

SLUG

7TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

December 1995

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SLUG

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SLUG is published by the 5th 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 SLUG. SLUG is not legally responsible for its writers or advertisers. If you don't agree with what is said...WRITE! All submissions must be received no later than the 25th of the month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We thank everyone for the continued support.

—SLUG STAFF

SLUG is printed by the fifth of the month, the deadline is the 25th of the month

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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

Just finished flipping through the November issue... what a bunch of hypocrites you are. Throughout your editorial you trash just about every effort to be successful i.e. make some money to continue being creative. Yet, the mag is filled with ads from the very same types you trash. What's this? It's okay to slam something and call it total crap, but okay to take the ad dollars so you can put the mag out. If you're so self-righteous in your editorial stance then back it up with the advertisers you allow. I especially like the way you try to remove yourself from all the responsibility with your editorial disclaimer on the masthead. Yeah, like you don't print what you want to. Maybe I'm wrong and SLUG doesn't need the ad dollars to be published every month, but I don't think so.

So continue to be the trendy "trash anyone who's doing better than average" mag that you are. SLUG's as mainstream as it gets in the mid-90's. Here's to the most profitable year yet for the SLUG!

Get Bent,
Red Bear

ED: What the hell are you talking about? Can you read? Are you reading the same magazine? What editorial? I'd love to tell you how full of shit you are, but I have no idea what you're talking about. Sorry. And as far as \$ goes, if you are employed, I GUARANTEE you make more money than SLUG staff members.

Dear Dickheads,

I just want to tell you that November and October Psycho Corner kicked my ass! Both of them were so true. I was totally impressed with the 100% kick ass in November! And X96 could turn country for all I care. (I hate country) Mr. Pink should be Mr. Kickass!

all of my respects...

Provo

P.S. The truth lies in front of the beached boys!

ED: Great, now we'll never shut him up

To: slugmag@aol.com

attn: MOTHER

I'm going to have to take issue with your review of "Strange Days." I suppose I have underestimated Ralph Fiennes power over you. You correctly identify the movie as "stupid" and "pretentious," however, you then call it a "cyber-punk must see." What is truly sad is that such a large piece of turdy crap was brought to us by James "Big Guns" Cameron and Kathryn Bigelow, who we know are capable of so much more, if they'd only try. The opening sequence is very cool, and then it pretty much sucks from there on out (with the exception of Lenny Nero's wardrobe). The only level that the film worked on was a "lets see how many time we can expose Juliette Lewis's woefully underdeveloped breasts" level. Not even Ralph Fiennes can save us from that. For a real (and much more gut wrenching) "cyber" adventure, I would recommend checking out "Tetsuo: the Iron Man," a low-budget, independent exploration of the true union of humanity and technology. Very Cool. Plus its not burdened by any false moralization or bloated egos. I really needed to express all this, you cannot imagine how much I disliked "Strange Days." It could have been so much better. Have you seen "The Loveless"? I searched for it at local video stores but so far have had no luck. anyways...

Dave C.

viceprez@mystic.slcc.edu

Dear Dickheads,

This is in response to Mr. Pink's article on his stiff sheet record review. The Meat puppets are a very good band, but who

knew who they were before they appeared on MTV Unplugged with Nirvana? They were just another band who has been out for awhile. But I don't think that you or Helen Wolf have any fucken right to dog on Nirvana the way you did. Nirvana and The Meat Puppets are not at war. It's stupid fucks like you who make it a war. They were just playing together on stage. And Nirvana is the greatest fucking band to come out since Led Zeppelin. You have no right to judge Kurt either, he took his own life, not another persons', God is the only one who judges him. And even though the Meat Puppets are a great band, even the Foo Fighters can dust them. I think the bull shit name you gave them was totally uncalled for. Dave Grohl is one of the greatest drummers to ever live (stand up top with Jon Bonham). And now he proves he can sing up there with the best of them. And that defamed trio of self-proclaimed demsionists are still selling more records than The Meat Puppets. Kurt sang all three of the Meat Puppets' songs better than Kirkwood ever has, so bite me, shithead.

Joshua Riggins

Bill

Jeremy

P.S. The Pacific North West has delivered more great bands than any other city.

ED: Who heard of the Meat Puppets before Nirvana? Grohl is one of the greatest drummers to ever live? Wow! Your letter is so wrong I can't even start to dissect it. Mostly because I can't stop laughing. Oh well, they say true idiocy speaks for itself.

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More Letters

I am writing in response to the current and on-going feud between SLUG and the abhorrent X96.

First of all, let me say how much I appreciate the energy and purpose of your little magazine. As opposed to the many hipster media agents supposedly dedicated to music, like the aforementioned disaster, your magazine, angry or not, is about one thing and one thing only, music. Although I do not necessarily agree with all your reviews, or even choice of music to review, I am grateful for the fact that I can rely on SLUG to inundate me with new music ideas, absent of money-biased opinions and regardless of current trends.

So, out of my respect (?) for your magazine, I would like to offer you a little advice: forget X96, forget the Grid, leave them alone. I realize it is hard to resist but when you ridicule, taunt, heckle, defame, or even complain about X96 and their cute subsidiaries (and is usually done with just reason), you ultimately endorse their product. You create undeserved attention. You give them free press, free publicity. And for a corporation, what is better than free press, positive or negative?

The problem is that they are not going away. X96 is huge, it is a corporation, and it has money to burn - way too much money to burn. It can withstand a pesky magazine who ruthlessly, but truthfully, picks it apart. In fact, it revels in the publicity: look at their in response to Mr. Pink and his ruthlessness, but truthful, article on

X96's concert manipulation.

The most influential and effective stance SLUG and all its readers can take, and anyone who cares about music and free thought in general, is stop supporting their product. In other words: boycott. Do not listen to their infantile radio, or read their puny paper; shop at their specially selected "alternative and independent" record stores, or attend their sponsored concerts (yes, even if the band is good). Do not mention them in your magazine at all, even if your comments are designed to impact them negatively. The worst position X96 and their conglomerates could find themselves is to lose their audience, to broadcast to no one. Of course this will not happen completely, not yet anyway. X96 appeals to those people who, consciously or unconsciously, like their music, their clothes, their entire persona dictated to them: those who do not like to think or choose for themselves. It's mainstream (dull) media. It is a business. As a business, it is concerned with money, a profit; not, contrary to what they try to make people believe, music. There is nothing original, creative, or innovative about X96, the Grid, or anything related. I think you and your readers are aware of that.

Therefore, I believe it is necessary for SLUG and its readers to focus their energy elsewhere on less money-oriented, more ideologically parallel endeavors. Community radio is a good start. A second option is KUTE, a tiny radio station and albeit a difficult one to

track down, but a radio station that far and away plays the best music in this valley. KUTE is now available on AM radio - and what is more punk rock than that? Take the effort and drive up to the university, park where you can see the city lights and listen for a few hours. The staff does a great job up there and the quality is increasing.

The choices for music stores are obvious. here is a hint: If a record store stocks more Depeche Mode and Cure singles, E.P.s, and rarities (yes, there legacy continues), than their whole inventory of Kill Rock Stars, K Records, Alternative Tentacles, Merge, and Homestead, you might want to avoid it.

Concerts are difficult. Salt Lake is not an entertainment hub, so when good bands play, the best decision is to go and support the band, even if X96 sponsors it. It's amazing though, how noticeably foolish and ignorant the X96 D.J.s appear when they skip on stage, employ their characteristically nasal, whiny voice, and ultimately, get booed off the stage. My only advice here is to pick your concerts wisely; the more expensive concerts usually have been tampered with in some way by either a radio station or the club itself. The band is rarely allowed to determine their own ticket price.

My point is that there are options - make the effort to support the truly independent, truly honest radio stations, record stores, and music publications. In each case, the audience, or the consumer, ultimately determines the quality of the producer's product. It is more admirable and much more meaningful to endorse a worthy cause

that to bash an obviously inferior one. Support community radio, not corporate radio.

Sincerely,
Steven Hatcher

Dear Dickheads

Isn't it interesting that Scott (Would that be Scott Crandall?) feels comfortable defending SLUG's competition while maligning his own? Most publishers would ignore such a blatant attempt at sucking off. SLUG prints the epistle. I'll shop at Raunch, The Heavy Metal Shop, Salt City CD's, Tom Tom, Gray Whale, Modified, Raspberry or even Media Play before entering Crandall Audio, which appears to be owned and operated by a hypocrite. Wasn't the last appearance of Scott's musings in SLUG an essay on the importance of supporting "independent" stores over "corporate" ones? X-96 is at least partly owned by the same "corporation" that owns United Concerts and Grid Magazine. Played Monopoly lately Scott or are your kneepads, sheepskin condoms and flavored anal lube sufficient?

As for Brad and his new Jaguar - it isn't new, it's used. Brad lives in the same ghetto area I do. If he can afford a Jaguar after all the years of work he's put into his business (Raunch Records) I say go for it! At least he's not whining and crying about "corporations" cutting into his sales or putting him out of business. Maybe Brad knows something you don't Scott, like how to make a profit. He drives home in the "Jag" after work, lights a big fat bud, puts on the bluegrass and laughs at the whole fucking bunch of you poseurs.

Where is your ad in SLUG Crandall or is the "corporate-owned" radio station/magazine no-one-reads best for your customer base of trendy teen-aged wannabes? The "war/sissy slap-fight" between SLUG and X-96/Grid/United Concerts? I'm all for settling it with a fist fight. Who actually cares anyway? PS. Whatever happened to Happyville Scott? Have you seen those boys in your store lately? The Swimpigs kind of sunk like stinky catfish bait in Utah Lake didn't they? Anus Poetry's second isn't quite blowing off the shelves is it? P.R.S. How many pairs of Silver Tab Levi's will you get this Christmas?

—Dick S. Donym

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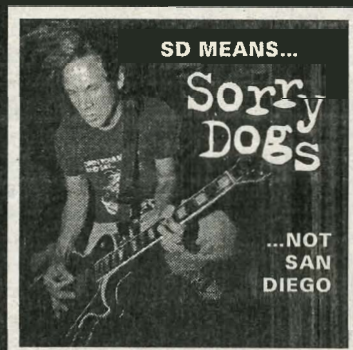
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ACTORS WHO SHOULDN'T ROCK

P.S. Chicks Dig Curtis!

It's a disturbing trend that's getting out of hand: Actors starting their own rock bands—and getting record deals! Sure, it's been 10 or so years since **Bruce Willis** and **Don Johnson** (As well as his *Miami Vice* buddy **Phillip Michael Thomas'** dead-on-arrival album) inexplicably charted, but with this whole Let's-Be-Alternative 90's thing has *everyone* getting into the act.

The most visible offender this year was probably **Keanu Reeves** and his "Folk/Punk" band, **Dogstar**. Our bus drivin' bass player has coat-tailed a mediocre garage band into a world tour, a documentary of said tour produced by Creative Artists Agency, opening slots at the LA Forum and Palladium for **Bon Jovi** and **David Bowie** (Both rockstars who act—a pattern?), and now a recording contract with **Zoo Entertainment!** The fact that Ke-no is the worst actor aside from some of the other doorknobs coming up here is irrelevant—**StarPower** moves product, baby: If **Brad Pitt** suddenly joined **Huge E**, you'd be *there!*

But wait, it gets even better: Remember **Booker**? How about **Marker**? Human skid-mark **Richard Grieco** (who mouthbreathed his way through a recent TV-movie filmed right here in SLC—more on that later) even has his own music side-career. Check out this piece of literary floater from **BookMark's** bio:

"Another side of **Richard Grieco** may be glimpsed—and heard—in a burgeoning musical career. Grieco signed with **Edel Records** after a year of sold-out performances at **The Whiskey** and other **Los Angeles** nightclubs and widespread media interest overseas. His first single, "Voice With No Name" was released last year. Sales surpassed expectations, which led Grieco to cut an album. The album, *Waiting For The Sky To Fall*, was recently released in Europe by **Edel** and is already causing a sensation, particularly following Grieco's recently completed promotional tour. Grieco contributes equally to the sound of the music while providing many of its lyrics—drawn from hundreds of poems written on personal, social and political topics." HAHAHAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHA, oh god, let me see here—surpassed expectations? Like **Christopher Reeve** has surpassed expectations of pissing in a cup?

That's not even the best part of the bio, dig this: "With the keen sense of a panther, **Richard Grieco** pursues his game while avoiding those indigenous to the celluloid jungle of **Hollywood** (*Translation: even Kato won't return his calls*). The reclusive actor remains largely hidden from the public eye not by design, but rather due to a deeply private sensibility that underlies a facade of untamed emotion (*Translation # 2: he can't get a fucking job!*). And, like the most stealthy of the big cats, Grieco has remained judicious in choosing his nourishment in contrast to those species that consume anything and everything in their path (*Translation #3: that 21 Jump Street reunion show ain't gonna happen*). Upcoming for Grieco is the CBS telefilm (*Translation #4: cheesy movie-of-the-week*) "It Was Him Or Us." Jesus, this is the most amazing press release material since **Riverbed Jed** (**Hi Mary**).

Where was I? Just watch me segue: The **21 Jump Street** survivor with some actual talent, **Johnny Depp**, released an album with his band **P** on **Capitol** last month. **Butthole Surfer** **Gibby** and **Chili Pepper** **Flea** are on board, so at least there's some credibility—even though there are **Viper Room** connections. The **Viper Room**, of course, being the **Jeopardy** answer for "**River Phoenix** became a public service announcement here." Riv had a band, too—do we get another **Foo Fighters** out of the deal? **Corey Feldman**, on the other hand, has cleaned up and started a christian rock band, which brings us back to the poignant question: "Would you rather choke on your own vomit during a heroin overdose or be in a christian rock band?" Stumped? Replace the second part with: "...or listen to my new **Richard Grieco** CD?" Isn't that easier? I thought so.

Other actors who attempt to rock: **Woody Harrelson** (No label deal yet, but an endorsement with **Rogaine** is pending), **Ethan Hawke** (Well, he had a band in *Reality Bites*, and I swore he was in **Sugar Ray**), **Ashly Hamilton**



(The **el** **Shannen Doherty** wins the **Worst-Named Band** prize: **Soul Garden**), **David Hasselhoff** (**Germans** love him!), **Joey Lawrence** (**Inmates** love him!), **Matt Dillon** (Does *Singles* count? Does **Eddie Vedder**?), and everybody's fave, **Henry Rollins** (Ever seen any of those old *Deathtrip* flicks? **THAT'S** acting!).

Actresses seem to have the good sense to avoid this scenario entirely or just to not suck at it. **Julia Roberts** and **Justine Bateman** wisely chose not to pursue the rock after the chick-band howler *Satisfaction* (Justine's flatter-than-roadkill vocals can be heard on the hilarious soundtrack album, though—yes, I have a copy), **Ann Magnuson** has sung with lo-fi hipsters **Bongwater** for years (And she was in *Cabin Boy*!), **Traci Lords** released a decent techno CD this year (But didn't get a song on the *Melrose Place* soundtrack—what gives?), **Milla Johovich's** album last year was so damn wierd that critics *had* to gush over it (Please God, don't let **Kate Moss** record), and **Juliette Lewis** may be next after her rockstar role in *Strange Days* (Hey, if a band as lousy as **Skunk Anansie** can get a deal out of it, why not her?).

Former **MaryMonique** and the **Trip** singer **Monique Lanier** (Who all can be seen on a regular basis in that lame **KTVX 4-Utah** ad) had some film credits prior to rockin', so she counts here also. She did the first season of *Life Goes On* (That show with the retard—no, not *Alien Autopsy*: they're the viewers), as well as a couple of TV-movies before last month's "It Was Him Or Us", with the aforementioned **Richard Grieco**. Not only did her performance prove that she's a *hundred* times the actor that **Dick** is, but it's inspired me to get into TV-movies as well. Watch for me in a minor role in the upcoming **FOX** movie-of-the-week "When The Credit Ran Out: The **Enid Green Waldholtz** Story."

—Hellen Wolf
Hellenwolf@aol.com

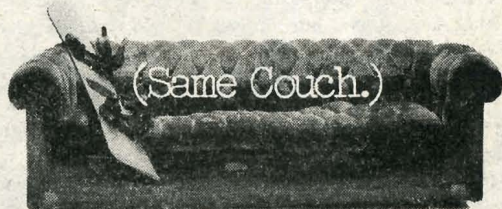
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Feature Band

HAZE

"So Tom a man once so swift, on your knees handcuffed at the wrist. Sweating like the pig you are, I dug your grave, hope the blade falls hard"

—"Tom Dooley"

HAZE is the lead singer for the band which bears her name, and after many times asking her real name, I gave up...it didn't matter

SLUG: Okay, so Haze, this is your real name right?

HAZE: Alright, next question.

SLUG: Okay, how long has the band been together? Well tell me about the band first of all.

HAZE: The band. Well we met actually through a producer. I was working with a punk producer for awhile and my brother's entertainment attorney. He got this young kid in basically who came into his office and he was doing at the time Korn demos.

So I heard the demos and I really liked them so I wanted to meet the guy. I played him some material that I had that was really basically piano vocal, really rough stuff and I talked to him about what I wanted to do. He said he had basically the right players in mind for me. He was not kidding. So basically we got together in a rehearsal room and started jamming and it was honestly the easiest session I had in my life. because I didn't have to pull anything out of them cause they were right there and their vision was exactly my vision. I had a really enjoyable time.

SLUG: So it wasn't a record company decision or anything. I mean it was something you wanted to do, it wasn't a product thing.

HAZE: No, it was purely artistic. We just got together



and did it. It became a little more corporate when I went to South by Southwest and I thought, I'm going to pop in my tape to the alternative listening panel. Then I'm sitting listening to their critics on the CD's and the various demo tapes that were in there and there was this full female bashing. They hated female artists. It was all major labels too, sitting on that panel and they were saying I ate chic singers, they were just being totally obnoxious, so I stood up and I'm pulling my tape out of the box, then all of a sudden I heard the beginning of Tom Dooley, my humming. I thought shit, I'm so screwed. So I sat back down, what the hell, if they hate it I don't give a shit. So basically I was shocked, they actually liked it a lot and they picked it as the best alternative tape they'd heard

through the whole conference. To this day I hate everyone on that panel even though they liked my tape. I don't respect any of them.

SLUG: So these were all big name labels...

HAZE: Yeah I just couldn't believe what they were saying about other tapes. It was just this bash session.

SLUG: You didn't sign with anyone though?

HAZE: No, what happened was then with major labels it takes so long to do anything. So this Indy label Mutiny records called me too. Basically their whole thing was you want to do it now so lets do something right now. Basically what they did was they took my demos and we pressed them. We didn't go back in the studio. I didn't want to go back in, cause we did that on feeling

and even if I recut those songs the moment was there. I didn't want to have to redo the moment. None of us really wanted to. I didn't want to have this whole strategy type of thing I just wanted to put out music. So we did it and, some of the labels are still into it and I still get calls and stuff which is cool.

When I came home from SxSW, a kind of really great thing happened. I started doing the internet, on line. And I got on line and I just started posting. So I got tons of E-mails back from people that want free tapes. So I've given out 5 to 6,000 free tapes. And through that I've done a lot of E-mail on my press and America Online has been so supportive.

SLUG: Why Tom Dooley?

HAZE: For the longest time, I wanted to do that song. It was a song my mom used to sing when she was a kid. When I was little she would sing it and it was so morbid you are singing, someone is getting hurt, I mean this guys on death row, he stabbed his girlfriend to death. But yet they sang it so happy it was a camp song. I thought well its a dark song. I want to do this song as the way I feel it. Nobody got it, nobody got the vision at all. I would play them the Kingston Trio version. And its really hokey and its really happy and its a banjo kind of. Basically when I hooked up with my band what I did was I put down a drum loop and I sang over it. They didn't hear the original. I did it in the dark fashion that I think it is. They dug it. It trips a lot of people out how I ever think about Tom Dooley

SLUG: So did you rewrite any of

the lyrics?
HAZE: I rewrote all the verses, I changed the story line completely. I didn't want to do the stabbing the girl and the truth is it was basically too much like OJ Simpson, and I didn't want to do that. The story is, he took his girlfriend up and stabbed her to death. Its basically about he was a confederate soldier, he was a war hero this guy and his name was Tom Dooley. His girlfriend started dating a Yankee soldier so he took her up to the mountains and he stabbed her to death. The song was written when he was on death row. Its a crazy story. He got hung.
SLUG: So when are you going to do a full length?
HAZE: Probably in January when everyone gets back. Everyone is going different places for the Christmas holiday. So when the band all gets back we wanted to...the problem is we want to also do...start doing some college shows, somewhere we're going to fit it in, do a full length.
SLUG: What's your musical background?
HAZE: I really started off, my dad was a sax player. He really got me into music, as soon as I could talk I was singing. Cause he was a musician so he would always play the piano around our house. So I would start humming along as he was playing and he was oh my god I think she has a pitch, you know. And so he started me up really taking vocal training when I was real young.
HAZE: I did some commercial stuff. I did a car commercial. I don't know if it was aired anywhere besides Los Angeles, I'm not sure. I'm definitely into doing stuff for film and I'm definitely really into musical theater a lot. That was one of my backgrounds, musical theater when I was growing up.
SLUG: But when you're writing the piano is you main instrument?
HAZE: Yeah, but a lot of it I'll write in my head too.
 I'll just write, I mean I'll just put it on Dictaphone or I'll just record it somehow. And what I'll do is I'll sing it to my band and they'll start jamming around it or doing a riff around it. That's how real-

ly the three songs on the CD, God, Tom and Free were really done melody first on those. Some are not. Some are done music first definitely. But those three were really done melody first. that song God Wish You Were Here.. That song is my favorite from the writing part of it. Because everything I was thinking and doing I just wrote down and I never changed a lyric in that song. So that song to me is kind of special because it was so free flowing. In that one I just basically sang it to the band and they started doing this cool riff behind it and that's how that one came about. How our songs come out I'm anyway is fine with me. sometimes they'll be silly in rehearsal and I'll tape everything. Cause I'm you never know. one of our songs has a Bugs Bunny type of feel to it now. Its totally Bugs Bunny, its totally cartoonish. Because they were being obnoxious and I recorded it and they're you can't write lyrics over that. I'm I don't know. I did, I wrote a total serious song over it. So that's what I love about writing with them, is that I don't want to be structured. Because we're not structured. If we become structured and we start analyzing everything then I think our songs will lose , they just lose some of the feeling.
 And when everyone just kind of does their own thing as long as we're all on the same key and we're all... its cool that way. so...
SLUG: What female vocalists influenced you when you were growing up?
HAZE: Oh my god, Pat Benatar was my first idol. She was my first concert that I ever saw. Linda Ronstadt I really like and Janis Joplin. Now who influences me, I'm a major die hard Tori Amos fan. I love Concrete Blonde. I just love that band. And my drummer loves your magazine! I said SLUG and he was oh, I love that magazine. He was like really excited.
SLUG: Who is he?
HAZE: Mark Destiny.
SLUG: How does he know about the magazine?
HAZE: He's really into it. He's really into the underground, into cool things. I love that kind of stuff too.

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Busting The Nut

At CBGB's there are five to eight bands a night, every night, 364 days a year. No kidding. Most of them suck. Most of them are from out of town. All of them are happy to be on the crappy little stage that once produced such diverse acts as Talking Heads, Blondie, Ramones, Prong, Agnostic Front, Living Color, Spin Doctors, White Zombie and the Lunachicks. Sunday afternoons are the all ages hardcore matinee shows, Sunday nights and Monday's are audition nights, and Tuesday through Saturday are the real booked shows. Anything goes and everything usually does. People drive all day just to get to 315 Bowery in New York's East Village and strut their stuff in a club that is about the same size and layout of the Bar and Grille. The place is a beer soaked dive with a crack house that doubles for a men's shelter upstairs and nothing around it but a small opera house and a Puerto Rican bodega, that sells beer to minors, across the street. All the trendy shops and NYU art fag bars are six blocks away in a much safer neighborhood. But for two years of my life CBGB's is the place where I called home and I never felt so welcome. Hilly Krystal is the owner and he lives around the corner and is a major supporter of underground arts and music. Country, BlueGrass, and Blues- that's where Hilly predicted the underground music scene was headed in 1975. Thankfully, he let anyone who showed up play, and the rest is history. The CBGB's gallery right next door to the club is a place that just about any local artist can get their stuff shown and even sold. I even met Paul Simon at one of the openings that I worked at. He's a short fucker, but he took the time out to shake my weeny ass hand and I was stoked. Slap me so I can get to the point. So I'm bartending my way through college and it's another boring Sunday night in rock n' roll hell. The first of seven bands take the stage and for some unknown reason I am compelled to watch them. Usually when a band sounds this lame I have little problem blocking them out. I just shoot pool until its over and then drink until I'm blind (oh yeah, one of the perks of being a New York bartender is that most places let you have a few on the job and no fucking name tags). Well these guys on the stage must have thought

they were special or something because they just wouldn't shut the fuck up. I mean it was really pathetic. The drummer played that happy U2/Simple minds type thing while the bass player just kind of did nothing but stare at his cabinet and stand there. The guitar player had a sweet mid seventies Marshall 50 Watt half stack and played a faded yellow Strat with a clean tone and lots of chorus and delay, paying major homage to the Edge, while the goofy haired singer stood there with an acoustic guitar and sang really pretentious songs about God, race and saving the environment. I say his hair was goofy because it was: straight black shoulder length hair, perfectly blow dried and brushed down so that he looked more like he was wearing a fluffy mushroom hair helmet than having a normal head of hair. These guys were obviously from out of town, judging by the three people in the audience and by the sheer off the lead singer's head. "Another crappy REM/U2 wannabee..." I say to Ronnie the soundman, but he's already too drunk and bored to care. These guys were everything I really loathed in a band. Of course, they were tight, and they all looked like they belonged together on stage. But they were pretentious, derivative and fucking boring. Understand that being pretentious is a cardinal sin amongst underground rock fanatics. You have to be outrageous or else you are boring and have no sense of humor, but you are not allowed to let the mechanism behind all that show. There is real irony in that statement because in an industry that thrives on pretentiousness as the music industry does, being obvious with your methods will give you no credo with your fans and critics will crucify you for it. Blatantly proselytizing through rock music is usually a lame way to get the granola fed hippie chick vote and these guys were the worst, most obvious case of a pretentious lame assed band that I had seen in a long time. Yeah, there were less tight bands who would fuck up their own songs, and singers who would try and sing metal type shit that just sucked, and tons of musicians' musicians trying to be the next Yngwie-Malm-Fuck but for some reason these four guys were just a wimpy, lame college type thing that I had seen a million times and there act

was so old that I just had to watch to see what Neil Diamond pose this frontman was going to pull out of his ass next. I mean they were singing about brotherly fucking love and the goddamn whales when no less that two hours ago the hardcore crowd would have mopped the fucking floor with the lead singers lovely hair helmet.

That just goes to show you what I know about the music biz. That band was called LIVE and today, four years later they can pretty much take a shit on my head and call it art and it will sell in any mall across the country to some fourteen year old who wants to piss off their parents. I say WAS because in the four years since I've seen them play at CB's someone stepped in and slapped these guys in the face and made them into a rock n' roll band. Almost everything about the band has changed since those formidable years and now the four geeky LIVE boys are millionaires and probably not over the age of twenty five. I even like their album "Throwing Copper" and I know for a fact that they put on a great show even though I still think that the name LIVE is a dumb fucking name for a band that was and is as pre-packaged and as un-Live as a band can get. That stringy braid of hair hanging down the back of the lead singer's head is analogous to about as much of this bands past that remains intact. The other 95% has been discarded. I applaud their success and their willingness to change with the times.

Somebody stepped in. That is the one thing that I am sure of. It is the part of the recording industry that no one really ever talks about because it is a major point of contention within bands and it is a real part of the business that every successful band has had to deal with. A&R people, when asked what they hate most about signing bands, (and I'm getting this from paraphrasing interviews in industry magazines like Billboard, Mix, and Hustler and summarizing) is the fact that in a band you usually have four or more personalities completely out of synch with where their music is headed and how to reach a mass market. Most bands don't understand that a successful band is ultimately a successful business venture and requires investment. The musician's adage "as long as the music is good and I can make a living playing..." is really just bullshit. Join a fucking cover band if you just want to scrape by. Tribute bands have been

making more money than the bands that they are covering !!! Just ask Bootyquake. Original rock music is for contenders and players. Investments are made by way of time and money. If you want to even be considered serious in today's music scene you need to use all your assets. You need well written songs. You need to have them recorded and packaged on a C.D. You need a frontman. And you need a stage show. You need to promote your band as a well thought out long term music making machine. And most of us in local bands need to do all this without the luxury of a band manager telling us what to do and how to do it. That seems to be the bare minimum for what passes as legit in today's waters. A band works as a team to get to a certain point and the lucky ones either get their shot or go back to square one. A&R people think that bands are a major pain in the ass to deal with and that they had better really have their shit together before they come a knockin' on the door. Translation: just being in a rock band already puts you at full count, two outs, bases loaded, bottom of the ninth, down by three when you step up to the plate. Just my opinion. Read the trade papers if you don't believe me. In the case of Live, I have a sneaking feeling that there was outside help telling these guys what to do and how to do it and definitely how to play it that made them what they are today. Let's face it, every successful band out there is equal parts image and music so don't kid yourselves that appearances and Marshall stacks don't count. Do you really think the guys from Tool are as fucked up as they pretend to be? How about pretty boy Trent? Know this: producers are more responsible for the way an album sounds in most cases than bands are. File this under my "Butch Vig: and how he single handedly changed the sound of modern rock" theory. Look again at those thank you lists at the end of the album covers and then think about what kind of favor it took to get on that list. Now think about all the people who didn't make the list and all the favors that they probably did. Now think about the turn out for your band's last show at Green Guinea (Honest Engine not withstanding). Me, I'm joining a twelve step program. Ch-ch-ch-changes...

Merry Christmas,
—David M.



12/8- Joe Ely

Matthew
Sweet

12/10- SnowBoarders
Ball

12/11- Little Sister
w/Grinch

12/12/13- Radiators

12/14- Son Volt

12/15/16- Leftover

Salmon w/Boxset

12/17- FlowerPatch

12/19- Sam & The
Hunchback

12/20- Hello Dave

12/21- House of Cards

12/22/23- Disco

Drippers

12/27- Lee Rocker &
Big Blue

12/28- The Committed

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Psycho Corner

DAMN HIPPIES

WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR?

Everywhere I go, no matter what, I inevitably run into a damn hippie. And, inevitably they always piss me off. They always have those great greetings, like "Heeeeey" or "Duuuuude", or my personal favorite: "Whatsuuuup?" That is a good indicator that you should not engage in conversation with flower boy/girl. I guess the thing I really hate about these damn hippies, is that they think they know what the hippie movement was all about, when in fact they know nothing. You might call them "pseudo hippies" or "wannabe hippies". I call them "stinkin damn hippies". You can spot them all over, with their stupid clothes that they think are 60's, and their silly hair that they think is 'natural', when it is just dirty, matted, stinkin, ugly hair. And what about the hippie women with their unshaved legs and armpits? How disgusting is that? I can think of nothing more gross than to look at a woman's legs, and see big long stinkin leg hair. Or a woman in a dress, who raises up her arms and there's a big bush of pit hair! Yeeecchh!

Yea, I know "European women don't shave" So what! I don't live in Europe, and I sure wouldn't go there to look at some disgusting arm or leg hair. Today's mod-hippie is also lacking in some huge areas in comparison to the true 60's hippie. The true hippie had a cause they were fighting for. They were trying to change society. The new

hippie is trying to find the bag of weed they lost while walking down the street to the health food store. The true hippie embraced the music of their time. The new hippie is trying to embrace the old hippies music but have no idea why. They must think it is cool. They are trying to recapture some rebellion that is completely over their heads. Simple quiz. Ask the new hippie who the Chicago 7 were. Ask them about Abbie Hoffman or Jerry Rubin, or the 1968 Democratic Convention or the SDS. The fact is the true hippie DID SOMETHING. The new hippie is a whiny crybaby version. They are pissed because they can't sell enough pot to pay their student loan. They have been looking for that bootleg Phish album all day, and they are just too tired to work on their VW bus so they can go to the Vegas Dead show. (Well that problem solved itself) This new hippie is an embarrassment to youth rebellion in the U.S. They don't know what to rebel against. They are too stupid to see that the true hippie, if he were around today, would be crawling up Bob Dole's ass with a flashlight. The true hippie would be boycotting Rush Limbaugh. The true hippie would not let Newt Gingrich on the street without a thousand protestors following him. So, get a clue new hippies. Or, better yet get a job. The price of apathy is too high. Figure it out! You are doing nothing, you are saving nothing, and you sure as hell aren't standing for something. You are just pissing me off. You are clogging up the lines that people with a purpose have to stand in, and you are standing in front of them, and the smell is killing us all.

—Mr. Pink

Next Month...Mr. Pink interviews
"The Big Pink"... Mr. Pink Sr.

Feature Band

RUTH RUTH

SCALING THE WALLS OF THE LAUGHING GALLERY

No need to RSVP—they're uninvented! NYC's punk-pop trio, Ruth Ruth, has anchored itself into the swiftly running waters of alternative with its first single, "Uninvited," off their debut LP, *Laughing Gallery*. The record spews highly energetic guitars and rhythm, neurotic vocals, and lyrics that bluntly indicate messages of frustration! After shopping their music around small NYC clubs and being just another band, Ruth Ruth has achieved a level of success where they are now "in" the pop-culture community!

Such an odd name for a band, one might think? Ruth Ruth is an evil character from the Lily Tomlin film, *"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."* With this name, the band played around NYC, including a weekly show at The Continental Club, attempting to build a fan base while holding down typical day jobs to pay the rent. Guitarist, Mike Lustig, was slave to a printing shop, drummer Dave Snyder was on the payroll at the Ciao Bella Ice Cream manufacturing plant, and songwriter, vocalist, bassist, Chris Kennedy filed in an office. Their rehearsal space? It was the small basement of Ciao Bella—free of charge—who was going to complain?

Approximately a year passed before Ruth Ruth started to drum up a fan base and gain some industry attention—people liked 'em! "We were looking for either a label or just the huge following thing so that we could support ourselves just playing around New York live," Mike

explains, in regard to the coming up of Ruth Ruth. Venture Entertainment and American Recordings picked the band up and thus the journey began.

What's different now that Ruth Ruth has scurried into the spotlight? "We're playing to people every night—I'm not going to my job, which I hated." Ruth Ruth is currently opening for Everclear on a national tour (their first), playing to a few hundred people each gig (once hitting Everclear's home state of California, crowds of a thousand or more came out). Things that are the same with Ruth Ruth: the joy of playing live, headaches after the show, and sitting around in sweaty clothes after their set is done!

At the moment, the media wants a piece of the pie—Ruth Ruth is on the radio as well as MTV. Mike suggests that he is polite to the media and is content with the hype that it is generating. He says, "I am usually polite to people like that [media] but only because I had eight years of no one caring what I was doing—I was in a lot of other bands that never went anywhere. Now I'm like calling you up—you're going to write an article about me."

It's clear that Dave, the drummer, is not polite like Mike. When he uses profanity—it comes at you like a bullet. He isn't receptive to certain questions—perhaps ones that aim at categorizing the band! Dave made it clear why Ruth Ruth chose Venture/American for support—the band has complete control in the artistic creativity department. A simple quote from Dave—"I just want to make a lot of money and play a lot of music—if I didn't make a lot of money, I'd still be playing." He was adamant about the fact that Ruth Ruth wasn't out of the hole yet and that even the phone interview was costing them money. I reassured him that his label mates, The Black Crowes, have it covered!




Mike on Chris: "I love his lyrics—they're pretty personal. He's neurotic—he's not the kind of guy who will put his feet up and be comfortable."

Dave on Chris: "Chris is afraid of vegetables; Chris won't eat turkey clubs." Chris lives in quiet Bergen County, New Jersey—perhaps the appropriate setting for his profile, courtesy of Mike and Dave. NYC must be too hectic for him—he requires a more balanced environment?

Earlier, Mike was challenged with the question, what wouldn't someone suspect of you after seeing you on MTV and hearing your song on the radio? He scrounged up the answer that he is a big Springsteen fan—that was pretty good, but I thought he had more to hide! I asked him again at the close of the interview session—his response, "when you are writing the article, just think of this"—click. All I heard was a dial tone.

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Poe.
She's been
everywhere.
Almost.
Her style is very
eclectic. Her
voice is graceful.
She backs up her
talent with strong
conviction.
And no one even
knows her
name...

SLUG: Where
should we start?
Explain how you
wound up with
the name 'Poe'.

POE: The Poe
name? I went to a
costume party
when I was a kid,
dressed as a
plague. From
Edgar Allen Poe's
Mask of the Red
Death and called
myself Poe to
give everybody a
hint. And it kind
of stuck. It came

and went and came and went and came and
went and it made a lot more sense to use as a
performance name cause it was a nickname
already. That's sort of how that happened.

SLUG: Did anybody get it?

POE: No, nobody got it they just said it was
funny.

I was very insulted. I thought it was very
serious. But I think what happened was like
my mother's friend called her like the next
day and said, "How's Poe?" and then it just
stuck. And I liked it, I was like, "Yeah, fine
that's my nickname." Cause I never had a
good one.

SLUG: So now where were you born?

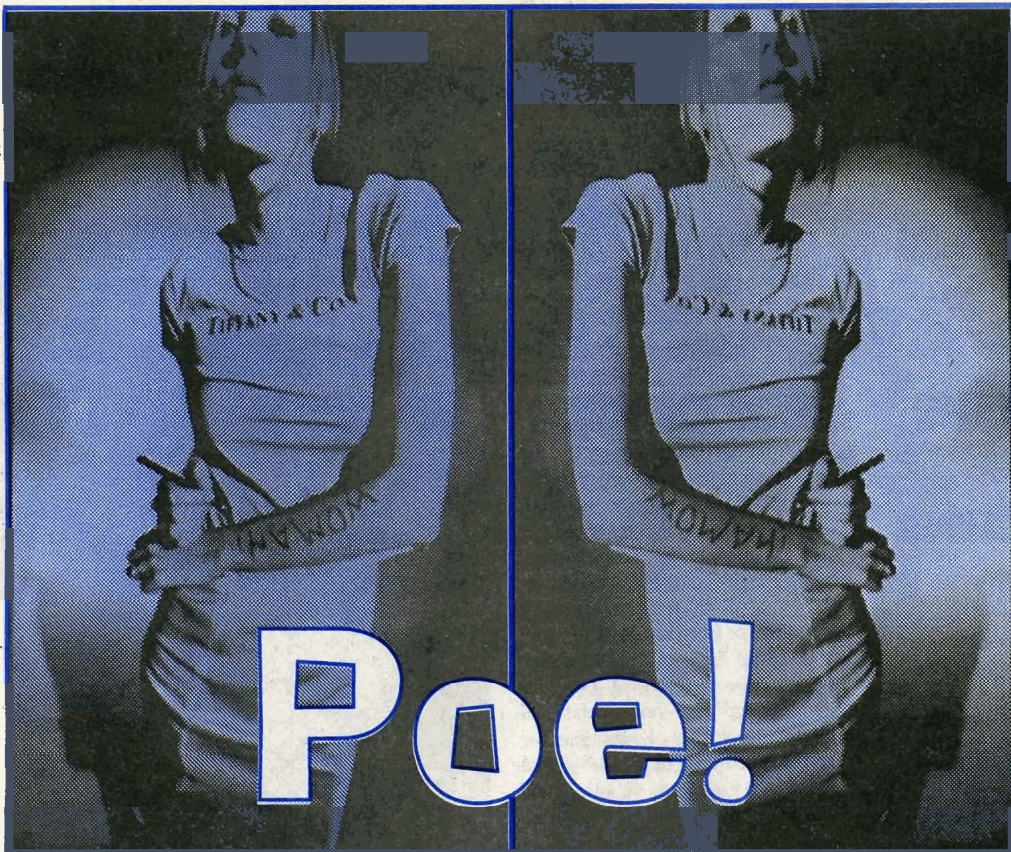
POE: New York City. My dad made films so
when I was very young we traveled around a
lot. So, I was born and then we were on the
road for eight years. He did a documentary
in Africa so we were there for a year. He did
a film in India, we were there for a year. He
did a movie in Spain so we were there for a
year and a half. So yeah, we moved around
a lot and then we sort of settled in New York.
And then when I was in junior high school,
we moved to Utah and my dad worked actu-
ally at Brigham Young and with the
Sundance Film Institute.

SLUG: Were your parents Mormon?

POE: No actually, they weren't. Not even
remotely which made it weirder.

SLUG: So were you religious?

POE: My father was Catholic and my mother
was Protestant.



SLUG: And you were
stuck in Provo.

POE: Neither one of them were religious. I'd
been to church twice in my life.

SLUG: That must have been hell.

POE: It was wild because like the first bizarre
thing, you know, I remember like making a
friend and this is actually before the school
year had started like in my neighborhood.
And I was like, "Oh, lets get together tomor-
row." And that tomorrow was Sunday and
she was like, "Oh we can't play on Sunday."
I remember that was a total shock to me.

SLUG: That's funny. So when you were in
Provo you did a fanzine and promoted local
shows and things like that.

POE: Yeah, I don't want to play it up in the
sense that it was some big thing. I mean I
was in high school, it was more like a
newsletter because you know it was really
cheaply done, but it was sort of cultural poli-
tics and rebel without a cause types of opin-
ions about things. Once the school had decid-
ed to have a John Lennon week, and a bunch
of the parents in town had complained that
John Lennon week cannot be on the marquee
of Provo High School because he was a drug
addict. Okay. So one of the articles was
blasting the culture for denying the youth
culture their icon.

SLUG: When was this?

POE: This was in like 1983. The early 80's.

SLUG: So you went to Princeton?

POE: I went to
Princeton and...
SLUG: And
studied what?
POE: English
and creative
writing. And I
mean the thing
that is interest-
ing just about
that whole
Princeton thing,
cause I remem-
ber this too.
Like I remember
having the cou-
ple friends I had
in high school
that were like...I
mean some of
the brightest,
most interesting
people I have
yet to know you
know what I
mean and there
was a weird like
psychology.
Like I remember
when we were
talking about

applying to schools and stuff

like that. You know just talking about the
possibility of
going to college and everyone was like oh, no
it costs so much money and I couldn't go.
Like no one could fucking get out of Utah,
you know? It was such a tightly knit com-
munity.. And the thing about my time at
Princeton is I applied and got in and they
have like really amazing financial aid pro-
grams. I had no money so they gave me a
\$14,000.00 grant. And it wasn't cause I was
smart it was totally need based.

SLUG: So about the band. I'm trying to be
objective. I like the record but I've also heard
the objections to the record. You know the
music industry creates this persona of
women and now I think its just fucked
because talented women can't go anywhere
without getting labeled.

POE: Its totally fucked up.

SLUG: The slant is that when someone like
Alannis Morrisette comes along then the big
record companies go, "I gotta have one of
those." So thusly comes Poe and these other
female artists that the critics are slanting
these artists because of the exploitation of the
first one. You know what I mean?

POE: Well, I mean that's totally fucked.
Number one I finished my record before
Alannis Morrisette came out.

Second of all, its true that there gets this like feeding frenzy that someone like Alannis Morissette breaks and kind of maybe helps out or ruins it for others, right?

SLUG: So your answer to the complaint that this is Atlantic's product is that its not true?

POE: Well its just not as simple as that. I mean if people understood the process of what it takes to make a record in the first place...it isn't as clear cut as that. I have a new A&R guy at Modera...I can have the craziest most outlandish idea and come in and say I want to do this or I want to do that and he's always been incredibly supportive and noncontrolling. So, I don't really think of the record as a record company product.

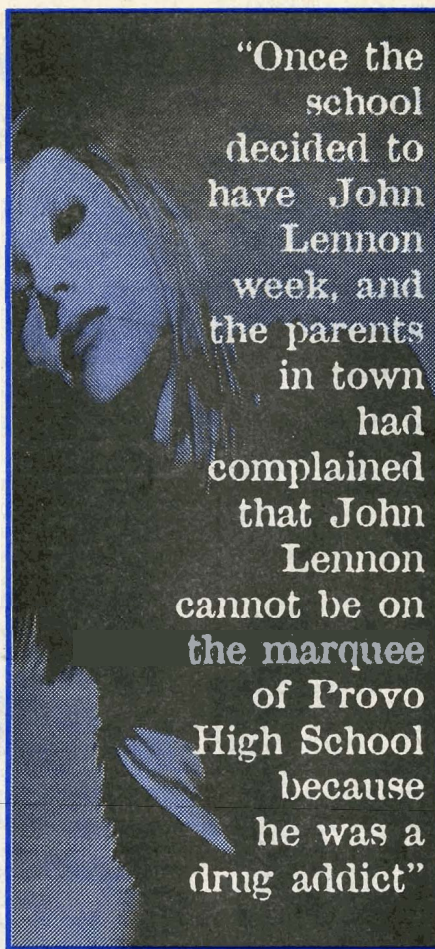
SLUG: So the producers of the record weren't coming in and saying here we want this beat because this is the hip thing...

POE: No man, I called every shot on this record which is why on most of the songs I have writing credit. I like to take...I mean one of my dreams is to produce other peoples records. You know cause I love putting talented people in a room and like putting elements together like some guy might be a great programmer or some guy might have a certain flavor on a guitar and really get these certain sounds out of it. I love molding all that stuff together. I don't know, I can't really waste my time thinking too much about what people think one way or another. If I'm in a room and I hear something cool happening like Sergio Mendez kicks down an octave and laugh and go oh my god lets loop that. That's all I'm thinking, why don't we try this disc player, why don't we try this chord progression in this bridge, you can never preconceive something. It never works, you know. And I also don't think if Geffen was out there and found some girl who could sing and tried to create another Alannis Morissette, 99% of the time that shit doesn't work because its just not authentic. SLUG: Right, its just that if Atlantic's pushing you to be big those are the kind of questions you're going to get asked. People only like you when you're small and cool and not important. And then when you get big, your not cool anymore.

POE: By the same token, I would even argue that there's a kind of...female artist there's so many female artists out there that for the first time record companies have some chic now. To have female artists on their radio stations. Before it was only a few every now and then. I don't care what people say. I'm glad about that. I don't like the stigma of female artists. But by the same token I'd rather have people wanting to help break female artists than not. You know?

SLUG: Well, if you look at the rise of Motown. I mean that was pretty much brought about by all of the very strong black women of the time.

POE: That's true. I think the history of black



"Once the school decided to have John Lennon week, and the parents in town had complained that John Lennon cannot be on the marquee of Provo High School because he was a drug addict"

music is a little different than...from a female point of view, I mean those were the strongest blows. I mean one thing, its funny you should mention this cause when I was in Detroit, I had some really strong friendships with some black women artists that are in Detroit that are more R&B sort of hip hop artists. I don't think I've met stronger women in my life than from African American heritage. You know even the stuff I saw at Princeton, I didn't really come from that background and these girls that would spout all this feminism and this and that and you'd be this sort of victim...you know women are always robbed and women are this or that and then I'd see these black women who would just be harassed and they'd just be fucking get off my back. I guess that's a little bit of a scattered statement. I guess what I'm just trying to say is that the whole women thing is complicated. SLUG: So you'd like to take this band in and do your second record with them and just keep the one band and go with it that way? POE: I think so, they all have very different talents and I think it would be very cool. And they're just great guys. Its really hard as a solo artist to find the players that are not hired guns that don't give a shit about anything but getting a paycheck. And these are

guys, it blows my mind, they're as obsessed with doing this as I am and its my record.

SLUG: Now you mention that you share writing credits with almost everybody on the record and I notice that you do but is it writing credits or is it...do you write all the lyrics?

POE: No one wrote any lyrics but me.

SLUG: So why are you sharing writing credits with different people?

POE: Its another thing that's tricky. You can be in a room with somebody. I could have a song that's half finished, so its okay well I've looped these things together and I like this and someone can just reach...its even harder when you're programming. Because on some of the tracks in Junkie and Angry Johnny we were dealing with a lot of loops, somebody can bring in a really cool horn or bass loop or even if I have the general vibe of the song and it changes the song enough to really merit writing credit. People are very uptight about getting writing credit. So, rather than fight and destroy the relationship over who deserves this or it really isn't writing because you took it off a record. I just always figure its like I want everyone to get something out of having worked on the record. And that's in some instances and in some instances people do an enormous amount of the writing with me. On Trigger Happy that was completely cowritten by me and this guy Jeffrey

Conners. He came up with the verse kind of that coy progression and the groove underneath that. And I sort of sang on top of it and then I sort of hummed him my idea of the bass line for the psycho part and it just evolves. Its easier to say okay look we're writing this together, we split writing credits than it is to go back and pick and choose, well you did this and I did this. Its better for the relationship. To me that's more important. But I love writing with different people because I learn a lot. Music is very much a team sport, so I'd much rather be cowriting with some talented musicians in a room than sitting by myself doing it.

SLUG: What are your plans for a second record?

POE: I have two albums. So there will definitely be a second record on this label.

SLUG: When are you thinking of doing that?

POE: I don't know when I wake up one morning and think of...What I'm hoping is that if I go on the road, I'm having like this really good creative chemistry with these guys I'm working with right now. I have a feeling we'll write the next record on the road. The other thing about writing, by the way. Pick any band. Mostly its written by different members of the band together. Its very seldom that people write every aspect of their own songs. Usually in my opinion its not that great because you tend to get one kind of a thing happening.

—Maxx

JOAN ARMATRADING



SLUG: Well first of all you consider yourself mostly a song writer, but most of your fans really like your voice.

JA: I think, you know I started to write when I was about 14 and I started to write because my mom bought a piano and put it in the front room. She thought it was a good piece of furniture and I just started to play it. I was playing my little tunes and my words to my little tunes and really enjoyed that. I didn't start off by trying to sing other peoples songs. I didn't start off by trying to learn other peoples songs, I started off straight away by writing my own music. And that is the strongest thing in me. The singing is a way of expressing what I'm writing. So even when I made my first record I thought this will be great because what will happen is I'll write this first record, everybody will hear these songs and they'll think what a wonderful song writer when I sing these songs, but that's not how it works. You know, as you say, people heard my voice and really liked my voice. They heard my voice, I was the singer. But for me I was always the song writer. And people will say to me now, they will say well you know you'd sing this and this and this song really well, why don't you sing this or do you want to sing with somebody else, do you want to do a duet and all that stuff. Well those things never really entered my head because I still think of myself as a song writer. If I was a singer I would be thinking that. I would be thinking it would be great to do a duet with whoever or sing that person's song that they've written. But because I'm writing them, I'm more interested in people singing my songs you know. Like Melissa Etheridge did a version of one of my songs called the "Weakness in Me" and she just did it solo on piano. It's one of the best versions of one of my songs that anybody has done. It's really nice to hear that. Its great.

SLUG: Do you think people are shocked by how good of a guitar player you are?

JA: I think that people sometimes don't realize that I play. I mean I can actually remember somebody saying to me, they saw me on stage

and they could hear all this guitar playing happening, they were looking at the guitars and they were thinking how on earth is he doing that, because his fingers aren't moving in the right way? But it didn't occur to them to look over at me. You know because that's not what you...you know the girl doesn't play those. They're trying to figure out how the guitarist could be playing like that and not doing the right moves.

SLUG: So did you find that when you first started recording your own songs that your producers wanted someone else to play your guitar for you?

JA: Well, no. My very first record, my first producer was Gus Dungeon, and he at the time was Elton John's producer. He did a lot of albums with Elton John, "Yellow Brick Road", "Capt. Fantastic", he did "Rocket Man". Really good music with Elton and he was my first producer. He was very encouraging and he realized that I knew what I wanted and he realized that I was a good player. So on my first album I played a lot of guitar, I played a lot of piano, I played a harmonium thing, which is a piano auditory thing. He was very encouraging and I was able to...because right from when I started to write I knew the sort of arrangements that I wanted to hear, I knew the sort of thing I wanted to

hear on the songs. Obviously I had to be sort of nurtured cause it would be the first song, I was in a recording studio. But he was very encouraging, he didn't sort of try and squash ideas that I had by saying, "Well you know I'm the producer and I know what I'm doing." So I was able to really develop, how did I lose myself there?

SLUG: We were talking about guitar playing and whether they were going to let you record your own.

JA: Oh, that's right. I'm still on the same track. So he was very encouraging. Then I worked... with my second album I worked with a producer that I don't particularly...I didn't sort of really get on with very much.

SLUG: For which album?

JA: That was Back to the Night, who would have been the sort of person who would try to get somebody else to do the guitar playing and try and you know...Then I worked with Glyn Johns and again he was very encouraging. So it sort of went backwards and forwards like that. So sometimes you would have somebody who was very encouraging, sometimes you would have somebody who'd say, "Well lets get somebody." And I finally realized that's what was happening when I made this record. Cause when I made this record co-produced it with David Tickle and David played the demos

and he said, "Oh wow, who's playing the guitar?" And I said, "Me." And he said, "Oh wow." Then we got to the record and he says, "Oh, we've got to get a guitarist." I thought, "Oh, okay." So we get this guitarist and I'm sitting out with the guitarist and I say, "Okay, I'm going to play this, when I play this you play that." Sort of this is how it goes and then for the rest of the album I'm the person playing on the album right? For the rest of the album there was no mention of this other guitarist. And I think it was seeing that, David suddenly realized... Joan is playing the guitar. And that is actually something that I used to think I was talking myself out of playing my guitar on records. Because on some of the records I hardly played and that is actually what was happening. The producer...

SLUG: Was a sort of...

JA: Yeah, but I would always attribute it to me talking myself out of it, but it wasn't me. It was a bit of both. Sometimes when your making a record you want to just sit and listen in the control room and make sure it's all going the way it is supposed to go and then not give yourself enough time when it comes to your turn to play and whatever.

SLUG: Two of my favorite albums of yours, aside from this one, are Show Some Emotion and the self titled one and somehow to me those two sound very similar to this last one. I'm just wondering if you noticed that or if you feel that?

JA: I'd go along with that. I think that the Joan Armatrading album, and the Show Some Emotion are very similar to this soundwise and some arrangement wise and everything.

SLUG: So do you feel like you've maybe come full circle creative wise?

JA: No, not quite full circle, because I think I've moved on from those records as well. Certainly playing wise and arrangement wise I'm much further ahead than I was on those albums. But there is an infinity, there is a link.

SLUG: Right. The difference for this one and I tried very carefully to find out if any of the other albums you did were what you considered very personal and a lot of the times

you've went out of your way to say, "No, these are not personal." But this one is very personal for you. What made that switch?

JA: Well on all the albums without exception there are personal songs but the majority of the songs on the album are not personal. The majority of the songs are written from observation and I write them in a very personal way of looking at people I know and writing about that situation. On this album the majority of the songs are personal. They are about things that have affected me, people that I've met, that you know, that had some sort of impact on me. It was about things that I'd like to...romantic notions...(laughter)...and of course the most personal song would be the one that I wrote for my mom. SLUG: And I think you said that she was your greatest influence.

JA: Well, she is you know. As I said, she bought the piano, put it in the room and when I got my first guitar she...I saw it in a pawn shop and it cost three pounds and I said, "Can I have it?" She said no, she didn't have the money, but she had two pounds and if the woman would swap the two pounds for the guitar I could have it and that's how I got my first guitar, which I've still got. And you know, the two things that I play and write on and am very close to she helped me...she got basically.

SLUG: So what's your absolute first music memory.

JA: My absolute first music memory, the absolute first music memory, I think it's probably going to be...there's this woman in England called Gracie Fields, I don't know if you've ever heard of her.

SLUG: I don't think so.

JA: And there's a song called Little Donkey. Well that's not the song. On the flip side of that song, and it was a record that my mom bought, on the flip side of that song was a song called The Carefree Heart and

it's about a bird. And it says, "Beware, beware the carefree heart, he's apt to upset your apple cart with his (whistling)(laughter) and that's the first thing I can really probably remember. I can't go back...I can't really remember.

SLUG: One of the other things I really liked about the album is that the sounds are very simple, but then when you look at what went into it it seems that it was very complicated to make.

JA: I don't think of it as complicated but then that's only because I'm the one that's doing it and so I know it. But the arrangements of what I did, the sounds, I mean I obviously knew the sort of sounds...the very simple sort of sound that I wanted. But David is the soundsmith. David is the guy who really knows how to make something sound incredible and clear and where to place it you know. In terms if whether your going to have a stereo piano or a guitar in the last minute whatever on the right, you know. This guy really knows that side of it. So the sound, sound part of it you could really credit David with.

SLUG: And you got to work with the Memphis Horns and Chronos Quartet.

JA: Yeah, the Chronos Quartet, I'm a big fan of the Chronos Quartet, and when I wrote that...that's the sort of stuff I listen to when I'm at home...and so when I wrote ♪ I knew I wanted them to be on that song. And when I wrote the songs the Memphis Horns are on...when I did my demos, cause I demo everything myself and I play everything. I play all the arrangements so that when it comes for the musicians to hear the song they hear the complete song. So when I did my songs, my demos, I put horns on them. They sounded like the Memphis Horns so I thought, oh, yep, get the Memphis Horns.

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The Year In Rock

By Orifice Rex

So another year ends, and what do we have to show for it? Just another pile of dead rock stars. And, yes, I am going to take this time to piss off all of the

Deadheads by admitting that my life probably is going to go on with or without Jerry Garcia. Damn! Some people may actually have to get jobs, take showers, and move on with their lives. I'm also going to get over the loss of Shannon "all I can say is that this song is pretty lame" Hoon, singer of Blind Melon. It's not that I have anything against either of them, but I'm rather sick of their music at this point. If anyone thinks that I'll miss that putrid little bee girl, I have a giant can of

Raid that'll prove you wrong. My only regret about Jerry or Shannon is that I have a long list of people I would have loved to see leave us first. Hootie and the Blowfish or Paul McCartney for example. Anyway, enough ranting and raving, let's talk about the highlights from last year.

There were some great albums released, and here are my faves, in no particular order.

Jeff Buckley, "Grace"—This man has one of the most dynamic and unusual voices in the rock industry at the moment, and he writes beautiful songs of everyone's fave subject, dysfunctional love. Kids, don't ask questions.

Run to your nearest CD store and buy this. After you hear "So Real," you'll be hooked. Then, you need to go find the EP's "Live at Sine" and "Peyote Radio Theatre." The latter will be hard to find because it was issued as a promo only. Kill if you must.

Elastica—This is a self-titled debut from a bunch of wacky, androgynous kids that seem to belong to the Suede school of rock and roll. They seem to have a lot of that late 70's and early 80's sound in their music. The Clash, Blondie and Wire all seem to be hanging out on this disk.

They have this video where they are all wearing these clothes that even the Smashing Pumpkins wouldn't be caught dead in, driving around in this thing that looks like a white Batmobile, chasing something that looks like Casper (the

friendly ghost), on the set of the Blade Runner. This sums this band up very well as far as I'm concerned. They are probably saying something important here, but no one really knows what it is, including themselves.

Joy Division—Yes, you all thought he was dead, but apparently he lives. "Warsaw" has been reissued, finally with good sound and including five bonus tracks, "Inside the Line," "Gutz," "At a Later Date," "The Kill," and "You're No Good For Me." Some of these tracks have been difficult to find but very worth the effort. Unfortunately, this might still be hard to find, because it's only available as an import at the moment. But as soon as Qwest realizes they can make a buck, you'll probably see it everywhere.

"A Means to an End—The Music of Joy Division"—This is a tribute album featuring some of your fave and not-so-fave artists destroying your favorite Joy Division songs.

L o v e Will Tear Us Apart" is one of the casualties. "New Dawn Fades" and "They Walked in Line" probably would have made Ian proud. Finally, for die-hards (and fools) there is a new Qwest compilation, "Permanent." This is almost an exact replication of "Substance." Leave it alone. The label has enough money.

Sugar, "Besides"—Let's face it, we've all loved Bob at one point in our lives. He wrote some great songs while serving time in Husker Du, and his current project is Sugar. "Besides" is a compilation of the B-sides from all of the singles, plus a few other obscurities. And, if you can get your fat ass off that chair, you might be able to catch the limited version with the extra disc inside. This is a live show Bob did somewhere. You could have two really great discs for the price of one.

Garbage—This is another self-titled debut, starring Shirley "no, I'm not related" Manson and Butch Vig, very renowned producer of Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins. This album has really grown on me. At first, I wrote it off, deeming it just another lame grouping of has-beens. But, there's something here, something

that works. Shirley's voice sounds far better than with her previous band, Angel-fish. This album is full of infectious hooks that really will leave you wanting more. Check out "Queer" or "Vow" for example. The "Torn Apart" mix of "Vow" on the single has my vote for the best remix this year. It will not get out of your head. Garbage wants to break your soul apart.

I think they may be the Anti-Christ, and that's good enough for me.

Compilations—There were approximately 850 albums released this year that were either tributes, benefits or some kind of compilation. What started out as a cute trend has become rather annoying. At the rate we're going we'll have tributes to Huey Lewis, Whitney Houston or (God forbid) another Eagles tribute. This is a trend that needs to come to a quick halt. However, "Ain't Nuthin' But a She Thing" is one of the better albums from this genre, if only for the return of Patti Smith. The first one of you stupid x-96 kids that gets her confused with Patty Smyth is dead

meat. Who is Patti? Godmother of Punk, Poet, Rock Icon, all of this and more. Go buy her albums! "Horses," "Wave," and "Easter" and you'll hear for yourself. Anyway, Patti sings "Don't Smoke in Bed" here. Sinead, Annie Lennox and Come all have new tracks. Melissa Etheridge does a tearful version of Joan Armatrading's "The Weakness in Me." Buy this. "Spirit of '73" has some of today's stars doing songs that were popular around the Roe vs. Wade era. Joni Mitchell's "River" is redone by Rosanne Cash. Johnette does Patti's "Dancing Barefoot." Far superior to U2.

There are also new versions of some of your least liked disco classics, such as "If I Can't Have You," "More, More, More," and "We Are Family." These versions are just as bad and entertaining the second time around. This album benefits Rock For Choice, which is a very important cause. Time to rant and rave again. If any of you idiots are still believing that it is better to bring an unwanted child into the world, then you are truly fucked up. Not to mention we should all be able to make choices in a free society. If you think this is not true, you probably fantasize about blowing Newt. And swallowing. Disgusting.

Steve Earle, "Train-A-Comin'—"

Yes, a country album.

Don't cry little X-96 kiddies. For all of you real intelligent kids who say really impressive things like, "I like all music except classical...and country...and rap... blah blah blah," this is your cue to get your face out of this article. On "Train-A-Comin'," Steve Earle has assembled some of the finest bluegrass and country musicians around and come up with a beautiful, acoustic and seemingly very personal album. I think this is one of the greatest country albums since "Exit O." Emmylou Harris' "Wrecking Ball" will get an honorable mention here. Daniel Lanois produced this, which removed a lot of her country sound. But that's okay, because she's covering some of the greats here, Hendrix, Dylan, Lucinda Williams and a version of Earle's "Goodbye" that will bring a tear to your eye whether you are a idiot or not.

Son Volt, "Trace"—This is a great fucking album. And what else should we expect from former members of Uncle Tupelo? This is one of those albums that makes you want to drive to that really sleazy bar at the edge of town, order pitcher after pitcher of beer and just sit and cry over lost loves. Wilco's "A.M." deserves to be mentioned here since they are the rest of Uncle Tupelo, but compared to "Trace," it sucks.

Gringo—The last of the good albums of '95. Another self-titled debut, this one in the Mazzy Star-Cowboy Junkies vein. This is a country rock band that have come up with a far better album in their living room than most bands ever will in the studio. Remember the first time you heard Mazzy's "Halal" or the Junkies' "Misguided Angel"? Gringo's "The Organ Song" will put these to shame. Go find it; buy it immediately; listen to it. If you can't find it, have Rick at Salt City order it for you.

Obviously, the above albums were the albums that gave me an erection this past year. Unfortunately, there always has to be bad with the good, so the following is a list of the albums that made me flacid.

Michael Jackson, "HIStory"—So, what is the story? The story is that Michael and Lisa Marie really do have sex. Yuck. She dresses up like a boy scout, he dresses up like Elizabeth Taylor (like that's a stretch) and they bump uglies...and boy, do we mean uglies.

Red Hot Chili Peppers, "One Hot

Minute"-Ever wonder how Dave Navarro ended up in one of the worst bands of all time? I hope he fired his agent. Anthony is the second worst male vocalist on the market today, the first being Michael Bolton. Guys, please keep your clothes on. I'm getting sick. I'd rather watch the Rolling Stones run around in their underwear.

Annie Lennox, "Medusa"-Annie, what happened? "Diva" wasn't exactly good, but it wasn't near this bad. You either need Dave back, or you need to quit.

Neil Young, "Mirror Ball"-I don't really hate Pearl Jam as much as everyone else, and I like Neil. But, the thought of them collaborating, recording or touring together makes me want to vomit blood. I haven't heard a single note off of this album, and it still made my Worst Top 10 for the year.

Sting, "Fields of Gold-Best Of"-Isn't having Sting and Best of in the same title somehow a contradiction? False advertising? The Barry Manilow of the 90's, with my apologies to Barry. And, yes, I know you Police fans are all crying now. I know

you're mad. Bring it on. I'm not afraid of you sissies.

Tears For Fears, "Raoul and the Kings of Spain"-Do you wish there would have been some sort of tragedy after "The Hurting?" You're not the only one.

Queen-What is with all of these constant re-issues? How many times do we need the exact same version of these songs? Let the dead man rot in peace.

Natalie Merchant, "Tigerlily"-Bland, boring, stupid. Did I miss anything?

Alanis Morissette, "Jagged Little Pill"-You oughta know by now, that because of one catchy little song, chock full of references to fucking and fellatio that we will never get rid of her. She sings horribly and writes stupid songs. I've got one hand on my shotgun and the other one loading the ammo.

Lori Carson, "Where it Goes"-This is not actually bad, but sounds almost exactly like "Pure." If you love her and can't get enough of her voice, go find her first album, "Shelter." Excellent songs. Beautiful voice.

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Concert Review

Souther Culture ON THE SKIDS

Southern Culture On The Skids Live

Well there ya go. Southern Culture On The Skids closed with some variation on Fried Hocky Boogie that was so intense my heart nearly had an attack. Combine the drone of Junior Kimbrough, the boogie of Canned Heat, the heat Dick Dale creates in his pick and then imagine a six foot two or so beanpole hillbilly playing in a thrash band. The surprise of the night was that the show was well attended. Maybe there is some hope for you fuckers after all.

They threw the fried chicken, they had a limbo contest, they mixed a little bit of Creedence Clearwater Revival (one song) with a whole heaping

greasy plate of blues, rockabilly, swamp, surf and God knows what. Dave Hartman demonstrated that when you have a Masters degree in music you don't need a fork lift to haul your drum kit on stage. Fuck, you don't even need a stool. He looked like a reject from Laugh-In. Back stage before the show, Rick Miller pulled off his shirt and trousers, (He was wearing white briefs and his cock is huge! Have you seen the lovely red-haired bassist he has to satisfy?) donned a pair of green, flared flood pants and the cheesiest flowered polyester shirt imaginable. All the better to show off the white tube socks and thrift shop shoes. He compared the shoes to something from the



Wizard Of Oz...or was that the red pair he told me about.

It seems that Miller found a pair of red shoes he liked better than the tan slip-on's he wore this night while thrift shopping in Houston. After a gig he placed them on top of the van and promptly forgot them. SCOTS departed only to hear the thump, thump of the shoes falling off the roof and hitting the pavement. In a philosophical mood he told me that the previous owner was probably wearing them today and that one day he will once again find the same pair of shoes in a thrift shop after they are discarded for the second time.

The bass player was Mary Huff. She is not the usual bass playing girl with just enough licks under her belt to keep the time while entertaining the drooling boys in the front row. The speed and technique demonstrated by Miller would leave most male bass players in the dust. Huff kept right up with him and she didn't so much as break a sweat. Flying fingers? I'd say. As cool and collected as they come. When Miller became obsessed with improvisation or quoting every legend imaginable she stood back watching and sipping on her beer. The look she had on her face was highly reminiscent of Poison Ivy as she plays her guitar while watching Lux Interior's crazy antics. She can also sing and howl as the occasion requires.

A few performance highlights, next to the closer, the

performance of "Eight Piece Box" with two girls from the audience grinding their boxes while eating fried chicken and the limbo experience were "Chicken Shit Farmer," "Mud Buggy," also known as "Batman '95" and "Great Atomic Power." Didn't Moonshine Willy play that song at Burts? The slow dancing song was an instrumental they called "For Lovers Only."

The latest visit from Southern Culture On The Skids can only be compared to the one time Man...Or Astroman? visited Salt Lake City. SCOTS believe that rock and roll belongs in clubs, not on arena stages. If there was ever a band to demonstrate why, it is Southern Culture On The Skids. More fun than an entire year's worth of Saltair, Delta Center and Helen's Wolf Mountain overpriced gigs put together. But...where was the review in the daily press? Where was Avery? Where was Fulton? Where was "ploppy pants" Scholl? Where were Butters, Renzhofer, Brophy and Iwasaki? Safe at home tucked in their beds as music they can never understand rocked the night. Too bad Helen, you missed it too. Ridicule all you want, I don't care. Every now and then I venture out of my trailer in search of Elvis or Liberace and discover a live show my chemically destroyed/mangled/altere d/ malfunctioning brain will never forget.

Wilhelm Der Foe esq.

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adj. Abbr. ind.

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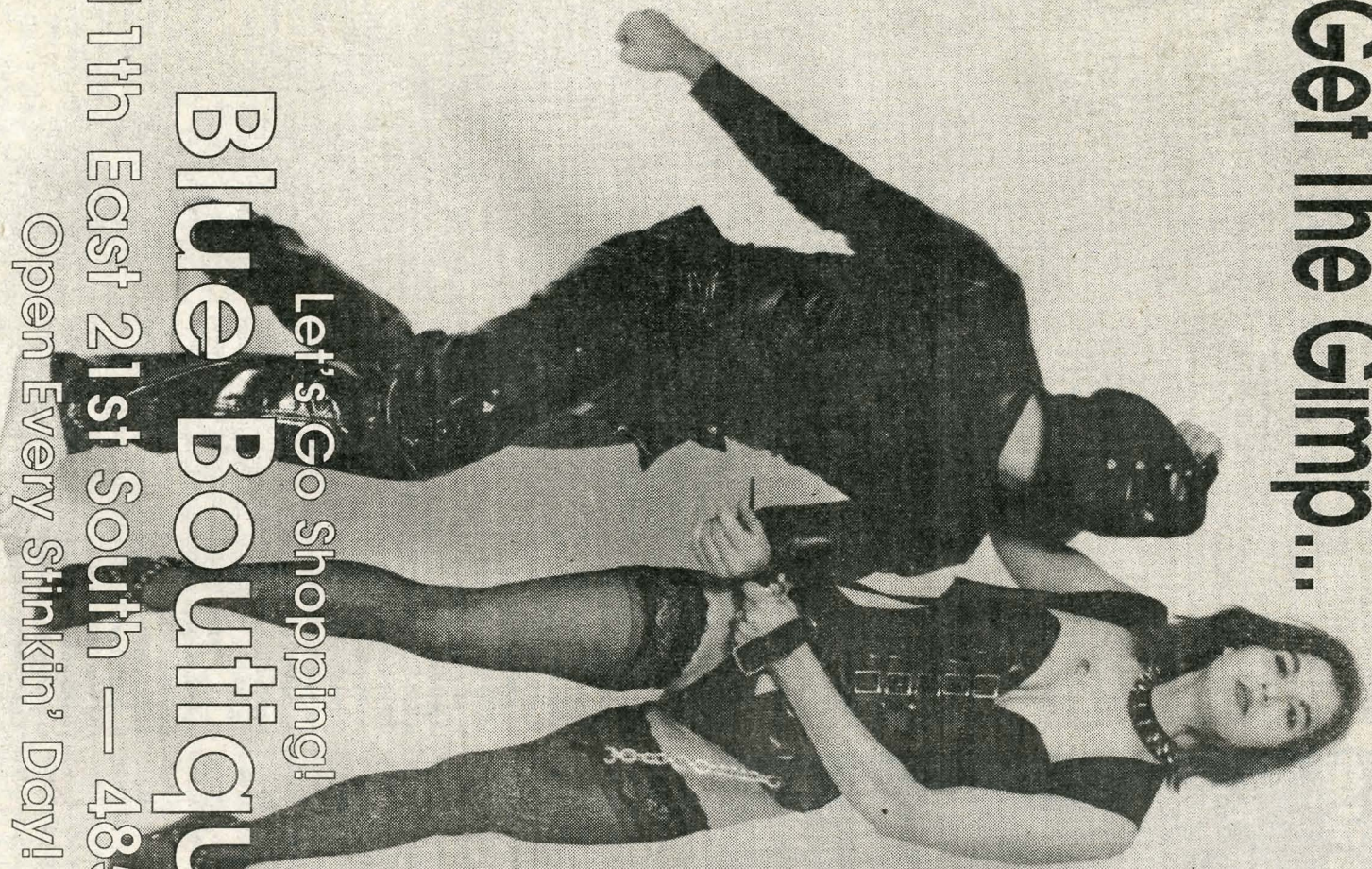
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Courtney



Professional Widow? ...or Murderer Part I by Tom Grant

DISCLAIMER: SLUG Magazine does not endorse nor condemn any or all of this story, nor do we represent this as fact. It is a story written by Tom Grant.

CONDENSED SUMMARY OF EVENTS

Investigation into death of Kurt Cobain by Tom Grant, Investigator, The GrantCompany. This summary is not the report of this investigation. It was originally intended to serve as an outline to guide me through interviews with the media. It started out as one line sentences to remind me of details and events and gradually developed into it's current form. The summary is updated and revised few days as I find time to work on it and improve the presentaion of facts. It does not contain ALL of the details and information relating to this investigation. It merely highlights some of the events in brief comments so the reader might be better informed as to what transpired in April of 1994. This limited information is not intended to PROVE that Kurt Cobain's death was the result of a murder. It simply lays some of the foundation for a much more detailed and complex case. More evidence will be presented at the proper time and place as the theory of suicide unravels and the truth regarding Kurt's death emerges.

PRIOR TO MY INVOLVEMENT

Courtney and Kurt had not been getting along. They'd been talking about divorce. Within weeks before Kurt died, Courtney called one of their attorneys, Rosemary

Carroll and told Rosemary to get the meanest, most vicious divorce lawyer she could find. Courtney also asked Rosemary if the prenuptial agreement could be voided. Kurt called Rosemary too. He hadn't completed his will. He told Rosemary he wanted Courtney taken out of it. Kurt did not want to tour or perform anymore. He was walking away from what Courtney said was a 9.5 million dollar contract to headline the Lollapalooza tour. Courtney was angry at Kurt for the possible loss of all those millions. Her anger wasn't working, so she tried to blame Kurt's attitude on his drug use and put together a so called "tough love intervention." Among others at the "intervention" were some of the junkies Kurt did drugs with. Courtney claims she told Kurt, "This has got to end. You have to be a good daddy!" A somewhat pretentious statement from a woman who was doing drugs when we were first hired and continued her drug use during the next eight months. It's hard to believe Kurt could have taken this whole scene seriously.

MARCH 26TH, Courtney left Seattle for the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills.

MARCH 30th, Kurt and his best friend Dylan Carlson, purchased a shotgun. Kurt told Dylan he was afraid of intruders at the house. Walking out on the Lollapalooza tour was a business decision that would cost OTHERS a great deal of money also. I have reason to believe Kurt may have been intimidated into believing his life would be in danger if he failed to do the tour. The shotgun was a 20 gauge, set up for light load. This is what gun dealers often recommend for home protection because the shot won't penetrate walls and endanger those on the other side. Kurt took the shotgun to his house so it would be there when he got back from rehab. He THEN left Seattle to go to a rehab center in Marina Del Rey, Calif.

April 1st, 16 phone calls were made to Kurt's rehab center from Courtney's hotel room at the Peninsula. Most of these are to the patient's pay phone. Courtney later told me she only talked to Kurt once that day. That evening, Kurt left the rehab. Later, at 8:47 PM he called the Peninsula Hotel and left a message for Courtney. The message on the hotel log reads, "... Elizabeth's phone # is (213) _____." (This # is on my case file.)

Courtney never mentioned this message to the media. This doesn't sound like a message from a person who is suicidal. Kurt arrived in seattle early Saturday morning, April 2nd, and was taken to his house on Lake Washington by a hired driver. Later in the morning, Michale DeWitt, (also known as "Cali"), the male nanny who was living at the Cobain house, claims Kurt came into his bedroom and had a short conversation with him. Cali later told us he had informed Courtney later that same day that Kurt had been to the house. Saturday night Courtney

had a friend plant a phony story with the Associated Press that she had overdosed on drugs and was in the hospital. This planted story becomes significant later in the investigation.

April 3rd, Courtney called my office in Beverly Hills. She told me someone was using her husband's credit card and she wanted me to try to find out who it was. I took another investigator with me named Ben Klugman. We met Courtney at the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills. "If you leak this to the press, I'll sue the f--- out of you," Courtney warned me as we walked into the room. "Nice to meet you too!" I thought to myself. Courtney told us her husband was Kurt Cobain and that he just left a drug rehab. She said she lied to the credit card company and had his card cancelled. She wanted us to call the credit card company and find out what the attempted activities were on this cancelled card. I mentioned I couldn't understand why she needed us for that. I advised her she could do that herself and save some money. If we did it, I'd have to charge her fifty dollars just to make a phone call. Courtney responded sarcastically, "What? That's not enough money for you?" It was time for me and Courtney to get to know each other better. "Look," I replied, "I'll do whatever I can to help you, but I'm not going to sit here and get ripped every time I say something." Courtney apologized, then continued to fill us in. Courtney told us Kurt only had one credit card and without that one card he had no access to money. She said Kurt didn't have any friends or anyone else that might loan him money. Knowing know who we were dealing with, this didn't make sense! We questioned Courtney some more about Kurt's ability to get money for his needs. She insisted, "This guy can't even catch a f---ing cab by himself!" Courtney told us about the overdose story she had planted with the Associated Press the previous evening. She claimed the reason she did this was to scare Kurt and get his attention so he'd try to contact her. Later that afternoon while I was with her in the hotel room, Courtney rambled on in an angry rage about the 9 1/2 million dollars Kurt was walking away from. She said, "If he doesn't want the money, he ought to do it for his child, for Frances." She said she'd do the Lollapalooza tour for Kurt if he doesn't want to do it... She said she'll do Saturday Night Live if he doesn't want to do it... She said she thinks KURT wants a divorce... She mentioned a prenuptial agreement, but said, "My name's on all the houses and assets." Courtney said she didn't know for sure where Kurt was. She said he MIGHT be in Seattle or he may have flown back east to stay with Michael Stipe. (She failed to mention Kurt had been seen at their house.) She asked us to find someone in Seattle to watch a drug dealer's apartment and other locations in case Kurt turned up,

but she NEVER asked us to watch the Lake Washington house. I subcontracted with a P.I. firm in Seattle for the Surveillance. Monday, April 4th, Courtney called in a missing person's report pretending to be Kurt's mother, Wendy O'Conner. The report reads, "Mr. Cobain ran away from California facility and flew back to Seattle. He also bought a shotgun and may be suicidal." The wording of this report made it sound like he purchased the shotgun AFTER he left the rehab in L.A. The report also FAILED to mention Kurt was last seen at the Lake Washington house. We continued working with the credit card company trying to track the use of Kurt's credit card. Someone was still attempting to use it. Courtney told us Kurt only stays in the BEST hotels. (We later learned he mostly stays in flop house hotels). We began calling hotels looking for Kurt and thought we located him at a hotel under one of his aliases. Courtney said she didn't want Kurt to know she was looking for him, but later she called me and said she talked to the person in the room and it wasn't Kurt. During a phone conversation, Courtney told me Kurt was suicidal. "Everyone thinks he's going to die," she announced. April 6th. Kurt had not been located. Courtney called the electrical contractor in Seattle who had been installing a security system at the Lake Washington house. She instructed the electricians to begin work on the lights and motion detector on the greenhouse. Did she know Kurt was inside? Was she trying to get the body discovered? At the hotel later that afternoon, I volunteered to go to Seattle and search for Kurt. Someone in the room said, "Why don't you go up there Courtney?" "I can't, I have business I have to take care of here," Courtney replied. Rosemary Carroll later told me, "She didn't have any business in L.A." I asked her not to tell anyone I was coming because they might alert Kurt, but Courtney called Mike Dewitt, ("Cali"), and told him I was on my way to Seattle. During an earlier conversation, Courtney told me she didn't trust Cali. Now she said, "He won't tell anyone." "Save the American Icon Tom!" Courtney shouted dramatically as I left her hotel room and headed for the airport. April 6th, 11:30 PM. I picked up Kurt's best friend, Dylan Carlson at his apartment. We went to a cafe where we ate and planned our strategy for locating Kurt and finding out what was going on. Dylan told me Kurt had been afraid of intruders at the house lately, so he helped Kurt buy the shotgun to have for protection when he returned from rehab. Later we checked out a drug dealer's apartment on Capitol Hill as well as hotel on the Aurora strip where Kurt had been known to stay from time to time. While Dylan and I were driving around Seattle, I asked him if we should check with Kurt's mother in Aberdeen. Dylan replied, "No. Kurt won't go there. He doesn't get along with his mom."

April 7th, 2:15AM. We went to the Lake Washington house. I waited in the car while Dylan walked up alone as we had previously planned. We didn't want to alert Kurt to my presence if at all possible. Dylan came back to the car after at least five minutes saying no one was home. I wondered what took so long if no one was home? We went to a payphone and called Courtney. She was at Rosemary Carroll's house in Los Angeles. Dylan talked to her. I told him to have her call the alarm company and turn off the alarm so we could go in the house. After talking to Dylan on the phone, we now know Courtney left Rosemary's and went back to the Peninsula Hotel. A short while later, she called 911. First reports have her overdosing again. She was later arrested. (Rosemary Carroll has shown me evidence that this was possibly a deliberate and planned event.) I searched the house with Dylan. We didn't find Kurt. Dylan didn't tell me about the greenhouse and since it was dark and raining, I hadn't noticed it. Rosemary told me later she heard Courtney say to Dylan, "Be sure and check the greenhouse." Since Courtney directed Dylan to check the Greenhouse, I later wondered why she hadn't asked Cali to check the greenhouse in the past few days. Dylan and I later spent the day checking out some of Kurt's hangouts and talking to people that might know where he was. As evening approached, we began driving to the Carnation property but turned back because of darkness and bad weather. Late Thursday afternoon Dylan spoke to Courtney on the phone. She wanted us to go back to the house to look for the shotgun. She said it could be in a hidden compartment in her closet. Again, I wondered why she had't asked Cali to look there before now? 9:45 PM. Dylan and I returned to the Lake Washington house. Inside I found a note from Cali which had been placed on the main stairway. It wasn't there the night before. The note read in part, "I can't believe you managed to be in the house without me noticing. You're a f—ing a—hole for not calling Courtney..." I had had a feeling the note was intended for me to find, not Kurt. It just seemed phony. Cali later told us he was hardly at the house from Monday on. If so, why would he find it so hard to believe Kurt had been in the house? Cali says he was hardly there himself! Besides, it's Kurt's house!! What gives Cali the right to be angry at Kurt for being in his own home? This didn't make sense! Cali explained he wasn't staying at the house because Courtney kept calling and saying she knew Kurt was there. If so, why wasn't she having us watch the house during our surveillance? Cali told friends he was leaving for Los Angeles Thursday afternoon, the 7th. I never got to see or talk to him while I was in Seattle. I had the feeling he was trying to avoid me. April 8th. Dylan and I were on the way to the Carnation property when we stopped for gas. Dylan made a call. When

he came back to the car, he said a friend just told him a body was found at the Lake Washington house. We turned on the radio and soon heard that it was Kurt. No reaction from Dylan. Later we heard Kurt's body was found in the greenhouse. I turned to Dylan and asked, "What's the greenhouse?" He told me it's a room above the garage. I asked, "Why didn't we look there?" Dylan replied, "It's just a dirty little room. I think they keep some lumber in there or something." I called my office and spoke with Ben Klugman. He told me the credit card company says someone had continued trying to use Kurt's credit card as recent as just hours before the body was found. We now know Kurt had been dead for two days or more, so someone was still trying to use his credit card after he died! I called the Seattle homicide detectives and tried to tell them something was wrong here. The detective told me Kurt was locked in the room by himself. The door was locked from the inside and the fire department had to break a window on the door to get in, inferring that Kurt had to have been alone in the room when he died. I assumed they must know what they're talking about, but I was curious about what kind of door lock this was. Courtney wasn't at all upset that I hadn't found Kurt. She acted as if she thought Kurt died the night before. If so, we could have saved him! Why wasn't she angry at us? Courtney tried to get me to talk to the press. I told her I didn't want to say anything until I found out more about what happened. This whole thing smelled rotten! I left Seattle and flew back to Los Angeles. April 13th. I met with Rosemary Carroll at her Hollywood office. She indicated her suspicions about Courtney's involvement in Kurt's death. Among other things, Rosemary told me Courtney wouldn't let her or anyone else see the alleged "suicide" note. I decided to return to Seattle for further investigation. April 14th. I went to the Lake Washington house. Courtney was sitting at the dining room table. As I approached and sat down to talk, she said, "I guess I really found the right P.I. this time." The flattery was nice, but it didn't make much sense. After some conversation, Courtney got up to get a cigarette. A lady walked over to where I was sitting. She was wearing a black T-shirt that read, "Grunge Is Dead." I assumed she was a relative of Kurt's, maybe a sister or cousin. She stood in front of me and asked, "You're the investigator?" I nodded while she continued, "What do you think?" Not knowing who she was, I replied, "I don't know. What do you think?" She answered by introducing herself. "Well, I'm Kurt's mom, Wendy. I don't know. Something doesn't seem right. Why didn't Dylan look in the greenhouse?" I told Wendy I'd like to sit down and talk to her sometime in the next few days. She agreed and said she'd like to talk to me too.

Continued Next Issue

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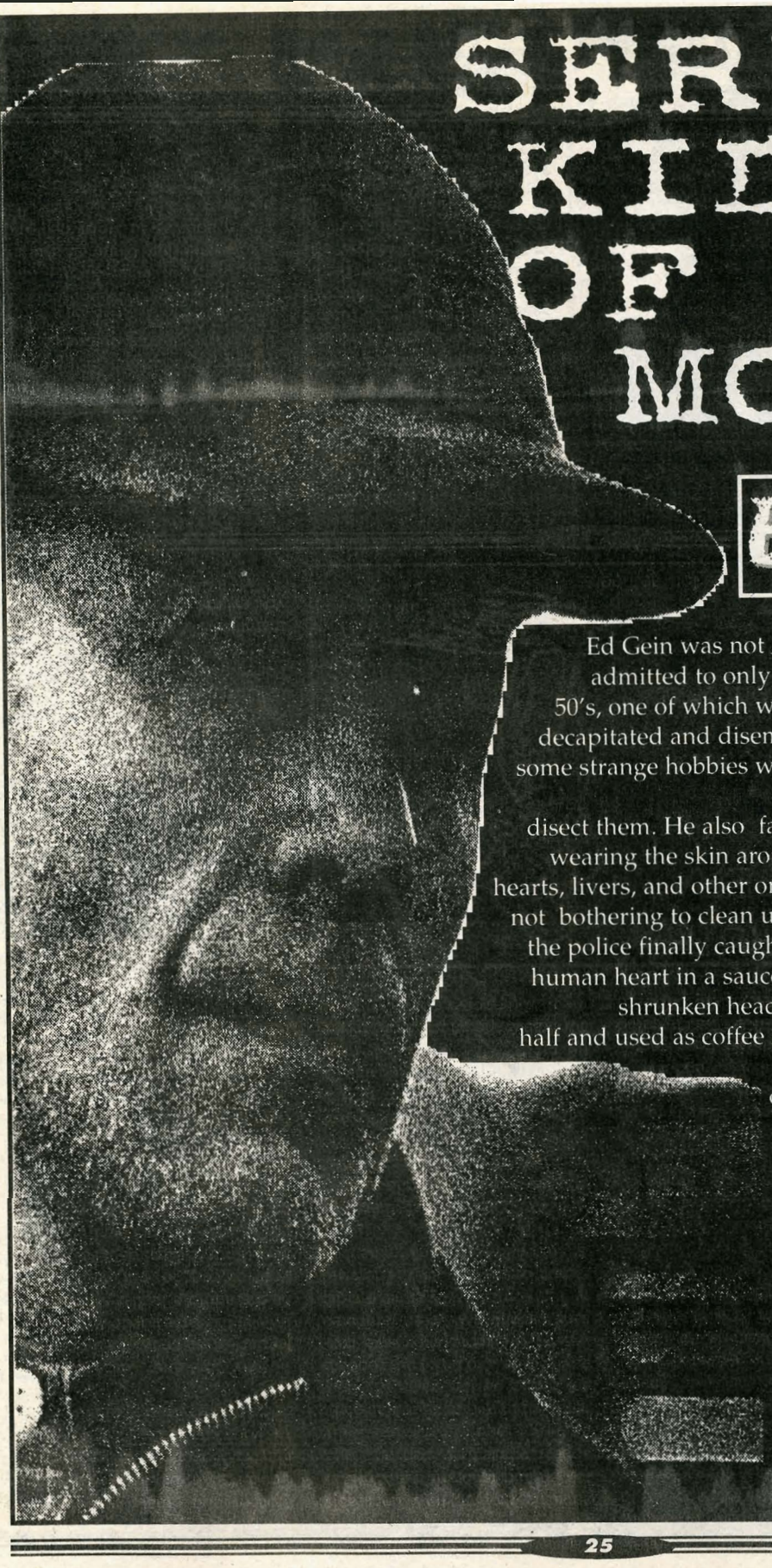
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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

ED GEIN

Ed Gein was not a normal murderer. In fact he admitted to only two killings, both women in their 50's, one of which was hung upside down in his shed, decapitated and disembowled. Sicker than most, Ed had some strange hobbies which included digging up womens bodies, and taking them home to dissect them. He also fancied skinning cadavers, and then wearing the skin around the house as clothing. He kept hearts, livers, and other organs just laying around the house, not bothering to clean up after his sick experiments. When the police finally caught up with Mr. Gein Jeans, he had a human heart in a saucepan on the stove. They also found shrunk heads, and skulls which were sawed in half and used as coffee mugs. Sound familiar? Yes, Ed was the model character for the killer in the movie "Silence of the Lambs"

BORN: 1906

ARRESTED: 1957

DIED: 1984

INSTITUTIONALIZED FOR
THE LAST 27 YEARS OF
HIS LIFE...

DEFINITELY A
BEE GEE'S FAN

Pile Of Vinyl

First the big boys and then it's on to your average size that performs far above average, at least this month.

Wayne/Jayne County and the Electric Chairs - "(If You Don't Wanna Fuck Me, Baby) Fuck Off!!" I'm wondering who exactly does wanna fuck Jayne/Wayne. There's a guy in Davis County, Utah who probably does. After all he married a Jayne/Wayne thinking he was getting all Jayne. The record is twelve inches of pink, the analogies are endless when pink and twelve inches cum together with a Jayne/Wayne. The music is dance music from the "new wave" dance hey day. Remember when Blondie had twelve inches out...or in? One side has Jayne after the sex change reprising the tune she wrote previous. Then she adds "Berlin" which is "new wave" disco and a vinyl only bonus track. The flip has Wayne doing the tune in its original version with the original "Fuck Off" title. The original is by far preferable to the new mixes. A rollicking, bar room romp while Wayne still had his thingy dangling. The lyrics are the same. "Rock 'N' Roll Cleopatra" concerns one of those girls who gave it up for as many guitarists as possible after the show. My roots (time for more Clairrol) are showing again because the punk Wayne is preferable to the disco Jayne.

Dancehall Crashers - *Lockjaw* I give up, what year is it? I was thinking Stiff Records the instant the needle hit this red platter. What did their T-shirt say? "Fuck Art, Let's Dance"? I've seen countless critics give music the big heave ho because it is far too retro for their taste. The same gents praise the recycling of "new wave." Some people are trapped in the '60s, some are trapped in the '70s while thinking it's the '60s, even more are trapped in the '80s. If you think I'm kidding check out the Soundscan data on the *Richard Blades* or *Just Can't Get Enough* series sometime. The Dancehall Crashers are recycling Stiff Records. It's a disc of brilliant pop with a touch of the beat invented by dreadlocked, potheads on a Caribbean island. Could someone just send me the Stiff box-set free and I'll listen to it instead - The Dancehall Crashers have the concept down pat.

Into Another - *Seemless* Oh, the colors, the colors. Into Another sent a clear platter. I know they formerly lived on the straight and narrow. All kinds of punk rockers think they are "the shit." Piling cliché on top of cliché is the news that Queensryche, Toto and Asia are musicians playing music for musicians. After listening to Into Another's latest I'll call them a

band of musicians making music for musicians because this is about as derivative as it is possible to achieve. While waiting for the next Queensryche CD or an overpriced bootleg you can cool your passions with Into Another. It's as heavy as an Iron Butterfly, as likely to fly as a Led Zeppelin, as dreary as a Sabbath Bloody Sabbath and Toto will never make it back to the Kansas stadiums.

Wider - "Main"/"Strapping 1/2"

Third Gear Records. Here's Nirvana living in New York City. Good guitars, drums mixed up front for maximum rockin' potential, almost enough noise and a singer. Obvious pit and hair flinging potential from the four of them. The flipside is more like what I expected from NY, NY. The full noise only hinted at on the A side is presented without vocals. Now, if only I hadn't shaved my head the hair would be all over my face and flying about in the air. Wider lands tails up. **Latch Key Kids** - "Separation," "Innocence Gone"/"Easy Way Out," "Set Aside"

Skene! A Houston band on a Minnesota label. The skateboard on the front gives them away. From the look of things they are in their early teens, their bones have yet to harden so boarding injuries are only bruises or "green stick" breaks. Then I read the Xerox inside. That's Rhino Neumann's (guitar and vocals) little brother on the cover. The style is hard-core, the record has the smell only appearing on new vinyl and the entire recording is placed in a stack awaiting the jukebox for playing hard-core 45s - when it becomes a financial reality. The band's thank you list is a who's who of prominent Diesel interviewees. **Reverb** - "The Man Who Came Back"/"Tartan Keats" - "Freshwater" - SpiffinG records. Something different for a change. Reverb is from England and Tartan Keats is from America. The record is split into a UK and US side even though Tartan Keats has relocated to Dublin, Ireland he retains a US PO Box. Reverb is absolutely killer. If there is any life remaining in English music they have it. The word is that English radio plays the "The Man Who Came Back." American radio could use something this fresh. It's not anything new, the lost art of writing and recording an actual single draws the praise. Putting myself at risk of offending patriots and militia men I'll say that the US side doesn't

live up to the UK side. Tartan Keats was written by Echo and the Bunnymen's Drake "Jake" Brockman so I guess the blame remains with the English. Sorry Keats, it's boring. Nice Jersey cow fabric cover though.

SparkleHorse - "Hammering The Cramps"/"Too Late" - Slowriver Records.

What do you mean "Hammering the Cramps"? I don't see a girl in the band. Call me slow, they're after the band not the monthly curse. I guess if you have a voice like Neil Young hammering the Cramps has some meaning in your life. At least they don't waste my time with too many minutes of boredom. The flip continues the Neil Young worship. Why don't you join Pearl Jam or something. "I've got a heart of gold," and I used to play with Crosby, Stills and Nash, my best selling record was *Harvest* and I've moved on since. Sparklehorse should move on as well.

Dart - "Bugger"/"Protection" - Ché Trading LTD. God SLUG must be a multinational corporation, this record came from England. The cover is pretty cool, the music inside

is not. Copy an American band or better yet, the Dave Clark Five. Mid-tempo, layered and overdubbed guitars with all the latest effects are presented to entice a nation of trendies into purchasing melancholy. How about if I bugger you with my "dart"? The flip is a ballad about a girl. How fucking original. Screeeeeeeeeeeech, sorry I slipped, my needle scratched the record irreparably. **The Bardots** - "Carrión"/"Making Money" - Ché Trading LTD. Same label different band. What am I missing here? The records are pressed with much higher quality than the "American" product. The music doesn't live up. Snore, Screeeeeeeeeeeech, I'm really sorry, but I slipped again. Making money is for the Japanese or white Americans, you English boys lost the touch in about 1965.

Van Gogh's Daughter - "Down"/"Crystal" - psy disc. Oooh.

Girls with guitars and they are singing about being upside down. All girls look the same when they are upside down - as if. This little record

is fully produced and the song actually catches the ears. Looks like they're from Oakland and the A-side is a winner. The flip is even better, a noisy tune named after the publisher of SLUG, the orange marbled vinyl holds more in it's "gröove" than the fistful of English boys have so far achieved. "Crystal" is the A-side that matches Reverb as the competition continues.

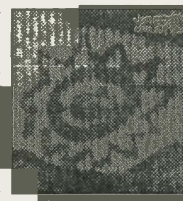
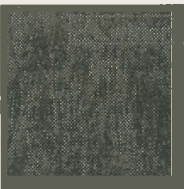
Vitapup - "Dragonfly"/"Floxin" - Full City

Blend. Another one out of New York City that brings the urban experience to the hallowed

Valley. Cutting edge noise about living in soot and blackness. Have they ever been here in February. What was it I read? Salt Lake will never be the next Seattle because the weather doesn't cooperate? As the illegals take over the streets and the inversion sets in during February I question that analysis. The problem here is not the weather, it's the copycat attitude. Why not copy the experimentalism of New York and forget Seattle? Paw, Dishwalla, the Drag Mules etc. are already signed to major labels, why should they sign more of the same from Salt Lake City? It's already been done. Have a listen to Vitapup and retreat to your practice space to reinvent yourselves. So what if the label is copied from an old Moody Blues record.

Moist - "Together Forever"/"Tired" - More Fun Records. Moist has the prettiest cover of the month. A three piece from Sacramento with a girl singer. The music is garage punk, the songs clock in at under three minutes, and they take the lead. If you've listened to the most recent Go Go's double disc set you already know what this sounds like. It's Go Go's before they went pop.

Stanley - "Low Maintenance Man"/"Camel Toe" - Another Planet Records. Stanley is TSOL someplace between their punk and metal phase. "Low Maintenance Man" is kinda punk, but metal flings it's ugly hair on the breaks - fairly reminiscent of "Radar Love." That would make it driving music correct? The flipside.



sounds like Texas. Now how does a band from New York City get that Texas sound into their vocals, guitar, drums and bass? Must be plenty of Old El Paso in their diets. ZZ Top or Zackery Thaks here comes Stanley. Not as good as Moist, but things are looking up. Youth Brigade - "Spies For Life"/"Screw 32" - Better Youth Organization. Youth Brigade?

Oi, Oi. This one has me just a little bit scared. On the cover is a priest with a bible and a gun. The first side has a song about liberal homosexuals and closing abortion clinics. The boys in the band brag that they've infiltrated the media and that they are working from the inside. I'm not sure if Nazis have invaded the pages of SLUG or if they're only kidding. The flip is ska with the usual lyrics about being hate filled and disowned by society. Avoid them at all costs. Voodoo Swing - "Crazy Little Mama"/"Sweet Young Thing" - M o n o Media.

Blood red vinyl in a green cover with a cow-gal holding six-shooters featured is the first impression. When the music begins I'm thinking they sent the disc to the wrong rag. Some kind of big beat roots rock thing going on here. The A-side is a song about a girl. She's a crazy little mama for sure. The flip sounds like the Paladins or someone - I can't remember where I've heard this music before. They are a three-piece band and the guy pictured on the far left of the band photo wearing the skull T-shirt and all the tattoos looks vaguely familiar. Where have I seen him before, why do they only write songs about girls, what is it with the acoustic bass and big fat guitar production? Can't you guys play any pop-punk? It's the '90s man!

Get Hip! sent six records. I confiscated them because they don't belong here. The reviews will appear elsewhere and unless they learn to send things to the correct address I might not review anything on the label in the future. Their stuff

might appear in SLUG, but not under my byline and; I'm not the only one of these lousy hacks that understands what's up with Get Hip! Balloon Squad - May Pangs & June Forays - "Crack Of The Whip," "Bloated Drunken Bastard" / "Still Mad At That Lenny Bruce," "Axe To Grind" - Gravity



Dog Records. Nice of them to include some tear sheets because there are those in America far more literate than I. May Pang was one of John Lennon's lovers and June Foray was the voice of Rocky the Flying Squirrel. Never in a million years would this lowly SLUG hack have caught up with that trivia. John Lennon is dead and I hated Bullwinkle more than enough to not care who did Rocky's voice. Needless to say the music is smart pop. Jangly folk guitars, the nerd-boy wearing glasses as the singer, and the inevitable comparisons to the Bongos and db's - two bands that never made much of a splash back in the '80s. Then someone else decides that they are actually similar to the Olympia, WA scene and K Records. Whatever! Critics and hacks can praise this music as much as they want, the American public will dismiss it much as they have the entire K Records output and before that the entire Hoboken scene. You don't see Richard Barone on MTV do you? He still makes sporadic recordings. The music has never died, nor will it ever and one day, one day soon, one of these little pop combos will break through to the mass market and my record collection will be worth millions, millions I say, that's right millionssssssss.

Horace Pinker - "Song About Selling Out"/"Youth Anthem," "Burn Tempe To The Ground" - Fat Wreck Chords. Oh shit. I've finally reached the Fat Wreck Chords releases. They support these local rags with their advertising dollars and to date I've never caught on to the music released on the label. Hard-core punk rock. 18 years later they are still playing hard-core punk rock.

Riley Puckett

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Annette Lowman Minor Music

Yeah, we need some "cool" jazz in the pages of SLUG. We have *The Jazz*, and one of the local papers did an expose on the local jazz scene. That bitch Helen Wolf wasn't pleased to see Iceburn profiled as a jazz band. Maybe she'll be satisfied with a female vocalist from Denver. Backing her are Peter Madsen (piano), Dwayne Dolphin (bass), Bruce Cox (drums), with Maceo Parker (alto saxophone), Stanley Turrentine (tenor saxophone), Dick Coats (soprano saxophone) and Rodney Jones (guitars) sitting in on selected tracks.

Lowman might have been raised in Denver, but as with so many of America's jazz musicians her recordings are mostly European. This particular CD is from Germany. The booklet provides a fairly concise history on her. From the sheltered upbringing, where racism was hidden from her by her mother, to repeated rebuffs over the feeling that her singing wasn't "black" enough and then the stereotypical lock-outs because she wasn't white, it's the story of the American music business. She moved to Paris in 1983 and made her living singing in clubs there. Next she moved to Holland because the cost of living was less and French club gigs didn't really pay the rent. To the best of my knowledge this recording is the first thing released in the United States.

Obviously the vast majority of teenagers will not relate to it. An older crowd familiar with Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughn, Nancy Wilson and Diane Schurr might get into it more. The emphasis throughout is on the voice. The players backing her are among the best in the business, but the album is her's and her's alone. Images of smack and vipers cannot be dismissed. This jazz requires half closed eyes, a tapped foot and clouds of smoke. Jazz that has abandoned America. Icy blue cool jazz that your local "contemporary instrumental" station wouldn't touch with Yanni's dick. Call KUER and ask Gene Pack, Steve Williams or John Green to add it into rotation.

Mississippi's Big Joe Williams And His Nine-String Guitar

Smithsonian Folkways

I talked to the big boss on the phone, the other day and he told me that a guy from the Board



Of Education or something similar had written a Dear Dickheads letter. Some hack at a local magazine catering to females with husbands making in excess of \$100,000 per year once told me that no one reads SLUG. I've commented in the past on the "suits" who sneak SLUG out of various locations hidden under their jackets. This review is for the "suits" and the guy at the Board Of Education. I seem to remember a cover dedicated to the Bill Of Rights several months back, yet the music coverage is as slanted in this rag as the opinions in a "Grass Roots" newsletter.

Big Joe Williams was a country bluesman from the '30s and '40s. He reemerged (as did many) during the blues revival of the late '50s, early '60s. The recording is from 1961; it was originally issued in 1962 on, of all things, a record. Let's git ta steppin' immediately and explore a song that little children are taught in kindergarten. "She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain" is as familiar as "Old MacDonald Had A Farm." Quoting some lyrics with appropriate modern spelling - "She'll be cuming round the mountain when she cums... Yeah, boy, I'll be, glad when she gets here, too/We all going to have a party/All going to have a party when she cums...We going to kill that old red rooster when she cums, when she cums." Sorry to ruin your love of "children's music, but...they sing that song in kindergarten? I could continue with a few more lyrics, but I think those quoted pretty much tell the tale. Fucking, pussy, cheating, drinking, poverty and the blues are the topics Big Joe Williams discusses with his guitar and his voice.

Drums, bass, keyboards etc. are missing for the most part. There are some "special" moments when Joe slaps his instrument or stomps his foot to provide the rhythmic essentials. "Somebody's Been Fooling #3," a song I don't understand about a hen talking to a rooster, has some stand-up bass that is pretty astounding. Major pleasure is

provided by Big Joe's talent with an acoustic guitar and his vocalizing on the more emotional and physical aspects of life.

Riley Puckett



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UP Records

The Folk Implosion Take A Look Inside Communion

It's a new band I guess. It was recorded in Boise and mixed in Seattle. I'm wondering why Boise has a cooler music scene than Salt Lake City even though it is much closer to Seattle and you would expect the trickle down effect to be much stronger.

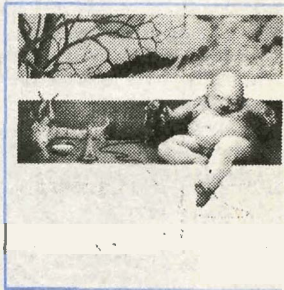
Four songs are contained on the EP. The first, "When Not Being Stupid Is Not Enough," carries on the Martsch trademark soup of noise and pop for a hell of a long time. "One Thing" continues the Neil Young infatuation to extreme levels. "One Thing" for sure is pretty damned caustic. God damn! It almost sounds "alternative" like Frente. "Shit Brown Eyes" is Neil Young's tribute to Hendrix. Join in boys make some noise! The most approachable tune of the disc is "She's Real." It is pretty in a distorted sort of way, and it's a love, (or I want to love you tonight) song. This Martsch guy is going to be famous if he keeps putting out music of this quality. Who knows...he could be the next Folk Implosion.

The weirdest thing has happened. Absolutely: stunning women are searching for the Folk Implosion CD, except they don't actually want it. What they desire is the KIDS soundtrack and they don't know it. The "hit" single isn't on the album. I think SLUG raved about the soundtrack before the radio and corresponding magazine picked up on it. Backtracking to the 14 songs in 22 minutes original we find Lou Barlow and John Davis pretty much fucking around. That is after all what they do with their lives. I'm thinking that the next

time one of those "stunning women" asks me for the Folk Implosion CD I'll sing "Slap Me" to them. "Touch me, touch me, touch me baby, could you, could you, touch me all the time. Slap me on the behind." Yee-hah!

The noise and "pop" compositions are just as classic as anything Built To Spill Caustic Resin put on plastic. The biggest difference is the length of the songs. Barlow's voice is as well known to a few as Martsch's and he is in fine form. He keeps cranking them out all day and night. Is there a more prolific songwriter in existence? At least his "hit" single will provide him with the money to continue in comfort. Meanwhile, the "trend" has once again passed you by. Any of those lovely ladies who mistakenly purchase the Folk Implosion "album" (if you can find it) have 22 minutes of surprising listening awaiting. The thing was recorded in John's bedroom girls! Cut him open and "Take A Look Inside."

Mochos



Capsize 7 Mephisto Caroline

It has been at least a year or more since last a Caroline "product" crossed my path. Nothing has changed in the intervening time. The label always had a way with guitar bands. Capsize 7 continues the tradition. This time out there are two guitars joining the bass and drums. The lyrics are oblique as expected. A few lines from "Remote Control Man" provide some localized amusement. "Thought I broke mine but he healed. Can't fuck him up enough that he can't deal. Seems he's really built to last. Much better than a Stretch Armstrong." The toy, not the band?

Something else of interest about the CD is the scratchy noises at the end of songs. They seem to desire the feel of a record. Not to disparage the vocalist, Joe Taylor in this case, but the attraction of a Caroline release is the guitars. I'm thinking a new cate-

Continued On Page 30

CINEMA BAR

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday

DECEMBER

*No Cover
For the
Ladies on
Thursdays*

1
VIM
Pigamas

2
**J
Binder**

3
**Pine
Wood
Derby**



359-1200

5
**SQUAT
WEILER**
9 Spine
Stickleback

6
COMMITTED

7
**PAGAN
LOVE GODS**
Dead Kats

8
**Pijamas
De Gato**
CD Release Party
Riverbed Jed

9
**CRANK
SHAFT**

10
**Rattle
Kings**



359-1200

12
**DRILL
TEAM**
Richie &
The Rednecks

13
**OPEN
MIC
POETRY**

14
**THIRSTY
ALLEY**

15
**DICK
NIXON**

16 A Benefit For
The IWW
**THE RUGBURNS
DECOMPOSERS**
Deviance
2 Shows 5 and 8:30
8:30 show 21 plus

17
Deviance



359-1200

19
**DASH
RIP
ROCK**

20
**KING
TRANCE**

21
**PAGAN
LOVE GODS**
Dead Kats

22
**MY
FRIEND
MOSES**

23
**RIVER
BED
JED**



359-1200

25
**SKABS ON
STRIKE**
deviance
9 SPINE
STICKLEBACK

26
PCP

27
THRUM
Red
Bennies

28
**THIRSTY
ALLEY**

29
**SEA OF
JONES**
American
Mojo

30
**KILLER
CLOWNS**
Pijamas
De Gato

Sunday, December 31st

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& Jethro Belt
SWEET LORETTA
Reverend Willie**

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January 6th

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KING**
from the Jim
Rose Circus
Sideshow

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A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

gory should be invented for indie-label guitar bands. File all the music in its own nice little niche. Have Dodd Electronics sponsor the section as a way of promoting their effects pedals, boxes etc. There are more cool guitar sounds all over this CD than a whole box full of major label Brit-pop, pop punk, or alternative bands feature. A year or two ago the local clubs would book the stuff into town once in awhile. They still do to some extent but the appearances are fewer and farther in-between. I'm not selling off my promo, but some other hack probably will. Watch the used stores or buy it new if some of the more experimental sounds an electric guitar can generate are of interest. Capsize 7 live would no doubt provide some good entertainment for downing a few beers.



Einstüebzende Neubauten
Five On The Open Ended Richter Scale
Haus Der Luege
thirsty/ear

Trent Reznor (along with X-96) is the Rodney Dangerfield of SLUG. No one gives him any respect. Call him what you will, but I hold him directly responsible for the reissue of these two Einstüebzende Neubauten albums. Reznor made industrial music popular. There were other names involved, but the major credit lies with our poor tortured genius. According to my reference materials the first album was originally released in 1987. The second is from '89. Both albums were recorded after the first break-up in '86.

Five On The Open Ended Richter Scale, originally titled *Fuenf auf der Nach Oben Offenen Richterskala*, contains a cover of "Morning Dew" that is unmatched in recorded history. The album is more mainstream than some of their previous works. I think we've been over this in the past, but I'll repeat it for the digital generation. They recorded sounds from factories

(thus the industrial category) onto tape and then manipulated the tapes adding guitars, drums, bass, vocals etc. to create "music." The year 1987 isn't that far in the past, but today factories are operated by the whirl of robots. The only way to capture some of the notes presented on these two discs would be to visit the owner/operated polygamist factories run by the fall-out of the Vietnam War. When you are supporting five wives and thirty or more children upgrading to robots isn't feasible. Low cost immigrant labor and uneducated whites are the ticket to profit.

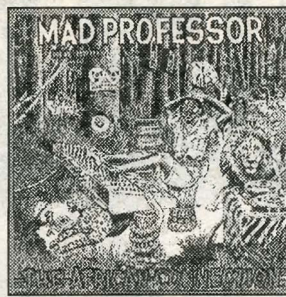
With the exception of "Morning Dew," a double entendre tune if I've ever heard one, the lyrics are all in German. What these fuckers are singing about escapes me on the first album. The second contains English translations. The Utah connection for *Five On The Open Ended Richter Scale* is the Wasatch-fault and the fat nun on TCI Channel 8.

The second reissue features "hung like a horse" on the cover. It isn't Flea from the Chili Peppers, it's an actual drawing of a horse taking a piss. I'm not sure if I can take the second reissue from these boys because that first one drove me to the kitchen cupboard and my shiny .25 semi-automatic. I was contemplating putting a bullet in my brain until I remembered what Ian's suicide turned Joy Division into.

Remember the yellow earplugs they gave you the last time you visited the Delta Center? Carefully roll them into slim cylinders and place them gently in your ears before listening to the second "record." Save your hearing for whatever WEA, SONY, CEMA, PGD or BMG releases to mass market acceptance next. Those of you still engaged in the traditional forms of American "work" - manufacturing, labor or construction - can remove your headsets for a few moments. Your hearing is already damaged by this noise. Control your anger please! Don't open the china closet and break the dishes on the floor in a feeble attempt to duplicate the music, don't take hammers to your windows or tire irons to your Japanese manufactured television set. If I listened to this all the time I'd wind up on the Fox News At Nine as a Ben Fulton, Helen Wolf or Shauna "Walton" Boy stalker.

Erkil "Lee" Baron

C&S Street Jazz Presents Give 'Em Enough Dope Volume Two



Mad Professor
Anti-Racist Dub
Broadcast
The African Experience
Mazaruni!
Ras Records

Blatantly attempting to capture the reader's interest is a dropped name. Portishead appears with a remix of "Sour Times." The disc is a compilation of dub/jazz. The ride is heavy on the trance/tripping beats and rhythms of music many still lump in the "techno" category. "Techno" isn't known for its use of acoustic instruments and Kruder and Dorfmeister include an acoustic bass in their digital mix of heady sounds. Sing-song poetry is inserted into the funky, slow motion groove. Hustlers Of Culture open with synth squeal played over funk guitar and a reggae/funk beat. Vocals are not included. Pressure Drop offer up more of the same; funk/dub and jazz. Shorty Long's "here comes the judge" is immediately followed by "up against the wall motherfucker." It's out of order just as expected from a funk band copying the Fugs.

T-Power Vs M.K. Ultra follow with a simple horn line, rat-a-tat drums and scant keyboards. They title their piece "Horny Mutant Jazz" quite brilliantly as it builds gradually from the opening minimalism to fuller orchestration and then trails off into post coital mellow. Akasha gives a pure jazz reading interrupted by sound-bites on the chemical changes drugs, food, fasting and prayer bring the mind. Can they turn me into a heterosexual? Larry Heard is next with more trad jazz only slightly altered in the mixing process. Howie B combines digital heartbeat drums with strings, keyboards, bass etc. As calming, hypnotic, peaceful and trance inducing as the sounds of dolphins or whales. Mekon is all dub with the exception of a few "scratches." The

world needed a dub version of "Sour Times" to enlighten them on how closely Portishead is actually aligned with Tricky and his former band Massive Attack.

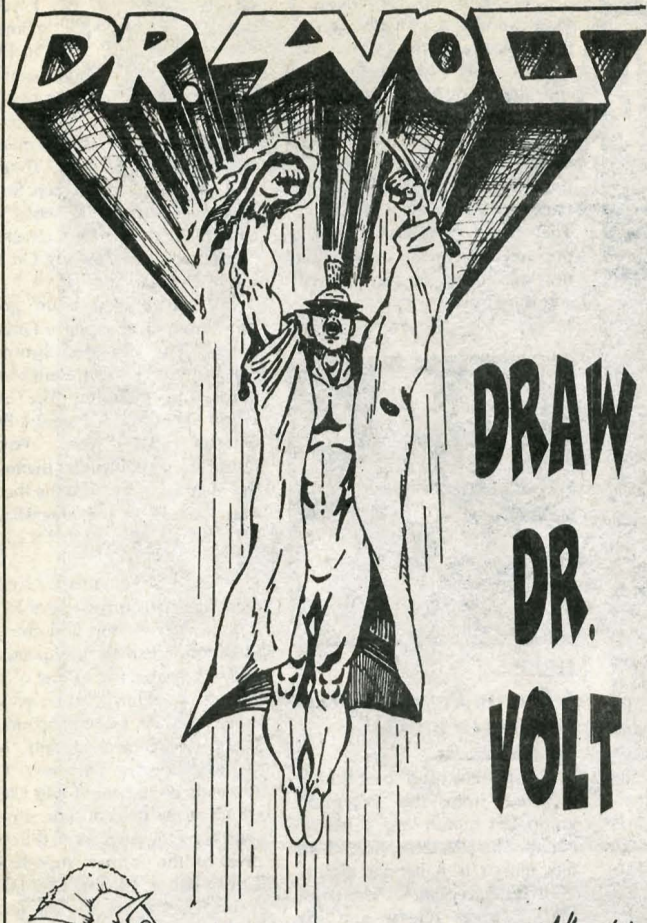
Soundscape and Freakpower in Dub finish things off fashionably proving that this is indeed a disc worthy of purchase by Americans who think jazz is Kenny G and Portishead is British pop.

Now that we've covered one disc chronicling the re-emergence of dub how about three from an acknowledged master? *Anti-Racist Dub Broadcast* is the second of a Black Liberation dub trilogy. The *African Connection* is the third: I have no idea what the first one was. *Mazaruni!* appears to be the first in a series of "jungle dub" discs because as this is written several more Mad Professor recordings arrived. Mad Professor lives in England just like the artists featured on *Give 'Em Enough Dope*. He has produced hundreds if not thousands of recordings. His style remains rooted in Jamaican reggae even as he absorbs the music created by new dub lovers.

The cover is far more political than the music. Jesse Jackson has a soundbite on providing food, housing etc. not more war machines and that's about as deep as it gets. Horns, bass, guitar, computer enhancements and keyboards supply about an hour of heady riddims for smokin' several big fat ones and pondering the state of the nation.

The *African Connection* uses more vocals, heavily echoed, than *Anti-Racism*. There are some lovely keyboards intermingled with martial drums and of course, the echo, showcased in "Channa Four." I don't hear many talking drums or ju ju guitars in the mix, but the overall impression is slightly more pleasing than the second disc of the series. The mood is darker, the dub is slightly less production heavy and the disc more-or-less slides into the unconscious. *Mazaruni!* is an entirely different matter. It opens with dance hall and by the second and title track the Mad Professor is fully engaged in an experimental process that in the future could lead him out of obscurity and into the minds, bodies and feet of dance club patrons worldwide. He is joined on the disc by King O' Di Jungle and Juggler who are credited with producing the jungle mixes. Mad Professor & William The Conqueror do the dub mixes. Chimps, roaring lions

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**DRAW
DR.
VOLT**

Bill Hume '94



DR. VOLT'S
Comic Connection

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GIVEAWAYS!
'PIN THE TAIL ON
THE DRUNK'**

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and your basic every day jungle sounds fill the intensely danceable jungle tunes. The dub is spare and more trance-like than on the previous two discs. Call me too fashion conscious and trendy for my own good if you will, I find *Mazurki!* the equal of *Give 'Em Enough Dope*

Dub Housing

Greta
This Is Greta
Mercury

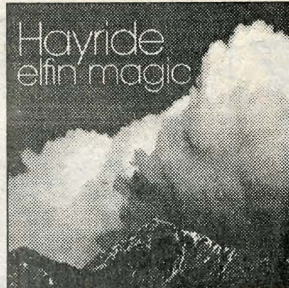
Back with their second album comes Greta. They are described as a genre busting alternative band in the blurb on the back cover. It's another advance but this time it's on a CD so it actually plays. For a good tune have a listen to "Cal Cool (You're So Whatever)." Melody, some edgy guitar, a theme that makes sense and so on and so forth. It's about trying to tell someone that you aren't interested in a nice way.

"About You" begins the session. The song is textbook perfect. A memorable chorus, great hooks, a bass break, big guitars, great production and acceptable lyrics. It seems like every band around today has to at least give a nod to the psychedelic era. Greta checks in with "Some People," a psychedelic ballad drawing strongly from the Beatles "Sgt. Pepper's" period.

Actually the psychedelic influence is present all through the CD. I guess "alternative" has come to mean psychedelic rock because as *This Is Greta* moves along through the songs "Silver Blue," "Anomaly," "Charade" and "Warm Disease" the years fall away to reveal Bad Finger, The Cyrkle, The Balloon Farm, The Left Banke and countless others in all their past glory. A lyric sheet would be helpful for delving into the meaning of "Warm Disease." Religious metaphors are mixed with subtle drug references. They appear to have had some experience with heroin.

Ah, if only we had free form radio or album rock today the DJ could track through the CD sometime after midnight for all the late night trippers and tapers. The disc is good, a bit mellow perhaps, but good never-the-less. So far the single, "About You," isn't making much noise. Watch for the promotional push after Christmas and see if Mercury can break a psychedelic (that doesn't mean hippie) band out.

Claude Clark



Hayride
Elfin Magic
Capricorn

Elfin Magic begins well enough. The title song is "alternative" rock of the hard sort. "Ackadacka" is old school thrash and "Wormbringer" begins as more "alternative" hard rock until...the heavy metal guitar solo breaks in. All of a sudden I'm thinking Ozzy or something. "A Hard Deer's Night" is a drinking tune that rocks like Chuck Berry in a thrash band. "Hollywood" is more dizzying tempo changes and swirling guitars. The band is from Athens, GA after all. So far so good, another alternative band and a pretty good one at that.

"Pleasence" brings on the horns and keyboards. It is a pleasant instrumental. "Sconion" is more thrash, approaching garage status. That heavy metal posturing interrupts. I believe this is the point where Hayride finally reveals their true colors. There was something about that title. *Elfin Magic* brings to mind wizards, warriors, fantasy, knights on horses and bad metal. "Brickstretcher" is heavy metal. Pure, stadium metal with all the trademarks you've come to know and love. I knew this was coming. Then as if that tune hadn't done enough to revive the '80s they follow it up with "Zero." Molly Hatchet, 38 Special here we come. Southern rock like the Livestock Festival specialized in. "By the time we got to Livestock we were 40,000 strong. North Temple's closed man."

"Bit, Stung & Sucked" almost revives the CD. Throw in some garage licks with the metal and you can be the Real Kids or the Barracudas. They return to thrash with "Hard Hat." I'll tell you what, this Hayride band is a little confused. They try to be all things at once. They do this good thrash thing going on and then the break is taken straight from the mid-80s. "The Map" is another return to metal. "Sed and Skin" is hard-core. They close the album out with "King Phlegue" and Athens pop, except there is that guitar break again.

Summing up. *Elfin Magic* at least captures the interest. It didn't hit the wall and it didn't end up at the used shop. I'm guessing they are trying to reinvent something or other with the variety of styles. They could be a good thrash band, an excellent garage band, a bad Southern boogie band or a bad hair metal band. They could even stick with the pop and sell a few records. By the next album maybe Hayride will sort things out.

Steven Stuffer



HELP
A Charity Project For The Children Of Bosnia
London Records

I believe the best thing received from the Polygram group last month was a tribute album. The best thing from them this month is a benefit album. With the exception of the latest Meat Puppets release and the Velvet Underground box set, both profiled in SLUG by some hack or another last month, the label group appears to need some serious A&R help.

Opening *HELP* is Oasis and Friends Inc. Johnny Depp sounding more than ever like the Beatles on a ballad. The Gallagher boys would do well to explore the territory further. I didn't like the latest from The Boo Radleys much. They too check in with a good song. Maybe it isn't Polygram's fault. According to the scant liner notes all the songs by every group were recorded in one day. Force them to record quickly!

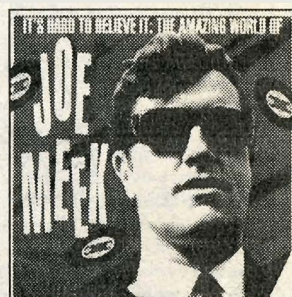
Bypassing the filler and arriving directly at some of the more interesting stuff I find that Orbital, Portishead and Massive Attack are situated right next to each other for tracks 5, 6 and 7. Then I found the Stereo MC's on track 10. Well, well, well. Take a seat and prepare for the head and body rushes. Beth Gibbons' is especially chilling. There's some band on here called the Charlatans. I believe that they were a San Francisco, hippie band from the '60s unless the UK group has overcome the name theft for

charity purposes. Ohhh, psychedelic. Then...oh shit, it's Sinead O'Connor singing "Ode To Billy Joe." O'Connor gives a fearsome reading, but Phranc does it better. Suede sounds like Billy Joel/Elton John. I always missed the entire point of B.J. Thomas and even though the Manic Street Preachers attempt to assist his career revival by covering "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head" they fail.

There a few more good tunes from all manner of famous names. The Chemical Brothers are supposed to be present someplace. I'm guessing The One World Orchestra or Planet 4 Folk Quartet. The One World Orchestra combines the theme to the Magnificent 7 with the theme music of Santo the magnificent Mexican wrestler. It that a high-light?

The CD contains 20 songs. Once again the cause is worthy of dollars. Anyone can find enough satisfying music to rate spending \$9.97 or something at one of the stupid warehouses now selling music in town. I don't encourage shopping at these outlets, but make your own decisions. The proceeds go to benefit War Child which at the present time is concentrating their efforts on the children of the former Yugoslavia. They plan to expand into other countries in the future. Someday they might set-up shop in the USA to help the forgotten children of this war ravaged country.

Jerry Rubenstein



Joe Meek
It's Hard To Believe It: The Amazing World Of Razor & Tie

Give me a big fat belly laugh. I've been slugging off the late '50s/early '60s for years because of the vast wasteland of good music surrounding the era. Fabian, Funicello, Avalon and Fabares made their fortunes during these years. The only good music came from the instrumental garage bands leading the way into the surf and '60s punk explo-

Continued On Page 34

SANTA WORSHIPPERS



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Firme



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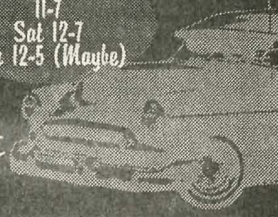
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sion. Here we have a CD of Joe Meek's productions. (At this point let me give a hint to the GRID and their story on Victory Records. Hi Fi & The Roadburners are not a "rockabilly" band. You poseurs didn't see them did you? They fit quite firmly into the pre-garage, pre-surf, pre-punk era represented by this disc.)

Joe Meek had to be the king of schlock. God how I wish that I had a 45 of each and every song on this disc. Meek made trash. He was a trash producer. He produced 45 top 50 hits in England between 1960 and 1966. I saw the CD pilloried and slandered in some glossy publication. Whoever wrote the review simply didn't get it. Even a cursory listen to the CD shows what the guy was up to. He was using the technology available to create money while experimenting with echo, compression, distortion and overdubbing. Catering to an audience? Space age bachelor pad music? Pick it up by all means, but don't miss Joe Meek. There are instrumentals galore; the Tornados (Telestar) and the Outlaws (Swing Low), there are tributes; Mike Berry & The Outlaws (Tribute To Buddy Holly and My Baby Doll) and Heinz (Just Like Eddy) and there is space age music; The Blue Men (Valley Of The Saros and The Bulblight) and man, the production techniques! The big hits played on "oldies" radio are "Have I The Right" by the Honeycombs and "Telstar." They were the only two songs Meek produced that charted in the states.

He was a tortured homosexual. He heard voices in his head, he held a fixation with life on other planets and the occult. Seances and card readings told him of Buddy Holly's death (the prediction was a year early) and the success his records would achieve. He wound up killing his landlady and then blowing his own brains out seven years to the day after Holly died. Listening to Joe Meek's productions is like climbing up on a big blue BFI dumpster and taking a self-rewarding dive.

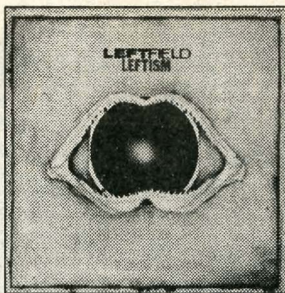
Billy Hairball

Leftfield

Leftism

Hard Hands

One of my "darling" little female co-workers had some serious complaints when I "stole" this promo. Luckily I managed to acquire another copy to placate her rage. She calls this music



"techno." She spent her formative years shaking her petite booty to the music in the underage "dance clubs" around town so she probably knows more about what the "DJ's" play than I do, except...where does dub, danchall and reggae fit into the "techno" scheme of things? If "Release The Pressure" doesn't have that reggae beat and socially conscious, ganja huffing riddim included with the microprocessor, floor-filing effects then I'm going back to my tube of Testors™.

"Afro-left" has the required BPM count, but what in the fuck are the afro-centric vocals addressing? Not that, I know. Stereotypically the only thing I listen to is garage, surf and hillbilly. "Afro-left" is pure techno no doubt about it. There is a solo towards the end from a Third World instrument that throws the clichéd Edward Abbey monkey wrench into things. As usual, with these Sony products, the press materials are sadly lacking so complete info on the recording is as well. Gleaning info from the CD booklet I find that Joe Gibb engineered the deal. Searching through the departed brain cells of my brain I seem to remember that Joe was a former reggae producer of some fame?

Leftfield is marketed as a group concept except...for some reason the artists contributing and the musical style changes from track to track. After "Afro-left" the "techno" is pretty much forgotten in favor of more trance inducing techniques. I'm starting to wonder if the Rolling Stones and Brian Jones weren't onto something way back in 1971 when they first released *The Pipes Of Pan At Joujouka*. "What goes around comes around." Leftfield reprises (in a sometimes computer generated format) music that the drug addled brains of the '60s discovered. Bowie, Eno, Harrison, Cooder, Glass, Reich and Laswell all paved the way for the more discriminating parents who have now bred children thinking this music is new and adventurous. It reminds me of

old "avante-garde," "industrial" "experimental." Ask John Lydon, he's the guy they all want to hear and he's only featured on the closing selection. So, "Mr. Rotten," did you ever encounter Can, Faust, Reich, or Glass before you went "punk"?

This Little Piggie Went To Market

Menswear

Nuisance

London Records

It's an advance cassette without any further information. They are obviously British and while most of the tunes are typically obnoxious there are some saving graces to the tape. The lala-la-ing/ba-ba-ba-ing that goes on during "125 West 3rd Street," "Being Brave" and "The One" is nearly offensive enough to totally dismiss the entire project. Actually if the listener can get past the first three songs the music improves. "I'll Manage Somehow" and "Sleeping In" are grim. "Sleeping In" especially reveals Menswear as another British band attempting to capitalize on others past success. Merseybeat to the core. When the heads reach "Little Miss Pin Point Eyes" Menswear pays tribute to Jazz Butcher and the pop side of Genesis P-Orridge while singing of heroin addiction. Then things improve. "Day Dreamer" continues the influence but they finally come up with an interesting hook and a rockin' tune.

"Hollywood Girl" is more offensive British pop, "Being Brave" is the ballad. Maybe I was wrong about this tape. I've found one good song so far. The second is "Around You Again." After that there's nothing. I guess if you love Merseybeat, the Jazz Butcher and the whole British pop thing you'll love Menswear. It does nothing for me except irritate. The hidden circus song at the end of side two doesn't change my mind.

Rolind S. Howerd

P

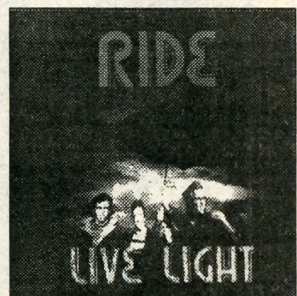
Advance Cassette

CEMA

I know the record is out. All the local CEMA rep had to give me was the advance cassette. There are famous movie actors playing instruments all over the thing. Their names are on big screens all over town. All that matters is that Gibby has recorded another Butthole Surfers record. Of, course the other Surfers are somewhat missing, but it sounds like a Butthole Surfers record to me.

The cover art on my advance looks like a Butthole design. The CD in the stores does too. Kind of reminiscent of *Locust Abortion Technician* to say the least. The music sounds like Texas. In a town with more musically closed minds than a Mormon Bishop's asshole (did I write that?) this blending of country and western with the blues and God damned rock 'n' roll doesn't hold much interest. They are too involved with the subgenres to hear the blend. Record of the month? For those who are especially challenged the CD preceding Pearl Jam, Petty and Presley in the bins is the best of the P's.

Pppppuuunnnkkkkkk



Ride

Live Light

Mutiny Records

While all the Brit-heads are eagerly awaiting the much anticipated new Ride CD to be released in 1996 an American start-up label has decided to cash in with a live album. "Seagull" opens things up with enough psychedelia to take me all the way back to a Sacred Mushroom, excuse me, Pearl Jam concert at the Delta Center. They evidently draw their inspiration from My Bloody Valentine, Jesus and Mary Chain and the Byrds. I'm waiting as eagerly for the new My Bloody Valentine disc as I am *Helter Skelter* from Dr. Dre, Easy E, and the remaining living members of NWA. The most recent Jesus and Mary Chain stomps the shit out of Ride and I can hear the fucking Byrds every time some major label drop ships their '70s cum '90s hippie shit at the local mall store.

The jams finally entered my little worship experience even as the incense of the holy bud began to dull my brain powers. I inhaled again from the sacred cardboard toilet paper tube/tinfoil bong and listened to "From Time To Time." These Ride guys can kick out some noise live. They also tend to bore at times. I'm thinking of the lyrics to "Hey

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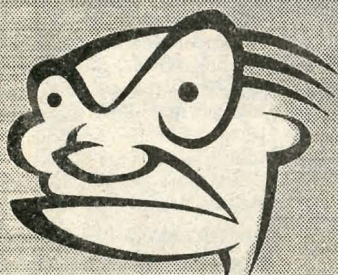
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Jude" as sung by a new immigrant halfway through "Chelsea Girl." "Hey dude, doe be me dow." The ballads probably go over well in a stadium where everyone has a comfortable plastic chair to rest their ass on. Ride aren't likely to play a stadium stateside any time soon so they had best leave the boredom back in England. The center of the disc had me nodding off after a snort of high-grade Mexican brown. It's a concert, fer Christ's sakes, give up some excitement.

They don't. If "End Of The Universe" represents the end of a Ride show I'm already out the door. I don't know. Maybe a fist fight from the brothers Gallagher or Skin covered in sweat with erect nipples and her pants falling halfway down her ass represents the best of British rock for me. These Ride "boys" had better pick things up at the club (based on their live disc) or the end will be half full when they complete the set.

Rust
Bar Chord Ritual
Atlantic

Previewing what is to come after the New Year is the first major label full-length from Rust. Some might be familiar with the band from their EP, also released by Atlantic. I had them pegged as an arena band gone punk back in August of '94 when I first heard them. Have they progressed in the intervening months? The tape is an advance with the corresponding poor sound quality. The first song "Five More Minutes" describes some poor slacker motherfucker who is too sick to go to his shitty service sector job. They want everyone to quote their jobs. Oh, really? Hasn't this theme been explored ever since all the hippies dropped out to make a better society? Look what they made the world into.

"Perhaps" has lyrics describing the slacker experience. They are bored because they grew up in the years after men were forced to fight in wars. Well, God damn, let's see if Mr. "draft dodger" Clinton can fix that for you with a war in Bosnia. "I'm just in a band." Draft the fuckers and send them over I say. At this point the tape almost hit the fucking wall. Not that the music is bad, it has nothing to do with the music at all. What do they use to record these advance cassettes? It sounds like it was recorded on one of those big black early versions of an answering machine. The buzzing in my ears makes it difficult to hear any music.

me with a press release describing Air Liquide as a duo of electronic musicians set on taking electronic music to a higher level. I plugged the baby into the player and found that the first song, titled "Interactive. Warlords" in the conveniently provided press kit, was actually a celebration of Carnival. Here it is November and I've received the March disc already. I continued listening believing that these electronic cats had indeed come up with something new and different. Whoops, hollers, a brass band, and a Louis Armstrong sound-alike on the vocals is my kind of experimental electronic music. The next tune, supposedly titled "If There Was No Gravity (Jammin' Unit Remix)," opens with tribal drums and lyrics describing the "fine" booty lining the streets of New Orleans during Mardi Gras. I haven't ingested any Ecstasy at all and I'm thinking I'm listening the Rebirth Brass Band or something. Talk about trippin'.

Jeffrey Odometer

Savatage
Dead Winter Dead
Atlantic

The Innocence Mission
Glow
A&M

Air Liquide
Red
Sm:)e

Every month has its theme. The shit comes in the mail and one way or another before I'm finished hacking out the crap for this rag the theme emerges. This month the theme is fucked-up advances. Two cassettes and a CD - each of them has its own unique fuck-up. Savatage is first.

No doubt a review of this one will appear in the metal column. Mr. Forgach will snag the CD and a press kit. All I get is the advance. The first news is that it isn't selling. The second is that my copy plays backwards. Side A and side B are Savatage going in reverse. The sound quality is despicable. Way to go Atlantic. Good fucking album from Savatage. I'll pass it along to some local samplers. The backwards guitar is incredible! Funny thing though, even after listening to the entire thing backwards I can't find the hidden satanic messages.

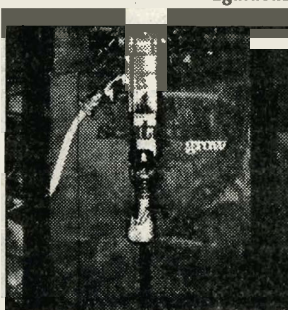
A&M sent an advance of the Innocence Mission's new album. Much like Savatage, the tape they sent was defective. In fact it was so defective that it wouldn't play at all. Good album from the Innocence Mission as well. The quality of pre-recorded cassette tapes never fails to amaze me.

Let's see...this CD came to

me with a press release describing Air Liquide as a duo of electronic musicians set on taking electronic music to a higher level. I plugged the baby into the player and found that the first song, titled "Interactive. Warlords" in the conveniently provided press kit, was actually a celebration of Carnival. Here it is November and I've received the March disc already. I continued listening believing that these electronic cats had indeed come up with something new and different. Whoops, hollers, a brass band, and a Louis Armstrong sound-alike on the vocals is my kind of experimental electronic music. The next tune, supposedly titled "If There Was No Gravity (Jammin' Unit Remix)," opens with tribal drums and lyrics describing the "fine" booty lining the streets of New Orleans during Mardi Gras. I haven't ingested any Ecstasy at all and I'm thinking I'm listening the Rebirth Brass Band or something. Talk about trippin'.

Believe it or not the next song appears to be "Iko Iko," except Air Liquide calls it "Der Laufer." Is that German for Iko Iko? These Germans can really capture the authentic sound of New Orleans with their electronic keyboards, computers and sampling units. It continues for about 45 minutes. Here are some quotes from prominent publications on the sound of Air Liquide. "(Air Liquide) could make you glazy 'n' hazy and geeked out enough to spazz till dawn" and "will continue to cleanse you with sonic vapour waves of synthesized moisture." I'll say!! A full brass band playing "Tipitina" always had that effect on me.

Egatas



Schtum
Grow
Work

Schtum is a return to the "huge" sound of the mid-80s. The production on the CD is so big and fat that they sound like U2. The theme of the month is missing press kits or defective advances. I'm making the guess

that the band is either English or Irish. Spinning through the disc several weeks after I last listened to it I find the U2 references are even more apparent. There's more than U2 influences, how about some early Cure or Fall?

In fact the main thing I was trying to figure out while listening to the CD was who exactly they do sound like. It changes from tune to tune. Schtum is a band that has mastered the sound-alike bit. Anthemic British rock like you haven't heard in years. Major hit potential is present. Maybe by mid-96 Schtum will be a household name in Utah.



Shirk Circus
March
Bar/None

Helen can sit for hours watching live television or tapes from her three VCRs. I usually view the tube with the sound turned off, a book or a magazine and the stereo blasting. I turned the sound up on the QVC Beatles special for about 10 minutes the other night and heard the announcer tell about walking into record stores and hearing music that was unlistenable. He claimed the clerks are about 12-years-old. What the gentleman heard was Manheim Steamroller, Garth Brooks, Maria Carey, Michael Bolton, Kenny G and the Beatles, because that is what corporate chain store owners force the 12-year-olds to play. He went on and on about some song where the singer repeated three or four words over and over again and how much he hated "modern" music. I think the title to what he heard was "Love Me Do."

I can't picture the fool wearing his sports jacket and Beatles Anthology T-shirt entering Raunch or the Heavy Metal shop. He shops the malls and I was surprised to learn that he wasn't able to detect that Beatles influence so prevalent in the current crop of British rock. What does any of this have to do with Shirk Circus? Well...I detected an interest in

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another English export when they started to play. The influence would appear to be E.C. or Mr. Costello with some Graham Parker and Nick Lowe thrown in for good measure. The band has three people and are from Memphis. The music they play has the previously mentioned hints to British pop of a decade past but it is Americanized for enhanced enjoyment. In case anyone has missed the trend lately it is American indie-pop. There are stacks and stacks of these pleasing items sitting in all those monster shops that have opened around town lately. The clerks don't know Squatters Pub about them, the shoppers ignore them, the bands play to 20 or 30 downtown and "critics" praise them in glossy rags. Tune in to KRCL or KUTE and you might hear Shirk Circus or another like minded band. Otherwise stick with whatever comfort zone your "tribe" has embraced.

G-Ahknee



Teengenerate
Smash Hits!
Estrus

The only reason a Teengenerate review is printed in SLUG is to piss off Helen Wolf. Dave at Estrus compiled what is supposed to be the cream of Teengenerate's singles output. Cover versions take up at least half the disc. From the common stuff like The Zeros' "Wild Weekend" to the more obscure such as "Talk, Talk, Talk, Talk," which the liner notes inform me was an original by The Reaction. The Reaction later shortened the song's title and became much more famous and rich as Talk Talk. Cover versions such as this are what every good bar band needs to learn. I'm sure every bar band in Utah can cover the likes of DMZ, The Nervous Eaters, Angry Samoans, The Pretty Things, the Fun Things and Radio Birdman in one set. Teengenerate make the covers virtually indistinguishable from their own originals.

These Japanese boys are absolutely and totally crazed. If

anyone in Utah had the good sense to book them into a local club the place wouldn't be left standing in the morning. Many, many bands try to get this garage-punk thing down. None succeed like Teengenerate. If you think punk rock is dead and garage is retro, might I suggest you visit Raunch or Raspberry. They are the only stores in town that stock Estrus. Teengenerate will expand your mind like drinking a pint of Everclear while pouring a second pint on the road rash received after attempting to Roller Blade down 4th South from 11th East to 9th while huffing a gallon or two of unleaded, doing a face plant and skidding downhill for a Salt Lake City block. Every SLUG reader is advised to fax X-96 with a request for "Let's Get Hurt."

Sky "Seedy" Sinclair



The Brother Boys
Presley's Grocery
Sugarhill Records

The disc was recorded in Vernon's store and a former army colonel by the name of Tom Parker produced it. The band is pictured inside the booklet holding mason jars, apples and lilac bouquets. As is typical with these guitar bands one guy is wearing high-top Chuck Taylor's and another male has work boots. The bass player is a girl!

The previous information was provided in an attempt to sneak this review into the pages of SLUG. The Brother Boys are yet another indie band recording for a label not punk enough or major enough to purchase an ad in these pages. In fact this guitar band is playing in the trendiest of all MTV big budget formats. They use acoustic instruments! Colin Escott wrote the short blurb on the back of the CD, they cover a Patti Page record that some famous dead guy later recorded for a label now owned by Shelby Singleton and they aren't a "new country," "indie rock," "trip hop" or "speed metal" band. You won't see the video on MTV or VH-1; the Mountain, X-96, the Breeze, the Arrow, KSOP, K-Bull, and Q-

99 won't touch it with a punji stick and I'll be fucked with the same if the harmonies don't bring laughter or a tear of joy. The production is clear as a bell, the music is as uplifting as a Mormon phallic symbol rising completely erect above the River Jordan to the west and I'm not expecting to see Ron Yengich review *Presley's Grocery* after discussing Garth "Pitiful" Brooks while taking a piss stop with two sell-outs. It's a happy record, not as happy as a smiley face '70s tribute album, but never-the-less happy. Beautiful, happy, sun-tanned, colorful music to offend the morose hordes dressed in black or even worse the slackers who for some strange reason believe they can duplicate electric kool-aid acid tests or free love in the age of AIDS, militias and a federal storm trooper police force known as the IRS. Five SLUGs to the face for the Brother Boys.

Sugar "Truckin'/Fuckin'" Maggot



The Music Of Kentucky
Early American Rural Classics 1927-37
Yazoo 2013

Alabama Blues
1927-1931
Yazoo 1006

My parents weren't born when this music was recorded. My grandparents were probably mere thoughts, yet the music draws me. This is about as hillbilly as it gets. I don't plan to bore with a description of each and every one of the 26 songs presented. The recordings are all incredibly rare and the utmost care was taken in the remastering process to make them sound as good as possible. The originals play at 78 rpm. Most readers don't own a turntable let alone one that rotates that fast, but believe me they made ten inch records once upon a time. (What rpm does a CD spin at?) A 78 was never the best recording medium to begin with. Even a mint condition copy has some hiss. Overall the disc sounds pretty good, the musical integrity is preserved and the hiss

is minimal. Everything from rural string bands, spirituals, breakdowns and unaccompanied fiddlers are here. I think there is even one of those "smut" tunes. What else could "Ginseng Blues" be about? The Kentucky Ramblers are going at it with such speed and energy that they can't take a breath to sing.

I'll close with a couple of paragraphs from Alan Lomax who (of course) recorded some of this music. "Leslie County is perhaps the most backward and the most isolated section of Kentucky. Hyden has a population of at most 1500 and it is the metropolis of the county, a rickety courthouse, a sinister brownstown jail, unshaven loafers around the garage and country store. These remnants of the unhurried past watch the automobiles on the pike and the old ones curse while the young ones rejoice. The young people were so shy that it was hard to find out what their names were, but the oldsters, as soon as they had been made to understand several times that my name was such and such and my station thus, they were willing to help." (Visited Chesterfield lately?) Thank the good Lord that they did because this music is about as punk as it gets.

First Kentucky whites and now Alabama blacks, what has SLUG become? The artists featured here; Barefoot Bill, Clifford Gibson, Jay Bird Coleman, Edward Thompson, Ed Bell, Marshall Owens and George "Bullet" Wilson, aren't exactly household names. Their music was recorded on 78s for labels virtually no one has ever heard of, with the exception of Barefoot Bill and Jay Bird Coleman who recorded for Okeh, a label now owned by the Japanese megacorp Sony.

Listening to the two recordings back to back is a fascinating study in the history of American music. The blacks at this time have forsaken their fiddles and banjos and taken up the guitar. The whites took up the fiddle and banjo and each race took something from the other. As much as many people would like to ignore it - in the rural areas the musicians were influenced by each other. Alabama Blues has as much hiss as The Music Of Kentucky. It's all guitar and vocals with a few tunes featuring harp.

The more proficient local guitarists might want to sit down and try to copy anything they hear. Don't worry they can't,

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except for maybe James Stewart, he could jam with any of these cats. If anyone can figure out the tunings and chord patterns used the next task is to duplicate the vocals. There are residents of this state who talk and act exactly like the rural population of Alabama or Kentucky in the 1930's be they white or black. The trick is to get them to play a little music and record them just as Alan Lomax did. Travel down the winding streets of a Utah trailer park or the neighborhoods of Kearns and listen for that family with fiddles, banjos, a stomp box and a guitar. Forget that, record them pounding on their fat bellies while farting, grunting, burping, having phone sex or trying to speak. Better yet, get the sounds of child/spousal abuse on tape while Motley Crue/Bone Thugs In Harmony/George Strait plays in the background. Rural Kentucky/Alabama in the 1930's or the Utah suburbs of the '90s this music is still being made. The only difference is the sound of gunshots and sirens captured as ambiance in the background.

Riley Puckett

Pineal Ventana

Living Soil

Half Baked Records

Dark images — Surf music for the far shore of the river Lethe — Storms before the candles have quite warmed the room to a comfortable golden dream. The blurry sounds of gods buried below the apple orchard, and the leaves crisp rattle while apples fall. A great album for sex with handcuffs and ebony gags, on a stiff chair in a plaster room with dome ceilings. A barber forced to use a serrated blade for lack of scissors. A Cadillac in Kansas nowhere chasing a tornado's tail. Three O'Clock in the morning. Acid and black corset demonic speed fucking. The sound one hears when inhaling the aroma of wood and centuries old resin of shellac from the F hole of a violin made by Amati or Guernieras. A pressed flower found in a diary from a soldier killed in the civil war. The lithe, calm, numinous movements the drowned woman makes floating just under the surface from the Itasca into the Mississippi. The same body sliding like a thank you note onto a silver salver, into the ocean and away. A wonderful difficult album.

—St. Felcher

Boss Hog
Boss Hog
DGC

Don't let the first three tracks on this album put you off. Courtney Love is not the only artist Boss Hog uses as an influence. Their Hole imitation is totally lame. But the other twelve songs are very interesting — broad ranges of music are surveyed and skillfully thought out in good nuff interpretations. From country as performed in the Urals to Delta blues as understood by Cambodian tree frogs to ballads full of yearning and love as might have come from one of the particularly happy guards at Auschwitz, these guys are very original — not on par w/Tom Waits, but what the hey. They had a lot of help with the more inventive songs from studio technology — but a lot of guys have help with their sexuality from black motorcycles. They can still get their girlfriends pregnant. I think you'd be better off getting a new copy of Queen Jazz or Tom Waits' Franks Wild Years, or Dylan's Bringing It All Back Home. But if you gave a shit you would already own these three. So go ahead and get this album — if that's all you really have left to spend your money on.

—St. Felcher

Poe

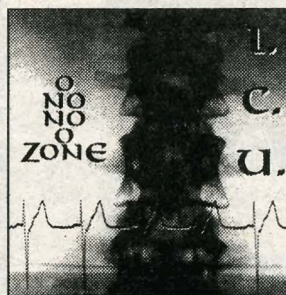
Hello

Atlantic

Poe IS a very attractive woman, who can turn a fast double-entendre, and, if she writes the lyrics, is a good lyricist. You're either gonna buy the album or you're not — and my review ain't gonna change your mind. I think it is a very good album. But I also think it is an album made by committee and corporation to be what people want. Though it reminds me of Ricky Lee Jones' Chuck E's in Love album, I don't think Poe is the talent Ricky Lee is. And therefore she loses my vote on integrity grounds, and on punk ethics. Not that one cannot have a beautifully produced album. There are many examples of beautiful integrity-ridden albums — the Beatles catalog less Let It Be for example. But do you remember Real Life's Heart Land? Great songs — but total product on Heart Land. The drum track speed — a perfect dance beat — dictated each song. Almost as though each song — though already written — was stretched or crushed to fit the formal corporate desire to make a danceable and therefore salable piece of product. I like this album — but I distrust its motives and its honesty. Again, Queen was a totally dishonest, superficial band for much of their career, but they

were up front about their shallowness. Queen was about spectacle and not depth. But Poe would have us believe she really is real — flesh and blood — and this is an extension of her creativity. And I don't believe that for one moment.

—St. Felcher



I.C.U.

Intensive Care Unit

O No No O Zone

Radical Records

Somewhere in between The Plasmatics' Wendy O. Williams and early Blondie lie I.C.U. What could be bad? Screechy, repetitive guitars with big power chorus' in most of the songs on *O No No O Zone*. I'm not even sure that's the name of the record. Maybe it's "Oh No...No Ozone" as in Oh oh, there's no more Ozone and we will all die, or maybe it's just a play on words? Anyhow, this is definitely a checker outer, if you can find it. Mucho political lyrics that you can really listen to, and cool hard & heavy guitars throughout.

RADICAL RECORDS 77 Bleecker Street Suite C221 N.Y.C. NY 10012

—BOB

Hor

House

SST

The Sort of Quartet

Planet Mamon

SST

Since the departure of Husker Du and Sonic Youth, the once venerable SST label, run by former Black Flag guitarist Greg Ginn, has released a litany of shittty records that has threatened to forever tarnish the label's reputation. With few exceptions, the roster has been populated by awful punk bands and Ginn side projects (which were often the same thing). The label has dabbled in jazz with a good degree of success, particularly with Bazooka and Cruel Frederick. The Sort of Quartet are of the palpable jazz variety of SST releases. The seven piece tear off some noisy yet exotic numbers on its debut, Planet Mamon. Sporting titles like

"Twisto Mambo" and "The Big Stomp" the group concocts musical mutants that incorporate rock and fusion jazz elements reminiscent of onetime SST stalwarts Saccarin Trust. For anyone willing to stretch their limits a bit, *Planet Mamon* should prove to be one of the years most creative imminent-ly likable releases. Enter Hor, a (surprise) Ginn project along with percussionist Andy Batwinas. The music is all instrumental, dance-oriented stuff, sort of a post-punk take on Herbie Hancock's Rock it. While not nearly as annoying as Ginn's more industrial stuff, the repetitious nature of the material gets a bit tiresome after a while. It doesn't suck, but there's way too many other groups doing this stuff way better to bother.

—MacGyver

Spacehog

Resident Alien

(Sire)

Englishmen, relocating to NYC, Spacehog picks up where Ziggy Stardust left off on their major label debut, *Resident Alien*. Spacehog re-invents David Bowie's charismatic nature and song writing ability, adding a catchy bounce of their own to the overall production of the record.

This is a rock n' roll record-guitars galore (some organ/synth effects)- with abstract but captivating lyrics about space, love, and money (Royston Langdon sings like Bowie and Axl Rose!) *Resident Alien* deviates from the current fad of "alternative" music although it will fair well on the modern rock charts-perhaps the retro-element Spacehog takes on is what makes their music so hot!

—Gary Savelson

Sunny Day Real Estate

Self-Titled (Sub Pop)

Sunny Day Real Estate has released one last LP although the band is now defunct. What happened? Well, certain members defected to the Foo Fighters, Dave Grohl's (Nirvana) band. Sunny Day Real Estate attained notable success, especially on the west coast with the single "Seven" off their record, *Diary*. It's a shame that their days have passed so soon. They had a knack for dramatic progressions in song structure on their recordings-melodic guitar riffs and light vocals to frenetic discord and angst!

Raging yet melancholic singer/guitarist, Jeremy Enigk, sets a tone for the band, somehow making them distinct from the

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Battershell



the "Alterboys



Michael Kroll



The Butterflies



The Phoids

rest of the "college/garage rock" thrust onto the alternative charts. He sustains composure; he is a composer of music rather than a wretched rock stag! Enigh has the passion. Sunny Day Real Estate was a band comprised of proficient musicians. Listen closely to "Theo B," with its catchy picking, complimentary bass, and theatrical closing. "Red Elephant" is just as good if not better, truly showing Sunny Day Real Estate's mature song writing capability.

—Gary Savelson

Box of Walls Stuff

Countdown Records

Box of Walls are a very good live band, one of those which you hear in the foyer and think to yourself: "I know that. Wow. Wow oh Wow! My lucky day." But, truth be told, you don't know any of the songs. What a shame. Their album explains why. It is a good album, a nice album, a well made album but it is also a bore. I don't think this is any body's fault. I don't want to lay any blame, nor do I wish to see this very good band cease. But there is simply too much that is fine coming from women artists lately. This is simply not good enough to give the thumb's up to in comparison. If we were talking painting—then it would be a fine painting—and worth collecting. But unlike the world of Carravaggio, where any canvas by the master is simply unavailable, and where the Carravaggisci canvases are worth owning because they are good imitations of the master. But in the world of recorded music, one never needs a cover band, much less a clone band. And these guys are a bit of a generic '90s girl band kind of thing. Things you really should own: The Throwing Muses First Album, The Raincoats Albums, The Bell Tower's Albums. The comparisons are easy, would you rather own Nirvana's *In Utero*, or Compulsion's *Comforter*. Is there any ??? Ok.

—St. Felcher

Tracy Chapman New Beginning (Elektra)

New Beginning, is a collection of delicate folk, country, reggae, distinctive rhythms, and a new age ambience. The backbone of the record is Chapman's brilliance on the acoustic guitar and the stirring lyrical content she presents—love, suffering, social imbalance, tolerance.

"New Beginning," the title

track sums it all up in a reggae fashion, preaching the words "start all over" in regard to the world's negative condition. She's courageous and talented enough to tackle this topic, although, there can be such a broad debate on the issue—things simply aren't that simple! "Heaven's Here On Earth," is an ambient somewhat haunting track sending the message that things could be tranquil and pleasant right here on earth—perhaps an overly optimistic song, perhaps not? "The Rape of the World," is a beautiful, melancholic ballad adding to the theme of the record. The songs are long according to industry standards, all but one, passing the five minute mark. *New Beginning* is sincerely crafted with spotless production—Chapman continues to write about social conditions with the hope that it will affect any and all listeners out there.

—Gary Savelson

The Mermen A Glorious Lethal Euphoria Mesa

Somebody somewhere thinks pretty highly of the Mermen. They played the Filmore in San Francisco last New Year's Eve, a damn prestigious spot if you ask me. Hundreds of frybabs tripping out on a hybrid of surf-guitar and punk (I can only imagine, I certainly wasn't there to witness it). I will say that a musical ensemble that opts towards not including some sort of vocal production in their release has itself a relatively big hill to climb in the market the Mermen are vying for, and I'm not sure they've got the chops to pull it off one hundred percent. Part of what made Dick Dale (and by extension, surf guitar) accessible to, say, East High is the clean cut-through sound that punched a hole into the credits of Pulp Fiction. The Mermen are not so quick, nor are they nearly as clean, and they often wander out into protracted slow pieces that are like anemic fusion jams. Don't get me wrong - a nice and simple surf guitar sound can be heard here and there on the album, it's just that in most cases you'll have to filter out all the layering of fuzz and backwash and ambience that they layered on top of it, which to my mind seems to go against the point. Many of the songs are over five minutes long, in a medium that tops off at about three. Three of the songs are nine minutes or more, and could easily have come off the middle of a bad Yes record (naming the songs long and fantastical names that sound like they were

inspired by various drug trips doesn't hurt this allusion). The ultimate analysis is that as background music (which lyrical less music almost always falls into, at least for me the point seems to be to not listen to it actively) it's fine, if you're a huge fan of the genre the variance might be welcoming, but I would say there's better out there if you search.

—Capt. America

Ash Trailer Reprise

There's something slightly off kilter about this album which the lyricist did not abate by providing me the opportunity to peruse a transcript of what he's singing in the little CD booklet (of course, with most bands I am not provided with this opportunity and am left to decipher mumbblings and yawlings with either repeated listening or just to say fuck it). This off kilterishness becomes apparent even in the first song, which is about the singer's losing a friend to suicide, and the feelings that go with it. Now if you just listen to the music, you have a relatively straightforward indie rock song template, not a particularly outstanding one for any reason, but neither is it unlistenable, and could even be deemed enjoyable given the correct set of circumstances. Now just take the lyrics, without the music, and you have a relatively straightforward poem about loss and the changing of seasons, not an outstanding poem mind you, but heartfelt and served well. Put the two together and I don't know what you have. If you start to dance to it, you can't help but notice it's about a suicide. If you start thinking about your friend who committed suicide, you can't help but notice that your feet are moving. The most telling song is one called "Punk Boy", about how to tell a punk boy from the posers, and sounds curiously like the songwriter's trying to come out of the closet and into pop music. Maybe he should.

—Capt. America

Joe Christmas Upstairs, Overlooking Tooth & Nail

The first song, "Mr. Flood" sounds like it was recorded with the lead singer caught underneath my grandmother's hide-a-bed, which I was just beginning to enjoy when he came out from under. "Coupleskate" is next up, about going to a skating party circa the third grade with a girl and taking her to the candy counter and getting her whatever she wanted. This

I like, in spite of the fact that of the many times I played roller tag to Rick Springfield at the Classic Roller Rink on 21st south, I never once had a date thank you very much. The band manages to conjure up happy images from childhood without ruining them (Witness: in Reality Bites, when they're all on the roof singing Conjunction Junction, it felt like a bastardization of not only all the times I sat in front of the television Saturday mornings as a youth, but also all the times my friends sat around stoned and tried to remember all the Schoolhouse Rock lyrics: it's great when you do it, but once you realize everyone else is doing it too...). The album could easily be subtitled "a twenty to twenty-five year old's retrospective on summer 1983." Anyway, the lead singer sounds like he's still learning, and unlike Weezer or They Might Be Giants, it works. I say good stuff.

—Capt. America

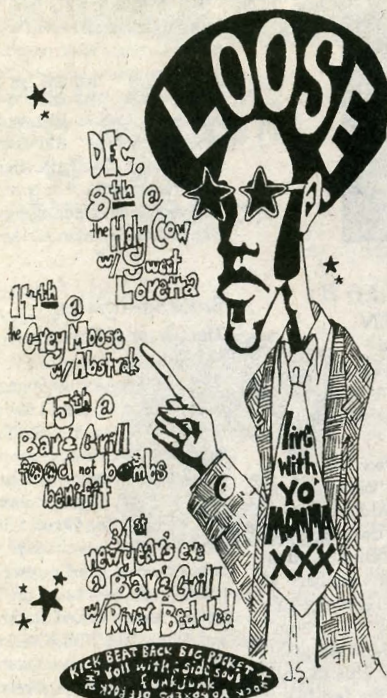


Stanley Clobbered

Another Planet Records

The word "Clobbered" will forever belong to the Thing from The Fantastic Four. That having been said, Stanley does a pretty goddamn good job of trying to do it to you. Definitely lean music with a strong rhythm section. Great heavy bass lines that the drummer goes right along with, smart guitar and snappy lyrics Henry Rollins belted style. It should either be played loud or not at all, and would be best if you could see it in concert, with some aggression to burn off. But take it as you can get it. I just went through the album again to see if there was a low point that I could pick on, but it's pretty evenly good, which is rare to say the least. They have a song called "Cal Jammer", which is the name of the porn star who shot himself standing in front of his ex-wife's house a few months ago. (This is beside the point, but for porno soundtracks look for Chemical People albums, who did a lot of stuff for the Dark Bros., and also The Plugz, whose album the theme song from New

Continued On Page 46



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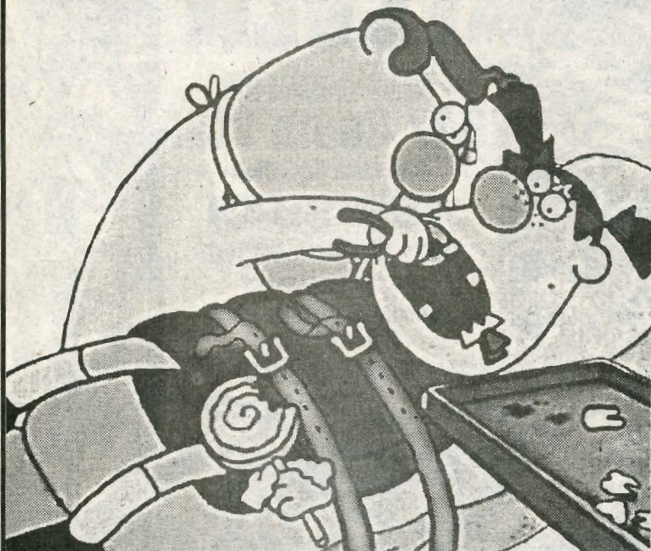


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THE STIFF SHEET...



QUEEN

GREATEST HITS I & II /
MADE IN HEAVEN

Hollywood Records

The first of these two records is GREATEST HITS I & II. There are 34 Queen songs on this double CD. Enough said.

Made in Heaven is a new Queen record that is comprised of songs written by Freddie Mercury prior to his untimely death in 1991. The remainder of the record was then finished by the other members of Queen. This would be Queen's 20th album. Granted they all weren't great, but they were one of the greatest bands of our time. This record's merit is measured by the fact that it was their last, and Freddie's swan song, so to speak. Ironically, though he was very ill, this may be one of his finest vocal performances ever. Outstanding.

—Maxx

HAZE

TOM DOOLEY

Mutiny Records

There is a over night sensation female singer with the initials A.M. Many of you bought her record. Well...YOU BOUGHT THE WRONG RECORD! This is the one you really want. All the cool things one would expect without the juvenile antics of ex-lover guilt. This is a 7 song EP with 5 versions of "Tom Dooley" all of them different, and well worth it. The other two, "God-Wish you were here", and "Free" are equally ecstatic. Full length out soon, and a sure follow up to this little ditty. Haze, the singer/songwriter is a true femme fatale, backed by an outstanding band, of which the standout is the guitar player, John Butler. Like I said if you wasted any money on the aforementioned CD, this is the best way to cut your losses.

—Maxx

SONIC YOUTH

WASHING MACHINE

DGC

This record is so heavily influenced by The Velvet Underground that it should share writing credit with Reed/Cale/Morrison. It's quite a good

record though, so I will let them slide for calling it a Sonic Youth record. There is an uncompromising quality to Washing Machine that may well prove to be their best record to date. Best songs here are "Junkie's Promise" and "Little Trouble Girl". It is laced throughout with guitar/noise tactics that ooze psychodelia, and hard felt lyrical passages that hit home with profound substance. I liked it. Alot.

—Maxx

Bruce Springsteen

The Ghost of Tom Joad

Columbia

Not being a huge Springsteen fan, I must say that the thing I like most about this record, is that it is all in the vein of Springsteen that I like. Slower, more haunting melodies. The songs all have a late at night or drizzly afternoon sound to them. The title track 'The Ghost of Tom Joad' is taken from the lead character in the John Steinbeck novel "The Grapes of Wrath" It is probably the best song on the record, though fiercely rivaled by 'Youngstown' and 'Balboa Park' This is a record you can listen to over and over again, providing you don't get easily depressed. It makes you think throughout the course of the songs, and leaves you with the same dry feeling every time.

'As the car sped away Spider held his stomach. Limped to his blanket 'neath the underpass. Lie there tasting his own blood on his tongue. Closed his eyes and listened to the cars rushing by so fast'

—Maxx



The
Misfits

Collection II

Caroline

"Brains for dinner/ Brains for lunch/ Brains for breakfast/ Brains for brunch/ Brains for every single meal/ Why can't we have some guts." Need I say more? It's the Misfits doing campy songs about campy fifties horror films for christakes, if this record doesn't make you laugh then you just have no sense of humor. The only problem with this record is that it is just the 'Mighty Demoniac One' trying to cash in on a few bucks and leaving his cohorts during that time out to dry. The record rocks like your girlfriends bed does when I come over, enuff said.

—Jumpin' Jehosifaf

WRITTEN IN BLOOD

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

—JOHN FORGACH

D.R.I.

Full Speed Ahead

Rotten Records

FULL SPEED AHEAD is the latest offering by veteran hardcore-thrash legends D.R.I. The band has been around since 1983, and have changed the face of hardcore and thrash with their eight, always innovative releases. Early in the band's career, D.R.I. was deeply set in the hardcore scene. On later albums, such as CROSSOVER, the band started to incorporate more metal into their material. By the band's 1989 release, THRASH ZONE, the band fully "crossed-over". The band adopted a full-on metal style, while still holding on to a hardcore feel and intensity. The sound was very new and exciting. In my opinion, THRASH ZONE isn't just one of D.R.I.'s greatest, it's an all time classic. That brings me to FULL SPEED AHEAD. I haven't figured it out, or even tried to, but F.S.A. has the same type of feel as THRASH ZONE. This release is D.R.I. at their finest. Check out track four. The song is a touch-



ing tribute to the Donner family. "Wouldn't you please give us the pleasure of having you at our table tonight?" Hitting close to home here in Salt Lake.

MENTAL HIPPIE BLOOD

Pounds

Metal Blade

Sweden's, Mental Hippie Blood have released their second album, POUNDS. The band is a bit of a departure from the heavier bands given almost total domain in this particular column. I took notice, because this group is pretty good despite the fact that they weigh heavily on the Soundgarden side of the music spectrum. One thing I'll give these guys credit on is that there really aren't any ballads on POUNDS. If I hear one more ballad by a rock, metal, or thrash band I swear I'll puke. Leave the anthems and ballads to bands like Extreme and Firehouse. I'm sure we'd all agree they've already given us more than enough. Mental Hippie Blood does a damn fine job of rocking for the duration of this release.



NAILBOMB

Proud To Commit Commercial

Suicide

Roadrunner

The band Nailbomb have just released

their second album, PROUD TO COMMIT COMMERCIAL SUICIDE, and have also just broken up. Actually, this news does very little for me, I never even knew the band existed. I feel that's kind of hard to believe, not because I claim to know absolutely everything going on in the world of metal, but because the band features guitarist/vocalist Max Cavalera of Sepultura. Now again, I'm not saying I know everything happening in the Sepultura camp, but you would think a band containing a member as high profile as Max would be hyped by the record label so much you would be sick of hearing about it. Anyway, now I know they exist, or, existed. The band also featured guitarist/vocalist Alex Newport of Fudge Tunnel. The latest release by the band is live and was recorded at the Dynamo Festival in Holland. The band's goal was to "capture the powerful, raw feel of a live show, without the slick, overproduced sound of a studio album." Personally, I prefer the "slick" sound of a good studio album, but if you don't feel live albums went out with the '70's, this is for you.



NAPALM DEATH

Greed Killing

Earache

Are you ready for new Napalm Death? If your not sure, check out their latest mini LP, GREED KILLING. This 7 song taste of Napalm Death, due out on December 5th, is sure to hold you over until their upcoming full-length release of DIATRIBES. The band Napalm Death are by far one of the earliest originators of the grindcore movement. Past releases have blasted us with some of the fastest, most brutal music known to man. GREED KILLING is definitely pure Napalm Death. Look for the upcoming album DIATRIBES to be released on January 30th.

—Forgach

Unholy Union: Seven and Snow White. "Snow White and the Seven Deadly Sins". Rating: NC 17

MOTHER'S MOVIE REVIEWS

SEVEN

Heard of a launt thriller? Seven is a slack thriller. Predictable? Take 25 points off the IQ you thought you had, if you can't spot the "surprise" victim in the first half hour. Plot loopholes you can drive Miss Daisy through. Speaking of Morgan Freeman, Seven would stink without him. Brad Pitt!!! is merely the human wallpaper behind a real actor. The dialogue is rote, except when it falls from Mr. Freeman's talented lips. If the villain weren't a psycho, he wouldn't have a personality. (Then he'd be indistinguishable from Brad.) It also may be the first movie entirely filmed by flashlight. The Deadly Sins: Gluttony, Sloth, Greed, Pride, Lust, Envy, Wrath, and Mediocrity.

Mom's Rating: Three point Five

Same ending as How to Make an American Quilt!

Isn't that the film critic from the Private Eye?

That's because it was a better movie.

Rain, rain, go away.

Barton Fink didn't look in the box.

Somebody turn on the lights!

...Lust, Envy, Republicanism.



Rent: Seven (don't pay a lot to see it!), Silence of the Lambs

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Wave Hookers comes).
—Capt. America

Moonwater

Invitation
Masquerade

Look for Moonwater soon at Rafters. I kept giving this album chances for me to like it, and on each and every count I found myself A) not enjoying myself in the slightest way whatsoever and B) growing increasingly aware of the time I was throwing away trying to like an album that is simply no good. The press release was so earnest, they seemed like such good guys, if you're reading this: Masquerade Recordings, you really seem like good guys, but you've got a stinker on your hands. Lots of howling, lots of drawn-out supposedly psychedelic heavy metal sounding ickiness. Bad lyrics, bad singer, bad melodies, bad mixing. Bad idea.

—Capt. America

Guilt

Bardstown Ugly Box
Victory Records

I once worked with a night baker who would get in a manic phase, stop taking his Prozac, and start up with crack. I think he committed suicide. This is the kind of music he listened to.

—Capt. America

Various Artists

It's Finally Christmas
Tim Kerr Records

It's Christmas! It's Christmas! It's Christmas! A friend of mine, whilst living in Los Angeles, wrote and directed a Christmas musical with the above title (It's Christmas x 4) which was a malt-shoppe singalong that went on and on until you were about to go insane, and the play ended with the crucifixion and self-castration of Mr. Nicholas, the neck-brace-wearing-gruff-but-with-a-heart-of-gold malt shoppe owner. I personally loved the play, but it wasn't for everyone. What better way to spend a holiday season than mocking the entire thing? I've spent many a joyous noel watching the greed and gluttony of shoppers, such an easy mark, a whopping obvious target, and yet such joy to prey upon. In any case, here's a compilation of alternatives doing original Christmas songs, and a few covers - from the same label that brought us the uneven but nevertheless purchasable spoken word compilation Talking Rain. I don't know the bands in question, for the most part, but so what. Swoon's

Merry Christmas to Me has some very funny lyrics. Pond's Gloria in Excelsis Deo is nothing special. Hitting Birth and the Dandy. Warhols both do Little Drummer Boy and it gets old in about a verse, but it's supposed to: it's The Little Drummer Boy for God's sake. There's also two versions of The Grinch. Some of the songs, in any other context, would suck outright: Poison Idea's Santa Claus is Back in Town, Iceburg Slim's Christmas Dressed in Blue, The Violets' Rebel Jesus. It's not really fair to pick it apart too much, because the truth is Christmas music is supposed to be cheesy and poor quality and ugly and drive you mad. Although I am one who at Christmastime is quite happy listening to The Kenny Rogers Christmas, or Julio Iglesias' Feliz Navidad!, this will help make a welcome soundtrack to my holiday.

—Capt. America

Nixons

Eye Tv
Incandescent

Thanks to those grungy teenagers in Silverchair, we'll probably see a second wave of band's from down under. Nixons hails from New Zealand, but that's close enough for me to make some sort of trite comparison. They do sort of a early U2 by way of Live with a heavy metal guitar thing that wouldn't be so bad if it didn't back lines like "Life is bright as night inside/ I love to close my eyes". Whatever. I've learned that saying bands suck is actually a good thing so I'll forgo any evaluation and just end with a big fat yawn.

—MacGyver

Step Right Up: The Songs of Tom Waits

Various Artists
Manifesto

Anybody who knows me knows my firm and irrevocable stance: TOM WAITS IS GOD. There's no getting around it, and I ain't going to apologize. That having been said, Gianni sent me this album for review. Alright, he tells me Holly Cole's Tom Waits covers album Temptation wasn't any good (he talked me out of buying it...for now). Then there's Sarah McLachlan's cover of 'Ol 55 on the Boys on the Side soundtrack which isn't so bad. Tom Waits' and Robert Wilson's Opera Alice recently played at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. I mention these only because it seems there's a lot of Tom Waits

in the air recently, a fact that I have no problem with. The album is lopsided, of course, whaddya expect from a tribute album? Drugstore's Old Shoes is a pretty good college music version. Tindersticks' Mockin' Bird is a pretty rotten semi-lounge version. Pete Shelley's Better Off Without a Wife massacres the original's spirit in favor of frat-punk bullshit. The Wedding Present's Red Shoes by the Drugstore suffers from sounding too much like the original and thus paling immediately and irrevocably by the comparison, which is a malady with a few of the songs here and on any tribute album. The Violent Femmes' Step Right Up is very strange because Gordon Gano can be muy loco, the jury's still out on this one. Archers of Loaf do a Nighthawks at the Diner song, Big Joe and Phantom 309, as though it was a Bone Machine song, which works pretty well actually. These Immortal Souls do the same thing with a One From the Heart song, except that the singer sucks. Jeffrey Lee Pierce turns Pasties and a G-String into Hip Hop, which in theory would eat shit, but this is one of my favorites. "Fuck 'em til they die!" is what my friend S. Felcher used to exclaim, and that's certainly what Magnapop deserves for their offering. Pale Saint's Jersey Girl beats out Springsteen's, Frente's Ruby's Arms is heartfelt (although every time I've listened to it I've pulled out Heartattack and Vine and listened to the original immediately afterwards), and 10,000 Maniacs do a fine job with I Hope That I Don't Fall in Love With You. If you've done your job, then you already own all the Tom Waits albums and this will merely accentuate your collection. If you don't already own them all, you have your work cut out for you, and if you don't have any! A) Fuck you til you die. B) Buy at least Rain Dogs and Asylum Years to give yourself a start. If you need an order in which to buy the rest, send a SASE, ten Camel Bucks and two creeping charlies to Young Capt. America, Washington Heights Sunoco Station (stage entrance), New York City NY 10011.

—Capt. America

The Sun Sawed In 1/2 MindFlip

Beehive

I have to admit that this CD grew on me. The first time that I listened to it I didn't think that much of it, and I've got a lot on my plate this month so that was

going to be it for The Sun. Then a miraculous thing happened: the promo material to the band actually made me want to listen to the album. This is rare when the majority of promo stuff I get to read is about as appealing as a vaginal blood fart. So I put it back in the player, paid a little more attention this time around, and couldn't help but notice that the guys were pretty damn happy. Considering that about seventeen eightieths of the stuff I listen to is about how shitty this world is, it was a nice change. The band is happy. It kind of makes you happy to listen to them. There's no doubt that it's popular music in the same old college/alternative style, so if you can't stand anything softer than Helmet then it's nothing for you, but if crossing Freddie Mercury with Crowded House and speeding it up a bit sounds pretty good, then you're right.

—Capt. America

Hotel X

Ladders
SST Records

An album of jazz. I should almost disqualify myself as worthy of reviewing this, because when I'm in the mood for jazz I'm not altogether discerning. I also don't stray too far from what I know. I listen mostly to Coltrane, Miles, or Charlie Parker, and I've never bought a recording that failed me. I don't know that I'd rank Hotel X with the aforementioned names, but they are pretty good, and they're certainly jazz. Jazz with guitars, jazz with saxophones, clarinets, trumpets, fretless and rock basses. Funky jazz, slow jazz, bluesy jazz. Almost like a band from Bill Laswell's Axiom label but with a little more reverence for jazz history and a little more mellow in their pipe. They cover the spectrum and I think that they do it well. There's one song called Morning Song that gets a bit out of hand with the horns, almost like a high school marching band, but as low points go it's not all that low. The rest of the album is highly listenable, and they never let any one riff go on for too long, which is nice. A sound investment.

—Capt. America

Blur

The Great Escape
Virgin Records America

A big silly album of toothless pop music designed merely for sensual auditory enjoyment without any serious contemplative activity. They're not trying to

solve the world's problems, neither are they singing about the horrible breakup they just went through and how they are beginning to see the correlation between nuclear disarmament and premature ejaculation. They're simply screwing around. Of course, I sang along with the Beatles' 'Baby you can drive my car, beep-beep, beep-beep-beep, yeah!' many times before I asked myself what the hell I was singing. The CD booklet is modeled after a marketing campaign, which I thought was clever, but that could be because I've sold out here in the Big Apple and work for a major corporation, not to mention that I was recently involved in the launch of a major marketing campaign (of course, I'm also making shitloads of cash). The lead singer sounds like he came from the same strata of British accent structure as the guy from Madness, if not the same actual apartment building. If Duran Duran were to have began their careers in modern day music, it's entirely conceivable that they would sound like Blur. Purely Q99 fare (is Q99 still alive? I've been away for so long...), but the songs could be a hell of a lot worse. It's certainly in their favor that they're not trying to be something else. It's catchy, it's light, it's upbeat, I don't know that I'd have gone out and bought it, but if it came on the radio I probably wouldn't change the station.

—Capt. America

Liquorice Listening Cap 4 AD

What has 4 A.D. done that they would sign these guys? Bauhaus, Dead Can Dance, Throwing Muses, Pixies, Cocteau Twins; Liquorice? An album for washing the dog to? An album for turning off? An album that is just too boring even to write about. Another generic three button shirt for the masses to wear. I expect this from Atlantic or Sony but 4 A.D. has been one of the premier couture houses of offbeat pop music. Your ears deserve more than this peanut-butter and jelly on wonder bread of an album.

—St. Felcher

Joy Electric Five Stars For Failure Tooth and Nail Records

Biblical electronic music! Isn't there some other guy, Moby Grape or Mobius Dish, or Slayer or something, I can't quite remember, that does the same

thing? The majority of the songs have biblical references after them: "keep him in your thoughts [ecclesiastes 12:1-8]" and the like, except for "drum machine joy (the house in the woods mix)". A lot of the manufactured sounds could easily have been sampled from Barney and Friends, they all sound like the tape that comes with your Fisher Price Music Machine, except with Sunday school lyrics, and an "I've-just-taken-an-animal-tranquilizer-with-sideline-hallucinogenic-properties" beat. You may hear it playing while you browse through Galaxina. And if you're browsing through Galaxina then by all means you deserve whatever it is you're listening to.

—Capt. America

Upside Down Room Tooth And Nail Records

The bio claims that they came from the influences of old school punk (Sex Pistols, Ramones, Bad Religion, and the Buzzcocks), but don't expect rehash in the veins of Rancid or Green Day. What may be influences only serve to provide the band with a base to work. They accomplish what their contemporaries have failed, they have brought the punk sound into the nineties, redefined and full of energy. It's a great fucking album. The only fault is that it ends before you want it to.

—JAND

Replicants Replicants Zoo Entertainment

The cover of The Cars 'Just What I needed' has already hit the radio air waves, but who are Replicants? They sprang up from Tool and Failure between the tours they shared. The result of their mingling together was the self-titled record. It is their own dark view of the musical history that constitutes their influences. They are influences that range from Numan's 'Are Friends Electric' and Missing Persons' 'Destination Unknown' to Young's 'Cinnamon Girl' and Bolan's 'Life is a Gas'. The songs they cover are given new life with their spacy guitars and the dark somberness that characterizes Tool. The most successful interpretation on the album is their rendition of Bowie's 'The Belway Brothers'. The album is well worth getting (especially if you got into Gumball's own attempt of redefining classic tunes), but don't expect it to be a Tool record,

it is definitely a separate project.
—JAND

Battershell Beautiful Princess Of Spit Ng Records

Only four tracks provided on the EP to get an idea of who they are. Chick Rock? Well, definitely in that vein, but without the energy of Hole or the catchy appeal of Elastica (if you would even consider them music). Battershell is a watered-down Liz Phair or a garage-band Hatfield. The drumming is weak but the guitars' scratchy and fuzzed melodies make up for its faults. It could quite easily fit into radio play and if you're in to the recent girl rock fad (Hatfield, Mary's Danish, or Eve's Plum) then it's worth a listen, but don't expect a whole lot from it. Battershell is the unfortunate eminent assault of labels cashing in on the Chick Rock phenomenon. The better tracks are "Weed (Dirty Magazine)" and "Say Goodnight to the Cat Named After Mozart," but even those don't really add up to much.

—JAND

Kiss The Clown Kiss The Clown Rotten Records

If Perry Farrel started singing Flaming Lips' lyrics to hard driven pop music like that of Seaweed you might get Kiss The Clown. It's quirky and fun. It's the type of thing that Frat boys would call 'fucking awesome' and the rest of us would say 'that's not bad'. It won't change your life, but play it at your next party and it would make it a little more entertaining (and that might change your life). It's tight, energetic, and silly (not as much as Show Business Giants, but, hey, what is?). Maybe I would not have gone out on my own to purchase it, but now that I got it I won't get rid of it. It's worth a listen just for its fun and carefree sense of living.

—JAND

Garden Variety Knocking The Skill Level Headhunter/Cargo Records

Remember the eighties underground? Ever wondered what Dinosaur Jr. and Sonic Youth would sound like in the nineties if they weren't so caught up with being pop icons? Ever wonder what the Rave Ups would be like if they had balls? What R.E.M. would sound like if they weren't pansies? What would happen if you combined

the Velvets with Smashing Pumpkins? What would happen if you combined all of that with a sense of integrity that would exclude a record label's desire to create the next big pop thing? Garden Variety. That's what. Get it!

—JAND

Pinhead Gunpowder Carry The Banner Lookout

Thought you were finally saved from being assaulted by Green Day? Guess again, that voice, that blatant rip off of the Buzzcocks, is here again. Pinhead Gunpowder (named after a Tea?) is the merging of Green Day, Crimpshrine, and Monsula. As far as I can see the other bands only allow the guitars to be a little better, but it's still Green Day; pop-punk bass lines, catchy (like the flu) tunes, and stupid lyrics. The bio called the album 'their fifteen minutes of fame' well, that's fifteen minutes too long. Get it if you're into Green Day, but don't come talkin' to me, you trendy bastards.

—JAND



Screw Radio Talk Radio Violence SST

Screw Radio centers around Gregg Ginn, the chief song writer of Black Flag fame. But don't get too caught up on the Black Flag reference. Screw Radio is the mixing of heavy percussion and guitar with the samples of spoken words from the morons you love to hate; politicians, journalists, evangelists, and media whores. The samples are arranged and juxtaposed to provide a serious social commentary on the corrupt media world. But the commentary resists being oppressive and stuffy due to the witty humor of Ginn and the dancy and poppy music. The pieces are funny as shit. They have to be with titles such as "The Republicrats," "Feminist Banter (I Want To Be Degraded)," and "President Hillary." It is definitely not the

Continued On Page 48

album for everyone, but if you're not squeamish you got to find a copy and listen to it (unfortunately it's not going to get radio play, go figure). And, hey, it's on SST, gotta support them.

—JAND

Medusa Cyclone Medusa Cyclone Third Gear

It's that electronic music, not the dance shit, the experimental stuff. It's hypnotic, surreal, psychotic, trippy, psychedelic, ambient, spacy, airy, trancy, sonically textured, ...alright, I got carried away with hip descriptions. Listen, if you get off on Orb, Lush, Chrome, or maybe even My bloody Valentine it might be the album for you (but probably not). But trust me on this, listen to it first before you buy it. I'm not a big fan of this 'trance-inducing electronic droning' but this particular piece is far from accessible, I would even go so far as to say it's dull and basically sucks.

—JAND

Group Of Individuals Peace Off!

Underdog Records

Group of Individuals? I guess they were trying to be funny. I guess they were also trying to be a band. Well, they failed on both accounts. What do they sound like besides shit? Punk meets Queen meets Sting, or something like that, I don't know. An awful little mix of slop, but if you're interested in their sound you can have my copy of the CD. I'll even pay you to take it off my hands. Otherwise it's going to be a Frisbee or a beer coaster. All I know is that it's not going back into my CD player. It even came with a sticker. What the fuck am I going to do with that? And one more thing, why do record labels believe in including the really long bio-sheets for bands that just suck? If I really don't want to listen to them, then why do I want to read about them? Peace Off! No, this band can just fuck off!

—JAND

Her Fault Heritage

Bittersweet Records

A little better than the Green Day effort, but if you're looking for a good punk revivalist band keep looking. This is drab and boring. Erik Stenerson, the front man, is quoted as saying, 'A lot of guys have bands, and spend their time drinking and drugging. But I'm a total workaholic, and have no time for that stuff' Well,

maybe he should get stinking drunk and then do the music thing, it could only help his poor excuse for a band.

—JAND

In From The Storm The Music Of Jimi Hendrix RCA/Victor Records

I swear I went into this record having an open mind. I mean how bad could Bootsey Collins, Stanley Clarke, or Steve Vai mess up a guitar record? By going into the studio that's how. I had a least a smidgen of respect for Stanley Clarke before I heard this record. I knew Steve Vai could play guitar. So what happened? I have no idea except for that maybe these guys are just in love with themselves to pay attention to what they are doing. This records sounds like Jimi Hendrix muzac. I'm no big fan of Hendrix but I do acknowledge some of his work as being of high quality. This record goes to show even if you have the music sheet in front of you and have listened to the record a thousand times you're probably gonna fuck the shit up.

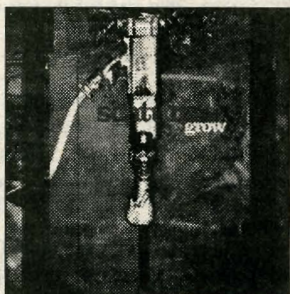
—Sausage King

Black Market Flowers Thicket

Boys Life Records

Agghh! These boys have been doing lousy records since I started in college radio, about six years ago. At least back then they we're making tapes I could record over. Now I've got a crappy beer coaster and a jewel box for my broken cases. There is no way in hell that Black Market Flowers could make could music if they were chained to their instruments and made to practice for ten years before being allowed to perform. Am I being a little hard in these guys. Not as hard as this piece a crap they are calling a dick and shoving up my ass.

—Sausage King



Schtum Grow Work Records

I've been waiting so long for a

new band that excites my taint spot! (the spot that taint my balls and taint my ass). Guess I will have to keep waiting cause these boys can't makes themselves grow much less me hard. This is just another mediocre attempt at putting out something to put out something. I am tired of this kind of crap. I have just seen to many good bands not get anywhere while people like this get major distribution and backing. Don't get me wrong in a perfect world anybody could put out anything and you could pick out a band by it's merits. But until then when get crappy bands getting the push and good bands washing out cause they can't get any help.

—Sausage King

Bad Religion All Ages Epitaph

Another comp record from the new kings of recycled garbage. A band who hasn't written a new song since 85 should have hung up their walking shoes about in 90. I mean they have got a good thing going with there label, I know that Epitaph can't put out a good record, the kind of quality you know to expect. And of course this record stands up to that mark of quality (crap). It's Bad Religion if you think they are an energetic good punk band you've got a brain tumor. If you skipped this review cause you know they suck then you've got taste.

—Jumpin' Jehosifat

Gaunt Yeah Me Tool Supernova Ages Three And Up Amphetamine Reptile

After last months Unsane release I thought AmRep could do no wrong. With people like Unsane, Boss Hog, and Hammerhead on the label, not to mention the comp of Dope Guns and Fucking in the Streets, I expect nothing but good aggressive music. What do I get Supernova a bunch of idiots who are actually already part of Atlantic records. Talking about how they will one day go back to outer space. If only they had been in the Challenger accident we might have already been rid of them. They had a song on the clerks soundtrack called Chewbacca which when I saw the movie struck me as pretty funny, now it just strikes me as juvenile. This band blows.

Gaunt on the other hand has no extraterrestrial notions in their head, they suck on a completely old level. Just another band trying to make a name for themselves by

totally ripping off the Buzzcocks, they should really sue green day. Nothing exciting at all hear nothing that will make you sit up and take notice.

—Sausage King

Universal Stomp Full Swing Overture Records/ Warzone Cause For Alarm Victory Records

Remember the days of slashing tires and beating people up for wearing Docs. When Hardcore was king and hair was non-existent. No you were eight. Well Universal Stomp does and though their production is a little to glossy and tinny this band does a good job of trying to recreate that feeling. It's a good first full length outing for a band and the highest complement I could give them is probably that this record is ten times better than the Warzone record. Which should by all accounts kick U.S.'s ass since Warzone was part of that whole scene.

Warzone made a great record about six years ago, but for the life of me I can't remember what it was some 'ourselves' I think. I lost that album when my mom went on a all you do is listen to devil music kick. This record is much better than their previous metal attempt in which they thanked Skid Row. Now maybe I just wouldn't like that other record as much as I did when I was running around scaring Mall Punks, but this new record just kind attempts something they don't have the vigor for. The name even is a rip off of what was once but is no more cool Agnostic Front's 'cause for alarm' Now that is a great record still. If you are looking to listen to the real thing pick up Warzone. If you want something a little more energetic and true to a new form pick up Universal Stomp. If you like hardcore pickup both.

—Jumpin' Jehosifat

Remember Alice? Topless Records

Jane's Addiction demo's sums up this record nicely, I think. It is not bad stuff it doesn't really have an edge but it does float along nicely. There is nothing spectacular about this band but there is nothing fundamentally wrong with them either. I would like to see what they do given time, they could be another mercury rev, if they are lucky. For something a little different and a little bit familiar this is not a bad little disc, good luck finding it.

—Sausage King

SALT

LAKE

U N D E R

G R O U N D

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

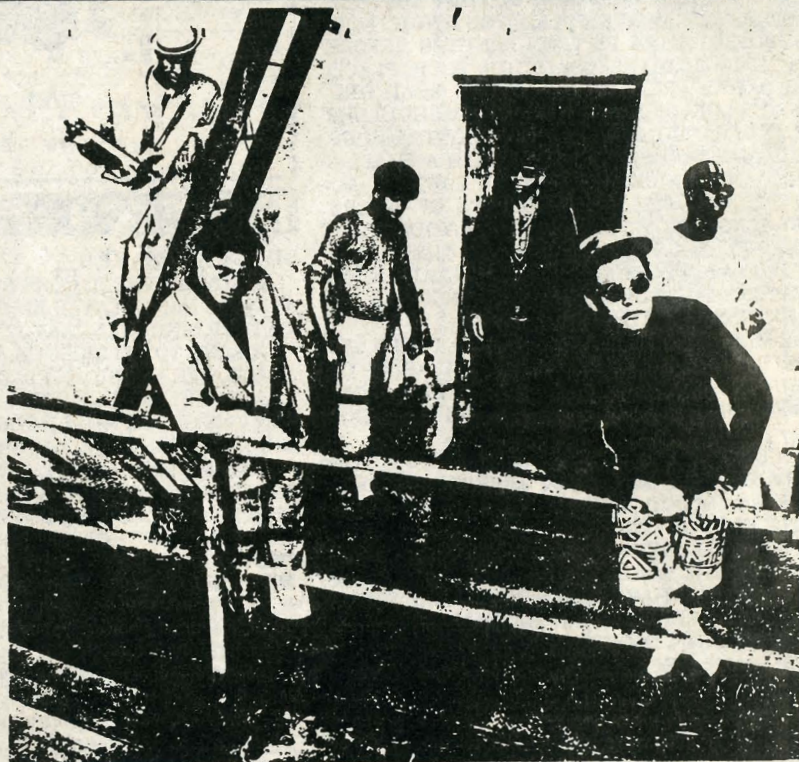
SLUG NEEDS HELP BAD

DUE TO THE INCREASING ATTENTION BEING PAID TO THE UNDERGROUND "SCENE" IN SALT LAKE (HA HA). WE AT SLUG ARE TAKING IT UPON OURSELVES TO PRODUCE A GUIDE TO INCREASE THE AWARENESS IN SALT LAKE. GRANTED WE CAN'T FOLLOW EVERYTHING THAT WILL BE GOING ON BUT WE WILL DO OUR BEST AT IT. THAT IS WHY WE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR INPUT AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO WHAT WE ARE DOING. IN THE FUTURE WE HOPE TO HAVE SUCH A GREAT RESPONSE (HA HA) THAT WE CAN COVER THE WHOLE SCENE. REGARDLESS FOLKS; THIS IS WHAT WE CAN AFFORD TO DO AND THIS IS WHAT YOU ARE STUCK WITH. WE HOPE IN THE FUTURE TO HAVE CLASSIFIEDS AND LETTERS FROM SATISFIED AND DISSATISFIED READERS, A COMPLETE GUIDE TO EVERYTHING WE WOULD LIKE TO CONSIDER UNDER GROUND, AND SOME SORT OF A GUIDE TO HELP YOU FIND YOUR WAY AROUND THIS TOWN'S SORRY ASS BUT RISING UNDERGROUND SCENE. NEEDLESS TO SAY WE NEED YOUR HELP.

WE NEED WRITERS, EDITORIALS LETTERS AND INPUT FROM YOU. WE ARN'T FUSSY ABOUT WHAT WE RECEIVE AND WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU SO FEEL FREE TO INPUT. THIS IS HOW:

SEND STUFF TOOOOOO:

This is a Re-Print
of SLUG Issue #1
December 1988



FISHBONE TO DO SALT LAKE CITY

FROM THE INPUT I HAVE HEARD FROM LAST YEARS FISHBONE SHOW THIS IS DEFINATLY DECEMBERS "NOT TO BE MISSED" SHOW. I HAVN'T TALKED TO ONE PERSON WHO SAW THE LAST SHOW AND WAS ANYTHING BUT CRAZY ABOUT IT. FISHBONE PLAYED UTAH ONCE BEFORE IN OREM OF ALL PLACES. THIS TIME THEY WILL BE PLAYING AT THE SPEEDWAY CAFE IN SALT LAKE CITY, 505 WEST 500 SOUTH. THE SHOW WILL START AT 8:00 PM. THE NIGHT SHOULD BE GREAT FROM THE BEGINNING WITH OPENING ACT SUAVE MOB. A THREE PIECE RAP GROUP WHO DO ALL ORIGINAL MUSIC. THEN FOLLOWING THEM DINOSAUR BONES, AN ENERGETIC GUITAR BAND FROM SALT LAKE WHO HAVE JUST RISEN LATELY BUT ARE INVOLVED WITH THE CITY BY A DEAD LAKE TOUR. THEN STICK AROUND FOR THE HIGH ENERGY FUNK, SKA, SOUL SOUNDS OF FISHBONE. SURE TO BE ONE OF SALT LAKE'S HOTTEST SHOWS OF 1988.

==DONT MISS IT!== BY DB DICKHEAD



REVIEW BY M.A.U.L.

GWAR WAS SO OUTRAGIOUS I CAN'T FIND A PLACE TO START...O.K....FROM THE BEGINNING

GWAR CAME FROM VIRGINIA. THEY ENTERED THE SPEEDWAY AS AVE FOLKS, YOU KNOW "NORMAL PEOPLE". THEN FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE SHOW TIME A TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE, GWAR DAWNS PREHISTORIC ANIMAL HEAD HELMETS, FUR LOIN CLOTHS, BONE SPIKED SHOULDER PADS, AND "MACHO" GENITILES.....YEP OUTRAGIOUS.

THE M.C. TAKES THE STAGE. WITH A PHALLIC HAIRDO AND A SICKENING BRONX EASTERN ACCENT HE INFORMS THE AUDIENCE OF GWARS' MESSY STAGE SHOW. "MOVE BACK IF YOUR WEAK AT HEART".....FOG FILLS THE ARENA, THEN GWAR ENTERS. IN A DEEP GRUFFY VOICE THE LEAD SINGER THREATENS THE AUDIENCE AND BANGS HIS PHALLIC EXTENSION WITH HIS KNEES.

THE MUSIC POUNDS A METAL EDGE, DARE I SAY "PUNK" INFLUENCED SOUND, WITH A MEASURE OF MELODY. THE LYRICS WERE INTELLENT, HOWEVER FOR THE MOST PART TO THROATY TO DECIPHER.

PAUSING BETWEEN EACH NUMBER TO AGAIN INFORM THE THE SMALL BUT RECEPTIVE CROWD OF GWARS "BLOOD THIRSTY RULE" AND THEIR "BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL" IN THIS LAND, AN EXTRA ORDINARILY TALL BEING IS PULLED BY CHAINS ONTO THE STAGE. THE SINGER WITH HELP FROM OTHER BAND MEMBERS CHASTIZE THE INDIVIDUAL. WHILE THIS VERBAL CONDEMNING INCREASES A LONG SWORD IS DRAWN. ITS SWUNG DOWN ON THE NECK OF THE GIANT, DECAPITATING IT. BLOOD SQUIRTS FROM THE SEVERED NECK INTO THE AUDIENCE.

RAVING FOR MORE BLOOD THE MUSIC CARRIES ON. GRUESOME, HUH??YEAH, I GOT OFF ON IT TOO.....

THIS TYPE OF THEATRICALS CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE SHOW. EVEN THE SCANTILY CLAD FEMALE COMPANION INDULGES BY DRAGGING A MUTILATED CORPSE ONTO THE STAGE. SHE REACHES INTO THE TORSO, PLUCKED OUT THE SYNTHETIC ORGANS AND DEVoured THEM. AT ONE POINT AN ENEMY OF GWAR WITH WHAT APPEARS TO BE A HYDRAULIC BACK PACK CONNECTED TO A HUGE VISE GRIP CLAW HAND, TAKES THE STAGE. HE GRABS THE MIC AND SCREAMS TO THE BEAT "GWAR MUST DIE". THE LEAD SINGER AND HE FIGHT, LOW BLOWS ARE THROWN, BITING, & GRIPPING ESCALATE, THEN BAM DOWN ON TO THE SINGERS HEAD CRASHES THE CLAW. HIS HEAD SPLITS OPEN AND THE LATEX BRAINS OOOZE OUT. THE ENEMY REACHES IN TO THE SKULL AND PULLS OUT PART OF THE BRAINS. CLAIMING VICTORY HE EATS THEM.(TOO MUCH FOR MY STOMACH) THE FEMALE DETERMINED TO COUNTER CONQUER, BASHES THE ENEMY BETWEEN THE LEGS RIPPING OFF HIS EXAGGERATED MEMBER. THEY WRESTLE UNTILL SHE TEARS OUT HIS CLAW. NOW EXCLAIMING HER VICTORY SHE BEATS HIM WITH IT.

YEAH.....IT WAS OUTRAGEOUS.....GWAR HAS A WILD, GRAPHIC, AND REHEARSED STAGE SHOW. FOR THOSE INCLINED TO AGGRESSION OR VOYEURISM IT WAS SUPURB. TRULY GWAR IS NOT FOR THE WEAK AT HEART. GWAR IS JUST WHAT THEY SAY "400,000 YEARS YEARS B.C. LETS HOPE THEY COME BACK.....

Union Movies - Winter 89

at the University of Utah Union

CALL 801-584-7100 for ticket times

HATE X9 - "AN AMERICAN BAND"

BY LA HUNSAKER

4 MEMBER SPEED CORE BAND CONSISTING OF: LEAD SINGER-SHAME, GUITAR-IST-R.U., BASS PLAYER-ROSTA, AND DRUMMER-DANNO. THEY HAVE BEEN TOGETHER SINCE JANUARY 12TH OF THIS YEAR.

A BAND TO EXPERIENCE, PORTRAYED BY "HATE X9" SPRAY PAINTED ACROSS A STAGE-SIZE AMERICAN FLAG, R.U. AND SHAME CLAD IN AMERICAN FLAGS (OR AT LEAST VERY SMALL PIECES), AND ANOTHER LARGE FLAG DRAPED ACROSS PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE DRUM SETS IN THE SALT LAKE ALTERNATIVE SCENE.(WHICH GETS THE SINGER ALL THE GIRLS).

SHAME EXPLAINS IT, "WE'RE AN AMERICAN BAND SO VARIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS DONATED AMERICAN FLAGS TO US." HATE X9'S NOT ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE A STATEMENT WITH THEIR APPEARANCE AND MUSIC, SOME OF IT IS JUST "TOTALLY FUN." HOWEVER, SOME SONGS EXPRESS THEIR DISLIKE TOWARDS THE ROTTEN WAY PEOPLE TREAT EACH OTHER, THE CRUMBSUCKERS, AND MANAGEMENT IN GENERAL. THE SONG "CRUMBY" STATES, "EVERYONE SAYS YOU NEED MANAGEMENT IF YOU EVER WANT TO GO SOMEWHERE, WE DON'T BELIEVE THAT, WE DO EVERYTHING OURSELF." HATE X9 DOESN'T HAVE MANAGEMENT, AND SO FAR WITHOUT IT THEY HAVE PRODUCED AN EP UNDER THEIR OWN LABEL, R.U. DEAD. THEY ARE ALSO IN THE PROCESS OF SETTING UP A POSSIBLY INTERNATIONAL TOUR (DEPENDING UPON WHERE THEIR RECORDS SELL BEST) WITH HELP FROM BRAD COLLINS, (KRCL DJ AND OWNER OF OF RAUNCH RECORDS). LEAD SINGER SHAME STATES, "SOMETIMES PEOPLE DON'T KNOW HOW TO TAKE US, AT FIRST THEY JUST STAND THERE AND LOOK AT US, BUT THEY ALWAYS CLAP AT THE END OF SONGS, SO I GUESS WE IMPRESSED THEM SOME WAY OR ANOTHER."

HATE X9 "WE DON'T WANNA BE ROCKSTARS, WE JUST WANNA HAVE FUN!"

CRASH WORSHIP: THIS

1764 BEETHOVEN COMPOSED A SYMPHONY, AND ON FRIDAY JUNE 14TH 1988 THE WORD EXPERIENCED

CRASH WORSHIP

A PSYCHIC YOUTH GROUP FROM SAN DIEGO
PRIMITIVE TRIBAL SOUNDS PUT THE CROWD INTO AN EROTIC TRANCE

MESMORIZED

LET CRASH WORSHIP HIPNOTIZE YOU

@ THE WORD

DECEMBER 16TH

DETAILS TO BE ANNOUNCED

A SUBJECTIVE HISTORY OF PUNK ROCK IN UTAH

BY J.D. SLAUGHTER

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO THOUGHT YOU INVENTED PUNK WHEN YOU HEARD THE CRASS IN 1983 HERE'S A CRASH COURSE IN THE HISTORY OF INDEPENDENT MINDED MUSIC IN ZION. I'M WRITING ONLY FROM MY EXPERIENCE AND IF I OMIT ANY NAMES ONLY BRAD, LISA, CHESTER AND JAMIE WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE AS THEY ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE REMAINING OF THE ORIGINAL "SCENE". I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW THAT PLACES LIKE THE SPEEDWAY, THE WORD AND THE CINEMA ARN'T JUST ABBERATIONS OR GRATUITOUS OFFERINGS BUT ARE THE RESULT OF MANY YEARS OF HARD WORK, REBELLION AND RESISTANCE WHICH CONTINUES TODAY. THE BOTTOM LINE IS, NEVER TAKE ANYTHING FOR GRANTED AND NEVER WAIT FOR APPROVAL. IN THE WORDS OF TSOL: "LIFE IS ACTION, SO MAKE IT HAPPEN, ITS REALLY UP TO YOU."

THE DO IT YOURSELF ETHIC WAS EVIDENT IN 1978 IN SALT LAKE. MUCH LIKE TODAY THE POWER WAS RESTED IN THE HANDS OF A SELECT FEW. THOSE OF US WHO WERE BRAVE ENOUGH TO BUY RAMONES, CLASH AND SEX PISTOL RECORDS LOOKED TO THE PREVAILING POWERS TO BRING SUCH LIBERATED MUSIC TO UTAH. THIS WAS NOT TO BE THE CASE. J.C. McNEIL WAS MAKING OFF THE LIVES OF TED NUGENT AND AEROSMITH AT \$7.50 A HEAD AT THE SALT PALACE WHICH WAS QUITE AN ENORMOUS SUM AT THE TIME. WE HAD TO BE CONTENT WITH SPINNING VINYL AND TAKING TENTATIVE STABS AT "PUNK ROCKED-NESS" AS WE KNEW IT. THERE WERE A HANDFUL OF BANDS AT THE TIME, SPITTING TEETH BEING THE MOST NOTORIOUS. THEY PLAYED A LEGENDARY SHOW AT ONE OF THE ANNEX BUILDINGS ON THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS IN 1978 WHICH WAS LEGENDARY MOSTLY FOR THE FACT THAT NO ONE HAD DONE IT BEFORE. THEY EVEN MADE IT ON THE EQUIVALENT OF PM MAGAZINE AT THE TIME, SPITTIN' TEETH WERE KNOWN FOR PLAYING IN NAZI REGALIA OR WHAT HAVE YOU. THEY LATER MOVED TO LOS ANGELES AND SURFACED ON THE POSHBOY COMPILATION: THE SIREN. THE IMPORTANT THING IS NOT HOW MANY BANDS THEY INFLUENCED MUSICALLY, BUT THE FACT THAT THEY SHOWED IT COULD BE DONE. THEIR SOUND WAS A BIT MELODRAMATIC AND GHOULISH, A BIT ATTEMPTED AND POSED BUT VALID NONE THE LESS. OTHER BANDS PERFORMING AT THE TIME INCLUDED WILLIE TIDWELL WHO PERFORMED AN OFF SHOOT PRECURSOR TO THE ROCKABILLY RENAISSANCE AND RELEASED THEIR OWN EP. IN ADDITION THERE WAS THE LEISURE MEDALLIONS, DAVID OK, THE KICKS, AND THE PLANTS, ALL STRETCHING THEIR WINGS IN AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK DOWN THE MUSICAL HIERARCHY OF UTAH.

PART TWO: THE GOLDEN YEARS. 1979-1981

IN 1979 THINGS STARTED TO HAPPEN. THE POLICE AND SPECIALS PLAYED AT NEW FACES ROADHOUSE, UNFORTUNATELY AN OVER 21 HALL. THE STRANGLERS PLAYED, U2 PLAYED, TALKING HEADS PLAYED AT UTAH STATE U. KRCL HAD JUST STARTED HAPPENING AND THE FIRST PUNK DJ'S ON THE SCENE WERE MYSELF, BRAD COLLINS AND SUSAN BROWN, AN OFF THE TRACK BOHEMIAN WHO BECAME SIDETRACKED IN UTAH. WHAT I REMEMBER MOST ABOUT THOSE DAYS IS THERE NOT BEING THAT MANY ALBUMS OUT AND

THE ALBUMS THAT WERE OUT WERE IMPORTED AND COST TEN BUCKS A PIECE. WE WOULD BUY COMPILATIONS AND PLAY AN ENTIRE SIDE OR TWO FOR OUR SHOW SO IT SOUNDED LIKE WE HAD A LOT OF STUFF. THE TOP REQUEST WAS ALWAYS RELIGION BY PIL. I GUESS IT STRUCK A NERVE. AT THE TIME KRCL WAS LOCATED IN TWO ROOMS ABOVE THE BLUE MOUSE THEATER AND HAD AN ENTIRELY PRIMITIVE CONTROL BOARD. OF COURSE THEN AS NOW BRAD HAD EVERY ALBUM BY EVERY BAND EVER MADE.

THE PLACE IN SALT LAKE TO SEE BANDS AT THE TIME WAS THE ROXY WHICH WAS LOCATED SOMEWHERE BENEATH THE VAULTS OF SAM WELLER'S BOOK STORE ON MAIN STREET. YOU HAD TO GO AROUND BACK AND CREEP ABOUT THE CONSTRUCTION SIGHT OF WHAT IS NOW AMERICAN TOWERS. THE CLUB NO LONGER EXISTS SO DON'T BOTHER LOOKING. THE GREAT THING ABOUT THE ROXY WAS THAT IF YOU CAME BY THE BACK DOOR, THEY WOULD LET YOU IN NO MATTER HOW OLD YOU WERE. MY FRIEND STEVE, (WHO NOW DOES SOUND A: CBGB'S) ALWAYS WATCHED THE BACK DOOR AND LET US TEENAGERS IN. YOU HAD TO REMEMBER THAT AT THAT TIME THERE WERE PERHAPS 20 PEOPLE IN THE ENTIRE VALLEY WEARING LEATHER AND GETTING THEIR HAIR DYED. HOWEVER, EVERY NIGHT WE WERE AT THE ROXY WHEN THE BANDS WERE PLAYING. AND EVERY NIGHT TOOK PUNCHES FROM REDNECKS FOR MAKING IT HAPPEN. AT THAT TIME YOU RECOGNIZED EACH OTHER AND STUCK TOGETHER, YOU COULDN'T AFFORD TO BE CUT OFF. BUT I'M NOT WRITING TO GLORIFY THE PAST, I'M ONLY TELLING THE HISTORY.

THE FOREMOST BAND OF NOTOROCITY HAD TO BE THE ATHEISTS. THE LEAD SINGER AND GUITARIST WAS A POTRILY GENT BY THE NAME OF DAVE FRY WHO WAS KNOWN TO COLOR HIS LIPS WITH MAGIC MARKER. THEY ARE BEST REMEMBERED FOR THE ROXY HIT: "THERE IS NO GOD THERE'S ONLY NOISE", FEATURING BILL'S PSEUDO PSYCO DELAY WORK ON GUITAR. DAVE LATER MOVED TO RENO WHERE HE STARTED A BAND CALLED JACK SHIT WHICH APPEARED ON A COMPILATION OR TWO.

IN ADDITION THERE WERE THE FABULOUSLY LAME NO RODS FEATURING PAUL BOOTH ON VOCALS. I IMAGINE A SIX FOOT THREE BURLEY CHESTED MAN WITH A HAIR TAIL DOWN TO HIS ASS WEARING A PINK LAME TUTU SINGING "I WANT TO MARRY AUNT BEE!" THE NO RODS WERE EASILY AS ENTERTAINING AS FLIPPER OR ANY OTHER BAND AT THAT TIME.

MY FAVORITE BANDS IN THOSE DAYS WERE THE BOARDS AND THEIR OFFSHOOT THE INFORMERS FEATURING BRAD COLLINS ON DRUMS AND SUSAN BROWN SINGING. THE BOARDS WERE SIMPLY AMAZING, GRANTED THE SINGER WAS A MARRIED HAIR STYLIST WHO CALLED HIMSELF "MONROE" EVEN THOUGH HIS NAME WAS MARTY. GRANTED THE BROTHERS MORRISON HAD PLAYED TOGETHER SINCE CHILDHOOD, I DIDN'T KNOW OR CARE. THEY WERE THE KIND OF GUYS WHO JUST WOULDN'T TAKE SHIT AND IT REFLECTED IN THEIR MUSIC. IT WAS BRUTAL, VISCERAL AND ALL THOSE OTHER ADJECTIVES. THEY KNEW THEIR BUSINESS AND ABOVE ALL, THEY LOOKED SO FUCKING COOL. IT WAS AS IF MC5 MET THE RAMONES OVER A HANDFUL OF BIKER BLOW AND ROCKED IT ON OUT. ONE OF THE GREAT TRAGEDIES OF SALT LAKE MUSIC IS THAT THERE IS NO ROXY COMPILATION AND NO BOARDS ALBUM.

SPECIAL THANKS AND CONGRATULATIONS TO BEN FULTON FOR HIS ARTICLE IN NEO MAGAZINE, KEEP IT UP DUDE. YO BUM RUSH THE 33



AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB

I HEARD A BAND THE OTHER NIGHT THAT GAVE ME A REASON TO HOPE: MAYBE THE ART OF SONGWRITING ISN'T DEAD AFTER ALL. THEY ARE CALLED THE AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB AND THEY ARE FROM SAN FRANCISCO. THEY WRITE GREAT SONGS AND PERFORM THEM WITH (CAN I SAY IT: SINCERITY. NO BULLSHIT, JUST MAGIC SIMPLE AS THAT. MARK EITZEL, LEAD SINGER AND DRINKER FOR THE BAND) MOCKINGLY DESCRIBES THE MUSIC A BORING SHIT OUR PARENTS WOULD LIKE WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. THEY'RE BASICALLY A FOLK BAND; ACOUSTIC GUITARS, MANDOLINS, CLEAR VOCALS, THE WHOLE SHMEER, BUT DON'T EXPECT PETER, PAUL, AND MARY (THEY'RE NOT THAT ETHEREAL, THANK GOD) OR EVEN R.E.M. (*SEE ETHEREAL, CLEAR VOCALS). DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING BUT SONGS THAT STAND UP ALL BY THEMSELVES AND MEAN SOMETHING, PLAYED BY A HOT BAND WITH JUST ENOUGH QUIRKNES. (THE LEAD GUITARIST BELONGS TO THE FRIPP/BELEV SCHOOL OF AMAZING SOUNDS). IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, I LIKED THEM A LOT. THEY SOUNDED LIKE... JUST LIKE... WELL THE AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB. JUST MUSIC. NO BULLSHIT. P.S.

WELL, J.D., SALT LAKE'S ORIGINAL MLODIC COUNTRY PUNK (IS JOHN DOE ESQUE A WORD?) IS AT IT AGAIN, BAWMOUTHING CLEAN CUT KIDS AND BAND THAT MAKE MONEY. (ARTISTIC PRINCIPLES? C'MON, GET OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE) ALSO, THANK YOU BEN FULTON FOR ALL THE GOOD PRESS. HE'S STILL GOOD EGG IN MY BOOK. ROOSTERS AND HENS. AND ALL THEIR FEATHERED FRIENDS THEY KNOW IT'S TIME TO FL WHEN I GO STOMPING BY...

DAVID RUSSELL

HOT GOSSIP

BY..
J.D.

L.A. GOSSIP:

RON HAS QUIT TSOL AND NOW PLAYS IN A BAND CALLED LUNCH BOX. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY SOUND LIKE BUT IF AXE MAGNOPUS IS INVOLVED IT WILL BE TREES HAPPENING. THIS LEAVES MIKE ROCHE AS THE ONLY ORIGINAL MEMBER OF TSOL. IF YOU HAVN'T SEEN SID & NANCY, MIKE ROCHE IS THE BIKER WHO SAYS "HEY SID" AS GARY (SID) OLDHAM CRASHES THROUGH A PLATE GLASS WINDOW. ALSO, DRUMMER MITCH DEAN OF TSOL PLAYS THE ROLE OF HEART BREAKERS DRUMMER, JERRY NOLAN, IN THE FILM. X HAS TAKEN A HIATUS FROM RECORDING AND PERFORMING. JOHN DOE IS RAISING A SOLO ALBUM AND A LITTLE GIRL AND EXENE IS RAISING A BOY. THEIR NAMES ARE VERONICA AND HENRY AND WERE BOTH BORN THE SAME DAY, BUT TO DIFFERENT PARENTS. EXENE IS MARRIED TO VITO (VIGGO OF SALVATION FAME) MORTENSEN AND JOHN HAS BEEN KEEPING COMPANY WITH MISS GIGI THE PAST COUPLE O' YEARS. NO NEWS ON THE PROGENY OF D.J. AND DINKY. TONY GILKISON HAS HIS OWN BAND NOW AND PLAYED RECENTLY AT THE LIGERIE.

ON TO SALT LAKE GOSSIP:

WELL THE RUPPELS AND ROCKSTAR KIDS AND SUBJECT TO FAME MUST BE FEELING THEIR OATS AFTER THE BIG NEO SPREAD BY BEN "WRECKING BALL" FULTON. TOO BAD J.R. COULDN'T DECIDE WHAT THE HELL HIS BAND WAS CALLED BEFORE IT WENT TO PRESS. OH WELL, WHEN YOU WRITE AN ARTICLE IN JULY AND PUBLISH IT IN DECEMBER, YOU HAVE TO EXPECT THESE THINGS. QUITE AN ARTICLE; EVERYONE IS EITHER A BLONDE OR CHASING ONE TO A PARTY. ALSO, EVERYONE SMOKES EXCEPT DAVE RUSSELL, WHY THAT CLEAN CUT LAD EVEN TOOK A NAP BEFORE THE BIG GIG AT "STARSHIP WORD". AT ANY RATE, THE BOXCAR KIDS AND SUBJECT TO CHANGE ARE STILL THE SAME LOVABLE (AND TALENTED!) LOSERS YOU HAVE ALWAYS LOVED. (OR NOT). SUCCESS SURE HASN'T GONE TO THEIR HEADS THOUGH SUBJECT TO CHANGE IS CURRENTLY PULLING DOWN FOUR BILLS A NIGHT PLAYING FRAT PARTIES. MORE POWER TO EM, UNITY! YEA!

HOTTER LOCAL GOSSIP:

SOMEONE TRIED TO BURN DOWN THE APARTMENT BUILDING WHERE BAD YODELERS (GUITAR? BASS? SINGER TYPE?) PLAYER DANNY K. LIVES THE OTHER NIGHT. HOW'S THAT FOR HOT? THEY LIT A FIRE IN THE STAIRWELL, THE HOUSE SMELLS LIKE A HICKORY FARMS NIGHTMARE. A PSYCHOTIC DRUNK BUSTED INTO THE BOXCAR HOUSE ON THANKSGIVING NIGHT AND CONTRARY TO POPULAR EXPECTATIONS, IT WASN'T STUART STANSBURY!

THE DEAD CITY BY A LAKE COMPILATION SHOULD BE OUT IN JAN OR FEB. I PERSONALLY OPT FOR JAN, SHE WAS ALWAYS HOTTER THAN MARSHA. UNTILL NEXT MONTH, CHECK OUT DOM OTIKA, ERIC B. AND FISHBONE.

*WRECKING BALL: A SONG BY THE KNITTERS ABOUT SOMEONE WHO JUST ADORES CHICKENS

DECEMBER @ THE WORD

401 SOUTH 400 WEST 262-UTAH ENTERTAINMENT AND THE ARTS



WEDNESDAY 30TH	THURSDAY 1ST	FRIDAY 2ND	SATURDAY 3RD
HARD CORE HIP HOP RAP NIGHT 8:00-12:00 \$3.00	TBA	FROM SAN FRANCISCO RUN WESTY RUN & DA NEIGHBORS COVER IS \$4.00	FISHBONE AND DINOSAUR BONES @ SPEEDWAY
WEDNESDAY 7TH	THURSDAY 8TH	FRIDAY 9TH	SATURDAY 10TH
HARD CORE HIP HOP RAP NIGHT 8:00-12:00 \$3.00	TBA	THE STENCH & TRAIN OF THOUGHT	BAD YODELERS INSIGHT BETTER WAY
WEDNESDAY 14TH	THURSDAY 15TH	FRIDAY 16TH	SATURDAY 17TH
HARD CORE HIP HOP RAP NIGHT 8:00-12:00 \$3.00	LEIGH & ALDINE & FRIENDS	FROM SAN DIEGO CRASH WORSHIP (DETAILS TO BE ANNOUNCED)	IDAHO SYNDROME & NOCTURNE
WEDNESDAY 21ST	THURSDAY 22ND	FRIDAY 23RD	SATURDAY 24TH
HARD CORE HIP HOP RAP NIGHT 8:00-12:00 \$3.00	TBA	FLOWERS FOR CHARLOTTE NEOLAMENT REUNION	NO SHOW XMAS NO SHOW EVE
WEDNESDAY 30TH	THURSDAY 31ST	FRIDAY 30TH	SATURDAY 31ST
HARD CORE HIP HOP RAP NIGHT 8:00-12:00 \$3.00	TBA	TBA	PARTY AT SPEEDWAY
WEDNESDAY 4TH	THURSDAY 5TH	FRIDAY 6TH	SATURDAY 7TH
HARD CORE HIP HOP RAP NIGHT 8:00-12:00 \$3.00	TBA	DA NEIGHBORS DA NEIGHBORS DA NEIGHBORS DA NEIGHBORS DA NEIGHBORS DA NEIGHBORS & GUESTS TBA	DINOSAUR BONES

ALL SHOWS START AT 8:30 AND ARE \$3.00 UNLESS NOTED OTHER WISE
NEXT WEEKEND WATCH FOR THE RETURN OF THREE LITTLE FISHIES FROM SACRAMENTO
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4 BUCKS

FRIDAY DECEMBER 16TH
CRASH WORSHIP
DETAILS TO BE ANNOUNCED

THE PINCH



Photo-Ann Bohn

The task of glancing through the paper to find good local musical entertainment may at first seem insurmountable. With all the good local bands out there, why do so many local clubs deem it necessary to promote cheesey gimmick nights? In the quest to ride the latest trend and become the ultimate yuppie bar, the gimmicks are all so perverse and depressing. Grotesquely offensive white boys in fake 'fro's, disco, polyester and a bunch of teary-eyed losers reliving their last moment of glory through an '80's flash back hit! For those brave enough to wade through all the garbage to find good local musicians with integrity, simply keep two words in mind: The Pinch.

The Pinch have been around Salt Lake for nearly two and a half years, and consists of Mike Smith (vocals), Kenneth Thomason (rhythm guitar), David Guelich (lead guitar), John Bagley (bass), and Kerry Cockayne on drums. Their musical background is an amalgamation of discipline ranging from improvisation to symphonic. The band's history is yet another endearing story of musicians yearning to play from a very young age. Kerry has been drumming since infancy, and David played cello for years in the Utah Youth Symphony. John and Kenneth grew up together and started playing guitar in high school. They all got together to form a band, and realizing they needed a singer, contacted Mike Smith. Since then they have worked hard not only at their music but also at staying together. Scheduling gigs around their college courses proved challenging. Andrea, of The Bar and Grill, helped get them some early, yet important gigs. "I liked working with The Pinch. They used to play here and even won a South by Southwest competition. They stopped playing here, and I got the feeling they no longer wanted weekday shows. Unfortunately this misconception was caused by their scheduling conflicts with school. John Bagley responds, "Andrea and The Bar and Grill were very good to us, we are sincerely grateful to any bar

that will have us, anytime, and any audience, one or many, that will listen." The Pinch and Andrea hope to continue working together in the future.

Live Performance. The Pinch also do well at Ashbury Pub and The Dead Goat. They create a "hippie" atmosphere, where everyone mellow is welcome, the only prerequisite being a love of music. One thing that stands out while watching the band is the total absence of distraction. There's no obnoxious front man, no glitter ball, and the guys aren't too busy "mackin'" on women to perform. Their concentration is what allows for delicious improvisation that just spins out and builds on itself. An extremely loyal crowd appreciates the band and seems willing to follow them wherever they play.

The Dead Goat. Although they were shined by their sound guy, The Pinch kept the tunes going while a fan helped out on the sound board. The guys kept their composure while playing and the fans danced as if their lives depended on it. What the crowd lacked in numbers, it made up for in energy. The atmosphere was mellow, warm, and intimate, just the way many patrons of the Goat like it. This crowd is not typical for The Pinch or The Dead Goat, but it left each listener a bigger "piece" of music to relish. *Pale White Face* and *Better Beans* boasted strong lead guitar. Throughout the performance they slipped in enough rhythm changes to keep it interesting, but never lost their tight lead and rhythm.

Ashbury Pub. The show at Ashbury Pub was a great example of the strong fan base The Pinch has been able to maintain. Developing loyalty in the early stages while phasing in original music seems to be this band's solution to Salt Lake's reluctance to local music. Even though every one else seems to be concerned about turnout, the band does not. "We draw a crowd almost entirely by word of mouth." The Ashbury crowd not only loved the music, but knew most of the words. A

new and improved set list boasted *Didn't I Say*, which proved to be another stand out song for them. Southbound had a great groove and got the crowd up and dancing even more. *Better Beans* is reminiscent of Isaac Hayes with its phat, funky undercurrent. *Hey Bobby* elicits a great crowd response, and is probably their most familiar song.

Big E features outstanding guitar by Kenneth Thomason. He is by far the quietest member of the group, his guitar playing says it all.

Lyrics. Song writing is a collaborative effort for The Pinch. Uncertainty and mortality are common themes. *Raffle Jack* depicts a homeless old drug addict fast approaching death. *Pale White Face* illustrates the fear of death with, "I know what he wants but I can't go..." *Brooke* tells of the untimely death of a young girl. "When she felt the sky went dim, her life had come to a very sad end..." The band's Grateful Dead influence is most apparent in *Better Beans*. "...Sun shone down on a little shakedown town, dust covered miles and the music played on..." Thematically, the songwriting needs to move beyond death, before it becomes trite.

For the hordes of you out there hungering for fresh local music, The Pinch offer the talent and enthusiasm to satisfy. These guys are talented, focused, and can't be bothered with a whole lot of silliness. They offer up honest music and lyrics for the crowd to do with what it will. Their self-titled CD is earnest and sincere. With all of the absurdity out there polluting your musical mind, the simplistic integrity of this music is welcome. An evening with The Pinch is an evening well spent. No polyester, no glitter, no foolin'.

"...Sit down on the floor...take your shoes off... save your warmer side and push me away...from the games that tease and pull and churn..."

—Tania Paxton

DAILY CALENDAR

Tuesday, December 5

Christian Savage—Ashbury Pub
Swuat Weiler, 9 Spine Stickleback—
Cinema Bar

Sam and the Hunchback—Dead Goat

Wednesday, December 6

The Weed—Ashbury Pub
Committed—Cinema Bar
Cops and Robbers—Dead Goat
Strangers—Zephyr

Thursday, December 7

Sun Masons—Ashbury Pub
Pagan Love Gods, Dead Kats—Cinema Bar
Jordan Patterson and the D.C. Hurricane—
Dead Goat

Tripping Daisy—Zephyr

Friday, December 8

Juniors Farm—Ashbury Pub
Pijamas De Gato, Riverbed Jed
—Cinema Bar

Megan Peters in Group Therapy—Dead
Goat

Joe Ely—Zephyr

Saturday, December 9

Megan Peters in Group Therapy—Ashbury
Pub

Crank Shaft, Cooliotones—Cinema Bar

Blanche—Dead Goat

Matthew Sweet—Zephyr

Sunday, December 10

Rattle Kings—Cinema Bar
Acoustic Goat—Dead Goat
Snow Boarders Ball—Zephyr

Monday, December 11

Blue Devils Blues Revue—Dead Goat
Little Sister with Grinch—Zephyr

Tuesday, December 12

Rex & Kevin—Ashbury Pub
Drill Team, Richie & the Rednecks—
Cinema Bar

977 Band—Dead Goat

Radiators—Zephyr

Wednesday, December 13

Accidental Tribe—Ashbury Pub
Open Mike Poetry—Cinema Bar
Bent—Dead Goat

Radiators—Zephyr

Thursday, December 14

The Pinch—Ashbury Pub
Thirsty Alley—Cinema Bar
Sun Masons—Dead Goat

Son Volt—Zephyr

Friday, December 15

Jerry Joseph—Ashbury Pub
Dick Nixon, Ether—Cinema Bar
Sweet Loretta—Dead Goat
Leftover Salmon with Boxset—Zephyr

Saturday, December 16

Jerry Joseph & Clover - Bar & Grill
Insatiable—Ashbury Pub
Rugburns, Decomposers, Deviance,
Skabs on Strike—Cinema Bar
Zion Tribe—Dead Goat
Leftover Salmon with Boxset—Zephyr

Sunday, December 17

Deviance—Cinema Bar
Acoustic Goat—Dead Goat
Flower Patch—Zephyr

Monday, December 18

Mike Eldred—Dead Goat

Tuesday, December 19

Harder Than Your Husband—Ashbury Pub

Dash Rip Rock, Smallitones—Cinema Bar
Juniors Farm—Dead Goat
Sam & the Hunchback—Zephyr

Wednesday, December 20

Bent—Ashbury Pub
King Trance—Cinema Bar
Huge E—Dead Goat
Hello Dave—Zephyr

Thursday, December 21

Rattle Kings—Ashbury Pub
Pagan Love Gods, Dead Kats—Cinema Bar
Fat Paw—Dead Goat
House of Cards—Zephyr

Friday, December 22

Figurehead—Ashbury Pub
My Friend Moses, Abstraak—Cinema Bar
Tempo Timers—Dead Goat
Sidewalk Religion, Catfische, Indecorum,
Diplodicus—DV8

Disco Dridders—Zephyr

Saturday, December 23

Riverbed Jed—Cinema Bar
High Water Pants—Dead Goat
Disco Dridders—Zephyr

Monday, December 25

Skabs on Strike, Deviance, 9 Spine Stickleback—
Cinema Bar

Tuesday, December 26

Nightbirds—Ashbury Pub
PCP, Berzerker—Cinema Bar
Acoustic Goat—Dead Goat

Wednesday, December 27

Blue Healer—Ashbury Pub
Thrum, Red Bennies—Cinema Bar
PapaKega and the E.F.I. Connection—Dead Goat
Lee Rocker and Big Blue—Zephyr

Thursday, December 28

Fat Paw—Ashbury Pub
Thirsty Alley—Cinema Bar
Blue Healer—Dead Goat
The Committed—Zephyr

Friday, December 29

Papa Kega—Ashbury Pub
Sea of Jones, American Mojo—Cinema Bar
Crossroads—Dead Goat
Salsa Brava—Zephyr

Saturday, December 30

Backwash—Ashbury Pub
Killer Clowns, Pijamas De Gato—Cinema Bar
House of Cards—Dead Goat
Salsa Brava—Zephyr

Sunday, December 31

Back Wash—Ashbury Pub
Jerry Joseph & The Jethro Belt, Sweet Loretta,
Reverend Willie—Cinema Bar
Insatiable—Dead Goat

Unholy Union: Powder and White Men Can't Jump Really Really White Men Really Really Can't Jump!

MOTHER'S MOVIE REVIEWS

POWDER

Plot - mistreated, bald, albino teen is too good for this world, so he leaves. If Powder weren't written and directed by a man (Victor Salva) accused of sexually molesting teenage boys, it would be just a ho hum new-age sci-fi learner. But it was, and that makes it a very strange film, nearly worth seeing. Talk about your homoerotic, pederastic subtexts! It's a remedial film for the hidden agenda challenged. But it isn't much else.

Mom's Rating: Snort!

Powder, Buena Vista, Disney, Michael Jackson.

Michael Stipe's first starring role.

Why do you say that, Ganymede?

Jeff Goldblum starring in "Jeff!"

It's a small world after all.

The subtext's bigger than the screen!

At last, a boyfriend for Carrie!


See: Frankenstein (1931), Carrie Read: Strange Angels - Kathe Koja

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