

# SLUG

FEBRUARY  
1996  
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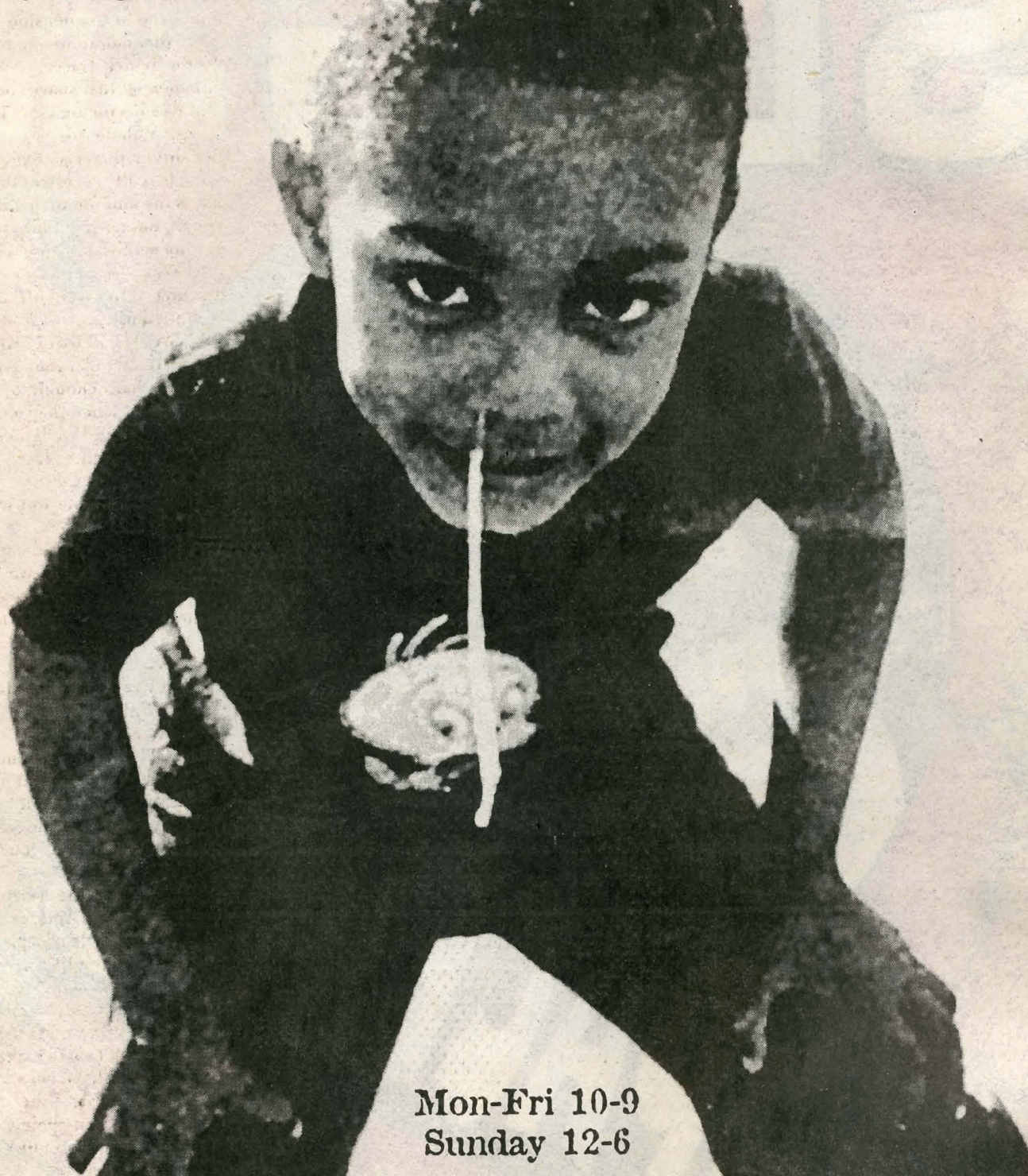


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# SLUG

FEBRUARY of 1996

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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 28th 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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# Dear Dickheads...

Dear

Dickheads,

What are you...

stupid? You guys constantly print two reviews of the same record in your records column. Do you need a proof reader, or don't you read the mag prior to printing it?

Troy

Ed: Well Troy, you do see that there are many different records we review, right? Well, don't freak out, but sometimes two different people have two different opinions...both of them valid!

Dear Dickheads

Shawn Stern of Youth Brigade gave me exactly what I deserved in his letter. In reply I'll say that I don't think of myself as a world renowned & self "impotent" music critic. I don't write reviews because I think people give a shit about my opinion. It is well known that I am severely lacking in any taste whatsoever. My opinion doesn't mean shit to most people reading this rag and I know it. I write reviews to get free music. I sure as hell can't afford to buy any. I also didn't receive the "handy little sheet" you sent with the record containing info about both bands & their tracks on the 7". The rest of your criticism is on the mark and I owe you an apology. When you're doing sarcasm, as most people writing for this magazine realize, you risk the wrath of those who don't get it. In the case of your record I didn't get it. I apologize. Here in the heartland of the far

right it is easy to miss sarcasm when you are surrounded by the reality of it. Thank you so much for wishing me luck with my writing career. I wish you the same luck with your career in music. Your letter hit home. You taught me a valuable lesson. Thank you once again. And thanks for the ad dollars. I gave the money to my kid for "punk rock attire." He wants to grow up and be just like you.

—Riley Puckett

To:Slugmag@aol.com

Thank you Helen Wolf for mentioning Eleven as one of the best bands of the year with their newest release, Thunk. It's one of my favorites, and they are one of my favorite bands. Also, why does everybody bitch and moan about certain bands so much? No matter how much we hate a band, we don't need to force everybody else to try and share the same opinion. Face it, music is music and it's there to be enjoyed. If you don't like it, don't listen to it!

Thanks,

Tim

P.S. If you put my letter into the Dear Dickheads column, please withhold my E-mail address, because I don't want somebody professing the greatness of the Meat Puppets to me, because I really don't care, even though I like them.

get somethin  
to say?  
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## From the Editor...

So many things piss me off these days, that I have started making a list. The snow, the SLUG pension plan, that damn foreign bitch on the Schick Tracer commercial that shaves real fast like it's no big deal. Try it with a blade Miss Sensitive Smartass!! But what is really on top of the list is the amount of apathy people have when they are getting screwed. People like you! This secret legislative meeting thing went off without a hitch! It was ILLEGAL! IT IS BULLSHIT! The mere fact that they even tried it is hard enough to believe, but when they went on TV and said "We'll just ban all school clubs if we have to" made me sick! Where are the protectors of our society? For that matter, where are the damn Democrats? When did we turn into a working class of wimps? Who is going to lock these guys up? We don't even have the balls to tell them they're wrong! We are too busy fighting for the right to have nose rings. WAKE UP! How many times will you let someone spit in your face before you spit back? If you are old enough to read this magazine, you are old enough to do something about the society in which you live. You are not powerless little sheep, you are just acting like it. And if you don't wake up and smell the double decaf latte, you will find that when you do get a chance to make a choice, it will have been made for you. Open your mouth, or they will open it for you, and you won't like what they put in it.

—G



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## DON'T BUY THAI!

by Andrew Vachss

Language - the most powerful weapon we humans have ever created.

Sometimes, that weapons is used against innocent children. Take the term "child prostitution". Journalists use it so often it has become part of our common language. But "prostitution" is the exchange of sex for money. Often called a "victimless crime" - in itself, a moronic statement-the public perceives the word "prostitute" as pejorative. Indeed, we call a person who "sells out" his/her moral conviction in exchange for personal gain a "prostitute". The essence of "prostitution" implies consent. So, when pedophiles talk about "child prostitution", they (deliberately) further the lie that little children are "seductive", that they "volunteer" to have sex with freaks . . . in exchange for cash that they never see. A despicable myth, lovingly nourished by the flesh-peddlers.

Pedophiles want to sneak sexual exploitation into the "prostitution" continuum. If we allow the term "child prostitution" to gain a sufficient foothold in our language, we surrender ground to the enemy. There is no such thing as "child prostitution". That term contradicts itself, "proving" a lie. This is child sexual exploitation: nothing else and nothing less. We need to change the language.

We don't change language with more

language-we change it with behavior. And sometimes, the highest form of behavior is what we don't do . . . what we refuse to do.

Perhaps you've heard-although if you relied on American Media, probably not about the "war" against "kiddie sex tourism" in Southeast Asia with Thailand being the main offender. Well, this hasn't been anything close to a war-in a war, people shoot back. With your help, we propose to change all that.

Not only is the foul "business" of kiddie sex tourism rampant throughout Southeast Asia, the "host" countries themselves have, by their conduct, proclaimed themselves proudly corrupt and profoundly evil. Thailand has been a safe harbor for predatory pedophiles from all over the world. But what Thailand has not been up to now, is accountable. And that's where you come in . . .

What we need are warriors committed to forcing Thailand to change its ways. And our weapon of choice is **BOYCOTT**. We want Americans to boycott anything made or manufactured in Thailand. Thailand sells its children like products. It traffics in the flesh of its own babies. For money. And the only thing that will stop it is the loss of money.

We want you to tell your friends. We want to have the world's first chain letter that breaks chains. None of us will buy anything that says "Made in Thailand" on it.

We can't change a country's morals, but we can sure as hell change its behavior. So, **DON'T! BUY! THAI!** . . . and tell them (all) why.



# POLITICANO CHICKANO

On February 1st, the Salt Lake Tribune reported that a number of breech births had held yet another illegal secret meeting to advance their private agendas in the race to suck the most dingleberries from the Church of Bigotry's wrinkled-butt bosses. The criminals involved, among others, were Senator Howard Stephenson, Reprehensive-Draper; Charles Stewart, Replicant-Provo; Senate Majority Whip Leonard Blackham, Repellican-Moroni. The subject was only another homophobic mentioning (I don't want to complicate matters too much for the reader's mind, after all), and the participants mostly Republickin off-the-edge flippo wart suckers.

Our sperm-glistening rulers broke the Utah Open Meetings Act, which says minutes must be recorded and a vote must be taken in public on whether to hold closed hearings. The entire gang was sworn to secrecy, although according to the Tribune, word leaked out from revolted D's and moderate R's. The Trib quotes one Legislator as saying, "It was the worst experience I've ever had in my time with the Legislature"; another claims, "we were fooled into it." Senate Majority Leader Craig Peterson, Repulsive-Orem, responded with, "we just made a mistake. There was no grand collusion. You have to remember, we're lay legislators," according to the Tribune.

So, what are you lazy, dull-witted, don't-even-talk-a-good-fight wimps going to do about it? About as much as you did when it was revealed that the West Valley City gang admitted to lying to its flock about not raising

taxes to finance the Olympic hockey rink, only to do so anyhow and then admit the fact without even an insincere politicians apology. (Oh, the Olympics, another festering, lie-filled zit throbbing on your innocent sheep noses, and one I haven't space to bother with here, so go on back to sleep.)

To be fair, there might be two or three sentient humans left in the state of Theocratic Petty Mo Paranoiac Pustules, and so I will make the only sensible suggestion my onanistic mind can conjure at this moment. On second thought, because the lords of the nation made it illegal to strike a sowcunt (same lampreys who vote their own salaries, gave themselves a wonderful pension plan, and have the finest health care policy in the world), I better couch my provocative feelings in an alternative form. Here ya go:

I had a dream . . . that 1,000 intelligent, decent, and disgruntled men, women, and children marched up to Capitalist Hill and beat the shit out of 90-percent of its ruling elite. Law makers were punched, spanked and humiliated; castrated, butt-plugged and shaved hairless; they were marched out single-file into the snow and forced to admit their deceptions on camera, and told to go home and watch Melrose Place reruns for seven days and seven nights while feeding exclusively on Ex-Lax.

Just a dream, but a pretty one. Now all you unhappy talkers can go back to sipping espresso at your neighborhood coffeehouse and get angry at the way you're treated here in Sheep Pin, Eutaw. Nighty-night.

—Rhoda Shepard

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# HELEN WOLF

## TALK IS CHEAP

And We Just Got Cheaper...

This month, your intrepid journalist (that means me, kids) had yet another brilliant idea. It came to me while downing my third double espresso in the NBC Green Room, waiting to appear on the Conan O'Brien show in New York (see picture). By now, the show that I taped has aired and you missed it--don't worry, I'm sure everyone did. I was the last guest on after Jessica Hecht (the lesbian from *Friends*, and/or the one who just looks like a lesbian on *The Single Guy*), Rikki Rachtman (ex-Headbangers Ball host, seedy club owner, and now, worst of all, radio talk show host), and Space Hog (no, not Carnie Wilson--some Brit band with ELO delusions). Nobody could stay awake through that cattle-call for Hollywood Squares '98. By now you're probably asking yourself "Why was Helen on Conan O'Brien?" Or maybe even "I wonder what Dave is bitching about this month in Bustin' The Nut?" --I don't know/care. The Conan thing, however, is easy: I was proclaimed the hands-down winner of this year's Hack By Southwest Showdown! First prize: an all-expenses paid trip to New York City and an appearance on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* (originally, it was the Jon Stewart Show, but...). Contrary to the rumours that you may have heard, the HXSW Showdown is not rigged or pre-determined in any way, so I don't want to hear any more sniveling from Athey, Fulton, Rezenhofer, or the rest of you losers: We all knew that I was going to win! Get over it! Next year it'll be YOUR turn!



Anyway, in the exact moment I was spitting a big one into Rachtman's hair as he went onstage, I had an epiphany (oh, sorry, this is for SLUG --idea): Why not do a piece on talk radio? This would be a snap for me, since all I do (when I'm not watching dangerous amounts of TV) is listen to talk radio. It's not just dominated by creaky has-beens who think that the Illuminati is taking over the world (too late), the Liberal Media is suppressing The Truth, and aliens are abducting Jeopardy champs--well, not completely, anyway. I thought, hell, this thing will write itself: all I have to do is e-mail a set of questions to a handful of national and local talk show hosts, sit back, and let the responses pour in--I mean, who's going to blow me off, right? G. Gordon Liddy, Rush Limbaugh, Tom Barberi, Bob Lee, Art Bell, Mike Reagan and plenty of others--that's who! I guess that these windbags are just too damn busy saving the planet to be bothered with little ol' me. Fuck 'em--two locals and one (albeit loaded) national conceded to my questioning, so let's just get to it:

**1. Rick Taylor, KCNR 1320 AM (SuperTalk), The Rick Taylor Show, weekdays 4-7pm.** From the bio: "Born March 7, 1973 in a hellish pit of despair known as Kennewick, Washington. Resent this for rest of life. Spend 14 years leading a pointless life, devoid of purpose or talent. Discover Radio. Realize this offers a whole

career for people devoid of purpose or talent." This is the man who replaced local talk fossil Mills Crenshaw one year ago, when KCNR decided to re-format for a younger audience (he's since slimed back to KTKK, the "New" K-Talk, otherwise known as the AM Jurassic Park). The first few months of the New Wired Order at KCNR were beautiful: call after call from old geezers who were beyond pissed about being deprived of their daily Mills enema, all convinced that they were now in the clutches of the Anti-Christ. These days, Rick has settled into a groove with actual listeners under the Depends Demographic. *Are you a member of the Trilateral/CFR/Bildeberger/et al controlled Liberal Media? If not, why not?* We at KCNR are proud to count ourselves part of the International Jewish Banking/Media/Diamond Conspiracy, and through the help of our oppressed Zionist bretheren, do hope to overturn the damned gentile fascism which has, thus far, held us captive in its vile grip. Join us brothers, and death to the gentiles. ZOG lives!

*Can your talk-show REALLY influence national/local politics and events? Can it at least get you laid?* So far, the reach/influence of my show is limited to an old man named Fremont in Provo, who claims that during the hours of 4p-7p, Monday through Friday, bowel movements are softer and come with greater regularity. I hope

that someday Fremont and I may be lovers. *Who's going to drink the Diet Coke on "Friends?" If you could kill only one member of "Friends," who would it be?* Must.....stop.....proliferation.....of....."Rachael".....hairstyle.....ah hhh.....getting.....difficult .....to.....think... *Who will win the 1996 Presidential election? Who SHOULD, but would never have a chance in hell?* Bill Clinton, because he's a mindless, ineffectual sod of a man...but he's also pretty innocuous--which puts him miles ahead of Bob "Mephistopholes" Dole. Abbie Hoffman would get my firm support, but as of this writing, he's in a box moldering. Dang. *Is size really important?* *What do you automatically assume I'm referring to?* Yes. And don't play coy with me, Helen. I know you want my big, throbbing man-tool. Slut.

*Bill Clinton's unofficial campaign song of '92 was "Don't Stop (Thinking About Tomorrow)" by Fleetwood Mac--what will it be in '96? Will Hootie & The Blowfish supplant Soul Asylum as the White House band?* Given his somewhat spotty service record, and the apparent genetic instability of his daughter, a wholly appropriate choice would be "Can't Shoot Straight," by those Imperial Grand Wizards of Funk, Pijamas De Gato. (P.S. If Wonder bread could sing, it would be Hootie) *What is the fashionable talk-show host wearing this season? (firearms optional)* 3 words: Bad Hair Dye.

*Who has a national and/or local talk-show that REALLY shouldn't? What do you plan to do about it?* Anyone who ever again uses the phrases "Light Rail," "The Liberal Media," "When I ran for the senate in '88,' '86,' '90,' '92.....," "Breath of Fresh Air," and "Hello Betty, I know you've only called 16 times this week, but it's good to have you back on again. How are the corns?" To remedy this situation, Todd Herman, Martin Davies and I plan a massive campaign whereby we film ourselves engaging in perverse sex acts with the wives/daugh-



ters/sons of our competitors, and then show them at the shareholder Christmas party. The most women you've slept with at one time:     (relatives do not count--southern states excluded) 63. No, really. Shut up, I DID TOO. Well, Screw you, pal...like your sex life is so frigging hot.

What words of wisdom would you like to impart to the youth (or at least the losers who read SLUG) of America? Non Illegetimi Carborundum Est.

**2. Mark Scheering,** KTKK 630 AM (K-Talk), My Show With Mark Scheering, Saturdays 6-7pm. Mark is the only under-30 talk radio host at a station that's used the same equipment--hosts, callers, mindset--since 1965. Since he doesn't believe in monitorable communication outside of work, I couldn't call, fax or e-mail him: I had to make actual physical contact (Jesus, how totally un-90's). After a long, death-defying drive through the Blizzard Of '96, I arrived at Scheering's modest compound near Moon Lake. "The bastards can't get me here," he tells me. "Who?" I ask, observing his extensive collection of guns, porno mags and Devo albums. "Never you mind, missy--is that a computer chip in your wrist?" Are you a member of the Trilateral/CFR/Bildeberger/et al controlled Liberal Media? If not, why not? Yeah, sure--why not? They're into everything else in my life. Maybe they have influence with the aliens who abduct me late at night, paint me white like that Powder dude and force me to have sex with Don Rickles. Can your talk show REALLY influence national/local politics and events? Can it at least get you laid? Oh yeah, My Show With Mark Scheering was the main force behind the secret killing of (Blind Melon's) Shannon Hoon. In return, I'm being made a state representative. Laid? You bet! There's nothing like a good n' wet blue-haired grannie's thighs to bury my face between.

Who's going to drink the Diet Coke on "Friends?" If you could kill only one member of "Friends," who would it be? Frasier--and I'd kill that bastard Seinfeld. Who will win the 1996 Presidential election? Who SHOULD, but would never have a chance in hell? Steven Forbes, he sure bought my vote--uh, so to speak...I'll stop talking now. Chris Farley should, after Saturday Night Live he needs a good gig. Is size really important? What do you automatically assume I'm referring to? Definitely--the bigger the rig, the more you can pull. I'm talkin' trucks, darlin', you've just got a dirty mind...you also got a real purty mouth--ever had a talk show host? Bill Clinton's unofficial campaign song of '92 was "Don't Stop (Thinking About Tomorrow)" by Fleetwood Mac--what will it be in '96? Will Hootie & The Blowfish supplant Soul Asylum as the White House band? "Just A Girl" by No Doubt, and no: Motorhead will. Motorhead's cool. I like Motorhead. I listen to Motorhead when I play with my blocks. I used to listen to Trailer Park, but they're gone now. I like the Decomposers, they make me feel all funny inside...I like Chopper's hairy back...eeehhhh...(trails off, wipes drool from chin, downs a handful of prozac with Mad Dog 20/20) What is the fashionable talk-show host wearing this season? (firearms optional) Cockring--with a 12-volt battery. Who has a national and/or local talk-show that REALLY should-n't? What do you plan to do about it? David Breshnahan, Oliver North, there's so many--and what do you mean, "Plan to do about it"? Who have you been talking to? What did they say? I am not going to do anything about it, and I DO NOT know Vinnie the Little Finger! The most women you've slept with at one time:     (relatives do not count--southern states excluded) 47, at the CFR Fly Girls Xmas party--you had to be there. Oh, that Ted Kennedy!

What he did to ol' George Bush was indescribable!

What words of wisdom would you like to impart to the youth (or at least the losers who read SLUG) of America? Uh, huh, huh, huh, shut up Leif, I'm trying to think, uh, huh, huh, huh, uh, do you know what cunnilingus is?

**3. Scott Ferrall,** On The Bench, KCNR 1320 AM (SuperTalk), weeknights 10pm-12am. Ferrall does a nationally syndicated sports talk show that I can't describe adequately in this cube--let's just say that, while I hate sports more than anything, I can actually listen to this guy kick it Reform School. Not that he's easy to interview: the only response I got via e-mail was a program guide for his network, Audionet. When we finally connected on the phone, well, read for yourself...

Are you a member of the Trilateral/CFR/Bildeberger/et al controlled Liberal Media? If not, why not? Arrgghh...Salt Lake Shakerzzz...sappenin'... Can your talk show REALLY influence national/local politics and events? Can it at least get you laid? Heyyyy...popper a cold onne...(sound of beer spraying) Who's going to drink the Diet Coke on "Friends?" If you could kill only one member of "Friends," who would it be? Helenz tha freakin'...yaa beautifulll--slamme sum Ozzzee...(stereo bong hit, Ozzy blaring) Then the connection dropped--just when we were getting somewhere, too. At least he had the huevos to answer me--to all those who didn't bother to respond: SCREW YOU! Stay tuned next month for my full, on-the-scene Grammy Awards report. Or not--there's a little matter I have to clear up with Boss G. Since my office here at SLUG Towers was eliminated to make space for his new hot tub/wet bar, he sez we just don't have the budget for it...

—Helen Wolf  
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# A FEW WORDS FROM

## SPACEHOG

awhile. It's that whole we've arrived, we know where it's at, we are the fashion center of the universe-the fact is, it's not anymore. Britain's got a lot of things to offer-they're lacking in a bit of humility sometimes-they could learn a lot from what goes on in other countries. It's bands like Oasis, I love them, but they've got a lot of growing up to do. To me they're acting like a set of school kids.

**SLUG:** Britain is always trying to export their thing-it's a music competition.

**JC:** Britain at the moment is trying to export this notion of Englishness which doesn't really exist anymore. They're trying to offer this kind of like sixties influenced whimsy music-what is that? Does it exist anymore or is just some sort of retrogressive figment of someone's imagination. I just found that was very constraining.

**SLUG:** Jonny, Royston and Antony Langdon, and Richard Steel form Spacehog.

**JC:** I came over without any agenda to play drums at all. I was managing this expresso bar and I met Antony, he was from Leeds. He said my brother's coming over, why don't you come over for a cup of tea and a jam. When his brother got into town [from England] we did. Royston, his younger brother, had all this incredible stuff. The next thing as far as our line-up goes was to get Richard, he was a friend of mine from Leeds. That was it really-four lovely lads from Leeds in the East Village [NYC].

Four Englishmen relocating from Leeds, England to NYC, have stirred up the sounds once pioneered by David Bowie and the charismatic nature of Ziggy Stardust. Jonny Cragg (drummer), Royston Langdon (vocalist/bassist), Antony Langdon (guitarist, vocals), and Richard Steel (lead guitar) unite to form Spacehog. They play melodic rock n' roll with somewhat of a retro element. Jonny Cragg was kind enough to share a few words with me while in NYC.

**SLUG:** What was your incentive to come here?

**JC:** I was bored in England and I was taking too many drugs. I was playing music but I was spending more time taking drugs I realized.

**SLUG:** You were making a living there?

**JC:** I've always made money playing music

**SLUG:** Did you become friendly with any people on the scene now [in England] that are also rising in terms of rock groups?

**JC:** We did some tours in a band I was in, we opened for the [Stone] Roses, but that's about as far as it goes. I don't know any of those Oasis guys or Blur or any of that lot. I don't really hang around in that football hooligan thing.

**SLUG:** Do you like Blur, their music?

**JC:** I like their music. I don't really understand their attitude-its just to me, it seems to be incredibly xenophobic. I don't see the point in behaving in that way-the world is just too small a place. You've got to get out, you've got to see people, meet people, and you've got to make some attempt to understand what makes them tick and what makes them different from you. I think it's a classic English attitude that I see time and time again-you really notice it when you've been away for



SLUG: Did you stay in NYC?

JC: We didn't leave Manhattan.

SLUG: Did anyone get sick of you?

JC: No. All the people around were saying, 'man you should play a show a month and you should really promote it' We were like, 'you don't really get any better by playing one show a month-you don't really improve as a band' Different people come to see you at different venues.

SLUG: Inspirations?

JC: Nice food, sex-a good hearty shag always puts a smile on my face! NYC is a constant source of inspiration. It's hard work making ends meet here and stuff. You should've seen it this time last year, man-we were the saddest bunch of retrograde hobos you've ever seen in your life. No one had any money, no one had any jobs. It was Royston and Antony coming around my house huddling around this housing project's Christmas tree. It was pretty grim.

SLUG: What pisses you off?

JC: When someone leaves the dust and maybe two or three flakes in the bottom [of a Cornflake cereal box] and just leaves it in the cupboard-that is so irritating. It doesn't happen all the time, but when it happens, I get very cross.

SLUG: Things you could rearrange about the band?

JC: I'd have Antony play the trombone 'cause I think he has yet to find his vocation! Royston wears way too much lipstick for my liking. I start looking at him in a funny way after a few beers.

—Gary Savelson

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creates an electron flux which hurls Pacino back to pre-colonial times. He calls Hawkeye "motherfucker"

Unholy Union: Heat and Last of the Mohicans. Too much neon

## MOTHER'S MOVIE REVIEWS

### HEAT

Heat is a three hour long episode of Miami Vice, set in L.A., using way better actors, but the music isn't as good as the TV show's was. Should you see it? Ask yourself these questions: 1. Is Al Pacino God? 2. Is Robert Di Nero God? 3. Is architectonica still hip? 4. Can you wait 3 1/2 hours to pee? 5. Do you really really like neon? If you answer yes to at least two of these, then see Heat.

Mom's Rating:  
Al Pacino IS God!

Michael  
location location location  
Mann.

These guys have  
female troubles!

Pacino is Jehovah.  
Di Nero is Jesus.

Moby.  
Phil Collins  
of the 90's?

Neon.  
Glass bricks.  
Where's Don?

You've got  
it backwards,  
stupid!

Dueling  
Godfathers!

MOTHER



# BAR & GRILL

## FEBRUARY

**Tuesdays**  
No Cover  
**Wednesdays**  
Ladies Night  
**Thursdays**  
College Night



Monday, February 26th

SUB  
P.O.P

## MUZZLE

## MARCH

SUNDAY MARCH 10th

### 7 YEAR BITCH

Steel Wool • DECOMPOSERS  
NO RESTRICTIONS

Tuesday  
6 NO COVER

### LOOSE

13 NO COVER

### Marmalade Hill

20 NO COVER

### NINE SPINE STICKLEBACK

27 NO COVER

### ALIEN OPERA

5

### SUGAR HOUSE

MONDAY, MARCH 11th

### BEN FOLDS FIVE

with The JACKMORMONS

Wednesday

7

### LADIES NIGHT FREE POOL

No Cover

14

### LADIES NIGHT FREE POOL

No Cover

21

### LADIES NIGHT FREE POOL

No Cover

28

### LADIES NIGHT FREE POOL

No Cover

6

### JOSH CLAYTON FELT Flower Patch THE FEEL

Thursday

8

### THE PINCH

15

### THE FEEL

22

### BOHEMIA

29

### Quark

7

### SUN MASONS

Friday

9

### HEADSHAKE

CD RELEASE PARTY  
So Wut

16

### HONEST ENGINE

LUGNUT  
Go Figure

23

### SEVEN

Stella Brass  
And Later 21+  
ELBO FINN

1

### HONEST ENGINE

Marmalade Hill

8

### RIVERBED JED ONE EYE

Wednesday, March 27

### FEAR

GODSPINE • QUALITONES

Saturday

10

### VOODOO SWING

CD RELEASE PARTY  
12 SPEED

17

### Mike Peters

from THE ALARM  
with HANK  
SUGARHOUSE

24

### Decomposers

Chevy Neston  
COKLEO

2

### 12 Speed

SweWalk Religion

9

### ELBO FINN

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# SXSW

## A Judges View...

You'll read about this gig in other local publications. Their reporters were present with notebooks and pens in hand. Since I represent the low-life of the city I forgot the pen and pad. The first thought that comes to mind is "what is it with all the hippies?"

Then there is the bickering and the calls of "the fix is in." If the gig is fixed why haven't Stretsh, Clover, the Obvious or Honest Engine ever received a trip to Austin? According to sales figures they are the best bands in SLC, excluding of course Kurt Bestor. By the time this rag hits the streets everyone will know that Salsa Brava was the winner. Was the contest fixed? Was Salsa Brava destined to win before the competition began? Well...

Salsa Brava was undoubtedly the most professional band seen on the Zephyr Club stage that night. What does winning the competition mean? Not a God damned thing if the past three representatives are a gauge. You get a free trip to Austin, TX. You get to play a one night stand and then you come home. That's it. Record contracts? Fame? Fortune? Popularity? I don't think so.

For all those in favor of the conspiracy theory... Yes, the ballot provides that opportunity. A maximum of 30 points were possible. Of those 30 each judge contributed at most 25 per band. The "stage manager" at each venue is allowed up to five points per ballot. At the Dead

Goat, in the preliminary round, every band received the maximum. For the finals who knows? There were reportedly seven judges present at the finals. That means the "stage manager" had 35 points per band to play with. The opportunity was there. In my opinion it didn't matter.

The gossip was that Sweet Loretta and Salsa Brava were picked to win before the competition began. I saw Sweet Loretta in the preliminaries. They won! No ifs ands or buts about it. They were the best band at the venue. Of course the \$50 the Private Eye slipped me influenced my decision. At the finals Salsa Brava was the best band. I have no misgivings about giving my "points" to them. They won suckers. Are they the best representatives of the local music scene?

The big question is whether Salsa Brava would have won had they played first. The spot on the schedule is without a doubt a factor. It is also a problem without a solution. Every band can't play last.

The entire "show-down" is a good idea. No matter who wins any band participating has the chance to impress people who have never seen them before. If you don't like the competition don't enter. If you think you have what it takes to compete at the national level put a jar at the bar whenever you play, ask for donations and pay your own way. The truly innovative, creative bands will never win a "Show Down To Austin." As I've said more than once in the past "most popular does not mean the best." Salsa Brava put on a show! If you want a free ticket to Austin learn to do the same! Otherwise go through the application process.

—Sven Gally

# VOODOO DOG RECORDING

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Julian Cope is back again, a welcome intrusion into your mundane world. On his own Ma-Gog label he has, within the past two years, released RITE and QUEEN ELIZABETH, two musical adventures into the cosmic beyond and has issued, through American, his latest epic, 20 MOTHERS. In another light, he has also written the first volume of his autobiography, HEAD-ON and THE history of German post-war music KRAUTROCKSAMPLER.

SLUG: Why did you write HEAD-ON and feel it necessary for your story to be out in public circulation?

JC: Cause I realized that the people who make history are not the people who make it who are there but the people who make it and then write about it. You can't even leave it to other people to do it who are on your side 'cause they become fundamentalist about it and things get wrong. And I wanted to write it (HeadOn) when I still had it firmly in my mind rather than write it at 25 years. I thought that was important.

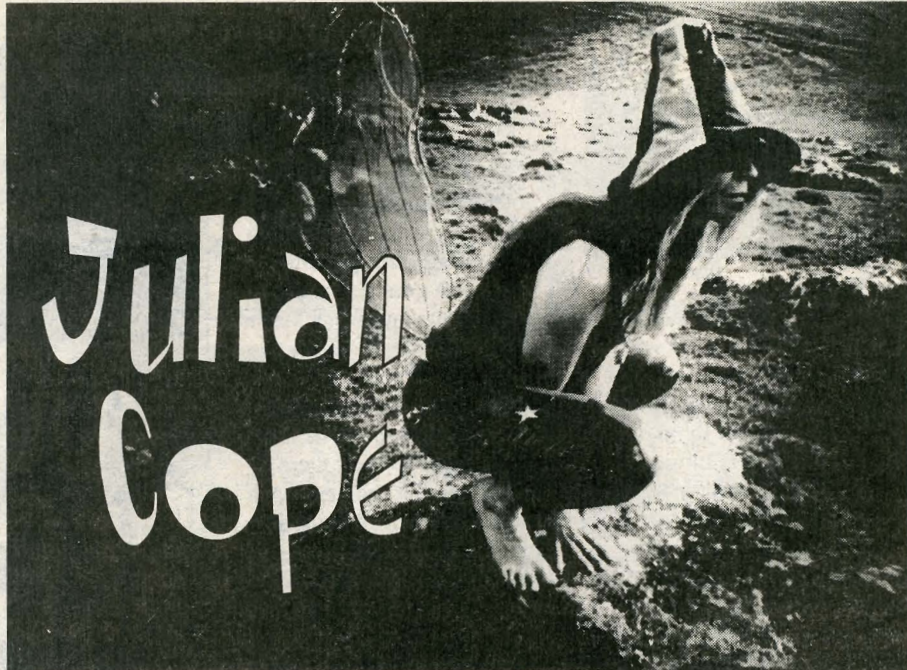
SLUG: Reading its introduction again, did you as you are now come about from the death of Pete de Freitas (Echo and the Bunnymen drummer killed June 14th, 1989)

JC: Yes, I'm definitely an amalgam of myself and him but I wouldn't say in what amounts... A huge percentage, and I know he affected other people the same sort of way but I don't know if...other people have told me weird things happened but none, none of that has happened to me.

SLUG: When I finished reading the whole thing, I thought of the liner notes for MY NATION UNDERGROUND, your Nietzsche quote, "battle ye not with monsters lest ye become a monster". Did you feel that way, becoming what you most hated?

JC: Yes, I did, I took it on, I didn't know. I was a neophyted orphan.

SLUG: Andy Eastwood once told me that SKELLINGTON or DROOLIAN was done on a dare, that you couldn't produce an album in one day.



JC: SKELLINGTON was done in a day and a half. DROOLIAN was done in two days but it was done in somebody's living room, in Pam Youngs living room, just in Liverpool. She just vacated and went to London for two days and Donald (Ross Skinner) and I went and stayed in her flat and just recorded on what was there. It certainly has the ambiance of that front room, which was good. We mastered it off a C90.

SLUG: DROOLIAN seemed to sort of exorcise you, because all the music after DROOLIAN was markedly different.

JC: Well, my, my kind of Pete vision, my Pete de Freitas vision happened during the recording of DROOLIAN so I mean DROOLIAN was only a two day session in any case. I think there was a lot of Pete's ambiance in Pam's living room. So I mean it kind of set the scene perfectly and it was a very de Freitas thing, but I think that's what happened.

SLUG: What about the QUEEN ELIZABETH and RITE albums, what made you do those sort of soundscape pieces?

JC: Because I think everybody is doing those kind of things now, because it's right to be doing those things. I actually think I'm quite a harmonious artist in terms of what I'm doing, I would always prefer to be in harmony with what's

going on. I'm so rarely in harmony that I can't complain when I am so, you know, in that case I would just be cantankerous for the sake of it, wouldn't I, being out of step for the sake of being out of step.

SLUG: I heard that RITE was written as an album to have sex to?

JC: Yes, yeah, to have sex to and to actually meet the person to come on to, 'cause on a city dweller level you could really do that and get the whole dribbling out of the way in 17 minutes.

SLUG: Before we move on to the new album and book, do you think the past seventeen years have been worth it?

JC: Ohhhhhh yeahhhhhhhh, completely!

SLUG: No regrets?

JC: Shitloads! Loads and loads of errors, but they were all only tactical errors, so, it's like Carl Jung said, "no one can drink the whole cup of life with one dignified swallow". You're allowed to have a couple of chokes.

SLUG: Why do you think you're not as big as U2 by now?

JC: That's pretty obvious I think, because what U2 does is do it the corporate way, they do what the corporation



wishes, wear everybody down 'till everybody knows that U2 is back. Whereas I'm just an artist, I can just slam it out, mines a holistic trip, you could put me in a coracle and send me off to some rock to make art but you could do that to any member of U2 and they wouldn't make art, you know, they'd find a way back to the mainland. It's the difference, it's what Joseph Cambell said, it's the difference between the celebrity and the hero. The celebrity does everything, will walk across tall buildings and dance on tightropes for his audience but the hero will do exactly the same things and would love to please his audience as well, if he has one, but if the audience has all gone home, he'll be doing it to please himself. T.S. Elliot said that all we can ask of our poets and our artists is that they do not merely sit at home and muse poetically or artistically but they turn it into some kind of poetry or art that we can all enjoy and that's what I do, and I reckon that I'm in the luckiest position of all.

SLUG: Have you always considered yourself an artist and not a musician then?

JC: Um, yeah, it has always been the bane of my existence that my passport says "musician" and not artist.

SLUG: 20 MOTHERS is a very parental album...

JC: Totally, it's fuck everybody who doesn't have a parental view, because I do.

SLUG: What do you think of the album as a whole, in comparison to your past material?

JC: I think it's a cohesive fuck-off, a lot of songs to get into and I'd hate to have to review it. It's unbalanced, which is what I'd aimed for (long pause). There's not enough singles on it.

SLUG: Do you think lyrics are more important to a song, or must the music be its strongpoint?

JC: Oh I think it's the whole thing. I think you can have the greatest lyrics in the world and if it doesn't have the best tune in the world it will suck. I mean if

the music wasn't important it would just be a poem. My lyrics, all the repetition is written in, I just, I just sing that song out, it's the whole thing.

SLUG: What of some of the songs, The first single is "Try, Try, Try" and there's no second? What about "Wheelbarrow Man"?

JC: Yeah! The thing is you see, with my songs, with everybody in the record companies, they always jump up and down when they first hear them, and then after a couple of days they all go back and they start conferring, and they all go, "well, you know, it's just very melodic", so I figure that's fair enough, I'm actually pleased that I've just got any kind of single at all.

SLUG: And how about a bit of back-ground on "Greedhead Detector"?

JC: Um, it's about the sublime and the ridiculous, the ridiculous being Sedgerick Brown who is kind of the king of the British Greedheads who just makes an astronomical amount of money as the chairman of British Gas, which used to be a British company, owned by the people, and now is owned by a bunch of greedheads right at the top. And what it really says is, the useful divine spirits dance in, dancing on the flame outside the top of your head is what the mystic and what the enlightened soul aims for. What the king of the Greedheads aims for is knighthood, from Queen Elizabeth, who's a fucking inbred whore. Basically, they suck, we don't.

So, verse one is listen to what happens if you follow the inbred whore. Verse two is "your soul becomes degraded with control, the invader, the invader is inside you, sneaks inside you, you are hypnotized to see nothing, feel nothing, know nothing that means anything at all, conditioned feed nothing, a big zero, but that circle is filled with light and love where she dances in the base of your soul and that means everything.

SLUG: Which goes back to "Paranormal in the West Country" on Autogeddon! Well, an interesting thing about your albums as a whole is that they seem to want to play themselves.

JC: That's cool man...well, you know, I

spent a lot of time on them, you know. I don't know if I can keep doing the huge double album thing but I'm going to do as much as I can and I'm gonna just keep coming at different angles. The way I see it, I'm just gonna sustain and that way it will be proven that I mean it. Cause anybody can mouth off.

5 Year Cope Discography  
 Floored Genius  
 Peggy Suicide  
 Jehovahkill  
 Rite  
 Queen Elizabeth  
 Skellington Chronicles  
 Autogeddon  
 20 Mothers  
 KRAUTROCKSAMPLER  
 HEAD-ON

Contact Julian and get on the mailing list at P.O. Box 3823, London N8 8TQ  
 England

—Carl Arnheiter

# HEADQUARTERS

EST. 1978

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Dupree's  
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 News

Backstage  
 Pass Video





# The Stiff Sheet...

## DREAM

6



### DREAM 6

Capital Records

This is a demo CD that was found for me by my buddies at Modified. Dean to be specific. This is the original demo of the band that you know I love, Concrete Blonde, prior to Michael Stipe renaming them Concrete Blonde. Which may be his only significant contribution to music as we know it. The band consisted of it's two core members Johnnette Napolitano on bass and vocals and James Mankey (guitar player) with Michael Murphy on the drums. God only knows what happened to Michael Murphy. One of the best things about this CD is the comparison between the song "Rain" which appears here in 1983 and the version which appears ten years later on the album Mexican Moon.

They're both starkly beautiful songs. Almost identical versions, but you can see there's a tremendous amount of growth in the band in the last ten years and in Mankey's playing and Johnnette's vocals. Although on the original version there's something raw and wonderful about it. This CD makes you wonder why they never remade any of these other songs on the demo

version. Human Condition, Tomorrow May Never Come, Daddy Lied, all outstanding songs which never appear in any form on any of Concrete Blondes later albums. They're all filled with Johnnette's wonderful vocals and the exquisite guitar playing of Jim Mankey who is probably one of the best guitar players around and possibly one of the most underrated. If there is one sad point about this album it's that it reminds you that Concrete Blonde has broken up. Maybe in a perfect world they'd get back together again and do another album or perhaps redo some of the songs on this record. In a selfish world however, like the one we live in, all I can say is I have this record. You don't. You'll probably never get it. However, if you want to send me five bucks I'll make you a copy.

—Mr. Pink.



### VAN GOGH'S DAUGHTER Shove Hollywood Records

I stole this CD out of Feltcher's box at SLUG HQ because he never came around and picked it up. And if it wasn't so damn good I would probably apologize and give it back. But it is, so I won't. Oh, well. Van Gogh's Daughter is a

four piece all female band led by the singing and guitar playing duo of Jane Woodman and Page Webber. Jean Hangauer is on drums and Rachel Thoele plays bass. Rachel hails from one of my favorite old San Francisco bands Frightwig. A band that you had to see and hear to believe. There are 11 songs on VGD's debut release for Hollywood Records. The best of which is a song about a junkie called Through the Eyes of Julie. Other killer tunes on this record are Slag, Struggle and Sting, a song called World Between Your Knees. My favorite though is probably the opening track called Crystal. The songs range from melodic pop rockers with a heavy edge on guitars to some more slower melodic groaning songs. Van Gogh's Daughter does not lose their edge, however, even when they're going from both ends of the spectrum throughout the record. According to Jane and Page, the songs are all based on drinking, anger, their heads, and relationships. A quote from the bio probably best describes this album, "All my hopes and dreams occasionally fall out a thirty story building..." This is a record that makes you happy while its taking you through sad songs. While on the more up tempo songs it shows you the irony between the two.

—Mr. Pink.

### SPACEHOG Resident Alien Sire

This band will draw many, many comparisons to other bands both new and old. Some of which are true, some of which are not. Probably the best



comparisons that I could use would be a modern day Mott the Hoople, T-Rex, David Bowie combination. With that kind of recommendation I can only say that this record is bound to be one of the top ten maybe even top five of the entire year. One can only hope that the rest of the albums released in 1996 come even close to this record. If so, it will be a helluva lot better year than 1995 was. The opening track, "In the Meantime" is one of the coolest songs released in a long time. I could continue on rambling and rambling about how good the record is and the vocal styling is like this and the guitar styling like that and there is mood stints and this and that and the other but it would mean virtually nothing. This is a CD which you have to go out and buy. If you think it sucks sell it back. You've purchased hundreds of CD's in the past that sucked and you've sold those back. Take a chance on this one. Trust me.

—Maxx

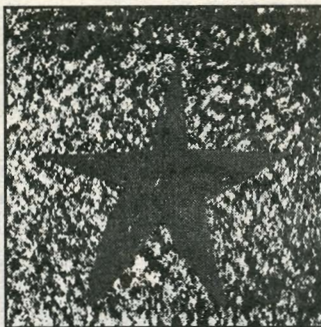
### Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers Live at Max's Kansas City 79 Roir USA

When I was 17, me and my buddy Kevin used to stay up late at night in his apartment listening to Johnny Thunders Live at Max's Kansas City with the Heartbreakers. One night we got drunk and called Max's



## JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS

LIVE at max's  
Kansas City 79



## GIGANTOUR EP

### World Domination

Jean at World Domination called me on the phone and she said "Listen to this Gigantour CD... It's full of all these great power pop songs, blah, blah, blah." I thought to myself World Domination doesn't sign great power pop bands. World Domination signs bands like Stanford Prison Experiment, Low Pop Suicide, Latimer, bands that I love, but are certainly not power pop bands. Since I know she's sending me a Stanford Prison Experiment shirt, (HINT) I gave it the benefit of the doubt. Well I stuck this little five song EP by Gigantaur in the CD player and low and behold she was correct. This is a four piece Australian band led by Penny Hewson on vocals and Simon Honisett on vocals. Both also play guitar. Star Magazine is the best tune here, with Favourite Song a close second. God, I hate it when Jean's right. I'll never hear the end of it. The songs are very poppy and very well written, with extreme emphasis on unforgettable chorus hooks. Expect the full length from Gigantaur by the end of the year, but until then go out and try and find the Gigantaur EP... it is well worth the money.

—Maxx

Kansas City and asked to speak with Johnny Thunders on the phone. He actually got on the phone and said "Do you want me to play on your record?". This record has been re-released by Roir featuring Walter Lure on guitar, Jerry Nolan on drums and Billy Rath on bass with Johnny Thunders handling most of the vocals and guitar playing. There's some classic Heartbreakers stuff on this record along with some old New York dolls things and some tracks from Johnny Thunders solo career, which did not appear on the original Heartbreakers Live at Max's Kansas City album, like Pirate Love, So Alone, Too Much Junkie Business. This is probably one of the best live records I've ever heard as far as early 80's late 70's punk bands go. Not truly a punk band in the sense of the Sex Pistols but more of a great rock and roll band. And the CD captures the feeling of this band to a T. It's raunchy, it's sloppy, with lots of swearing and joking around, Johnny Thunders perhaps at one of his best live performances. This is an absolute must own, no doubt about it, five stars, three thumbs up, full steam ahead stiffy. If you can't get you a local CD store to order it for you call SLUG and we'll get you the name and address of the record company.

—Mr. Pink

# SLUG THE FIRST OGDEN SLUGFEST IS HERE...

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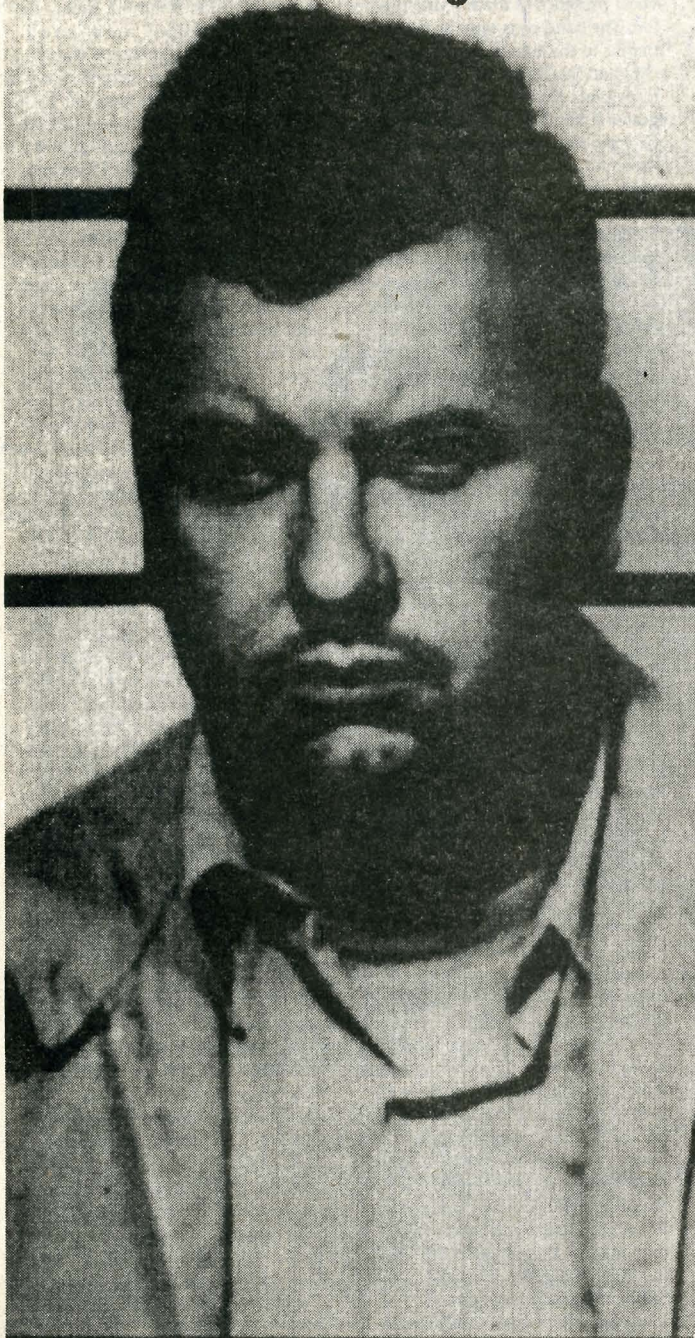
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# SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

John Wayne Gacy



The character of John Wayne Gacy was in little doubt for many years, at least to most of those who lived in the community around him. He was a nice, hard-working, driven, organizer, who dabbled in politics, and was a successful entrepreneur. If anybody had bad things to say about him, it was that he was loud-mouthed, and a blowhard: unless, of course, Gacy had sexual desires for them. Then, as often as not, he skull fucked them, stuffed glass bottles or other items up their asses, and had strangled them with a device which he affectionately referred to as the "hammer trick."

Gacy wasn't always such a bad guy. On his first sexual encounter, as a teen, he got as far as undressing his date, a girl, when he, much to his own and her horror, fainted.

His mother was convinced that little John was a sickly child, and as a result, spent his childhood on various drugs and was dubbed a little farie by his father. He never gained the love of his father, often receiving violent beatings at the hands of the drunken John Gacy Sr. But that isn't the reason for Gacy's horrible crimes.

Gacy's basic personality makeup was that of a sociopath, he felt absolutely no remorse for any of his victims. His entire life, according to psychiatrists who examined him in the hospital after his first arrest for assault and sodomy, was a long series of, "poor John" having unfortunate things happen to him. Boys would consent to have sex with him, and then run claiming he had raped him. This sort of thing. Even when his murder spree ended and he was being interviewed by police, he admitted that he killed the thirty something boys because they were all hustlers who tried to cheat him, or had attacked him. He claimed all the encounters were by mutual consent that he never forced anybody to do anything which they didn't want. Ten years after his trial and death sentence, he claimed that there was no evidence of his guilt, and therefore he was innocent. He was, in short, a lying sack of shit.

Gacy was a natural born evil, murderous, coward, who got off pretty easy, all in all, having been mercifully killed by the state. Like a dog, only without the sense of loss one feels when a dog is put down.



# Bustin The Nut

by David McClellan

Where is rock and roll?

Has Cobain taken it with him to the final resting place? Has Courtney Love hidden it from view by inserting it carefully into her large gaping orifice? Has Oasis swallowed the left over morsels of it and vomited the undigested chunks back at us, all the while bringing the fashion world to a halt by reinstating the haircuts formerly loathed as "The Bowl" and "The Ringo" as well as dubbing them vogue? Do any bands besides Sugar Ray, The Melvins, and Rancid go out and get piss stinking drunk and play raunchy guitar heavy songs about cars, chicks, and prison anymore? The rest of the country already thinks that Utah is a bunch of cult worshipping, polygamist, gun toting pussies, we don't need to pound the point by letting a Salsa band win a free trip to represent us as our "Best Local Talent" at the SXSW industry schmoozefest in Austin. Why not just send Bootyquake? A Salsa band. Salsa. Sauce. So all of us who got sauced by Salsa Brava in the 4th annual SXSW band contest would probably concur that rock and roll is probably dead, at least as far as the Salt Lake City limits. My band, Luginut, well we bit the big cucumber right at 7:15pm at the Bar & Grill. Tom from Honest Engine told me straight up two weeks prior, that the contest was rigged from the get go and that only bands that were in big with the Zephyr club even stood a chance. I, the eternal optimist stood up to this challenge of battling it out against Goliath and told him that he was crazy and needed to get his band's shit in on time because this was most definitely their year. The Obvious have secured Ogden, this much we know, but Honest Engine and All Souls Ave. are my hopes for us in the big city. If Luginut couldn't be the tightest and the most commercially viable band, then we sure as hell could go out and try to alienate people and look cool. My path was clear. Lose big. I bought new shoes. I bought a new shirt. I went up on stage and jumped around like a fucking wack for a half an hour and screamed as much as possible. I even said fuck alot. Like: "Hey baby, do you fuck alot, or is that cushion stenciled to your ass just there for moral support?" I think the fifteen people who showed up for us appreciated the effort. Mercy fuckers. They even dug the shoes. It's just gets really hard being a bad ass in front of

Downtown and are ready to start drinking heavily (as all good rock stars should) and we end up over at the Dead Goat Saloon where Clover is about to go on. I've never seen Clover live and I made a personal bet with someone that they would win the whole filthy pig, so I was real excited to be there. Opening with that song that goes like this:

"Ayyyyyyyyy AHHHHHHYYYYY!!! Blah blah blah slowlyyyyyyy...." and then into their X96 smash hit (conveniently played a hell of a lot more than any of YOUR band's songs... why is that?) "Sun", Clover played a very cool and musical set. Very slick songs. Very good sound. Very just... good. With their very middle of the road vibe and I don't want to move around too much in case I pull a hamstring pathos, Clover is our very own answer to this country's Hootie on My Blowfish affliction. It's great music to eat granola to... or play backgammon to, or crochet socks by the pool to after a hard morning of drinking Schlitz, smoking pot and fly fishing along the Provo river. It's lyrical and hummable and ever so slightly nostalgic; reminiscent of that band that you just can't seem to remember the name of. "Musical Wallpaper" is the term I have been using since the night of the show. Making me want to go out and pick fights and get my ass kicked by black belts this band does not. But then I guess that they would prefer it if I joined Greenpeace and took to raising crops. Such whimsy. Clover are really nice guys too. I still don't understand why they are still local with an album so full of potential, so I introduced myself to the great Clover himself (insert name here) and told him how much I wanted to get down and suck his dick, but he said he was saving himself for his old bass player, Tyrone Black, who is away on a mission. So much for rock and roll lifestyles. Now the real toast of the town was about to go on: Sweet Loretta. A self proclaimed "jugernaut of soulful pulchritude and deviant lifestyles", Sweet Loretta is a band that the BOSS himself would be proud of. Now I'm from New Jersey, and when I start talking about the BOSS in conjunction with a band description it means something. I say BOSS, you think GOD. If Springsteen had a record label Sweet Loretta should be on it. Sweet Loretta has all of the attributes that make a professional band separate from a local band, yet they are a local band

your mother, if you know what I mean. So we're all done and we get our shit back to

(like one tiny molecule in my thumb-nail could be a tiny universe in a another molecule of another being's thumbnail...) Why does this not astound me. History lesson: Mary Monique and the Trip used to have this sassy, bleach blonde, doll lead singer (insert name here) and now they don't. She's still on the News 4 Utah commercials though. Riverbed Jed used to have this cute, skinny brunette that sang with them like every other song (or whenever they felt the need to be feminine) and now they don't. Alas, I digress... So Sweet Loretta is really the rhythm section of Mary Monique... and the dynamic vocal presence of the Ex-Ms.Riverbed Jed. The band is as tight as it gets thanks to the astounding musicianship and quality tonal phrasing of the three piece rhythm section (drums, guitar & bass) (Adam, Dobey Gillis & Gilligan respectively). But the real show stopper, the real money in the bank, chart topping, world touring, t-shirt selling asset that Sweet Loretta has and has lots of hands down in spades is vocal harmonies. Glorious gospel and orgasm inducing melodious harmonies. Them two thin chicks at the front of the band, they sort of remind me of the two little girls that get hacked to pieces in The Shining when you see them standing together side by side, have got some great goddamn pipes! I mean they not only sing well together, but they really sell the show. As far as talent, stage presence, sex appeal, marketability, form and function go, Sweet Loretta have got it going on. So I end up back at the Bar & Grill to watch Marmalade Hill do their best impression of Live Unplugged meets Toad the Wet Sprocket Featuring the Crappiest Telecaster Solo in the World. As soon as I saw the acoustic guitar on the lead singer I knew it was time for tequila shots. I've said it before and I'll say it again, this whole unplugged craze is for the birds. And that goes for the whole funk thing too. Funk metal, funk grunge, funk reggae, funk punk, funky suspended 9th chords played clean through a wah pedal against a groovy back beat and then into a heavy grind... All of that shit has got to stop. Like fucking yesterday. There was one legitimate rock band that made it to the SXSW finals. One. "Oh yes but rock has so many facets and so many different avenues to choose from we incorporate all of these elements into something unique and it becomes our own amalgamation of a new hybrid of rock called..." Call it head cheese, call it whatever, just shut the fuck up and pay attention. Jezus Rides a Ricksha, and I think they made it there by default, was the only rock and roll band at the SXSW finals and they are a fucking metal act. Name one Metal band that

had a career left after Nirvana? Jane's Addiction. That's it. Honest Engine, though I love and support them dearly, are a power funk band. They don't act obnoxious, they don't get blowjobs in bathrooms, they don't show up late to shows, drunk and pissed off and dressed to kill. Their music is well constructed, progressive, heavy and at it always "rocks", but they are NOT A ROCK AND ROLL BAND. Rock & roll isn't dead, it's just not very well supported in Salt Lake City on a local level. Ask All Souls Ave. Salt Lake City is just too clean cut for a good old fashioned rock scene. New slogan: "Salt Lake City. Our shit don't stink... that's the lake!" Well don't you believe it. This place is just as sleazy as any sprawling suburban strip mall night-mare town. Probably more so. I want to see guns and knives and guys in black leather and souped-up cars and Marshall stacks and Les Pauls and lead singers who pull out their dicks and slap the granola eating hippies in the front row and then end up puking back stage while waiting for their fix. I want smoke screens and laser light shows and all the band's shit smashed up and smoldering by the end of the set or else I just feel lifeless and cheated. My how I long for those glorious metal years. The music was empty, but the scene was the shit. So Marmalade Hill got to eat cake and play in front of a sold out Zephyr crowd at the finals for being just another mediocre formulaic, folk-ish, wallpaper band and I'm supposed to take this lying down?! Well, okay. But Goddamn it, what about Abstrak?! Why, with all their talent and musical prowess and virtual command over the instruments with which they lay sonic death to all who cower in their shadow, I knew that for my money, deep in my crotch, they were the band to beat that snowy Sunday night two weeks ago. Especially with songs as catchy and hummable as theirs. They're fetchin' foot stompers! That's why I don't go to Abstrak concerts... I walk out singing all the goddamn songs for the next six weeks. Long Live Rock !!!

—David McClellan

**ED NOTE:** Last month's BTN article was about Downtown Music and Positively 4th Street. Afterwards, I received a call from the manager of Positively 4th Street claiming that there were some untrue statements made, and he would like them retracted. The statement in question was that the building was condemned. Well, it isn't. IT WAS, but it is now up to code as far as city ordinances go. Downtown Music also called David and changed their hours to stay open later, and hopefully soon to be 24 hours.





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**The Phoids 7" -**  
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**Butterflies -**  
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**Battershell -**  
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# Dishwalla



Let's face it gang -- these days there's just too damn much music to keep up. And let's face the fact that a lot of it is not even worth keeping up with anyway. What are we really after? I can sum it up in one word . . . originality. The discs I listen to the most are the ones that are different. Ya, I listen to the same crap we all do but the stuff I really dig is the stuff that has a unique twist, Mark Lanegan, Sky Cries Mary and my newest favorite -- Dishwalla. Let's talk about Dishwalla.

This is a band that can be compared to no one I am aware of. Look people, I'm a busy college kid, I don't have time to be chasing bands around our fine city and I don't have time to be interviewing and reviewing bands for SLUG magazine. Why do I do it then, you ask? Because ever since October when I first heard these Santa Barbara surfer boys, I have ached to see them live. I make time for the occasional band that completely blows me away and with the help of an influential cousin, I had the privilege of chatting with a very down to earth, J.R. Richards, lead singer for Dishwalla. In the relaxed atmosphere of the Bar & Grill, here's how it went:

SLUG: How do you like Utah?

J.R.: It's great. I love Utah.

SLUG: This is what, your second time playing SLC?

J.R.: Ya, second time.

SLUG: How do you like touring?

J.R.: I love it. The playing part is great and I basically hang out with my friends

your unique sound. These days there's so many bands that have a generic sound. What have you guys done to avoid that?

J.R.: Well, I think that it helps having guys in the band that have a lot of different things that they're into. Part of the problem, I think, is that bands get together to write music and they all listen to the same things.

SLUG: What are your personal music influences?

J.R.: I grew up listening to British Techno, ya know, Cure, New Order, Depeche Mode, stuff like that. I like Queen and The Cars, too.

SLUG: What do the other guys listen to?

J.R.: George and Rodney were into heavier stuff, although I know Rodney has a soft spot for Duran Duran. A lot of random stuff. Scot really likes old school funk, too and so everybody tries to work their scene into the song.

SLUG: How do you do that?

J.R.: Well, what it's ended up doing is making the songs . . . they have a lot of contrast basically. To appease everybody's musical tastes you have like a kind of groovy, soft part and then a little heavier part and then a really textual part and we use lots of loops in there. We try to make it so all those things are happening together in one tune rather than writing a separate song for each idea.

SLUG: Does everybody contribute lyrics?

J.R.: No, it's all me.

SLUG: What is your main motivation for

all day . . . I kinda miss family and friends back home.

SLUG: The thing that really struck me about you guys right from the start was

writing music? Is it like Henry Rollins says, "Poor man's therapy"?

J.R.: Ya, a little but a lot of it is just observation. A lot of it really isn't that heavy and then some of it is.

SLUG: What's the song "Moisture" about?

J.R.: It's about a relationship I was in where I wasn't getting anything in return and after awhile it's like you get to a point where you have something in return to survive: like you need water or moisture to survive.

SLUG: The song "Counting Blue Cars", there's a line that says, ". . . Tell me all your thoughts on God, 'cause I'd really like to meet her." What's that about?

J.R.: It's less a statement about God but more of a statement about how society tends to give anything of major importance a male gender as opposed to a female gender. I just think it is kind of unfair. Especially with something like God that probably doesn't even have a gender anyway . . . I just question why we are so male dominated.

After the interview, I sat and chatted with Scot, Rodney and J.R. as they ate pasta and green salad. George, the man in charge of the skins and the sticks, was shooting pool. With their talent and creativity, they all have an attitude, the cool thing is that they don't. The Bar & Grill was on fire until 2 am and Dishwalla smoked us. Some of these guys have been playing together since they were 14 and it showed. Their stage presence was amazing and their energy was contagious as hell. I, personally, was in a frenzy all night. If you want something new, trust me, Dishwalla is what you need. They reek of originality! Buy "Pet Your Friends" and don't miss seeing these guys in a small club. Every time they come back, they'll be playing a bigger place. I guarantee it. I'm signing off until the next show worth skipping school for.

—Croxy



# COMBINE

PRESENTS

*"The History of American Rock and Roll"*



*"Creative chaos from sloppy-drunk hicks  
that live in a fucking swamp...." -Lollipop*



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**2/8 - Accidental  
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**2/10- Earth Jam  
Benefit**

**2/13- Mr. Winkie**

**2/14- Mud Puddle**

**2/15- Spittin Lint**

**2/16- Elbow Finn**

**2/17- The Pinch**

**2/20- Aaron Jones**

**2/21- Max Turner Band**

**2/22- Blue Heeler**

**2/23- Blue Wood Moon**

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# concert previews...



## Dirty Rotten Imbeciles

Is your life lacking excitement? Is that pop punk sound wearing you down? Is the imported grunge from your radio speakers beginning to irritate? Why not pick up some actual noise? Dirty Rotten Imbeciles have released *Full Speed Ahead*. The CD can't be beat for maximum thrash potential. Then there is the bone crunching element. Thrash metal with plenty of good lyrics about a decaying society. Throw in the element of cannibalism, a little HIV, girls with guns, money troubles and even an end of the world song. It's so good to know that there are still bands banging this stuff out. The better news is that D.R.I. will bring the music directly to the locals. They are booked to appear at the Cinema Bar on February 24.

Joining D.R.I. is another noisy group of kids. Acid Bath put their record out on Rotten Records in 1994. I'm sure everyone remembers the clown cover drawn by a famous mass murderer. When *The Kite String Pops* was a refreshing break from normality. The video is even better. A recommended purchase if they bring any with them. It's

always nice to see someone translate what's on their minds for all to view.

The show is at The Cinema Bar The venue selection has its good and bad points. The kids won't draw any inspiration from these two bands because they can't get in. But, those of us over the legal age don't have to deal with the kids.



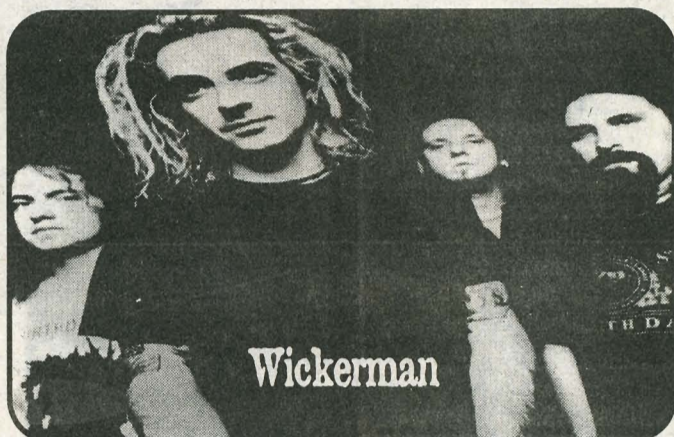
## Vitamade Everything You Need Bong Load

This one just slipped through the door after the deadline. Who pays attention to deadlines? They'll be at the Cinema Bar on February 13 according to the publicist. They recorded at the Bong Load studio in Humboldt.

county. The publicity people made sure to make the connection to the driving force behind the current mob of hippies residing near the shores of the great

## White Zombie, Filter and Wickerman

OK, I know. White Zombie continues to tour behind their multi-platinum



smelly lake. My connection up north grows the best. He's been at it longer than most of the "tie-dyes" have been alive. Vitamade are not another "hippie" band. Thank God! They play some of that punk rock stuff that is actually

release. Filter is just former Ninnies capitalizing on the bosses success. Risking the wrath of Helen. I loved the last White Zombie show. The entertainment provided by the audience was more fun than all the lights, camera, action on the stage. Besides, I got to meet Sean afterwards.

The underlying tale of this gig is the opening band. Wickerman hasn't had the years or equipment to catch up the Zombie folks, but they are plenty hard enough. Their emphasis is more on the human than the machine. Due to the love local audiences have for the hard and heavy I'm watching for their new CD to break-out of this market like Korn and Rage Against The Machine before them. I know they don't sell beer anymore inside and many of you would rather sit in your cars guzzling than see the opening band. If you do you'll miss the new kids on the block. I'm predicting you'll hear more from Wickerman in February. There is every possibility that they'll win Filter's audience over.

quite catchy. Due to the time frame I only listened to the record once. The band comes from L.A., they are a trio and we are not talking hard-core, thrash or pop/punk. Another throwback to the old school. The band calls it heavy melodicore. February 13 is a Tuesday which pretty much sucks for the working class. Call in sick on Wednesday.



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## FEBRUARY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

1

DR.  
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2

PIJAMAS  
DE GATO  
Joshua Is  
Waiting

3

KING  
TRANCE

6

BLANK

7

WALLY  
PLEASANT  
James Stewart

8

LISA  
LOEB  
w/Nine Stories  
and Once Blue

9

Thirsty  
Alley

10

HARVESTER  
Riverbed Jed

13

QUININE  
Vitamade  
CARLOS

14

SAMITE  
OF  
UGANDA

15

ABSTRAK

16

VINCE  
NEIL  
DECOMPOSERS

17

J-BINDER  
Dick Nixon

20

Open  
Mic  
Poetry



21

3 1/2 GIRLS  
(Formerly Deviance)  
Decomposers  
D.U.I.

22

DEFTONES  
9 Spine Stickback

23

SEA  
of JONES  
dissarray

24

D.R.I.  
Acid Bath  
DECOMPOSERS

Thursday  
Nite Is  
Ladies  
Night

27

DICK  
NIXON

28

HAMMER  
HEAD  
3 1/2 Girls

29

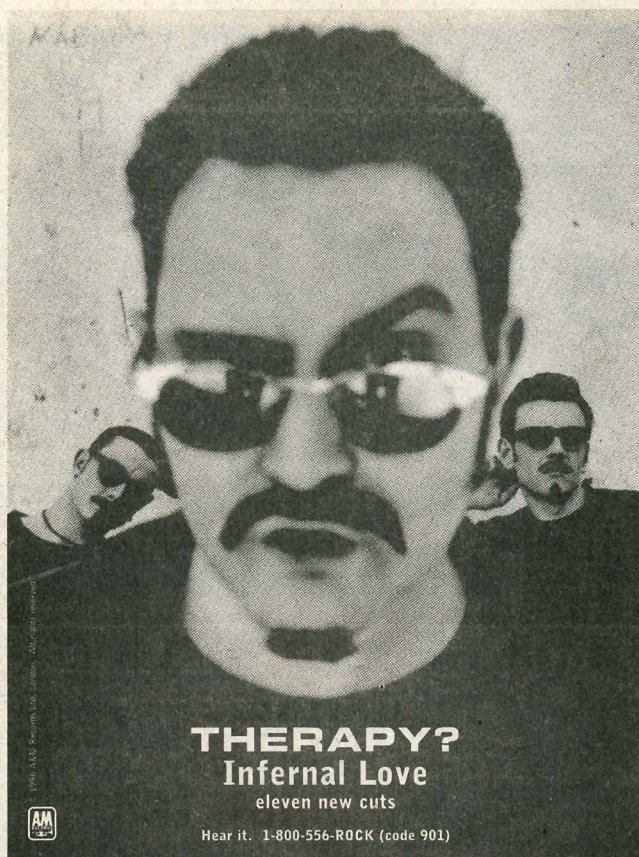
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# SNOW CORE TOUR

## Concert Review December 19th at the Horticulture Building

This review could also be entitled why Skunk Records is permanently on my shit list. I actually arrived at this show on time, the first time in my life I've gotten to a concert in time to see the first band. My tickets should have been at the window of the Horticulture Building but when I got there and flashed my picture ID there were no tickets to be found. Okay, maybe it's just a little mistake. I'm willing to be forgiving at this point. Some kid behind me pointed out a Skunk Records rep and I quickly asked her where my tickets were and what she was going to do about it. I had to talk quickly because as soon as I approached her she started walking away with that *I've got way more important things to do than talk to you lowly CD buying public* look on her face. She said she had to go to her car real quick, where I'm sure it was warm. Then she had to run inside real quick, where it was warm. Then she came outside, she looked right past me and went to this damn Winnebago where it was warm. All the while I optimistically waited in the parking lot smoking cigarettes in a desperate attempt to stay warm. It doesn't work. Get this, I called the guy at Skunk Records the day before the show and he said I had tickets 'no problem'. "Go have a nice time," he said. "Write nice things about our band Sublime," he said. Sublime was the reason I wanted to go to this show in the first place. I like Sublime. But as I stood outside the venue freezing my ass off I heard some kids say, "Let's leave after GutterMouth, because Sublime sucks in concert." Since I didn't get to see Sublime I have to assume they're right. I heard the first band from outside the venue where I stood for 45 minutes in the freezing cold waiting for Ms. Skunk Records rep to get her shit together. They sounded pretty good, I don't know who they were. I probably would have enjoyed their set if I had been inside instead of outside freezing my ass off. While standing outside I got to observe lots of interesting Salt Lake City youths doing what they do best. I saw a couple of boys nowhere close to the legal drinking age chugging down 40 oz.'s before entering the building where it was warm. I saw children of each gender with multi-colored hair trying to outdo one another with clever T-shirts. The best T-shirt I saw said DORK. I liked that. I want to get myself a DORK T-shirt. The worst T-shirt was one of those stupid No Fear shirts that I hate so much. But hey, this is Utah where freedom of expression is wholeheartedly encouraged. So after standing outside for 45 minutes my nose was running and I couldn't feel my toes. I realized I had just gotten the big blow off by Ms. Skunk. I hoped she enjoyed the warm Winnebago and the warm fuzzy crank she snorted. I left the State Fair Park completely pissed off and close to hyperthermia. The rest of the evening was spent in an apartment overlooking I-215, drinking beer, eating pizza and complaining bitterly about the music industry and the assholes who think they can just leave you standing outside while they do their very important jobs. Hey, fuck you! Did I mention I was really, really cold? Other than that the show was great.

—Ranebow Brite



# Movie Review

## 'City of Lost Children'

by Ivar Zeile

It's my last night of a two week stay in Amsterdam. I've done the hash bar thing, perused through every significant collection of the dutch masters, as well as the higher grade porn shops, (I got myself a nice full body massage), and even got caught in the throes of an attempted mugging. It wasn't until that last night, however, that I saw shit you wouldn't believe. Something so right it had to be wrong, so deliriously enjoyable that it nearly overshadowed all other experiences in the capital of sin. On that particular night I went to the movie theater to see Jeunet and Caro's latest film **City of Lost Children**. If you're unfamiliar with these French auteurs, I suggest you quit wasting your life away and go watch their first gem **Delicatessen**; only then will you understand the mandate behind spending two hours in an Amsterdam movie hut, not to mention tram time and foot travel. The arrival of **Delicatessen** onto the film scene marked the beginning of a new force in French as well as world film. It presented the masses with a fantasy vision that stretched the bounds of the genre, promoting the concept of film as a rollicking good time with little social agenda. The film aimed to please and was built to last, all for a fraction of the cost one would expect. The release of **City of Lost Children** comes with slightly less fanfare than its predecessor, yet promotes the same style and visual acuity in order to define the reliability factor of these deux French guys. What they have produced is exactly what you would expect and want them to, and hope they will create for the rest of their working lives. If they were Stephen king, the world would be a better place than it is for entertainment! If it's escapism and visual delight that bring most audiences to a theater, then **City of Lost Children** delivers in spades. Once again a world is crafted That heightens the base purity of our own while transcending its boundaries through the magic of detail and context. It wants to be classified as a futuristic fantasy, because many of the elements exude a sense of invention and wonder that are alien to our own, yet it occurs in a setting that's akin to the flavors and aesthetics of the turn of the

19th century. The only true comparison I can think of is *Bladerunner*, yet even that doesn't fully hit the mark. The worlds created by Jeunet and Caro are as singular as any developed on film and based upon this latest, are becoming more and more delightful. The **City of Lost Children** is a seaside town who's inhabitants live in fear

grossing film of the year, but unfortunately it is in French and will have a limited appeal solely because the dialogue appears at the bottom of the screen. Oh, the burden of foreign cinema! No matter how good a movie might be, it never catches an audience quite the way mindless garbage does. How can I possibly persuade you to see



Daniel Emilfork as Krank

Dominique Pinon as the Clone

of continual kidnappings that leave no trace. That's because the children are being whisked away to an oceanic outpost, where a sick old man appropriates their dreams in the hopes that he can experience his lost youth. His only problem is that he cannot find a specimen who's mind is so disengaged as to not fear the grotesqueness of his own body and demeanor. His endeavor is further complicated by his own creations, including a series of replicants and the brain floating in the fish tank. The children of the city are not exactly typical, however. Their level of maturity surpasses that of most of the adults, a result of their servitude to the Siamese twins who oblige them to steal everything of value within the town. This network of theft runs the gamut of simple pick pocketing to the most elaborate of heists. It's not until the circus strongman loses his brother that both chains of evil are snapped, and the closest thing to a normal life can continue for the city. Within this context the magic embodied in **Delicatessen** is elaborated upon by Jeunet and Caro in a purely visual sense. This time they are working with a much higher budget, though still paltry compared to their Hollywood Peers, and they use the dollar to it's maximum effect without compromising the ingenuity and cleverness that inadequate resources can often promote. They have managed to create a scenario that is highly convoluted, yet unabashed in its ability to delight with every turn. If this were an American venture, it would be the biggest

this film when it's not even in a language you will audibly understand? Well, all I can do is relate my own first experience with the film. Amsterdam is not progressive enough to dub their movies like the Germans do, so I was fraught with the challenge of watching a French film subtitled in Dutch, complete with all the hooded hodies and ogle daglies common to that insipid language. I tell you, it mattered nought, and even worked to my advantage in strange ways. Not only was it totally cool to see advertisements for cigarettes and booze before the movie, but the striking imagery throughout the film plugged into the visceral core of my imagination, with the text no longer a slave to structure alone. I was able to create the story according to motion and emotion portrayed through the inherent qualities of the tremendous cast. It was an odd experience, almost a revelation in film viewing! How else would I ever have thought that the strongman One (his name is One) would certainly rip the dainty little outfit off the little heroine Miette and pursue the willful corruption of a pre-minor? Not only did I have to call into question the purity of my own mind, but I also had to wonder how many times these Frenchman have been in a criminal lineup for incest cases in France. Whether you read the subtitles or not, I would hope that the experience of viewing city of lost children will be one of the best of the year, and will promise many more similar trips to come.

—Ivar Zeile





You'd think that this tour could at least draw 200 to every show in the U.S.

country and its got a huge media machine. It is quite easier for a band to get talked about or written about." The NME, Melody Maker, and other British publications largely dictate success or failure of acts in the U.K.: echobelly was fortunate to win the hearts of the British press and now they are on the path to be "recognized," as Sonya Madan puts it, in America.

Johansson sincerely believes that echobelly has an edge over other British bands. "We do our own thing—we don't really pay attention to anyone else. Particularly on the lyrical content, we're the most outstanding band in Britain—there's no doubt about that." You'll find songs about botched hypnotherapy and the wild sexual fantasy of an anal compulsive man!

With all the success echobelly is generating, Johansson still wishes for a change in the current arrangement. "It would be nice to have a few months off just to read some books, listen to some music, write some songs." In time his desire will be fulfilled, but don't get too comfortable Glenn, because the tour bus will be waiting right around the corner!

—Gary Savelson

Johansson humbly admitted that Denver was the worst show... not even a couple of hundred people were present. If the band were to headline their own show in the U.K. the

circumstances are quite different. Without hesitation, Johansson stated that 2000-3000 people come out to echobelly shows there!

Johansson and Sonya Aurora Madan, vocalist/lyricist, are echobelly's core. The capabilities of this duo have been effective in creative songwriting which has brought attention and critical acclaim to the band in the U.K. over the past few years. Contrary to the massive American market Johansson explained, "It's easier for British bands to get attention because it [U.K.] is such a small

## BREAKING THE AMERICAN MARKET

echobelly has the potential to attract a large American audience.

In support of On, they toured with Electrafixion (spin-off of Echo and the Bunnymen) as the opening act at close of '95.

According to Glen Johansson, guitarist, and co-songwriter, the turnout at each show varied—"It depends where you are. I feel a little bit weird about doing this Electrafixion tour because at a lot of the places we seem to have been pulling more people than they have."

echobelly is amongst a group of British acts crossing over into the American market with an attempt to establish a nifty fanbase here. Their latest release, On, sustains frosty pop, solemn ballads, much with a Smith's style of musicianship! With more airplay on radio (larger markets) or MTV,





# ***SALT CITY CD'S***

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# **SALT LAKE CITY UTAH**





**Tori Amos**  
**Boys For Pele**  
**Atlantic**

What is with this girl? You are perhaps expecting Boys For Pele to be slagged off simply because Tori Amos had some involvement with SLUG whipping boy Reznor. The covers of the CD single and the full project are sure to become the objects of college level investigations into symbolism. What is the significance of the stain on the mattress, why the barnyard animals, why the gun and ripped clothes? Most important: why is Amos holding a piglet on her lap and why is it sucking on her tit? This is what a religious upbringing will do to you.

Never mind the visuals. The girl is known for her sensuality. The voice is sensual if she desires it so. The piano is hardly rock and roll. "Blood Roses" has a harpsichord. "Father Lucifer" features Bösendorfer and trumpet with Amos singing a round with herself. "Professional Widow" is a bizarre piece. Sexual ecstasy is somehow involved based on the pants and moans closing the tune. "Prism perfect/honey bring it close to your lips/yes/what is termed a landslide of principle/proportion boy it better be big boy." She straddles the bench of her piano once again for "Marianne." A full orchestra joins in. The single is "Caught A Little Sneeze." "Yes I am the anchorman, dining with the son of Sam." That lyric comes from "Way Down." "Standing on the corner of Winslow Arizona and I'm not sure if I'm in the right song." Is it a girl thing?

Last year about this time another CD came out

that was nearly as weird as this. P. J. Harvey made many a top ten list for '95. I'll predict that Tori Amos has released a similar recording early in '96. I'll spend the next six months pouring over the lyric sheet and gazing at the pictures. It will take that long to figure this redhead out. The word is that she will appear on one local stage or another sometime in the spring. Boys For Pele is a beautiful recording. "Boys so hard, boys so hard, but I know a girl twice as hard." So do I, she's my bodyguard.

—Herbert

**Combine**  
**The History of Rock and Roll**  
**Caroline**



**Mr. T Experience**  
**Love is Dead**  
**Lookout**

Have you been beating your head against a wall to the wrong music? Have you been a heartbroken lush screaming to a silent room? You are in great need of these two albums. Start with Mr. T Experience and all those pent up feelings about the girl who took off with the reggae lovin' hippie you hate will scream out in perfect unison to this CD. Oh, don't forget to start pounding really cheap beer. Combine is about crappy beer, heavy riffs and soft sweet post-punk lyrics perfect for your redneck Billy Beer buzz! These Virginia boys lay it on thick like leftover swill in the bottom of a Milwaukee's Best can.

"Love is Dead" is chock full of three chord songs and five or six syllable words. Mature, love-lorn punk without the bullshit. Combine's "History of Rock and Roll" takes loser antics,

Pabst Blue Ribbon and good ol' southern boy beach party ethics and rolls out a fine, heavy, rock and roll album. (Check out Mr. T Experience March 2 at DV8.)

—Elaine Benice

**The Queers**  
**'A Day Late And A Dollar Short'**  
**Lookout Records**

These guys are really funny. Not the kind of humor I like any more but the kind that as a thirteen year old I would have loved. This record is mostly reissues so if your a Queers fan you could probably save your money. If you're into Suicidal Tendencies now and like the Misfits brand of camp as well as a healthy dose of late eighties punk, here you go.

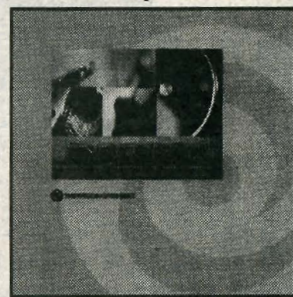
—Sausage King

**Tim Elder**  
**Fashionably Angry**  
**Sublime Carnage**

It should be noted that this CD was totally independently produced. Sublime Carnage is a label with one CD and this is the one. Mr. Elder plays every instrument apart from drums supplied by the Cheap Machine. Paid for the whole thing, is promoting it himself, etc. Here's the catch. It's cheesy as all hell. Kind of sad. I feel like I know the guy. He's that eternally optimistic fella that goes to every one of your concerts, has nothing but raves for you, never says a bad thing about anyone, can't ever seem to get his own band off the ground, but works at it like no one else. Finally skimps and saves to record his own disc and then exuberant as a kid at Christmas lays it on you for feed back. What are you going to say? It all sounds like demo tape quality which is fine. But for the feeling that if he could have afforded it. It would be heavy metal. He claims it's punk. He can sing alright. He can play alright. His lyrics get him into trouble. Also reading this bio is reminiscent of someone trying to

get me into bed. He's cleaver, he's cute, he's cheeky. He and I wouldn't get along. Your not going to find it around so if you don't want to listen to the Captain. \$8.00 to Sublime Carnage, P.O. Box 80684, Minneapolis, MN 55408. He says if you send a couple of extra stamps he'll send you a bunch of weird shit.

—Capt. America



**The Wedding Present**  
**Mini**  
**Cooking Vinyl**

Unfortunately, this band hasn't enjoyed as much success in the U.S. like they have in England. Wedding Present broke Elvis' record for the most Top 30 hits consecutively for 12 months. It's in the Guinness Book of Records. Really! Their sound is a simple, loose beat and a jangly guitar that occasionally builds during a chorus or two. Their music won't surprise you but their lyrics and vocals will melt you. Most of their albums have been obvious themes; Hit Parade's half covers of great indie rock hits. Mini is about cars and women. Treat yourself to this whisper of fast cars and love coming and going in the back seat.

—Elaine Benice

**Supple**  
**Puppets Night Out**  
**Futurist Records**

First off, let me say that I was very impressed by the sound quality of this record. Recorded on just eight tracks in a bedroom it has a wonderfully big sound. These guys can write good songs too. They come off in the vain of Miracle Legion, which is a thumbs up in my book.. I highly recommend



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April 26th Sacred Reich May 1st Agent Orange w/Horace Pinker

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this record to people who used to like Soul Asylum before the Grave Diggers union.

—Sausage King

**Nine Below Zero**  
**Ice Station Zebra**  
**Pangaea**

The guy who wrote the bio for this band should be gutted. He definitely works against them. I could devote an entire psycho corner to why the Mormon Tabernacle Choir should fill his mouth with their collective piss. But it might leave a bad impression of the band. I say Don Henley has a great voice but wastes it on his own material. This singer Dennis Greeves sounds like a rougher Henley singing quality material. I ??? derailed through lack of focus. Nine Below Zero is sharp. I like Sting. Pangaea is his label. This is R&B Pop played to the hilt all the way through. If they play this way live I would be dancing completely drunk out of my gourd having fun. Since I can't see them live I will instead drink and dance to them here in the apartment. Two low points: the name of the album sucks, the song Twenty-first Century R&B is dumb. Not bad necessarily, just dumb. Strange song at the end called Little Russel Street, sounds like the Beatles.

—Capt. America



**Cibo Matto**  
**Viva! La Woman**  
**Warner Brothers**

Miko Hatori and Yuka Honda, two Manhattan girls that share a passion for food and music and they express it through a unique appreciation for the sampler.

Apple, Beef Jerky, Know Your Chicken . . . dreamy pop songs with sophisticated and bitter irony. Catchy and absolutely absurd. The name Cibo Matto comes from Italian for crazy food

and sex madness. Mmmmm . . . is good!

—Elaine Benice

**Mojack**  
**Merchandising Murder**  
**SST Records**

Yet another Gregg Ginn record. But before you think this is just another attempt a Black Flag punk you should realize it's not. It's ambient and danceable and plots along at it's own pace. Sit back relax, read a book, or call your mom. If your not careful you might find yourself really enjoying this record.

—Sausage King

**Ted Hawkins**  
**Songs from Venice Beach**  
**Evidence**

The talent the late Ted Hawkins possessed is something so rare, so beautiful, it's amazing to think he spent most of his life being a wanderer, sidewalk musician and prison inmate. It was only in 1994, when Geffen Records, released his remarkable album The Next Hundred Years, that anything more than a handful of devoted admirers paid any attention whatsoever. Influenced by everything from the soul of Motown and Stax to the great blues legends, Hawkins music was simple, yet his pristine voice and fluid guitar stylings set him apart. Songs from Venice Beach is culled from recordings he did ten years ago that were never released stateside, and features mainly old soul covers. His voice is nothing short of angelic, note perfect and oozing with the kind of spirit absent in today's "soul" music. When he sings "I got what I wanted, but I lost everything I had," you really do feel the longing. This is remarkable stuff, and it would be tragic to overlook it.

—BMac

**Lee Feldman**  
**Living It All Wrong**  
**Bonafide Records**

How this CD got into the hands of SLUG I couldn't venture to guess. First of all with the press kit came a hand written note from the producer to someone named Naomi. Second it's piano pop music. It never gets as hard as Tori Amos even. It's

simply piano pop like Randy Newman. It's not going to be the musical style of choice for 19 out of 20 people who read SLUG. But for the 20th, whoever you are, it's a very simple and elegant album. The playing is impeccable, the singing is eerie and heartfelt. The lyrics are always romantic without being drippy. A razor line to walk. A very welcome change from the usual fare. Nary a guitar is heard. I never would have bought this album. I wouldn't have even known it existed. But it's absolutely worth shelling out the bucks for. It should be noted that this guy lives and writes here in New York City a place antithetical to the creation of anything simple and elegant. All the more kudos to Mr. Feldman.

—Capt. America



**Sven Gali**  
**Inwire**  
**RCA Records**

I actually had to listen to this record a few times to decide if I liked it or not. Something about them just doesn't ring true about this band. True, it could be the Candlebox cameos, for the singles I guess. But, no, I think its that I was looking hard for some one to compare this band to for a point of reference. They aren't bad they aren't good they just are.....ambiguous that is.

—Sausage King

**Mojave 3**  
**ask me tomorrow**  
**4AD**

**The Spinanes**  
**Strand**  
**Sub Pop**

Listening to these could put a crystal meth junkie to sleep. Mojave 3 could be the Cowboy Junkies on junk. They have the same lap steel sparse-

ness and smoky vocals. The male vocals would be a welcome change but his vocals are so far above the music it only sounds good through studio effects. Cowboy Junkies, Mazzy Star and Codeine is really truly all we need of this music. Unless of course a band can put a new spin on it. The Spinanes second album really shows why they were every music magazines' sweetheart early 1994.

Rebecca Gates pierces with good song writing and alluring with her vocals. A little heavy and less sparse than their debut. There are a few songs better left off the album a welcome relief to Mojave 3.

—Elaine Benice

**Smoke**  
**Another Reason to Fast**  
**Long Play Records**

Everyone else who reviewed this album in this press kit made favorable references to Tom Waits. This is presumably why SLUG sent it to me for review. Now it wouldn't be bad form for Christian to say, "You ought to meet my friend Benjamin, he's a great guy. He reminds me a lot of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. For the same reason I will make no such references to Mr. Waits myself. Nonetheless, this is the best new album I've heard this year. Now although it's currently one in the morning on January 2, 1996 and I therefore sound like a smart ass I will also say that anyone who attempts to remove this CD from my player is in danger of losing a hand. Everything about this CD is cool. From the funky, bluesy, punky, relatively difficult to describe, throw every instrument in sound to the homosexual, drag queen, gravely voiced, lead singer Benjamin. The lyric some like it nine days old, me I like it in the pot, itself is worth the price of admission. And they're all that good. It's very, fucking good. Every time I listen to it, it gets better. Its weird, its smart, its a rare moment of music. This is how good it is. It came with a little card that says how two order other stuff on Long Play Records. And I'm actually going to send the fucker in and get the rest of the stuff these guys have done. For infor-



mation a CD called Heaven on a Popsicle Stick and the lead singer was in a band called Opal Fuck's Quartet. In fact, it is so good here's the address: P.O. Box 55233, Atlanta, GA 30308. It's your patriotic duty to get this album. Tell them the Captain sent you and maybe the bastards will send me something for free.

—Capt. America



**Boss Hog**  
DGC

I'm working the Geffen connection hard these days. The label continually puts out music that draws my interest. How Boss Hog ended up with them is a story for a glossy rag. The attraction is the beauty doing the singing. Jon Spencer's presence is secondary. You have your Poison Ivy fronting the Cramps, you have your Mary Huff fronting Southern Culture On The Skids and you have your Cristina Martinez fronting Boss Hog. And you think beautiful women can't rock? Grit and grime, grease and slime, noise and blues. What else would come from New York City?

Just in case you think I've been smoking too many of those Turkish tobacco cigarettes have a listen to "I Dig You" and tell me it isn't an out-take from a SCOTS session. I'm thinking Skunk Anansie sat in when "White Sand" was recorded. Martinez is rapping out her shit while the band gets into that funky heavy groove. "Break dance." The CD is not as trashy or as raunchy as some of the previous works. They do add a little twist to things. The only cover is "I Idolize You" an Ike Turner

song? I don't know. I'm a simpleton writing for SLUG. Give me twenty of these for every thousand Beatles Anthologies.

—Peter Bestor

**State Of Grace**  
Hello EP  
3rd Stone/ RCA

When I was younger I suppose I expected music to either excite or intrigue me. It wasn't until I was introduced to The COCTEAU TWINS that I realized that there is also a quieter side to it all. Sitting down to read a book, or maybe writing a paper I found myself throwing CURVE or MEDICINE into the mix. STATE OF GRACE would also fit into this arena. It is not invading or distracting, just quiet pretty girl vocals on dreamy lullaby music. There are only five songs on the EP (three of which are different versions of the title track), but worth getting if the aforementioned bands are among your collection.

—JAND

**Dogs Eye View**  
Happy Nowhere  
Columbia Records

Counting Crows, Crowded House, even (did I reveal myself), Hootie and the Blowfish, its all silly pop music folk guitar based. Whether you like one more than another boils down to personal taste. The circumstances under which you first heard the music etc. How I like Katrina and the Waves Walking on Sunshine for no reason other than one sunny afternoon in the attic of the Devereaux House Restaurant. I wouldn't ever try and make you listen to the song it wouldn't make sense. These types of songs don't tend to mean a whole hell of a lot. They're rarely emotionally deep. They are often meaningless fun. Each of these bands have their moments. I tend to like Crowded House and not think as much of Counting Crows. I tend not to like Hootie and the Blowfish although it's not a

crusade for me as it seems to be for many. I reserve that level of dislike for Green Day. The reason for this could be simple as when I graduated from high school. The reason I go on and on should be obvious. Dogs Eye View is a fine band. They're well produced and they know how to play. They write fine songs. The only thing missing is a point. Look for them to hit the charts at number two. Soon to be a sold out concert at the Delta Center.

—Capt. America



**Godspine**  
**Bitter 13**  
Self-Released

Local boyz  
Godspine. Godspine has teeth. Godspine will shred the hell out of you if you just happen to glance away. Five angry men that would rather sing and play than go to a therapist. The songs vary from very fast to hauntingly slower with a bit of edginess in them, just enough to give the songs a slow creeping feeling. Very good production. Well crafted songs. My faves, Rhino, Break the Day, Backstab and Chris Session's bass heavy, Charcoal. If you like Tool you better check out Godspine, a band in our own back yard that is every bit as good as anything on the national circuit.

—RDJ

**Cibo Matto**  
Viva La Woman  
Warner Bros.

The other day I encountered a "gentleman" who desired interactive CDs of the entire Low Rider series. Looking deeply into his eyes I deciphered his purpose. He didn't want to see a bunch of

"old school" groups talking about their music, nor did he want live performances of his favorite songs. What he wanted was a half-naked female, like those pictured on the CD covers, dancing on his computer screen. Well sir, porrio is available for all to download on the Internet. Which brings me to Cibo Matto. There is one of those "old school" girls on the cover. She's a drawing, not a photo and her shape is that of a female body builder.

The music defies categorization. As is becoming more and more frequent, due to the constant theft of my name for use as a tool for free music, I don't have "press" materials. Mitchell Froom produced the disc. Samples from Ennio Morricone are prevalent. Bernie Worrell checks in on the organ and I'm thinking "modern music." The group is multi-ethnic. Close your eyes and enter the world of Cibo Matto. The disc is for audio hypnosis. Certain tunes will turn up to thrill homosexual dancehall patrons on the cutting edge. Zoned out Mormon housewives would love it - if they ever encountered it. Anti-depressant, Prozac, Valium and Xanax users are invited to sample the disc. For the rest of us it is a nice way to "chill" after fighting the snarl of freeways crowded by "new" Utahns in search of a "safe" haven for their "upscale" lifestyles.

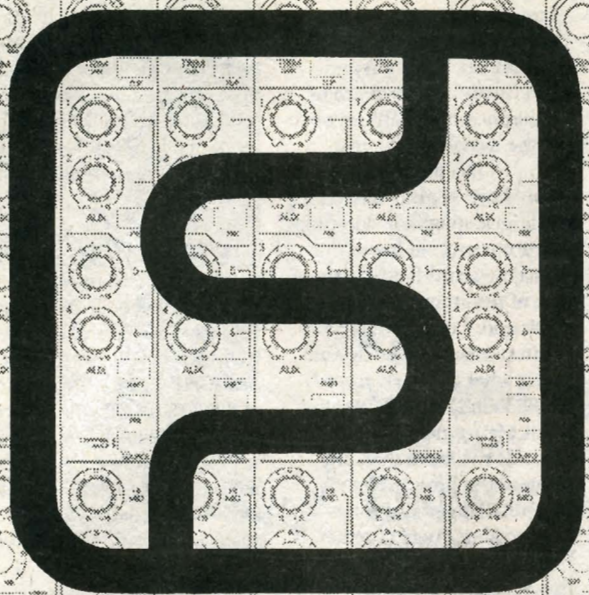
—Riley

**Pretty Mary Sunshine**  
Bird Medicine  
Ricochet

The band has been together for three years and have been described as the meeting of SYD BARRET and MAZZY STAR (even references to FLAMING LIPS and THE VELVET UNDERGROUND have been unfortunately uttered). The album is their first full length venture (their first seven inch "Can I Stay" was released in 94), and is characterized by guitars

continued on page 34





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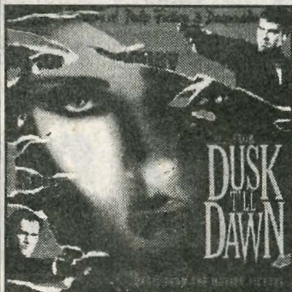
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drifting between melody and dissonance with Vocalist/Songwriter Patrice Tullai giving clear but unstrained banter. Not really a truly impressive work nor is it all that bad. I would only feel comfortable with saying 'recommended only to those who got off on the MAZZY STAR somberness' —JAND

Dead Man Walking  
Music From And Inspired By  
the Motion Picture  
Columbia



From Dusk Till Dawn  
Music From The Motion  
Picture  
Epic

Soundtrack albums are a big deal here in Salt Lake City. I'm not sure if the rest of the country follows the "trend," but I think Mortal Kombat and Dangerous Minds pushed sufficient "units" to make the charts last year. Anyway these are two of the latest from Sony. Both of them seem to take direct aim at the more sophisticated of the "boomer" target market. Bruce Springsteen, Johnny Cash, Lyle Lovett, ZZ Top, Stevie Ray Vaughan, The Blasters, The Mavericks and Tom Waits are hardly names youngsters will search out in the stores.

Eddie Vedder makes an appearance on Dead Man Walking proving without a doubt that he has reached the status of a Peter Gabriella, Bono or Sting. All major rock stars must branch out when they have the fame and fortune to do so. Eddie has gone world beat — don't they all? It was reported that he was at the Sundance Film Festival in Park City bumming lights for his cigarettes on the street.

Now that is a star!

Springsteen released a second volume of songs that will do nothing to advance his career. The River was the best thing he did anyway. "Dead Man Walkin'" continues in the same vein. Johnny Cash is peaking for about the 30th time in his long career. "In Your Mind" is gospel — a country spiritual. The CD is rolling right along by now. Suzanne Vega? Does she still have a recording contract? She's joined up with Mitchel Froom and Jerry Moratta at present and who knows what is next? I sat through Lyle Lovett in a hall of yuppies last year. I passed on the "mountain" experience. Lyle Lovett is so weird and so talented that no one can categorize him. He knocked one out for the movie that has me wishing more than ever for a fall from grace and a corresponding club tour. Tom Waits isn't sleeping in gutters anymore. I doubt that he drinks a drop. The guy still has the voice. He checks in with two tunes that fit right in with the rest of the disc. The theme is spare and minimal. Most songs are acoustic and the entire disc is closer to a folk record than some kind of rockin' deal. Michelle Shocked, the one you would think is most in tune with her folk side actually gives up some excellent blues. I can deal with Johnny Cash doing gospel, but Tom Waits, Steve Earle and Patti Smith? Well, the movie features a nun. Dead Man Walking is an excellent, if laid back, soundtrack album that won't sell squat. Is Patti Smith back? "Walkin' Blind" is the second of two songs she's released lately. Does she have an album of material this good forthcoming?

Strangely enough we segue from a soundtrack album about the trials of a nun and a death row inmate to what is reportedly the bloodiest, most sexual vampire movie to ever be released. Quentin Tarantino is a sick man. His soundtrack

works just fine if dialogue segments are removed. How the thing escaped a parental advisory sticker is beyond me. I'll only do one piece of dialogue. Buy the album or see the movie for the rest.

The Blasters open with "Dark Night." One of the largest questions looming in the current reissue mania of major record labels is the lack of the complete Blasters catalogue. Come on, that greatest hits package doesn't touch what the band recorded. "Foolish Heart" slays the latest Mavericks CD. It reminds me more than anything of the Broken Hearts when Ballanger and Jones used to sing duets together. If there is a hit on the album this is it. Kick ass honky tonk that combines Freddy Fender/Marty Robbins with a backing chorus of three or four Lara Jones. Astounding! The two ZZ Top tunes show the band might have some life left in them after all. It seems that they've spent some time in local Texas dives and re-discovered where they came from. Tarantino must have been with the ZZ Top crew because the piece from Jon Wayne is lo-fi drunken shit that would be more at home on a compilation out of DC or Chicago.

Now for the soundtrack bite. "Richy would you do me a favor and eat my pussy for me? Sure." Tarantino is a sick fuck but follow that dialogue with Jimmie Vaughan playing some slow, pussy-licking — "Dengue Woman Blues" — for the second highlight of the CD. The disc continues with more blues and obscene dialogue. Buy the soundtrack and turn down the sound on the video when it is released.

—Junior "Walker" Brown

Neros Rome  
Togetherly  
Lazy Bones

They are labeled into that truly horrible segment called 'Psychedelic Alternative Rock' If they can



live beyond this unfortunate badge of dishonor they might impress you. There is quite definitely a resemblance to SMASHING PUMPKINS and SOUNDGARDEN (whether intended or not), but the vocals are more accessible to a 'kinder, more gentle' audience. 'Crossroads Music' magazine would try to have us believe that the band is more a kin to Zeppelin and Pink Floyd, but Neros Rome is undoubtedly grounded into the Nineties scene. I will give them a quite favorable review, and hope their past success in their home of Portland (#8 in CD sales for '94 and an appearance at the 93 New Music Seminar) doesn't end there.


—JAND

16 Horsepower  
A&M Records

What's the hippest, cutting-edge music right now you ask? Well, blowing in from the dusty plains, I would have to say 16 Horsepower. They totally defy all description and comparison... yea, they are that original. These guys hail from the Rocky-Mountain-High state of Colorado, Denver to be exact. David Eugene Edwards plays a 1930 Orpheum Guitar, an antique Banjo and a turn-of-the-century Bandoneon. Keven Soll plays Stand Up and Flat Top Bass and the very French, Jean-Yves Tola plays Drums. Three guys that have successfully mixed Rock and Roll with Bluegrass, a hint of Country and a-whole-lotta Americana. David Eugene Edwards sings in this distant wail that is usually reserved for lonely cow pokes. By the

continued on page 36





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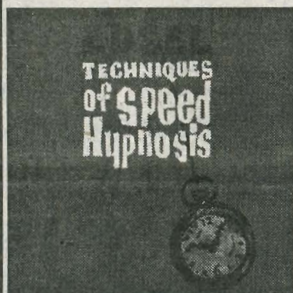
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time you read this, their full-length should be out. Watch for a review and if we are real lucky, maybe even an interview. And by the way, grab your favorite partner and check out Shametown. This song will bring a smile to your face and make your feet happy!

—RDJ



**Edsel  
Techniques Of Speed  
Hypnosis  
Relativity**

An interview with Edsel was supposed to be in this issue. Due to some kind of mix-up, blamed mostly on Relativity's dropping rock and roll from their business plan the interview was not completed. The publicist was left without a job, the band was left without a label and my insane work schedule interfered as well. Rather than report in a negative manner on the band I'll review their CD. It was possibly reviewed in the past, but it is destined for unavailability. Pick one up now or forever hold your peace.

Their press kit reveals the Wire influence. That must mean they sound like Elastica or Menswear. They will soon be loved by the entire Brit-pack mob. Things run a little deeper than post-punk and Wire. There's that entire Chapel Hill thing and the Pavement, Sebadoh references featured so prominently in the reviews accompanying the CD. There is also a discography. Edsel is a prolific bunch. And then there are Gang Of Four, Mission Of Burma and The Jam influences to contend with. I'm sitting here listening to the CD after witnessing enough local music to last me

for at least a week or two and wondering why there isn't a band in this odd little town that has captured the "slack-er" pop mentality. You would think that as fucked up as life is here at least one band could mimic the style and use their religious upbringing, their sexual guilt and their job as a Dominoes delivery driver to come up with something noisy and cool. All I see is funk, pseudo-Seattle, Big Country/Alarm/U2 eighties rip-offs, "punk" and a few sick bastards making impressive noise that is ignored. Seldom do I find the ability to combine noise with lyrics, hooks and "pop" music. One song ends and they leave some space for contemplation before the next begins. The few seconds are spent wondering what little area Edsel will take the mind to next. Screwed up tempos, noisy, soft, soft, noisy, rockin' all the way with guitar patterns to spend hours trying to figure out. Spend a few more trying to figure out the lyrics and you are there. Nirvana heaven. Bands like Edsel play to the converted waiting for the one break-out that will bring cash to their pockets. If somehow it doesn't happen be sure to collect all the vinyl and aluminum you can lay your hands on because down the road their influence will rise to the surface of a scum-filled pond. Critic's darlings attempting to hold out long enough for their payoff. Good CD from Edsel. I'm wishing them luck in the future and hoping to get that interview down the road. Nice theft from EC's "Pump It Up" to open "Number 5 Recitative" and you thought they weren't a "pop" group?

—Henry Ford

Dog And Pony Show  
Ashtrays And Afterlife  
Money  
Epiphany

Somewhere between DINOSAUR JR. and SUPERCHUNK. Not bad, oh well, something tells me they're going to be a big hit.

—JAND

Golden Smog  
Down By The Mainstream  
Ryko Disc

Ryko's promo machine hyped this disc up months before it was released. Due to the hype all the stores are overstocked. The band has former members of Uncle Tupelo and the Jayhawks present. Current members of Wilco and Son Volt are also supposedly part of the recording group. Due to "contracts" real names are unavailable.

The CD is waiting for "hippie" discovery. Here is the perfect "hippie" disc and the fools are too pot addled to run out and buy a copy. They're stuck with Dick's Picks or something. After a nine hour session with those I'm proud to say that I prefer Golden Smog. Hippie rock and country rock. None of that easy listening California Eagles shit has rubbed off on these boys. Leave that to the Nashville group. I'm thinking National Submarine Band all the way through. Fucking hippies. If Neil Young, Gram Parsons, the Flying Burrito Brothers and the New Riders Of The Purple Sage...not to mention Buffalo Springfield and the Byrds are like god-like to 20-something wanna be hippies, bald men, gray-haired women and spinning girls in peasant dresses what the fuck is the problem? The best tunes are contained on the single. "Red Headed Stepchild," "Prison Wife" and "He's A Dick" - that would be God or whoever put together the "Dead's" latest.

—Gene Klark



**Heroine  
Virtual Mortality  
Masquerade**

I can't believe I pulled myself away from DRAGNET to listen to this shit. Some fuckin return to glam metal. It's some awful twisting of old MOTLEY CRUE and a BLATANT RIP OFF of BLACK SABBATH. High school morons could get a better lick, so could a two dollar whore. Unless you really just want to buy an expensive beer coaster, forget this one...I pray to God that I will be able to.

—JAND

Long John Hunter  
Border Town Legend  
Alligator Records

There's a ton of blues CDs that deserve some reporting on. Since the SLCBS bit the dust the info on the latest and greatest on the blues scene has pretty much been without any local reporting. Do you expect record reviews of the blues any place else? This guy caught my ear immediately. His history includes about 13 years playing in Mexico. From there it was on to Texas and a few tours of Europe. His first record was released on Duke in 1954. He's been working ever since, but for some reason he has remained largely undiscovered.

While the press release calls him the next best thing to come out of Texas since Albert Collins or Gatemouth Brown I'll dispose of the comparisons. Blues guitarists and guitarists in general fill the landscape. Seldom does one come along who understands the meaning of the note. It isn't how many notes you play, it's what that one note means. Long John Hunter doesn't do fills. He is completely self-taught and virtually un-influenced. There aren't lot of blues bands passing through Juarez.

The style is obviously Texas. The one thing that catches the ear is the swing. The guy swings all over the disc and like I said, there isn't an unnecessary note be heard

continued on page 38



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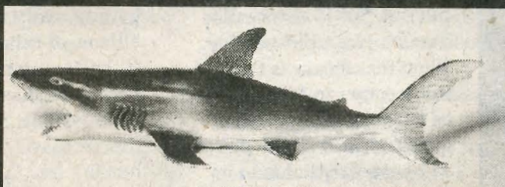


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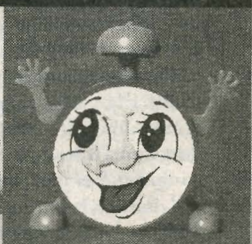


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anyplace. The best electric blues I've heard from Alligator in months.

—Moonshine Willie  
In A Mason Jar

Murder Junkies  
Feed My Sleaze  
Alive

I'm not even sure if I should even bother trying to sum up the credentials of this band, but here it goes: Charlie Manson would even find the evil mutha fuckas a bit odd. Listen to their song titles: 'Stiff Cold Fuck,' 'Messiah of Hate' 'Waking Up in a Pool of Piss,' and that all time most fuckin original (heavy on sarcasm) 'Jism on the Cross' Mike Denied has that trite 'Singing thirty octaves too low' play on top of a band who can only play MOTORHEAD rip offs. Come on, do I need to say more?

—JAND

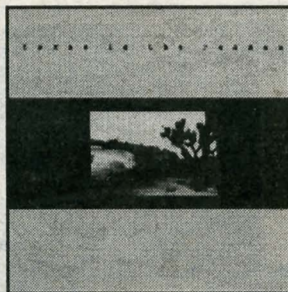


**Mojave 3**  
**ask me tomorrow**  
4AD

The opening song sends chills up and down my spine for ages. I swear "Love Songs On The Radio" is the most perfect song I've heard in this young year. The advance came in '95 and I fell in love with the song then. Now that everyone can purchase a copy it is time to promote once again. The song and the entire album are for the manic depressive population. One day the adrenaline is flowing and the next you can't get out of bed. Mojave 3 is for the down time. What if you ingested not one but six Xanax and chased them with Jagermeister. What if you could still purchase a handful of "rainbows" (Tuinal) on the

street corner? The pace is pedestrian. While "Love Songs On The Radio" strikes a deep chord with me, the average "slacker" is looking for something much harder and Seattle oriented. As someone recently told me and as the "industry," "trade" and "news" magazines have informed me bands are developed and tossed off in a six month time frame. Artist development doesn't exhaust currently.

How many people remember that one classic release from the Young Marble Giants? How many have found the CD version in a local store? I'm ranking Mojave 3 right up there with YMG. A perfect minimalist recording that has every chance of escaping detection for four or five years. About the time the Olympics visit Salt Lake City someone will come out with a combination of Pavement/Sebadoh/Sonic Youth/Edsel/Superchunk/YMG and Mojave 3. The next thing you know all of them will be as famous as the Velvet Underground.



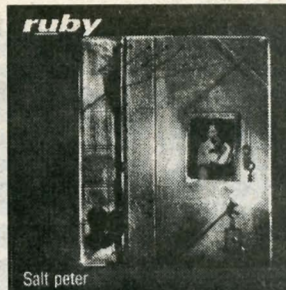
**Texas Is The Reason**  
**Revelation Records**

This band gets a thumbs up right off the bat from me for naming themselves after a Misfits line. And though I'm not crazy about the vocals the music has some bright spots. If you like Fugazi and Jawbox you'll like this c.d. Check out the Quicksand-esque beginning to 'dressing cold'

—Sausage King

**Ruby**  
**Salt Peter**  
**Creation**

Remember way back when Skunk Anansie came to town?



A small crowd viewed the show even as Alanis Morissette had her hand in her pocket (With a hole and her fingers where?) as she watched 1000 Mona Lisas cover her hit song at the Zephyr. Now all you fucking metal heads want to see Skin. Here's another one you had better catch at the beginning. Ruby has a past and some shit backing her. The same public relations firm in charge of handling Trent "whipping boy" Reznor and his cohorts Marilyn Manson sent me a packet on Ruby.

Fronting the band is none other than Lesley Rankine. She is far more beautiful than Heather Nova and Alanis put together. Everyone remembers her from the "platinum" sellers her former band Silverfish put out. She is also nastier than Nova and Morissette. What that means is that when Ruby comes to town she will be surrounded by bodyguards due to all the perverts Salt Lake City holds in its sweaty, stinking, repressed, constipated bowls. No one will get to meet her. Skin was a different story because of her "blackness" and her bisexuality. An obvious threat to the white male potency factor. Ruby mixes up styles. Techno, rock, industrial, dance and the whole shebang. Kind of like that POE girl. Rankine is harder than POE, go back to those Silverfish releases for a reference. Helpfully some lyrics are included so the theme of the disc is revealed for all to see. The title pretty much gives it away though doesn't it? "Tiny Meat." "I can't help myself/I try, and then I crack it split to see inside,/I run

because I can't abide this tiny meat in my hand/and the pound, pound, pound of your bleeding heart/hand hole heart/girl bleeding/I crack it split to see inside." What the fuck? Tiny meat, fists, girls bleeding? Listen to "Swallow Baby." I'm sure they'll play a local club in the spring.

—Port Side Her  
Rock Well

**Farside**  
**Revelation Records**

I wanted this record to be good. I loved the sears portrait studio cover. It's a classic. The music is on the other hand strictly So. Cal cheese rock. The only interesting thing here is the fact that the vocals are flat and mediocre, rather than nasally and bad. Like your mom giving me head with her dentures in... this record just isn't right.  
—Sausage King

**The Amps**  
**Pacer**  
**4AD/Elektra**

A song titled "Tipp City," with a chorus of "you got me goin?" She's goin' just fine but does she come? I'm getting really, really tired of all you so-called alternative assholes purchasing the past while you dismiss the present. "Where is your alternative section?" What are you looking for? "Green Day." That is punk rock you stupid "trendy." So far the "lo-fi" indie rock section is not present in modern day record stores. The Amps aren't lo-fi nor are they indie rock, but they certainly sound like it.  
"Mom's Drunk."

Well for fucking Christs sakes. Dad left her to raise eight kids and she's working at the only jobs available to Utah women - secretaries, receptionists, waitresses. How do expect her to cope? Take the latest anti-depressant? Oh, it isn't a local band? Local bands still think the Seattle sound is cool. Ever been to Olympia?

Kim Deal sounds like Joan Jett at the age of 16



or so from the time the laser hits the first pit of "Pacer" all the way through to the close of "Dedicated." The guitars alternate between fuzzed and chiming. Why do you think they get the lo-fi mention? In case 4AD seems like a strange place for a rock disc you only need to listen to "Bragging Party." Another good CD that's been missing attention at the retail level. I'm wondering why I'm loving all this major label shit early in the year. Tomorrow I'm shoveling three feet of snow off the sidewalk and maybe the mailman will deliver the latest batch from some independent labels. Nothing like shoveling with plenty of amps.

—Billy

### V-3

Photograph Burns  
American Recordings

Where did I scam this baby from? It sure as hell didn't come in the mail. Some kind of advance from the Onion arm of Rick Rubin's American Recordings. As they say on the opener, "Wipe that stupid smile from your American face." It must be one of those post-punk, new wave of new wave bands. They aren't bitter at all. Nor are they jaded. They are the greatest band in the world! Just ask Oasis, Menswear and Blur. I'm guessing they never learned to play their instruments very well.

"Brain tissue fuming old movies turning in her head." The band has filthy mouths. The title song is better than any so-called punk rock emanating from the American shores. Have they been listening to "Live At CBGB's" again? Fucking cool disc overall. Just think Ruby Ruby is breaking big every place except Salt Lake City. Maybe they'll tour with V-3 and three or four local residents will see them. Raw folk music is combined with old time New York City punk rock. Call it the east coast style from England. That's a guess. It could be a Boston band influenced by the Sex Pistols and Cleveland's Dead Boys. Far too good for mass acceptance. Watch for the release sometime in February.

—Musual



Xavier  
The X Factor  
Interscope

The Bucketheads  
All In The Mind  
Big Beat Records

The poor bastards at Interscope have dealt with major censorship at the hands of the U.S. Congress. I begged for a copy of the Dogg Pound, the release that killed their association with Time/Warner, but it was not forthcoming. Instead they sent Xavier. I guess if I was down with the "new jack" the recording would blow my wad. Since I'm not I'll mention the name, Xavier, and say that if I liked Bobby Brown, Whitney, Jodeci R&B it might hold my short attention span. Interestingly enough they are singing about swallowing; a topic I've already addressed elsewhere. "Jack" the CD from my car "homeboy." The doors are always unlocked.

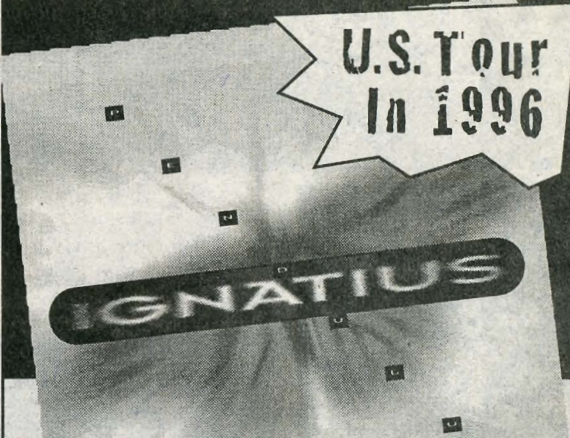
Since we have entered the realm of "dance" why not include the Bucketheads? The release date was several months ago to be sure. No other local publication is going to review this shit except SLUG. Here indeed is your dance music. Rock my sox off you Bucketheads. Groove forever, I'm there with you. Child of the seventies that I am this disco with the deep bass holds my interest more than another Australian punk band. Chills, Bats, the Clean, sorry those labels don't send stuff anymore.

"Got myself together yeah!" I can visualize the leisure suits now...

But what a jam.

—Dr. Joyz

## U.S. Tour In 1996

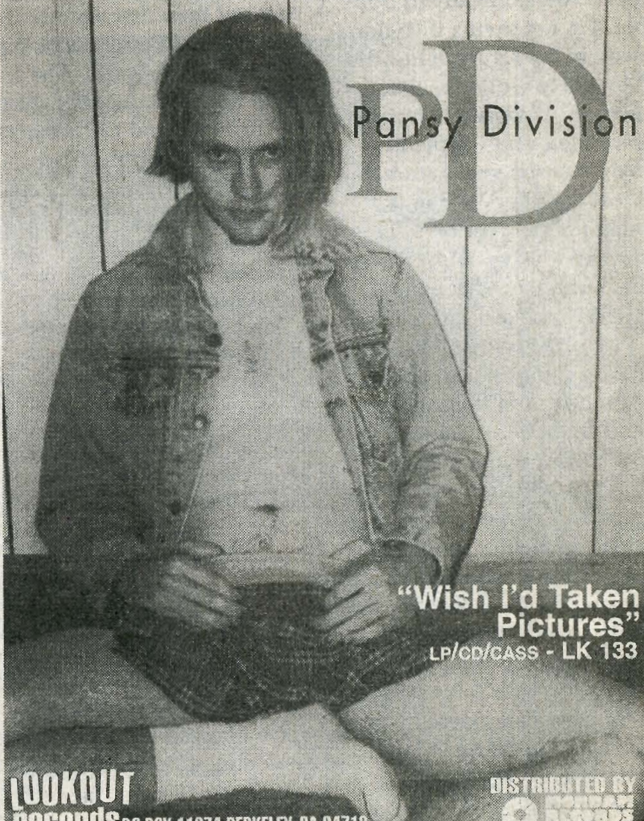


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# Written in Blood

## Hard Music for a Hard World

by John Forgaeh



### CELESTIAL SEASON

*Solar Lovers*  
Metal Blade

The band Celestial Season is made up of seven members, two of which are violinists. In my opinion, at this point in the evolution of metal, when twenty-nine percent of your band consists of some sort of bowed instrument, you're already in trouble. I'm not saying it couldn't work in the future, it just didn't seem to work this time around. The band is on to a good idea, and I applaud their experimental nature, but it just doesn't do a damn thing for me. The band is slow and heavy, with the violins flitting around somewhere in the mix. I think the band might be better if the violinists took a little time to help the rest of the band remove their instruments from their toolboxes - so they could play them already. The recording kind of gets on my nerves as well. It sounds like the guitarists recorded direct, which gave them that warm fuzzy sound. Kind of like when you would plug your guitar into your folks stereo, before you had a decent amp. Musicians in the world of metal today are living in a time when survival is depen-

dent on them finding their "niche". Times are changing. Unfortunately, I think this band should keep looking.



### IMMOLATION

*Here In After*  
Metal Blade

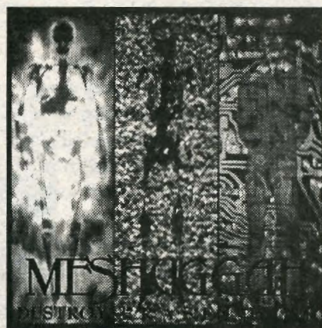
Immolation was formed back in 1988 by two former members of the band Rigor Mortis. The band released their first album, *DAWN OF POSSESSION*, on Roadrunner Records. The band has since departed from Roadrunner, and are releasing their latest through Metal Blade. The guitars are brutal, fast and heavy, and the rest of the band is just as ugly. The lyrics are sadists dream come true. One point, don't listen to *HERE IN AFTER*, then go to church. If you do, you WILL be cast out.

### NAPALM DEATH

*Diatribes*  
Earache

Grandfathers of Grind, Napalm Death are back after the December release of the EP, *Greed Killing*. The band's latest, *Diatribes*, was released on January 30th. *Diatribes* has taken Napalm up another rung on the ladder of musical excellence. Vocally, they did-

n't rely on the "signature" Napalm growl as much as in the past. Don't get me wrong, it's there, it just wasn't used as a crutch on this disc. It seems like Barney (vocalist) experimented a bit more. Musically, the band seems to have traded in some of their discordant passages, for some more thought out, intelligent riffs. It sounds as though the band just took the time to make the songs flow and groove a little bit more this time. I was a Napalm fan before, but I found these changes have made the band even better. *Diatribes* is by far the most "listenable" Napalm Death to date.



### MESHUGGAH

*Destroy Erase Improve*  
Relapse

I first got turned on to the band Meshuggah about four or five months ago. I was driving to work, and I heard the band on the Saturday night metal show on KRCL. I called up Les the next two weeks, and asked him to play more of the band. He graciously honored my request. I had to hear more, so I went out and bought their self-titled EP. I still needed more, so after several failed attempts to get it from

the label, I went out and bought DESTROY ERASE IMPROVE for myself. The CD has been out since I think August of last year, but I just want to make sure no one gets deprived of this band as I was for so long. To put it simply, this band is what Sepultura was to metal back in the late '80's. Meshuggah is original, exciting.... this band is the new hybrid of metal. Gee, I still need a copy of NONE by the band. (Hint, Hint Relapse Records!)

### AT THE GATES

*Slaughter Of The Soul*  
Earache

Earache Records brings us the ferocious sounds of the band At The Gates. *SLAUGHTER OF THE SOUL*, the band's fourth full-length release, comes after the dissolution of the arrangement between the band and Peaceville Records. Lightning speed riffs, drumming, and vocal styling cover the disc like an artist's paint. The band gives the listener a bit of a rest with an acoustic/electric piece on track five, "Under The Dead Sky". This band rarely slows down, but when they do it's usually in the form of a crushingly heavy riff. This band is well on their way. Think they'll ever make it here to Salt Lake? Has anyone noticed, there hasn't been a good metal show here in months? We had a close call with the Grip/Morbid Angel show, but that didn't pan out. Then in October, if I remember correctly, Fugazi played DV8. Of course I forgot to go. Did anyone out there see them? How was it?

—Forgaeh



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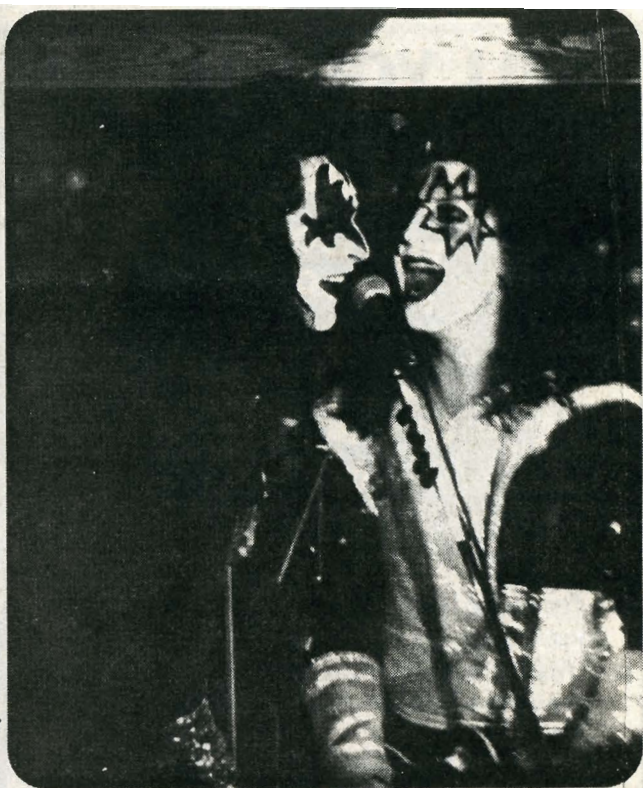
WORMHOLE STAR their debut LP on

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# BLACK DIAMOND



Some of you old folks might remember a song called Black Diamond. And who wrote Black Diamond? That's right, KISS did. The original KISS. The KISS with the make-up and blood and fire and hair. Well, on a crisp, fall October evening I cruised down to the Sage in Murray. That night a band was in town. This is how the billing read, Black Diamond, The Ultimate tribute to: KISS. Well, that was enough for me. I wanted to experience KISS, circa Love Gun. I wanted to see if these guys were for real, or as real as you could get in 1995. I end up meeting with four guys from Canada who all play live music and rock and roll all night, and party every day. This is how it went.

Slug: So, how long does it take you to put on the make-up?

Benny: Costume, make-up and do the hair, about 90 minutes

Slug: How long have you guys been doing this?

Benny: For about a year and a half.

Slug: How did you guys start?

Kurt: Benny and I knew each other. We first started an original project together, meaning a band with our own original music. We are all huge KISS fans, so we thought, hey, why don't we try a KISS Tribute band. We are doing this full time right now and because of that, we don't have time to concentrate on our original material right now. Our original music style isn't hot right now and we don't want to change our sound to try and suit what's happening right now with music. I love a lot of the bands that are out right now, but I just don't write music like that.

Benny: How it really started, before all

that stuff, I was working on a project with Paul Stanley. When that finished up, basically, the sound of rock and roll changed and he asked me what I wanted to do because what I was doing, as far as music goes, it wasn't valid any more. I told him I didn't want to sit in a basement and write tunes or sit in my recording studio, listening to local rap bands. You know what I would like to do is start a KISS Tribute band. And he said, Go right ahead. So we got permission to use the KISS logo on everything and we put it together and it's been great so far. Slug: Now I heard that Paul Stanley actually manages you or is involved with the tribute band in some way. Is he involved?

Benny: KISS does endorse us. There are two KISS Tribute bands. We are one and Cold Gin, out of L.A., is another.

Paul does not manage us, but he did manage me when I was doing original stuff.

Slug: Where are you all originally from?

Rick: Canada. Vancouver, Edmonton and I'm from Victoria Island.

Slug: What's the average age of the band?

Rick: Mid twenties. We've all been KISS fans for a long time

Kurt: Yea, when I was younger, I was at this KISS concert and Ace Frehley threw a pick at me. I caught it and thought that's what I want to do for the rest of my life, Rock and Roll.

Slug: How has the response been when you guys are out on the road, pretty good?

Mark: Amazing. Huge KISS fans everywhere we go. Whether it's a huge crowd or a small crowd, or a big place or a tiny place, it doesn't matter.

Slug: Well, it's gotta be cool for the people that never had a chance to see the original line-up, make-up KISS, to come to your show.

Rick: It's great because we get to take this show around to a lot of young people that never had the chance to see KISS and to them, we are KISS.

Mark: One of the biggest compliments we get is people come up to us, after the show, and say, I never saw KISS, with make-up, but after tonight, I have. That makes us feel good.

Slug: So when you play, do you play all older KISS stuff?

Benny: Yea, we don't play any song that came out after the make-up went off. We play a lot of their older stuff and that is the stuff that really brings the magic together.

Slug: Do you play Firehouse?

Kurt: Yep

Rick: Complete with hair lighting on fire and everything.

Slug: Do you breath fire for it?

**Continued on Page 44**



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## BLACK DIAMOND

Continued from Page 42

Rick: nodding, oh yea

Slug: (in complete amazement,) Far-out. Where did you learn that at?

Rick: I researched it a little bit and asked around and uh...

Benny: Yea and after a few drinks at a party one night-Ha ha ha

Rick: Ha ha ha, yea, but I finally figured out how to do it

Slug: That's pretty cool because relatively speaking there is only a handful of people in the world today that really know how to do that.

Benny: Every night I get to watch it and I'm still amazed.

Kurt: I love it.

Mark: Some nights it's scary as shit, I totally dig it, man.

Slug: So how did you decide on what KISS karacter to portray?

Rick: We all played our respective instruments, like, I'm a bass player, right? Well, I just happen to be a big Gene fan and have been since I was 12.

Slug: How tall are you?

Rick: 6'2".

Slug: And that is pretty close to what Gene is too, you even have the long face like Gene. Benny: We couldn't really sit down and say who do you want to be?

I had no problems with identifying with Paul Stanley or how he felt or any of that kind of stuff. When it came time for all of this, I said, that's who I am.

Mark: It is really kind of ironic and strange how it all worked out.

Each KISS karacter that we portray is inherently us, too. I could never play Paul Stanley. I don't have it in me to be...

Kurt: To dance like that-Ha ha ha

Mark: Yea, dance like that. I couldn't be Ace. I just don't have it in me to be that kind of karacter, ya know? It's just those inherent qualities in all of us that worked out that way.

That night I thought the Sage was going to go up in flames for sure. Gene blew fire after Firehouse, and he bled from the mouth during his bass solo, right before 100,000 Years. Mark, as Peter Criss played a better drum solo than Peter Criss ever did. Ace was back in the New York Groove and Paul danced all night, while talking about women that were Hotter Than Hell and how good Cold Gin tastes when he's down in the dumps. All in all, I think it was a pretty productive night. I couldn't believe how good these guys looked and how well they played the old KISS songs. It was a great time and everybody in that place was getting into it, include the employees from the Sage. Black Diamond tours often, so if you want to get in touch with them, here's their address: Black Diamond Legion- P.O. Box 599, Oroville, WA 98844-0599. You can also get a hold of them through the internet. Their web address is, [HTTP://WWW.NEXTLEVEL.COM/BLACK\\_DIAMOND](http://WWW.NEXTLEVEL.COM/BLACK_DIAMOND) and by the way, they do have their own fan club, so what are you waiting for...Join the Black Diamond Legion today!

the  
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featuring Jerry Joseph



Friday, February 9th  
**Ashbury Pub**  
A Private Club For Members

Friday, March 1st  
**DEAD GOAT SALOON**  
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Garage Pile Presents

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CD Release Party

Saturday, February 10th

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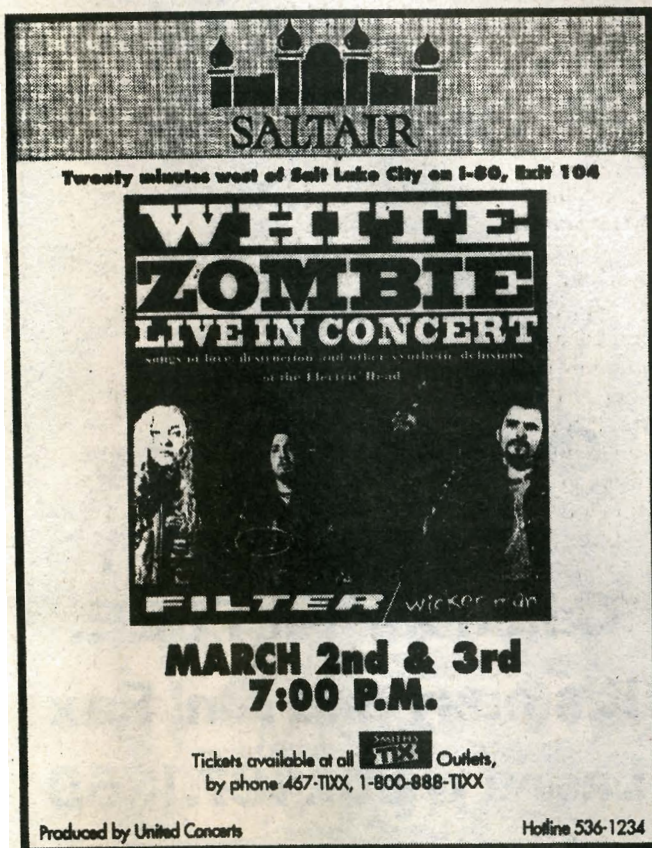
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
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# Daily Calendar

## Monday, February 5

Blue Devils Blues Revue- Dead Goat

Zulu Spear- Zephyr

## Tuesday, February 6

Rich Wyman- Ashbury Pub

Loose- Bar & Grill

Blank- Cinema Bar

Blithering Idiots- Dead Goat

John Mayall- Zephyr

## Wednesday, February 7

Tao Jones - Ashbury Pub

Wally Pleasant-James Stewart- Cinema Bar

Snake & the Fat Man - Dead Goat

John Mayall - Zephyr

## Thursday, February 8

Accidental Tribe - Ashbury Pub

The Pinch - Bar & Grill

Lisa Loeb w/ Nine Stories-Once Blue -

Cinema Bar

Papa Kega- E.F.I. Connection -Dead Goat

Psychedelic Zombies -Zephyr

## Friday, February 9

Jerry Joseph-Jethro Belt - Ashbury Pub

Headshake-So Wut - Bar & Grill

Thirsty Alley -Cinema Bar

The Pinch -Dead Goat

Disco Drippers -Zephyr

## Saturday, February 10

Earth Jam Benefit - Ashbury Pub

Voodoo Swing-12 Speed - Bar & Grill

Harvester-River Bed Jed - Cinema Bar

Sun Masons - Dead Goat

Disco Drippers - Zephyr

## Sunday, February 11

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monkey Beat - Zephyr

## Monday, February 12

Blue Devils Blues Revue - Dead Goat

Tower of Power - Zephyr

## Tuesday, February 13

Mr. Winkie - Ashbury Pub

Marmalade Hill - Bar & Grill

Quinine - Vitamade-Carlos - Cinema Bar

The Slip - Dead Goat

Tower of Power - Zephyr

## Wednesday, February 14

Mud Puddle - Ashbury Pub

Samite of Uganda - Cinema Bar

Clumsy Buzzard - Dead Goat

Salsa Brava - Zephyr

## Thursday, February 15

Spittin Lint - Ashbury Pub

The Feel - Bar & Grill

Abstrak - Cinema Bar

Tail Gatorz - Dead Goat

Furious George - Zephyr

## Friday, February 16

Elbow Finn - Ashbury Pub

Honest Engine-Lugnut-Go Figure - Bar &

Grill

Decomposers - Cinema Bar

Insatiable - Dead Goat

Young Dubliners - Zephyr

## Saturday, February 17

The Pinch - Ashbury Pub

Mike Peters-Hank Sugarhouse - Bar & Grill

J-Binder - Dick Nixon - Cinema Bar

Rising Lion - Dead Goat

Young Dubliners - Zephyr

## Sunday, February 18

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Zion Tribe - Zephyr

## Monday, February 19

Jimmy Thackery & the Drivers - Dead Goat

Edwin McCain & Jewel - Zephyr

## Tuesday, February 20

Erin Jones - Ashbury Pub

Nine Spine Stickleback - Bar & Grill

Elysian Fields - Dead Goat

William Clark - Zephyr

## Wednesday, February 21

Max Turner Band - Ashbury Pub

3 1/2 Girls-Decomposers-DUI - Cinema Bar

Sam & the Hunchback - Dead Goat

Lightnin Willie & the Po Boys - Zephyr

## Thursday, February 22

Blue Heeler - Ashbury Pub

Bohemia - Bar & Grill

Deftones-9 Spine Stickleback - Cinema Bar

I-Roots - Dead Goat

Committed - Zephyr

## Friday, February 23

Blue Wood Moon - Ashbury Pub

Seven - Stella Brass - Elbow Finn - Bar & Grill

Sea of Jones -Dissarray - Cinema Bar

Tempo Timers - Dead Goat

Mother Hips - Zephyr

## Saturday, February 24

Backwash - Ashbury Pub

Decomposers - Chevy Heston - Cokleo - Bar

& Grill

DRI-Acid Bath-Decomposers - Cinema Bar

Blanche - Dead Goat

Mother Hips - Zephyr

## Sunday, February 25

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

## Monday, February 26

Muzzle - Bar & Grill

Robbie Laws - Dead Goat

3 lb Thrill-Too Slim & The Taildraggers -

Zephyr

## Tuesday, February 27

Scott Stover - Ashbury Pub

Alien Opera - Bar & Grill

Dick Nixon - Cinema Bar

Tao Jones - Dead Goat

Steve Forbert - Zephyr

## Wednesday, February 28

10 Ft. Pole, Quaaango, Blankshot- DV8

Eye Witness Blues - Ashbury Pub

Hammer Head - 3 1/2 Girls - Cinema Bar

Reverend Willie - Dead Goat

Eddie "The Chief" Clearwater - Zephyr

## Thursday, February 29

I Roots - Ashbury Pub

Quark - Bar & Grill

Joshua is Waiting-Pijama De Gato - Cinema

Bar

Cops & Robbers - Dead Goat

The Commitments-Irie Vibrations - Zephyr

### -Fallen Rose-

Endless nights of shallow sleep chilled by scattered rain,  
only memories now to keep for those who tend the flame.

Pedals from a fallen rose mark pages from the past

morning comes to steal the glow

in which they long to bask.

Drifting through unwanted time unyielding to the change,

pity now the ones who try to tend a dying flame

--Bones

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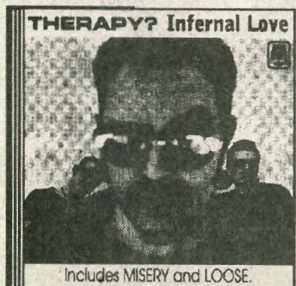
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