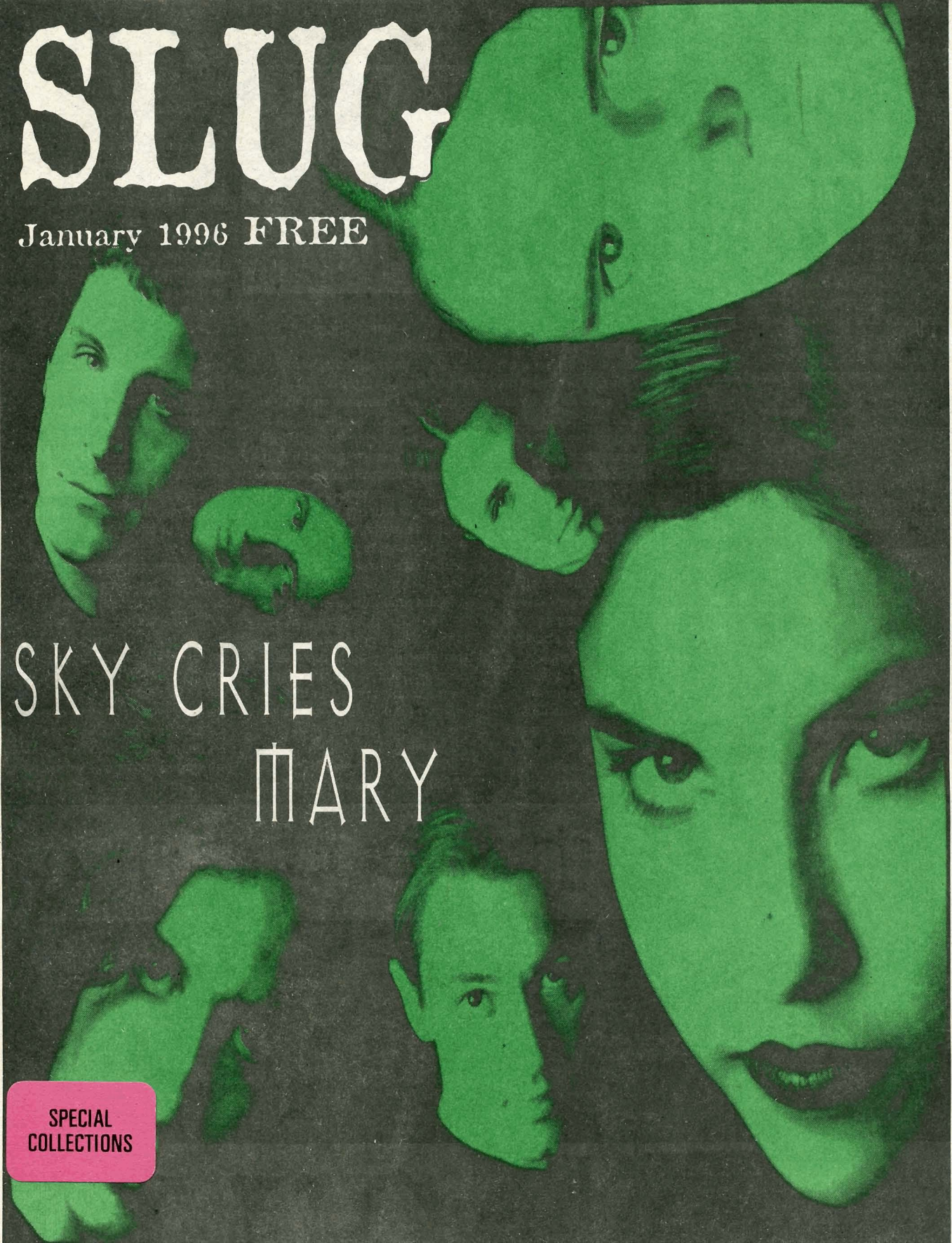
SLUG

January 1996 FREE



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SLUG

DECEMBER of 1995

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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 your continued support.

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DON'T GET SCREWED... MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD

PBS, (Public Broadcasting System) NPR (National Public Radio), and the arts are facing major cutbacks in funding. Despite the efforts of each station to reduce spending costs and streamline their services, the government officials believe that the funding currently going to these programs is too large a portion of funding for something which is seen as "unworthwhile". Currently, taxes from the general public for PBS equal $1.12 per person per year, and the National Endowment for the Arts equals $.64 a year in total. A January 1995 CNN/USA Today/Gallup poll indicated that 76% of Americans wish to keep funding for PBS, third only to national defense and law enforcement as the most valuable programs for federal funding. Each year, the Senate and House Appropriations commitees each have 13 subcommitees with jurisdiction over many programs and agencies. Each subcommitee passes its own appropriation bill. The goal each year is to have each bill signed by the beginning of the fiscal year, which is October 1. In the instance of the Corporation of Public Broadcasting, the bill determines the funding for the next three years. When this issue comes up in 1996, the funding will be determined for fiscal years 1996-1998. The only way that our representatives can be aware of the base of support for PBS and funding for these types of programs is by making our voices heard. Put your name on the list (see below) This list will be forwarded to the President of the United States, Vice President of the United States, and Representative NewtGingrich, who is the instigator of the action to cut funding to these worthwhile programs. Forward this to everyone you know, and help us to keep these programs alive.

Thank you.

GET ON THE LIST
WE WILL FORWARD IT FOR YOU!
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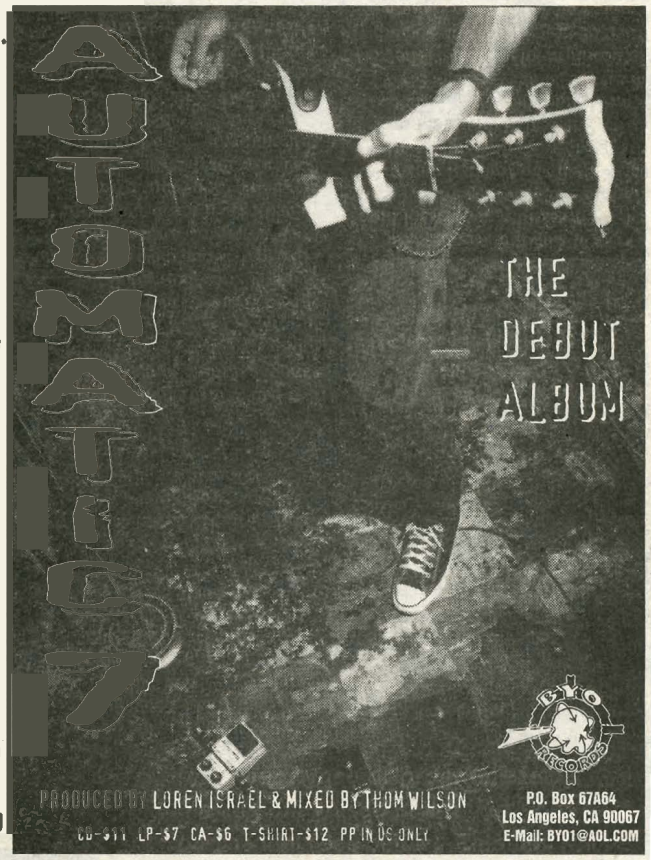

Dear Dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

Let me start off by saying that I was extremely disapointed by your response to the Dear Dicks letter published in Dec. '95. This letter was a response to your-mag's review of the latest Meat Puppets album. So I want the opportunity to dissect these boys letter, since you didn't believe they deserved the razor blade enema that I now must deliver.

Point #1: Yes there were peo- who knew about the Meat Puppets before Nirvana desecrated their songs on M.T.V. As a matter of fact some people knew about them long before Nirvana existed. Only children who get their taste in underground music from corporate MTV didn't know who the Meat Puppets were before Nirvana destroyed their songs on MTV. Unfortunately Jerry Garcia proclaimed them one of his favorite bands (be assured this hindered their career more than helped it)

Point #2: This is Amerikkka, dickbreath we can "dog" on anyone we fuckin want.

Point #3: What war are you talkin' about? Are you trying to say that there is no difference between a Meat Puppets fan and a Niravna fan? If so, then, yes there is....100 i.q. points on average. Or do you mean that Kurdt and Kurt are slugging it out? If so, perhaps you should know that Mr. Teen Spirit is sucking on a 12 gauge shell six feet down.

Point #4: Nirvana is not the greatest fucking band since Led Zepplin. They may have been good but they sure didn't break any new ground.

Point #5: What the fuck are you smoking? Foo Fighters "dust" the Meat Puppets. Get your ass off that chainsaw and listen to the crap the Foo Fighters have put out. My two year old in a blender on puree sounds better.

Point #6: You think Kurdt did a better job doing the Meat Puppets did? God if I saw you in an alley I'd kick you so hard you're dead Grandmother would start bleeding. I mean did you even get out of 4th grade? If Nirvana can play Meat Puppets songs so much better than the Meat Puppets, why the fuck do you think they had to have them play the guitar parts to the song. I'll tell you why ... 'cause there were more than three chords involved in the song and you have to have ability and talent to play their songs. If you think your so fuckin' brilliant I dare you to pick up "No strings attached" by the Meat Puppets and play that using power chords.

Your letter was just so pathetic that I thought I could actually here you saying "my dad can kick you're dad's ass." Well maybe but my Dad still gets more action from your mom.

Hugs and Kisses
The Kordova

ED: I guess you're right, they deserved more. What do you do for a living kick puppies? You're long winded and pissy...want a job as a writer?

Hi

Just got the latest copy & couldn't but help notice Riley Pucketts' "Pile Of Vinyl" column where he gave one of the most inept reviews to our recent 7". First of all, Riley, I realize it's hard to review all the music that must pile up on your desk everyday, world reknowned & self impotant music critic you think you are. Nevertheless, don't you think you'd be doing your audience (you do write your reviews because you think people give a shit about your opinion, don't you?) & yourself a favor to at least get your facts right?!@$!

In your review of the YOUTH BRIGADE "Spies For Life" split 7", you didn't even take the few seconds any responsible journalist should take to read the 2 sides of the cover. If you had, you would easily have found out that this 7" is a split, meaning it has songs by 2(two!) bands. Not only did you not bother to see that SCREW 32 has a track called "Blind Spot" on the other side of the 7", you review their song as one of ours & call it "Screw 32!" Let's see, you didn't see the cover? You didn't read the label? You didn't read the handy little sheet we sent with the record with info about both bands & their tracks on this 7"?

Well, it seems you looked at the cover, at least our side of it because in the review you describe the "priest with a bible and a gun" that my brother painted. What you didn't notice (not that your lack of observation should surprise anyone at this point!) was the "priest" is wearing a medical gown & has a stethascope around his neck. You also caught some of the lyrics, but obviously didn't take much time to ponder the meaning (guess it was too easy to spend a minute & read the lyrics on the label?) & so you came to the quick/simple minded conclusion that we are "Nazis." My brothers & I are Jewish & if you knew anything about my lyrics, you'd never make such an idiotic statement. Then you wonder whether we are just "kidding"??

No, Riley, I'm not kidding. The extremists from the right wing that call themselves 'spies for life' in their attempts to infiltrate the choice movement are true fascists in my view. This song was written from what I believe to be their point of view. Yep, it is a bit scary, perhaps a bit harsh. My brothers even thought a few might not get it, but I believe most people are a lot more intelligent than they are given credit for these days. I'm sorry to say, you proved me wrong. Good Luck with your writing career, I'd have to advise anyone reading this to take your advice though,

Avoid (your writing) at all costs.

Lots 'o Luv,
Shawn Stern
Singer, guitarist/Youth Brigade.

Dear Dickheads,

Let me begin by saying, I love your publication. There are times when I feel really cold and lonely and I snuggle up next to my cat and read back issues of SLUG until I fall asleep and see visions of sugar plums dancing in my head. Well, let me get to the point before I reach orgasm just thinking about it. While I was reading your December issue, I came accross a little story about a young man living in New York City. I was so moved by this story, I made my panties to moist to wear any longer. I want to tell you this so maybe you van tell Tom, I am inlove with himand I feel his pain. I wish there were good wholesome boys like Tom around these parts that I could sink my teeth into and make him mine forever. Sometimes, I go to the supermarket even in the freezing cold in the middle of the night and get naked and ride the mechanical pony and scream his name. I hope I did not divulge too much information about myself, but I beg of you, let Tom keep writing his lovely heartfelt stories for many issues to cum. For me it would mean the world and as you may have been able to tell there is not much I have in this world, but at least now I have Tom. I love you Tom.

— Bearl

Ed Note: Last month we let a letter slip by that was a personal slam on Scott at Crandall Audio. Even though it was a response to a previous personal slam to Brad at Raunch, still things were printed that shouldn't have been and we apologize.

you get something to say?

write us...
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Psyche Corner

Interview with the Umpire... Mr. Pink's Dad...The Big Pink

Well for New Year's Eve, instead of driving around with all of the drunk idiots on the road, I decided to spend the evening rappin with my Dad, Papa Pink, or as he likes to be called "Big Pink"Between the nodding off and the Brandy refills, it was pretty exciting as far as a date with your Dad goes.

8:07 pm
ME: So Dad..
BP: Big Pink...call me Big Pink, your Mother used to... what magazine is it you write for, SLUT?
ME: SLUG Dad, SLUG
BP: Slug is German for "hit"
ME: Anyway, what kind of year did you have?
BP: The kind that make you wish you could still get it up
ME: Have sex?
BP: No, get it up..to see what it looks like. I haven't had sex since 81 unless you count sh..
ME: Sheep?
BP: Count sheep when you fall asleep, you know.
ME: Who would you have sex with if you could?
BP: Have sex, or sleep with?
ME: Both
BP: Both...Sophia Loren, Miss Julie, the black woman on SportsCenter
ME: What about Madonna?
BP: I wouldn't let that ugly bitch kiss the President
ME: Kiss the president?
BP: Ya know the President... Dick Nixon (grabs his crotch)
ME: Have sex with?
Claudia Schiffer, or Shiffler or whatever that babe's name is.
ME: Sleep with?
BP: Schwartz!
ME: Your cat?!
BP: Only person I trust.
ME: Alannis Morrissette?
BP: Who's that?

9:43 pm
ME: So, did you make any New Years resolutions?
BP: Fake the queer revolution?!!
ME: New Years resolutions, did you make any New Years resolutions?
BP: Oh...yea, I made a few. Let me see. I'm going to stop giving my kids any money.
ME: Thanks alot
BP: And I will stop fantasizing about Regis & Kathy Lee...
ME: Doing what?
BP: Me!
ME: What would Regis do?
BP: At my age, he can hold me up... mything helps.
ME: What else?
BP: Prank calls to Blue Boutique, gotta stop.
ME: You?
BP: Oh for a long time now...twice a day
ME: Who do you talk to?
BP: Doesn't matter...no more! What about you, boy?
ME: I promise to stop paying for sex...or teach my dog to make change
BP: Where did you get that mouth...
ME: I learned it from you Dad, alright?!!
BP: You watch too much TV
ME: And?
BP: There's nothing on except that fat whore Carnie, and those Red Pepper Chili guys in dresses kissing each other!
ME: Not a Chili Peppers fan?
BP: They're horrible!

10:28 pm
ME: So nothing on TV turns your crank?
BP: Rush Limbaugh
ME: Excuse me?!
BP: Rush Limbaugh. I think he's really a woman I used to know named Rachel Limberg. I had a crush on her.
ME: So that makes you like Rush?
BP: No, he's an idiot, I just think I know his true identity.
ME: What else?
BP: Steffi Graf's butt.
ME: Really?
BP: Only thing in life that just keeps getting better
ME: Is that what would make you happy?
BP: That and a good bowel movement.
ME: Not much to ask.
BP: Can't decide on anything else.
ME: Like?
BP: Where to go on vacation.
ME: What are the options?
BP: Vegas, SanDiego or Hawaii
ME: Vegas. No question.
BP: At least I can play Blackjack

11:17 pm (a Green Day video is on the TV, volume off)
BP: I hate this guy
ME: Who?
BP: This little guy on TV, when he sings, he looks like he's getting buggered.
ME: Buggered?
BP: You know...buggered...from behind, like in French movies.
ME: Did you see any cool movies this year?
BP: There were no cool movies this year.
ME: Not one?
BP: There were none.
What was cool this year?
BP: The slippers you bought me for Christmas.
ME: Sweet!

11:55 pm (I nudge him to wake up)
ME: It's almost midnight
BP: So why did you wake me?
ME: Do you have any predictions for 1996?
BP: You will stop asking me questions?
ME: No...really.
BP: People will die.
ME: You are psychic!
BP: I will have one more good erection before I die.
ME: Dad, you have only one thing on your mind.
BP: You'll take all the sex stuff out of your article, right?
ME: Of course I will.

Happy New Year Dad.

—Mr. Pink.

Helen Wolf

"THE OBLIGATORY YEAR IN REVIEW '95"

Hackin' Up The Hits

Yeah, I know: *very* original—everyone else did it *last* month, why am I doing it now? Hey, this ain't exactly *Details* magazine here, we have no obligation to be on the cutting edge (we really do need some fashion spreads, though—right, G?). Besides, we writer-types think that the world hinges on our every word, unaware that no one really cares what the hell we think and that we're just filling up the spaces between pictures. Remember, kids: opinions are like Hootie & The Blowfish CD's—everybody's got one and they all stink. My Top 20 of 1995:

Foo Fighters, *Foo Fighters* : This thing rocks start to finish and there's not a bad song on it—which is a lot more than I can say about anything Nirvana did post-*Nevermind* (I can see the letters pouring in now). Dave Grohl wrote, played and sang everything on *Foo Fighters* , which is amazing, considering that most drummers are lean on even basic motor skills.

Yo La Tengo,*Electr-o-Pura* : At the top of the list that I faxed to *Grid* magazine's poll (anything for a free t-shirt) and, like every other YLT album, it got less exposure than women's hai-lai finals on ESPN. Robitussen rock for now people.

Scarce, *Deadsexy* : I reviewed an advance copy of this in June, right about the time guitarist Chick Graning was hospitalized for a severe brain hemmorhage—my reviews tend to do that. A&M then pushed the release date back to this coming February, thus giving me a second chance to tell you what a killer album this is—great songs, raw guitars, rawer vocals, and now, probably a really cool head-scar ala Kimberly on *Melrose Place*. What more do you want? Get it!

Mr. Bungle, *Disco Volante* : A Taco Supreme effort to alienate even those hundred or so sickos who bought the last Mr. Bungle CD in '91. Lead bizarrist MikePatton's squad appearantly smoked a few wheelbarrows of crack, hit the record button, and charged it all to Warner Bros. Combine that with *zero* Faith No More buzz to coast on this time (FNM's newest, *King For A Day* , sunk quicker than *Baywatch Nights*), and you've got this year's noisiest corporate loss leader.

Southern Culture On The Skids, *Dirt Track Date* : Geffen released *this* ? The first time I heard *Dirt Track Date* I swore it was an ancient Creedence Clearwater bootleg. Of course, the 8 shots of Jagermiester didn't help—or maybe they did, who knows? I missed the show and now I'll never hear the end of it from Athey once I come out of the closet as a SCOTS fan, eeeehhhh.

Los Straitjackets, *The Utterly Fantastic And Totally Unbelievable Sound Of Los Straitjackets* : I *was* at this show, however—no band has ever, and I mean *ever* sounded that good at the Enema Barn (unlike the Flat Duolets: no band has ever sounded that bad *anywhere!*). As for the CD, the title says it all.

Garbage, *Garbage* : Sure, it's slick—there are 3 producers in the band, ferchrissakes. Soundmiester To The Stars Butch Vig gets all the press, but singer Shirley Manson (lame rock-hacks the world over just love to write *"No relation to Charles"* any chance they get) really makes the album pump like an industrial sex machine. Political insiders report that "Queer" was a favorite track at E-crazed Joe Waldholtz's weekend raves—try to get *that* image out of your brain!

Radiohead, *The Bends* : Whoever the pinhead at Capitol was who decided that "Fake Plastic Trees" (a song so mellow, even Yanni fans nodded off) should be the first single off *The Bends* needs his ass re-threaded. Someone finally smelled the ether later in the year and issued "Just," possibly the best song *and* video of '95. For being skinny white English guys, Radiohead know how to pile on the guitars—it's almost enough to make me forgive the UK for shit like Bush and Menswe@r, but I'm going to need a little more convincing...

Oasis, *What's The Story (Morning Glory)* : 2 British bands in a row? This is too wierd. Man, was *I* wrong about Oasis when I called them sub-Suede in '93! Not only can Noel Gallagher write killer pop, but he knows all the best places to steal from, too: one song had to be left off due to legal threats from Stevie Wonder. Answer of the year—Q: "If there's nothing new in rock n' roll, why bother?" A: "Because they give you loads of money."—yeah!

Elastica, *Elastica* : OK, let's just make it three. Stimboy sez he prefers Blur to Oasis because "Blur writes bad Madness songs, Oasis writes bad Small Faces songs: the choice is clear." Elastica's US debut is chock fulla loaned licks from Wire (they've got the lawsuit to prove it), but who cares when it sounds this cool? Also one of the best live shows of the year—for skinny white English girls, that is.

The Amps, *Pacer* : Full-figured all-American girl Kim Deal's side project (or side-side project, depending on the status of the Breeders these days) The Amps are a little vague on details—is it a one-woman show? Were aliens in the studio? *Pacer* is flashback to the Pixie's heyday, with more than a little glue-sniffing vertigo thrown in and NO screaming fat guys.

Royal Trux, *Thank You* : Any album that makes you feel like you need a shower after only one listening *has* to be good. Singer Julie Herramma gives a close approximation of Axl Rose gargling glass, while the band serves up a Southern Boogie-via-Lower East side meatloaf (that's *small* "m"). I'm willing to bet that RT lives for the day when *that guy* yells out "Freebird" at a show—they'd deliver a rendition that could sterilize the Bible Belt (and isn't about time *someone* did that?).

The Presidents Of The United States Of America, *The Presidents Of The United States Of America* : After typing out the title, there may not be room to say anything about the CD itself! The bio blurb goes: "3 guys, 5 strings, one nation under God." Whatever—this is just flat-out, loopy rock and there really aren't enough songs about dune buggies in the world these days.

Eve's Plum, *Cherry Alive* : Speaking of power pop, Eve's Plum gets ragged on for being Blondie With Balls—well, someone's got to do it! *Cherry Alive* is thier second album of sweet n' sour chainsaw pop, but the one to look for is last year's live EP *I Want It All* , featuring the ultimate speed-punk version of that disco classic "I Will Survive"—suck on *that* , Drips.

Eleven, *Thunk!* : Eleven may forever be known as Jack Irons' Band Between The Chili Peppers And Pearl Jam. Too bad, because *Thunk!* (or either of thier previous 2 CDs) is better than anything Eddie & The Losers have wheezed out in years. Unfortunately, Eleven is on Hollywood Records, who rather spend thier advertising $ on no-hit wonders like Gwen Mars, or exhuming Freddy Mercury *one more time* .

PJ Harvey, *To Bring You My Love* : Olive Oyl's revenge.

Vim, *Vim* : Hate to sound like that other hack, but you suck for missing *this* show. Vim played SLC on December 1st to an audience of about eight, counting bartenders and the opening band. *Vim* , the CD, is layered with thick bass chording, space guitars, tamburã and dümbek (?), and D. Cawley's soaring Chrissie Hynde-does-Cranberries voice. It's also hard to come by since it's an independent (i.e. self) release, so try this: Vim, PO Box 301, Redwood Estates, CA 95044; email: Rick@netpower.com—trust me, it's worth the effort.

Joan Osborne, *Relish* : Another amazing live show, but this one (Zepyhr) was packed to the walls. *Relish* only hints at the sheer power Joan Osborne lets loose onstage—yeah, I'm the one who coined the term "Led Joplin" for her. The album (released in March) was barely noticed until September, when Mercury finally got around to making "One Of Us" a priority single. As usual, the first single is the most annoying thing on the whole album: "What if God was one of us?"—he'd take this fucking song out of rotation and put on "Right Hand Mand," "Spider Web," or "Let's Just Get Naked" and cancel VH-1!

Plus, a couple of compilations:

Saturday Morning Cartoons' Greatest Hits (various): Liz Phair/Material Issue cranking out *The Banana Splits* , Matthew Sweet swingin' to *Scooby Doo, Where Are You?* , Butthole Surfers performing unnatural acts on *Underdog* , Sublime giving a dub/ska makeover to *Hong Kong Phooey* —where the hell is *The Tick* ?! And

Twisted Willie (various): That's right—Willie Nelson covers! Done old and new school by L7 w/ Waylon Jennings (!), Supersuckers, Best Kissers In The World, Steel Pole Bathtub, Johnny Cash, Rev. Horton Heat, and Kelley "FedEx—when you *really* need it by tomorrow" Deal w/ Kris Kristofferson. Cool stuff, but also proof-positive that the Tribute Album well is running a little dry—who's next? William Shatner?

—*Helen Wolf*

Helenwolf@aol.com

PARTY LIKE THE PIGS
YOU ARE

SLUG
7 YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

saturday
jan. 27
9:00 pm
bar & grill
60 east
800 south

NO COVER !
3 BANDS !
DOOR PRIZES !

HONEST ENGINE
PIJAMAS DE GATO
HEAD SHAKE

The Bar & Grill is a private club for members

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

Albert Fish

Said a psychiatrist who examined him, "There was no known perversion that he did not practice and practice frequently," a lifestyle which sadist, masochist, cannibal, and murderer Albert Fish summerized succintly: "I always seemed to enjoy everything that hurt."

In 1917, when his wife left him, the 47-year-old Fish started to wander from any semblance of sanity, dancing naked in the moon-light screaming "I am Christ, I am Christ," branding himself with pokers, beating himself with a nail studded board, and deeply embedding needles into his groin. By 1927, his desires had turned to children, whom he would torture, mutilate, butcher and sometimes cannabilize, with a knife, a cleaver, and a saw which he referred to as "the instruments of hell." Fish's account of one early attack on a girl named Grace Budd, mentioned that after the mutilation, and murder, he had butchered six pounds of her flesh. With her meat, some onions and carrots he prepared a stew, which he savored for nine days in a state of constant sexual aggitation.

Curiously enough, it was a letter that Fish wrote Grace Budd's parents, years later, expaining that he had killed thier daughter and eaten her but had not sexually abused her, which led the police to his doorstep. At his trial, he said, he had a deep religious feeling, and sometimes had to make a sacrifice. He felt sure "an angel would keep him from doing anything wrong."Having figured that he tortured or killed at least thirty children a year for twenty-years, he looked forward to his electrocution at Sing Sing as the "supreme thrill." "The only one I havn't tried yet."

Born 1870 Arrested 1934
Walked unassisted into the execution chamber
January 16, 1936

X-Ray of Fish's groin

"Guilty By Expression"

Once again, Utah's politicians are attempting to establish laws that are misguided by their very nature, and unnecessary. Senator Charles H. Stewart, Utah County, has drafted a bill that will establish an age limit for persons to receive tattoos. This draft, if approved, will be reviewed and voted upon during the 1996 Legislative Session, which begins this month.

Mic Radford, owner of Southern Thunder Tattoos, after hearing of this bill, phoned the Senator directly. Stewart informed Radford that, in summary, his bill will make it a felony for a tattoo artist to provide services to anyone under the age of 19. Radford and the owners of Utah's other tattoo studios have since been in contact; all have expressed opposition to regulation of the tattoo profession.

According to the office of Legislative Research & General Counsel, as of Jan. 4 the bill had just undergone its first draft. The text now must be approved by the Senator, returned to Legislative Research, who will request a final approval from the Senator, and assigned a number before being introduced this Legislative Session. Given the current status of the bill, the Senator could still make changes if he wishes. "Regardless of any changes the Senator may make, I'm opposed to any regulation of the tattoo industry" says Radford. "There are important issues at stake that I believe preclude any laws whatsoever"

Senator Stewart is a physician by profession. When Radford pressed him about the basis of the bill, the Senator indicated that he has removed tattoos on people who didn't want them anymore. Therefore, this bill intends to regulate an individual's regret for actions taken previously. Is it the government's responsibility to establish laws based on the emotions of the general population? Radford says no.

"Tattoo artists are providing a requested service, and should not be charged criminally because a customer later regrets his or her actions" he says. Receiving a tattoo is a personal, cosmetic choice, not unlike ear piercing, hair styling, liposuction, or breast implants. "If a person receives a hair cut and hates it three weeks later, we don't arrest the hair stylist" says Radford. "If a woman, after five years, doesn't like the look of her breast implants, the doctor who performed the surgery is not arrested" So, a tattoo artist should not be charged with a felony when a customer later wishes they had not received a tattoo.

This bill, unlike other age-restrictive laws, is not responding to health issues for tattoo customers. Alcohol is restricted to persons over the age of 21 in part because, before a certain age of human development, alcohol can damage the body. Drugs are illegal because of side effects and substances within them that are unhealthy. However, tattooing is safe and does not threaten the medical health of the individual when Health Department guidelines are followed. "Senator Stewart did not say he is proposing this bill because of health problems caused by tattoos" says Radford. "He only related cases where he has removed tattoos that are no longer wanted"

Nor is this proposed legislation an effort to protect individuals from harm. Drunk driving laws are in place to protect other motorists from the intoxicated individual. Drugs are restricted because they can cause an individual to harm himself or those around him. Having a tattoo, however, does not pose a threat to the safety of the customer or anyone else.

"I can understand laws that address the health or safety of the population" says Radford, "but neither issue is a problem within the tattoo industry, nor is either issue the basis for this drafted bill"

Without concerns of health or safety, is regulation necessary within a profession that is demonstrating a sense of responsibility and regulating itself? Utah's tattoo studios are professional and sensitive to age-related issues. At least two studios, including Southern Thunder, currently do not tattoo minors. Radford has tattooed minors in the past, but only with parental consent. "The parent had to sign the release form when making the appointment and be present while their child received the tattoo"

Artists are aware of the issues pertaining to age and tattoos, some of which are basic common sense. "I would never tattoo anyone under the age of 16 simply because they are still growing and that tattoo will change as they grow" Radford says. With tattoo artists already taking such responsibility for their work and setting reasonable guidelines, "it's unnecessary to impose regulation on an industry that is taking appropriate steps to regulate itself" Radford says.

Furthermore, there are laws currently in place allowing legal recourse for minors. The parents of a minor may file criminal charges under existing child abuse laws. So, one might conclude that the child abuse laws, coupled with the self-imposed policies on the part of Utah's tattoo artists, eliminate the need for Senator Stewart's drafted bill.

According to Radford, the Senator indicated he is concerned because tattoos are permanent. "Every one of my customers, whether 17 or 70 years old, is aware of this" Radford says. The fact that tattoos are permanent is not an industry secret. "However, I will argue that people are free to make a number of other choices that are just as permanent

A teenage girl can choose to have sex, and face very permanent consequences if she gets pregnant. "How many 16 and 17-year-old kids are 'permanently' killed each year on bullet bikes, but we don't arrest the motorcycle salesman and charge him with a felony" says Radford. "You can get married at age 16, but we don't arrest the person who performed the marriage ceremony should the couple change their mind later and file for divorce"

Radford delves deeper, illuminating the threat posed by the first law restricting personal choice. "Look at what has happened to Utah tobacco laws," he says. Smoking regulations have become increasingly restrictive, as recently as the 1995 Legislative Session. "It starts with one law" says Radford. "Once the first law is established, it is much easier to create more laws, slowly chipping away at an entire industry"

Such long term erosion could now be facing the tattoo profession. "If this ball gets rolling with the Legislature, they could eventually eliminate our ability to receive tattoos and express ourselves in a manner we feel is attractive and demonstrates our individuality" says Radford. This bill is imposing a moral judgment, taking away the freedom for individuals to choose how to adorn themselves.

And it may not stop with the tattoo industry. "Next there will be laws regulating what color you can dye your hair, what styles of clothes you can wear, further eliminating our freedom to choose how we want to look" Radford says. "With all the health and safety issues facing society today; medical care, rampant violent crime, an overloaded justice system, and overcrowded prisons, it's unrealistic and misguided for government to assume the responsibility of regulating how people choose to adorn themselves"

The readers of SLUG, who have always been leaders in the area of personal style and expression, are about to have their liberties violated and their freedom restricted - again. Radford urges SLUG readers to look at the issues discussed in this article and recognize that the nature of this bill is a moral one; an individual's decisions about his or her appearance are not the responsibility of the government or the tattoo artist.

"We need to react to this situation and inform our legislators that we oppose this bill and the regulation of the tattoo industry, starting with Senator Stewart" Radford urges. The names, addresses, and phone numbers of Utah representatives are public domain:

Senator Charles H. Stewart
447 West 4150 North
Provo, Utah 84606
Home: 221-0748
Office: 375-4100

"I encourage SLUG readers to start calling Senator Stewart and their local representatives,î says Radford. ìI intend to continue fighting this bill, contacting every state official as this progresses towards the floor of the Legislature." Information for contacting all state representatives is available by calling Southern Thunder Tattoos at 485-8282.

"Senator Stewart indicated to me that he wishes to send a message to the tattoo profession," Radford says. "With the current problems we're facing because of an oversized government, I believe the Senator's efforts would be better directed at placing responsibility for these personal issues back onto the individual, their family, and their personal environment."

—Andrea Packer

ED: As well written as this article is, I have one more thing to say. I have NO tattoos. Not yet at least, and Mic probably believes I never will. Not important. What is important, is that this has little to do with the art of tattooing, and much to do about choice. Your choice. Don't be fooled. The price of apathy is much too high. If you don't open your mouth, who will open it for you?

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Bustin The Nut

by David McClellan

Those of us in Zion without the luxury of owning a secluded piece of property or heated space for which to turn our amplification devices of death up to sonic maximus, bringing to life the primal festerings that pervade our brains as songs, are forced to pay exorbitant fees to rehearse in one of two places available to local bands: Positively 4th Street or Downtown Music. If there is another place that rents out rehearsal space to bands in the Salt Lake valley then call me because I am not aware of it. What I am aware of is that both of these places are money grubbing stink holes that could give two shits about bands, local music, or the needs of local musicians. Located conveniently under the viaduct at the southwest corner of Pioneer Park lies a condemned, disease infested, red brick building that appears to be just waiting for some local arsonist to stop by and put it out of its misery. Human shit and used needles (works) line the alleys of Positively 4th Street, home to several of Salt Lake's well established bands (Jesus Rides a Riksha). This is the place known for it's luxury of allowing 24 hour access to it's patrons, which is the only reason I can surmise that bands put up with such atrocious conditions and just tough it out and pay. The 24 hour system is enforced by a series of digital combination locks that separate hallways. I spoke to the manager who is only available on Tuesday nights 6-7 pm, and he showed me several rooms that were available and explained how the system works. But after spending some time around Positively 4th Street it seems that anyone and everyone can get into the building by just standing around and waiting for the doors to open. Getting access to hall codes is as easy as getting a phone number off a bathroom wall. And according to several musicians who call 4th Street home, the management changes the front door codes at will and it is up to the musicians to call in and get the new access code at random. Now I don't have to tell you all how important 24 hour access is to a musician. We live our lives not by the 9 to 5 but around the clock. and being able to practice, record, or just plain unload your band's gear after a show at 2:30 am on any given day in the place that you are paying for would seem blatantly obvious to anyone, right? Wrong! Room rates at the user friendly Positively 4th Street are on average $50-100 higher than rooms of equal size at Downtown Music. And what glorious rooms they are! I haven't seen all that Positively 4th St. has to offer, but the handful of rooms that I did get to see smelled like cat piss, were cramped and made poor use of space, were extremely difficult to get gear in and out of and had inadequate power supplies. Not to mention the bullshit that goes on right outside the front door with all the dealers and vagrants drooling all over your car. Who even wants to be there at 2AM to be propositioned for drugs or mugged or have your car fucked with? I'll admit that faint smell of rotting semen, piss and vomit does remind me of going to band practice back in New Jersey, or even a few places that my friends and I would practice at in Brooklyn, but hell, everything smells like that there...About a half mile away on 8th South and Main lies the second option for local bands not willing to wear gas masks and climb flights of steps through human shit to get to practice, Downtown Music. This is the place where my band, Lugnut calls home and it is the base of my dealings with most of the local bands that I consider friends, probably just because we see each other all the time, rehearsing and playing out. Management has been the Achilles heel of Downtown Music according to several disgruntled bands who would rather pay higher prices and live in the sewage of Positively 4th Street than put up with all of the idiotic rules, asinine hours of operation, and the general incompetence and inconvenience that Downtown is famous for. The walls are thin and the fluorescent lighting gives me a headache every time I walk around (I sound like my mother...) but the rooms are pretty clean and there is a big diversity to the size and shape of the rooms available so it's not completely terrible finding something within your band's budget. Sometimes the coke machine works. Sometimes there's toilet paper. Sometimes there's a lock on the door. Sometimes there's just a happy little post-it note! Most of the time, however Downtown Music is closed. Hours of operation are from 3pm to midnight: Nine hours a day. This sucks. As a paying customer, I require 24 hour 7 day access to my room and equipment as long as my rent is paid. There is absolutely no need for a building manager to be in the building at all times. Why? Because in the lease agreement is clearly states that the signed parties are held responsible for any and all actions, damage and/or theft that can occur on said premises. That lease that you signed is also full of rules if anyone ever cared to glance through it. Bands are responsible for insuring their own equipment. You are also held responsible for your guests and any damage or infraction of the rules that they incur (and they only allow 1 guest per band member). Bingo! You fuck around, you get fucked. Ask Wicked Innocence if you don't believe me. It's a rehersal studio, not a "come down and check out my band jam" place. So what is the management of Downtown music required to provide for you since it costs so much and the lease states that bands are practically held accountable for all possible situations, as well as holding hefty deposits? Not too fucking much. Heat, electricity, a functional soda machine, and toilet paper. One out of four ain't bad. Being a paying customer at Downtown Music for almost a year now, Lugnut has been fighting for 24 hour access since day one and has been repeatedly shot down by whoever seems to be managing at the time for every excuse in the world. It isn't just the management's fault either. I have brought up my problems of the limited hours of operations with other bands that seem to be just as frustrated with the fact that they are paying a lot of money for an incomplete service yet they do very little about the situation and continue to put up with having limited access to a space that we are paying for. Don't be a puss. Get you fucking heads out of your lazy musician's asses and help me do something about it. It sucks to have to bring your drums and amps home after a show just to have to reload it in your car and then unload it again when Downtown decides to be open. And I say "decides" because anyone who shows up right at the opening time is well aware that you will be sitting in your car for fifteen minutes until someone comes to unlock the doors. They are closed on every major holiday, every winter solstice and every goddamn time I need to run down there and pick up my four track and record this great new song idea. It is bullshit and it is unnecessary. We pay for a service that is inadequate. 24 hour access to a room that you are paying for should be the bare minimum that is considered acceptable. We'll only get it if everyone sticks together, abides by the simple rules of the game, and bitches about it. Constantly. Every day. Every time you pay rent, every time you see a manager in the halls, every time you see a band after practice...

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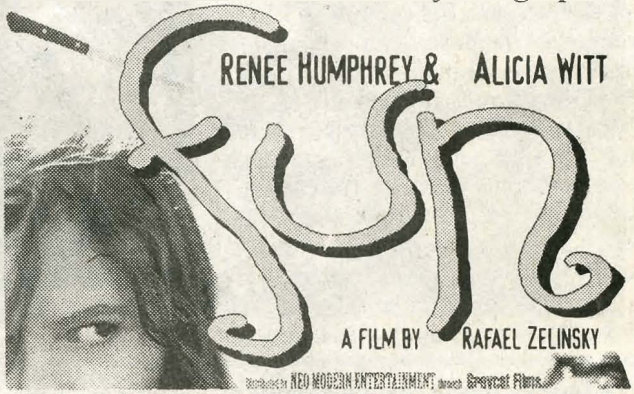

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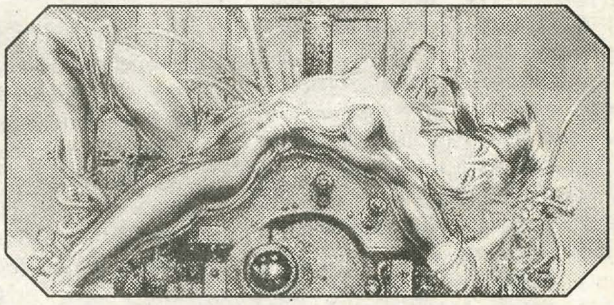

FEBRUARY 1 - 7

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Sky Cries Mary

Well, for the second year in a row, On Thanksgiving-Eve I was at Spanky's Cinema Bar witnessing wonderful live music. This is kind of turning into a tradition for me. Thanksgiving rolls around and The Cinema Bar brings in some killer band and I leave the house to start my holiday season off right. This year The Cinema Bar played host to Sky Cries Mary. This was their third or fourth time in town. And once again, it was incredible.

It's hard to describe the kind of music Sky Cries Mary creates, If you have never heard or witness them live. It's an eclectic mix of bits and samples of everything you've ever heard, or will hear. No really. You laugh and scoff and think my description may be a bit too pseudo-philosophical, but it's true. If I had to describe it, which I'm not too comfortable doing, I would have to say It's a techno-dance, new-age jazz, teeth-gnashing feedback popping, lyrical adventure that will take your ears and your mind on a visionary ride. Anisa Romero, lead and back-up vocals sounds like what I expect heaven to sound like. Not only is this woman beautiful, but she totally takes me away when she goes to work. Sky Cries Mary bring with them a light show like one I haven't seen since, oh let me see...I would have to go back to Jefferson Aeroplane when they would perform White Rabbit, in the late sixties. I mean this stuff is mind blowing!!!

I mean, how can you describe a band from Seattle that has seven full time members in it? Sky Cries Mary is made up of Roderick Romero-Vocals & words, Roderick's sister, the aforementioned Anisa Romero, Micheal Cozzi-Guitar, Bennett Ireland-Drums & Percussion, Juano-Bass, Gordon Raphael-Vox Organ, Synthesizer & a bunch of other way cool, very expensive instruments, and last but certainly not least,

Todd Robbins a.k.a. DJ Fallout-Samples, turntables & decks.

Anyway, the master mind behind Sky Cries Mary is Roderick Romero. He was shooting pool with Chris Noveselic, and in between shots, he would answer my questions I tossed out to him.

Slug: This time you are on tour with Hoovercraft and Sweet 75. I was talking to Michael Cozzi earlier and he said that all three bands are just amazing, something very, very cool to see live.
Roderick Romero: Yea, it's really awesome. It's been like the best tour we've ever had. Everyone is playing new music and new songs. It's just alot of fun.
Slug: Tell me the history of the band. Did you and your sister start the band?
RR: I started the band back in 1988 as a theater project and then it evolved from that into an actual band when Anisa joined the group in 1990. Ben Ireland was on drums and Gordon on keyboards and Michael and Juano came a little bit later. DJ Fallout was there in band in the beginning.
Slug: So what do you mean it started out as a theater project?
RR: I had written this three part, two act play. I had written the music for it with a couple of friends, Ken and John from The Posies, before The Posies were formed. And I had written this music with them for the theater, for the play I had written. We recorded that music, then I went to graduate school in Paris. And while I was there I gave this record store some cassette copies to see if they would sell them. It evolved from there. I had this demo and this record company, which owned a record store, liked it so much they signed me for three years. So I did these records for this label out of France.
Slug: What do you have out on World Domination?
RR: We have two full-lengths, This

Timeless Turning and A Return To The Inner Experience. Then we also have an EP out on World Domination called Exit at the Axis. We have written 13 new songs, too.
Slug: Are you going back into the studio?
RR: Yea, probably in February.

Slug: Has World Domination treated you pretty well?
RR: Yea, they have really done everything we have wanted them to do, for sure.
Slug: Your music is so varied. Tell me about your concept of music.
RR: My basic concept is there is no rules to music. There is no boundaries, whatever we write, we accept it as a song. All seven members must agree to record a song. And if all seven do agree, we feel it's a good song because all of us have totally different musical taste. As far as musical taste goes, within the band there is no overlapping. We like everything from Brazilian music to The Stooges.
Slug: Does your live show vary from the recorded sound at all?
RR: We are a little harder edge, I believe. That's what happens when your pushing sound through speakers live, like that. And we are always reacting to how the crowd is. Like if the crowd is really with it, then it's like an absolute mayhem and it's a great freak-out, ya know? I don't want anyone to come out our show and walk out and think, 'OH, that was just O.K.' s

Well, if you were there that night, than you know the crowd was definitely turned on to them. I don't know where you were standing but from my vantage point people were dancing and literally losing themselves in the experience.

My guess is that Sky Cries Mary will be coming back to the Wasatch front sometime in 1996. Probably mid-to-late in the year. I would suggest you keep your would suggest you keep your eyes opened and watch for their show. Guaranteed, it's not like anything you've ever experienced before.

—Royce

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Unholy Unions: Toy Story and Wuthering Hights. Computer animated characters are inserted into the Olivier film. This time Tom Hanks is the voice of Kathy. He gets another oscar.

MOTHER'S MOVIE REVIEWS

Toy Story

A buddy film for the temporarily short; Toy meets Toy, Toy loses Toy. Toy gets Toy back. Only briefly interesting to adults because it's completely computer animated, like the sword wielding Listerine bottle commercials, (Pixar produced also), only a lot longer. Too long for anyone who isn't slap happy in love with computers and the brave new cyber century Bill is leading us toward.

Mom's Rating:
If you're 7, real funny and exciting!
If you're an adult, you'd better be with that 7 year old.

"FREE MONEY FOR SMART PEOPLE"

BY CLARK STACEY

Welcome to the inauguration of what I hope will be a regular column in these pages. Many SLUG readers, I expect, often ask themselves, "How can I keep abreast of political issues affecting me, while parlaying this information into CASH MONEY to maintain a CD collection of Stimboy proportions? This is a perfectly reasonable question, and one that the local media has been irresponsibly remiss in failing to address. The problem stems from the fact that before this column appeared, there was no means of determining odds for political developments in the Beehive State, whether for inter-office pools, individual wagers, or sanctioned casino gambling. We will be covering two or three political issues or figures about which reliable odds can be determined per month, then giving you the inside track on making book and lining your wallet with the fruits of our piercing social analysis."Why," you might ask, "should a SLUG columnist be relied upon to make complex assessments of probability worth risking my money on?" I could belabor the extraordinary curriculum vitae that makes me ideally suited for this responsibility, but I would prefer to win your confidence with a demonstration of my foresight. For this reason, we will begin by looking at a local drama that is unfolding as I write. I am composing this column on December sixteenth, but by the time this reaches you in mid-January I am confident that the principals involved will have played their cards and I will have won your endorsement. Since we have a lot of ground to cover, then, let us proceed directly to...

Issue #1:
The Enid and Joe Show

I'm sure we're all tired of the particulars of this matter, but let's summarize them just to make sure we're all reading from the same page. In a move that came as no surprise to Log Cabin Club members in the know, Joe Waldholtz, who many readers will remember as Baron Harkonnen in David Lynch's Dune, married Enid Green, who many readers will remember as the cybernetic exploding head disguise worn by Arnold Schwartzenegger in Total Recall. After losing a seriously cheap and sleazy campaign against Karen Shepherd in '92, Enid resurfaced in '94 with the cash to both capture a House seat and install herself in Washington in style; renting a dizzyingly expensive house and indulging herself in gourmet meals, fine hotels and fat young boys. Her deep lust for power and ideological malleability won her a seat on the powerful Rules Committee, and she was widely considered to sit-teth on the right hand of Newt and to have a long political career in front of her. School children throughout the state were puzzled as to why anyone would spend $3.5 million to win a job that only paid around $130,000 per year, but most voters hate math and their cries went unheeded. Flash forward about a year and several bounced checks, odd phone calls, and resigning staffers later, and we find people asking Enid some very sticky questions. She refers these questions to Joe, who writes them down and hides them in the basement. Eventually the stench around the legislating lovebirds is so pronounced that it attracts the attention of the Federal Elections Commission, the Justice Department and a few national newspapers, and people like Stan Huckaby, their FEC accountant, start refusing to meet them in public places. Joe vanishes in a puff of bad checks, and local talk radio wags have a few chuckles with the predictable fat-guy-fugitive jokes. There were whispers in Washington that Enid knew precisely where her husband was; that she'd called in a few Avenging Angels from home to beat him to death with his own ball gag and leave him submerged to his waist in the East River with the sign of the troglodyte stamped on his scalp.

By now the national press smells blood in the water, and Enid keeps a low profile and rehearses her press conference while her attorneys rack up billable hours. Conspicuous in his silence is Rush Limbaugh, who many readers will remember as the fat kid in the video for Twisted Sister's "I Wanna Rock." Other conservative pundits, sensing an opportunity to make a sacrifice to Mammon, either pan the Enid saga or roundly condemn her. By now even the handful of people who bothered to vote in the '94 elections could perceive that Enid had made herself a big shit sandwich, and they tuned in to a marathon press conference carried nationally by CNN to find out who she felt would have to eat it. Enid explained her pathological need for authority, contempt for her constituents and mounting list of possible federal criminal charges by claiming that the dog ate her homework, her husband was a werewolf, and Philis Schlafly was oh so right, if only she'd listened. So what we have here is your basic fat-girl-cheats-to-become-prom-queen saga, with some novel financial twists and a creepy metaphor for the '94 Republican sweep. Enid's options seem to be fairly limited, but here are our picks. Think long and hard before you blow your gambling budget on a long shot.

Line: 2-1 Turnout: A mid-January resignation.

This one is a no-brainer. Enid is seriously strapped for cash, and she has actually reached so rare a depth of public revulsion that she can't even buy a Utah election. There is no point in finishing out her term, and the justice department will probably back off if she is no longer in office. Citing concern for her mutant space-monster of a baby, she will resign in mid to late January, hoping to retain enough credibility to land a sweet lobbying job.

Line: 5-1 Turnout: A here-comes-the-subpoena-kid panic resignation.

Don't underestimate Enid's power of self-delusion. She might just tell herself that the polls back home are biased by the media and that she still enjoys a groundswell of support from people conditioned by ward theater to be convinced by her press conference performance. Enid's attorneys, however, are on the lookout for the Justice Department's paper server, and are ready to file resignation papers at a moment's notice and bundle their client into the back of a hollow Coke machine. Working against this possibility is the fact that Enid will have a hard time finding high-paying work on the hill if she waits too long to resign.

Line: 12-1 Turnout: Enid's press conference becomes a road show.

At the back of Enid's mind during her 5-hour, multi-hanky whine-a-thon was the possibility that if it played well, she might try it out on a grand jury, the House Ethics Committee, and various other federal court venues. If she tries to finish out her term, this will almost certainly happen. Not too likely, considering the reviews that came back from the dress rehearsal.

Line: 18-1 Turnout: Enid finishes her term.

A very long shot, simply because she and Joe were too incompetent to hide their financial gimcrackery very well. Democrats won't let the Justice Department drop the ball on this one, but I mention it for the benefit of those of you who are betting with other people's money.

Issue #2: Jim Hansen vs. The World

Perhaps one of the strangest consequences of the '94 Republican sweep was the discovery that Utah has a fifth congressional representative. His name is Jim Hansen, though many readers will remember him as Hoggle, the loveable but treacherous troll creature who discovers friendship in Labyrinth. He was unearthed in the basement of the House of Representatives by some congressional freshmen looking for the mail room. Records show

that he has consistently won reelection over two decades despite the fact that House leadership always just assumed that he was a really old page. They felt obligated to give him a committee assignment last year, little suspecting that this would awaken the dormant statesman and initiate a flurry of dumb bills. Foremost among these was HB1745, a proposal to constrain Utah's contribution to the National Wilderness Preservation System to 1.7 million acres and define "wilderness" as "mines, dams, condos and strip malls with woodsy names." Co-sponsored by Enid Waldholtz and mirrored by Orrin "Scourge of the Biker Gangs" Hatch's SB884, this bill met with the immediate ire of everyone who wished they had known they could vote against this guy, including Robert Redford, who attacked Hansen's plan in the pages of the Tribune. Hansen commissioned a study on public support for wilderness from Utah State University, an agri-business college whose studies on wilderness support might be compared in merit and motivation to Tobacco Institute studies on nicotine addiction. Hansen's bill was shot down, but the veteran cave fish had developed a taste for legislating by this point and wasn't going to be silenced so quickly. He snuck his wilderness bill onto an unrelated bill as a committee attachment in a move even members of his own party admitted was devious. Clinton has tacitly agreed to veto any permutations of HB1745 that he catches sneaking around his office, and there is some debate as to whether Hansen has the support to override. That's the story so far, and here are the odds on future developments.

Line: 3-1 Turnout: Poor Grendel has an accident; so may you all.

Newt has enough to worry about without some withered hick from southern Utah making national headlines with his plan to pave the earth. Clinton will veto anything Hansen sneaks his wilderness designations on to, and congressional Republicans aren't going to stick their necks out for someone they were sending for donuts last year. An override won't even be attempted. The House leadership will silence Lonesome Jim, and he will pay the price of poking his head up by losing dismally in '96. Mining and ranching interests will be turned off by his bitter protests over "city voters," and will reject his pleas for a lobbying gig. We'd list this scenario as even money, were it not for the complexity of the series of events. Smart people will bet heavily in this slot.

Line: 8-1 Turnout: A cavalry of Trojan horses.

With relative anonymity on his side, Hansen might attempt the equivalent of legislative gillnetting by glomming his wilderness designations on to every bill that comes through theResources Committee, where he holds a subcommittee chair. He may realize that he's already blown the '96 election, and hope to please his investors by forcing some concessions from a time strapped congress more concerned with hammering out a budget than saving a few million acres of desert inhabited by very few voters. This might be a more likely possibility were it not for the fact that Congress is pressed for time, and won't have much patience with these tactics. Also, Clinton is primed to look presidential on a popular issue by picking off Jim's riders as they surface.

Line: 15-1 Turnout: It puts the lotion on or it gets the hose again.

Hansen might just be clever enough to sink back beneath the waves in '96, in the hopes that he can slide through another election and try his bill out on a Republican president. The House leadership will certainly be pushing him to take this path, and Newt can reportedly be quite persuasive. Look for Hansen to appear more and more pale in public as Newt and Dick Armey apply the thumbscrews. We would give this possibility more credence if we weren't so familiar with Hansen's record and temperament.

Coming next month: Our picks for the 1996 presidential race! Place your bets early for the best odds!

—Clark Stacey

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1/12 The Pinch
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by Jeb Brain

Howzit?

No CRASS MENAGERIE last month due only in part to computer problems (of which there were many, including a damaged hard drive—I lost everything!!! The moral of the story is—Back up, Bozo!) mostly I just didn't get my butt in gear and get this thing rolling on time. So anyway, let me ask you some questions (If I get some good answers I will print parts of them in a future "Howzit?"). As you look back on 1995 would you say that music wise it was a good year or a bad one or merely another one? What are some positive and negative trends you see in the underground music scene? Do you believe that 1995 was the year metal finally died? If not, what do you think the future holds for metal? Was 95 the year punk got so big that it lost it's credibility? If not, what do you think the future holds for punk after it's current popularity wanes? And lastly what were your ten favorite albums of the year? Write me. A few select people answering these questions will receive a free CD, tape, poster, or something else cool. Be sure to include your address on the letter, not just the envelope (I throw them away!) and be sure to send your responses to me at
356 N. 550 E. 23-3
Ephraim, UT 84627, not to SLUG.
If you send a S.A.S.E. I will also send you a copy of my newsletter (parts of which are used for this column).

Bands & Albums

INTERNAL BLEEDING are one of the hardest working bands in the underground. They have always slaved away promoting themselves and even after they've gotten signed to a label with connections to a major, they have continued to do most of their own promotion—I find that very admirable. Their latest release is ***Voracious Contempt*** and it is their first full length endeavor. The album shows the band adopting a more technical edge, with a new-found professionalism in their arrangements. The vocals are more subterranean than on the last EP which gives the CD that sick and twisted feel even though it is a bit cliché. The only fault with the whole release is the pathetic mixing of Scott Burns who once again scars an otherwise fine release by burying the guitars and bringing the drums so far out front that they overpower everything else. How this guy became a legend in the Death scene is completely beyond me. (Pavement 17W703A Butterfield Rd. Oakbrook Terrace, IL 60181)

Remember back when **C.O.C.** where one of the most raging hardcore punk bands on the planet? Well those days are long gone but you can relive them with the ***Bad Mongo*** 7" by the Norwegian noise masters **TURBONEGRO**. They have captured that grating crunch that **C.O.C.** had on their first record and revved it up. Don't let the bands offensive name put you off, their lyrics are intelligent and present a very accurate (and dismal) picture of society. When Sean from Bovine sent this record he enclosed a note that said, "Howdy Jeb.... thought you could use a bit of good old' punk rock." Damn straight I could, and this, my friends, is the genuine article. ($4 ppd. to Bovine POB 2134 Madison, WI 53701)

As I write this Halloween is about two weeks away. This year, to celebrate, I am going to lock myself in a lightless room and play the new ***Dawning*** album by **MINDROT** over and over. This is the darkest and most haunting album I have heard all year. Track three "Burden" is especially chilling with its tormenting question "Do you really lead a good life?" and the constant, echoing answer "No." This album crawls deep inside your mind and plants seeds of despair that grow and swell in time to the rhythmic pulsations of the music. You don't "listen" to this album, you "experience" it. (Relapse POB 251 Millersville, PA 17551)

Hey you fans of avante garde, Canadian post punk experimentation ala **NOMEANSNO** or **HISSANOL** you better prepare yourselves for the album of your wildest dreams. The band is **SHOWBUSINESS GIANTS** (consisting of members of both aforementioned bands and**D.O.A.**) and the name of the album is ***Let's Have A Talk With The Dead***. The music runs the gamut from bizarre to wacky to totally zany. Sometimes they sound like a lounge act and other times they sound like the **DEAD KENNEDYS** having an epileptic seizure. You ain't never heard anything like it—I promise. (EssentialNoise/Virgin/EMI/Caroline)

Many have questioned **IRON MAIDEN**'s ability to maintain their quality after the departure of Dickinson and the serious decline in their commercial success on these shores. Well doubters and skeptics will now have to eat crow, because the new album ***The X Factor*** is finally available and it is the most melodic and epic opus the band have ever produced! Blaze Bailey's vocals are tremendously clean and despite lacking the distinctive edge of Dickinson, Bailey has a broader range that welds seemlessly onto **MAIDEN**'s iron framework. Fans of this band, old and new, would be foolish not to grab this release. (CMC 106 W. Horton St. Zebulon, NC 27597)

ZENI GEVA are one of those bands that literally amaze me with their power. How do they come up with those sounds? Their pummeling music combines metal, industrial, hardcore, and stylings that are definitely their very own, to propagate musical mayhem. The new album is ***Freedom Bondage*** and will firmly establish **ZG** as one of the heaviest and most talented bands working. If you are looking for something that will crush you but avoids all the clichés, then this is for you. (Alternative Tentacles POB 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092)

Many people wondered about the fate of the legendary **D.O.A.** after the death of their drummer Ken Jensen. I don't think anyone would have been surprised if the band had thrown in the towel and called it a career. Instead they threw themselves into projects to honor Ken and then began work on their new album ***The Black Spot.*** There is something unifying about tragedy and that is evident in this CD. It is easily the bands best work since the ***War On 45*** EP (which remains one of the most notable releases in punk history). The band has recaptured an energy and verve that has been absent for years. This album is simply flawless, and it has always been my policy that perfection is acceptable. There is also a green vinyl spilt 10" available that has **D.O.A.** teaming up with label mates **SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS.** Godhead Records is fast becoming one of my favorite labels. They have some of the coolest bands on the planet and their releases are always top notch — with one notable exception. **ACRIMONY** is the labels pet band and for my money they are by far the worst act Godhead carries. Just listen to the new ***Acid Elephant*** EP and you'll see what I mean.

ACRIMONY play complete drivel that is so derivative as to be almost funny. It is one thing to promote pot smoking but it is another to release albums so bad that being high is the only state of mind in which they can be tolerated. (Godhead 594 Broadway Suite 405, NY, NY 10012)

I thought that **MOURNING SIGN**'s first EP was darn good, but it in no way prepared me for this amazing debut full length. This quartet have seemlessly merged the splendor of atmospheric death metal with the frantic speed and intensity of grindcore. The result is a mature and richly complex album that will rip you apart with its brutish strength. In other words, the best of both worlds!!! This is simply fabulous. I could go on and on about how much I like this album but I won't waste any more of your time since you are in a hurry to get to the store and buy it. (Godhead -)

The new EP from **TERMINAL SECT** is called **The Gun Worship** and has many distinctions, not the least of which is being the longest running EP I have ever seen—It clocks in at over 77 minutes. Primarily the CD consists of remixes from the thehumansconditioned album, but there are three new tracks for those who don't want to spend money on a simple "remix" album. Re-twisting the dials for **T.S.** are En Ensch (**KMFDM**), John Bergin (**TRUST OBEY**), **COIN OF THE REALM**, and Chris Moriarity (**CONTROLLED BLEEDING**). The enveloping ambiance of the album is peppered with bursts of harsh vocalizations. The contrast is both emotive and creepy. (None Of The Above 2530 Middle Country Rd. Centereach, NY 11720)

The debut **KISS THE CLOWN** album has no title, so I am officially giving it one. Hmmmm,

let me think..... How about ***We Kicked Jeb's Butt*** or maybe ***The Really Cool Album That Jeb Listens To Every Day***. No wait, I've got it... ***Jeb Loves This Album So You Should Too***. Yep, that is the new title. I'll call Rotten Records tomorrow and let them know that subsequent pressings of this CD should carry the new name. You think I'm kidding, don't you? I'm not. I'll kiss the clown every damn day, if that is what it takes. This band have the melodic power of my all time favorite band **THE STENCH**. To this they add a whiny vocalist that reminds me of **MR. MIRAINGA** because he should annoy me but he is too cool and too infectious. (Rotten Records POB 2157 Monclair, CA 91763-0657)

AT THE GATES have always been one of the most intense and inventive death acts around but they have outdone their own impossibly high standards on the new album ***Slaughter of the Soul***. This is the bands first effort after signing a new contract with Earache and they have done the legacy of that great label proud with this album. It is highly technical with an impressive flair for virtuosity but at no time do **AT THE GATES** let that interfere with the viciousness and heaviness of the album. There are those that have dismissed death metal as an art form that has done all that it can do within its own narrow confines, this album proves otherwise. (Earache 295 Lafayette St. #915 NY, NY 10012)

MALFORMED EARTHBORN is an experimental-electronic-industrial side project that includes members of **BRUTAL TRUTH** and **NAPALM DEATH**. With credentials like that I figured I was going to love this. I don't. In fact I can't stand a lot of it. Once in awhile the band will come up with something really sinister and haunting that will gab my attention (e.g. "Embracing Pain") but for the most part I find the project unfocused and derivative (not only within the framework of experimental music en masse but even with the confines of the album itself). (Release POB 251 Millersville, PA 17551)

Burning Inside is the title of the new album by **MY OWN VICTIM.** It took a couple of listens for the full power of this album to really register but now that it has, I am completely sold. Starting with a foundation firmly grounded in hardcore, **M.O.V.** then build up their sound with heavy groove and a few select touches of metal. The result is a sound that is not only weighty and pounding but catchy as hell. The vocalist is as intense as any of his peers but the production is occasionally unkind, robbing him of impact by burying him in the mix. In fact the production as a whole is rather subdued for such an over the top band. I suggest you compensate by playing this sucka real loud! (Century Media - 1453-A 14th St. #324 Santa Monica, CA 90404)

Waggletone Records is an amazingly diverse label putting out 7"ers that run the musical gambit. Shall I tell you about a few of them? Of course I shall. Probably the most interesting is a red vinyl spilt 7" with **SEDUCER** and **ANTISEEN**. **SEDUCER** are a long standing speed metal act who have been thrashing around in the underground for over a decade. Their contribution tho this record is definitely the best tune I have ever heard from these guys. The **ANTISEEN** side of the record is a tribute to some professional wrestler (like I care) and that dick, the very dead Ian, from **SCREWDRIVER** (nazi's shouldn't drive). **ANTISEEN** crank some of the heaviest and most ferocious hardcore going but their sense of humor (?) is a little too harsh for my tastes. ——— **FLIP 'N BOOGERS** (what a great name!!!) are an experimental band who screw around with all sorts of effects and loops. This is completely weird. If you want to check out a one-of-a-kind band and a one-of-a-kind record this is worth your while. ——— The **JEFF BRIGHT AND THE SUNSHINE BOYS** 7" shows how willing Waggletone is to stray from any given formula as a label. This band play acoustic post-folk music with plenty of quirks and twists to give it a truly unique feel. If you get tired of noise all the time and are looking for something more subdued and mellow, check this out. (Waggletone 150 Main St. West, Valdese, NC 26690)

There is doom, there is ambient doom, and then there is **SKEPTICISM**. Their debut album is called ***Stormcrowfleet*** and it is packed with almost an hour of the some of the slowest, most haunting, and emotional doom metal I have ever experienced. Hailing from Finland, this band 's music gradually permeates your mind like a slow moving mist winding its way through the forests of their homeland. It sort of reminds me of **MORDOR** but not as oppressively dark and sinister. In fact, there are moments of hope and even hints of joy present on ***Stormcrowfleet***. (Red Stream POB 342 Camp Hill, PA 17001-0342)

After the collapse of their previous label, it didn't take **OPPRESSOR** long to find new digs at Megalithic Records. The first release from this collaboration is the ***European Oppression Live*** album which contains five live cuts from their twenty-one show European tour with **MALEVOLENT CREATION, VADER,** and others. The album also has two new songs (one of them being a **MOTLEY CRUE** (SLUG's house band) cover) and the seven songs from the 1993 As Blood Flows EP. In other words you get a lot of bang for your buck. For those unfamiliar with the mighty **OPPRESSOR** they are one of the most deranged bands crawling about the underground. Their death metal is a combination of technical virtuosity and low tuned horror. Their flawless delivery sets them apart from most of their peers. This is a band to keep an eye on. And while we are on the subject of Megalithic bands be sure to check out the **MEDUSA OBLONGATA** CD. This band has had some interesting demos over the past year but this CD puts all the pieces together and should once and for all rid them of the constant comparisons to **PANTERA**. They have a furious hardcore influence that incorporates just a hint of industrial to keep things on edge and in your face. The bands best selling point is their intensity which is unrelenting. I also admire their total DIY ethics.(Megalithic 116 E. Pleasant St. Suite 200 Milwaukee, WI, 53212)

There is currently a great resurgence of Canadian music that is taking the underground by storm. Bands that have been on automatic have suddenly kicked it into gear and bands like **NOMEANSNO** that have always been great have gotten even better. As evidence of this I point to the latest album ***The Worldhood of the World (As Such)***. The band take their rhythm centered punk to new heights of power and pop sensibility. There is absolutely no way that you can listen to this album and not get your butt of the couch and boogie. Their sound is so incredibly infectious that it demands attention from the listener. The best part of all is the fact that it is so unique. Nobody does it like **NOMEANSNO**. They are an enigma — they must be because they are so good others would certainly be ripping them off if they could figure them out. (Alternative Tentacles -)

I wait with baited breathe lie a kid on Christmas eve for every new album by **D.R.I.** and I am rarely disappointed. Their latest is called ***Full Speed Ahead*** and it finds the **DIRTY ROTTEN IMBECILES** returning just a little bit to their roots. This album has more under-two-minute blasts of thrashcore than most of the later catalog. But in no way are the band trying to cash in on past glories (I say this even though they remake "Who Am I") because there are tons of the longer, more developed tunes as well. In other words this album gives you the best of both worlds. I believe that since **D.R.I.** left Metal Blade and started working exclusively on Rotten Records that they have had a massive renaissance of passion and commitment. If you haven't given them chance lately, do it now. (Rotten Records)

From The Soapbox

Y'know the Republicans are pretty disgusting generally but the ones from my home state of Utah seem intent on sinking to new lows. Sen. Hatch continues his never ending impersonation of a Nazi with his constitutional amendment to ban flag burning (it seems he loves the object more than the principle it stands for) and Ed Weirdholtz proves once-and-for-all that congressional seats can be bought, while Bob Bennet strives for cultural homogenization. It is embarrassing. They are even worse than the local republicans who can't find the money to build housing for the homeless but will readily renovate building space to lock up the abundant supply of hookers. Seems they find themselves tempted... Stop the state, I wanna get off.

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Son Volt

As usual this interview took place over the phone previous to Son Volt's Zephyr Club date. Why I continue to get these phoners can only be explained by my introverted nature. I wouldn't dare talk to any of these people in person. The obvious hope of any one interviewing a band is to talk to the leader/songwriter dude. Sometimes that person is more introverted than is the person doing the interview. Such is the case with Son Volt. The record company publicist told me that Jay Farrar is not the best person to talk to.

I spoke to Dave Boquist, the multi-instrumentalist, who plays guitar, banjo, fiddle and lap steel for Son Volt. The winter flu had hit me hard. The combination of fever and medication made me barely coherent. I almost called to cancel the interview, but *Trace* was one of my top albums in '95 and I sincerely wanted to talk to Dave Boquist. I'm sure he thought he was speaking to a space alien. My brain was not functioning at even a fraction of it's minimal normal capacity during this conversation.

DB: I couldn't find a phone much quieter than this one. It's not too quiet is it?

SLUG: It's good enough.

DB: I'm at a place called Tommy's I think. Tommy's Joint. J-O-Y-N-T. Kind of a deli kind of place. (He was obviously looking around inspecting the joint as he said this.) Deli bar, actually pretty nice.

SLUG: I guess I should find out how you hooked up with Son Volt. You're from Minneapolis, right? **DB:** Yeah. The guys in Uncle Tupelo, before they broke up, had been friends with the Jayhawks, I guess they still are friends. I played with the Jayhawks a little bit back in '85. Anyway, I've got a lot of musician friends up there. I met Jay when Uncle Tupelo came through Minneapolis on their last tour. The other thing is my brother was playing in a band. My brother Jim (Boquist, Son Volt bassist) was playing in Joe Henry's band. They were opening up for Uncle Tupelo at that show and a few others on the tour. My brother and I have played together for quite a few years off and on.

SLUG: Have you always been playing, kind of, underground country?

DB: I've always played with people that have had that influence. I guess I've had that influence as well. I've also played in rock bands too. There is that combination of things which I like.

SLUG: Some people call Son Volt a roots rock band. Do you have anything to say about that?

DB: I don't like any labels. What does that mean?

SLUG: "Mystify Me" is the only cover on the album. Do you have any idea why that song was selected?

DB: Well, yeah. When we were getting together to rehearse for the record, during breaks and stuff we all put on music that we liked. And that was one of the albums, Ron Wood's album, that we put on and we liked. Jay happened to bring his copy of that album to the recording sessions so we could all listen. We were all listening to that record and that song sort of popped out as one that might be possible to cover. I don't think there was any planned effort or anything. It was just a song that we all took a shine to at that moment. It happened pretty quick.

SLUG: How long did the album take to record? **DB** Three weeks. **SLUG:** Have you toured in Texas yet? **DB:** We started out in Texas. Started in Houston and went up to Austin and then Dallas. **SLUG:** Did you meet Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Buddy Miller, Butch Hancock, any of that group? **DB:** No I think some of Jimmie Dale's band members, I might have met one of them. My brother was also touring with them for awhile. Joe Henry toured with Jimmie Dale. Kelly Willis did come up and do a duet with us.

(Willis and Farrar duet together on *Red Hot & Bothered...The Indie Rock Guide To Dating*. "Rex's Blues" has received much praise as the best song on the compilation.)

Dave Boquist was not comfortable being lumped in with Texas country musicians. As he said, "I think we are a little more of a rock band. It's nice when, you know we had Doug Sahm come up and do a song in LA. We aren't really paying attention to what we are. We're just doing it." (Sahm is another guy who doesn't pay much attention to musical style. It's kind of fitting that he sat in with Son Volt.)

SLUG: Have you worked out any new songs while you're on the road?

DB: We haven't worked on any more original songs. We're doing a couple of new covers. We're doing one off Bob Dylan's *Planet Waves* record called "Going, Going, Gone." We're doing an old Del Reeves song, a truck driving song called, "Looking At The World Through A Windshield."

Well whatever. Hope you were in the audience when they passed through. Next up Golden Smog?

Royce's Top 10 CD Picks for 1995

Yes folks, it's that time of the year when we break new years resolutions and reflect back on 1995 and wonder what the hell happened. I mean, as far as music goes, it wasn't a particularly banner year. I thought it was just me feeling this way. But hot-damn if the January issue of SPIN didn't confirm all my fears. They listed their 20 Best Albums of '95 and the more I read, the more I laughed. It really seemed like they were trolling the crystal, clear depths of Willard Bay just to come up with a top 5 list, let alone a top 20 list. A closer look revealed that this was, in fact, the top 18 albums of 1995 and 2 leftovers from 1994. One luke warm entry happened to be Pearl Jam's lack of direction, Vitalogy and the other one was TLC with the surprisingly good, CrazySexyCool. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out it was such a bad year for music that nobody could, in all reality, compile a true 20 best list of albums that really were released during 1995. So, here is my feeble opinion, for what it's worth, a Top-10 list of my favorite 1995 releases and 1 from 1991. So, in reality, it's my Top 11 list. You may or may not agree with me and as always, here at Club SLUG we really don't give a rat's ass!!!

(Not in any particular order-)

Monster Magnet, Dopes to Infinity: 70's style hard-rock, very heavy and spacey, with 90's technologically-advanced production. Very clean and crisp sounding with some neat-o samples. The song structures and guitar solos are enough to take you back to the early 70's if your water bong isn't quite doing the trick.

PJ Harvey, To Bring You My Love: The gritty guitar riff on, Meet Ze Monsta, is about as hard as you can get. To me it sounds like something crawling out of the gutter and sneaking up behind you to kick your ass. Polly Jean, so frail yet so strong. This album gets an A+ for diversification & originality.

Mad Season, Above: I don't care if Layne Staley sounds like Ethel Merman, I love this man!!! This CD literally breathes with emotion and intense reflection. Staley bares all without regret or apologies and has assembled a great band that turns his dismal life into a musical feast. Mike McCready from Pearl Jam, sounds young & fresh and Barrett Martin, bitchin band to see live, too.

Elbo Finn, Thimble and the Wheel: Another local bands debut. A CD5 that barely made it for '95 releases. I cannot get these songs out of my mind. Sweet Angela at Modified turned me on to this. I was way stoked because I had seen these guys live, so I knew how good they were. I like to describe their music as Love (A phrase Andrew Wood coined) Their music makes me feel good. It's hippy music for the '90's. It's music for the hear & now. It's stuff you won't be ashamed to play in front of your parents. Now take a big old hit and let Elbo Finn take you away, (I've got mine, have you got yours?)

Alice In Chains, Self-Titled: Now, I know most of you are squirming at this entry. You don't feel like is quite up to snuff to what A.I.C. can really do huh? Well, as a die hard fan, I gotta tell ya, stuff like Sludge Factory, Head Creeps and the ever so popular corporate-grunge-alternative-pick/marketing-push, Grind is pure Alice In Chains. OK, so what if Layne Stayley purged most of his demons with the Mad Season gig? Not only do I think this release holds up with any past A.I.C., I think Cantrell and the boys are on top of it. Besides that, the youth of Utah should fully embrace A.I.C.'s sampled voice phrase as their running motto, 'Your Weapon is Guilt'

Natalie Merchant, Tigerlilly: Poppy? Yes. Mellow? Yes. Better than anything else she ever did with those 9,999 other Maniacs on a whole? a resounding Yes! OK so some of you people who are still living in the over indulgent 80's don't agree with me on this, but 'Carnival' is still a well crafted song and an incredible piece of work. Natalie shines on her own. If it wasn't for her, the rest of the 10,000 Maniacs would never have made it to the level of popularity they enjoyed. Tigerlilly is awesome and it should be in your collection.

Faith No More, King For a Day Fool For a Lifetime: This album just totally kicks ass. That's all I can say. No wonder Mike Patton is called The Man With a Thousand Voices. This guy is vocally all over the place. He will lull you with love songs, he will take you back to the disco era, ('Star A.D.') He will rip your head off. Faith No More is soooo strong on this album, now if SLC could only have experienced them live in '95.

Rikk Agnew's Smash Demos-Vol. II: Made up of various L.A. and O.C., (Orange County, for those of you who are illiterate to the terminology of California,) hard-core and punk underground bands. Rikk Agnew was one of the original members of The Adolescents and Christian Death. He's been around a long time and has compiled an impressive compilation demos album. 22 bands and just as many songs. Some recognizable bands appear on this like Face to Face, Jughead's Revenge and Mr. Mirainga. And some other killer bands that you don't have a clue about who they are, like Lycanthropy, Das Klown, The Fakes and my personal fave-Burning Grooves. It's out on the Posh Boy label. Have Brad at Raunch order it in for you, they will know where to get it.

Concrete Blonde, Blood Letting ('91): This is probably the best example of a totally complete album released this decade. Nothing can touch it. Every song is strong and the order of the songs happens to be seamless. It's just a very cohesive, solid release. Johnette's voice is thoughtful, playful and powerful where it needs to be and the music is incredibly confident, and solid. And by the way Johnette, after you read this, please call SLUG HQ and let me know when you want me to report for duty. You know, move in and be your Girl-toy/house-servant. The only thing I will request is for you to sing me asleep every Thursday night after Seinfield and Friends. (We can start with Lullaby, because it's so fitting.) XOXOXO.

The Joykiller, The Joykiller: 15 songs clocking in under 35 minutes. You put this CD in, press play and don't even think about coming up for air. Jack Grisham's voice is stronger than ever and it's no secret he's got some of my favorite vocal chords. You tell me when was the last time you saw a cool punk band with a keyboard player??? If this band can keep up with the hellacious schedule of touring, expect big things from them in '96. Bound to be the next darlings of Epitaph!

Nine Spine Stickleback, Prospector: Yea, you try saying that name 10 times fast, right in a row! One of thee Coolest local bands and a great first effort. If this wasn't on your Christmas list, take some of that Christmas cash and buy yourself a real present. Original, intricate and very thoughtful, not to mention it'll keep you warm as the winter winds begin to howl.

Well, there you have it. Hopefully in 1996 the Gods of Music will smile down upon us all and give us many plentiful blessings, especially after the dry season we all just went through.

Goodnite roughBoyz and riotGrrrlz, sleep well, and may your dom The Screaming Trees, plays like he has been born again. He's all over his drum set with a raw vitality that is oozing with talent. And oh...by the way, did I tell ya I liked this album really, really alot?

—Royce

SLUG Hack Top 50 of '95?

Thirsty Alley
Pijamas De Gato
Punkadelic
Link Wray (Norton Reissue)
Leftfield
P.J. Harvey
Circle Jerks
Exploding French Gringo
Mojave 3 (96?)
Emmylou Harris
Joe Ely
Son Volt
Moonshine Willy
Big Sandy & His Fly-Rite Boys
Rosie Flores
Teengenerate (Both CDs)
Bakamono
Zen Cowboys
Southern Culture On The Skids
Billy Joe Shaver
G. Love
Six Finger Satellite
Geraldine Fibbers
Ani Difranco
Man...Or Astroman
Laundry
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The Hitchhiking Party Girl And Her Appetite For Dysfunction
Voodoo Dog

The rumor is that a loan shark financed the recording. All supporters of local music had better buy a copy unless they want to see the Pijamas unable to play due to broken fingers. The CD booklet is done up as the cover to a true crime magazine. It doesn't really cost 50¢. In case you are an out-of-town reader the CD is available from PGD or is that PDG? Don't call Poly Gram Distribution Dallas at 214-387-2797 unless you want the band signed to a major label. Write to Pijamas De Gato at 900 East 550 South, Suite 8, Salt Lake City, UT 84102. Net surfers can send E-mail to pijamas@sisna.com. One final piece of local gossip and I'll attempt to do the music justice. I'm not expecting to see the CD or the band written up in "local alternative weekly" *The Private Eye*. Some kind of "bad blood" and a $5 debt although, I hear that JS wants HW to write for his paper. Pay attention GE he is willing to pay actual money! Strangely enough one of PE's darlings (I love her too, don't misunderstand) appears as a guest vocalist. Will the Rattle Kings win a trip to Austin? While waiting for the judges' decision have a listen to the inimitable Msss Lara Jones, "Area 51" duet with Pijamas vocalist/guitarist Bill Frost. Now that I've mentioned "Area 51," the track local radio has played for some months, and a stand-out song of sci-fi/garage/hillbilly what else is of interest?

Two songs precede the number. One must remember that we are dealing with a "power" trio. "Dig Yr Scene" is thrash-blues. What makes it thrash-blues one might be asking oneself? Some guy named Elwood contributes blues harmonica to bring things totally into the past ala the Shadows Of Knight. A tongue-in-cheek tribute to local "scenes" everywhere. If there is a mistake to the total package it has to be the missing lyric sheet. Sarcastic peeks into pop culture and social commentary appear to be the basis of the band's songwriting philosophy. "Area 51" is the easiest so here are a few quoted lyrics from the tune. "The government won't help us now, all that's left is mutilated cow, and our trailer just don't feel like a home, will you still love me when space boy's grown?" Now add those lyrics to the closing guitar lifted directly from the Allman's "Midnight Rambler" and what does one have?

The treated vocals of "Lowball & Sugarfoot" make it impossible to catch all the words. I think it concerns a "cops" television show and a string of modern clichés strung together. "Hazelnut," "Can't Shoot Straight," "Wrong Turn" and "Zamboni Snafu" are all worthy of a few listens. The standouts, besides the hit, are "Polly Prozac" and "Van Down By The River." "Polly Prozac" is your typical, everyday Ramones tribute with an astounding heavy metal guitar break. "Polly likes girls just a little too much for dad/so he kicked her out of the house at the age of 25/Polly's all grown up now with half a life." I've loved Golden Earring for many years. "Van Down By The River" reprises their best with a few lyric changes. There has to be a Blue Cheer record in the collections as well. The best lyric of the entire disc now makes its appearance. "Tony Robbins, Zig Ziglar, Steven R. Covey, Charles J Givens, they just want to be just like old Mat, 'cause I'll tell you where I'm livin, in a van down by the river." Have you guys been working as telephone solicitors for TSI? I fell off the wagon laughing in a fit of motivation.

The title track closes this investigation into three twisted minds with soundbites stolen from two sources. A segment from Spanish radio is followed by the extended rantings of "Mike," one of the local Bible thumping, mark-of-the-beast, doom-sayer, survivalists. One channel contains "Mike" and the other has ambient guitar. Some have professed to me that they don't like Pijamas much. For innocent entertainment their debut is hard to beat. Genius, pure genius.

—Riley Puckett

Honest Engine
Combustion
Cypher Productions

When you were all children, and your friend told you something that was far fetched, or that you didn't believe, you'd say "No way" or you simply called them a liar. There was only one response to the false accusation that would get you off the hook. Your buddy would look you in the eye and say "Honest Injun" No matter what the subject, you now had to believe whatever they told you. Honest Engine had to be politically correct, and go with the train/auto thing. Too bad. To the point. In the same way that your childhood comeback would level you with security, so does honest Engine's debut CD. The band brags of talent throughout the record, especially the bass/guitar fills. And when the question is asked about the songs? Honest Engine delivers with fierce intensity. Ten songs on the record, mostly hard driven rock with dare I say it a funk rythm section. No, not Chili Peepers but more heavy and more subtle rythm changes. They go from ballbuster power chords to the 2:00 am blowjob riff very well. Most of you won't get that. Oh well. **U.R.V.R.** starts with a quote from my favorite movie..."No matter where you go, there you are" The other thing I like about **Combustion**, is that Honest Engine is very raw and focused on energy when you see them live. On the record you get the same vibe without them having to rely on the energy cliche. Don't get me wrong, the record is energetic, but there is more there, better songs, there's deeper thought than that. I'll stick my neck out and say **"One Believer"** is the best song on the record, but like I said this record is good as a whole. Buy two, and give one to someone you like, that way you won't ask for it back...you'll be a good guy. As opposed to being an "Injun giver"

—Kylo DeMilo

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Continued From Last Issue

I noticed Courtney looking over her shoulder as Wendy and I talked. She seemed to be concerned about our conversation. As she walked back towards us Wendy began walking away. Courtney put her arms around Wendy and kissed her. Then I noticed Courtney whisper something in Wendy's ear. The rest of the time I was at the house,Wendy seemed cool towards me, almost evasive. Courtney took me upstairs where we sat on her bed and talked. Since she wouldn't even let her close friend and attorney, Rosemary Carrol, see the suicide note, I had to come up with a way to get a copy for myself for closer examination. "I heard you read the note on TV the other day," I told her. "I was confused about something. It sounded like the note said, "I'm lying here on the bed..." If Kurt was lying on the bed when he wrote the note, why was the bed was so neat when I came in here the other night? It didn't look like anyone had been on this bed." "No, Tom, I was lying on the bed," Courtney answered and repeated, "I was lying on the bed recording the message to Kurt's fans.""Are you sure that's what you said, " I asked. "I got the impression it was Kurt saying HE was lying on the bed." "No. Here, I'll show you," she said, and reached over to retrieve a folded paper from under a pillow. Handing me the note, Courtney pointed out, "It's only a copy. The police have the original." I studied the note as if looking for the phrase in question, then remarked, "I can't read this without my glasses. Can I go downstairs and make a copy on your fax machine? I'll look at it later." "Yeah,....sure," Courtney mumbled as her eyes dropped out of an icy stare. When I came back up, Courtney was kneeling on the floor looking in a phonebook. A telephone was on the floor next to her. "Would you wait downstairs Tom?" she snapped. A few minutes earlier she was friendly,...now she seemed irritated! Later I drove Courtney and her friend Kat Bjelland to the Carnation property. Eric Erlandson was supposed to go with us, but Courtney went in another room with him and talked to him in private. Then Eric left alone in his van. As he was leaving I commented, "I thought Eric was going with us." Courtney replied, "He'll meet us there." During the drive to Carnation, Courtney began talking about the "son of a bitch" who gave the story to the Associated Press saying she had overdosed on April 2nd. She became agitated as she grumbled, "I'm going to find out who the hell it was and sue that motherf...er for libel. I can prove I was at the hotel. People saw me there. It was a total lie." "You told me YOU planted that story," I reminded Courtney. "Huh,... Oh,..." she responded, and turned to look out the window. On the way, Courtney wanted to stop twice for snacks. We also missed the turn off, getting lost temporarily and having to solicit directions from a nearby farmer. This seemed a little strange when I later discovered one of the houses on the property had just been built. Courtney must have been out there several times while the house was under construction and it wasn't all that difficult to find. Were these delays in our trip deliberate? When we arrived at the Carnation property, I noticed the two houses on the property reflected Kurt and Courtney's individual personalities. One is an old weathered cabin with furniture and bedding. The other is a brand new mansion, vacant and unfurnished. We went into the old cabin first. Courtney and Kat went upstairs to the loft while I stayed downstairs to look around. When they came back downstairs, Courtney reached into her coat pocket and pulled out a cloth pouch. "Look Tom. Kurt was here," she said, as she opened the pouch revealing a syringe inside. NO WAY! I thought to myself. This didn't look like something Kurt would use to keep a syringe in. And why would he have left it here? I felt Courtney probably bought the pouch with her. A few minutes later we found five dead rats in the toilet. They'd been there for quite some time. It was obvious no one had used this cabin recently! In the new house we found a sleeping bag, some cigarette butts, and some soda cans scattered about. Courtney wanted to take these items back with us. She said she wanted to get them fingerprinted. What's the big deal here? I wondered. I also noticed Eric never showed up at the Carnation property. Had he come and gone before we arrived? Courtney apparently changed her mind about prints after a discussion we had in the car. She said she was making a rubber hand from a cast she'd made of Kurt's hand. She told us she was going to use it to slap people in the face and say, "There, that's from Kurt!"

WHATEVER!?

I mentioned I'd worked with hand casts and it was amazing how you could even duplicate fingerprints. Courtney apeared strangely discouraged. I never heard any more about printing the items found at the Carnation property. Had this been part of a scheme to try to convince me Kurt had been to the Carnation property after leaving the rehab in Los Angeles? Conversation in the car indicated Courtney was still thinking more about her career than about Kurt. Courtney also talked to narcotics Detective Terry on my car phone. I later learned she'd been talking to Terry quite a lot during the time Kurt was missing. Detective Terry was even mentioned in the missing person's report as having additional information about Kurt. Remember Terry's name. It will come up again later. While Courtney was out of the car at one time, I heard Paul Harvey comment on the radio about a rumor that a suicide pact existed between Courtney and Kurt. This was typical of the type of planted stories I'd heard Courtney originate on her own and then blame others for leaking information to the press. I wondered if there was a connection between her fake "overdose" Saturday night and her possible deliberate overdose and arrest Thursday morning. Had she expected Kurt to die Saturday night? Had she expected us to find his body Thursday morning? Had she tried to make this look like a suicide pact? Back at the house, I told Courtney I'd like to talk to Cali and Dylan together. Courtney told me, "Cali went to rehab in El Paso, "or Georgia,... no, he's in L.A. with friends." Courtney shouted to Eric, "Call Cali and tell him to get back up here on the next plane."

Dylan arrived at the house while I was in the kitchen. Courtney took him into her bedroom for about twenty minutes. When they came down it was obvious Dylan had just gotten a heroin fix. I took Dylan into the kitchen to talk. As I began questioning him, I noticed his response was canned as if he'd just been prepared and rehearsed. He also kept nodding off from the heroin. There was no sense in continuing. I left the house and asked Eric to call my hotel when Cali got there. After several hours, I called and spoke to Eric. He told me that after I left, Courtney had him call Cali and tell him he didn't have to come to Seattle. Eric said, "I don't know what's going here!" Saturday, April 16th, Ben Klugman had flown to Seattle to work with me. Ben and I went back to the Lake Washington house to talk to Courtney. The lady answering the door told me Courtney

was upstairs sleeping. I asked her if Wendy was there. She said Wendy was downstairs. I asked the lady to let Wendy know I was there and to ask her if we could talk. The lady left, returning in a couple of minutes to tell me, "Wendy says she has nothing to talk to you about." The electrical supervisor who had been at the scene of Kurt's death, met with Ben Klugman and I at my hotel room. He described the position of the body and the shotgun. He also told us, "Kurt's hair looked like it had been combed by a hairdresser. It was all spread out nice and even." I realized this could just be one man's perception of what he thought he saw while under stress, but I wanted to see the police photographs to see what he was talking about. I faxed off several documents, including a copy of the "suicide note," to two document examiners in Los Angeles. The document examiners told me, based on the photocopies they had examined, it was their opinion Courtney wrote the letter left on the stairs, not Cali. This wasn't logical. Courtney was still in Beverly Hills when this note showed up on the stairs. If the document examiners were right, this woud indicate a conspiracy of some type. But, I found their conclusions hard to believe. I went to the police station and met with Sgt. Cameron. I discussed with him:

- Possible motives,...
- More money from a suicide than from a divorce...
- Kurt's record sales would probably take off
- Courtney's career would probably take off
- Numerous inconsistencies and contradictions in logic...
- The missing credit card and continued activity on the card after Kurt's death...
- Courtney specifically told to Dylan check the greenhouse, and he didn't do it...
- The Letter on the stairs from Cali seemed phony and didn't make sense...
- Document examiners said Courtney wrote the letter on the stairs...
- Doubts about Kurt's handwriting on the note, especially the bottom portion...
- The electrician's statement about Kurt's hair appearing to have been combed.

I asked Sgt. Cameron why he had told me the greenhouse door was locked from the inside. I explained anyone could have pulled that door shut after locking it. Sgt. Cameron replied with a touch of resentment in his voice, "There was a stool wedged up against the door." Once again I assumed the police had evidence that Kurt was alone, but I I still had some real problems with this case! When I asked Sgt. Cameron if I could look at the photographs to see why the electrical supervisor thought Kurt's hair had been combed, he responded, "We haven't developed the photographs and probably never will. We don't develop photographs on suicides."

"Nothing you've said convinces me this is anything but a suicide," Sgt. Cameron informed me as we concluded the meeting.

CONTINUING THE INVESTIGATION

I spent the next few weeks trying to determine if my document examiners were correct. Through my own testing I was eventually convinced they were wrong. One finally admitted her mistake. The other stands by her opinion. I don't believe in the accuracy of the work done by these two document examiners. So even though it may have helped prove my case, I won't use it. I want REAL evidence here, not false or misleading evidence. I called Detective Kirkland and told him the document examiners had made a mistake. He didn't understand the significance in the first place, so it was obvious they had paid little attention to anything I had to say about this case. I studied media material and found it was full of planted stories and misinformation. One story had Courtney grieving at home, while I know she was actually at Canyon Ranch in Arizona sleeping with Billy Corgan. This was only three weeks after Kurt died. **May 8, 1994,** I sent Courtney a letter indicating my suspicions about Kurt's death.

Dear Courtney,

I'm sure you know by now that my investigation has been somewhat more active than you might have been aware of. The purpose of this letter is to clarify my postion regarding our working relationship.

You may recall our trip Carnation on Thursday, April 14th. I mentioned during the drive that I was beginning to turn over some "rocks" that I wasn't sure you'd want turned over. I asked you if you wanted me to continue digging. Kat, who was in the back seat, said, "Oh yeah, she wants to know everything." You responded, "Yeah Tom, do what ever it takes. I want to know everything that happened." Your instructions were clear, so in the days and weeks that followed, I proceeded to "do whatever it takes."

As the investigation continued, my attempts to get at the truth often seemed to be deliberately hindered. While reading some of the articles being written in newspapers and magazines, I discovered the information being released to the press was inaccurate and often cleverly misleading. I consider the circumstances surrounding your husband's death to be highly suspicious. My investigation has exposed a number of inconsistencies in the facts of this case as well as many contradictions in sound logic and common sense. I'm required to report findings such as these to the police, so on Friday, April 15th, I spoke with Sgt. Cameron about some of what I've learned so far. As I've experienced in past cases, police detectives don't often welcome the work of outside investigators. I've learned it's somewhat idealistic and naive to think the truth might be more important than professional pride. I've decided to continue working on this case until I see it to it's conclusion, without additional charge. Attached you will find an invoice which accounts for the charges billed for our services, including time and expenses. As you can see, prior to my return to Seattle on April 13th, these charges exceeded the retainer amount. However, please consider your bill paid in full. There will be no further charges. As I pursue the truth regarding the events surrounding your husband's death, your cooperation and assistance will be appreciated, but not required.

Sincerely,
Tom Grant
THE GRANT COMPANY

I anticipated an angry reply from Courtney. Instead she responded by retaining me to do another more work for her. This work was unrelated to the investigation into Kurt's death. The work was time consuming and when I finished it became obvious she didn't really care about the results. During conversations with Courtney over the next several months, she encouraged me to continue investigating Kurt's death, but she often sabotaged my efforts to obtain information. Whenever I started talking to people close to Courtney about Kurt's death, she'd hire me to do another job. She really had very few options at this point it seemed. Getting angry would just create more suspicion. Cutting off contact would keep her in the dark about what I was doing. Courtney may have also assumed I'd accept more work as a payoff. Courtney often told me she thought Kurt was with Katlin, the drug dealer on Capitol Hill, before he died, but she never asked us for the surveillance video tapes on Katlin's house. At a meeting later in my office in Beverly Hills, Cali told us he checked the greenhouse on Sunday but never looked after that. He said, "It's just a dirty gross little room." The greenhouse is a rather large, clean room. It measures 19' x 23' ! In the May 11th issue of the Seattle Times, Dylan told a Times reporter he didn't know the greenhouse was there. "For all the times I'd been there, I didn't even realize there was a room above it associated with the house." This contradicted the conversation I had with Dylan in the car on the day Kurt was found. Several weeks later, Courtney told me she gave Cali $30,000 to go to a rehab somewhere back east. She was angry because he took his girlfriend with him. I couldn't help but wonder if this was actually an excuse for a payoff. I finally received copies of the police reports.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

Police reports indicated Kurt has two other Versateller cards in his wallet, along with $120 in cash which was on the floor and $63 in cash, which was found in Kurt's coat pocket. Studying the reports further, I discovered misleading information had been given to me AND the press.,

• As mentioned earlier, the entrance door to the greenhouse had a push and twist lock. Anyone could have locked it and pulled it shut as they left.

• The stool Sgt. Cameron said was wedged against the entrance doors, was actually just sitting in front of the unlocked balcony doors on the other side of the room. These doors din't allow access since there's no stairway to that balcony.

• Kurt was NOT barricaded in the room as the police had indicated to me and as the media had reported.

• Kurts's driver's license had been removed and placed in front of his wallet for a photograph BY AN OFFICER on the scene. Kurt DID NOT leave his license out so his body could be identified as reported in the media.

• The first officers on the scene had taken 23 Polaroids. The police DID have photographs they could have shown me!

• The cancelled credit card was NOT in Kurt's possession.

• There was no attempt in these reports to explain the missing credit card. And yet,... the case was now closed!! I had to wonder, WHY ALL THE DECEPTION? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? **June 4th.** Narcotics Detevtive Terry was murdered. He's the first Seattle police officer to be murdered in the line of duty in nine years. I've read the news reports and although it is quite a coincidence, it doesn't appear Detective Terry's murder is connected to the Cobain case. But, I'd like to know more. **June 15th.** Kristen Pfaff died of an alledged drug overdose, while in her bathtub, on the evening before she was to leave Seattle to go home to Minneapolis. Her body was found on the 16th. In a recent interview, Courtney said she had to go drag Eric away from Kristen's body. I 'm very suspicious of the circumstances of Kristen's death. Evidence will show Kurt was planning to leave Courtney and Seattle shortly after he returned from the rehab in Los Angeles. Kristen was also leaving Seattle, getting away from Courtney. Was this a conincidence?... or was it murder?**June 17th.** The original so called "suicide" note from Kurt's death was returned to Courtney. The police also returned the note from Rome at this time. Courtney had given the Rome note to the police for handwriting comparison. I find it interesting that the police would return the last pieces of physical evidence in Kurt's death the day after Kristen Pfaff died! As my investgation continued from Beverly Hills, I tried to get Cali back in for additional questioning. He was living in Los Angeles at the time, so it would have been convenient for him to come to my office. Every time I started to focus on Cali, Courtney would give me another time consuming job unrelated to this case. Courtney eventually tried to get me to sign a confidentiality agreement. I told her to send me a copy and I'd look at it. But, I added, "I'm not going to sign anything that could interfere with my investigation." Courtney also said she wanted Cali and Renee Naverette to sign a confidentiality agreement. She said, "Everyone who works for me has to sign it." Why NOW I wondered. She's known Cali for years! The Dec. 15, 1994 issue of Rolling Stone featured an interview with Courtney by David Fricke. This was one of the most interesting interviews I've read so far. It describes Courtney"s mindset and reveals what I consider to be a psychopathic personality. Throughout this interview, Courtney seems preoccupied with convincing everyone how suicidal Kurt was. She tells a story about Kurt bringing a gun to the hospital room when Frances was born and she heroically grabbed the gun from him and said, "I'll go first, I can't have you do it first. I'll go first." This whole story is difficult to believe. I find it interesting that Courtney was so absorbed in promoting the image of Kurt's suicidal tendencies right after his beautiful daughter was born, that she displayed no concern whatsoever for the fact that Frances would have to grow up hearing this horror story once it got published. I don't think this will be the best thing for this little girl's self esteem. I realize my own writing may be read by Frances some day. I don't like that idea, but I feel I have to say these things now in an attempt to protect her in the future. Questions about the Seattle "suicide" note have recently been raised through leaks I've initiated. I firmly believe the note left at the scene in Seattle was not a " suicide" note, but actually a note of retirement written to Kurt's fans. The words at the bottom, "Which will be so much happier without me," appear to have been added to the note. Courtney now says Kurt wrote her another note also. She claims she found it on her bed under a pillow. I know this is NOT TRUE because Thursday morning, well after the time of Kurt's death, I looked under the pillows. I also looked under the bed and between the mattresses. That's where I found a package of Roypnal that I later told Courtney about. Dylan and I were looking everywhere for drugs and drug paraphernalia that might indicate whether or not Kurt had been in the house recently. Even more important, however, is what this "new note" says. Courtney admits it's not suicidal. She quoted from the "new note" in the Dec. 15th, 1994 issue of Rolling Stone. "You know I love you, I love Frances, I'm so sorry. Please don't follow me... I'll be there, I'll protect you. I don't know where I'm going, I just can't be here anymore." This seems to confirm what my investigation has revealed, that Kurt was simply leaving Seattle and wanted to be left alone. Courtney claims she told Sgt. Cameron about this other note. If so, I have to wonder why Sgt. Cameron never mentioned this other note in any police reports and why it was never mentioned to the press. I also have to wonder why Courtney bever told me about this other note during the seven month period following Kurt's death. I continued doing other work for her. She acted as if she wanted me to continue investigating this case but she obviously hadn't told me everything. Now we have two notes left by Kurt. Neither one is suicidal! Both notes simply confirm Kurt wanted out of the music business and he was leaving Seattle to get away from it all. So,... what about the note from the alleged suicide attempt in Rome? Courtney claims there's a line in the Rome note that alludes to suicide. She says the Rome note mostly just trashes her, but she claims, "It says one thing very definetly suicidal." Then Courtney quotes a line from the Rome note written by Kurt, "Dr. Baker says I would have to choose between life and death. I'm choosing death." If this statement really IS on the Rome note, what does it mean? It seems to me the Doctor was simply telling Kurt that if he doesn't get off drugs, he'd eventually die from using them. To think that the Doctor was telling Kurt that suicide was an option for him is absurd! Kurt's response probably meant that he was going to do what he wanted, even if using drugs would eventually kill him. This would be a typical response from a heroin addict. Keep in mind, this incident in Rome was never called a suicide attempt, by anyone, until after Kurt died in Seattle. The doctor in Rome even said he believed the overdose was an accident. Dr. Galleta says, "The last image I have of him, which in light of the tragedy now seems pathetic, is of a young man playing with the little girl. He did not seem like a young man who wanted to end it all." But there's another problem here. We may never know the entire contents of the so called Rome "suicide" note. We may never be able to determine what Kurt actually meant, or if he even wrote the statement attributed to him by Courtney, because this original note has been destroyed. When he returned the note from Rome to her, Courtney claims Sgt. Cameron told her, "This will never do you any good. I'd get rid of this if I were you." So,... she burned it!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

The Note

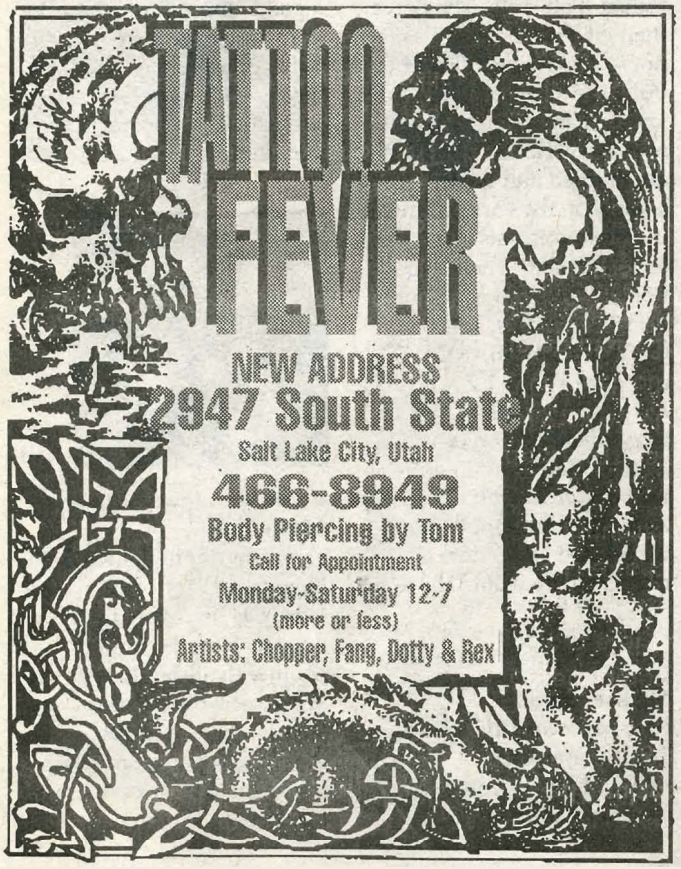
To Boddah

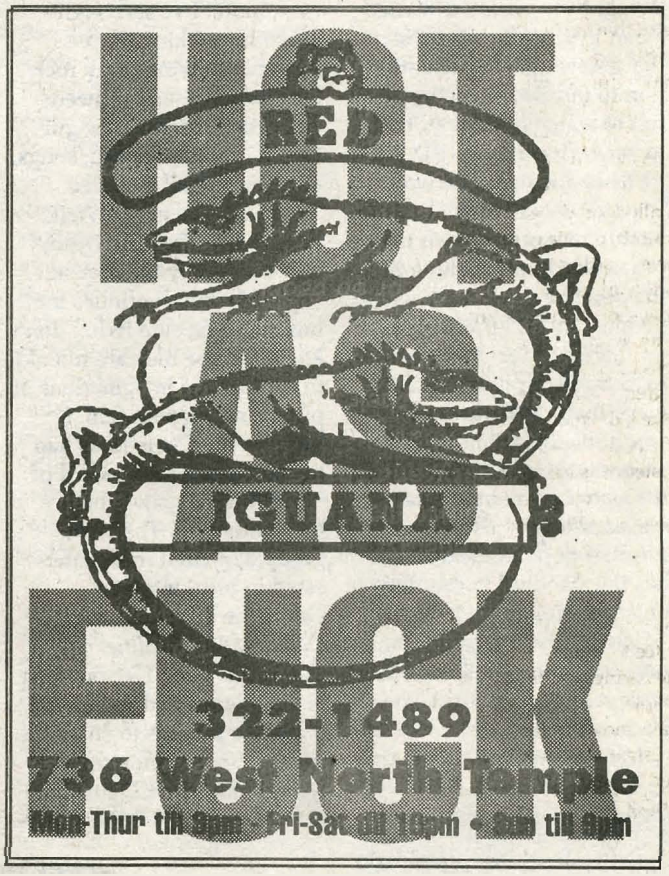
Speaking from the tongue of an experienced simpleton who obviously would rather be an emasculated, infantile complain-ee. This note should be pretty easy to understand. All the warnings from the punk rock 101 courses over the years, since my first introduction to the, shall we say, ethics involved with independence and the embracement of your community has proven to be very true. I haven't felt the excitement of listening to as well as creating music along with reading and writing for too many years now. I feel guilty beyond words about these things. For example when we're backstage and the lights go out and the manic roar of the crowd begins, it doesn't affect me the way in which it did for Freddy Mercury, who seemed to love, relish in the love and adoration from the crowd which is something I totally admire and envy. The fact is, I can't fool you, any one of you. It simply isn't fair to you or me. The worst crime I can think of would be to rip people off by faking it and pretending as if I'm having 100% fun. Sometimes I feel as if I should have a punch-in time clock before I walk out on stage. I've tried everything within my power to appreciate it (and I do, God, believe me I do, but it's not enough). I appreciate the fact that I and we have affected and entertained a lot of people. I must be one of those narcissists who only appreciate things when they're gone. I'm too sensitive. I need to be slightly numb in order to regain the enthusiasm I once had as a child. On our last 3 tours, I've had a much better appreciation for all the people I've known personally and as fans of our music, but I still can't get over the frustration, the guilt and empathy I have for everyone. There's good in all us and I think I simply love people too much, so much that it makes me feel too fucking sad. The sad little, sensitive, unappreciative, Pieces, Jesus man. Why don't you just enjoy it? I don't know! I have a goddess of a wife who sweats ambition and empathy and a daughter who reminds me too much of what I used to be, full of love and joy, kissing every person she meets because everyone is good and will do her no harm. And that terrifies me to the point to where I can barely function. I can't stand the thought of Frances becoming the miserable, self-destructive, death rocker that I've become. I have it good, very good, and I'm grateful, but since the age of seven, I've become hateful towards all humans in general. Only because it seems so easy for people to get along and have empathy. Only because I love and feel sorry for people too much I guess. Thank you all from the pit of my burning, nauseous stomach for your letters and concern during the past years. I'm too much of an erratic, moody, baby! I don't have the passion anymore, and so remember, it's better to burn out than to fade away.Peace, Love,Empathy.

Kurt Cobain

Frances and Courtney, I'll be at your altar. Please keep going Courtney, for Frances. For her life, which will be so much happier without me.

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU!





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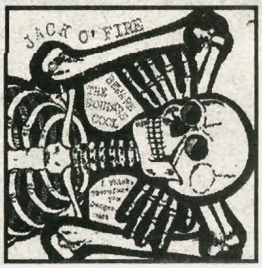
Eclectic
Victory Records
I saw COC once, hell, I've even seen AT WAR and NUCLEAR ASSAULT. They were the shows you somehow just ended up at without actually planning on it. The bass and drums from them would pound down on your chest, knocking the wind out of you while you gagged down a smoke. The moshers bumped your beer and you thought to yourself it wasn't a bad little show. Outside of that I never paid much attention to the 'new' metal phase; fun to watch but not all that to listen to at home. BLOODLET hits me the same way. It's a genre you really have to be into to appreciate. If the boys ended up knocking on the doors of SLC, "Hey we're gonna play" I'll probably end up there and watch the longhairs bob their heads and wave their fists, but that would be the extent of my association with the band. It's heavy, covered in macho vocals, no flash just straight forward guitar attack, and has the standard vocabulary of 'seven- tongued devils' 'molten tears' 'rage,' and 'infinite lost souls' Well done for what it is, but still for heavy metal elites.

—JAND

Bad Religion
The Gray Race
Atlantic
For once the advance actually gives a proper idea as to the music. Is this the one to make the Bad Religion cover boys of Sassy? Can they capture the interest of pre-teens who ignored the Circle Jerks and All even as they snapped up "product" by the third generation? Ric Ocasek produced with the band. All songs were written by Greg Graffin and Brian Baker, who has filled the vacant guitar slot. Baker was formerly in Minor Threat. *Stranger Than Fiction* raised their profile slightly. If the tour with Pearl Jam had actually happened that record might have broken them through. The career retrospective Epitaph released helped even more. I've seen eight-year-olds picking it up. Anyone thinking punk rock has burned itself out needs *The Gray Race*. Melodic guitars, harmonies, speed, songs, anthems are all included. "The Gray Race," "A Walk," "Parallel," "Pity The Dead," and that's only the first side. "Spirit Shine" continues the onslaught on side two. I don't know, maybe they are too old to capture the imaginations of punk's new generation. I thought the Circle Jerks had the best punk rock record of '95 and we all saw where they ended up. The label group appeared more interested in breaking Joan Osbourne than promoting *Oddities, Abnormalities and Curiosities*. Greg Hetson must be happier in Bad Religion. I have two months to enjoy the cassette and memorize the lyrics before the CD hits the stores. Somehow I doubt anything more impressive is going to appear in the meantime. *The Gray Race* is scheduled for release on February 27. Hopefully a club tour will follow.

—Chia Head



Jack O' Fire
Beware The Soulless Cool
1+2 Records
It seems that we have hit a fad of bands that do nothing but covers. In a way it has its humorous perks, but somehow always leaving me questioning whether anyone really has anything new to say. JACK O' FIRE gives us another entire record of covers. Despite my mistrust of cover bands, I will say they've pulled it off well. They give their covers a noisy blues feel; not so much like SPENCER, but more swampy like a little known band from the eighties, SCIENTISTS. The vocals are muffled and turned down a bit, as if the various singers use their voices as just another instrument. Their selections of pieces to cover range from THE WHO, THE CRAMPS, THE BARKAYS, and even Wire's 1 2 X U. Its a fun piece to drink to, just listen to their version of WINE WINE WINE, but if you're a technical freak you's best stay away; they're sloppy. But if we refused sloppiness in music, where would the delta blues be?

—JAND

Michael Aston
Why Me Why This Why Now
Triple X Records
Most of you may remember Michael Aston from the early '80ís alternative band, Gene Loves Jezebel. Aston has been on his own since 1990 and this is his first recording for Triple X Records. Aston brought in Mick Rossi on guitar and Geza X to produce it. (If those two names mean anything to you, then I know how old you are...You old fart!) As always, Astonís vocals are haunting.Musically, this recording has more of a folk/acoustic feel to it. The vibe is very relaxed and the tempo is slowed down, considerably. Personally I think Astonís vocals go great with this type of music. His voice brings a bit of melancholy-type longing to the songs and enough distance to give the album an edgy creepiness. If you liked Gene Loves Jezebel and you like slower songs, I think you will like, Why Me, Why This, Why Now. But you will have to give it time, itís one that definitely grows on you. And by the way, itís a good album for lovers. So grab your favorite partner, light some candles and incense, and watch the night dissipate right before your very eyes.

—RDJ

Brian Jonestown Massacre
Methadrone
Tangible/Asphodal Records
Now that every band in existence has discovered psychedelic rock in one form or another the Brian Jonestown Massacre have released *Methadrone* as a textbook example of trance/psychedelic without any electronic synthesizers or samples involved.

Think of the concept! The players shift from piece to piece. The only stable element is Anton Newcombe who contributes multi-instrumentally to all 14 tracks. As the title suggests the musicdrones on and on and on. The average song length would appear to be around seven or eight minutes. The world influence is ever present except actual guitars are used with effects in place to imitate sitars, bagpipes and the like. The vocals complement the trance one falls into by about the third or fourth track. If all that ambientrance/dub/psychedelic nonsense has you so enthralled that you just can't wait for My Bloody Valentine or Portishead to release the next "dose" have a session with the Brian Jonestown Massacre.

—Smurf Boy

The Gamma Men
Less Is More
1+2 Records

I guess it's perfectly alright to come out and say that a band 'sucks,' and THE GAMMA MEN do. Not because they can't play , but they are a blatant rip off of the late seventies and some early eighties punk. They might be one up on the RAMONES (they know four not three chords), but The Ramones were doing it first. If you hear it and like the sound of it (which is okay) don't buy it. Get your record store to ship in some 45 GRAVE, GENERATION-X, THE DAMNED or BUZZCOCKS and save your dignity.

—JAND

Butterflies
Bored Room
NG Records

Yet another bunch of college educated youth arm themselves with the typical guitars and somehow manage to release an album. Whatever. I guess it's better than working at Wallmart. The noise quotient is exceptionally high which brings a sneer to my lips. The Seattle element is low which again brings a sneer to my lips. Interspersed with the noise are some lovely little melodies. Again the sneer appears. Somehow I'm reminded of Pond, a band that fashion has passed by. Actually the underlying theme of this band's music is exceptionally relevant. Somehow I get the impression that this all-boy band is supported and financed by girls. I do believe the album's title says more about the current state of affairs than many have to date noticed. The boys can't get jobs because they have a penis and they are white. How many of you reading this rag (including the publisher) owe your livelihood to a girl? A fascinating state of affairs to say the least. The girls stay at home paying the rent while the boys go on tour promoting the record or the boys work in service sector while the girls go on tour. Indie label rock as usual kicks some major butt. The publicist is no doubt supporting a boy on the road so buy the record and watch for them to pull up in the van at the Cinema Bar in 96.

—Chia Head

Lenny Kravitz
Circus
Virgin

Circus was released about three months ago. As far as I can tell, the radio stations in this area arenít exactly going ballistic over this. (Iíve got no clue what MTV is doing. I donít have cable and I haven't seen MTV in almost four years.) This album is chock full of talent and really killer songs. In case you donít know, Kravitz is very talented. On most of the songs he plays all the instruments. He can play the drums as fluently as he can a kick-ass guitar solo. And the way he records his albums will take you back to our yester-year. From what Iíve read he doesnít use any digital means for the production of his songs. By doing this he totally gets the groove and feel of an early to mid-70's recording. One of my favorite songs on the album is Beyond the 7th Sky. To steal a line from Musicianís Mac Randall, Lenny gets this cavernous Zepplinesque drum sound that you thought was only privy to Bonham. I think the whole album is strong and Kravitz really is an underrated musician and a song writer. If you donít believe me just turn on any radio station and listen to the shit that passes for music today and every day. Check out 'Rock & Roll is Dead' and 'Thin Ice', as well. After listing to this, I think you will realize rock & roll is alive and kicking.

—RDJ

Beyond
Reassemble
Pavement Music

Yet another potential soundtrack for DOOM players. See the review for BLOODLET, it's interchangeable, and if you're into this kinda thing also check out MEATHOOK SEED.

—JAND

Dan Zanes
Cool Down Time
Private Music

Dan Zanes used to be Boston's Del Fuegos. His latest is released on the label Yanni keeps in the black. No need to go into how much I hate Yanni, go ask your mother how wet he makes her. *Cool Down Time* is a funky, swamp, "roots" rock kind of disc made for those into Tom Waits, Shane MacGowan and the whole Texas singer-songwriter thing. He's obviously somewhat eccentric, he's locked in the time-warp generation separating the boomers from the slackers and he has released a disc of music true "Triple A" radio would pick up on if such existed in the barren wasteland of the Salt Lake City dial. The cliché is that "Triple A" is for the educated, moneyed boomer who lacks the intelligence or pompous attitude to tune in to NPR. The last vestige of the middle class? Rather than go into extensive analysis of the music how about we paint a picture? In an actual city bars exist where a couple can enter to find a live band and do a combination of "dirty dancing" and the waltz. Grab the ass, grind/two-step, separate one, two three, four and boogalo. Back together for a long kiss, grind/shimmy-shake one, two, three, four. The opening

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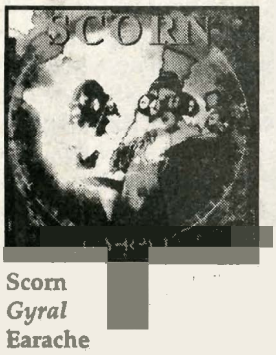
song addresses the question any "immoral" person alive today has considered – should I get tested?

—Smurf Boy

Pigface
Feels Like Heaven...Sounds Like Shit!
Invisible Records
Martin Atkins and the mutated freaks of Pigface are at it again. This time in the form of dance mixes, extended versions and slagseed slagadelic mixes. This album is mostly made up of songs that appeared on 1994's Pigface, Notes From the Underground album. All of the songs included on Feels Like Heaven... have been re-mixed, some two or three times, to show a different side of Notes... Highly industrial, (Can I still use that word as an adjetive?) And highly infectious, this is a really cool collection of songs. I tried to get some information from Invisible as to what and why but, they never returned my call, in true punk rock fashion. Any who, If you like hard-core Pigface/dance music check this mutha out, you're going to dig it!

—RDJ



Scorn
Gyral
Earache
Mix CHROME with US3, take away the lyrics, have a nice fit, receive a sharp blow to the head, and stick glass under your finger nails and you'd still be better off then listening to this crap. What exactly is EARACHE trying to pass off on us? Answer: A bunch of no-talented pissants with too much time on their hands.

—JAND

Friends Of Dean Martinez
The Shadow Of Your Smile
SubPop
See that record label? It's a SubPop release in the pages of SLUG. The band has me all confused because there aren't any vocals. What is the music about? How can I understand something without any lyrics? Desperately attempting to understand I dug out some old thrift shop finds. Oh, I get it. This is that "lounge" stuff I've been reading so much about. Gee, it kind of sounds like "surf" without the beat. What, that first song is "surf"? The fourth is too? Reverb, organ, the sound of waves crashing? Bow down to the Tiki God. Laika and the Cosmonauts in America? Um, excuse me. Do these guys tour? Could you bring me a martini exceptionally dry with a shot of Tequila on the side? They claim Tesco Del Ray and Esquivel as influences? I don't understand. Could you please play that recently reissued Offspring record again? Exceptionally bad punk rock is much better than something that makes my brain function above the level of a chimpanzee.

—Smurf Boy

Old
Formula
Earache
The next time I get a CD to review that credits someone with playing something 'looped' or a fucking 'tape' machine I'm going to just throw the damn thing away. Come on, how many 'experimental' works do we really need. They give 'Greetings to those who know and understand' Know what? Understand what? That the music scene is slipping into some cathartic slumber and passing off drool as art? Fuck them and their 'drop of 303.'

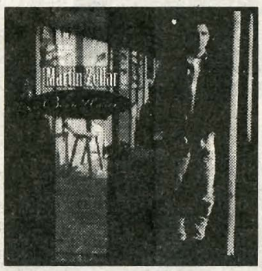
—JAND

Jesse Dayton
Raisin' Cain
Justice Records
Justice Records should receive some fame and fortune for picking up that old tax-evading, country-codger Willie Nelson. Yes, Willie Nelson released his latest on Justice. Jesse Dayton beats Nelson at his own game. It has as much to do with the pompadour as it does the sidemen he selected. Doug Sahm, Flaco Jimenez and Johnny Gimble give Dayton some big help. With those three sitting in I'm thinking Texas once again. No press release accompanied the promo in a simple cardboard case. A disc of actual honky tonk music masquerading as country. You think it ain't honky tonk? Have a listen to Floyd Domino pump that piano on "Big City Blues." What do they call this stuff in the big city papers? Traditional country it isn't. I've seen other tags but the best one ever is "western beat." The beat is unrelenting even as the hints of western swing or, God forbid, Tex-Mex enter into play. "Carmelita (Show Me How To Dance)" and bring the band to the cantina at La Frontera or the downtown confines of the Zephyr. Jesse Dayton is a young guy who coaxed some old dudes into joining him in the studio. Listening to "Blood Bucket Blues (Part One)" is better than drinking five or six bottles of Nyquil and slapping the scratchy vinyl version of Alvin Crow on the record player.

—Eating Smeg

Cradle Of Thorns
Download This
Triple X Records
They seem to have achieved some critical notice, but they're mixing of Hip Hop and Metal Pop seems a bit trite to me. But then again I thought Green Day was a sorry excuse and they're getting on quite well without my approval. So I will brace myself and be ready to be expose to CRADLE OF Thorns T-shirts and the eminent heavy rotation on radio. But my god, they do a cover of 'Shout at the Devil' Besides all that, they are pretty much in the veins of RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE (without the Rage) and FAITH NO MORE (make your own assumptions here).

—JAND



Martin Zellar
Born Under
Rykodisc
Rykodisc isn't all about reissues of Costello, Zappa and Bowie. Every now and then the label releases something new that isn't Sugar. The Polygram group was never able to break the Gear Daddies through to mass acceptance. Too country I guess... or maybe the corporate promotion budget went to promote some lame

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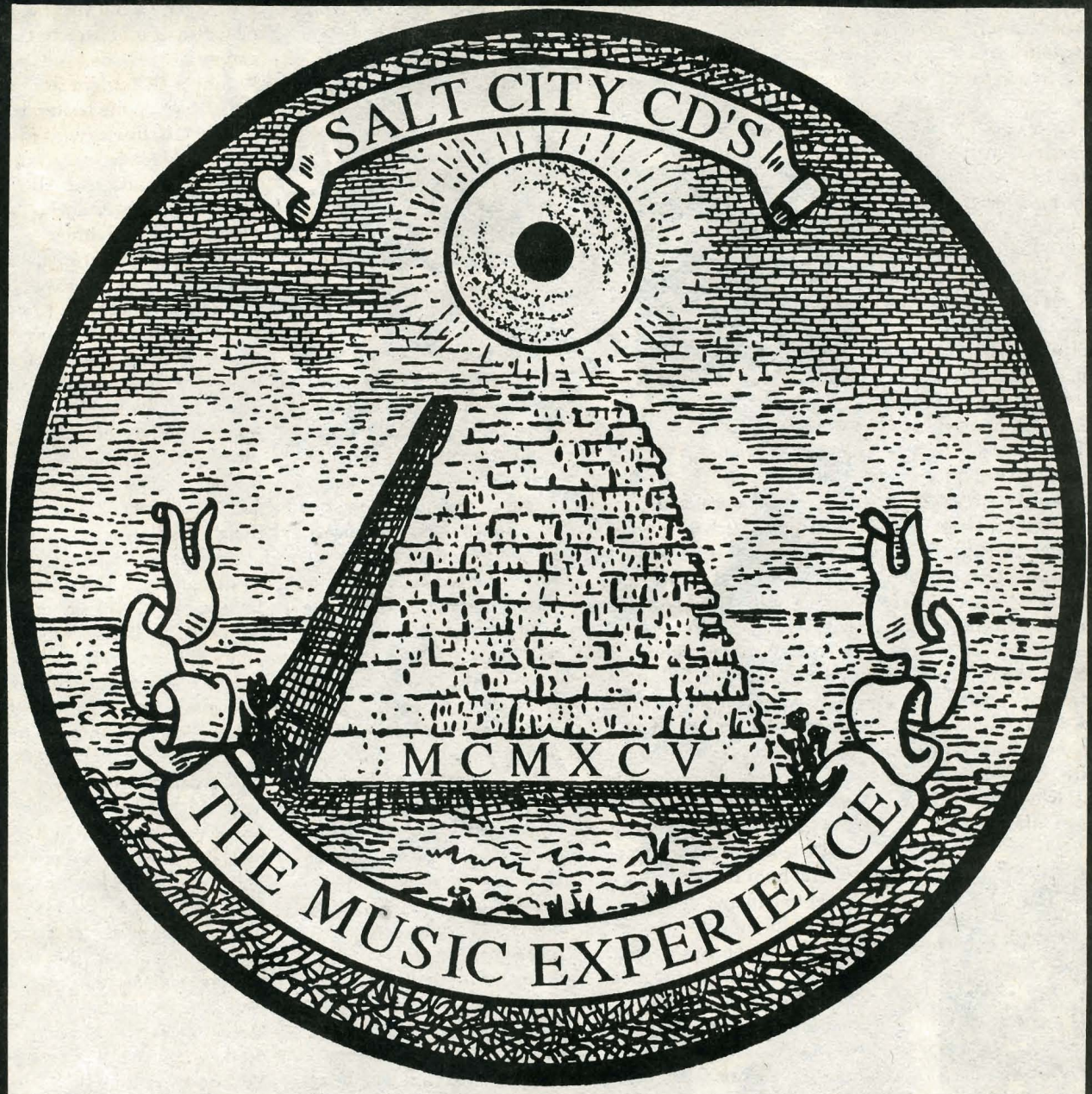

SALT CITY CD'S

THE MUSIC EXPERIENCE

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SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

Irish band with bonzo on vocals and a dull edge on guitar. Gear Daddies lead singer Martin Zellar is currently out on his own with a disc that once again will find him few friends among the Nashville or "alternative" rock crowds.

The only place you might hear Martin Zellar is on community radio, or…in a real city… college radio. For much of the disc Zellar strays dangerously close to the musical hybrid that has won Tom Petty such fame and fortune while brighter lights like John Hiatt remain just above cult status. For further references I'll bring the Courage Brothers into play. He's a singer/songwriter backed by a semi-rock band. The best music on the CD happens when he goes country all the way. Bring a pedal steel or dobro into the mix and this boy is at his best. Add some female harmony vocals and he is an absolute master. "Cross My Heart" is a hit country single that will never see release. Go back to your punk rock slumber.

—Eating Smeg

Shiv
Flayed And Ashamed
Thirsty Ear

Definitely worth a listen. Ex-HALO of Flies bassist, Tim Mac, recorded the 13 track nineties punk CD at Amphetamine Studios. They are said to be influenced by the punk and hardcore shows centering around the NY area, but these Southern New Englanders have their own flair for throwing out energy from their three-man outfit with nasal vocals, distorted loose guitar, heavy drum skin beatings, and., well, all I really can say is: Damn, what a good little record.

—JAND

Michael Stirling
Flying Snake Brain
Tim Kerr

For a real treat investigate Michael Stirling's solo didjeridu recording. The man is pictured sitting in the woods of the great Northwest with a huge round stick extended in front of him. That is the instrument. Mark Johnson advertises locally on the spiritual and mystical benefits circular breathing and playing the "didjeridoo" provide. If the grunts, snorts and gurgling Stirling engages in while keeping the never-ending hum flowing are a ticket to a higher plateau, I believe I'll do without any spiritualism or mysticism in my life. Certain portions of the pieces appearing on *Flying Snake Brain* bear a striking resemblance to the singing of Chris Barnes of Cannibal Corpse. At other times the sound of angry hornets fills the brain and at others a circle of hippies chanting ohm is more relevant. Much of the experience can be likened to listening to a child experimenting with a Jew's harp. I've tried to sit through the entire recording five or six times. I only made it once. If that shows my lack of spirituality or hipness so be it. *Flying Snake Brain* is best taken in small portions.

—Steven Georgiou

Brooks Williams
Knife Edge
Green Linnet/Redbird Series

Every college kid with an acoustic guitar was trying to get a gig at the local bar for free drinks playing this kinda shit. Okay, Brook Williams might play it a bit better, but it's still smoky room, cheap beer crooning that early forty-year olds would try to pass off on their kids saying 'This reminds me of Cat Stevens or JT. Those boys were great' But if you really want an 'unplugged' folk singer stick with the Neil Young piece he did with MTV, or maybe Todd Snider. It really doesn't get much better than that.

—JAND

Mike Johnson
Year Of Mondays
Tag Recordings/
Tom Cochrane
Ragged Ass Radio
EMI

What is this shit? The first song has Mike asking "where am I now." I don't know Mike, but if you don't lose the strings and such your advance cassette is going to die a horrible death. I've built a fire to ward off the chill on a "red burn" day. Four songs in and that violin is still squawking away. The record company didn't send a glossy with the tape, but I'm thinking this Johnson character is one of those "sensitive singer/songwriter pony-tail guys." My mind is usually as open as the legs on a State Street hooker. Is it the Class A narcotics or is Mr. Johnson simply too tedious for words. Risking a DUI, I rose from my chair, fired up the beater and headed five blocks west in search of a fat, pasty-faced, white, crack-addicted, HIV positive transvestite who would blow me without using a condom – if I paid an extra five bucks. I discovered that you can't strangle someone to death with the cheap tape they use in these advances. The paper cuts inflicted by the J-card will make one girl with a dick recognizable to all who require her/his services in the future. Just when you thought nothing could be worse than Mike Johnson along comes Tom Cochrane. Imagine a voice like fingernails on a chalkboard backed by the most overproduced bad rock heard since someone let Brian Adams release a full-length. Scanning through the booklet I found that the guy can actually write a decent song, he just can't sing one. In the constant effort to find new ways to torture inanimate objects that have given me a splitting headache I decided Tom deserves the propane treatment. Into the well-ventilated outdoors I headed gripping the CD firmly with vice-grips as I fired up the torch. Watching the aluminum melting I felt Tom screaming much as listening to his disc led me to do. Is this the best Canada has to offer? Hey! It's a big deal at the "big boxes."

Home 33
jody's coterie
Another Planet

I don't know where the fuck these boys come from but

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cd's
cassettes
videos
posters
t-shirts
jewelry
hair dye
doc
martens
...and
other
extremely
cool shit

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they can play 80's hardcore like they invented the shit. This has got a real glossy production and bad lyrics. All and all not bad for a listen to if you like that new kind of resurgence of crossover than this is a record to add to you're collection. The cover of this record rocks, a kid with a teapot through his cheek. No new ground is being broken here but then again it never is lately. However in a pot full of shit this might float.

—Sausage King

Palace Music
Viva Last Blues
Drag City

The year is 1996. REM aren't shiny and happy anymore. Pretend all you want, in reality your life is depressing. Look at yourself, look at your house, look at your clothes, look at your stupid job. You are a pathetic example of a human being. Does your life resemble that of those you see on TV? As much as you try to believe that Trent will be the music you hear as the world ends, (read the Weekly World News today?) the actual reality is that the survivors will sit around the campfire with acoustic instruments. The instruments aren't all acoustic. They aren't even in tune. The Palace Brothers used to be thought of as country. Palace Music is not a country band. It isn't folk. Lo-fi? Not that either. Will Oldham's voice creaks, cracks and croaks out his words. Jason Loewenstein is the drummer of choice. Liam Hayes plays piano and organ. Jed Oldham is on bass, slide and background vocals. Bryan Rich is the lead guitarist. Sure when they all plug in, as they do for "Work Hard/Play Hard," it sounds like your typical noise-rock. For the most part *Viva Last Blues* comes across more like the voice of the homeless – perhaps a group of traveling minstrels? The bleak nature of Oldham's singing and the backing music beg for labeling the entire disc as one of the most depressing of the entire year. "The Brute Choir" is a sad lament for sure, but I can't believe Oldham is depressed as he sings about fucking a valley girl in "The Mountain Low." The word "fuck" becomes a one word tone poem when it appears in a Palace Music song. Bleeping it out would destroy both "The Mountain Low" and "Tonight's Decision (And Hereafter)." "New Partner" is as happy as it gets. A song about a new songwriting partner. "Cat's Blues" reveals the band as capable of kicking out a boogie. *Viva Last Blues* is a highly impressive album. Steve Albini is credited with recording it. Thank goodness there wasn't any production because as is none is needed. For me '95 ended on a high note when the Folk Implosion tricked an entire nation into discovering Lou Barlow. Here's hoping Oldham and his Palace Music buddies can do something similar in '96.

—Chia Head

Skeleton Crew
Pre Historic...Dig
Intersound

This record blows like your momma....It's bad and it ain't got no teeth. This is one of those new fangled CD's that has that multi media shit on the front of it that of course doesn't work on the good old

computer. So the one thing to get excited about doesn't even work. But that's O.K. the music doesn't work either.

—Sausage King

Simon & The Bar Sinisters
Look At Me I'm Cool
Upstart Records

Of more than passing interest is the opening song on *Look At Me I'm Cool*. "Strike Out King" bears a striking resemblance to a tune with the same title on the Frantic Flattops debut long player. The Flattops attribute the tune to Paul Roman. Simon Chardiet takes full credit on his. The lyrics are changed, but the subject is exactly the same. Both songs are rockabilly. Simon thrashes things up more than the Flattops. (He's throwing his hands in the air. I can see him. "I don't want any rockabilly SHIT in SLUG".) Don't worry boss, "Surf The Wild Gowanus" is a surf instrumental. What we have hear is a band not trapped by genre.
"Speed, Weed & Whiskey" is country and western. Is it the Beat Farmers in disguise? Kind of, but not quite. Eric Ambel produced the thing and we are deep in the underground. "Dirty Mean" is blues-based swamp-rock and it is the only song on the entire disc longer than a touch over 3 minutes. "Thinking With The Wrong Head" is big beat rockabilly, "Look At Me I'm Cool!!!" is garage punk and "Chapter Eleven" is the Rolling Stones. The styles are all mixed up yet the album holds together like Superglue bonding the index finger to the thumb after a nose picking session.

—Smurf Boy

Deadguy
Fixation On A Co Worker
Victory Records

Cool Title. Good Layout. Heavy sound Sick of it All rip off band. Just kidding Actually it's not a bad little out fit that has potential.
I wish they could use a little bit more dissonant sounding stuff. But I guess that angry singer makes up for it.
This record has an incredible production on both the guitars and the bass but the drums get lost in the mix. Which is too bad because you can tell this is a tight band and some good drums would fuckin make this record great. Check out the cheesy metal guitar in 'pins and needles' ala Slayer. If you like to have music to stab babies with this is the record for you.

—Sausage King

Continued on Page 38

BAR & GRILL

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Wednesdays
Ladies Night
Thursdays
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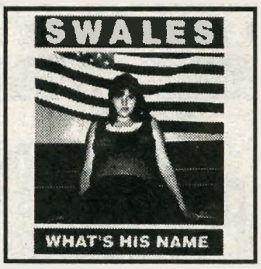
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
2 No Cover Relax & Recover FREE POOL	3 LADIES NIGHT NO COVER FOR THE LADIES	4 College Nite SPACEBOY PUNKADELIC LION	5 HONEST ENGINE THE FEEL	6 THE PINCH FLOWER PATCH
9 No Cover GO FIGURE	10 LADIES NIGHT NO COVER FOR THE LADIES	11 College Nite 12 SPEED	12 HEADSHAKE CD RELEASE PARTY PIJAMAS DEGATO	13 MY FRIEND MOSES ONE EYE
16 Tickets Available At The Bar GWEN MARS SUGARHOUSE	17 LADIES NIGHT NO COVER FOR THE LADIES	18 College Nite SAM & THE HUNCHBACK	19 ELBO FINN INSIPID BROWN	20 JOSH CLAYTON FELT from School of Fish DISWALLA Marmalade Hill
23 No Cover ABSTRAK	24 LADIES NIGHT NO COVER FOR THE LADIES	25 College Nite KING TRANCE	26 WISH	27 HONEST ENGINE HEADSHAKE PIJAMAS DEGATO
30 NINE SPINE STICKLEBACK	31 LADIES NIGHT NO COVER FOR THE LADIES	1 College Nite KBER PRESENTS SUGAR BEAR SEARCH BANDS TBA	2 RIVERBED JED ABSTRAK SIDEWALK RELIGION	3 RIVERBED JED SIDEWALK RELIGION ABSTRAK

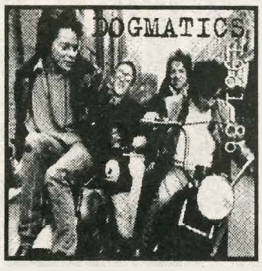
Spacemen 3
Taking Drugs To Make Music To Take Drugs To
Bomp Records
Spacemen 3 have been underground darlings for a number of years. They've seen an abundance of recordings released in the last several years by the band or an offshoot thereof. *Taking Drugs...* is subtitled "The Northhampton Demos." It is basically a CD of a demo tape which resulted in the band being signed to nr/Glass Records. Portions of the recording were released on a record of the same title in 1990. Spacemen 3 personnel at the time were Pete "Sonic Boom" Kember (guitars, vocals, feedback), Jason Pierce (guitar, vocals), Pete "Bassman" Bain (bass) and Natty Brooker (percussion). Velvet Underground references are never ending as the disc spins round and round. The white noise guitar fails to drown out the pop pretensions the band was capable of...if they so desired. After all, Pat Fish of the Jazz Butcher had a hand in getting them signed. Several alternate takes are included with early versions of songs that would appear on later albums along with a couple of covers. For a demo recorded in three days completely lacking in overdubs *Taking Drugs...*stands on its own as one of the better Spacemen 3 recordings. "Stoner" music at its best.

The Humpers
Live Forever Or Die Trying
Epitaph
Can I just tell you how much I hate this band. I hate this band like I hate when I find my dog blowing the neighbor kids. Cause I know somebody is gonna do it everytime I turn around. Put out bad fuckin music, that is. Just give me one good record on Epitaph come on guys stop putting out this three chord kiddie tunes. Punk didn't work the first time.

—Sausage King



Swales
What's His Name
Bar/None
Here's a band that might have made their biggest mistake with the CD cover. It's a simple black and white of a pregnant female seated in front of an American flag. I was thinking punk rock all the way. In fact the CD nearly escaped my attention all together because of the cover. Now think all the way back to the early '80s and a few bands that are mostly forgotten. The Kings for example. Does anyone remember the powerful beauty of "Switchin' To Glide" on the radio? How about the Jags first album? "One More Mistake" opens the album with power-pop – actual power-pop – not the '90s imitation version. The lyrics describe the usual boy/girl relationship. "So they head inside and make one more mistake." It makes me nostalgic for a time dimly remembered. The time when there was only an AM radio in the car. Top 40 played exciting music. Not that the tune is retro at all nor does it sound anything like the past. It's simply a great job of both writing and playing. Nothing else on the album can match it. The rest isn't simply filler. There are tons of guests joining the Swales. It's a fully produced effort that begs for repeating just to catch the depth of the instrumentation. No punk rock, squeal, guitar pyrotechnics or any gimmicks at all. Just plain old-fashioned rock 'n' roll. Heartland's rock 'n' roll with a few nods to the country. Supreme songwriting and hook filled songs the art of which are lost on today's audience. The record of the month that actually appeared in the mailbox last month.



The Dogmatics
1981-86
Vagrant Records
This is a really good record for a punk record, of course it is compiled from stuff from 81-86 so it came out in the American punk movement. This band is from Boston making music before they would let Juliana Hatfield into a club. The only real Downside with this record is that it is dated and probably trying to cash in on the alterna-explosion. God I hate when I get a complete set of songs by a band that won't ever record again. At least I don't have to look for any more records huh?

—Sausage King

Beyond
Reassemble
Pavement Music
Yet another potential soundtrack for DOOM players. See the review for BLOODLET, it's interchangeable, and if you're into this kinda thing also check out MEATHOOK SEED.

—JAND

Lagwagon
Hoss
Fat Wreck Chords
This has the best cover I've seen in a long time. Nothing beats Hoss from Bonanza. This record sure fuckin don't beat anything but itself in a dark closet. The music is not bad but this guys voice is killin me smalls. It's that tinny kind of whining voice that kills you every time. Dag Nasty did it well this band just does it. I hate when good music becomes popular and then the whole world tries to copy the pasts formulas for success. I suppose if you like kiddie core you'll love this record look for my copy in the used bin.

—Sausage King

Continued on Page 40

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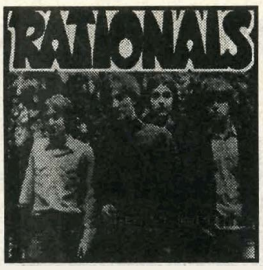
Live Music - January

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
HAPPY NEW YEAR from the staff at Cinema Bar & Spanky's Pool		2 BLANK	3 CAUSTIC REZIN DECOMPOSERS	4 LADIES NIGHT PAGAN LOVE GODS Dead Kats	5 ABSTRAK	6 TORTURE KING ether
Call For More Information 359-1200		9 OL SOL	10 PODUNK	11 LADIES NIGHT THIRSTY ALLEY	12 SWEET LORETTA	13 UTAH AFTER DARK PARTY
14 RiverBed Jed Welt	A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS	16 NERO'S ROME Dick Nixon	17 PACHINO Skabs On Strike	18 LADIES NIGHT PAGAN LOVE GODS Dead Kats	19 MONO MEDIA PRESENTS	20 DECO MPOS ERS
21 SXSW COMPETITION	Call For More Information 359-1200		24 ALLIGATOR GUN TREE ROADSOW	25 LADIES NIGHT THIRSTY ALLEY	26 RIVER BED JED	27 Thrum RedBennys Quasimodo
28 ACCI-DENTAL TRIBE	29 TBA	30 TBA	31 PAVEMENT QUALITONES	1 LADIES NIGHT Pagan Love Gods Dead Kats	2 PIJAMAS DEGATO	3 KING TRANCE

Coming In February: 3 Blue Teardrops, Wally Planet, D.R.I., Hammerhead, Humm Watch for details



The Rationals
Temptation 'Bout To Get Me
Total Energy Records
A live recording from '68 that can only be viewed as a historical document. The Rationals were a mid-60s Michigan band which achieved some regional fame early in their careers. Their orientation was the "pop" single and they released a number of them prior to the onset of "album" rock. On the date captured via a sound board tape The Rationals attempt to change their style to compete with more up and coming bands. They are opening for The MC5. Taken in context *Temptation 'Bout To Get Me* is a "true" trip back in time to 1968. Only two original Rational's songs are present. The remainder are extended jamming cover versions of R&B standards. "Fever," "I Put A Spell On You" and "Wang Dang Doodle" are garaged up and as raw as anyone could ever desire. Of possibly more interest than the actual music are the announcements concluding the disc. Buddy Guy is supposedly going to open for the Moody Blues at the Grande Ballroom in two weeks. The MC5 are about to record their first record and the disc closes with Rob Tyner calling out to his "brothers and sisters" as Wayne Kramer tunes up.

Tab Benoit
Standing On The Bank
Justice Records
The swamp guy who (according to the last press materials I received) would rather not acknowledge his roots even as he pictures the above water images of them on the cover of his latest CD. An extraordinary guitar slinger who lost it somewhat on his sophomore release returns with the third in the series. He's a familiar site here in Salt Lake City at the Zephyr Club. The out-of-towners and local clueless wander into the place after dodging illegals with their parcels of low grade "chiva" and "coca" to view him without the slightest inkling as to who he is. He's worked hard to drop that Acadian accent from the vocals. I always found the slight hint to Louisiana to be one of the most engaging elements of a Benoit disc. Listening to this one I'm wondering if he has finally acknowledged the upbringing because of the cover, the title song and the one preceding it, "Downtown," a tune about New Orleans? As I've already reported Willie Nelson is currently a member of the Justice roster. He joins Benoit on guitar and vocals for a cover of his own song, "Rainy Day Blues." Willie always was a great songwriter, a fact the present has relegated to the back pages. Is it possible that Benoit is coming into his own as a mature player? From the sound of *Standing On The Bank* I'd say the answer is a resounding yes! He's already proved that he has the chops. On the latest the chops take a back seat to actual feeling in the playing!

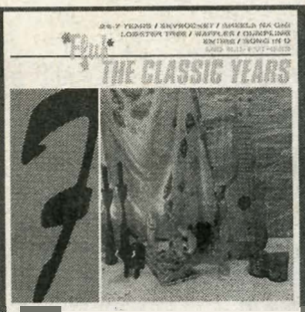
—Eating Smeg

Walt Mink
El Producto
Atlantic
You all remember Walt Mink I'm sure. They released *Bareback Ride* a few years ago and followed it up with a show at the Bar & Grill. The release, the band's second, was on Caroline. Surprise of surprises. I never expected to see Walt Mink make the leap to the majors but they have. Atlantic didn't receive many positive words from me last month due to the poor quality of the advance cassettes they sent. I still believe that an advance cassette is about as valuable as a Canadian dime inserted in a public library copy machine.
What the hell the major label is going to do with these guys escapes me. They're a geek rock band with a hero on guitar who sings like Alvin the Chipmunk or something. *El Producto* moves right along through the hard/progressive rock psych to acoustic folk psych to Plant/Page world beat psych. Flip the thing over and find "Little Sister" which is some kind of thrash/hard-core psych. As usual the combination of advance cassette, $3 headphones and $15 Walkman make the listening experience akin to snorkeling in the murky waters of the Jordan River. The power of the trio shines through. Instead of using his fearful talents to jam on and on into the night. John Kimbrough continues his search for the perfect lick by keeping the songs short. The songs range from swirling dervishes to peeling skin from bone power to pretty folk. If this is what people call retro rock or progressive rock (both terms applied to Walt Mink in the past) I'll take it over a whole stack of "God damned hippie bands" or Queensryche, Rush, Into Another bootleg tapes any time. Visit the "chain" store on January 23, the scheduled release date, and make the "clerk" open a copy. Listen for free and if you like, buy at the independents.

William S. Burroughs & Gil Van Sant
The Elvis Of Letters
Tim Kerr Records
It is extremely relaxing to sit back and find comfort in the voice and words of William S. Burroughs. He's been doing these spoken word recordings for longer than a lot of people reading this paper have been alive. On this release he seems to be more interested in the syllable than complete words. His speech is broken, as the title to the first piece, "Burroughs Break," might suggest. Gil Van Sant's backing music is your usual hipster, blues/jazz. The CD could stand on its own as an instrumental recording – minus track – if Burrough's words were removed. For my bucks the best piece is "Millions Of Images" where Burroughs describes the images of himself filling his mind. He shits out the words. The closest he gets to telling a story is "The Hipster Be-Bop Junkie." Of course the story is only three sentences long. "The hipster be-bop junkies never showed at 103rd Street. They all look like junk. There's a junkie gesture...." The lines are repeated over and over with various vocal treatments added while Van Sant gets a little dub thing going. The EP length is perfect for investigating the modern world of an old beat. Kind of an introduction to William S. Burroughs that might cause someone to search out more of the old vinyl works or full-length CDs.

—Riley Puckett

Continued on Page 42



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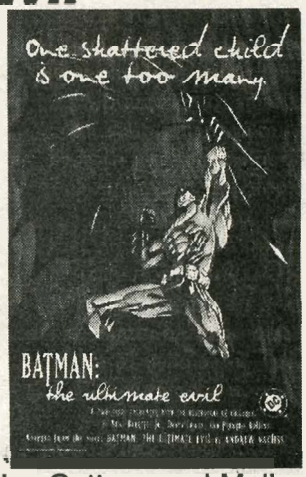

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XTC
A Testimonial Dinner
Thirsty/Ear

Oh God, not another tribute album and this time it's XTC. I absolutely loved their first four or five albums. After that it was somewhat hit or miss. The vast majority of the tribute features songs from their later works. At least some of those paying tribute have seen far more success than XTC ever did. Space Hog is on the verge of breakthrough status. (Don't they sound like Bowie, Japan or Roxy Music?) If indeed they manage to gain major attention maybe someone will pick up on "Senses Working Overtime." The Crash Test Dummies do a good job with "All You Pretty Girls." A nice pleasing pop reading. "Making Plans For Nigel" always stood in my mind as one of XTC's greatest songs. The Rembrandts don't ruin it, I prefer the original. Sarah Mclachlan covering "Dear God" is a masterpiece. As famous as she is maybe the song will become a "hit" again. Stunning, and the lyrics certainly apply to the state of the world more than ever. Reuben Blades and "The Man Who Sailed Around His Soul"? P. Hux does an inspired version of "Another Satellite" which is reminiscent of Bowie joining up with Thomas Dolby. Those lovable boys in They Might Be Giants chose to cover XTC's psychedelic alter ego Dukes Of Stratosphere. "25 O'Clock" is nice and dated sounding. Terry & the Lovemen dig up the obscure "The Good Things." Now that is British pop! Finally Joe Jackson (he's still around?) goes all the way back to the first full-length and a song titled "Statue Of Liberty." Old Joe is looking mighty sharp. Kind of the best thing I've heard from him since "Is She Really Going Out With Him." The closer has me all nostalgic for some new wave. Hell, I might pull out some XTC vinyl and listen to it.

—Bob Gelduffer

Wayne Horvitz and Pigpen
Miss Ann
Caveman Hughscore Featuring Hugh Hopper/Elaine Difalco/Henry Franzoni/ Fred Chalenor
Tim Kerr Records

And now boys and girls it's time to explore another side of Tim/Kerr. You all know the label from their Dandy Warhols, Oblivian Seekers and Jack O'Fire releases I'm sure. On this release there's a man playing the saxophone that wails! Joining him are the usual guitars, bass and drums. The opener and title cut rocks pretty damn hard before Horvitz and his friends decide to take a jaunt to the outer limits. We're talking jazz, actual on the edge, improvisational music that isn't sweet and pleasant like Kenny G, the Rippingtons or Jazzmasters. You can't nod off into some nice friendly daydream and use the music as a background for folding the laundry or talking on the cellular phone. Concentration is required to catch all the nuances of what these cats are up to. The sax leads all the way, listen to him cooking on "Stupid," as the organ goes off in total abandonment. "Ballad" sounds like something from the late '70s ECM catalog, "Grind" follows immediately with more than enough color to shake up all those in love with muted grays and off-white. OK, "Miss Ann" is a Eric Dolphy composition and "Triggerfingers" was written by John Zorn. If those two are way too far out for "Jazz" fans search out *Miss Ann*. The disc isn't so experimental as to draw screams, say like Coltrane's *Om*, but there is more than enough of a gleaming glint to it for those interested in Crayons straying frequently out-of-bounds – coloring outside the lines. Where in the annals of SLUG Magazine does Caveman Hughscore fit?

Hugh Hopper was with Soft Machine and Robert Wyatt. He joins some out-there Americans to record an experimental rock CD. There is a girl trading off on Fender Rhodes and accordion even as she sings… at times. Two guys play double speed bass and then there is a trash can lid drummer. Have you ever tossed and turned in the midst of a nightmare only to wake up feeling restless with skin itching and nerves so a jangle that you somehow feel seconds ticking by as hours? Have you ever kicked heroin, Xanex, or felt the need for more methedrine than money could buy? Cold sweats, "I'll kill you if you speak" anger, ants inside your body attempting to eat their way out? Ever tried to sit on a knife blade without being cut? Noise and dissonance are soo good. For your typical "rock" references think Residents, Zappa, Beefheart, Camper Von something and Allan Ginsberg. Remember when Phillip Glass and Laurie Anderson played the Salt Lake Arts Festival? Fucking great music here. More than enough to make me forget all about major label connections and indie rock/pop all together.

—Jazzbo Rollins

ShoeGazer
Two Boxing Brown Bears
T.O.N. Records

Well that other SLUG hack, the Sausage guy has all the cool expressions. Kicking like this, rockin like that...how about "Busier than a one legged man at an ass kickin contest"? Yes, that is how I will choose to describe my newly found cool band ShoeGazer. Much energy, very cool guitars and songs about sin, life, death and sex. Four of my five favorite subjects. The fifth of course deals with a little white ball. This band delivers like the Mailman on a fast break, rocks harder than nipples in ten degree temperature, and outlasts that little bunny like John Holmes on crank.

—Mr. Pink

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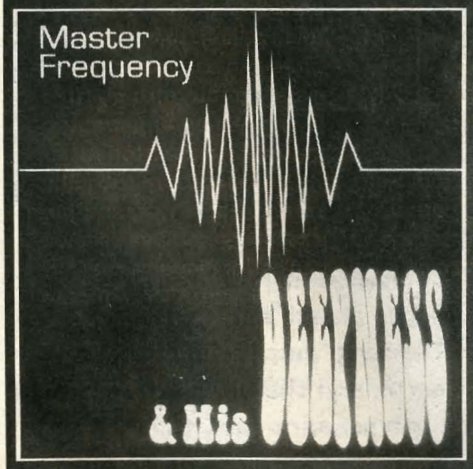

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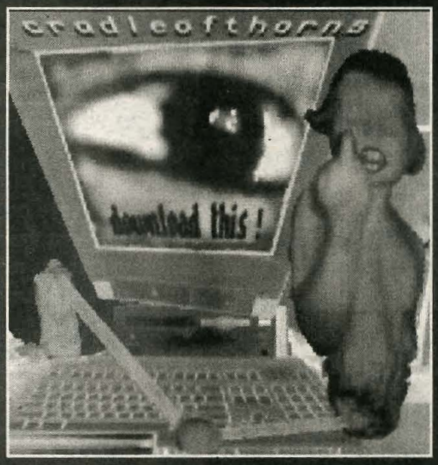

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TRIPLE X RECORDS

VIM

Their name suggests energy, spirituality, vitality, and that's exactly what they emanated at their Salt Lake concert on December 1st. Too bad you all missed it. Those 20 or so people who were there and were sober enough to remember it experienced Vim to the fullest.

Vim is composed of D. Cawley, bassist/vocalist and chief songwriter, Rick Huyett, guitarist, Richard Leiva, drums and their newest member Chelsea, percussionist. Some people consider Vim to be alternative in the original sense of the word. They've been compared to the Smashing Pumpkins, Led Zeppelin, The Pretenders, even the Grateful Dead.

"(The main comparison) from the audiences is a cross between Jane's Addiction and Cocteau Twins — that's the latest thing going around," Chelsea said.

Vim originates from Santa Cruz and apparently do very well on local college radio. So why haven't we heard of them before?

Aren' t they what alternative is all about?

Vim says that their music is developing a Middle Eastern flavor to it.

"It's kind of a natural thing," Rick said. "We've been moving more into a Middle Eastern direction and hence the addition of the dumbeck and tambura which she (Chelsea) plays on-stage."

"We have a little of that on our first CD, so it's been evolving," D. added.

Although Vim's music is often described as being "acid rock," it has other facets besides the psychedelia that one hears on a first listen. Their music is complex — it has environmental tones as well as folk-like ballads. The song "gaia" is about mother earth, and the song "lorilie" is like a peasant fairy tale.

Because one of Vim's goals is to allow their listener's to feel the music, the only way to experience Vim is to experience them in pure form — in a live performance.

—Andrea Jordan

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

WRITTEN IN BLOOD

by John Forgach

HOSTILITY
Brick
Century Media

The band Hostility hails from the wheat fields of Kansas. Though they don't have the cruel streets of a big city to inspire them, the band claims that there is plenty to hate in the Midwest. I think the guys are just harboring resentment to fact that there wasn't any nudity in "The Wizard of Oz", which as we all know took place partially in their home state. The band reminds me a little of Pantera. Most of the songs on the album chug on with moderate tempo, and detuned heaviness. Of course there is the exception on track six, when the band sneaks in a ballad. The song is a tribute to their late father, so I guess I'm going to have to cut them a break. If you found coal in your stocking this Christmas, instead of a copy of Hostility's BRICK, then you just may have to go out and get one for yourself.

GALACTIC COWBOYS
Machine Fish
Metal Blade

The Galactic Cowboy's, MACHINE FISH, could be best described as a rock album. Yes, I could go on for the better part of this page whining about how it's not heavy enough, or, that there's not enough of the obligatory references to Satan - but I'm not going to. I'm trying to keep some sort of "golden rule" in mind. I would also rather save the crappy reviews for the releases that really deserve it, not because I don't care for the style of music. So, if MTV style, feel-good rock and roll is your cup of tea, then take a sip of MACHINE FISH, courtesy of the Galactic Cowboys.

MERAUDER
Master Killer
Century Media

New York City has produced another heavy, gang experienced, metal band. The band will probably be compared to bands like Biohazard, though there is one big difference between Merauder and all of the other band's with similar styles and histories. Merauder happens to actually be good. No, scratch that. They are one of the better "metal" bands I've heard in a while. MASTER KILLER, the band's first full-length release, has laid a solid foundation for Merauder to build upon. MASTER KILLER is pure, power metal. This is one band to look out for.

PARADISE LOST
Draconian Times
Music For Nations

I made it through song three. I just didn't have the strength to go on. I didn't want to chance losing the will to live all together by listening to more. Oh, gee....am I being negative? Let me try this then. Maybe you'll like it....but I doubt it.

SACRED REICH
Heal
Metal Blade

Sacred Reich's, HEAL, is the band's fourth full-length release in their nine year history. The album is packed with all of the intensity and thought provoking lyrical messages that you would expect from a Sacred Reich release. The sixth track, "Jason's Idea", even has a miked bong hit to intro the song. Inventive guys. Many bands have used drugs to inspire their artistry, but these guys have incorporated actual drug use into their songs. Neato. This band has been around for a long time. Their first album, IGNORANCE came out in 1987., Sacred Reich was one of the few bands at that time, that helped pull the ass of metal out of the fire when it was really starting to suck.

TERMINAL SECT
The Gun Worship EP
None Of The Above

Terminal Sect's latest industrial offering, THE GUN WORSHIP EP, gets this month's award for value. Didn't know it existed now did you? The release is packed with over seventy minutes of music, and features remixes by: En Esch(KMFDM), John Bergin(Trust Obey), Cris Moriarty(Controlled Bleeding), and Coin of the Realm. I'm assuming the remixes are of songs which appeared on Terminal Sect's first release, THEHUMANS CONDITIONED. THE GUN WORSHIP EP also contains three new tracks. I wonder how they found space on the CD for three new songs with only seventy minutes to play with?

THOUGHT INDUSTRY
Outer Space Is Just A Martini Away
Metal Blade

I will admit, when I first received Thought Industry's latest, OUTER SPACE IS JUST A MARTINI AWAY, I was sure I wouldn't like it. It took weeks for me to even take the CD out of its case. Before listening I thought it would be another crappy, artsy attempt at trying to come up with something new, that would end up falling pathetically short. When I finally committed myself to listening to the album, I put the CD in the player, and found myself enjoying what I heard. At one point, I even caught myself strapping on my.....(Oh you people are sick!) strapping on my air guitar. This release is most definitely different. It's a very well put together album. Thought Industry combines plenty of aggression and intensity with finesse. The band's style is hard to label. Something I'm so fond of doing. Metal Blade, the band's home, describes Thought Industry as "hardcore - new wave". Thought Industry have been found on tour with bands as diverse as Prong and Slayer, to Hole, KMFDM, and the Afghan Whigs.

—Forgach

Daily Calendar

Friday, January 5
Sun Masons @Ashbury Pub
Honest Engine @Bar & Grill
Abstrak @Cinema Bar
Backwash @Dead Goat
Merle Saunders @ Zephyr
Saturday, January 6
Sweet Loretta @Ashbury Pub
The Pinch, Flower Patch @Bar & Grill
Torture King , Ether @Cinema Bar
Mubbo @Dead Goat
Merle Saunders @ Zephyr
Sunday, January 7
Acoustic Goat @Dead Goat
Figure Head @Zephyr
Monday, January 8
Blue Devils Blues Revue @Dead Goat
Fabulous Thunderbirds @Zephyr
Tuesday, January 9
Kirsty McDonald @Ashbury Pub
Go Figure @Bar & Grill
Ol Sol @Cinema Bar
Eyewitness @Dead Goat
Phat Daddy @Zephyr
Wednesday, January 10
Accidental Tribe @Ashbury Pub
Ladies Night @Bar & Grill
Podunk @Cinema Bar
Daddy Don't @Dead Goat
Floyds Funk Revival @Zephyr
Thursday, January 11
The Weed @Ashbury Pub
12 Speed @Bar & Grill
Thirsty Alley @Cinema Bar
Volunteer King @Dead Goat
Friday, January 12
The Pinch @Ashbury Pub
Headshake, Pijamas DeGato @Bar & Grill
Sweet Loretta @Cinema Bar
Yellow Wood Junction @Dead Goat
Fat Paw, Jerry Joseph @Zephyr
Saturday, January 13
Juniors Farm @Ashbury Pub
My Friend Moses, One Eye @Bar & Grill
Utah After Dark Party @Cinema Bar
Harpoon @Dead Goat
Fat Paw, Jerry Joseph @Zephyr
Sunday, January 14
9 Spine Stickleback @Cinema Bar
Acoustic Goat @Dead Goat
Cops & Robbers @Zephyr
Monday, January 15
Mark Hummel and the Blues Survivors @Dead Goat
W.C. Clark @Zephyr
Tuesday, January 16
Sweet Loretta @Ashbury Pub
Gwen Mars, Sugarhouse @Bar & Grill
Nero's Rome, Dick Nixon @Cinema Bar
Accidental Tribe @Dead Goat
Figurehead @Zephyr
Wednesday, January 17
Tailgatorz @Ashbury Pub
Ladies Night @Bar & Grill
Pachino, Skabs On Strike @Cinema Bar
Goose @Dead Goat
Flower Patch @Zephyr
Thursday, January 18
Blue Heeler @Ashbury Pub
Sam & The Hunchback @Bar & Grill
Pagan Love Gods, Dead Kats @Cinema Bar
Fender Benders @Dead Goat
Friday, January 19
Jerry Joseph @Ashbury Pub
Elbo Finn, Insipid Brown @Bar & Grill
Mono Media Presents @Cinema Bar
Mr. Jones and the Previous @Dead Goat
Salsa Brava @Zephyr
Saturday, January 20
House of Cards @Ashbury Pub
Josh Clayton Felt, Dishwalla, Marmalade Hill @Bar & Grill
Decomposers @Cinema Bar
Insatiable @Dead Goat
Box Set @Zephyr
Sunday, January 21
SXSW Competition @Cinema Bar
SXSW Competition @Dead Goat
SXSW Bar Crawl @Zephyr
Monday, January 22
Blue Devils Blues Revue @Dead Goat
Elbow Finn @Zephyr
Tuesday, January 23
Mary Amanda Fairchild @Ashbury Pub
Abstrak @Bar & Grill
Acoustic Goat @Dead Goat
Mike Riley @Zephyr
Wednesday, January 24
Tree Frogs @Ashbury Pub
Ladies Night @Bar & Grill
Alligator Gun, Tree, Roadsow @Cinema Bar
Snake and the Fat Man @Dead Goat
Mike Riley @Zephyr
Thursday, January 25
Figurehead @Ashbury Pub
King Trance @Bar & Grill
Thirsty Alley @Cinema Bar
The Pinch @Dead Goat
Strangers @Zephyr
Friday, January 26
Backwash, Fat Paw @Ashbury Pub
Wish @Bar & Grill
River Bed Jed @Cinema Bar
Spittin Lint @Dead Goat
Colobo, Rubber Neck @ Zephyr
Saturday, January 27
SLUG PARTY
Honest Engine, Headshake, Pijamas Degato @Bar & Grill
Backwash@Fat Paw @Ashbury Pub
Ether @Cinema Bar
Crossroads@Dead Goat
Colobo, Rubber Neck @Zephyr
Sunday, January 28
Accidental Tribe @Cinema Bar
Acoustic Goat @Dead Goat
Monday, January 29
Zach Lee @Ashbury Pub
Mens Wear @ Cinema Bar
Mike Schermer @Dead Goat
Tuesday, January 30
Nine Spine Stickleback @Bar & Grill
Dope, Decomposers @Cinema Bar
Vertigo @Dead Goat
Wednesday, January 31
My Dog Vodka @Ashbury Pub
Ladies Night @Bar & Grill
Pavement @Cinema Bar
Juniors Farm @Dead Goat
Committed @Zephyr

IF YOU WANT YOUR FREE LISTING IN THE DAILY CALENDAR, CALL LAURA AT 363.7273 IF YOUR LISTING IS NOT IN THE CALENDAR, IT'S BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T CALL HER.

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(stavesacre)

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1049 - ROADSIDE MONUMENT
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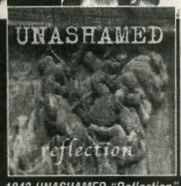

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