

SLUG

FREE
MAY 95 #77

VOWEL MOVEMENT

PLUS...

CRISPIN CLOVER

All - interview

PSYCLONE RANGERS

BLOODFISH

DEAR DICKHEADS

HELEN WOLF

PSYCHO CORNER

AGENT ORANGE

RECORDS

WINGS BURN

CRABOLT



**SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS**

SLUG

MAY of 1995

Volume 7 • Issue 05 • #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

PLANET SLUG

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

Hey Scott, I'd like to start off with stating a simple fact, we at Media Play deal directly with Happyville. Second, just because I'm not fucking cool enough to work in your pansy ass retro disco, Depeche Mode boy store, doesn't give you the right to slump me in your fucking genre.

Did you ever stop to think, "hey, maybe a large company like Media Play has the ability to take a band national. That would be pretty cool to take a local on a national scale". Duh! Oh maybe that is a little above your range of comprehension.

(Oh by the way, what are you interested in, bottom line, how much fucking cash you can shove in those fucking Girbaud jeans. I'd say that's a pretty close shot. I'm thinking bull's eye maybe. You could give a damn less whether locals make it. Give me a fucking break.)

But hey, what can you expect from "Retro Eighties Anal/Nasal Boy Wonder. Why don't you crawl back in the hole you slithered out of, with your limited edition Depeche Mode singles and your Psychedelic Furs T-shirt, and stay there. Because obviously the light of the nineties is too much

for your closed little mind.

One last suggestion Scott, that might help, pull your head out of your anal-retentive ass because it is obviously cutting off the oxygen to your brain.

T, at media play

p.s. What you are failing to see is what's important. And what's important is the music, and that is the bottom line!

Ed: Couldn't you make point without attacking Scott on a personal level? Guess not. Well, he happens to be a very cool guy who does ALOT for local music, regardless of what type of music he listens to, or the pants he wears. I think that is the bottom line.

Dear Slug Staff,

I was going to write to your Dear Dick Heads column in response to Scott at Crandall. I chose not to because I work for the Ft. Union Media Play, and his stupid letter apparently pissed off enough people that I spoke with, that if they all wrote in you obviously have been flooded, and the only response I personally have is-should a local act worry where there C.D. is selling so long as it's selling. I wouldn't!

Joshua L. Anderson

Dear Dickheads,

Ed Note: This is the space where we didn't print his letter, but here's the P.S.

P.S. You don't got the balls to print this stupid fucking letter.

Later Dickheads

H. Dillon

#02341-081, M/N

P.O. Box 23811

Tucson, AZ 85706

ED: You're right tough guy we don't

NEWS FROM PLANET SLUG

• Private Eye Vibes 95' The P.E. staff dares to pretend they care about local musicians, and then slams SLUG about writing up local bands. What have you EVER done for local bands, except take their money for listing them in your annual music issue? Ever seen a local band, besides at the Port O' Call? Ever sponsored ANYTHING for local music? That's right you screwed us at last years Alternative Arts Fest, cuz you had to have exclusive rights to advertise, then you never did. Leaving us, and every local band that played, holding the ball. Including Al Grossi, gui-

WRITERS NOTICE:

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

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-SLUG
Magazine

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tarist for House of Cards, who you put on the cover as your 'Super Group' guitar player, yet you haven't reviewed their CD yet, have you? We did it 5 months ago. Have you even listened to it? You fucking HYPOCRITS! The least you could do, is spell the name of your mag properly... Private Eye WEAKLY.

• Alex Boynton asked us to retract the statement that he is involved in any new 'magazine' for fun or profit. Consider it retracted. He is, however, involved in pouring me many tasty beers over conversation of Soulhat and the C.I.A. down at the Ashbury Pub.

• Ad News article on local publishers. Not exactly what I said, but I won't bitch because Elizabeth was really cool. I did not create SLUG however, JR did. It is all his fault, not mine.

• Many Thanks to all participants in SLUG Bowl 2. William 'Mr.200' Athey, and kids, The Floyds, Burts, ALL the bands, ALL the writers, Julie, Deisel, and the other members of team SLUG...JR, Maile, and Crystal. We sucked, but we looked good

• SLUG...as of the March issue we are now distributed Nationally. That's right kids, people all over America aren't reading your letters either. We hope to keep growing and getting better, while maintaining a local format. I know we have the best writers, art designers and proof reader in the state, I just hope the readers are still making fun of it, I know I am.

In closing, a big 'fuck you' to the hypocrit dead-heads that left a ton of garbage outside the Delta Center, I'm sure Jerry would have been very proud. Oh well, I'm wasting precious spotted owl ink...

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papakega

THIRSTY ALLEY
papakega

1 sugar house

8 DART TOURN

9 NORM -n- JOHN

10 sugar house

11 SLICK 50
DECOMPOSERS

12 CHINA WHITE
UXA

13 ETHYR IRIS

14 APRICOT JAM
THE FLAPJACKS

15 DART TOURN

16 CHOKEBORE
Bohemia Cokleo

17 Kitty Winder

18 MEDESKI MARTIN WOOD
THIRSTY ALLEY

19 57 LESBIAN
MT. SHASTA

20 PLOWMAN
ABSTRAK

21 DEAN EVANS
(COMIC)

22 DART TOURN

23 DECOMPOSERS
NOVAGENUS

24 THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK
DEVIANCE

25 DEAD BOLT
LOW RENT SOULS

MONO MEDIA
26 FLATHEAD
VOODOO SWING
(Record Release)

MONO MEDIA
27 VOODOO SWING
(Record Release)
FLATHEAD

28 GAIN CHAIR
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29 DART TOURN

30 MOON SHINE WILLY
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31 6 HEAD

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**PSYCHO
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by J.T. &
The Fatman

**"Slamming You,
the World, Every
Half Hour"**

...Phillip Rowe, a British man whose wife was infatuated with singer Michael Bolton, strangled her to death after being told "You'll never be half the man he is" A little harsh, but Bolton is a weeny. ••• Idalis, MTV VJ-breast implant model, what's with the accent more phony than your tits? I'm black, I'm white, I'm from Brooklyn, I'm from Kansas. Bring back Martha. ••• Just in case you didn't know, MTV(which usually stands for My Television Vomits) DID NOT create The Maxx, Sam Kieth did, and it is a very cool comic book, besides being the only good thing on MTV. ••• Whoever that chick is that sings "Mr. Personality" and "Short Man" needs to take a serious look in the mirror. You can't dance, sing or write, and you might want to start dieting before you make fun of any more ex-boyfriends. ••• Due to SLUG going Nationwide last month, several collect phone calls from all over the country from a Mr. Clyde Burnee. There can be only one! And we HATE him. ••• Eddie VanHalen got arrested last month for carrying a loaded 9mm Barretta handgun on to a commercial airline. Ed claims he forgot he wasn't on a private jet. Hmm, he stopped drinking and got a shitty haircut, now he's packin heat. Coincidence? I think not. ••• Local record store clerks in a heated battle over where to take local music...you girls should take a valium. Local bands, do something with a REAL local label. VooDoo Dog Records. Ask for Dan @ 467-7479. He's cool, and he'll tell you that you're cool too ••• Mr. I Love Salt Lake, Ian Astbury of The Cult, tells SLUG what a cool city it is, and then later at the Dead Goat, gives a Dead Goat tee shirt (a gift) back, saying he would never support this place cuz he hates it. All because nobody kissed his ass while he was there. ••• The Grid...ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha heh heh ha ha ha ha ha ha ha hee hee hee ho ho ho ho hee ho ho hee hee ho ho ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha hah. ••• 'MTV Inside Unplugged' with Courtney Love's Hole, isn't your real name Mary Jo Blahsville? She destroys "Hungry Like the Wolf" (a bad song to start with) and then destroys guitars onstage. Wow, you're so punk. Hire all the cello players in the world, sweetie, and you still are a no talent marketing scam. Gee, a bunch of people who can't play amplified, so strap on a box and run a bunch of effects and have a drummer with a 23 piece set playing louder than anyone on stage. How alternative, man. ••• Madonna the Marilyn Monroe of the 90's? No, I don't think so. She's rich. Cañ't she get that space between her teeth fixed? Can't she think of anything else but sex? Won't any more ugly sports stars sleep with her? Isn't the difference between Madonna and Marilyn, the same difference that exists between champagne and cat urine? •••

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SEE'YA POSERS

Well the day has come that I can finally rid myself of this monkey on back. Most of you probably don't read the credits in the front of the magazine but if you did you will notice that my name is no longer listed.

My name is JR Ruppel and I have been putting this shit rag together. I am not anymore. There is a lot of political mumbo jumbo and corporate takeover bullshit and all I got out of it was the satisfaction of knowing I did a good job, a portable stereo and a copy of J Binders CD.

I would like to say I will miss all of you but to be quite honest I have had up to my neck with you sniveling little posers. Besides you can hear Flaming Lips on the top forty radio stations, local music on X96, and go to a "alternative show" without a "cool" t-shirt on get called a poser. Go figure.

I will still be helping Gianni put this crap together because he is computer illiterate and I will make sure that your ads and stories still look good. However, if you see me in a bar now and you want to make some ridiculous comment about SLUG to me—don't bother I have nothing to do with it. If you play in a band and you want to get publicity, don't talk to me about it. If you don't like what SLUG has to say, don't read it...I don't. Pick up a copy of GRID and see how they inform you.

If you are one of those many assholes who have come up to me and said, "I don't like your opinions in SLUG." I don't put opinions in SLUG, nor have I, that is your job, I started this for you apathetic losers. I did this as a hobby to promote my own ventures, now SLUG is a business, and I hate business. I would rather spend money on a paper than make money on it. It takes away from the integrity of the paper. Not that I feel the paper will not survive just fine without me. That is up to the community to keep it good. If you lazy fuckers don't do anything about it it is your fault. It is out of my hands.

If you want my opinions here they are

- Someone should push Robert Smith (The Cure) off one of those cliffs in his videos. He is boring and he is drowning in his own pool of misery and mediocracy.

- Salt Lake will never be Seattle because it is Salt Lake. Everyone here has been copying Seattle for the last 5 years and it's still Salt Lake.

- Being an a major label is not selling out. Selling a zillion albums is not selling out. Being on MTV is not selling out. Selling out is bowing down, playing music for poontang, money, or fame.

- Budweiser is the King Of Beers!

Well I'm off. I will be spending my time in the garage. Me & Stimboy are going to build a hotrod and race out at Bonneville. Come see us race. Our car will be the '71 Chevy Nova with SLAYER airbrushed on the side of it.

—Good Riddance fuckers
J.R. Ruppel

CONCERT PREVIEW

KMFDM

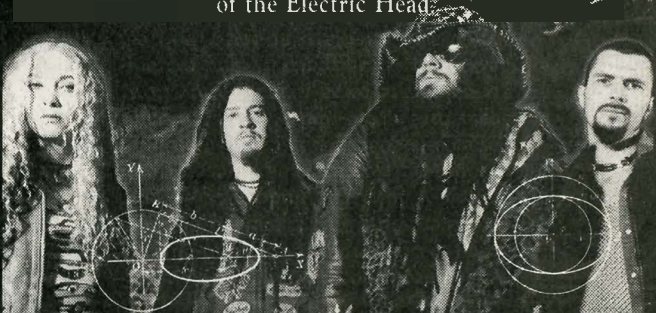
The death of "alternative" appears on the shores of the lake and a free show for all X-96 listeners, or at least all those lucky enough to win tickets. "Alternative" radio is scrambling to fill airtime with new material at a time when a wealth is available, it just doesn't fit the narrow definition of "alternative." Duran Duran releases a terrible album, New Order recycles their greatest hits and ALL might creep onto a play list or two. Thank goodness for Filter, The Grid and the Rednex. At least now the programmers have a new KMFDM album to play too.

Pigface, Cop Shoot Cop and Foetus are probably too extreme for radio. En Esche's solo work is too. KMFDM are on a cool record label and they like to sing about themselves a lot so even though they are extreme audience demand makes them acceptable. They married hip hop to industrial in 1989. Heavy metal was always present as was the "dance" beat. Found sounds, samples, female gospel vocals etc fill out their latest release NIHL. One of the saviours for the "alternative" format will bury the term once and for all on May 10. Now what are they going to call it?

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SALT AIR

VOWEL MOVEMENT

An all too brief talk
with **Johnette Napolitano**

"...it is complete now, two ends of time are neatly tied"
—from 'Tomorrow Wendy'
Concrete Blonde, *Bloodletting*

The reason I quote this song, besides its deep meaning to the rest of the lyrics, is that Johnette Napolitano has tied two ends of time rather nicely, and is stringing up for more. As the ex singer/bassist/songwriter for Concrete Blonde, she captured the hearts and minds of many free thinking people, who were moved in some way by the band, the lyrics, the exquisite playing of Jim Mankey (Concrete Blonde guitarist) or some small thing that stuck in their heads. For me, it was all of the above and much more. That is why I smoked 17 cigarettes waiting for her to call, after drinking lattes all morning, trying to think of good questions to ask. I must first apologize for not getting a chance to talk to Holly Vincent, her partner in crime in their new band **Vowel Movement**. That would have been too much for me in one day though. Holly is equally as important an influence as Johnette. They are two of the women who most likely gave the spunk, drive and passion to the likes of Liz Phair, Seven Year Bitch, L7 and that Courtney girl. Holly and Johnette helped write the book that these groups are only now reading. That said, and with all of my star struck babbling taken out...Here's Johnette!

JN: I'm calling for Gianni

G: That would be me

JN: Gianni Dego, that's great. Actually my name in Italian is Giavanna

G: I told your publicist, it would take me a half an hour just to tell you how cool you were, and there wouldn't be an interview at all

JN: (Laughing) Well, thank you I'm unbelievably flattered

G: Last time I saw you was at Kingsbury Hall in Salt Lake, and you did the most chilling version of 'Tomorrow Wendy' I ever thought imaginable.

JN: That song takes on it's own life when you're playing it live and people are getting into it, it's like some wierd out of body experience

G: I've been asking everyone at SLUG what I should ask you, and they all said "Ask her if she's single and what she's wearing"

JN: I'm single and I'm wearing a robe on my couch with my chihuahua by my side

G: Fair enough. Why did you name your art gallery "The Lucky Nun"?

JN: There's a couple of stories behind that, one day me and a friend of mine rented a nun costume, and drove around sort of as a live theater, putting a nun in different situations. We went into a bar for a martini, we went to the news stand and looked through porno. Everything became very funny when a nun was doing it, people's reactions were very strange. Then, I was in a hotel in Baja once taking some beer up to my room and I passed this girl in the bushes who was sobbing and her boyfriend had just dumped her, and she had just had a breast removed, and she used to be a nun, and it was really strange to find this drunk nun crying in the bushes. I guess I've always had this fascination with nuns, because their whole life revolves around study

G: Were you brought up Catholic?

JN: No, when my grandfather came here, they were befriended by a Lutheran minister who fed them and gave them shoes, but my family is alot more Catholic than they think

G: What is your favorite Concrete Blonde album?

JN: The last one, Mexican Moon. That was our major epic work. We felt really strongly about that one, and I think that Jim and I both felt that was the best playing we'd ever done. I really liked the song 'Mexican Moon' especially the Spanish version

G: Well for me, it translates beautifully on the album, almost like it is a Spanish song and the first version is just

in English

JN: Exactly, I was always into that, Bowie used to do stuff in German, and Sting does stuff in Italian, but it seems that the music marketing people are the ones most guilty of segregation of anybody I know

G: What is it like working with Jim Mankey (who myself and others feel is one of the best guitarists around)

JN: He's one of the most underrated guitarists in the business, he's really amazing, great to play with

G: He doesn't use a pick, does he?

JN: He does sometimes, but not usually. Now he's got his nails really long and creepy and he looks rather vampiric. We're working together with some old friends of ours in "Los Illegals" he's playing alot of flamenco, Gypsy Kings type of stuff, and I get to sing and write in Spanish

G: You did "Crystal Blue Persuasion" for the In Defense of Animals compilation CD, why did you pick that song?

JN: That song is to Chicano culture, musically



what Led Zeppelin is to Beavis and Butthead, and it was a real bitch to record, but it's such a cruiser song that I remember from growing up in the summer in LaPuente

G: Who did you listen to when you were growing up?

JN: My Mom listened to a lot of Johnny Cash, and my Dad was really into the Rat Pack, Dean Martin and Sinatra, all that fifties stuff. 'Folsom Prison' was in heavy rotation in our house. Then I saw the Beatles on Ed Sullivan, my parents woke me up for it, and told me to watch it, asked me what I thought of these boys with long hair

G: That was the first show I ever remember seeing on TV

JN: I wonder what the stars were like on that day, cuz that was a pretty heavy day, it changed everything for us. My Dad was very into the 50's Italian thing, I remember him driving

us to school when Hendrix died and he turned up the radio and said "You see what drugs do" he was very against any rock and roll. Then as I grew up I did the whole black light poster rock thing with Zeppelin and the Doors. If I never hear Zeppelin again it'll be too soon. Then I got pretty seriously into the glam thing with Bowie, Queen 1 & 2, and T.Rex, and I still really like The Cure, I just love the sound of their records. World Party, I like, and Bjork. There's a lot of stuff out there that's pretty good, but there's a lot that isn't, and it's really hard to figure out what's hyped and what isn't

G: There is a lot of crap out now, but there's some real cool stuff too

JN: Right now I like what Epitaph has done. Those Bad Religion guys are old friends of mine, and I'm really proud of them. Punk, if it didn't happen in the seventies, is now something that's being emulated by the younger generation, which is very cool, but too me Brett at Bad Religion took it as far as it could go, which was infiltrating business, turning things upside down, at a different level. It was actually working within the system to change the system, and that will piss people off a lot more than just having green hair.

G: You are doing another record due out in July, is Vowel Movement going to continue as it is?

JN: The next record is a band called Pretty & Twisted, with Mark Moreland from Wall of Voodoo, who I've wanted to work with for years, and he wrote some of the songs. I will probably start touring with that in the summer. Vowel Movement was an interim thing with me & Holly between our serious stuff that we do, and if something comes up that is fun, we'll do it. The whole point of the exercise was to be a freestyle, non-serious thing

G: Vowel Movement was not what I expected, but it was cool

JN: We're just gonna see where it goes, we made a video that we shot ourselves, we hired Jane Simpson, who did a lot of Concrete Blonde videos, she did 'Still in Hollywood', and that will be available. We'll just see what happens, we have a lot of fun because we're both multi-instrumentalists, so we just set everything up in the studio and wander around playing whatever we feel like playing.

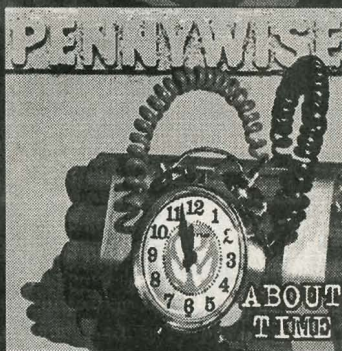
Sometimes, particularly when you're writing, words fail you. Talking with Johnette was pretty special. She may not get the exposure that some other artists get, but I'm not sure that matters. She is one of the great talents of our time. She is also one of the most genuine people I've ever talked to. She cares deeply about the things that are important to her, and that conviction comes through in every song she's ever done. Even when she's just screwing around. She's a down to earth, all around cool person, who has concerns with what happens to us as a people. That is a very rare thing to find in the music industry. She really means the things she says. And she says them with the prettiest voice I've ever heard.

— Gianni

"It was actually working within the system to change the system, and that will piss people off a lot more than just having green hair."

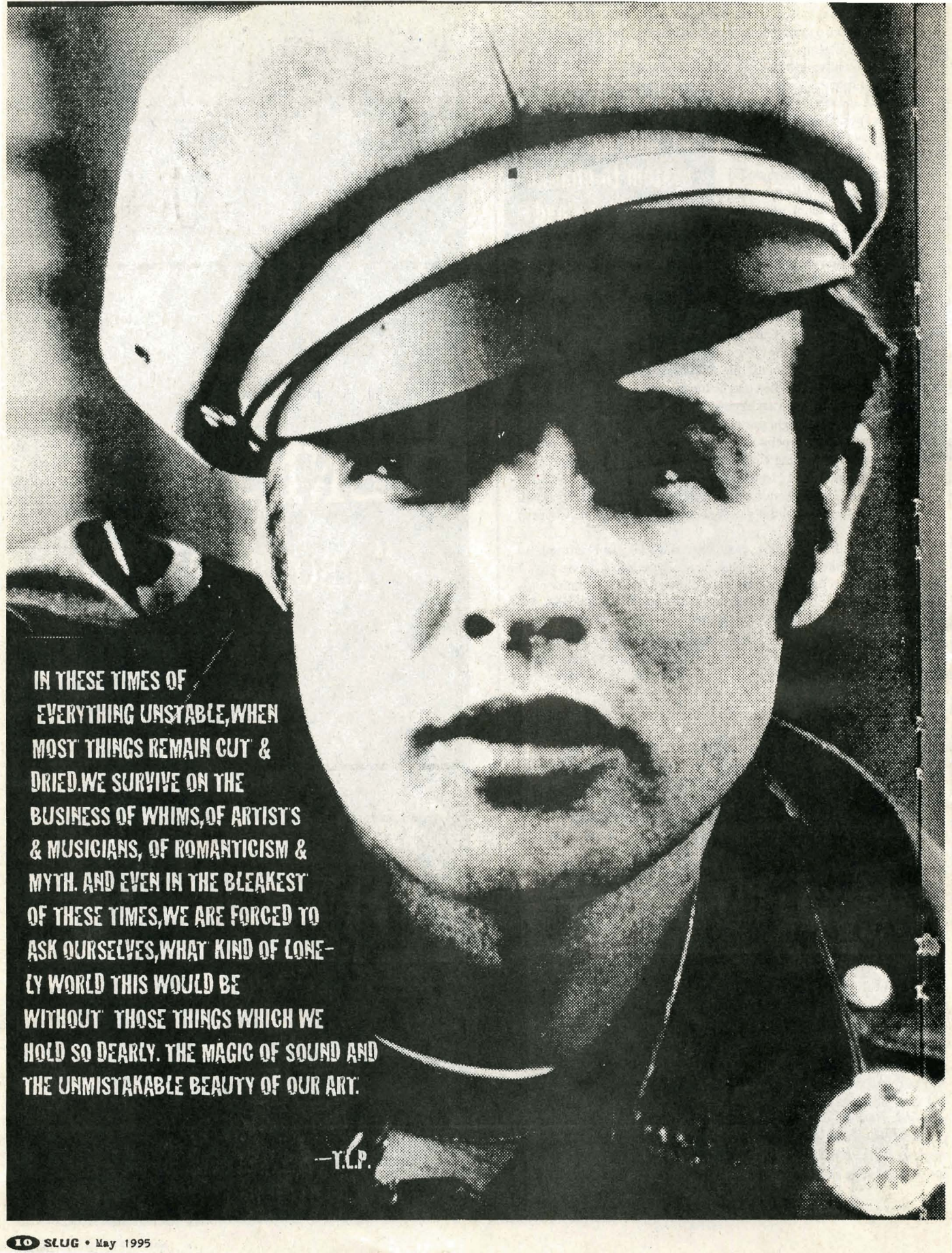
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LOCAL BAND

BLOODFISH



For those who are not familiar with The Little Prince, by Antoine de Saint Exupery, it is an enlightening book about a young prince, whose interplanetary journey leads him to a revelation. He discovers, "What is essential is invisible to the eye.", as taught to him by an insightful fox. During his journey, the prince encounters a tippler (alcoholic), a greedy man, and an arrogant man. Although he tries to relate to these characters, he must leave them behind in his search for integrity.

Greedy, self-importance, and alcoholism. Anyone associated with the local music scene knows that these are the characteristics one must go up against every day. Just when it seems that "the three evils" will get you, the prince and the fox resurface to save the universe. The prince and the fox have most recently been spotted in Salt Lake City as two members of the local band BLOODFISH.

The BLOODFISH encounter begins with Rez, the bass-player (or the prince) who is appropriately nicknamed "Supernova" by the band. (A song by Liz Phair) Immediately upon learning that I was doing the write-up for SLUG, he asked me out on a "date". Being the kind of woman that does not like to be played, and a writer intrigued by his total lack of judgment, I could not wait to see what this "date" was about. Unfortunately, it consisted of the band's practice (which the rest of us call an interview) and listening to Rez talk about himself. This was quite a let down after listening to the lyrics to his namesake.

"I have looked all over the place, and you have got my favorite face...You fuck like a volcano and you're everything to me"

I figured he would at least put out, but no such luck. The date turned out to be nothing more than an unfortunate distraction from his music. Giving Rez one last chance to save himself with me, he was asked if it was wise to try to date the press. "I didn't really mean it as a date. I've never talked to a Black girl before, and I thought it would be intriguing..." BLOODFISH has a running joke about never allowing Rez near the media, and keeping a piece of tape over his mouth.

Despite his lack of judgment, a closer look at Rez as a person and musician makes it impossible to hold it against him. Rez

grew up in Philly, where he ran with unsavory crowds. The kind that beat people up for superficial reasons. He made a decision to

leave this lifestyle behind. His story is amazingly close to the "find music or die" story that is commonly told in the music industry. He

came to Salt Lake with a nice little Mormon girl, but had no idea what he was getting into. He lost the girl and found BLOOD-

FISH, which he feels is one of the best things to ever happen to him. BLOODFISH is my life, and those guys are like brothers to me." While he seems arrogant at first, his confidence stems from a new found sense of self and change of lifestyle.

Previously known as a womanizer, he made the decision to not allow his libido to get in the way of his music. On most days he makes a noble effort. Now his music. Growing up he liked Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin, and Van Halen. He's now a fan of Biohazard, and is heavily affected by their song "Wrong Side of the Tracks". While playing, he looks as if he is on a skateboard. Before BLOODFISH, he played in W.A.D., and the guitarist gave him some help. Playing on "Rez time", he is consistently at least a beat behind.

More practice and less distractions should definitely make him into a better player. His strength lies in his determination. If he doesn't get it the first time, he keeps plugging away. The fact that the band's personalities seem to compliment each other translates into their music, and especially their lyrics. While Rez is definitely naive,



Uncle Shame offers a healthy contrast with the wisdom offered by his lyrics. Enter the fox.

Uncle Shame is a veteran of the Salt Lake City music scene who started writing music at 16. His first attempt at punk rock was with Hate x 9 in 1988. After going on tour with two bands crammed into one van, it all came to an end when two passengers made a desperate escape very close to their destination. At the age of 29, it seems that BLOODFISH could be Shame's last great attempt at a band. "BLOODFISH was hatched as an antidote to Shame's alcoholism, but also as a salve to the world's insanity..." For the lead singer of a band, a recovering alcoholic, and a talented poet, Shame is an amazingly mellow guy. (Strolling in to band practice an hour late, sipping a soda as if he hadn't a care in the world.) Apparently the role of savior takes much preparation. When he starts singing, it's obvious he has a lot on his mind. "Sometimes I wonder how much more I will take...the half of me that wants to take it all and throw me down.." Trent Reznor, the late Curt Cobain, and Tom Waits are his major influences. His song "Get Rich" is a sad but inspiring song dedicated to Cobain, that discusses exploitation and hopelessness. A reluctant interview, it is discovered that while pouring himself into his music, there is much more left unsaid, protected. He admits that the band does want to make it. "We want to blow MTV to pieces. " They also want to make it to Letterman, where they will finally let Rez speak freely. Besides his musical talent, Shame is talented in graphic art and promotion. He is currently studying different vocal techniques and still seems to have untapped creative drive hidden in an undisclosed space in his soul.

Nardo and Jeffo are the drummer and guitar player respectively. Although they haven't been assigned any cute character names, they have successfully avoided "the three evils" on their own. They are low profile members of the group, but are by no means being led. They are quiet and modest and let their music speak for them. There is not much to say about Nardo except that he is extremely talented. He is the kind of guy we all love. You know, the kind that only speaks when he has something to say. Other than that he is content to play. During practice it's sometimes hard to get him to stop playing when the other guys are trying to talk. For the interview, he considered staying behind his drums, but reluctantly worked his way over to join the conversation. I did notice that he positioned himself so he didn't have to fall victim to my searching eyes. A long time partner in crime to Shame, he also is a local music veteran. (3.3 and Hate x 9) He is originally from Orange County California, and he is influenced by Suicidal Tendencies, 3-11, and Slayer. Jeffo has been playing guitar since he was 10, and it shows. He is amazingly fast and accurate, was a Kiss fan as a youngster, and enjoys Prong, Biohazard, and Propane presently. An "Orange County Survivor", at 22, he began playing originals until a job moved him here in 1990. Jeffo played with Plug until Dec. 1993, and joined BLOODFISH in 1994. He changed their sound and lifted the censorship that had been forced upon them by former straight-edge members. BLOODFISH combines young, diverse music with the talent and anger most often found in grunge and thrash. Although they have lyrics worth hearing, they are almost impossible to understand on their tape. They were scheduled to appear at Earth Jam this year, which fell through letting down many fans and musicians. My favorite BLOODFISH tune is "The Color of the Underlie", written by Shame, which is an insightful commentary on superficiality.

"...scared as the feelings inside.. we all hide from the color of the underlie..."

Shame adds, "We get too caught up in the differences, but we're all the same inside." Thank god for foxes.

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CONCERT REVIEWS

familiar with Miserlou as they are with actual punk rock vocals draw a crowd in this town?

If there are more questions than answers about this Agent Orange appearance it's because they appear to be touring on their own without a record company to promote the appearance. I know the band more from old records than any new CD release anyway and for simple nostalgia value the show holds more than a small amount of interest. May 16 is the date and the Bar & Grill is the place.



Agent Orange

Did Agent Orange break-up and reform or have they always been there. They've either been quiet for a number of years or I'm so clueless that I've missed anything recent. They will appear from their skate-rock hiding places on May 16 at the Bar & Grill. They had an official band skateboard available for sale in 1986. Since then skate-rock and the entire scene have undergone significant change. Are surf-twang, smart-metal or high energy still popular with skaters or boarders? Can a band that is as

Deadbolt are just a bad surf band. He was present the last time Deadbolt played the Cinema Bar and I wasn't. On CD Deadbolt sounds like voodoo-billy to me. Link Wray, surf and the Middle Eastern influence are all over their latest CD, Tiki Man.

Bad surf or slow motion psychobilly the reverb drenched sounds of Deadbolt will fill the old theater on May 25. Deadbolt has scheduled a return engagement with the Salt Lake City audience at the Cinema Bar. They like booze and hecklers. Harley Davidson fronts the band and plays guitar. Ra MacLlan is on the bass and Les Vegas is the drummer. They claim the Phantom is also a member, but I think he's dead. Song titles include; "Twang Zombie," "Mambo Room" and "The Meat." Critics don't like them much and the music they play is not fashionable. Sounds like a couple of good reasons to go see the self proclaimed "scariest band in the world."

DEADBOLT

John Peccorelli, the famous Salt Lake City writer for Alternative Press says



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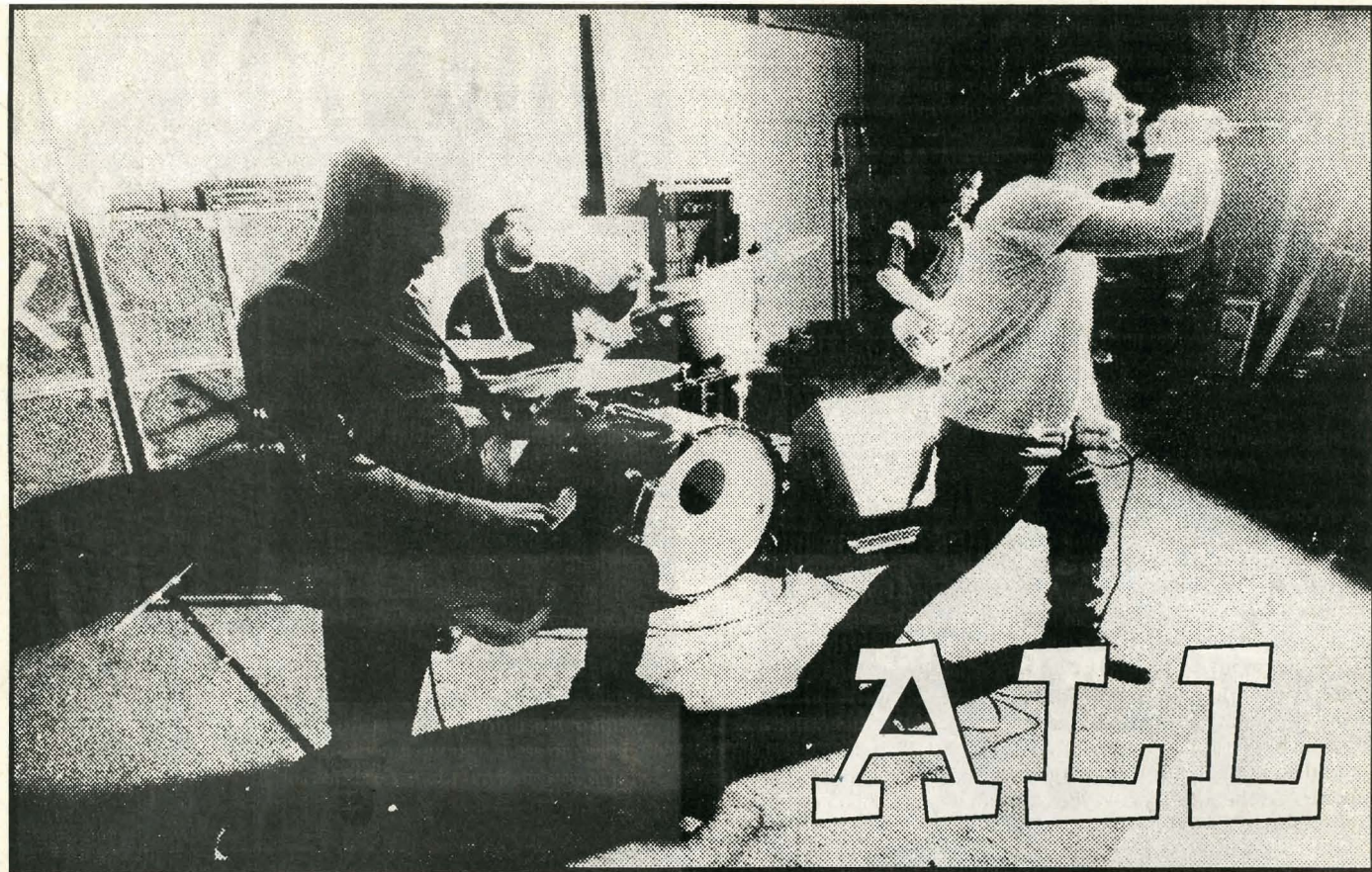
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ALL as a band has existed for ten years. Including Descendents' records the members of this band have about 14 albums to their credit. They've toured the U.S. and Europe constantly and they've managed to make a living with their music. The members of ALL haven't felt the need to hold day jobs. They recently released their first record on a major label and moved from Missouri to Colorado. Why the move and the signing to Interscope Records?

Bill Stevenson: "Yea, we switched record labels about six months ago. That comes down to the business end of it. It doesn't have anything to do with our music. We switched to Interscope from Cruz and they are going to put quite a bit of promotional muscle behind the band which I think the band deserves and needs at this point. In a certain sense I think that we can hardly survive without such muscle because... I don't know how much you listen to music around, radio and such, but it's really not enough these days to be just good old ALL. As you know there's about ten bands right now that sound just like us. There's four of them in the charts right now. Nobody really gives a fuck about ALL. It's not enough anymore. Everyone's ripping us off totally. We're older and we're ugly and a lot of these bands are good looking. We're going to get buried alive by these imitators unless we take aggressive action which is basically what we are doing. I was perfectly content all during the '80s just renting VFW halls, we'd play and a hundred people would come. That was fine, I enjoyed that and that was some of my funnest times. That's not what's going on now. The corporations have basically bought our music out from under us via these second generation bands. We're just doing what we need to do to survive it."

SLUG: "Why the move from Missouri to Colorado. **Bill Stevenson:** We're from LA originally, we spent four years in Missouri, in the middle of nowhere because we wanted to get out of LA. We ended up here (Colorado)... it's like momma bear/poppa bear. LA. was too big, Brookfield was too small and Fort Collins is

just right. We could have just as well moved to Salt Lake or Albuquerque or Austin. We wanted just a small sized city. You know what I mean."

SLUG: "Do you still live together in the same house? **Bill Stevenson:** "We've been living together since 1985. Now we each have an apartment, none of us own houses, but we have places where we live. We spent all our money on our recording studio." The new album, *Pummel*, was recorded at The Blasting Room, ALL's studio in Fort Collins and mixed at Ardent Recording in Memphis, Tennessee. *Pummel* has already surpassed every previous ALL recording in terms of numbers sold. For the vinyl hounds Stevenson reports that he thinks there is an actual record available, but he doesn't pay much attention to formats. **Bill Stevenson:** "I think format is a useless thing. Everyone's all anal about it, but then they'll stick whatever cassette they have in their car and that's how they listen to shit 90% of the time. What's the logic behind that?"

SLUG: "Is your song 'Uncle Critic' directed to a specific critic?" **Bill Stevenson:** "Not really. That's just us taking stabs at, in that song's case, journalists. We always take stabs at everybody. I've never subscribed to the whole politeness contest thing as far as life goes. I'm not really interested in being polite. If somebody hates my guts that's fine. I was just telling critics to fuck off - putting them down for what they do the same way they do with us or other bands. They don't have to take any heat. They just dish out shit all the time and they never take any of it back."

The last question I asked Bill concerned the violence exhibited at several of the recent all-ages shows in town. I'll open myself up for critical mail on this one, but I was at many of the early punk rock shows held in Salt Lake City. With the exception of the Spittin' Teeth show at the Railroad Exchange (or was it the old Sun Tavern?) where a stabbing occurred the level of violence in the early '80s didn't seem as severe as what I see now. Stevenson straightens my thinking out on the subject.

Commenting on the stabbing at the Fairgrounds Face To Face show Stevenson said, "Oh Wow! The irony there is pretty thick because why did Dude have a beer bottle if he didn't like Buddy taking drugs. What's up with that?"

Continuing to comment on violence at shows, "I don't think it could possibly compare to what was going on in LA in 1981. Not to shrug it off, but I've been beaten up at so many shows that I don't even think about it. It would take a really incredibly violent thing for me to react to it. I'm not as offended by all that as I suppose I should be in an ideal world - in terms of me winning the Mr. PC award. I say fuck it. They're teenagers and they have to kick butt. Half of them aren't getting laid and they're just all frustrated. That's kinda what they have to do for a few years. If they're doing it at Motorhead, or at Pearl Garden or at Descendents clone band # 7 or whatever it is that they're doing, it's OK. They have to do that for a couple of years.

The last thing we talked about was how Karl Alvarez and Stephen Egerton joined up with Stevenson. His version of the story is good, but later I talked to Karl. Karl seemed a little bored by the topic. After ALL it happened a long time ago.

Karl Alvarez on ALL's "Utah connection." "The Massacre Guys existed in the early '80s doing a lot of parties, a lot of shows. Whatever. Then at a certain point they were kind of on hold. I was singing with the Bad Yodelers, Stephen was living in DC., (Stevenson told me he was studying classical guitar - SLUG) I was touring with a band I was playing with in town called Pravda that never really did anything. We played Boise, Idaho two nights in a row. Bill gave some people we were staying with a call saying he needed a bass player. I got on the phone and called him. I hooked up with him and we hooked up with Stephen. At the time I joined the Descendents the Massacre Guys were on hold. So what's the big deal?"

Karl wrote four of the 15 songs on *Pummel*. I asked him about three of them. "Self Righteous" opens the album. Karl Alvarez: "Being from Utah you would have to ask about that one, right? It's all about people equating moral value with inebriation. It's really funny. I think a lot of people who don't drink or don't drug or whatever think that automatically gives them a blank slate morally. I think a lot of times morality runs a lot deeper than issues like that. I've known people who are straight, yet will cheat on their girlfriend every chance they get. It's about not demonizing people who choose to do that stuff. It's not advocating it, but I guess it's an argument against demonization. They're just people, in the worst case scenario they're people with a big problem but they're not evil or stupid. Which is the way that the press or popular opinion treats them."

"This World" and "Broken" are also Karl Alvarez compositions. The lyrics are not cheerful. Karl Alvarez: "Happy numbers aren't they? I go through bad patches every once in awhile. It's one of those things, when they're over with you wonder, God where was my mind? I'm prone that way. Once or twice a year I get pretty down."

I talked with Karl far longer than this shows. Much of the rest of the conversation concerned the early '80s in Salt Lake City - the Blue Mouse, the early days of KRCL and the Cosmic Aeroplane, the current lack of all ages venues around town and the use of the Fairgrounds Coliseum in the Offspring video. Karl Alvarez: "I saw that and I was like wait a minute, no punk rock happened there."

ALL were one of the pioneering bands of the pop/punk¹¹ sound. In 1995 they remain the best. Their video for "Million Bucks" is MTV's buzz of the week. Who knows maybe they'll make a million bucks off *Pummel*. Meanwhile they are playing at the Union Ballroom with the Goops and Toadies on May 9. Tickets are \$8.

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Aye but along with beauty and pleasure and wonder, the shift of tides may induce enough tears could drown small towns. Screams of impassioned anguish might exceed the blazin' pistons of the devil's hotrod. But damn it all this ain't no time to slam on the brakes. By thunder and lightning may the Blessed Lord and Succulent Goddess be praised for the incredible change induced this time each year. Whatever your inspired inclination or infatuated inertia, it's a lovely time of the year to take a risk, to try something new. Life is a stage. Don't be afraid to play the fool. Square miles of the mundane surround one's theatrical moments so play it up when given the opportunity to give it the gusto. Takes energy, yes, but the Sun Sign of Aries will pump your motor with plenty of fuel when you're ready to step on the gas.

The vehicle of Drama might be criticized for being overdone in our modern "Entertain Me" world, but for Crissakes in a very direct way it is a spiritual endeavor. A large segment of our population simply worship the movies and the film stars they embody. Deep rooted passions and hearty philosophies and thick moral questions

are examined by playwrights and players. The fervor and verve of music has inspired countless millions to absolute devotion. Street level mystery and crime and punishment and justice and resolve always get high voltage attention down the local grape vine. The squeaky queen always be getting the grease.

Why go ahead and turn the sacred circle and a flair for the dramatic will ultimately color that curve. Mythologies and religions love to utilize theatrical arts to present their truths into extreme expression and exaggerated validation. The Buddhist angle works the sublime and the subtle. The Muslims go for the stark and volatile. The Jews juice the profound. The Catholics milk the mystery. The Hindus hype multiple manifestations. The Scientist lather the supreme rationale. The Mormons hold out for the extraordinary exclusive. (Then why for Godsakes do they refrain from most emotions with their classic flat line delivery? Are they that afraid of bloody drama? Might be explained by the scarcity of Mother Mary or any other female icon in their holy pitch.) Everything from overnight death cults to ancient prehistoric religions have one thing in common. They friggin need that tribal mojo embrace, that holy audience. My passionate pipe dream to have an audience with the pope might even one day elevate my cult status. But any concern towards a mass message must consider the meaning of mastering the moment as say Marlon Brando did so well ON THE WATERFRONT. (Senor Brando celebrated his birthday April 3rd. Best wishes, Godfather.) Why if an audience is going to get nailed to their pews with a splash of fire and brimstone, you the preacher man must let it run that championship course. "For Jesus will come down from the right hand of God and he will cross the finish line

and I will lead the marathons with mighty bullwhips and sacred sabres and holy chains and he will punish the disbelievers outside the holy stadium!"

And how about the Olympic drama we just might be witnessing right here in the Beehive Coliseum. Mercy to the renegades against that capitalist dogma who get in the way of the industrial strength spending wave. Will they be run outta town on cattle cars to the Dugway Experimental Station? But the mystical element find most intriguing about the Copper State Olympia Tour is the concept of a post 2000 A.D. calender date.

Does not the predominant religion in these parts conceptualize a dramatic turn of events as the minutes count-down "Apocalypse O'Clock"? Could the Lord Jesus actually sweep the men's Giant Slalom? Would the Angel Moroni be playing lead horn in the passing of the torch ceremony? Will God not only govern here on earth but also judge the ice skating competition?

I don't know specific answers to these questions for I haven't been rubbin elbows with any local prophet who might have a clue. But if at all possible I want to be in the front row when the "Devil Be Damned Bub Sled Racers" hear the blast of the official starter's gun and jam like goosed goats into that motherless motherhuppin first turn.

But hell, I'm getting way ahead of myself. In the meantime I believe I'm gonna deprogram all the blasted hype and stick my nose in the air and truly try to feel the blessings of the new Spring. For the birds and bees and flowers and the trees will certainly display their engaging magnitude before an appreciative audience or by their very own self.

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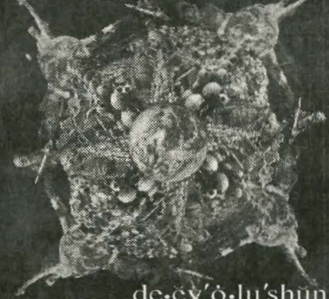
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"Smokin with Jonathan..."

When I asked Jean from World Domination about an interview with Jonathan Valania, she said "OK, but I should warn you that he's nuts". After talking with him for about an hour, I called Jean back and told her what a great guy he was, and how we may have been separated at birth. I think it scared her. Oh well.

Like I said, I talked with Jonathan for about an hour, mostly about beer and cigarettes and public urination. We also talked about the new Psyclone Rangers album "The Devil May Care", and what the band has been up to, where they're going and who got hurt along the way. The following is a verbatim transcript of that interview, except for the really sick shit I didn't get on tape.

"Jonathan, this is SLUG magazine..

JV: What kind of mag is SLUG anyway?

SLUG: A Shitty one, but there's some cool music and politically incorrect columns I'm sure you'd find some humor in.

JV: I find something funny in most things

SLUG: So, how many albums is this?

JV: Number two

SLUG: Who did the first one?

JV: Production wise? Are you smoking?

SLUG: Yes I am, are you smoking?

JV: Yes I am

SLUG: Good man!

JV: Off on the wrong foot already. Hold on. (big pause) So, we're

smoking and we're gonna die.

SLUG: What kind of cigarette's?

JV: Merits.

SLUG: MERITS!! Oh, Jesus.

JV: Am I disappointing you?

SLUG: Marlboro reds!

JV: Oh, well that's a man's smoke. It probably gets you laid alot when girls see you smoking them. Well, The Reverend Horton Heat also smokes Merits, so you can say what you want about me, but don't say shit about the Reverend!

(After this, I spoke to Scot Dantzer the guitar player and he said "Merits are just Camels with panties on" so there you go)

SLUG: We partied with the Reverend when he was here, we love him.

JV: We played there with him about a year ago at DV8

SLUG: So, who did the first album?

JV: It was produced by Dave Ogilvie, most of the stuff he does is industrial, like Skinny Puppy, and it was recorded out in San Francisco at a place called Brilliant Studios

SLUG: I like this new CD alot!

JV: Good!

SLUG: When I heard the new CD, I thought it sounded like you guys listened to alot of Velvet Underground and early Iggy stuff.

JV: True, certainly true. Velvet Underground was the band that inspired me to start a band, like so many countless other people. I listened to Lou Reed sing and I thought "If this guy can do it, I can too", (laughing) and they were one of my all time favorite bands.

SLUG: Tell me the Lenny Kaye story..

JV: We were up in the Poconos, playing a benefit show for an art

gallery, and Lenny Kaye from the Patti Smith Group lives there. He was friends with people at the gallery, and they asked him to come out. So we heard about it, and were all excited and asked him if he wanted to bring an amp and come up and jam, and he did. At the end of the show he came up and we did 'Waiting for the Man' and we did 'I Wanna be your dog' and a real lame version of 'Gloria' SLUG: Who hasn't?

JV: It was pretty funny, we were playing at this spiffy country club and they gave the gallery the use of their hall for the evening, so we showed up loading our gear, and this waiter comes up in a tuxedo and says "I'm sorry sir, we can't allow any blue jeans in the club" and I was just like "Hey we're the band, it doesn't get any better than this" So we're playing for awhile, and it was packed, and everyone was into it and jumping around. So word comes from the owner downstairs, that everyone has to stop dancing or the floor's gonna collapse, but they didn't stop and we cracked the floor, and we're never allowed to play there again, so that in itself is an accomplishment.

SLUG: So, you're from Allentown, where Nazis can kill their parents if they don't like them.

JV: That's us! Actually that was a publicity stunt arranged by our record company, to draw attention to us right at the release of our record (laughs)

SLUG: In the song 'Tilt-a-whirl' what do you say after "the only thing touching her lips is Vanity Fair"?

JV: The only thing hugging her hips is a dirty affair.

SLUG: That's my favorite song on the new CD

JV: All the other songs were written well in advance of recording, and that was one that was written as we were actually recording it.

SLUG: Do you write all the songs?

JV: I write all the lyrics, and the band writes all the music and the arrangements.

SLUG: So you're the one with the wacked out sense of humor then.

JV: That would be me.

SLUG: On Sundays you sell Winstons to the Puerto Ricans?(from 'Why the Hell Did I Die?')

JV: That is actually true. We played this frat party years ago, and there were these \$5 an hour rent a cops outside and me and the bass player at the time were peeing outside and I got a ticket for public indecency. So, I had to get a job at this chain gas station, and I had to work on Sundays, and alot of people would just come and buy cigarettes. And it seemed that brand preference for some reason, went along ethnic lines. Black people always wanted Newport, Puerto Ricans always wanted Winstons, and white caucasian males always smoked Marlboro reds, much like yourself.

SLUG: You're kidding.

JV: No, truth is much stranger than fiction. I had to quit, people were taking it way too serious. You're pumping gas for God's sake!

SLUG: How's the record company treating you?

JV: Well, like it's a dog eat dog world, and I'm wearing Milk Bone underwear!

SLUG: Norm!

JV: Norm!

Well, there you have it. A great interview with a great guy. We also talked about Norm on 'Cheers', how wierd Utah is, what micro breweries we have, the Vapors and some other sordid, sick shit I had to leave out. The Psyclone Rangers will be in Germany and France with Mudhoney for a few months, and then they will do a U.S. tour that will most likely include Utah, so don't move yet. The Psyclone Rangers are one of the reasons that cool music still exists today. And they are proof that you can ignore the standard melting pot formula of most bands, and still have a great record, and still be recognized.

After the interview, I stopped work for the day, and sat on the porch swilling beer and listening to 'The Devil May Care' I put the CD player on repeat and passed out hours later. It's that fucking good.

— P. Parker



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CHELSEA IS A PUNK ROCKER White (House) Noiz

Contrary to what you may have read in *The Event* (You know, the obligatory *Will Salt Lake Be The Next* _____? hackfest that shows up in a different local paper every damn year), the Big Scene o' Tomorrow just might be Little Rock, Arkansas (Or Washington DC, depending on your Democratic re-election delusions).

According to a lone article in the *New York Press* late last year, First Kid Chelsea Clinton has recorded her own garage-punk album at the White House called *Are You There God? It's Me, Chelsea*. The writer says a copy of the album made it's way to him through a family member who goes to school with Chelsea, who was passing out cassette copies in class before Clinton aides intervened and imposed a media blackout (No relation to the *alcoholic* media blackouts that occur at *SLUG* bowling tournees).

The cassette-only release was apparently recorded on an old 4-track by a very pissed off Chelsea and careens through spoken-word, punk, pop, rap and folk (What? No rockabilly? Damn!) in nine songs, including: "Fuck And Run (For President)", "Lousy Birthday", "Dee Dee (Myers?) Ramone", "Tip Tipper Over", and a pro-weed epic "Let's Inhale"—maybe they'll adopt one of these for Campaign '96 instead of dusting off that Fleetwood Mac turd again...please?

The angst in Chelsea's pants reportedly stems from Bill and

Hillary's stranglehold on her teenhood: Not letting her go to Woodstock '94 (That's *punishment?*), canceling her subscription to *Sassy* (Ouch), not letting Liz Phair play at the White House (Probably Hillary's idea—you *know* Bill would like a piece of that), confiscating her Voodoo Swing posters ("Jr. is just so dreamy! Oooh!"), etc. Subtract the international politics and the shadow of musical genius uncle Roger Clinton (Hey, Big Rog rocks! I'll put him up against Headshake anyday!), and she's just your normal, hacked-off 14-year-old with bad hair and a Gold Card bumming change in front of ZCMI (Except if you spit on *her*, the Secret Service will re-route your colon).

Other than the original newspaper piece, the mainstream media hasn't touched this story—until now. OK, so *SLUG* isn't exactly mainstream (More like piss stream, actually). But if we go to press on time as we *always* do, I'll scoop them ALL with this exclusive interview with a Clinton White House insider. The following is a telephone transcript of my conversation with the informant, though he insisted on using an alias (Don't you just hate people who won't use thier real names? How the hell can you trust 'em?).

Helen Wolf: Does *Are You There God? It's Me, Chelsea* really exist? If so, it could become the most sought-after bootleg since Prince's *Black Album* or even Iceburn *Unplugged*.

Long Dong Shwarzkopf: Oh, it's for real and it's causing all hell to break loose here. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton have tried to retrieve all the copies that Chelsea gave out, but some are still out there floating around. I mean, when you've got a tape out there with lines like "Wolf Blitzer Is Worse Than Hitler", and "Maureen Dowd Is A Fucking Cow", any parent is going to want to keep it quiet.

HW: Could this be an even greater threat to President Clinton's re-election bid than Whitewater, Paula Jones, or the new McTubby Extra Value Meal? There's quite a cover-up—even Fulton doesn't know about this.

LDS: Look, I'm putting my ass on the line even talking to you—

I'll make sure you and your boss get put in a hole next to Vince Foster if my name gets out; who the hell do you work for?

HW: Robert DeBerry. Is there any major-label interest in Chelsea's tape? What about a tour? She could be a big draw at Lollapalooza—I can see the video in the Buzz Bin now.

LDS: You didn't hear it from me, but Chelsea's been seen with Beck quite frequently lately. I'm not saying it could be a whole Courtney-Kurt thing, but he has got DGC interested in her. She's also been rehearsing with Henry Rollins and Ad-Rock from the Beastie Boys, but nothing's really set yet.

HW: So we're talkin' *mega* if Beck blows his head off "accidentally", right?

LDS: I can neither confirm nor deny that, but it is my job to assist Ms. Clinton in any way I can—if things get a little *messy*, that's just the way that dog's gonna hunt.

HW: How about a follow-up album? Will Bill and Hillary let Chelsea out of sight long enough to even think about recording any more?

LDS: Chelsea already has a full album's worth of material ready to go and it'll scare the living shit out everyone! It's called *Smell The Love* and the cover art is a scratch n' sniff photo of a pair of Hillary's panties—Chelsea stopped wearing underwear years ago, so she had to steal mom's. My favorite track so far is "Newt Killa", it's kind of a hardcore industrial rap groove with lyrics like "Got a loaded AK and cold-ass stare/Newt's a dead muthafucka with Donahue hair"—the girl is street!

HW: One last thing, there's been some speculation on the Internet that Chelsea has been contacted by Quentin Tarantino to star in his next film with Keanu Reeves—any truth to that?

LDS: That is completely untrue! I can't believe some the utter fabrications that get out there, Jesus. It's *Crispin Glover*, not that bus-boy Keanu! Tarantino wants Chelsea to play a teenage hitwoman who meets up with Crispin on the road. She's on her way to kill a CEO of Disney or something like that—could be

the feel-good hit of the summer, I think. Look, I've said far too much already, so I'm cutting you off—is this check good?

HW: Hey, any check from *SLUG* is guaranteed to clear or my name ain't Helen Wolf, got that? Thanks for all your cooperation, Mr. Gore—I mean, Shwarz...ah, screw it. Like you're going to be



back next year, anyway. (Click)

Just a few things that I need to mention before I sign off: The federal building bombing in Oklahoma City—I told you all about the Militia Of Montana and the other fringe-oids back in December, so don't say I didn't warn you. Those Zima ads running in the *Private Eye* —"NOT THE SAME OLD TUNES", directly above a promo for the *Gamma Rays*?! Hello!!! These guys have sold more alcohol and made more money than Zima ever will by PLAYING THE SAME OLD TUNES! OVER AND OVER AGAIN! Post-punk attitude, yeah right—try post-menopausal. And, for a brief time, you cybergeeks can e-mail me directly: My disgruntled loner roommate has allowed me access to his computer—so get in now before he snaps, goes on some interstate killing spree and can't pay his bill. Send your accolades (Look it up) to: cfr@xmission.com. Don't ask what the CFR stands for, I don't even ask him where my toothbrush is anymore.

—Helen Wolf

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WHY?

GS BURN

Can I tell you what I love about being a SLUG hack? Well, besides the incredible high salary and excellent benefits, I love the bands I get to interview. Make no mistake faithful followers. I only use the interview as a vehicle, an excuse if you will, just to be able to talk with some of the coolest and talented people in the music business today.

Recently I spoke with R.J. Vasquez, the

lead singer/songwriter of Why? Things Burn and let me tell ya, it confirmed all of my reasons for kicking this stuff out. Not only does the man have his own band, he also owns and manages his own label, TODO O NADA/T.O.N. Music. "TODO O NADA" means "All or Nothing" That's pretty fitting considering the way R.J. does things. Vasquez writes some of the most universal timeless music I've heard this decade, and to me his music is inspiring.

It's been a while since Why? Things Burn last played in Utah. I asked Vasquez if he remembered the last time he played he played here and if he enjoyed it. "The last time we were there was about a year and a half ago," Vasquez said, "I was really surprised. The scene is pretty healthy. As far as I could tell, it seemed like everybody supports each other, there is a consistency with the kids. There's a tight music community there that I wasn't

aware of and it was nice to see that. I forgot who it was, but there was a band there that asked us if we had a place to stay and if we wanted to party with them and we did. I feel comfortable there, it was cool."

Why? Things Burn hail from the city of Angels, but they sound nothing like a band from L.A., (which I happen to think is a good thing.) W?TB released their first full length, Symbols, last September. Their debut release was a CD 5 in 1992 titled Sanctum, followed with a 7" color vinyl in 1993 called Pure Sin.

Earlier this year they released a split 12" with Pigmy Love Circus, (yes, another killer band on the T.O.N. label.) Sanctum was a result of Vasquez dealing with the death of his grandfather, earlier in 1992. Symbols is an extension of Sanctum in the form of the source for the material.

"My grandfather passed away during that time period," said Vasquez. "That actually gave me the strength, believe it or not, (to write the music.) Everything was following apart, but everthing also had life to it. Over all it was very positive, even though under those circumstances there was so many negative forces involved."

Vasquez said that he works better under pressure. With the death of his grandfather, who happened to be his father figure, it was as if his life was crumbling all around him. Yet, those deeply personal experiences gave him the insight and emotions to write some very personal songs that strike a universal chord in all of us to work through the pain and exorcise our own demons. True artists use their art as an extension of their emotions and what is happening in their life at that moment. Rollins has called his work poor man's therapy. Roger Waters basically wrote about his life up to that point and called it The Wall. Vasquez calls his latest album Symbols, because of the origin of the songs and what they represent to him.

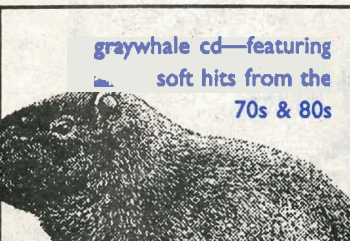
"If it comes from the heart, if it comes from the real side, the emotional side of a human, it (the music and lyrics) will stand," Vasquez said. "If you're doing it for the wrong reasons it just doesn't stand. And I could name bands on radio now that do it for the wrong reasons. They talk about garbage, they talk about nothing, they're doing it just for the moment. A song to me should be timeless. I'm not a great musician, but I can write something that would make you think."

It's only through all to real circumstances do we get true, honest, original song writing. Songwriting that comes alive on your home stereo system. Song writing that sneaks up behind you and bites you in the ass if your not careful. If you dont believe me, pull out your old Poison records, listen to them and wonder no more where Brett Michaels and the boys have gone.

Vasquez is focused and he has no hidden agenda. "I'm not looking to be a rock star, I'm pretty much over that crap. I just want to make good songs that withstand time. That's what I'm all about."

If you are tired of the hyped-up bullshit that is passing for music and you are looking for something with a little more substance, check out Symbols by Why? Things Burn. If you can't find it in your favorite CD shop, call T.O.N. Records toll free at 1-800. 21PURESin, I'm sure they will be happy to hear from you.

— Royce



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THE STIFF SHEET...!



**JOHNETTE NAPOLITANO
HOLLY VINCENT
VOWEL MOVEMENT
MammOth**

Well, what can I say? Two of my favorite women, acting like girls, singing about lizards, Easter and dinosaurs, all this while the tape was running. What more do you want? A baby's arm holding an apple? Holly and Johnette have been doing serious music with their respective bands for at least ten years (Concrete Blonde, Holly & The Italians, The Oblivious) and as the story goes they were drunk and alone on New Years Eve, (hard to believe) feeling saucy they picked up their instruments and 'Vowel Movement' was consummated. Later when they recorded the album, they did it in six days. I can only venture a guess as to what they could do given a month. This record is cool. Probably due to the attitude they had going into it. This CD has no 'best songs'. It is more like a little party from tracks 1-14, which you just listen to and let it do you. Like a good spontaneous orgasm. Even if you are not one of us who have been floored by the works of Holly and Johnette, go get 'Vowel Movement' and have a ball. You may just find yourself dancing naked in the back yard screaming 'Viva Las Vegas!'



**EGO TRIPP
A.T.O.N. Sampler
T.O.N. Records**

When R.J. from T.O.N. Records told me this was going to be a great CD, I took it with a grain of salt, like all writers take all record compa-

ny hype about upcoming releases, R.J. isn't like that, though, and I guess I should have known better. After listening to Ego Tripp seven or eight times, I wanted to hear each band's individual records. That's what a compilation is for, and in this case, it works bigtime. Every song on this CD is a gem! It grabs you from start to finish and only lets go for a minute, to entice you into some new realm of cool. Pygmy Love Circus, Why? Things Bum, and Top Jimmy give awesome renditions of previous and not yet released material, while the new bands you may not have heard before, will hit you like a classic slap in the face from James Cagney. Shoegazer's 'Beautiful' and Pink Noise Test's 'Echo' are definite teasers from records to own. Not to mention, 'Operate' by Amen, and Elysium doing a sweet, ghostly tune called 'In Times of Despair'. This disc is as diverse as the people who put it together, and the city and time that it stands for. No pretentious, overdone, hyped up bullshit on 'Ego Tripp', which makes the name that much more ironic. This CD will be on heavy rotation at the Maxx Cave, and hopefully much more from our friends at T.O.N.

**FRED REITZ GROUP
Tales From Kher-Aba
Fungoid Matter**

Don't know how I got this cassette, but I just plopped it in, and got an immediate stiffy. The tape was recorded in 1968, and all the songs are cooler than most of the shit recorded in the 90's. Maybe it's being re-released, if so, it's well worth the price of admission just to hear "Pump The Mud". The singer/bassist/songwriter sometimes sounds like an Arabian hit man packin heat, and other times sounds like he's got some sort of rash. The songs poke fun at everything from U2 and Ronald Reagan (you can't have sex now, thinsed about the bum, you can't shoot heroin, let's smoke another one...Ronny is) to an AK47 wielding harem chief crossing the desert in "My Camel and a Sand Dune". Other great tunes are "Yessum, I Unnastan", "Was He Your Brother?" and "Miltonous Torpedo", a little jazz ditty that just kicks ass. The playing is outstanding, and the songs are way too fuckin cool. One thing's for sure, Alex Haig is the cure. What more can I say? Want one? They're \$7.00 Direct inquiries to Fungoid Matter Music 1908 Wyllys Street, Midland, Michigan 48642

**SWOON 23
Famous Swan Song
Tim Kerr Records**

Don't know what's up with the Nico/Velvet craze, but I'll take it over most of the crap I get any day. Swoon 23 make the CD happen, not so much by what they do, but what they don't do. By choosing not to be overproduced and

prompous, they lure you in to a comfortable groove. Dreamy is a good word, although it's not quite accurate. The voices of Megan Pickrel and Jeff Studebaker compliment each other very well. Just when you expect to get bored, they throw you a change up. Not with a slap in the face, but a whisper on the back of your neck. Michael Keating lays down some pretty guitar lines on the hollow body while Marty Smith holds an incredible groove, considering there is no bassist. This CD is well done from a minimalistic standpoint. The songs speak for themselves without all the screaming and posturing. So, in the melting pot of euro-dream-pop, Swoon 23 takes the cake...and feeds it to you in slow seductive bites.



**THE PSYCLONE RANGERS
THE DEVIL MAY CARE
World Domination**

If I'm not mistaken, 'Dr. Softness' is the name of a vibrator. Or, maybe it's 'Mr. Softex'. It's also one of the best songs on this new release from World Domination, 'The Psychlone Rangers' - 'The Devil May Care'. If I'm not mistaken, the guitarist and vocalist on this record listened to a lot of Velvet Underground and early Iggy. There is probably a very interesting story behind 'The Psychlone Rangers' that quotes influences and other bullshit, but fortunately it didn't make it to the press kit. This is one of those CDs that you just have to listen to to understand. 'The Devil May Care' is full of catchy songs that sound like covers of old tunes from the 'Raw Power' era, except they are new and different, if that makes any sense. Walls of ascending and descending power chords reel throughout vocal lines like "On Sundays, I sell Winstons to the Puerto Ricans" and "She's a hoosier and a boozer, you should choose her, she's like 1972" I think that Jonathan Valania is out of his mind. He's the singer/songwriter. He's from Allentown PA, where you can kill your family, if you don't like them. That said, I will ask you to remember my admonitions to you: Please don't discuss this disc amongst yourselves, don't let anyone discuss the disc with you. Don't form any opinions about the disc until it has been submitted to you. Just buy it, listen to it and shut the hell up. Oh yeah,...JONATHAN,...It was SO GOOD I FORGOT IT WAS A RECORD!



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King Crimson was formed twenty five years ago. They have had seventeen different members since. They have broken up bands, had members join monasteries, done many projects gracing miles of audio tape, and never had a #1 hit. Quite an accomplishment. Now, they have two drummers, two bassists, two guitarists, and a great new fucking album called Thrak. Get it.

KNAPSACK

SILVER SWEEPSTAKES

Alias Records

What kind of fool can listen to this band, and not get hard? That is the million dollar question that Alias figured out when they signed Knapsack. Here are a few choice words to describe their debut CD "Silver Sweepstakes", in alphabetical order. Antiform*, Ballsy, Crucial, Direct, Erect, Fast, Gaga, and finally Hole, as in that shitty band that couldn't hold a candle to this talented four-some. The disc is packed with such hooky songs, you almost want to listen to each one over again, before going on to the next one. "Cellophane" and "Trainwrecker" are two of the best tunes, but don't be content, the rest of the songs are every bit as cool, and as full of integrity. I hate saying that a band reminds me of someone else, but if you added some guitar work and melody changes, and a little nineties explosive pop, they would be the Replacements. That is the best compliment I can give Knapsack. By the way...*-Antiformadj. rejection of accepted materials in creating works of art, with preferences for raw substances.

INNOCENCE MISSION

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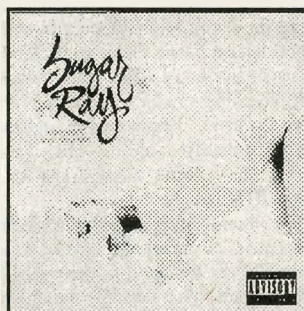
I read the bio that was sent with the new Innocence Mission release 'Glow'. I did not like it. Probably because I listened to the tape every day for a week, and then read the bio. This is an ethereal work of art by a band of structured (or so you might think) songwriters. Unfortunately, this band will be unfairly compared to weaker pop predecessors like The Sundays. They are not. This band does very well what others have only tried to pull off. Their songs are full of interesting stories of sad little trysts, some wrought with apathy, while others scream of passion and foreboding joy. While that sounds a little pretentious, it rings true throughout this album. Each song evoking it's own special mood, with words that play off subtle changes in melodies that are as good as it gets in this medium. "Bright as Yellow" is a wonderful example, "Brave" is another. As strong as I can put it, this new Innocence Mission release is well worth the price of admission. It flows like a big glass of ice tea on a hot Sunday, to a bottle of wine on a cool October night. I'd tell you more about the band, but you should just buy "Glow" and read the inside cover, and make your own decision.

SHMOWBALLS

1995 SAMPLER

Sh-mow Records

Last time I was in Colorado, someone asked me who Henry Rollins was. Man, have things changed. This CD is chock full of awesome tunes from a bunch of soon to be somebodies in a town where snow bunnies are the main topic of conversation. Now, they have much to talk about. **Christie Front Drive, iz, Baldo Rex, Small Dog Frency, Smackjacket, St. Andre, Idle Mind, Grimace, Wretched Refuse, Munly, The Reejers, and High Seasons.** All of these bands deserve mentioning, because they were all outstanding in their own unique way. Each song holds it's own next to the others, without being repetitive and categorized. If I had to pick a gem off this disc, it would be very difficult, but I'd have to say it's a tossup between 'Bag' by **Christie Front Drive**, 'Sammister Scenester' by **Grimace**, and 'Edge of a Lull' by **Small Dog Frency** (a band I'd love to review) Look for sh-more Sh-mow sh-tuff sh-oon, until then, buy this CD or be a dumb ass. Your choice.



SUGAR RAY

LEMONADE AND BROWNIES

Atlantic Records

Don't know much about Sugar Ray, but the first song makes you think they're some sort of Style Council ripoff, until "Time for guitar center stage", the intro to the hard ass kickin 'Rhyme Stealer'. Then this foursome takes off with some of the coolest shit I've heard since umm, uh, a long time. There's some way hip tunes on "Brownies and Lemonade", highlights being, 'Iron Mic', 'Big Black Woman' and my favorite, 'Danzig Needs a Hug'. They dabble in many areas, from the soulish 'Hold Your Eyes' to the hard/funk pseudo-bang of 'The Greatest'. **Sugar Ray** does everything so well, they sound like every genre they delve into is their forte. They never get too redundant that they begin to sound like someone else. What a killer band. Get this album now, so that you can say you were listening to them before they became huge. There's also a little boner, I mean bonus on the cover. It's a famous woman, who's wearing nothing but a post orgasm smile. I can't tell you who it is, but you can figure it out for yourself. Hint: It's not Hillary Clinton.

C.J. CHENIER AND THE

RED HOT LOUISIANA BAND

TOO MUCH FUN

Alligator Records

This band and CD could not be more aptly named. **Too Much Fun** is a huge understatement. C.J. Chenier's Alligator debut release made me want to run to New Orleans, drink wicked ale, and dance till I puke. His incredible blues/melodic singing is only matched by his mastery of the zydeco accordian. That's right, I said accordian. This is one of those records you just listen to, absorb the cool lyrics, and let the music astonish you, as it starts out cool with the classic "Man Smart, Woman Smarter" and gets progressively better, all the way to "Louisiana Two Step". A definite jewel to add to your collection of CD's you'll never trade in, even when you're dead broke and out of smokes.

ARCHERS OF LOAF

VEEVEE

Alias Records

"The underground is overcrowded". No shit. Archers wrote that, I didn't, but it sure as hell rings true thru **VeeVee**, their new Alias release. I like this disc alot, and I'm not sure why. Maybe it's their total disregard for structured songwriting. Maybe it's their sense of humor. Maybe I just like it because I think Wendy is a babe. All I know is that if you are sick of listening to hyped shit records from the BIG MUSIC COMPANY sony, then **Archers of Loaf** will keep your attention span reeling just like the first time you heard Gang of Four, or your first heated exchange with a partially clad high school grad.

THE LEAVING TRAINS

DROWNED AND DRAGGED

SST Records

At first, I thought "A new Leaving Trains CD! Cool". It's not. It's cooler, because it is previously unheard stuff from 1989, only released as a teaser for a NEW Trains project. Fuckin A. If you don't know about this band, you should move out of the monastery. If you do, then you know most of the history of this early 80's punk/pop band that remains as timeless as anyone in L.A. Names like Falling James, Sluts For Hire, Sam Merrick, Bobby Belltower, Dennis Carlin, Eric Stringer, Earle Mankey, Gun Club, and The Cramps come to mind. The Trains are a huge part of that history. We won't even get into some of the history, that's a hole I'd rather stay away from. But the disc is a great piece from a period you may have missed in the So-Cal post-glam-punk whatever diary of L.A., and it's heroes/heroins. You should own it solely for that connection. It just happens to be a very cool CD on top of that. Hey, you're on the bonus plan.

— Madd Maxx

THE CRASS MENAGERIE

By *Jeb Branin*

I have a question for you... Speaking strictly in terms of the heavy music underground, at what age do you think a person is "old"? Obviously Punk, Metal and similar music is aimed to a large degree at a teenage audience. Considering that fact, once you reach twenty are you "old"? I'm curious as to how you feel about this. In the "real world" I still feel young, but I am starting to feel old in the underground. Many of my peers are forsaking heavy music and moving on in other interests. Most of them chalk it up to being "too old". It has me wondering about being old. Maybe my trip to the hospital this month added to all this. They were investigating a "growth" as they called it. Hell, isn't it only "old" people who develop tumors and cysts and the like? Probably not, but it made me feel old. Damn.

Bands & Albums

Last month got off to a great start because the first package to hit the ole mailbox was the new live album *Bump And Swing* by THE DOG FACED HERMANS. Contained in the grooves of this cheap piece of vinyl are some of the most infectious, enthusiastic, artistic, and enjoyable tunes ever recorded. DFH, in the last few months since I first became exposed to them, have become my masters. Their esoteric blend of Jazz, Punk, Pop, Eastern Ethnic, and Folk has imbedded itself into my life. This album contains songs spanning their entire career and since live is where DFH are the most comfortable, the album has a depth and organic vibe that elevates it beyond the sum of its parts. You need this record. (Alternative Tentacles P.O. Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141ñ9092)

If there is any justice at all on this floating rock, the next big "pop punk" band to "break big" deserves to be NO USE FOR A NAME. I am not going to debate the issue of whether Punk bands should go "big time" or not because I appreciate where both camps are coming from. Just let me say that, for me personally, I wish any musician all the success they can manage. With that said onto the business at hand; which is ranting and raving about the new *NO USE FOR A NAME* album Leche Con Carne. This album illustrates that musical perfection is actually an achievable goal. Not since I bought my first DESCENDANTS record a million years ago have I been this floored by catchy, singññ-longable, Punk Rock. Of the twelve songs on offer, there is not a single track that falls short. Even the "hidden" thirteenth track is a blast. It is a medley of AOR radio standards including bits of tunes from THE KNACK, THE CARS, TWISTED SISTER, PAT BENATAR, and others. It must be heard to be appreciated. (Fat Wreck Chords PO Box 460144, San Francisco, CA 94146)

I realize that claiming a band is "underrated" is about as cliché as you can get but in the case of CORONER it is certainly true. Ever since their debut demo (which featured Tom Warrior on vocals!) these gentlemen have proven that they are capable of generating some of the best techno experimental Metal available. Their new selftitled release is their sixth full length venture. That is if you can call this full length. Admittedly it runs for about seventy minutes, but a lot of that time is made up by what are essentially the bands "Greatest Hits." Of

new material there is probably only an EP's worth. Fortunately the new tunes are strong enough that you can forgive the band for this obviously money motivated move. Most impressive amongst the new material is the two part "Golden Cashmere Sleeper" during which the band mesh their minimalist stage sound with a hint of their older technoñtrash sound. (NOISE Records 8721 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90069)

If you are looking for something out of the ordinary that is still heavy and dark, then you might want to check out *Love Apocalypse* the Pittsburgh based JULY. Everything about this release screams quality and class, I only wished that I liked it. It's ponderous and mysterious sound will probably appeal to the Gothic worshippers of the night but I just can't identify at all. (Mutiny Records 1739 E. Cason St. Suite #350 Pitts. PA 15203ñ1700)

Any band that spells their name with sausages scores points in my book. Yes, the first high cholesterol logo!! But a cool logo is not the only thing this band have going for them. HINGE are a punchy alternative combo whose music varies from gentle and friendly to harsh and angry. This album would fit right in with the college radio scene except for one thing... It is too good. Because of it's quality college radio will probably avoid it. Their loss. (Pavement Music 17W703A Butterfield Rd., Oakbrook Terrace, IL 60181)

Well the new album *Underground* by MESSIAH A.D. shows that, at very least, the band is improving. I actually got through this one without becoming violently ill which has been my reaction to the bands other stuff. The band have gotten harder and more focused in their approach. Unfortunately, they still sound trite and uninspired for the most part. With all the quality Metal to be found on the Noise label I have to wonder what possesses them to release album after album by a second rate band like MESSIAH A.D. who actually mock bands for "not progressing" and for being stuck in 1984 when they themselves play total throwback to the mid-eighties thrash metal. (Noise Records - address elsewhere). Usually it bothers me when I get a release and it has no lyric sheet, but I must admit that I am glad my promo copy of *Incessant Desire For Palatable Flesh* by VISCERAL EVISCERATION didn't have one. I imagine the lyrics would have ruined this album for me. I really don't care for all the gore and violence that is so prevalent in heavy music. I think it was all done and overdone a decade ago. So when I look at the song titles on this album (I.E. "Gangling Menstrual BloodñBroth For Supper") I am not bothered at all that they didn't send a lyric sheet because I very much like the music on this album and I have no desire to decipher the lyrics and ruin it all. VISCERAL EVISCERATION play a haunting Dark Metal that is more atmospheric and moody than heavy. The band incorporate plenty of female vocals that soar on angels wings above the demonic growls of the primary vocals. Musically you could draw comparisons to ANETHM or MY DYING BRIDE but the lyrics seem to lack the class of either of those bands. (Napalm Records PO Box 480141 Denver, CO 80248-0141)

JEFF JAHN is back with a 45 minute EP called *Convection* that further establishes him as a

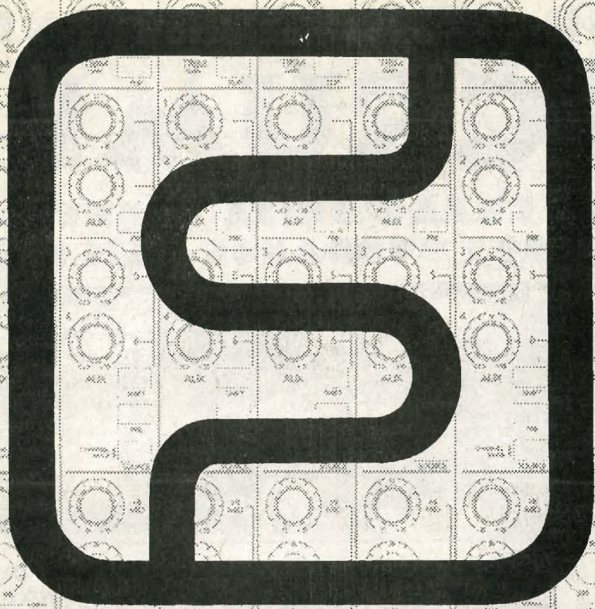
warped genius of esoteric musical musing. Less abrasive and more (dare I say it) melodic than his last offering, this tape allows insight into a less angry man than was present on his debut *Dandelion, Fuss, Thought*. The tape consists of improvisational wanderings through random sounds that can be created through non traditional approaches to traditional instruments. Like abstract modernpainting this tape leaves you initially thinking "Anyone could do this" but also like modern abstract painting with some thought and study you realize that the art isn't "simple" instead it is personal and indeed nobody could create it other than the artist. Conversation has a live gig Jeff played with some friends on side two that shows a different side to this unique artist. As one would expect in a collaborative setting, the music is a bit more structured with a fascinating primitive and tribal feel. Good stuff. (\$4 ppd to Pagan Chicken Records 643 E. 500 N. #2, Logan, UT 84321)

You didn't think that I would make it through this column without some Crusty Grind, did you? I hope you know me better than that. So let me introduce SOILENT GREEN and their debut album *Pussysoul*. This flaying mutant of a band rips and tears with the best of them. Going from the insatiably frantic to the painfully plodding in the blink of an eye, there are no adequate adjectives to accurately describe the mayhem present on this album. The vocals are the product of gargling molten lava and the music sounds like you are trapped in the rotating drum of a cement mixer with two tons of pig iron. It is complete ecstasy. Not even two Advil can ease the pounding headache incurred from blasting this sucker at eleven. Your life is meaningless without this album sitting comfortably in your collection. My only caution would be that you ignore the lyrics because they fall far short of the quality of the rest of the album. (Dwell Records, P.O. Box 39439 L.A., CA 90039)

GOOD RIDDANCE have been around for years but *For God And Country* is their debut release. Nice way to get the ball rolling guys!!! I took a couple of listens but G.R.'s gritty Pop Punk has all the hooks and melody you could ask for but they temper their delivery with rough hewn texturing ñ Can you say CRIMPSHINE? I knew you could. The lyrics are angry, passionate, critical and political. What more could you ask for from your friendly neighborhood punk band? I bet you a ten year old box of twinkies that you can't listen to this album and not shake your groove thing. Get it and get a clue. (Fat Wreck Chords ñ Address elsewhere)

Evolve is the deformed offspring of Industro-sludge purveyors IT IS I. Combining the punishing pace of Doom with the persecuting minimalism of bands like EYEHATEGOD, these four cretins are steadfast in their commitment to slowly torment your soul and pulverize your mind. This is a crushingly heavy album and only those with hearts of stone should dare to venture close to a stereo playing it. (Dwell Records - Address elsewhere)

MISERY LOVES COMPANY is the newest band signed to the EARACHE label. Their self-titled debut is a collection of mega-heavy insanity that runs the gamut from grind tinged recklessness to industro-noise to piercing metal. Their diversity in style is their greatest asset. Just when you think that you've got them pinned down into a genre they switch gears and leave you at a loss for pigeonholes. A few constants are present however; anger, noise, and the aforementioned mega-heaviness being the most obvious. Whatever you do, don't drop this album on your toes. (Earache 295 Lafayette St.,



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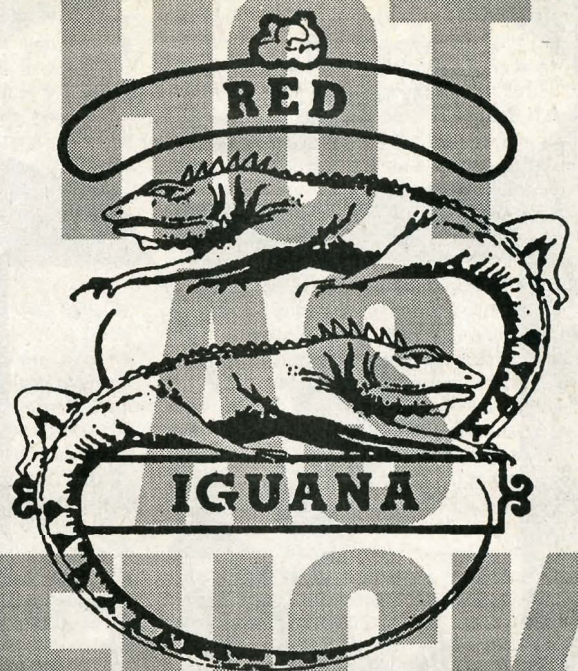
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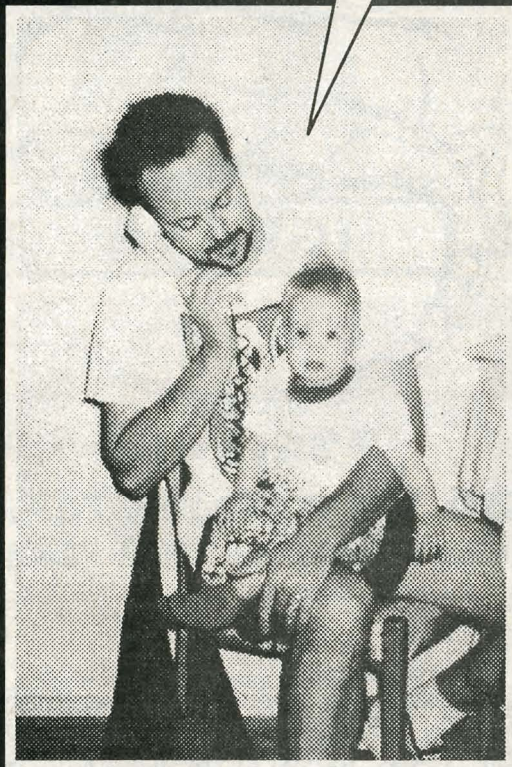
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MAY 5-18

CRISPIN GLOVER



Actor/author/artist Crispin Glover will return to the Tower Theatre for a multi-media presentation starting at 9:30 p.m. Following Crispin's performance, he will be available in the lobby for a book signing of his meticulously detailed hard-bound books (copies will be available). Tickets are \$12 and go on sale starting May 1st.

MAY 12

JACKIE CHAN IN CITY HUNTER

Jackie is awesome as always...like a cross between Charlie Chaplin and Bruce Lee!

**MAY 26 -
JUNE 8**



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I talked to John Perez, the guitarist for **SOLITUDE AETURNUS** the other day and he informed me that he has started his own label called **ESOTERIC**. The debut release on his label is due out any day. It is an Epic Doom release by **SORCERER** that John compares to **Epicus Doomicus Metallicus** era **CANDLEMASS**. I'll have more info on the project as it becomes available. Until then you can write to Esoteric at P.O. Box 121202, Arlington, TX 760120

For many of you BCT Tapes is old news, but I figured it was worth a mention here. BCT is a cassette label that has been producing mind blowing compilations since the early eighties. They collect the best punk and hardcore from around the world and put it on tape. I promise that if you like raw Punk and HC you cannot go wrong with BCT. Send a S.A.S.E. and you will receive a detailed catalog (if you send a dollar you will also get a catalog of thousands of rare punk albums. I got some real gems from this catalog including the *World Full of Hate* by **THE FARTZ** Yeah!!!) It is like a history lesson in international hardcore. Some recommendations are #5 (dedicated entirely to RAW POWER), #18 (called I Thrash Therefore I Am) and #2, #16, #4 (all Italian punk). All tapes are \$4 ppd. (BCT PO Box 16205 San Diego, CA 92176)

You may love them or you may hate them but one thing is for certain - you can't ignore them. A.C. are back in the saddle and the new album is called *Top Forty Hits*. It is a full length collection of everything that has made A.C. the band your mother hates most of all. The one-of-a-kind bursts of pure vomiting noise are of course the highlight of the release and still plentiful is the sick and twisted humor of the band as well as the horrendously mutilated cover tunes. Surprisingly enough a few songs actually boast something vaguely reminiscent of a normal song structure and at times is almost on the verge of creating a memorable hook and/or riff. There is even an acoustic moment or two. Sellout? No way! But you can get through this album with only an over the counter headache remedy as opposed to the previously mandatory prescription strength medication. This is definitely the best release by the band, even topping their previous pinnacle, the *Morbid Florist 7"*. Everyone should be killed indeed, but not before they hear this album. (Earache - Address Elsewhere)

REIGN are a whirlwind of bruising metallic outbursts. Their new release *Embrace* is a venomous strike to the heart. They combine an anvil heavy approach with a **SEPULTURA** flavor for a harsh and vericose sound. The bands lyrics are sad and personal, often exploring innermost feelings, emotions, and fears. Indecision and despair seem to be the bands worst nightmares. Occasionally they take their song topics to a political level but for the most part things are viewed sub-political and on a more personal level. Musically the band are not afraid of a multifaceted approach. Sometimes they frantically burst through a song and other times they slow it down to a midpaced or, more often than not, a slow creeping crunch. If you love Metal and want an album that exudes class, then it is time for the reign of **REIGN**. (Mausoleum 18 E. 53rd St. NY, NY 10022)

Uh-oh, more A.C. just came my way. This time it is their *Greatest Hits Vol. 1* CD from Ecocentric Records, recently made available in the U.S. from Vacuum Records. This is a collection of their early 7" records, demos and even some live stuff. This CD contains over 6,000 songs broken

into 13 segments (so as not to freak out your CD player). The finest moments on the disc are the live recordings and the stuff from their split 7" with **SEVEN MINUTES OF NAUSEA**. The worst is definitely their 5,643 song 7" which is 3 hours of music crammed into twelve minutes by playing sixteen songs consecutively the whole time. Pure fun and pure noise but completely unlistenable. If you like A.C. then you have got to get this. If you hate A.C. get this anyway and play it real loud when AmWay salespeople come to the door. (U.S. Mailorder via Vacuum PO Box 40959 San Fran, CA 94140)

Do you like to watch boxing? Well forget it, because the **13/EYEHATEGOD** split 7" is pretty much the same thing but much more fun. Here we have the two reigning world heavyweights duking it out for the title. 13 may be slow on their feet but their punches are devastating. If they connect with your chin you will be down for the count... and more than likely in need of some bridgework. **EYEHATEGOD** move a bit faster on their feet and their style is more reckless, but they don't hit as hard. That doesn't mean you can step lightly into the ring with these Louisiana sluggers, because they fight dirty and are undefeated in title bouts. Forget Foreman, forget Ali, forget Tyson, and get your tickets to this extravaganza. (\$3 ppd to Slap-A-Ham P.O. Box 420843 San Fran, CA 94142-0843)

I have to admire **JAG PANZER** in spite of the fact I have never liked them. They are hard working and persistent which is worth a lot of points in my book. They have been playing their brand of Power Metal forever and have never gotten much recognition. But here they are, still at it, with a new album called *Dissident Alliance*. If you like '80's Power Metal played simply and straight forward then check this album out. Maybe you will find something in it other than trite reshapes. I wish I did. (Pavement - Address elsewhere)

I don't know much about **SCRAWL** but based on their phenomenal album *Q*, I plan on finding out more!! Imagine purely manic grind fused onto a framework of Jazz, Ska, European Ethnic and Blues and you have an idea of what this band is all about. **SCRAWL** ignores all previous variations on the grindcore sound and go where none have ventured before. You have just got to hear the crusty accordion on this CD. Or how about a Grind xylophone? Or their use of a standing bass? Is that an organ I hear crunching away with that piano? Trumpets? Unreal!! It is probably all done with a synth but who cares? You have got to hear this, because it is not just done for the sake of novelty. These songs are painstakingly thought out and work like a charm! (Ecocentric via Vacuum - Address elsewhere)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS have released a 7" called *Frammenti Di Vita* that is a collection of covers. They have chosen tunes by some of their favorite defunct Italian Punk brothers and given them fresh life. Italy is home to some of the most incredible punk bands ever and I couldn't be happier to see the legacy kept alive. Bands covered are **WRETHCHED**, **NEGAZIONE**, **NABAT**, **UNDERAGE**, **INDIGESTI**, **BLUE VOMIT**, and **IMPACT**. Of course **CRIPPLE BASTARDS** do each and every song justice by pumping it full of their high octane HC. Absolutely raging!!! (Ecocentric Via Vacuum - Address elsewhere- Original versions of many of these songs available from BCT - address elsewhere)

THE-OLD JOE CLARKS have a 7" available on Raging Woody Records, which is actually Slap-

A-Ham. A different moniker was in order because this is different music than the label's norm. Very different. This is bluegrass influenced, hillbilly junk. When I was 14 I was actually in a band that played music like this (don't laugh, every kid in Utah has been in a band like this). They kicked me out because I couldn't learn the banjo. This kind of music sucked then and it sucks now, but I still think you should buy this record because there are only 500 of these made and the sooner we can get them off the shelves the safer this world will be. (\$3 ppd to Slap-A-Ham - Address elsewhere)

BROKEN HOPE's new album *Repulsive Conception* is by far the best thing that they have done. I realize that isn't saying much, but I must confess to liking this album. The band have grown musically and offer much more complexity and maturity than their previous subsonic, monotone delivery. Even the lyrics have improved with more than rote gore and horror. This isn't to say that **BROKEN HOPE** are no longer sick and vile, they certainly are, it just seems that now they to have a purpose and focus to their approach beyond mere shock value. Bravo! On the strength of this release I have gone from despising these gents to considering myself a fan. (Metal Blade 2345 Erringer Rd., Suite 108 Simi Valley, CA 93065)

How low can you go? New York's kings on subterranean limbo have returned with another seven inches of dementia. That's right, **MORTICIAN** are back. Their new EP is called *House By The Cemetery* and it shows the band mastering their low tuned coup de grace. They have replaced their late drummer with a machine and oddly enough it works. Considering this 7" was recorded and mixed in only three hours, it is surprising to note that the music here is just a bit cleaner than previous work. Fortunately the better production doesn't rob the band of any heaviness. In fact, the cleaner sound actually adds to the effectiveness of the delivery, allowing the listener a closer examination of the sledge hammer wielding beast that is attacking them. If you don't have a record player anymore, get one so you can get this release. (Relapse 251 Millersville, PA 17551)

Hot on the heels of their amazing *Waves Of Erotas EP*, **PYOGENESIS** finally see the stateside release of their first full length album, *Sweet X Rated Nothing*. It is a bit of a disappointment. The band experiments with a variety of approaches, which is admirable, but many of the tunes are underdeveloped and too simplistic to stand up against the crushingly heavy and atmospheric numbers that are the bands trademark. (Nuclear Blast fi Same address as Relapse)

FROM THE SOAPBOX

I got some interesting hate mail this month. It seems my bad review of a bands album has put them on the war path against me (they threatened to lynch me). This is the second time that something like this has happened so I thought I would take a minute to clarify something.... The opinions expressed in this column are mine and mine alone. They are not meant as gospel truth, merely as a point of reference for my readers. If you don't agree with something (or anything) that I say, that is fine. You have as much right to your opinions as I do to mine. You could even start writing if you wanted. There is nothing sacred or special about what I do. I never thought that I would have to actually explain this in print but it is apparent that some people are missing the point.



ABRAHAM CLOUD

Another Successful Breakfast
Stonegarden Records

Do I really need to listen to another CD from one of these singer/songwriter guys? Has the resurgence of the religious right and the fanatical baggage those Nazi's carry with them inspired every "pinko faggot" in the country to pick up a guitar and set their poems to music? As usual I lost the press release. It's in a pile somewhere with unsent Private Eye reader's polls, unread copies of the Grid and the Catalyst "how to wedding issue." You sit around listening to God knows how many stupid CDs every month and every now and then one of them sifts its way through the fog of lost brain cells or excess Pabst to grab your balls and squeeze.

Abraham Cloud did just that. The cover depicts a child with a slingshot aiming at a pigeon. That's dinner, food stamps are a thing of the past, the food banks are without food and Leavitt and Coradinni are too busy wooing the Olympic Committee to worry about homeless, hungry families with children. On the back is Adrian pictured with a street musician playing the accordion. Inside is the info on who helped him out with the CD. Cloud's poetry is right on the mark. The lyrics aren't printed, but he sings them clearly and his stories of life in a society gone mad are easily understood.

He's from LA. and if I were you I'd go find this CD. Ask the loser clerks at Media Play with their embarrassed faces if they have it. They

won't know what in the hell you are talking about so head down to Orem and ask the coolest record store guy in Utah if he has it. He won't. Check at Raunch, Gray Whale, Raspberry and if you can't find it order directly from Stonegarden Records at 3101 Exposition Place, Los Angeles, CA 90018.



FOETUS

Gash
Columbia Records

Here's one for all you NINnies. Without Jim Thirwell and Helios Creed there would be no Nine Inch Nails. Every record company that has ever released a Thirwell project hauled out the old tapes and mastered a digital reissue in preparation for this album. There are more Foetus related "products" available in stores at present than there have been in years.

I have little doubt that Thirwell will pay a visit to Salt Lake City soon because he is touring behind this new CD. Is it hard? Too hard for your husband NINnie. For help on this one Thirwell called up some friends. Todd Ashley or simply Todd A as he prefers to be known from Cop Shoot Cop is present as well as Vinnie Signorelli from Unsane and Marcellus Hall from Railroad Jerk. Filling out the guest list are Marc Ribot, Steve Bernstein and the Heresy Horns.

When the "Hammer Falls" the "decadence" of the "newcomers" to the industrial nation are the targets. Red lipstick, white faces and black clothing will lie as rags and trash in front of a Times Square or Ely, Nevada porno parlor and the pink and purple will be revealed for all to

see. What the total noise and degeneration of the music is too much for you to deal with? There isn't a pretty little song with "bad" words to rebel against your parents with?

Well gee whiz by golly. This CD is filled with far too much sarcasm for even Marilyn Manson to understand it all. Selected lyrics are quoted to close and for the total noise experience I guess you will need to use your allowance money. The parental advisory is missing, without it this CD won't sell squat. "Step outside god-boy/You think I'm unreliable?/Well when you quote the bible/Is when I load my rifle." "It came down from the prophet/Derived from dime store books/By day I strangle chickens/Trapped in my own bad looks...Investigate your chimney/There's a Chernobyl rain/Apply the strongest sunblock/It's mother's day again." "Wait a minute - /There ain't no atheists in foxholes/You got to stand by the edge of the grave for most of your life/I said that/Me and my mental health don't agree most times/Why ask why?/I've dug a few graves in my time...I'm feeling suicidal/I'm feeling homicidal/I'm feeling suicidal/I'm feeling homicidal/I'M FEELING HOMICIDAL." Be sure not to miss out on the "mutant jazz" as well.

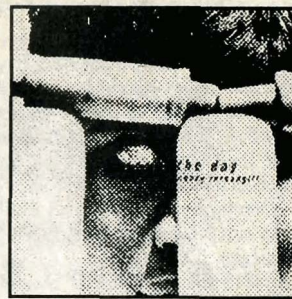
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HENRY THREADGILL

Carry The Day
Columbia

What is this Diesel? This is the second Sony CD I've written up this month. Like Our Lady Peace this one is an in-store play copy which was never broadcast. Little information is provided except the musicians and a sticker on the front cover proclaiming Henry Threadgill as "Composer of the Year," according to Downbeat readers.

Bill Laswell produced and we all know what that



means. The first song is interesting because as I write this up I have just returned from viewing Tish Hinojosa's Border Tour. (The Governor proclaimed Sunday Tish Hinojosa Border Tour Day and he doesn't show up to see the concert? The mayor didn't either? None of the Governors Advisory Council on Hispanic Affairs were there either? Why am I not surprised? Thank goodness this is SLUG!)

The first song is titled "Come Carry The Day" and it takes a trip south of the border - that would be New Mexico - for a Henry Threadgill interpretation of Tex-Mex. "Growing A Big Banana" is the Manhattan Transfer or the Nylons as true jazz musicians. As with any Laswell production the world elements are combined with discordance and a rhythm section of incomparable talent. I think the vocalist is Sentienla Toy and there is a madman on guitar along with another crazed person or two on violin and accordion.

Bring on the tubas and French horns for the next composition - "cool" jazz in a slightly mutated fashion. Threadgill swings the hell out of his saxophone, except the time signatures are slightly ajar. Joshua Redman is the saxman for "generation X"? Check out this cat.

Cross the border once again for flamenco guitar, accordion, more beautiful singing and that inspired Threadgill/Laswell screwing with a familiar form of music. My isn't discordance and "mutant jazz" lovely when it's done correctly. Figure the nuances of "Hyla

More Records Page 37



Hi, my name is Chester. I'm was just a normal guy until Ng Records came into my life. It all started when my friend Chaz came over with some CD's he got from mail order. He thought they were the greatest things since sliced bread. I said, "gee Chaz, this might be too loud for me, I'll stick with my Menudo Records." Well, Chaz said, "suit yourself, I'm going home to rock old school with this, in the meantime, you best watch your back." I laughed and then locked myself in the bathroom for a half hour thinking pleasant thoughts. A few days later I started getting weird letters and mail order catalogues. I threw them away, not thinking of the future.... A few days later I heard a knock on the door, I answered and saw three guys in ski masks and airasol cans in hand. When I saw the lighters, I knew I should have listened to Chaz. Now all I have left is the piece of hair on my head, great story, huh. Please for my sake and your own well being, buy these selections



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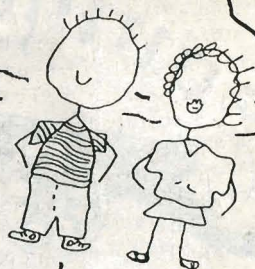
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Crucifer... Silence Of" out if you will. Find a rhythm pattern to skank or snap to and add your tired little hip hop vocals to it. Here's the jazz boys.



MARCUS NOISE

From Blood To Bubblegum
Angry Seed

Marcus Noise sent a personalized letter addressed to yours truly and that's why I'm reviewing their CD. That and their location in the space/time continuum. They are from Minneapolis, Minnesota. In case you're interested the address for Angry Seed is PO Box 8838, MPLS, MN 55408. The CD will probably cost between \$8 and \$10.

Marcus Noise is actually a relief from so much of what has passed for music the last several months. They are a punk rock band and the reviews they sent include comparisons to Fugazi. At this point in time I could use a return to Fugazi because I'm really tired of having to come up with verbiage to describe the same song played yet again by yet another thrash/pop/punk band. Enough already! There must be an ulterior motive for the inclusion of noise in their name. They send out plenty of noise in places, they also do these odd little pieces that approach acoustic music between blasts of noise. The manner of singing is reminiscent of The Fall or, God forbid, the Crass. In fact Marcus Noise remind me quite a bit of the Crass. Who doesn't love the Crass in the '90s. If we have to recycle something how about the Crass.

Things aren't all Crass and Fugazi. The CD was recorded in sessions at four

separate studios and it also includes material from the band's second demo. Joel Lee is a basher on the drums and he adds to his live abilities with drum and percussion samples. His experimentation comprises all of "Caffeine Baby." It's kind of a lo-fi world music instrumental. For once we have a band that doesn't blame divorce for their fucked up lives. None of that "I'm so fucked up, it's all your fault, I can't help it, no future 1984." They unashamedly rip off their parents records when they reach "Divide." Hendrix meets the Chambers Brothers or something similar. The best example of how inventive the members of Marcus Noise are comes with "Black Fall." The song alternates between some of the loveliest pop music imaginable and pure shockingly loud punk rock. Shocking is the word because just as you think you've stumbled onto the latest heirs to the REM throne they startle you to your senses.

The entire project comes off sounding like a demo. I'll take this demo over an entire stack of recycled '80s rubbish.

Wa



HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE LONESOME FUGITIVE

The Merle Haggard Anthology
Razor & Tie

A 13-song sampler is all a loser SLUG hack rates in the way of Merle Haggard promotional product. This sampler is probably available in the used shops around town for about a buck. Armed with a cold case of beer and this

CD sampler head for home, pop a top and crank this baby up. This is country music for drinking. Hide all the fire-power in the house, pour the Prozac down the drain and listen.

I first encountered Merle Haggard in a glue induced haze when I wandered into a friend's living room to find his mother and a coal miner fucking to the music on a bare mattress. A fifth of whiskey was half-empty beside them and the television in the background of their thrusting asses broadcast silent images of the Vietnam War on the nightly news.

Draft-dodging, bead-wearing, bell-bottomed and moccasin the words of "Okie From Muskogee" and "Fighting Side Of Me" had an immediate impact. Countless acid trips were spent with the words, I heard about some squirley guy who don't believe in fighting," and that "we don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee." The rednecks took this music to heart and they would beat hippies nearly to death at every opportunity. Little did they realize that the hippies listened to the exact same music while "taking their trips on LSD" and "letting their hair grow long and shaggy," or that Merle was popping Bennies, fucking like a rabbit and probably smoking marijuana too.

If a redneck and a barmaid could fuck drunk in time to "tonight the bottle let me down," then why couldn't I fuck their daughter on acid to the same tune. Merle Haggard was an ex-con. He'd had his problems with drugs which continued even as he sang about the evils of them. Free love was not the province of hippies only, this was the '60s and the rednecks took full advantage of free love as well. They just don't admit it.

This man and these songs resided next to Blue Cheer, Cream, Canned Heat and King Crimson on my shelves then; today they take

their place next to those along with Black Flag, The Circle Jerks, The DKs, Sick Of It All, Helmet, All and Tulare Dust. Drink that beer and burn one while Merle Haggard takes you back to when men were men and hypocrites, women were women without bras, a peace sign wasn't a fashion statement or a rappers signal and the way person dressed or wore their hair was a motive for murder.

Bennie Owens



MIGRAINE

Little Luxury
Miramar

Miramar is a label known for releasing "new age" recordings, not rock. This release from Migraïne can't be considered rock and it sure isn't new age. The band is from Germany; Miramar claims that they've already conquered the European music underground. The members come from jazz, avante garde pop, rockabilly, punk and noise backgrounds. Since there are only three of them, they have each played more than one style. The instruments they play are bass, guitar and sax. That's it. We have now fully entered a new era of minimalist pop. The new Morphine CD, *Yes*, resides among the best releases of 1995. They expanded slightly on the two-string bass, drums and baritone sax format of their first release, but remain in the forefront of the dreamy, narcotic, minimalist pop vanguard. The Tindersticks released one of the better CDs of '94 and while they aren't minimalist, I'd place their brand of pop music right alongside the likes of Morphine and Migraïne.

Yes, add Migraïne to the

list. The CD is long, over 18 songs are present and it lasts for over 63 minutes. They risk being lumped in with the "lounge" set because while the CD plays I can imagine clinking glasses, idle chatter and a cigarette burning to ash. They could also fit into a jazz classification. The same scenario, clinking glasses, idle chatter and cigarette smoke surrounds the jazz club. In this setting the hooker would be at the bar, a reefer would dangle from Lars Precht's (double bass) mouth and Tim Leberecht (vocals/guitar) would exhibit the pinpoint pupils/slit eyes of a junkie. That's how "cool" this music is. Jakob Hesler's sax is an ever present factor in the music. It is as if Tony Bennett or Frank Sinatra had hooked up with Jan Garbarek or a stoned Sonny Rollins and then found an electrified, yet laid back, Bill Black. Leberecht has drawn comparisons to Tom Waits although he is nowhere near as gravely and the songwriting has been compared to both Elvis Costello and John Cale.

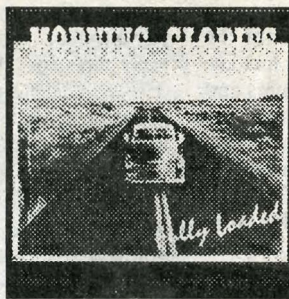
The album was recorded live, few overdubs are present, in the winter darkness of Bretagne. Audiophiles, jazz cats, lounge lizards, Swampigs; those in search of minimalism or anyone looking for something different head for the stores that let you listen to anything. One listen should convince you, then sit back and see how "cool" Bryant Gumble, Jay Leno, David Letterman, and Conan O'Brian truly are. If this band doesn't appear on at least one of their shows then I need to spend more sleepless nights/early mornings in front of the tube with Helen Wolf.

MORNING GLORIES

Fully Loaded

Headhunter/Cargo

The San Diego scene appears played out as Headhunter ventures off to New York to find the Morning Glories. They had a single reviewed a couple of issues back. "Tower" was the



A-side and it is included on the CD. They had me fooled with the 45 because I thought they were a pop band, not a psych one as their name suggests. "Fully Loaded" begins the album in a heavy fashion. That style continues until they slow down slightly for "Elizabeth" and do a downright country ballad titled "Friendly Song." "Tower" is guitar pop to help save the "alternative" format from approaching doom - grungy pop. They finally live up to the name with "My Health." It's psychedelic country rock. The Morning Glories are having some difficulties deciding whether they want to be a hard rock band, a psych band or '90s country rockers.

"Fluorescence" finds them tripping some more. Slow-grinding with plenty of feedback and lyrics that won't make much sense unless you are as "baked" as them. "Tire From Serenade" is more guitar pop that verges on thrash. Of course tempo changes are mandatory as well as a little psych break in the middle. What else can they do except enter the realm of utter darkness and "Jazz"? They are obsessed with Jesus for some reason. A lyric sheet would help determine what the obsession is all about because Jesus is present in at least three of the 11 songs.

The highlight of "Penny Souvenir" is the processed vocals. They close with another country ballad and another Jesus song. The amazing thing about the Morning Glories is their ability to pen the loveliest ballad imaginable and switch suddenly right in the middle of

the song to their God damned psychedelic shit. "Sweet Side Of Jesus" is the best song on the CD. Do morning glory seeds actually have psychedelic properties? Eat a few packets and sit down with Fully Loaded. It worked for the Morning Glories, maybe it will work for you.



OUR LADY PEACE

Naveed

Relativity

There wasn't a press kit, this promo was sent for in-store play. Like most in-store play CDs it ended up in management hands. The cover gives not a clue to the music contained on the disc. An old man is pictured with birds perched on his body. Inside is a birds nest and another photo of the man, the birds and the band are in the background. The first song is "The Birdman." From the lyrics I'd say this birdman guy got inside Our Lady Peace's minds.

The group appears to be from Canada, the music is more of the Seattle sound. I'll reveal myself as a true poseur and say that I like Soundgarden, Mudhoney, Alice In Chains, and Nirvana. I also like the Supersuckers and Love Battery. What a poseur, I can hardly stand myself. I like Our Lady Peace too. Raine is the vocalist with one name. He has all the trademarks in place. I don't know if he's copying someone and I don't care. His vocals are good enough to listen to more than once. The grunge band backing him is comprised of Chriss, bass; Jeremy, drums and Mike, guitar.

Along with "The Birdman" are songs like "Julia" which percolates right

along in the tried and true grunge form while escaping the mosh pit and creating instead a mass of hair flinging both on and off the stage. Raine is in pain for "Under Zenith," a ballad with him moaning and howling in full-voice grunge fashion. The full CD lasts about an hour. The hour is well spent. The cross between Led Zeppelin/Kiss/'80s punk and Seattle influences are all in place. It's a major label thing with a video to follow. Investigate it.



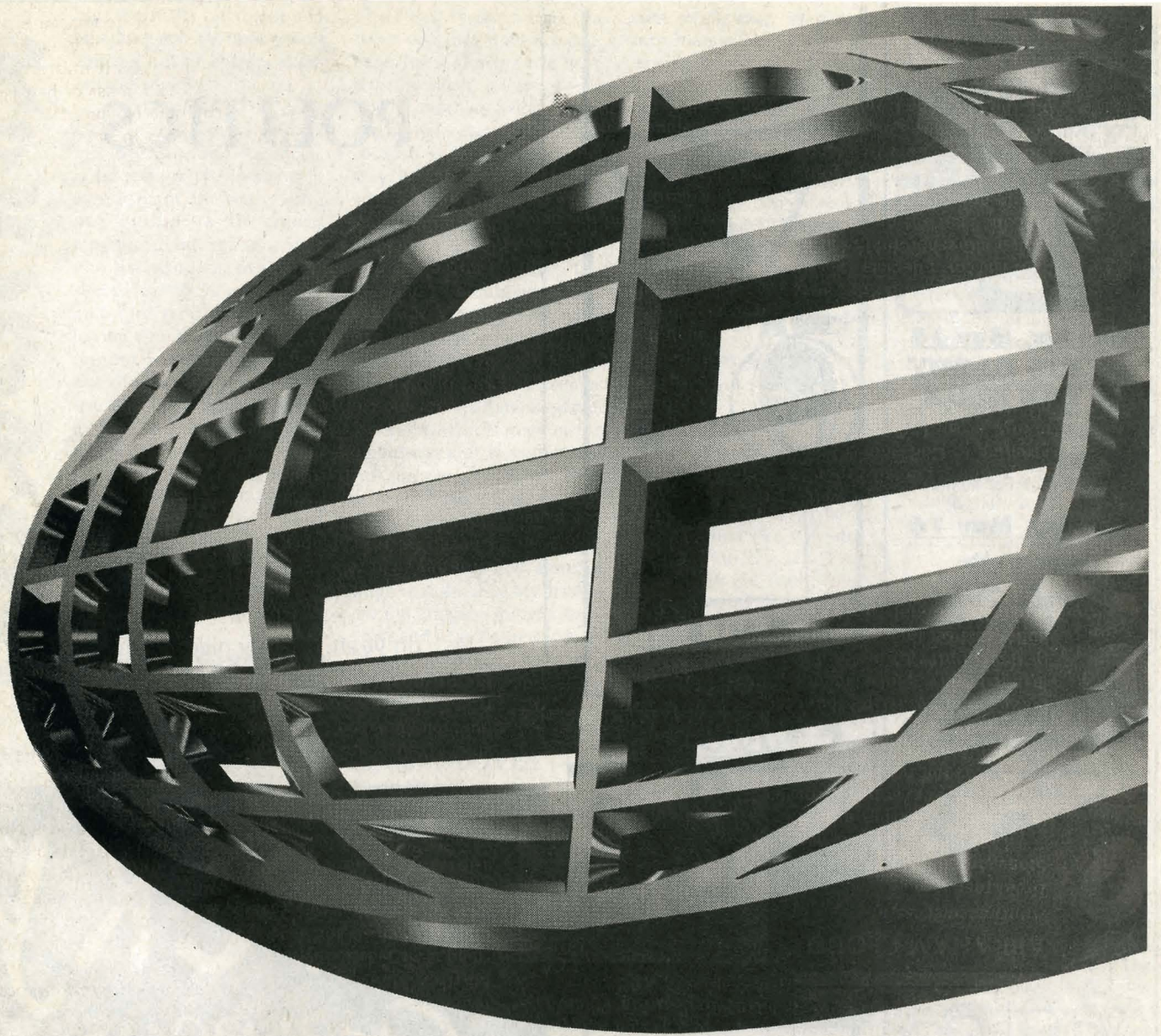
THE APPLES IN STEREO

Fun Trick Noisemaker

splnART records

The minute the radio announcer began his spiel I realized that The Apples in stereo belonged in a Notes From A Garage Pile piece not a regular review. It takes only seconds to pick these retro garage guys out from the stacks. Their garage is on a pleasant, tree-lined street with a plenty of folk rockers in the neighborhood.

Peter and Gordon, The Left Banke, Chad and Jeremy and a CD reissue of folk psychedelia are in their blood. Robert Schneider plays a Moog, they have a girl singer in the presence of Hilarie Sidney who also drums and the lo-fi thing is also present in abundance. It appears that they are from Denver so we might have the pleasure of their presence in the Cinema Bar in the near future. I'm hoping the effects of those morning glory seed packets you ingested haven't worn off because this is music for coming down to. Pretty and peaceful with those weird little moog sounds and bells or tambourines going off at odd moments the tracers are slow-



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**POMPADOUR PRESS
PRESENTS**

THE FLAPJACKS
Portland Rockabilly



Monday, May 15
w/ **BIG DADDY
& THE BLUE
NOTES**

The Zephyr
A Private Club For Members

Tuesday, May 16

w/ guests tba

Burts Tiki
726 So. State • No Cover

Flathead
Phoenix Hillbilly



WITH GUESTS

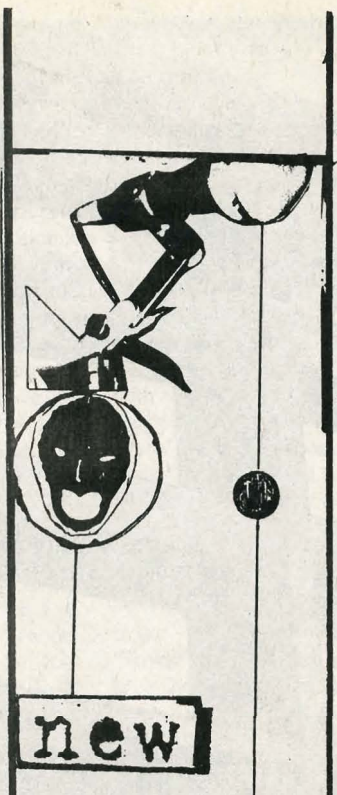
**WOODOO
SWING**

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THE STENCH
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WOODOO
SWING

ing, the walls have stopped breathing and the notes aren't coming out of the speakers quite as rapidly.

La, la, la, la, the Moog kicks in, the harmonies are incomparable and the music is far too pretty. Breaking in to interrupt the mellowing out period is the radio announcer informing everyone listening that this is a stereo dcast from outer space and The Apples in stereo leave the folk behind to remind you that the trip is not over quite yet. What I want to know after listening to this CD is where they find drugs of this high quality in the '90s and how come no one in Salt Lake City has discovered this weird little niche of lo-fi-folk-psych yet. Interesting to say the least. The cover folds out into a colorful poster that is suitable for framing.



THE TWIST OFFS

Live In Ohio
Red Star Records

As is typical with SLUG we are a day late and a dollar short. The Twist Offs have been to town at least twice in the last year. The CD and a press kit, containing a write-up by the Event's Amy Maestus finally filtered its way down to the bottom of the food chain and into the SLUG offices.

I was in Burt's the other day and they were playing a CD of old Trojan ska music. Compare the music Trojan released way back when with what is termed ska music today and you will find scant similarities. The Twist Offs are similar. They have the full horn section, but they don't play at headache inducing volume. The singer, Erik Walters, can actually sing.

The band realizes that the faster you play does not necessarily make for the best dancing music. If I'm not seriously mistaken ska music began as a combination of calypso and American soul. Calypso has mutated into soca, soul is now rap and ska is nothing but thrash with horns.

The Twist Offs keep the tempos mid, soul has a place and the guitars and bass aren't overpowered by the brass. As enjoyable a disc as I've heard in many a year in this genre. It had me thinking of Bob Marley's very early recordings and worn-out ska reissue records. Sorry I've missed both of their live dates, but my last few trips to the clubs have resulted in overindulgence and altercations with bullies. My hands are too crippled to fight anymore and I can't afford to lose the few brain cells I have left. Good band, I'm sure they put on quite a show.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY28

Misery Loves Company
Earache Records

Very Crushing! I've just finished listening to Misery Loves Co.'s latest release for, oh, about the tenth time. This CD is so damn good I can't believe it. Misery Loves Co. is made up of two tech-heads-Patrick Wirén (vocals and guitar) and Orlan Ornkloo (programming and guitar). The two hit the studio in Sweden, appeared on a compilation, and received praise from the Swedish market. In 1994, the band was noticed, and picked up by Earache Records. Misery Loves Co. is a cross between industrial and thrash. Kind of industrial with real backbone. Where did these guys come from? Well, I know they're from Sweden, but where were they when I was listening to all of the crappy industrial music that I was exposed to? The production on this CD is great. Good highs and good thundering lows. I was forced to listen to this one

loud...really loud. Song structure is evident as well. No lapsing into a coma induced by the boredom of never ending repetition. What a refreshing change. The singing goes from clean to vocals-through-a-meat-grinder rough. Very intense. I suggest you get this one. I'm sure you'll like it. Consider Misery Loves Company as my pick for the month.

—Forgach

MONSTER MAGNET

Dopes To Infinity
A&M Records

Dopes To Infinity by Monster Magnet is the best CD I've ever picked up so far, in 1995. Total 70's style drug music for the 90's. I can't stop dancing in my living room and playing air guitar to this. If Stereo X was still around, (not to be confused with the ever so popular X-96), they would be playing this mutha straight through every night to lull you into a different dimension. Monster Magnet sings about spaceships, planets, prayers, threats, and Christmas. Very heavy groove with long, wailing guitar solos that feel like they are coming to a conclusion, but circle around to find the chorus, again. Not only will you be the coolest person on your block, but you'll like the CD so much that you will love me for the advice.

-RDJ

SKELETAL EARTH

De-Evolution
Desperate Attempt

Oh yes, another brutal bit of grindcore to bruise this planet we know of as earth. Or maybe that's Skeletal Earth. Leaving anyone that listens to Skeletal Earth's second release 'De-Evolution' a mere pile of bones. I've heard the Carcass comparisons, maybe some of the lyrics will back this up. The tracks are laden with undiscernable lyrics dealing with cannibalism, death, and how badly we're fucking up our planet. Musically, if I must make a

comparison, and I will, they remind me of a cross between Morbid Angel and Entombed. A real strong point of this release is the many surprises encompassed in the 19 tracks on the CD. At times I've felt grindcore was getting a little stale, but this disc challenges that attitude. Each song is a little different from the last, which keeps it interesting the whole way through. The fact that there's 19 songs also keeps it interesting, and the songs are short, which is good for those of us with attention spans of first graders. Make sure all of you Kiss fans check out track 14. Skeletal does a cover of 'Calling Dr. Love'. Sick, very sick!



—Forgach

FLOP

World of Today
Frontier Records

The opening song on World of Today is Act 1-Scene 1. It reminds me of the Sex Pistols, circa 1967. I like this song a lot. Great lyrics, too; *Don't trust me 'cause I'm a hired man/ I'll take all your money away/ and suck out life like a vitamin/ perpetuate pure disease/ you better say please.* The rest of the CD is original with intelligent lyrics. It's raw, catchy and fun to listen to with a hint of danger. Noisy guitars, hard-hitting drums and horns!!! If your parents are in your room yapping your ear off, turn on Two Martians Working, at full throttle. It will drive them out faster than one of your smelly farts. Flop is on one of the original indie labels, Frontier Records. World of Today is for the youth of today. Try it, you'll like it.

-RDJ

CRAVIN' MELON

Where I Wanna Be

Seedless Records

No matter your opinion of the musical offerings of Crotch Test Dummies, you have to admire the name: it easily ranks as one of the worst band names in music today. The folks at Cravin' Melon are doing their damndest to place themselves on that list. I must say at the outset that I'm the kind of red-neck that's just close-minded enough to judge a band solely on their name and then toss the CD forcefully towards the nearest exit, but I find myself humming the first single off this album all the time, so that must mean something.

It's called "Sweet Tea" and I'm sure that if it's not playing on the radio yet, it'll probably get there. It's got a great little guitar lick that repeats through the song that makes you wonder why don't hear things like it more often. The first song ("Pretend") sounds like a poor man's Black Crowes, so at first I thought that's what I'd be listening to but the rest of the album has its own sound. It's country rock and roll, designed for catchy Sunday morning listening. There's nothing too hard, except maybe the face of Jimbo Chapman (guitar/vocals) on the band photo. He looks like he just finished up beating his wife.

From the press kit: "Musically CRAVIN' MELON has been compared to a countryfied Toad The Wet Sprocket and a cool rockin' Big Head Todd and the Monsters." I can't really do better than that, and the publicist even managed to get in some alliteration (cravin'/rockin'). If you've been lookin' for a countryfied Toad The Wet Sprocket, then you've got your own problems- but I can at least verify that Cravin' Melon does a good job of making some easy listening songs for those mellower times.

— Kevin

JULIANNA HATFIELD

Only Everything
Mammoth/Atlantic

I was first introduced to Julianna Hatfield's music about a year and a half ago, through a video to her song "For The Birds". I found the song on Julianna's second album 'Become What You Are'. I was instantly in love with her voice, songwriting and attitude. I followed up by checking out her live show in Baltimore. It's not often I stray from my extensive grindcore/death/thrash CD collection, but I will for music that really shines. 'Only Everything' is Julianna Hatfield's second release on Mammoth/Atlantic records. It's a progression of her style which reminds me of why I liked her music from the first time I listened to it. The CD begins with "What a Life". This song really kicks. It's about as catchy as they get, and just brings out the best of her unique style. "Universal Heart-Beat" is the first single off the CD. If you heard it on the radio when it first came out, there's a good chance I was responsible. I called and requested the song at least twice a day for a week. According to the fine people at Atlantic records, Julianna should be gracing the Wasatch Front with her presence sometime in June. I'll keep you posted. Until then, grt her new CD, "Only Everything" and like it. Dammit.

— Forgach

FACE TO FACE

Big Choice
Victory

The Big Choice CD looks like a quarter. I'm just warning you to be careful or you might stick it in your pocket and mistake it for a Susan B. Anthony, and then you'll be out fifteen bucks when you get four plays with it on an early eighties pinball machine.

The bio to this band likes to talk a lot about the punk attitude of Face To Face. They

tour all by themselves, no roadie, no tour manager, just the four of them in a bus. The singer ought to spend his time humming as he drives, he might pick up some singing abilities.

This is the kind of album that has fifteen versions of the same song, so eventually find the one you like best (probably the one you heard on the radio that got you to buy the album) and then you only put on the album when you want to hear that song. My best guess is that the big winner would be "Disconnected", a 'bonus track' that predates the album by six years or something. There's a little intro to the song that's pretentious as hell in which the band is heard arguing with the producer and saying that there's no way "Disconnected" is going on the album because it represents their old stuff, and their fans are entitled to their new stuff, and some other stupid bullshit. Anyway it's their best song, so it's sad they haven't come up with anything better in six years and have to include old singles on their major label release. On the scale of Atari 2600 to Pentium 100, I give it a Commadore 64.

— Kevin

SPINE WRENCH

Soulscape
Desperate Attempt

The band Spine Wrench is a journey into technical madness. "Soulscape", their three song EP, is just a taste of their specially crafted lunacy. I don't have any background on the band, other than they're from the U.K. and appear on Desperate Attempt records. Spine Wrench, an industrial/metal band, is dark and brooding. A frenzy of guitars, drum programming, and vocals, attack your ears from every possible angle. There is an abundance of effects used in the production of this CD, which only adds to the hysteria. The lyrics seem as though they are straight out of a nightmare. I look forward to

hearing more from Spine Wrench in the future.

— Forgach

GIFT

Multum In Parvo
Tim Kerr Records

When I was 14, I bought a record called Bitch for 75 cents at the D.I. It came with a fold out poster of Betsy, the lead singer, all dressed in leather and looking ready to dominate. She was wearing some sort of transparent top, which is of course the reason I bought the album. But at some point I actually took the record out of the sleeve and put it on, and was introduced to goth metal. Gift has more of an industrial plodding sound than Bitch, but nevertheless it reminds me of gool old Betsy. I never much liked Betsy's voice, and she certainly had no musical ability, but I loved her attitude. I'm sure that nowadays she's head coordinator of a swinger's lodge in Vegas somewhere, swapping stories and lovers with the members of GIFT, Jerry A. and May May Del Castro.

My favorite song is Little Deranged Puppet, parts one through three- not because it's any good, because it's not, but because they have the pretention to have three parts to a song as if they have some early Genesis concept to what they're doing. The song starts off the album, and after one verse, it fades out, only to fade back in through part two. ans then again as part three at the end of the album (go figure). It's really terrible. And by God I love it.

When I was seventeen I went to a party in a trailer park, full of high school dropouts drinking from the gallon size Smirnoff bottles, and I sat on this bombed out old couch while the girl who lived there had noisy sex with some guy she'd met in her mother's room. I sat there with the sudden feeling that I was waiting for my turn, and then I realized that a couple other guys sitting with me were doing just that, I got on my dirtbike and pedalled

home. This album is the soundtrack to that memory.

P.S. The title means 'great things come in small packages'. So What.

— Kevin

TILT

Til It Kills

Fat Wreck Chords

I have to start off by admitting Tilt isn't my usual fare. I've never been a big fan of the hardcore scene, but I did like this CD. "Til It Kills", released on Fat Wreck Chords, is Tilt's second recorded effort. Their first release, "Play Cell" was on the label Lookout Records. The CD starts off with a catchy, very pop-sounding number. Other songs will be more appreciated by hardcore fans. Overall, the album comes across as a blend of both hardcore and pop/alternative influences. I wouldn't be surprised to hear "Suspended" on the radio. Skirting the line of political correctness, I will note that the singer Cinder Block is a female. Not unheard of in hardcore, just different. Cinder Block's melodic singing brings Tilt's style out of the dark. This will make "Til It Kills" more accessible to people not familiar with hardcore music. This recording is definitely centered around the vocals. The music is straight forward, hard and to the point. The band lays down a solid foundation and the vocals finish off the structure of the songs. There's hardly any intro to any of the songs, as the vocals kick off right from the start, and Ms. Block rarely takes a breather. If you're looking for something different, check this one out. This CD combines various elements that just may show where hardcore is headed. Maybe it's just a break from the original recipe. Plenty, if spice here.

— Forgach

ELASTICA

Elastica

Geffen/DGC

Is it me, or is there a place other than Seattle, that can produce great bands? While not every band from the northwest is good, the new wave of British bands have been talented, one after the other, like The Stone Roses, Oasis, Portishead and Elastica.

Elastica is an exceptional band. Justine Frischmann, the lead singer, is the ex-girlfriend of Suede's Brett Anderson, and is presently seeing Blur's Damon Albarn. This must have some influence on the band, since the drummer, Justin Welch, was in Suede for a total of three days. In fact, Marc Waterman, Elastica's producer, compared them to Oasis, Blur, and the Beatles. Although the track "Indian Song" sounds like an obvious Beatles rip-off, the rest of the album reminds me of the punk music I used to listen to while I was skating the local halfpipe. For the most part, the songs are fast, lasting 2-4 minutes, with a loud guitar sound. "S.O.F.T." and "21", on the other hand are a little slower and seem more pop/rock oriented. "Connection" and "Stutter" are good choices for singles because of their unique sound. Another good song on the CD is "Waking-up" even though it is the song that took them to court with the band 'The Stranglers' publishing company because of the similar sound it has to the song "No More Heroes". It isn't surprising since Frischmann says, "I believe that stealing from other people's music is a good way to write a song", but who gives a shit where she gets her ideas from, as long as Frischmann and the rest of Elastica keeps releasing albums like this one, I'll always be buying!

— Josh A.



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An Interview with **Crispin Glover**

by *Capt. America*
photo *Steve Midgley*

Suddenly there I was, on the phone with Crispin Glover. In true SLUG fashion I had prepared nothing in advance for the interview (as you will see). I hadn't even asked SLUG if they wanted an interview with the guy, I just ran across his home phone number and figured I'd give him a call. After all, he's coming here on the 12th. I'm assuming you know who he is: he's the guy who tried to kick Letterman in the face. He's the guy who Playboy says has a gynecological exam table in his house somewhere. He's rumored to have a jar of eyeballs above the fireplace. Almost every character he has played has something terribly, terribly wrong with him © and the rest just have something moderately wrong.

My favorite Glover films:

The Orkley Kid: he plays Larry Huff, a young Idahoan who tries to gain acceptance for his transvestism by attracting a reporter from PM magazine to attend a talent show he organizes. He sings an Olivia Newton John song and the whole town shuns him.

River's Edge: a performance that's equal parts speed and LSD, Glover plays the totally insane Layne, a guy who just wants to take care of his friends. This is my personal favorite of his performances; he's got tons of bad lines, and he delivers them all with absolute crack pipe commitment. "Look dude I saw it right there in front of me! I poked at it with a stick!"

Friday the 13th Part 4: Obviously one of his earlier films, he

plays Jim, the Dead Fuck. He has perfect Farrah Fawcett hair and for some reason almost as much makeup as he did in *The Orkley Kid*. His only film in which he gets a corkscrew in the hand and a machete in the face. Also, the only one I've seen in which he's atop a naked woman. Pay close attention to the fact that in the skinny dipping scene, he's the only one who bares no flesh.

You can't forget him as the cockroach-in-the-underwear guy in *Wild at Heart*, or his perfectly sexless Warhol in *The Doors*. Look for him as Sean Penn's thieving buddy in *At Close Range* (Like Father Like Son Like Hell), and apparently he was in *My Tutor*, which I saw last as a fifteen year old on late night Showtime, and I wasn't watching it for Crispin Glover. And then there's *Rubin & Ed*. Hailed by many as the worst film ever made, he plays a guy who treks into the desert to bury his cat. While Maximum Overdrive still holds court on my worst film throne, I have to admit that *Rubin & Ed* weren't too good. Nevertheless, it's got a hell of a following here in Salt City.

So he's coming here, to do *The Big Slide Show*. On May 12th he'll be at the Tower Theatre, doing god knows what all. It's going to involve reading from his books, slides from his books, selling his books, and I imagine a lot of hero worship from Patchouli clad Twin Peaks fans. It's your chance to meet the man, folks. See if you can top the gentleman who introduced himself to

John Waters with, "I love you more than my big hairy asshole!" when Waters was at the Tower. Show him what you keep in "your" underwear. Ask him in person about kicking Letterman. I certainly took no risks when I called him. I leave that to you. I've got to get along with the guy when he gets here.

SLUG: I'd like to talk a little about the artistic side of things you're doing, non@movies.

Glover: That's fine.

SLUG: You're involved in poetry, sculpture, painting.

Glover: Yeah, I never call the books poetry, though, I don't like the sound of that. I call them short stories. I take old books from the 1800's and rework them and turn them into their own books. I've got about eight of them in the show, and there are slides that have been taken of the books and then I narrate the books through the show. They're heavily illustrated books.

SLUG: Illustrated by yourself?

Glover: Right. There's a lot of photographs that have been reworked and there's also art that has been reworked. There's a lot of reworked images or images that have been used in such a way that they have a different meaning than they originally held.

SLUG: What is "reworking" them?

Glover: I saw somebody that had taken an old book from the 1800's and put art in it and I thought that was an interesting idea. I thought it looked neat and then I set out to do the same thing - I got an old binding and instead of putting art in it, but I'd always written and stuff as well, but I liked the look of the words within the art, and words started to naturally turn into a kind of story so I let the stories flow and then I finished the book and I got addicted to it and I kept doing more of them.

SLUG: Any particular subject material?

Glover: First I had just kind of general images but one of the books that I've published is called "Rat Catching." And I started collecting books that I knew I could utilize images from: Taxidermy books, Animal Husbandry books, uh...one called *Fur*. So certain things I'll have found images first and then put those into the books.

SLUG: Now the one piece of work that I remember seeing involved a Tootsie Roll and a hand?

Glover: Oh, that's something completely different. That's a single image for a film that it a feature length film that I am involved in getting stuff together with.

SLUG: Have you gotten into music?

Glover: Well, I had a record come out a number of years ago called "The Big Problem Does Not Equal the Solution, The Solution Equals Let It Be," and I should have another record coming out this year, maybe next year called "The Big Love Album."

SLUG: Spoken word?

Glover: No, "The Big Love Album" is mostly songs. The first one was produced by Barnes & Barnes.

SLUG: The Fish Heads?

Glover: Yeah, exactly. And this one was just produced by myself and one of those two fellows.

SLUG: Just Barnes.

Glover: That is correct. On the first one I didn't write any of the music. On this second one I have done some of the music, the sound of it is quite different from the first one. I'm also directing a short movie which I've written and it's all with Down's Syndrome people. SLUG: The subject matter?

Glover: Well, it's not really the subject matter © the cast will all be people with Down's Syndrome.

SLUG: How do you survive in Hollywood?

Glover: It's a careful balance sometimes. I need to work to make money and it's difficult sometimes. I live well, though. I don't have a bad lifestyle. I have so many various projects it's like I wish I had more of myself to do them with. I want to publish another book this year called "What It Is And How It's Done" and I've not had the time to.

SLUG: I assume you're sick to death of talking about Rubin & Ed.

Glover: I'm not.

SLUG: It's a pretty big hit out here.

Glover: Yeah, it's interesting - I was in the Northwest recently and I found that it's not just in Salt Lake. Rubin & Ed apparently rents higher than any of the other films I've been in, and it's one of the top rentals at all that they have in the stores up there.

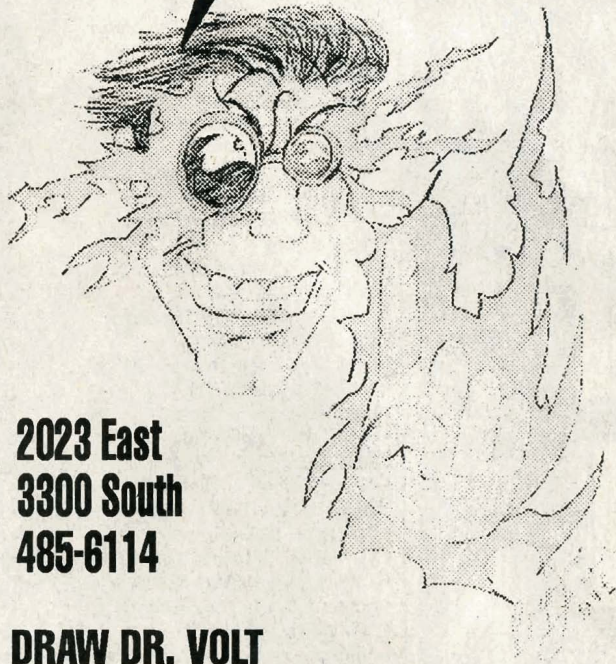
SLUG: Is it one of your favorites?

Glover: Well, I'm glad that we did that film. There are things about it which are good for me, that it...there's this Rubin Farr being that it's kind of is a recurrent thing that I have in a lot of my projects, so it's nice to have that movie out there.

I don't know what it means, either. You can ask him.

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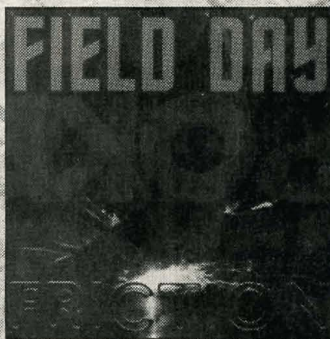
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Monday, 5/1

- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat
- SF Envelope-Cinema Bar
- Mud Puddle-Ashbury Pub

Tuesday, 5/2

- My Friend Moses- Bar and Grill
- Sidewalk Region- Starr Studios
- Mikey Bro-Ashbury Pub
- Black Lotus- Dead Goat
- Psychodelic Zombies- The Zephyr
- My Friend Moses - Bar & Grill

Wednesday, 5/3

- G Head-Cinema Bar
- Hiedi & The Hurricanes-Starr Studios
- Rythm Fish-Ashbury Pub
- Pozzo Jive-Dead Goat
- Cat and Fiddle-Green Parrot

Thursday, 5/4

- Mr Green-Bar and Grill
- I-Roots-Dead Goat
- Bad Livers, Fat Paw-The Zephyr
- Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Insatiable-Starr Studios
- The Weed-Cinema Bar
- Bob Snow-Green Parrot
- Mr. Green - Bar & Grill

Friday, 5/5

- Abstrak, One Eye, Sir Knobble Hassle-Bar and Grill
- Backwash-Dead Goat
- RythmFish, Papakega-Cinema Bar
- RattleKings-Ashbury Pub
- House of Cards-The Zephyr
- Salsa Brava-Green Parrot
- Abstrak, One Eye, Sir Knobble Hassle & The Swamp Donkeys - Bar & Grill

Saturday, 5/6

- Stompxox, Tree, Honkeyball-Bar and Grill
- Thirsty Alley-Cinema Bar
- Irie Heights-Green Parrot
- Salsa Brava-The Zephyr
- Wolfgang, Easy Street-Starr Studios
- Snake & the Fatman-Ashbury Pub
- Mary Monique-Dead Goat
- Stompxox, Tree, Honkeyball - Bar & Grill

Sunday, 5/7

- Acoustic Goat- Dead Goat
- Slash's Snakepit-The Zephyr

Monday, 5/1

- A Band & His Dog-Ashbury Pub
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, 5/9

- Sonia Dada-The Zephyr
- Arcade, Lazy Jane-Starr Studios
- Doug Wintch-Ashbury Pub
- Jon Shuman & Norm-Cinema Bar
- Scepter-Dead Goat

Wednesday, 5/10

- Ssurj-Bar and Grill
- Sugarhouse-Cinema Bar
- Spittin Lint-Dead Goat
- Gypsy Moth-Ashbury Pub
- Tyrade-Starr Studios
- Floyd's Funk Revival-The Zephyr
- Blues Jam-Green Parrot

Thursday, 5/11

- Simon Bonney- Bar and Grill
- Slick 50, Decomposers-Cinema Bar

• Band & His Dog-Dead Goat

- Terry Rob-The Zephyr
- Aziz, Tyrade-Starr Studios
- Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

Friday, 5/12

- Deviance, Qualitones, Iris, Gass-Cinema Bar
- House of Cards-Dead Goat
- XSNRG, Tree House-Starr Studios
- Fat Paw-Ashbury Pub
- Massawa, Chahlie Chaplin-The Zephyr
- GammaRays-Bar and Grill
- Zlon Tribe-Green Parrot

Saturday, 5/13

- Gamma Rays-Bar and Grill
- Mary Monique-Cinema Bar
- Massawa, Chahlie Chaplin-The Zephyr
- XSNRG, Tree House-Starr Studios
- Armed & Dangerous-Ashbury Pub
- Insatiable-Dead Goat
- Irie Heights-Green Parrot

Sunday, 5/14

- St. Johnny, Bohemia -Bar and Grill
- Apricot Jam, James Stewart-Cinema Bar
- Dread Zeppelin-The Zephyr
- Acoustic Goat- Dead Goat

Monday, 5/15

- Darts Tournament-Cinema Bar
- Flapjacks -The Zephyr
- Blue Healer-Ashbury Pub
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, 5/16

- Flapjacks - Burts Tiki
- Agent Orange, Buck O Nine, Sir knobble-Bar and Grill
- ChokeBore, Bohemia, Cokleo-Cinema Bar
- Colobo, Renegade Saints-The Zephyr
- Craig Cleveland-Ashbury Pub
- Slackjaw-Dead Goat

Wednesday, 5/17

- Irie, Showboat-Bar and Grill
- Kitty Winder-Cinema Bar
- Rick Welter Trio-Ashbury Pub
- Commonground-Dead Goat
- Strangers-The Zephyr
- Greg Hampton-Starr Studios

Thursday, 5/18

- Harder Than Your Head -Ashbury Pub
- Medeski, Martin & Wood-Cinema Bar
- SF Envelope, Swoon-Bar and Grill
- Blind-Dog Smokin-Dead Goat
- Inka Inka-The Zephyr
- PigIron, Kaotic Contortion-Starr Studios

Friday, 5/19

- 57 Lesbian, Mt. Shasta-Cinema Bar
- Honest engine, Old Sol-Bar and Grill
- String Cheese Incident-Dead Goat
- Joe Muscollino-The Zephyr

- Blisterd Toad, Harlot-Starr Studios
- Tongue & Groove-Ashbury Pub

Saturday, 5/20

- Vangaurds-Dead Goat
- Wish, ASA-Bar and Grill
- Plowman, Abstrak-Cinema Bar
- Disco Drippers-The Zephyr
- Blisterd Toad, Reaction-Starr Studios
- Rythm Fish-Ashbury Pub

Sunday, 5/21

- Acoustic Goat- Dead Goat
- Ape Hanger, Qualitones-Cinema Bar
- Cradle of Thorns, Clay People, Accumen-Bar and Grill
- Mark Watson-Ashbury Pub
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat
- Wilco, Kevin Salem-The Zephyr

Tuesday, 5/23

- Nobody's Fault-Dead Goat
- Nova Genus, Decomposers-Cinema Bar
- Zuba-The Zephyr
- Kevin & Rex-Ashbury Pub

Wednesday, 5/24

- Blue Healer-Dead Goat
- Abstrak-Bar and Grill
- Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black-Cinema Bar
- Blue Wood Moon-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, 5/25

- Deadbolt, Low Rent Souls - Cinema Bar
- Flathead, Voodoo Swing - Burts Tiki
- Jesus Rides a Kiksha, Blasting Agents-Bar and Grill
- Hostage Symphony-Dead Goat
- Monkey Meet-The Zephyr
- Doggs Day, Little Heathens-Starr Studios

• Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

Friday, 5/26

- Flathead, Voodoo Swing-Cinema Bar
- Big Leg-Dead Goat
- Jimmy Lane-The Zephyr
- Visionary, Aziz-Starr Studios
- Backwash-Ashbury Pub

Saturday, 5/27

- Flathead, Voodoo Sing-Cinema Bar
- Elbo Finn-Bar and Grill
- Fat Paw-Dead Goat
- The Paladins-The Zephyr
- Splatterfield, Doggs Day-Starr Studios
- Backwash-Ashbury Pub.

Sunday, 5/28

- Boys Life, Glarit Chair-Cinema Bar
- KUTE Aids Benefit-Disco Drippers-The Zephyr

• Acoustic Goat- Dead Goat

Monday, 5/29

- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, 5/30

- G Head-Cinema Bar
- Painted Cloud-Dead Goat

Wednesday, 5/31

- Moonshine Willie-Cinema Bar
- Last Dance-Dead Goat
- Fifty Lashes, Kaotic Contortion-Starr Studios

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