CD deserves more attention than it has received. Let's see a little less blood and anger in the pit this time around or else you can blame yourselves for destroying your own scene. Why should a promoter bring a band to town when every dime he makes goes to pay off the damage a football player with a mohawk did?

Everclear at the Bar & Grill on April 8

Everclear was here for the X-96 Great Expectations concert. They return for the paying customers of the Bar & Grill. Everclear is led by singer/guitarist/lyricist Art Alexakis. This gentleman had a troubled upbringing. His parents divorced when he was five. He was shuttled from home to home and his older brother died of a drug overdose when he was 12. He left home at the age of 16 and became a roadie for a punk-rock band. His early life was filled with drugs, alcohol and self-destructive behavior. Now sober for seven years he fills Everclear tunes with the anger and experiences of his early life.

Everclear's album was originally released on an indie and it sold 3,500 copies in that form. Now signed to Capitol the CD in the stores is a remixed version of the original. Power-punk-pop, cowpunk, Pacific Northwest grunge and psychedelia fill the *World Of Noise*. The trio brings that world of noise to Salt Lake and no doubt a packed house on April 8.

GOD LIVES UNDERWATER at the Zephyr on April 14 and 15

Two tech-heads create a song for a rave and decide to form a band. Their band at the time consisted of them and a Macintosh computer. They used the Macintosh Vision system to create a six song mini-album released recently by Rick Rubin's American label. Jeff Turzo and David Reilly are the masterminds behind the techno/metal sounds heard on the self-titled debut. Guitar crunch and keyboard percolating created on a machine sounds a little boring until you realize that these two have a way with riffs and melodies.

For their first tour they've signed on a guitarist, Andrew McGee and a drummer, Adam Kary. The trick will be recreating the music with living, breathing musicians. Six songs don't make a concert, God Lives Under Water are preparing to record a full-length album so expect a preview at the Zephyr. I wonder if the ravers will show up in their cat in the hat costumes.

THE ORGANIZATION at Starr Studios on April 18

The demise of Rafter's left all the metal boys in serious trouble. Where or where can we bang our heads and ingest drugs now? The answer came in March and it continues into April. Starr Studios now caters to the hair-flinging crowd. On April 18 one of Metal Blade's new signings will appear at Starr Studios. Are they any good? If the dispatch

Marco, the Metal Blade press guy, sent me is to be believed, they are the shit!

I've been out of the Metal Blade loop recently because I gave up on sending out tear-sheets. Take my output and consider the wages I earn for it and the reason becomes The Obvious. Anyway, thanks Marco for the CD and the info. The Organization rocked my world on another Friday night staring at an After Dark screen saver and trying to come up with some words to describe the band. The metal is pretty God damned head-banging good, but the best song on their CD is the fifth one. As is customary with any metal band, a ballad is included. "Had A Long Today" is the lovely acoustic ballad that takes the Organization out of the ranks of common metal. The tour is a warm-up, the album won't be released until May 9. Thank goodness for Starr Studios, metal remains alive in Salt Lake.

SAMIAM, THE GOOPS AND SENSEFIELD at DV8 on April 26

Punk rock returns to Club DV8 in April if the record company is correct. It's too early to determine if this show will actually occur and my dear friends at Atlantic have been wrong before. Samiam have been around since '88. Their punk rock credentials are impeccable and they know and have played with all the new millionaires. They have also played with many of the old school boys including the Circle Jerks and Bad Religion.

Their latest CD is a major label recording (aren't they all now?). Three albums and a bunch of 7" & 12" inch singles on indie labels preceded it. For an idea of what is contained on *Clumsy* turn to the press kit and vocalist/lyricist Jason Beebout's comments on a song. "If you're a small person and there's a large person that's taking control of everything you do, the only way to fight back is to do physical things to other items. If they punch you, you can't punch them back 'cause they're fuckin' twice as big as you; but when they're gone you can break their golf clubs or something." The attitudes are in place and so is the music. This band can throw a hook or melody in the middle of a thrash tune like few others.

Their stage show is honed to a fine edge by their constant touring. DV8 will no doubt need to shell out money for some bouncers to keep things under control Sensefield was heard about 6 months ago. They also have a CD well worth a listen. The Goops I don't know about, but I'm sure Samiam wouldn't choose a loser band to tour with. All ages is the DV8 way and another exciting night of music with, to steal another line from the press kit, Samiam, "who proved they could rock the pants of teeny boppin' punkster audiences everywhere."



SOURMASH

at the Cinema Bar, April 22nd

Only once or twice in eons does a band emerge from out of nowhere, rising from the depths of a bored-out music scene. Sourmash is one of those bands,

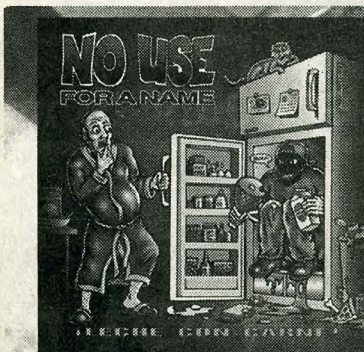
sucking up equal doses of punk, pop, and rock and spilling it over audiences by the bucketful.

The Sourmash story begins in Tacoma, WA, where three friends from grade school - Bill Coury (vocals, guitar), Mike VanBuskirk (drums), and Tom

Cummings (guitar, vocals) were playing in different bands throughout high school, without really finding their true niche. "We knew what we wanted to sound like, but we didn't know how to do it," recalls Tom. Taking a move to Bellingham, once out of high school, the threesome meet Lew Venard, from New Jersey and the mold is complete.

A year later they release their debut CD Allright Captain, produced by Kurt Bloch (Fastbacks, Young Fresh Fellows) on their own record label, it is Records. The CD contains 10 enigmatic song blasts that never let up. The songs were the first ten they wrote and not one miss the mark. Following soon was their first west coast tour, with the band Sister Psychic. On the road the band was able to display its energetic x20 live show to the California crowds. It is with no doubt Sourmash's live show that really describes what this band is about. One must only see to believe.

Now on their second tour, Sourmash plan to hit a few more states than last time, including their stop in Salt Lake City playing at Cinema Bar, Saturday April 22nd. The band will stop in Costa Mesa, CA to record their second full-length release, due out in June, again on IT IS Records.



NO USE FOR A NAME ILECHE CON CARNE!

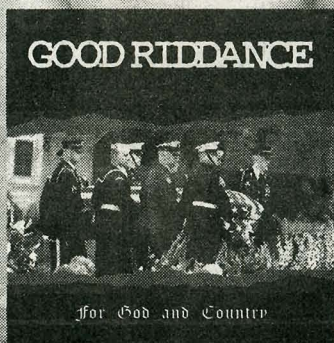
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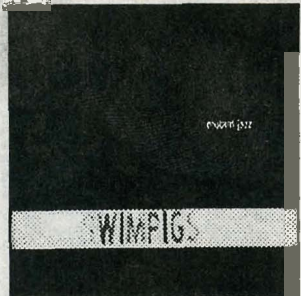
JAMES STEWART
The Checkerwhip
Self released cassette

James Stewart gave me a press kit along with this tape and I immediately lost it. Who cares. He's a local guy who plays guitar and writes songs. I guess he's one of those singer/songwriter dudes - kind of like John Denver or something. On his tape he does all kinds of things with his guitar. "Listen" brings to mind the weird tunings and masterful playing of John Fahey. It's an instrumental that should have the Gepettos crowd doing a jig on the table, if only they paid attention. Next he hooks a harmonica contraption around his neck and blows a little while playing the guitar and singing at the same time. The only thing missing is a "stomp box" for rhythm and Stewart would become a one man band. Nice song with "nature" used to describe a sexual experience.

Forgive me please, the guy does have a "stomp box" except it's a set bongo drums. He overdubbed them on top of more eccentric folk guitar playing. Another nice song and this one is titled creatively enough, "Abongolongria." As I listen to the tape the one name, which I've already mentioned, coming to mind is John Fahey. The name is probably completely foreign to SLUG readers and that's why I use it. It covers up my lack of musical knowledge. James Stewart's talent with the guitar reminds me a lot of Fahey. He has a good voice and his songwriting skills are strong as well, but can he play an acoustic guitar?

Expand your horizons and check James Stewart out when he plays around town. He ranks with another name around town I've sadly neglected since I reviewed his Harry Angel CD. From what I've heard Barry Carter and James Stewart are a couple of the best on

the local "acoustic" coffeehouse circuit and they deserve your attention as much as the "grunge/Euro-disco/punk" bands you all seem to love so much.



SWIMPIGS
Mutant Jazz
Happyville

Happyville + X-96 airplay = Column inches in The Grid. When will the parts become whole for a United Concerts Delta Center gig? When is the interview with Dick Clark and Alan Freed running in The Grid? What's that word, scamola, spamola, peehola? Christ, I can't remember again! Played Monopoly lately? Sam and Sean - don't send me a letter blabbing on about supporting local bands by distributing their music. Shouldn't it read we distribute local bands as long as they are from Utah County? I'm calling your number as soon as this is written to find out about acquiring some Riverbed Jed, Headshake, Obvious, and Utah County ska or eurodisco...without a response? There's some credibility let me tell ya!

What do the Swimpigs sound like? They tried to explain this jazz thing in the press release, but hey I was into that during the '50s, '60s, '70s and '80s. Remember "no wave," No New York, Pigbag, the Pop Group, Rip Rig and Panic, the Fire Engines and James White and the Blacks? What is the name of that girl singer? Her dad was someone famous...something Cherry?... or that guy who owns Raunch...Jazzbo something? Fuck it. Is there a cure for Alzheimers? Sarcasm? In Utah?

Swimpigs' members have jazz as well as ska backgrounds so the chops should be in place. The first song, "Sqweek," was unlistenable. That's how I like my jazz, go listen to the Rippingtons/Spyro Gyra or Kenny G if you don't. There's some hip hop and some wasted noodling in between that and "Pretense." "Pretense" is kind of cool in a downtown, Lounge-Lizard sort of way. Possibly the best composition on the disc.

"Cool/smooov" is more hip hop with jazz backing. The backing sounds a little forced. The rhymes are OK. It's goes on almost top long before a trumpet solo saves the song. White boy rap from Utah County? "Sammy" is another good tune where they shut up and play more music. The drums stand out along with some highly impressive breathing exercises from the sax man. Three good songs so far and one cut left to hear. "Groan" is the last song. They bring on the spooky organ and the brushes while the sax man gets into the seduction mode. I think I reported on this one before. It was some garage band doing James Bond soundtrack music.

Summing up. The idea is not new. They would have us believe that this is wholly fresh and different. It is not mutant jazz. Sun Ra played mutant jazz; John Zorn or any band on Hat Hut carries on the tradition today. What we have here is a young jazz group down in Utah County with a new CD. It is not a bad recording! Remember kin, the Fowler Brothers started out in a similar fashion. Don't dismiss this because it is on Happyville and "coincidentally" is played on X-96. Dump the label and the connection, cut the hip hop, keep practicing and go for it boys. You have my support.

Jimmy



DEVIANCE
Self Released Cassette

There is a God in heaven - he finally brought forth a Deviance product: consumers can purchase. This 10 song tape is a cassette preview of Deviance's forthcoming vinyl EP. All the famous Martian songs are present, and as an added bonus you receive five non-space songs. If you have never seen Deviance perform live you don't know that the heart of their set is the Martian songs. These songs were developed over a number of years as the members of Deviance were shuttled back and forth from their Earth homes in Utah County or...possibly New York City, to the more familiar territory of outer

space. On the tape Sunshine sounds better than she usually does in person. The lyrics are audible, which they seldom are in a local club, (ask the soundman) and for once you can understand what she is singing about. The manner in which the tape was mixed gives her vocals an echo chamber, almost surrealistic feel. Charlee Johnson is credited with writing all the songs, co-remixing, and publishing the songs. He is also the drummer. The drums are just as prominent as Sunshine's vocals. Dave on guitar and Jesse on bass play the punk/garage rock and roll to complete the mix.

The Martian songs have always been my favorites from this band, but listen all the way through to catch the entire concept. Just as every Deviance show I've ever seen, the music becomes angrier and angrier as the little rollers move it along. By the time they reach "Chris B." with it's "Wake up, it's time to dye" lyrics and the Alynon theme song, "Denial," Sunshine has progressed to a state of rage. She virtually wrenches the vocals from her body and the band behind her has moved from the garage/punk arena to the bludgeoning power of their metal phase. This could be the set list from any Deviance show because as "Denial" climaxes you can almost feel the self-destruction begin. Imagine a bass guitar crashing to the stage floor, the low slung lead hitting the head of the bass drum and a cymbal flung like a Frisbee into the neck of the soundman. Blood spurts and Deviance once again is unable to come back for the encore due to disabled equipment and audience members. Killer band and killer tape. The mix is a little muddy, see if you can clear it up for the vinyl release and finance a CD somehow.

INSATIABLE
Can't Get Enough

The first comment is the beautiful sound on the disc. Producers and the studio are praised. Tony Korologos is credited with engineering, Jeff Evans and Zach Craige mixed it and it was recorded at Fast Forward. Insatiable is a band you all love to hate. I hate them too. This ska thing was tired in about 1968. I'm not sure why we went through the '70s/'80s revival let alone the one we're currently in the middle of. A steady diet of ska music would have me killing my wife and chil-

dren along with several neighbors and as many public officials as I could manage before a SWAT team took me out.

So I don't like ska, give me a break, if all you little squids hadn't trashed Kingsbury Hall at the General Public show you might still be able to use the venue for concerts. Give Insatiable credit for what they do. *Can't Get Enough* is an excellent representation of the style. The band and the CD are from Utah. We should all be proud of the seeds Stiff Records and the Two-Tone bands sowed in this state all those years ago. I had a whole crowd of 13-year-olds skanking around my living room while this played.

The horn section is as talented as any in the state. Their strange appearance only adds to the pleasure. Don't walk in the stores looking for the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, the old Two Tone bands or any of the new national shit before you check out the homegrown product. I hate this fucking album, it sucks to the max, it gave me a "sick headache," (which is what all ska music does to me) but if you like ska Insatiable are one of the best in United States of America or any place else for that matter.

CHROME CRANKS

Chrome Cranks

PCP Entertainment

I was a little disappointed in the live version of the Chrome Cranks. After listening to the CD version of their album I expected total decadence on stage. Since the show and several more hours spent with the vinyl version I realized that no one, except maybe Iggy Pop could manage to project the ruin and violence of the music on an audience or themselves and survive. Drinking gasoline indeed!

From the opening blast of guitar from William Weber and the first howl out of vocalist/guitarist Peter Aaron's mouth this is one to strap a seat belt on for. They take the Memorex blast of sound cliché and instead of blowing the guy back in his chair they eject him right out of it. The Chrome Cranks cannot escape a Gun Club comparison. They've been compared to other more obscure bands, but the Gun Club is right on the mark. Along with the Gun Club I'll bring another obscurity into play. Jack-O-Fire released an album last year that took the blues and totally messed them up. The Chrome Cranks blues roots are as evident as their garage ones.

Take some blues roots, a guy with a big fat Gretsch, a vocalist with melted paraffin in his throat and a dedication to Hank Williams, Howlin' Wolf and Jeffrey Lee Pierce in his marrow then add a backing rhythm

section throbbing and pounding along for a classic recording. "Eight Track Mind" has all the elements in place. Fuzz and reverb from the guitar, howl from Aaron, bass blasts and drum thunder. Flip the thing over to hear the opener on side two, "No. 1 Girl" (Yes, it is a record). Aaron is gargling with Drano while the rest of the band dance around an oil can fire in hell. From the sound of "Doll In A Dress" you'd think Aaron would be writhing on the floor in the manner of a Gene Parsons, cutting himself on broken glass and singing through the blood.

The recorded version is like reading a horrifying novel, then waiting expectantly for the movie version only to be disappointed. Give the Chrome Cranks credit for a masterful recording and realize that Johnny Thunders, Sid Vicious, G.G. Allin and Darby Crash died attempting to bring their imaginations to the stage. Apparently the Chrome Cranks want to live. The record has a bonus track not present on the CD in case anyone is interested.



BLUE FACES

In the Days of the Lightbulb on the Wall

Vagrant Records

This disc contains "trance" music. The band went along some handbills of performances, a live review and review of their demo tape. The writer of the live review, a show with Ars Poetica at Seattle's Colourbox club says that "The best couple songs, which almost transcended the club's pall of smoke, had driving rhythms and quasi-Arabic tinges in the guitar." That means they are influenced by American surf music.

Blue Faces are into the artsy fartsy thing. They project film images as they play and they don't move around at all. To my ears their music is a return to the "fabled" '60s. This band takes the technological improvements of the present and puts them to good use for a new generation of psychedelic, marijuana, or other wise impaired youth. The album is a surf influenced, mind-expanding experience. If you haven't listened to Hawkwind, the Sacred Mushroom, or the first Pink Floyd album the music is wholly new

and exciting. Call it space, call it trance or call it psychedelic, the CD had me out of it for awhile. Bring the gig to town and let's see if a dose of diluted '90s LSD and high THC content marijuana combined with film can match a Jerry Abrams "Five Fingers On Your Hand" lightshow, a dose of "Purple Microdot," a bag of Acapulco Gold and It's A Beautiful Day on the stage.

Charlie Brown



BLESSED UNION OF SOULS

Home

EMI Records

This CD looks intriguing from the moment you spot the cover. A guy with a guitar stands while another guy squats on some railroad tracks. By the time this sees print I'm sure a song off the album will be a staple of the radio. There is some good music present on the CD. The harmonica opening "Oh Virginia" almost gave me some hope for it. The hip hop of "Home" with its sitar break is pretty cool in an US3 sort of way, but I don't like the album. It reminds me of string added Buddy Holly/Hank Williams, reprocessed stereo Rolling Stones/Elvis or Billy Joel/Elton John.

Slick commercial pop is the description. Blessed Union Of Souls fit firmly in the niche already opened by Terrance Trent D'arby or the Counting Crows. Another throwback to the '70s. The hippie elements are in place as well as some Doobie Brothers. Piano from the Billy Joel/Elton John school fleshes the thing out. Elliot Sloan, Jeff Pence & Matt Senatore wrote most of the songs. Sloan and Pence are in the band, Senatore only helped out. Sloan is an superb vocalist and the entire group write some good songs. If only they'd left a few rough edges to catch the ears. *Home* is a hit record if I've ever heard one. Catch the video on MTV and the songs on KUMT. I'll pass.

Jimmy

CISCO POISON

It's A Long Way To Heaven

Doctor Dream

Cisco Poison frontman Joe Wood



was a member of TSOL during the mid to late-eighties. He was in town with Cisco Poison last month as the opening act for the Paladins. Live the band stuck with their more blues-tinged material. The CD is a better representation of the full breadth of their music. Wood's time with TSOL saw the band move from their punk roots to almost stadium styled blues metal. Cisco Poison is much the same.

The music on the CD draws the immediate comparison to the Seattle sound. Wood has all the power of a Vedder, Cornell or even that guy from STP in his vocals. Somehow I don't think he's copying them. More likely they copied him. The suicide song is "Gun In My Mouth." "Pray for me I'm alone in here." A baby is pictured on the cover and the opening tune, "Lillian," is sung to that baby. One listen doesn't do *It's A Long Way To Heaven* justice. This is a disc to return to again and again. Each time through a different song might stand out. "Everything I See" is an anthem addressing the frustrating fact that you can never be all you want to be. "Save One For Me" is a boy in a hope without a father. Guest guitarist Frank Agnew steals a guitar line straight from the Allman Brothers for the break. Unlike so many bands out there attempting to mimic the Allman's - this time it works. "Big Black Cadillac" rolls right along and it is the best song of all.

The disc doesn't break any new ground. The music is derivative and the seventies and eighties are all over it. There is something about it that I can't quite put my finger on. Maybe it's Wood's songwriting skills, maybe it's the presence of the Agnew brothers (Rikk's here too) who sit in for several songs, or maybe this band has the magic and talent all in place. *It's A Long Way To Heaven* is a good disc. Old punkers don't have to burn out or continue hacking out the same thrash for the rest of their lives. Cisco Poison rise above. Everything I've ever heard on Doctor Dream is good, they just don't know what to do with it once it's released. I'm afraid the lack of label support will make this disc from Cisco Poison difficult to find and relegate it to future cult status.

More Records Page 26

Work Ethic Engine Records

This CD lasts about 15 minutes and thank God. The music is ugly, it is hideous, it is exactly what you would expect from a band named Deadguy. It's death/thrash metal for hitting yourself in the face with a claw hammer. Vaguely reminiscent of Cannibal Corpse from the opening chords the songs have some lovely themes. How about "Running With Scissors?" Parents beware, buy that Offspring and Greenday for your eight-year-old. They are better off with the swearing and power-pop-punk than they are with the repulsive, shillelagh-in-the-nuts music of Deadguy. SLUG owes me another pair of speakers, *Work Ethic* blew mine out again.

HEAVY VEGETABLE The Amazing Undersea Adventures Of Aqua Kitty And Friends

Headhunter/Cargo Records

What's up with Headhunter/Cargo? Did they go through the stacks of CDs they couldn't sell and send off some old "product" to SLUG? Heavy Vegetable played at the Cinema Bar back when Cee Cee was doing publicity for Cargo. If I'm not wrong the CD is close to a year old.

They're a bunch of nerds who formed a band. Their music is experimental and leaning to the low-fi side of things. Pretty acoustic ballads degenerate into noise or...maybe not; noise degenerates into a pretty acoustic ballad or...simply continues as noise - you all know the format by now - slacker music for educated Burger King workers. Heavy Vegetable are a lovable group of dorks. If the Olympia, WA scene is attractive and Built To Spill or Beat Happening with the by now tired Zappa/Beeheart/Velvets/Slint/Seb adoh references go together in your "juicer" look for Heavy Vegetable. Maybe they are returning to town and that's why Headhunter/Cargo decided to send off an old CD for review.

PJ HARVEY To Bring You My Love Island Records

The second the music starts it is evident that Polly Jean Harvey has come up with a masterpiece. The title/opening song is a showcase for Harvey's voice as an instrument of the tortured. The



soul of this woman is filled with darkness. Her songs have no relevance to the present because, rather than sing about cars and girls, Harvey sings about boys, cars, love and sex.

Sexual and religious metaphors fill the songs. "Cast out of heaven/cast out on my knees/I'm laying with the devil/curse God above/forsaken heaven to bring you my love." The music behind the words is simple, overlaid and as gloomy as the night. "Meet Ze Monsta" follows with a crash. Harvey changes to a guttural, demones in preparation for the sultry sexuality flowing from "Working For The Man." "In the night I look for love/I get my strength from the man above/God of piston/God of steel/God is here behind my wheel." Minimalist and low-fi meet in this throbbing tune of God as car, man and lover. Three songs in and I am awed. "C'mon Billy" strays into the light with strummed acoustic guitar before Harvey and her organ drop back into the shadows and imagery of "Tecló." "Let me ride on his grace for awhile."

With the preliminaries out of the way Harvey is ready for "Long Snake Moan." Don't be surprised if the next time you visit the Million Dollar Saloon there's a dancer grinding against a shiny steel pole in time to the rhythms of this one. The pleasure and pain continue for four more songs. Place the CD in the multi-disc changer with Portishead, Lisa Germano and 7 Year Bitch. Relax with music from women that Madonna and Courtney can't touch.

RED ROCKERS Good As Gold Oglio

Man here's some garbage. One listen to the opening cut, "China" and this CD nearly hit the wall above my waste basket. And to think that I loved their first album. Bring back the "new wave" daze. Synthesizers and programmed vocals fill the reissue

and I found a found bucket to vomit in. Can you say "cheese"? Oh come on you can I know, at least long enough for the Adam Ant/beach/Native American photo on the back cover. On the front they are dressed in "faux" punk rock fashions - leather and "tough" looks. Three songs into it after an experience with "China," "Good As Gold," and ba, ba, ba, pa, ba, ba, ba, pa. "Dreams Just Fade Away," it did hit the wall. I'm not listening to this shit. Wimp Rock sucks and so does this Red Rocker's reissue. I'd rather listen



to Cinderella. To Carl Caprioglio who probably draws a six figure salary for reissuing this trash, how about some Jags, Kings or the first Headpins on CD. Give it up with the "modern" music.

SOURMASH Alright Captain It Is Records

I want to know why every CD that crosses my path these days is dedicated to a dead person? Can't everyone stop dying for Christ's sake. Sourmash is one of those "great" bands from the Pacific Northwest. Their hometown is Bellingham and surprisingly they aren't a garage band. Their style falls into the "grunge" format everyone hates by now. That brings to mind the second question. Why did every mediocre band on the planet sit out the Nirvana years and wait for Kurt's death before they dared record another album? My house is filled with press kits detailing any number of bands with their first release in 3 or 4 years. They're all pussys.

Sourmash aren't pussys. They are a stupid Washington band with some pretty damn good music that (God I'm tired of saying this) has the psychedelic influence firmly in place along with grunge and punk. I was tripping to "Janes." "Your Ideal Idol" had me thinking back to when C/Z actually tried to compete with Sub-Pop and it is pretty good thrash with the off-tempo rhythms. Then they go to Texas

and explore their Butthole Surfing influences. "Sticks" is totally fucked up.

"Coming Up" is so C/Z derivative and so nauseously psychedelic that I hurried as if I'd had a dose of mescaline. Too much way too much.



Straight Outta Cleveland Various Artists Oglio Records

Oglio Records has to be the most idiotic reissue label going. Name a bad record from the '80s and this label is all over it. It is responsible for reissuing the Freeway record and they also have the Richard Blade series in their catalog. Think about it, without Oglio Blancmange would remain an asterisk in the history of music.

I dumped all my "new wave" records years ago, the only thing I have left to remind me of the '80s is punk rock, garage/surf reissues and rockabilly. The '70s shit went at the beginning of the '80s so have a nice day. The liner notes go on and on bragging about Cleveland's fabulous music scene. This is the town that spawned the Raspberries, the James Gang, the Michael Stanley Band and NIN for Christ's sake so bow down and worship them.

I'm not going to list all the mediocrities I had to sit through. The only things I liked on the album were the reggae from First Light and one song each from Pere Ubu, the Dead Boys and Devo. They call shit like Exotic Birds, Ghosts In Daylight and Indian Rope Burn "technopop." It's just disco to my ears. This album is probably a major hit at Modified. Three decades of "bad" Cleveland music are represented. Better music is heard any night of the week from local Salt Lake City bands in clubs all over town. The music from the self-proclaimed "rock and roll capital" of the world (as represented on this disc) sounds like anus poetry/dran-dran-o to me. Doot doot, toot toot out your ass.

Erik Carmichael



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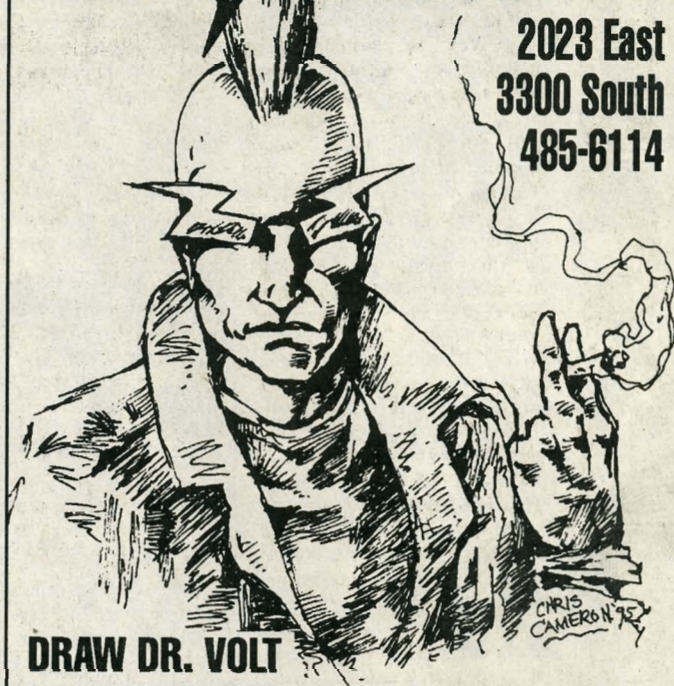
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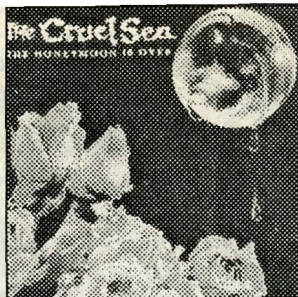
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THE CRUEL SEA
The Honeymoon Is Over
A&M Records

Can I listen to this before I buy it? Take a chance once in awhile, pick something up that isn't on MTV and enjoy life. The Cruel Sea came out of nowhere. They are what the Blessed Union Of Souls were attempting with their CD. It's slick and it's commercial with a variety of influences, but what a listen. They open with an instrumental combining New Orleans with reggae and world music. "The Honeymoon Is Over" is probably the single. Gumbo is present and so are the delta blues. The rhythm section in this band doesn't slow down or pause for a second. They are cooking up a storm throughout the song and the entire album. The Cruel Sea apparently come from Australia. I'd swear they were born in a Louisiana swamp.

Their record collections must be huge. They manage to assimilate an entire library of influences into one disc and the result is a treasure. You want talking drums and King Sunny Ade guitars? They are presented by the Cruel Sea and another instrumental, "The Right Time." "The Black Sea" once again visits the bayou by way of the Mississippi delta, Africa and Jamaica. "Seems Twice" brings Booker T and the MG's on to play. When a song has vocals Tex Perkins is the voice. He's a combination of Dr. John and C.C. Adcock. *The Honeymoon Is Over* sounds like the album Adcock and Dr. John would make together with Pittsburgh's Rusted Root. Is there more of this music down under? Head immediately to the used stores and pick up the promos no one in town listened to.

The The
Hanky Panky
550 Music/Epic

I viewed this disc somewhat impressively since I've never been a huge The The fan and I couldn't imagine them effectively covering the songs of Hank Williams.

Hanky Panky falls into the category of tribute albums. It isn't the long-awaited tribute with all the big-time country stars. One band only pays tribute to, arguably, the best country songwriter of all time.

My copy of the CD is the collectors edition which contains two discs and comes packaged in a pine box (thanks Skippy). Matt Johnson, guitars/vocals, explains in the liner notes that the band wanted to give the songs a The The treatment while remaining true to the emotional essence of Hank's work. They did so. Hank Williams was a man wracked with emotional pain, he eased that pain with the drink that killed him at



the age of 29. The painful words of his songs are best experienced in their original form. Hank Williams put every bit of his heartache into the recorded performances. I don't mean to subtract from The The's performances of them, but there was only one Hank Williams

Tears, drink and the blues are ever present in a Williams' song. "Weary blues from waitin'/Lord, I've been waitin' too long/These blues have got me cryin'/Oh, sweet mama, please come home." "There's a tear in my beer/Cause I'm crying for you, dear/You are on my lonely mind." "A jug of wine to ease my mind/But what good does it do?/The jug runs dry and still I cry/I can't escape from you." The The doesn't rock the songs up. Williams was capable of throwing a little rockabilly into a song, but as The The determined from their song selection his best work was the mournful ballad. "Honky Tonkin" is eerie on the album, "Six More Miles" has only vocals and harmonium played by D.C. Collard. The instrument turns "If You'll Be A Baby To Me" into a song of worship. The entire band gets together when the beam reaches "I'm A Long Gone Daddy." The song sounds like an out-take from a 15 year old Shockabilly session. "Weary Blues From Waitin'" has only Johnson's voice and minimal acoustic guitar

from Eric Shermershorn. The band chose not to cover "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," but the whippoorwill's call haunts "Weary Blues From Waitin'." "I Saw The Light" has a "lost wages" beat and **Gentleman Jim Fitting** celebrating Jesus with blues harmonica. The disc continues to spin through four more songs. Each is more wonderful than the one preceding. The bonus disc contains "I Saw The Light" and three more Williams songs not present on the full-length.

Give The The credit for an excellent CD. My one complaint is the brevity of the one CD package. It is just over 33 minutes long and the three songs on the bonus disc would easily fit on one CD. Instead, in order to have the entire package, you must either purchase the collectors edition or the CD and the "I Saw The Light" single. 14 songs simply aren't worth \$18 or more. Place it in the rip-off category along with the latest from King Crimson and the Who's Live At Leeds box. Great music ruined by greed and packaging errors.

OUTCROWD
Healer
Blackout Records

Outcrowd's first ep will not prepare you for their new Healer CD just released on one of my favorite labels, Blackout Records. This band is an ex garage gig from Maryland. My roommate said they were good and he was right. But the new disc is so much better than the first, I am molto impressionato. That means I like it. The songs are diverse and not similarly one minded. So once again our friends on the other coast produce another really good band that you might not get to see, but you can buy the album. Healer grows on you like, well like something you can't ignore. Like viral pneumonia or syphilis. Get it. It's worth the rash.

SMILE
Maquee
Headhunter/Cargo

This is such a good band I can hardly believe it. Maquee is such a good CD, I can barely stop myself from the usual rantings of how they are too good to get noticed and how they will suffer in the turmoil of anonymity until they break up. Maybe a great review from SLUG is the kiss of death, but this time I could be wrong. This time the usual idiots that don't listen to my preachings may just have to buckle under and admit that Smile is a gem. This

collection of cool tunes ranges from well done hard edged rock anthems (for the retarded teenage hipster population) to subtle harmonies layered with very cool melody lines from guitarist Mike Rosas. And what well written songs. Yes! And it counts! Mwaah! Maquee plays like a seven course dinner at Aldo's, full of tasty tidbits from what will be one of the best albums of 95.

GUZZARD
Quick, Fast, in a Hurry
Amphetamine/Reptile

Hard, fast and loud, Guzzard screams into this Cd like a pissed off prize fighter out for blood. Over the entire length of this aptly named album, you can't help but wonder what the fuck is in the water in Minneapolis? Hardcore fans will run scared from *Quick, Fast, in a Hurry* because it will probably scare them. But hold on and brace yourself, this second full length CD from Am/Rep's new grindboys will lure you into the energy/drone/overkill that makes Guzzard a band you'll want to come back to, like your favorite slut girlfriend. A major stiffy with few regrets, except that when it's over you're naked, covered in sweat and alone. To sum it up, just listen to the last song, 'Death Race 2000'... "Love to see you today, cause tomorrow you die"

TREE
Plant a Tree or Die
Cherrydisc

Not really my cup of tea, but hardcore fans will dig Tree (oops a pun) They do what they do pretty well, mixing different idioms of punk, metal and a little rap. This Boston based band has alot to say about politics, environmental issues, etc. and they are very tight with the much heavy guitar line into the thrash punk area. I did however, listen to "Johnny Bravo" for five and a half minutes, and it's only 1:33 long. But it's very cool. Check it out, it's on Cherrydisc and like I said, it's very hard and very tight.

URBAN DANCE SQUAD
Persona Non Grata
Virgin

Bad rap, bad guitars, bad CD...Bad dog, no biscuit.

THE MORTAL
MICRONOTZ TRIBUTE!
Iconoclastic Pop

If you don't know who the Mortal Miconrotz were, you're

probably from Utah. If you do, you could be from Utah, but you remember the Massacre Guys and LDS. The Micronotz were the first big punk band from Lawrence, Kansas. Actually, they helped put Lawrence on the map, with a little help from the NCAA. Anyway, the disc is full of local legends like William Burroughs, Kill Creek and Truck Stop Love, doing outstanding covers of NIN songs. Best cuts are 'Police Song' by Mopar Funeral, 'Subterfuge' by Kill Creek and a reaaaally freaky Mr. Burroughs version of 'Old Lady Sloan' with the Eudoras. A must-have for punk lovers that missed the early eighties, and a gotta get for those who didn't. A big hard stiffy for this Iconoclastic Pop compilation, plus another good reason to make a road trip to Lawrence.

DIE 116 *Dyna-Cool* Wreckage Records

I don't really care what bands DIE 116 came from, but you might. (Burn/Absolution/Rorschach). They don't sound like any of them, so don't expect a continuation theme. What you can expect is a very hard, driving, melodious, assault on the senses. Song like 'Drunk Tank' and 'Kill Me If I'm Wrong' to the Joseph Renz spoken word of 'The Colossus of New York' expand on this bands wisdom of heavy cool. It's huge bass and drums with intricate guitar scare tactics. DIE 116 is a sure fire alternative to the standard heavy hardcore genre of the bands that try to achieve this sound. Dyna-Cool displays a healthy disregard for formulas and rules, which makes it that much better of an album. Keep an eye out for them in the spring, maybe we'll be lucky enough to get a spot on their upcoming tour. Meantime, invest the \$15 or so it will cost you to pick up a dose of heavy reality from DIE 116. Or, you can always trade in those stupid NIN discs, you'll be a better person for it.

CHEVY HESTON Cherrydisc

Chevy Heston is wierd. But it is catchy and cool. The songs are easy to listen to and they say fuck alot, which normally means that the band can't write. But Chevy can. The songs are full of funny stories wrapped around nice melodies that make you sing along when you're doing the dishes or the dirty work. Best tunes on the CD are 'they raped THESE Kids', 'Kicking My Ass Again' and 'We Built This City' (not a remake, don't worry) It's good stuff, and the more I listened to it, the more the humor gave way to Chevy's obvious talent for songwriting. Not to mention

the cool story on the CD sleeve and the cat picture. Definately a keeper that I won't have to take to Grey Whale and trade in for another copy of Madonna's new LP.

FLOWERHEAD *The People's Fuzz* Zoo Entertainment/BMG

I can't figure this band out. They sound like they grew up listening to the Beatles, but as drummer Kyle Thomas says "I have high hopes for all of us if we can just stay out of jail, and make it to 24 years old" That would make them all sperm cells when the Beatles broke up. Oh well. There's a ton of info on Flowerhead that tells you who they are, where they are from, and so on. The only thing you need to know is that they are a psychedelic hard rock band from Austin that reminds me that there's still cool music being made today, even in the era of Madonna and Herby Luv Bug. Much melodious killer gooves and medium rare guitar hooks in this tribute to the fuzz box. What a cool band. What a cool album. I wish I could write a review that was as good as the CD.

CREEDLE *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* Headhunter/Cargo

My Creedle CD will not play in my CD player. Nor will it play in my roommate's or in my girlfriends car. Brian from Headhunter will just have to send me another one. You will just have to wait...just as I wrote that, Fedex came to the door with another Creedle CD with my name on it. Fuckin Brian kicks ass, maybe I should give him my tax refund. The Creedle bio is out there, and I mean OUT THERE. but after listening to *Silent Weapons*, the bio seems pretty sedate and layed back. It is Creedle who are out there, and I don't mean a little bit. Zappa influenced, experimental, conversing with Satan, all these comparisons fall short of the truth. don't get me wrong, I loved this CD! You listen to it like one slows down at a traffic accident. It draws you in, and makes you want to hear every word, ala Revolution #9 on the White Album. My favorite song by far, is 'Egg Dogg', the story of a dog who moves to Colorado, and never writes or calls. Every time this CD gets a little wierd, they slap you in the face with another cool ditty like 'Kundalini Oh!' Creedle is a very gifted outfit, but I'm almost positive that they are lunatics. I will keep this disc forever, not because I like it, but it will make a great reference point as to when the world finally lost it's collective mind.



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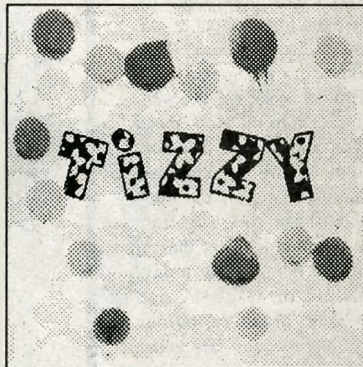
Angel Spit - "Speculation" / "New Age Parade," "Dogs Of Class Warfare." My throat is sore/oh so sore/1,2,3 4. I need some fucking cough syrup/ I need a gun to the head/1,2,3,4. They're from Seattle and the record was produced by Jack Endino. "Dogs Of Class Warfare" is the best song because of the title. Not fast enough for true thrash and lacking any semblence of power pop for "new punks." I'll listen to it again.

Pigmy Love Circus - "Drug Run To Fontana" / "Centralized 1 & 2." Ooh, this one is heavy metal and it is pressed on pink vinyl. The vocals are done in traditional ZZzzzz Top/Scott Goddard "Cowpunk" fashion - run through some voice processing equipment. Cowpunk heavy metal from Los Angeles? That is right and they are on a drug run so stay out of this head bangin crew's way. On the flip is more of the same. I'll bet these guys are really cute in person, but on the record they are walking the walk and talking the talk that kinda grows on you. Maybe that's because there are two versions of the same song on the flip.



Scud Mountain Boys split single with Steve Westfield & The Slow Band - "Television" / "Sittin' On The Bottom Of The World." What have we here? The record label is Chunk, the thing plays at 45 rpm and sounds like 33. "Television" is a pretty ballad fea-

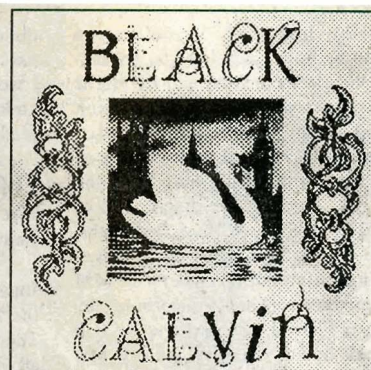
ture during acoustic and electric guitars. Two revivals meet in the same song - folk and lounge music with a love song on the flip if that is possible. Neil Young plays the Las Vegas lounge circuit depressed as hell and wearing a dress. In reality this is a project with Lou Barlow involvement. Thanks Gianni, I can probably sell it in *Goldmine* for double my yearly SLUG wage in about a year.



Tizzy - "New Jersey/Betty Vs. Veronica." Also from Chunk is this record with a handpainted cover. Someone in the band probably teaches pre-school so they had the class decorate a bunch of them one day. Pretty little drops of paint in red, yellow and blue are all over my copy. Looks like two girls and a boy are in the band and they play jangly guitar pop. Chiming guitars, nice voice on the singer and just enough of an edge to hold interest. Let's have some more of this Chunk stuff please.

Even as I type the words yet another Chunk single appears. This is a split with the Silver Jews and New Radiant Storm Kings. Silver Jews and Nico - "The Sabellion Rebellion," "Old New York" / New Radiant Storm King - "Rocket Scientist." The record is see through orange and the music is full-on lounge. The Silver Jews sample Nico for the first song and get falling down drunk for the second one. On the flip, which spins at 45 rpm not 33 as the first side did, is some lo-fi. Trademark Sebadoh if I've ever heard it. Acoustic balladry is mixed with noise and a great pop tune.

Black Calvin - "Postcard/Be With You." Someone has been listening to the Gang Of Four, The Pop Group and MX-80 Sound again. This one takes me back a few years to be quite honest. They come from Lawrence, KS and have two boys and a girl in the band. Clang and bang all



the way while the girl screams the chorus in the background. The flip is more of the same. Good single from this group! It comes with a little Xeroxed fanzine that effectively and once again chronicles the decaying society we all live in.



Sorry folks, but Tony at Burnt Sienna wins again. His entry this month is a split single from My White Bread Mom and Moody Jackson. My White Bread Mom - "Counter Culture . Daddy Warlord," "Milky Way Estates" / Moody Jackson - "Lunatics," "Postman," "Yesterday," "Martina." No, no, it's too fast, stop it you're hurting me. If extremely fast punk rock-is what you like this single is for you. These guys play so fast it is impossible to keep up with them. The first song is about the older guy next door who likes young boys and girls. The second is a science fiction tune. Lucky families are moving to outer space. Moody Jackson plays the same brand of music with good song themes. Lunatics on the streets, in the clubs and as your best friend, the postman is so God damn slow, love is hard to find and a Martina McBride cover. Each lasts about a minute and a lyric sheet is included.

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think there's a comic market out there and no one is tapping in to it.

VB: Arc Verotik books the 90's version of EC comics? Danzig: I sure hope we can change as many things as EC did. Again, like you said, it's the 90's, so we're out to change the face of comics. I want people to view comics totally different. Like in other countries, especially Japan, because we're going to be bringing some Japanese stuff over and computer coloring and translating them to English. Japanese comic artists are treated with respect. They're very talented and it's a real art. Here in America it's business. You can see it in the way that many of the companies treat their artists. They just treat them like shit. They're just a cog in the wheel and if you don't play the ballgame the way they want you to you're out and they just bring somebody else in, as if the artist isn't that important to a book. For us it's more than a business. Everybody here at this company loves comics, and I personally want to see it go to the next level. VB: What about the younger comic reader? Danzig: Comics have got to be taken to the next level. There's a place for the kid comic books, but it's dwindling. Vidcos are eating that up and so is music. VB: You mentioned reading Marvel when it first started. What did you think of Jack Kirby's work? Danzig: I remember once I moved out here to L.A., which was about six years ago, I used to go up and visit Jack Kirby all the time. I had a friend who was his agent. Every two or three weeks I'd be up there. Having grown up with Jack's books and then talking to him, I remember how important those stories were, and he was always pushing it too. Even in the 70's with his Fourth World stuff, which I liked the most out of all this stuff, he was really pushing it. Now here was a guy who took artwork and made it become a new language. It didn't even almost matter what the words were, you just got something when you looked at the artwork, it was like a language. A new kind of way to communicate with somebody.

Danzig says that for a comic to succeed, the writer must work with the pictures to avoid repeating the same thought. Danzig avoids this trap by working with the artist page by page, and developing the writing and the dialogue simultaneously, like Jack Kirby's brand of storytelling. It must be working, Verotika #1 is fast selling out across the country. According to one distributor, they haven't received any requests for returns on the book (it was not solicited as containing adult material so they expected complaints) and do not have copies for the stores that are trying to reorder extras.

VB: Getting back to Verotika #1, I really

liked Simon Bisley's art on the first story. Did you purposely write it with very little dialog?

Danzig: If the artist is already saying something, I'm not going to repeat it. Simon has a great style, we were in sync doing this story. VB: Olyoptics is the most expensive colorist in the industry and did a fairly good job coloring Verotika. Do you plan on having them color the rest of your line? Danzig: No. They didn't follow the color guides we provided. I felt that we weren't given the best work they were capable of, yet they charged us as if they did the job we asked them to do.

Verotika is a bimonthly erotic horror anthology, and it bears a distinct difference to a lot of other anthologies in that only horror writers will be working on it; like Nancy Collins and Grant Morrison. Satanika is a bimonthly comic about a half-human, half-demon woman on a mission of vengeance against her demon father; plans are also in progress to make an original animation video of this character. Deathdealer was a character that Frank Frazetta created in a painting back in the 70's sometime as well as a series of paperback novels, Danzig will personally be writing new stories and adventures for him. (Deathdealer), it will be gritty and very violent.

VB: Your dedication to this art form is refreshing. I take it that you want to expand the comics reading audience by doing it yourself since the other publishers aren't doing it. Danzig: I keep wondering if the comics industry will move forward and stop killing itself? The audience is begging for expansion in certain areas, but the big companies are so happy with the status quo that their influence is stifling the rest of the industry. VB: So are some publishers limiting comics in their versatility and therefore ability to entertain a larger segment of the population? Danzig: America is a repressive society bordering on fascism, when are we going to stand up for our rights and stop this covert censorship? Just like every other entertainment medium, comics are not limited to one specific age group. Why can Penthouse Magazine get through customs but not Penthouse Comic?

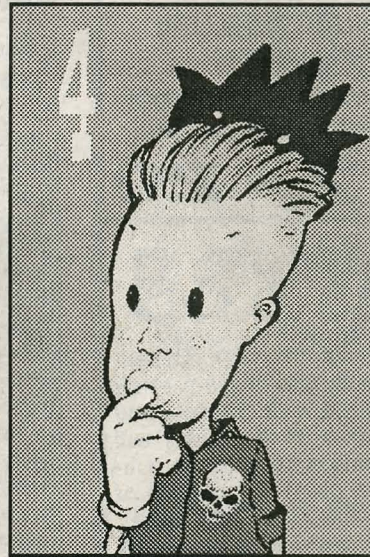
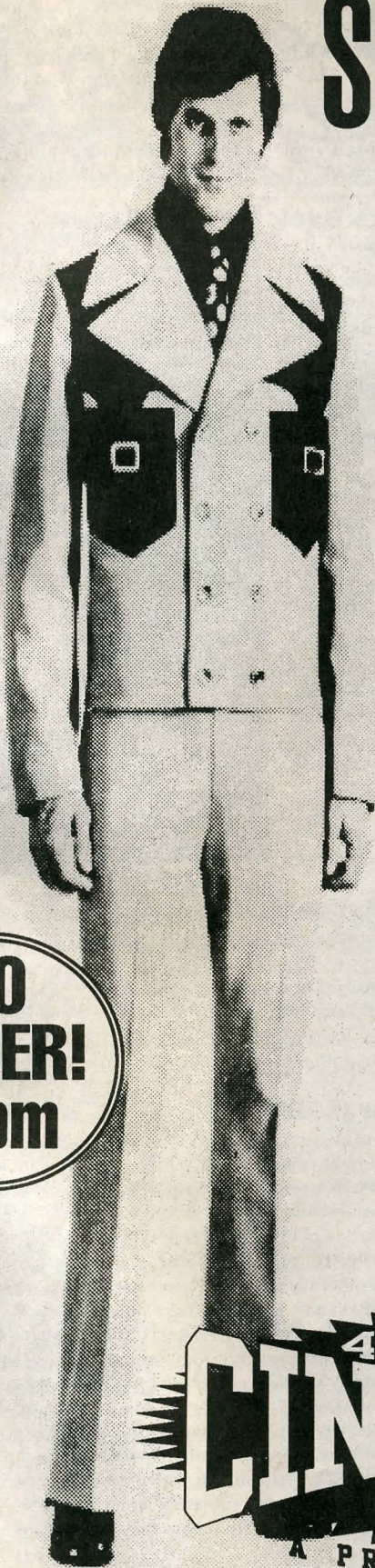
It seems as if publisher Glenn Danzig has a true love of the comic book art form from the way he has gathered the best artists, writers, colorists and pliners in the industry, and he doesn't seem concerned with the cost of publishing the books with the best quality available. Nor does Danzig seem concerned if they do not sell well immediately. VB: Will Verotik's books be available at your concerts? Danzig: I try not to cross the two, I don't want to exploit that. There might be a booth set up at our

shows when we go out to play. If it turns people on to comics, then that's even better, these people may be looking for a new form of entertainment. If it's because I'm in music and they pick it up and like it, we get a new customer and they get a new form of entertainment. Again, it goes back to making comics important again. VB: What about literary value? Danzig: One of the stories we contracted for Verotika #5 looks like it's going to be awarded the Bram Stoker Award for a short story. This is the kind of stuff I like to hear. In a way I'm creating books that I want to read for myself. If others enjoy it too, all the better. Besides when you get your hands on these books, you'll have a true work of collectible art. There is a readership out there for these books. It may take time to let them all know what we have available for them, but I'm willing to promote them and give them a chance to grow that readership. VB: What about the people that find out about your books after they sell out? Danzig: I will not reprint these books. I may do collections of them but I'm not going back to press on single issues. You can't ignore the business side of it, but it doesn't mean you can't put out a good book.

Co-conspirators, Hart Fisher and Steve Wardlaw are running the day to day of Verotik Publishing. Both of these gentlemen have worked in the industry before they worked for Verotik Publishing. Hart Fisher has been called "The most dangerous man in comics". He is the publisher of Boneyard Press which has released such favorites as Jeffrey Dahmer: An Unauthorized Biography of a Serial Killer, Bill the Bull, Rush Limbaugh Must Die, and Doin' time with OJ. He has proven to be a courageous cut-through-the-bull-shit kind of guy so should fit in well with Glenn Danzig's team. Steven Wardlaw, the Director of Marketing and Promotions, has worked for six years in the industry. DC Comics and Tundra Publishing (which has been known to publish controversial material), are two of the companies Steven has worked for as well as running his own consulting company Wardlaw Studios, (which has assisted numerous companies with all aspects of comics publishing).

VB: One final question. Do you think we're experiencing a return to the comic book witch-hunts of the 1950's, the kind that led to the demise of EC Comics (publisher of Tales From the Crypt)? Danzig: It started there with the comics industries self-imposed censorship, and it was out of control then, but it has continued with cover advisories and printers refusing to print certain material. This is all just holding back the possible explosion of comics in America.

Saturday, April 29



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"A DAZZLER...INNOCENT YET EROTIC!"

- Owen Gleiberman, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY.

APRIL 7 - 20



B-MOVIE REVIEWS

BY B-ZILLA

Jacks Back (1988)

Director Roddy Harrington did a unique job with this Jack the Ripper themed movie. Its not just some London after midnight prostitute slice and gash. Its a cool re-telling of the typical Ripper hooker murders, but the story changes speeds, and gets interesting as James Spader tries to find out where and who the killer is as he searches his own subconscious for clues. Worth checking out even if you don't like Spader.



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Meet one of America's most independent and intelligent, if frequently bizarre and off-the-wall, directors and personalities. A book signing will begin at 7:30 and is open to the public (we'll have plenty of copies of John's witty CRACKPOT on hand). At 9:15, John will begin his wildly amusing discussion, to be followed by a double-feature of his films SERIAL MOM and PINK FLAMINGOS. Tickets go on sale April 1st.

APRIL 14TH

NAKED KILLER

"★★★★ A wallow in luridness - an indiluted immersion in the cinematic possibilities of violence and sex. Presented at a lightning pace with no subtlety or moralizing, NAKED KILLER is one of the most twisted, un hypocritical and delightful super-action films".

- San Francisco Chronicle.



APRIL 14 - 27

TOWER THEATRE

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The Believers (1988)

Mr. Coffee murders Mary Sheen's wife then goes into hiding in a dumpster. Well not really, but it sounds better than what actually follows the opening electrocution. A voodoo'crist is the enemy here, and Sheen tries to save his son from a creepy eyed witch doctor. Theres some cool FX, and some chills, but the movie winds down into nothing special.

Junior (1986)

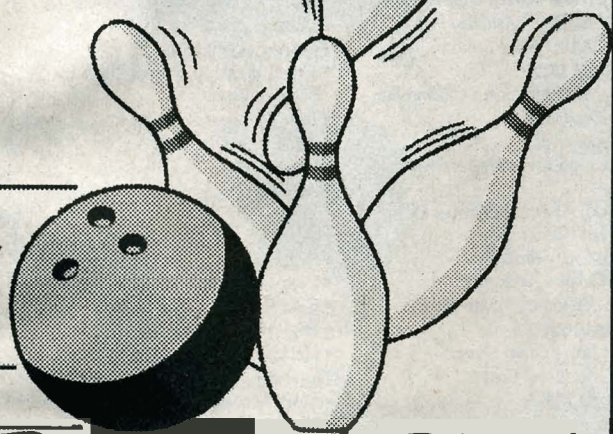
Not to be confused with the now famous docu-drama based on J.R. Ruppel's decadent life that Ron (Opey) Howard lensed back in the 70's, this is a similar tale with fewer broken hearts, and busted heads.

The Video box of this 1988-Junior says something like "Look out Freddy!, Step back Chucky, bullet in yer head Jason, Juniors here!". In other words Junior is supposed to be a big new slasher movie, but oh no it is really an exploitation movie. Of course I'm not complaining, just a little mislead. The story is about two girls fresh out of prison, one is dumb, one smart, both bad assed.bitches! The first thing they do is beat up some dirtbag, steal his car, and tool off (tool'in?) towards a new future. Unfortunately for the riot grrrrlls they stop in the wrong town. They're immediately hassled by a sleazy sheriff, and then his asshole friends, one of them being Junior! The main action is all the tits bouncing around, and booty shake'in. This one probably won't satisfy the gore hound in you, but the soft core porn scenes may satisfy something of yours.

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DAILY DRINK

Monday, April 3rd

- Carolines Spine - *The Zephyr*
- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat*
- Season To Risk, Power Tools for Girls, Valdarama - *Cinema Bar*

Tuesday, April 4th

- James Stewart - *Cinema Bar*
- John the Conqueror - *Dead Goat*
- Carolines Spine - *Bar & Grill*

Wednesday, April 5th

- Carolines Spine - *Cinema Bar*
- Volunteer King - *Dead Goat*
- Deviance, NovaGenus - *Bar & Grill*
- Greg Piccalo and Heavy Juice - *The Zephyr*
- Blue Wood Moon - *Green Guinea*
- Pagan Love Gods - *Burts Tiki*
- Blues On First - *Ashbury Pub*
- Easy Street - *Starr Studio*

Thursday, April 6th

- State of Mind - *Cinema Bar*
- Boddy BlicK - *Dead Goat*
- Mr. Green, Jezus Rides a Rik-Sha - *Bar & Grill*
- Maria Muldaur - *The Zephyr*
- Caroline's Spine - *Green Guinea*
- House Of Cards - *Burts Tiki*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*
- Fender Benders - *Uncle Barts*
- Easy Street, Time Machine - *Starr Studio*

- Reverend Willie, Thirsty Alley - *Cinema Bar*

- Wish, Elbo Finn - *Bar & Grill*
- Backwash - *Dead Goat*
- Fat Paw - *The Zephyr*
- All Souls Avenue, Blasting Agents - *Green Guinea*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- Rick Welter Trio - *Ashbury Pub*
- Boneshelf, Visionary - *Starr Studio*

Saturday, April 8th

- Splatterfield, Wolfs Child - *Starr Studio*
- Mary Monique & the Trip - *Dead Goat*
- Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
- Renegade Saints, The Weed - *Cinema Bar*
- Jerry Joseph - *The Zephyr*
- Lights Out, Breach - *Green Guinea*
- Snake & The Fatman - *Ashbury Pub*

Sunday, April 9th

- Lights Out Jam - *Green Guinea*
- Push on Junior - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*
- The Strangers - *The Zephyr*

Monday, April 10th

- Low Pop Suicide, Latimer, Compulsion - *The Zephyr*
- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat*
- Temco - *Cinema Bar*

Tuesday, April 11th

- Atomic 61, Control Freak, Gern Blanston - *Cinema Bar*
- Sugarhouse - *Dead Goat*
- Foreskin 500, Bohemia, Power Tools for Girls - *Bar & Grill*
- Zoo People - *The Zephyr*
- Aaron Jones - *Ashbury Pub*

Wednesday, April 12th

- Spittin' Lint - *Cinema Bar*
- Rhythm Mob - *Dead Goat*
- SSURJ - *Bar & Grill*

- Little Charlie & the Nightcats - *The Zephyr*

- Fender Benders - *Green Guinea*
- Pagan Love Gods - *Burts Tiki*
- Blue Healer - *Ashbury Pub*
- Loud Silence - *Starr Studio*

Thursday, April 13th

- Fossile, Gen 13 - *Cinema Bar*
- Fat Paw - *Dead Goat*
- Sir Knobbie Hassle, Scar Strangled Banger - *Bar & Grill*
- Hindu Rodeo - *The Zephyr*
- Jezus Rides a Rik-sha - *Green Guinea*
- Rattle Kings - *Burts Tiki*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*
- Fender Benders - *Uncle Barts*
- Loud Silence - *Starr Studio*

Friday, April 14th

- Scabs On Strike, Pijamas De Gato - *Cinema Bar*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Dead Goat*
- Everclear, Abstrak - *Bar & Grill*
- Twist Offs, God Lives Underwater - *The Zephyr*
- Dogs Day, Truce - *Green Guinea*
- A Band & His Dog - *Ashbury Pub*
- Treehouse, Aziz - *Starr Studio*

- Swoon 23, Mary Monique - *Cinema Bar*

- Insatiable - *Dead Goat*
- So Wut - *Bar & Grill*
- Twist Offs, God Lives Underwater - *The Zephyr*
- Riverbed Jed, Abstrak, Pijamas De Gato - *Green Guinea*
- Peper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- House Of Cards - *Ashbury Pub*
- Treehouse, Visionary - *Starr Studio*

Sunday, April 16th

- Lights Out Jam - *Green Guinea*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

Monday, April 17th

- Darts Tournament - *Cinema Bar*
- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat*
- Red Hot Blues - *The Zephyr*

Tuesday, April 18th

- Blue Healer - *Dead Goat*
- Motocaster, Brutal Juice, NovaGenus - *Cinema Bar*
- Mary Monique, The Trip - *Ashbury Pub*

Wednesday, April 19th

- Circle of Dust - *The Zephyr*
- Oats, SSURJ - *Cinema Bar*
- Love Hate Love - *Dead Goat*
- Blues On First - *Green Guinea*
- Pagan Love Gods - *Burts Tiki*
- Rattle Kings - *Ashbury Pub*
- Dogsday - *Starr Studio*

Thursday, April 20th

- Abstrak, 3 Rinse Rule - *Cinema Bar*
- House of Cards - *Dead Goat*
- Pagan Love Gods - *Bar & Grill*
- Common Ground - *DJ'S*
- Ray Band - *The Zephyr*
- Counter Clockwise - *Green Guinea*
- Soda Jerks - *Burts Tiki*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*
- Fender Benders - *Uncle Barts*
- Third Stone

Friday, April 21st

- River Bed Jed, Style Monkeez - *Cinema Bar*
- Common Ground - *DJ'S*

- Snake & The Fatman - *Dead Goat*
- Sonny Landreth - *The Zephyr*
- Sugarhouse, Marmalade Hill - *Green Guinea*
- Marymonique - *Burts Tiki*
- Back In Black, Splatter Field - *Starr Studio*

Saturday, April 22nd

- Sourmash, A Band & His Dog - *Cinema Bar*
- Zion Tribe - *Dead Goat*
- Common Ground - *DJ'S*
- Wolfgang Press - *The Zephyr*
- Cannibal Fish - *Green Guinea*
- Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- Visionary, Wolfgang - *Starr Studio*
- Backwash - *Ashbury Pub*

Sunday, April 23rd

- Violent Green - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*
- Lights Out Jam - *Green Guinea*

Monday, April 24th

- Darts Tournament - *Cinema Bar*
- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat*
- Mary Karlsen, Mary Monique - *The Zephyr*

Tuesday, April 25th

- Crash Worship, Power Tools for Girls - *Cinema Bar*
- Butt Trumpet - *Bar & Grill*
- The Pinch - *Dead Goat*
- Kevin & Rex - *Ashbury Pub*

Wednesday, April 26th

- Crash Worship - *Cinema Bar*
- Common Ground - *Bar & Grill*
- Rezin - *Dead Goat*
- Peppa & the Jah Soldiers - *The Zephyr*
- Blue Flames - *Green Guinea*
- Pagan Love Gods - *Burts Tiki*
- Slackjaw - *Ashbury Pub*

Thursday, April 27th

- Mary Monique & The Trip - *The Zephyr*
- Joe Jam Night - *Bar & Grill*
- Rythm Fish - *Cinema Bar*
- The Rhythmites - *Dead Goat*
- Uncle Big Bad, Idiocracy - *Green Guinea*
- Rattle Kings - *Burts Tiki*
- Meg Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*
- Fender Benders - *Uncle Barts*

Friday, April 28th

- River Bed Jed - *Bar & Grill*
- Laundry - *Cinema Bar*
- Fat Paw - *The Zephyr*
- Crossroads - *Dead Goat*
- Blue Healer - *Green Guinea*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- Harlot, Dogsday - *Starr Studio*
- Rayband - *Ashbury Pub*

Saturday, April 29th

- Rythm Fish - *Dead Goat*
- Headshake - *Bar & Grill*
- SLUG COMPILATION 4 Tape Release Party w/Decomposers, Clatterbean - *Cinema Bar*
- Disco Drippers - *The Zephyr*
- Elbo Finn - *Green Guinea*
- Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- Harlot, Dogsday - *Starr Studio*
- I-Roots - *Ashbury Pub*
- ★ Youth Brigade, Screw 32, Anger

Overload - *DV8 Basement (All Ages Welcome)*

Sunday, April 30th

- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat*

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