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March 96  
Issue #87

# 1 YEAR BITCH

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The Afghan Whigs Stabbing Westward Cyco Miko  
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# SLUG

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E-mail us at...

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dear

dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

Well, you got me Timmy boy. Why do people bitch about bands? Hmmm. Let's think about it. Well maybe it is because we live in America and we want to exercise our rights. Or maybe it's for entertainment. Or maybe just maybe, it's because I can and you can't stop me. That's the beauty of it. I can say what I want, you can say what you want. I can also see that you are the "why can't we all just get along" type. You're right, however, I don't want people to think the same as I do. I just wanted to point out some fallacies in those young boys statement. So if you'd get Hooked on Phonics and learned to read you'd have realized that. Hey that's just my OPINION.

—The Cordova Dyke

*ED Note: I just saw a cool episode of Seinfeld with the "Soup Nazi". If you do something that pisses him off, he kicks you out with 'no soup. Well, we got so many dumb letters this month, we took the "Soup Nazi" approach.*

Dear Dickheads,

You guys are so unpunk. it's not even...  
NO SOUP!

Dear Dickheads,

I'm the guy who wrote the letter about the Meat Pupp..  
NO SOUP!

Dear dickheads,

Why is it that when someone questions you in your letters section, you feel the need to belittle them instead of giving an honest answer, or at least an explanation? It would seem to me, that if you were more up front, you'd get more letters. Whereas, if you keep it

up, you'll get less letters.

—Shelly Morrison

Ed: Apparently not...

Dear dickheads,

I can't believe you put Joan Armatrading in your magazine! What next, Neil Diamond? How in the hell...  
NO SOUP!

## GNEWS and GNOTES

Well, not much has changed, except political articles throughout my favé non political mag. Whassup? This is what happens when you let Republicans out of their closets. Next thing you know, cocaine will get big again and people will be running around 'dance clubs' with gold Johnny Bravo bracelets and bad clothes listening to bands like Haircut 100 and the Thompson Twins. (spare me the letters) Speaking of bad music, since Madonna's not doing anything(or anyone) I have a new Miss Teen idol to pick on. Alanis Morissette. ALBUM OF THE YEAR? You must be kidding me. I'll give anyone a dollar who can tell me where she'll end up. In the where are they now section. Then she gets ROCK VOCAL PERFORMANCE for "You Oughta Know"??? Will someone please explain to our wide mouthed friend the meaning of the word ironic? None of the things she sings about in that song are ironic at all! Bad luck and irony are two different things. Do you want to know what IS ironic? She can't sing, but gets an award for Vocal Performance. She can't write a song, but gets an award for Album Of The Year. That is true irony. And finally, the brain surgeon that she is, gives us this quote... "I didn't feel any synergy with anybody and didn't connect with them on a cerebral level or an intellectual level at all, until I met Glen." Maybe all of the people knew the meaning of the word 'Ironic'.

And last but not least, the scariest man alive, Pat Buchanan, talking about equal rights...

"We here in America have equal rights and equal opportunities no matter where we came from. I don't care if it's Eastern Europe or Ireland or the Middle East or Africa or the Caribbean. We all have equal rights under law, but there's special privilege for none"

He left out the part about if you are gay or if you are a woman who doesn't want the U.S. Government climbing up your ass, then it's not really America at all is it?

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something  
to say?

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"The first Grammys® were awarded on May 4, 1959 for recordings eligible in 1958. When NARAS (The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) was putting together the first awards show, someone suggested that it be called The Eddies, named after Thomas Alva Edison, inventor of the phonograph. But this suggestion was rejected because people might have thought they were named after Eddie Fisher, thus the name Grammys® won out." (Huh? So who the hell were they named after? Phil Gramm?); "1993: Billy Ray Cyrus, from Flatwoods, Kentucky, gets three nominations for his single 'Achy Breaky Heart' (Best New Artist, Record of the Year and Best Country Vocal Performance). 1994: Sting, ie. Gordon Sumner of The Police--who was once a schoolteacher--receives the most Grammy® nominations with six." (Kind of puts that whole Milli Vanilli abortion--incidentally, never mentioned here--in perspective, right?)

**Tuesday, February 26:** Athey phones in from L.A. and he's already drunk: "Heeyyyy! You're missin' it all, slut! Ya know who I nailed last night? Alanis freakin' Morissette, that's who! I'm gonna have my dick bronzed!" (At press time, we discovered that he had actually slept with ex-Crüe guitarist Mick Mars, who was wandering Sunset Strip looking for spare change--Athey still had his member bronzed!) Back to the website to dredge up more filler--I mean glittering insight--for this alleged Grammy® story. More Fun Facts: Gwar(!) is a nominee this year, as are Green Jelly (But did anyone invite 'em to the show?); the dark horse in the Spoken Word For Children's Album category is Henry Rollins' Are You There God? It's Me, Henry--And I'm Gonna Rip Your Fucking Spleen Out!; there's actually an award for Best Album Notes--my pick: Michael Jackson's gushing thank-you's to mentally bankrupt parents the world 'round for all the kiddie tail he's gotten on those "sleep-overs" in HIStory: Past, Present And Pedophilia.

Wait! There's also fresh, fly pre-show rehearsal reviews! Joan Osborne: "Joan stands on stage Tuesday afternoon in a long white leather coat and jeans, fronting a four-piece band--two guitars, bass and drums. She is confident and sings 'One of Us' in a strong voice, filling the Shrine Auditorium. Osborne is having a great year. She's up for four Grammys®: Best New Artist, Album of the Year, Song of the of the Year and Best Female Rock Vocal. 'What if God was one of us?' she sings, 'Just a slob like one of us?' Behind her, a video is fragmented through openings in a brick wall. She plays before birds, people and odd scenes. But Joan, the song and her very solid band are the focus, and she gets strong applause from the rehearsals audience. 'Thank you very much,' she says quickly. As she leaves the stage, people in the audience are humming and singing." Hootie et al:

"Five guys on stage, backlit. An acoustic guitar strums and then Darius Rucker steps to the microphone and begins singing in his smoky, deep, warm voice. The scene is the Shrine Auditorium. The occasion is a Grammy® rehearsal of Hootie and the Blowfish, who are nominated for Best New Artist. Their Cracked Rear View was the biggest-selling album of 1995, and continues strong into 1996. They are playing the hit, 'Goin' Home'. On the chorus Rucker sings 'Sha-La-La-La,' a refrain that has graced many great pop songs, from Counting Crow to Van Morrison to the Shirelles, but on this sunny Los Angeles Monday morning in a cool dark auditorium Hootie and the Blowfish own the phrase: they are the kings of Sha-La-La-La. When the band finishes the song the auditorium is curiously quiet. No applause, because the audience is largely technicians obsessed with perfecting the televised presentation. Somewhere in the darkness a stagehand exclaims, 'All I can say is, wow!' Wow, indeed! Somebody get the Private Eye on the phone--I do believe we've found that Music Columnist they've been scraping for.

**Wednesday, February 28, G-Day!:** Welcome to Desperationville--all other options exhausted, I make like Joe Sixpack and watch the damn thing on TV. This year, CBS promises "A more contemporary, cutting edge Grammys®." Yeah, and I'm promising a cohesive article. (Phone rings, it's G: "Where the fuck is it? I need copy! Now! We're not holdin' up the rag just for you!") OK, here's who won! Hootie, Hootie, Alanis, Seal, Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Hootie, TLC, Coolio, Alanis, Nine Inch Nails, Hootie, Alanis, The Mavericks, Shania Twain's ass, Alanis, Hootie & the Decomposers, some classical stiffs, Alanis & the Blowfish, various artists in categories that no one could care less about, and (wait for it) Hootie! Show highlights: Eddie Vedder mumbles something condemning (Glad ya could make it, Ed!), the original Kiss in full make-up and costume (Remember my Livestock hoax of '93? It's gonna happen), Alanis M. sez "fuck" (That gal's a rebel!), a commercial for the grave-robbin' Fab 3's Beatles Anthology 2 (Mental Note: Write the parole board and get Mark David Chapman out long enough to complete Three More Missions), Shania Twain's ass (God, it's a masterpiece...pure art...we'll build pyramids in it's honor--she sings alright, too), and the Grand Finale, when multiply-snubbed Michael Jackson takes the stage astride a troop of naked Boy Scouts and rings down a hail of pig's blood--Carrie-style--upon the unworshipping throng. What? You missed that? This is why you never tune out until the end! Remember that--if you're still reading...

—Helen Wolf

## GRAMMY THIS!

### An (In)Exclusive Report

**Saturday, February 24:** After cutting costs drastically (Flying coach, bringing own booze and underwear), I submit my projected travel expenses for my assignment to cover the 38th Annual Grammy Awards® to Boss G and Queen C at SLUG headquarters. Much screaming and furniture hurling ensues. "C'mon you cheap bastards! Grid spends more than that on software! How the hell am I going to do a story on the fucking Grammys® if I can't even get to L.A.?" "Hey! Just be glad you can actually say fuck in THIS magazine! I don't care what you do--we ain't payin' for it, capish?" says G, climbing into his lavish new hot tub that occupies the space that used to be my office. "Yeah, and get me that bottle of Chateau '57 while you're up--or do you need a goddamned expense account to do that, too?" chimes in C. After relieving myself into the nice bubbly water, I set out to devise a new plan of attack.

**Sunday, February 25:** My birthday (Don't even ask), and it always falls on or around Grammy® day--God's cruel joke on the Music Hack, apparently. Since I now won't be going to the Shrine Auditorium, I'll do the next best 90's thing: go online and pretend that I'm right in on the action! Now I'll finally get some use out of my otherwise useless America Online account--this sucker's sewn up, baby.

**Monday, February 26:** After getting into a chat room ALL CAPS SHOUTING MATCH with Hootie and/or one of the Blowfish, and liberally peppering the prose with phrases like "generic industry cocksuckers" and "anally-fitted nine iron," the fascists at Amerikka Online cancel me--for life! Whatever. Plan B: the Grammys® website (www.grammys.com). There's live Quicktime video coverage, chat rooms and the like--of course, you need a couple thousand extra megs of RAM to even think about using anything! Yet another dead end, unless you consider factoids like these indispensable:

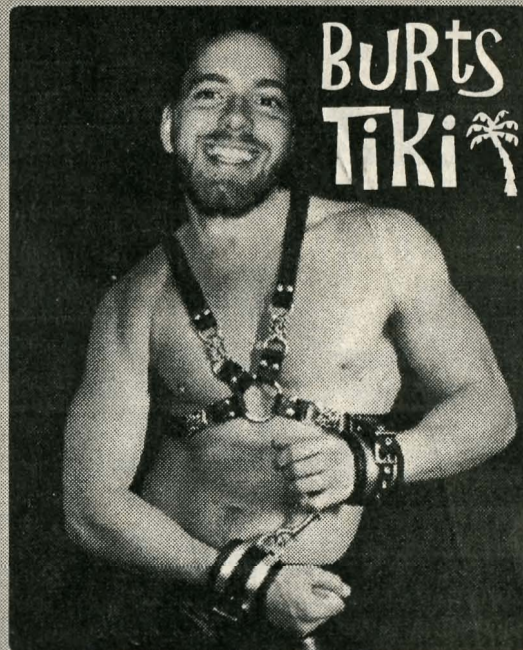


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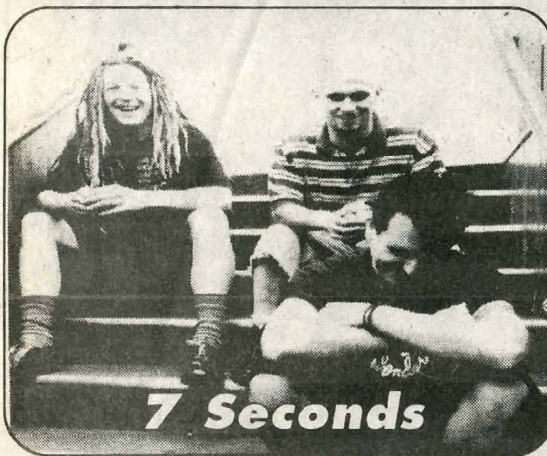
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# Concert Previews



## 7 Seconds, Skankin' Pickle and Stretsch Magnifico

Here is an upcoming show to warm the hearts of punk and ska fans alike. 7 Seconds has been around in one form or another for years. Their new album comes to you courtesy of Immortal/Epic and it lives up to every expectation of what punk rock should be. Dizzying speed, healthy melodies and that beloved power drumming.

Skankin' Pickle and Stretsch Magnifico will have things plenty heated up for the headliners. The Wasatch Front is a hotbed of ska activity. The local band alone could probably fill a Fairgrounds hall. Their high energy performances are loved by hundreds if not thousands. And if you think they are high energy wait until Skankin' Pickle takes the stage. They'll engage in all kinds of thrilling on-stage hijinks.

A line-up of punk rock and ska for kids of all ages. The show is at the Fairgrounds on March 8. I'm predicting a sell-out. Skaters, boards and the contingent from the ska capitol of the west located just south of Salt Lake City will all join together in a fun-filled room.



## Ben Folds Five

The news on Ben Folds Five is that they are headed back into town and they have apparently been picked up by Sony. They come from the hotbed of indie rock, Chapel Hill. Their debut album,

titled interestingly enough

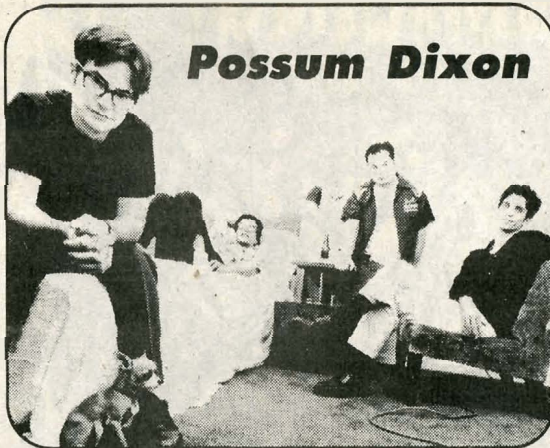


Ben Folds Five is on Passenger/Caroline. Unlike most of the music around the present the band isn't guitar based. Ben Folds plays a baby grand piano and he does haul it around on the road. The band is completed by Robert Sledge on the bass and drummer Darren Jessee.

The emphasis is on the song and the pure pop harmonies. I'm not sure if Sony plans to reissue the Passenger/Caroline CD like they did with the Presidents Of The United States Of America's debut on Pop Llama, or if there is a new one in the works. Whatever, it is probably best to see the band this time because with Sony backing them they might next appear at

Wolf Mountain or something. The date is March 11 at the Bar & Grill.

owned by Zabrecky's employer. The company launched an investigation attempting to determine the cause of the



## Possum Dixon

When the new Possum Dixon CD arrived late last month I was mightily impressed. You probably remember them from a song on their last album. "Nerves" has the unforgettable lyric, "I hate work, I'm a mail-

room clerk." Rob Zabrecky was employed as one when the band formed. The story has been told before, but I'll repeat it. Guitarist Celso Chavez chauffeured strippers to private parties. The band practiced at night in a warehouse

high electric bills. They took their name from a fugitive on America's Most Wanted and their early material was recorded over other bands demos. Almost a lesson in how to do it yourself without spending any money. As a whole the band is a happy group. They play the beloved music that denies any categorization besides "pop." They are somewhat eccentric and in order to relieve the boredom of their near constant life on the road they reserve some time during every show for some fun. It could be a trumpet solo from the guitarist, a Madonna medley from the singer or something completely new and unexpected. The band come from the same Los Angeles scene as all of your favorite hair rock and funk metal acts. They always believed in complete originality, no need to copy someone else. That is probably why they are signed and that is no doubt why they are touring hard behind their second Interscope release. The Cinema Bar is the place to see Possum Dixon on March 11.

# WISH



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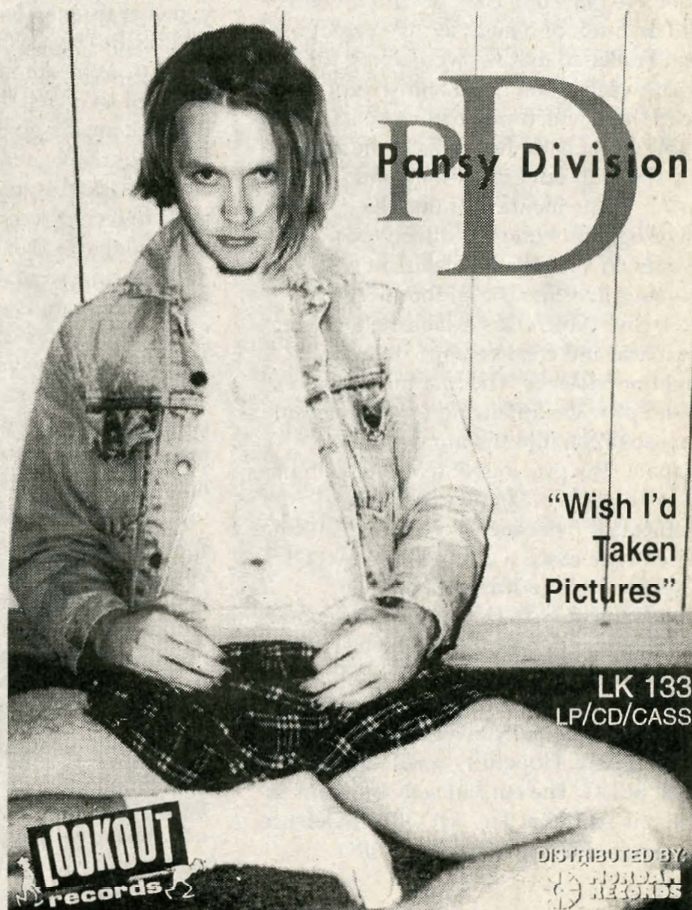
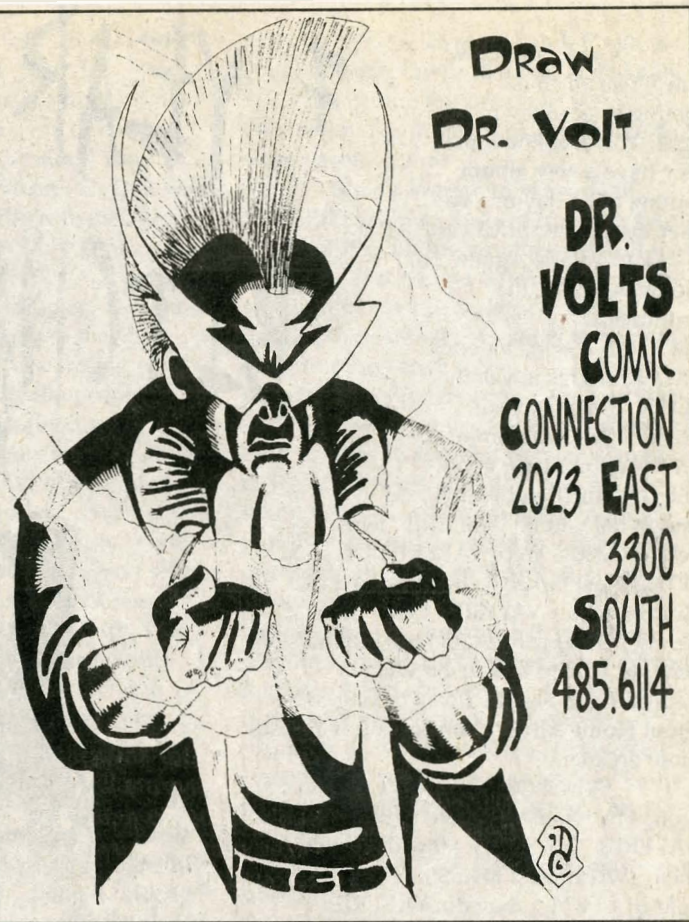
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# 7 YEAR BITCH



Okay you know that 7 Year Bitch is coming back to town right? You also know that they have a new album coming out a day or two after their show. SLUG got to talk to Valerie Agnew on the phone. She's the drummer.

SLUG: Hi. Is this Valerie?

VALERIE: This is Valerie.

SLUG: Well how you doing? VALERIE: I'm really tired but I'm doing good.

SLUG: Your friend Jenny said to tell you Hi. VALERIE: Jenny Bendel? SLUG: Yep. VALERIE: Oh good. SLUG: I just talked to her a minute ago. So Hi from Jenny. VALERIE: Okay thanks. (Jenny Bendel runs Plain Jane PR and she keeps SLUG up to date on what is happening in Seattle. I was talking to her about Home Alive, a subject you will read more on later.)

SLUG: Okay. I guess you saw Stone Fox when you were in San Francisco.

VALERIE: Yep. SLUG: How'd you like them? VALERIE: I love Stone Fox. They rule. SLUG: Yes, they do. VALERIE: They're totally excellent. They're really cool. We played one show with them. We did an outdoor benefit at this warehouse in San Francisco that we were doing for the Mia Investigation Fund and we got to play with them which was really cool. show I saw with them was at the Of The Hill. But I think they rock.

The mention of the Mia Investigation Fund led directly to a few words on Valerie's involvement with Home Alive. She is a co-founder of the collective which was established to offer practical and creative approaches to fighting violence. The Mia Investigation Fund provides financing for the on-going investigation into the murder of Mia Zapata. The previous 7 Year Bitch album was titled Viva Zapata and it was dedicated to her memory. Home Alive has recently released a CD titled the Art Of Self Defense. Valerie stressed that her involvement with Home Alive is separate from her work with 7 Year Bitch. Their contribution to the album is "Mad Dash," a tune written specifically for Home Alive. I won't include our conversation on the project here. Hopefully it will appear in the next SLUG. The current state of affairs in Utah is such that The Art Of Self-Defense is required for arriving home alive.

VALERIE: But anyway back to 7 Year Bitch shit.

SLUG: Women playing rock music. Have you ever listened to the Trash Women?

VALERIE: The Trash Women? I don't think so. Who are they? Where are they from? SLUG: Well the record came out of Bellingham, it's on Estrus. I just thought you might have heard of them. But the reason I asked is that Selene used a bullet mike to record some vocals. VALERIE: On some songs. SLUG: Yeah and it gives some of those songs a really weird sound.

VALERIE: Yeah, like a kind of more of a little more texture to it.

SLUG: But anyway some of the vocals reminded me of the Trash Women. They seem to do that. I don't know if they're recording with a bullet mike or if they are just doing it. VALERIE: Distorting it or.... Yeah, recording this last record for us was like an amazing experience for us. It was the best recording time we've ever had. We were, we worked with Billy Anderson. But he was like so, he just was excellent to work with for us. We were at Brilliant Studios. We lived in the studio and so we really just like absorbed ourselves with recording. We were just very focused on what we were doing and we tried out a lot of different things that we had never really understood enough before. We wanted to get as much of a... we want a live sound cause that's the kind of

band we are. But we didn't use any of the studio technology to achieve that cause we were you know afraid of it sounding really slick or really pumped up. We were recording with Billy and we learned that it's silly. You can use the technology but that doesn't mean that you're falsifying anything that you're recording. You're just, it's all natural sounds that we got out of everything. I don't know he just has a way of doing it. But we had a lot of fun with it. It was really cool. I think we're pretty happy with this record. We're really excited about going out and touring it.

SLUG: I'll tell you, I think it's the best one you've done yet, but it's darker. It's a lot darker. Okay, in the press thing they sent me, the interview in Rip, it says that you're all happy but the albums dark? So are you happy cynics maybe? VALERIE: I guess you could say that. I mean we like to have a good time and playing is totally a fun thing but there's other things about life that aren't so happy. There's a pretty good mix of both, if that makes any sense. (At this point Valerie confers with Elizabeth Davis, the band's bassist.) Elizabeth would you say we're happy cynics? She said absolutely. Aren't most smart people happy cynics?



SLUG: Can you talk about the songs at all or is that more for Selene? "Crying Shame"? VALERIE: Oh, you mean lyric wise? SLUG: Do you have any idea what she's, what some of them are about? VALERIE: Yeah, I know what they're about, I don't know hang on. It's about like things that have affected her whether its relationship-wise or friendship-wise or whatever, I mean, I think some of them are about specific things and some of them aren't and its probably better for her to talk about it than for me. I know that for me like the lyrics on this record, I think that Selene has gotten really good at articulating things that a lot of people could relate to. You know, like for me, some of these songs when we played them and I hear the lyrics played I can relate to them from things that have happened in my life with relationships that I've had and that's really cool. I mean we always get behind what she is doing. What she is thinking about. There's never been a song that's she's done that I'm like oh, God please don't say that or something like that. But its just about you know, life experiences, going through stuff.

SLUG: What songs would you say, what songs stand out to you.

VALERIE: For me, lyrically? That I could relate to? Oh God, lets see, "Deep In the Heart," "Miss Understood," "History Of My Future." Yeah, anybody that's ever broken up with somebody could relate to this record.

Next comes the scoop on an upcoming video and the album's single "24,900 Miles Per Hour." VALERIE: Yeah, what do you think about that song being a single. SLUG: I don't know, it would work. VALERIE: That's going to be our single off the record. We're doing a video for that. Yeah, its going to be fun. We're going to be filming that pretty soon actually. On the 20th we go to Chicago to film that. But I won't tell you anything about it. You have to see the video. SLUG: If I turn on MTV? VALERIE: Oh, I don't know about that. SLUG: You don't think they'll play it on MTV? VALERIE: Oh, I don't know, you know. There's nothing on this record that's supposedly "radio friendly" or whatever so who knows what the hells going to happen with it. We're just going to do it and have fun with it and hope it gets played, I'd like it to get played on a lot of, like you know, smaller underground video shows and stuff. I think that would be cool. We have a pretty good idea for it and I hope it turns out good.

SLUG: Okay, I'll watch for it. See if I can watch it sooner or later.

VALERIE: Yeah, I'm sure it will be...if not fuck, I'll just send you a copy of it.

SLUG: Here's another question. You toured with Silverfish. VALERIE: That was our first U.S. tour. SLUG: Yeah, Leslie Rankin has a new band. Do you have any fond remembrances of her?

VALERIE: Leslie Rankin is great. Her band is called Ruby now or I guess that's the album. I haven't actually heard her new stuff, but I think she's a really powerful singer and performer a really intense woman. I think she is really smart. A lot of fun. We got to see her kind of on and off in Seattle when we were back in town but she was busy recording and I think she's not even in town anymore so we haven't seen her in a while. But Silverfish, that was a good first tour for us to go out with. They were very inspiring. I think our favorite band to tour with so far has been Alice Donut. Yeah, they're great. They broke up.

SLUG: They did? They just put out a record six months ago.

VALERIE: Yep, they broke up. It sucks cause we wanted to do another tour with them. But I just talked to this guy the other day, I think, they've been doing it, they've been at it for so long and they all want to kind of just do some side projects for a while. Who knows they might end up getting back together eventually. But I think for now they're just kind of into something else.

SLUG: The last time you came to town it was in a bar and there were a lot of people outside that couldn't get in to see you. VALERIE: This is Salt Lake City right? SLUG: Yeah. VALERIE: Yeah, I remember that. SLUG: And this time its an all ages show, so I don't know you're going to get, I think you're going to get a lot more of your fans this times. VALERIE: Yeah, you think?

SLUG: Yeah, well I guess here's the question. You finally get to reach that audience the audience that you couldn't reach in Salt Lake the last time.

VALERIE: Yeah, the last time that we went through there actually the first time we went through there we met a woman named Sunshine. SLUG: Yeah, Sunshine's a friend of mine. VALERIE: Yeah, what's the name of her band? SLUG: Deviance. VALERIE: Deviance, right and I just talked to her like about three weeks ago. She called me and said that she's got some new members in her band. But we played with them and talked to her quite a bit about like, she was like you know we could help you guys figure out a place to play here

that's all ages. A lot of it I think for bands going through towns like that is that a lot of all age venues are pretty, its weird they're not a permanent place, it's like they switch around a lot

SLUG: Warehouses and stuff.

VALERIE: Yeah, so its hard from a booking standpoint to find where they are and then you wonder if when you get there they're still going to be open. But we really wanted to do an all ages show there and a lot of our fans are like.

We get a lot of letters from young girls and stuff and we are always really into reading them and try to respond to them as much as we can. We get a lot of letters saying that it helps them through certain things or that they can totally relate to where we're coming from and they thank us and that is always really cool to hear.

Cause I know, you know before I started playing I couldn't remember being affected that way by bands so we really appreciate it and we're really looking forward to playing a show like that. It's always really frustrating. We go and play and we know there are people that can't get in. I hate that. We all do.

SLUGS: The kids are standing outside.

VALERIE: Yeah, that sucks. Cause I know when I first moved to Seattle I wasn't old enough to get into bars and I lived with Mia and those guys and they would play like on New Years Eve and I couldn't get in and it's just so fucking frustrating, that whole liquor law thing just pisses me off. Cause there's a lot of places, a lot states where you can get, like in New York. You get a different stamp and you can go into the club but you just can't drink. You get a wrist band if you're old enough to drink and if you don't have a wristband you can't order anything from the bar. That seems to be a pretty civilized way to handle it but for some reason a lot of states are just way back in prohibition time. They're still fucked up.

SLUG: Especially this state.

VALERIE: Yeah, so we're psyched about that.

Gato Negro comes out on March 12. It is an amazing, incredible recording. I'm hoping it makes 7 Year Bitch rich and famous. But, like Valerie said the radio still needs to catch up. The band will play the Bar & Grill on March 10, and it is an all ages show.

—Wa



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## VENT...

In business there is a difference between good competition and just being just plain old chicken shit. And if your chicken shit about business you're spineless, non creative and paranoid. There is nothing wrong with buying for the same clientele. There is nothing wrong with doing business because you want to make money and because you are genuinely concerned about the industry as a whole. A lot of that has to do with believing in what you do. Case in point. Up north in Ogden there's a fairly new club called the Dead Beat Tavern. They have been around for nine months now. This is a very casual, friendly place. You can check your attitude at the door, go in have a smoke, read a book, lay on the couch, shoot pool, order a picture of beer, catch a good band, see some friends and call it a night. Let me remind you this is Ogden. Not really the throbbing metropolis of the west follow? Well about three weeks ago the Dead Beat Tavern started doing this Wednesday night 25 cent draft with a three dollar cover and a live band. Ten pm rolls around, its standing room only and the place begins to pop. Its amazing because this place is so out of the way you would never find it or stumble upon it by accident. If any of you know anything about Ogden you'll know and recognize the Grey Moose has been around for about a hundred years or so. In the past they have played host to some killer local towns. The Malis brothers for example. All of a sudden the Grey Moose becomes paranoid and offers something they've never offered in the past, Wednesday nights no doubt, five drafts, free hot dogs and a live band with \$5.00 cover. Why now? Why this? Are we a little concerned about a no name club still in its infancy taking all of our valuable customers or do we just want to show them who the big dogs are in town. Who in the fuck was the marketing genius that threw in the free hot

dogs. But I love it when I've been drinking beer then I eat a hot dog or two and then I go talk to the ladies and end up burping the shit up for the rest of the night. And I got to tell you it drives the women wild. In fact, I like free hot dogs so much that I scan the paper every weekend to see what car lot in town is giving out free hot-dogs and hell I'll bring my own beer. This kind of move goes beyond competition. Can you imagine if every store had this attitude. Sure companies and corporations would love to own the market by hey this is a free enterprise system and its just not a reality. And for the most part good competition is healthy. I just think having a choice, an option is good. I say forget about what the Dead Beat Tavern is doing and get on with business. Do whatever it is you do best. Look forward. Go baby go. I think that two or three or four or more companies can be successful in doing the same thing without the main goal being lets put the other guy out of business. Lets drag them under. The other night the Grey Moose sent over their doorman and a couple of bar boys to check out the scene at the Dead Beat Tavern. They poked their heads inside, did a quick head count and headed back over to the Grey Moose corporate offices to crunch some numbers. You can tell these boys have never owned a business outside of Ogden. Do you really think Spanky's Cinema Bar cares what's happening at the Zephyr just up the street or vice versa. I doubt it. And oh, did I forget to mention one minor detail. The Grey Moose caters to a totally different clientele than the Dead Beat Tavern. The Grey Moose is a harder edge. The tavern is laid back. Its like the Ashbury Pub of Ogden yet smokier. Its got the love vibe floating through it. The Grey Moose is heavier, more of a place to flex your muscle. Regardless of what role you play in life don't think nobody's watching because we are. And as the quote in the movie says I am the eyes and ears of this institution. Big brother signing off.

—P. Parker



# THE END OF THE BEATLES

12-13-80

In retrospect upon John Lennon's death at first glance there seems to be no obvious reason for his Assassination. First we must look at John Lennon the man and the performer. Lennon's whole philosophy can be summed up in two words. Peace and love. He spent his entire adult as a person and a performer as possibly the major world advocate of peace and love. This may seem like a very strong statement and perhaps it is. Then if that is the case consider my ignorance on this particular matter. To fully understand his death we must think back in time. Back when the Beatles were together and performing. Then we must think about the people they and their music influenced. The shape of our country and the shape of the world: The people were looking for something more than the hypocrisy and destruction that our society offered in the middle of all of this of the war, the riots, the peace

marches etc. or the Beatles, all of them in their in their own way saying something to each of us. Lennon was saying peace and love. Then it comes, the Beatles were no longer. They quit. No one knew for sure. It was given to us that John and Paul could no longer get along. But what it really was they quit so that Lennon could be killed. In the great puzzle of the Universe the force that put every piece in its place foresaw the possibility of his Assassination and with this infinite wisdom saw the destruction that would take place if this were to happen, his killing while the Beatles were still together. So there must be time for the influence of the group over the people to have time to wear down some. If Lennon would have been killed while performing with the Beatles there would have been a great possibility for tremendous destruction and violence and this was not Lennons way. The Beatles disbanded so that John Lennon could fulfill his destiny and instead of bringing violence and destruction it will bring a world wide moment of silent prayer and peace as we honor his memory.

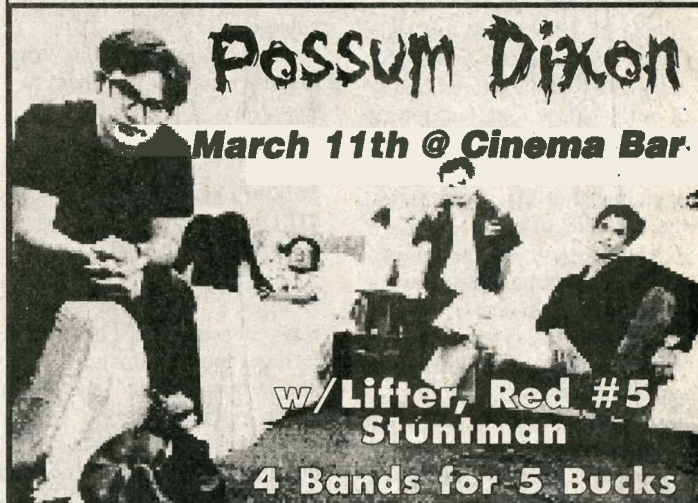
—LeRoi

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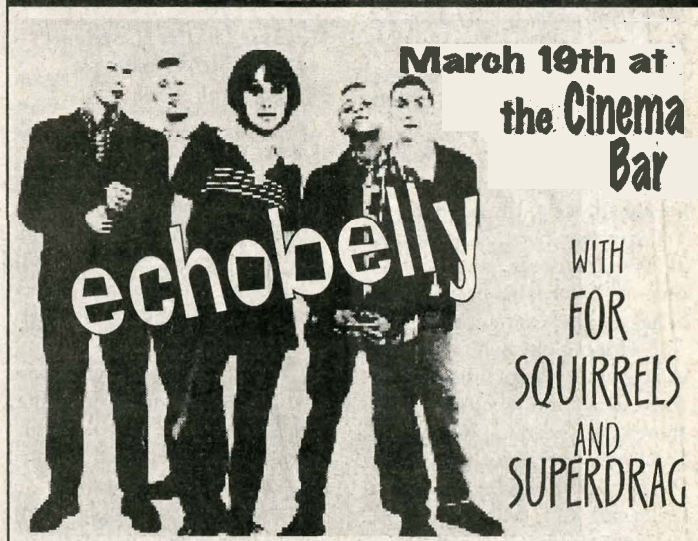
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# The Political

## SECRET MEETINGS... NAZI GEMANY???

SLC-So, unless you've been dead recently, you've heard of the secret meetings, the gay agenda, lack of constitutional rights, blah blah. Well, I just wanted to give you a who's-who of who caused what problems and the names that we want voted out. Apparently, this all started with a 'secret meeting' early this year, instigated by two of our Senators, Charles Stewart and Craig Taylor. What did they do at this 'secret meeting'? Why, of course, they discussed issues that affect all of us.

Here are some of the issues concerning Utahns these days:

- 1) Drive-bys. So far, we have had about 100 this year, and we haven't even made it through the second month yet.
- 2) Child abuse. Did you know that Utah has some of the highest statistics in the nation? One of the school districts estimated that well over 50 percent of their students had been physically or sexually abused. I won't tell you the exact number because it will frighten you. But, you can look it up yourself.
- 3) Homeless. We have approximately 300 or more living on the streets in the county.
- 4) Gang members. Estimations at 2000 or more in the Salt Lake area.
- 5) Affordable housing. What are the poor supposed to do?
- 6) Inner-city schools. There are constant complaints that these kids are not getting the things they need.
- 7) Roads. This is my personal favorite problem. We have potholes big enough to drive cars into. Missing any pets? Or children? Check the potholes. You might think by now that these were some of the issues at the 'secret meeting'. Not. They were actually sitting around watching gay pornography. Of course they referred to it as a 'recruitment' video. Have any of you ever actually

had one of your gay friends try to 'recruit' you. "Luke, come over to the pink side" Please. How ridiculous.

The issue that concerns me, however, is the secret meeting itself. Secret meetings are illegal. Do you want some examples of times in history when secret meetings took place? Watergate. Nazi Germany. What else needs to be said? These people need to be let go, removed from office, voted out.

Anyway, I urge you to write to these senators. Ask them to step down. Do everything in your power to vote them out.

**Senator Craig L. Taylor**  
312 Oak Lane  
Kaysville, Utah 84037

Here's a witty quote from your Kaysville senator. "I have strong feelings about ultimately the gay and lesbian agenda" He told this to the Associated Press. "They are promoters and have come right out and said we will seduce and sodomize your children" What?

**Senator Charles H. Stewart**  
447 West 4150 North  
Provo, Utah 84606

Clever quotes from Charles; Allegedly, at the secret meeting, he referred to homosexuals as "beasts and animals" He said if they contract AIDS, They should "go to the veterinarian" Keep in mind you are paying his salary.

Anyway, enough with those two asses, let's move on to the real culprits, the school board. These are the people that voted to remove the Gay-Straight alliance from East High. They put it into policy that starting next fall this will not exist, nor will many other clubs, including ethnic clubs, Kiwanis clubs, youth clubs, human-rights groups and environmental clubs. Forget chess and skiing too. They implied that these students did not need to have a group that

acknowledged sexuality. Let's be realistic. The football team is obviously a 'straight' group. If they found out one of their teammates was gay in the locker room, what would happen? He would either have the shit beat out of him, Or...um...let's just say he would be rather busy that afternoon.

The people on the school board are voted in. This means that they can be voted out. Send them letters to make them aware of that. Let them know that you are angry that rights, such as Freedom of Speech have been greatly violated.

Here are the four names to send your mail to:

**Diane Barlow**  
859 S 2300 E SLC Utah 84108

**Karen Derrick**  
784 Northview Drive SLC Utah 84103

**Kent D. Michie**  
2255 Oneida Street SLC Ut 84109

**Clifford 'this is a moral issue' Higbee**  
1289 N Catherine SLC Ut 84116

The rest of this is about the students. We'll start with our beloved governor's son, Taylor Leavitt. Several students at East tell me that he is constantly bashing gays, not physically, but verbally. In fact, I was told that he was telling gay jokes at one of the assemblies. I don't know if there is any truth to this, but I was told he was rather discouraged when told not to do that. Write to your governor and tell him to curb his child. And, to the students at East, especially the juniors and seniors, I urge you to talk to Taylor. Tell him that you will be 18 soon, your vote will matter, and his daddy may not have a job.

**Michael O. Leavitt**  
603 E. South Temple  
SLC Utah 84102

A West High student, Derek Winegar was on the evening news saying something like this, "fag this, fag that, fag you, fag, fag, fag" Heavy on the fag. I unfortunately could not find his address. I was going to encourage everyone to tell the Winegars to mellow their son out, but their address was not to be found. So, please flood West High with phone calls urging them to force their students to maintain a little professionalism, especially when on the news.

And, to the student holding up the sign that read, "Honk if Your Against Gays" I have two things to say to you. First of all, check a dictionary for the correct spelling in the future. Second, if you have an attitude about an issue, have the I.Q. to back it up.

To all of the above, you narrow-minded, conservative, gun-toting, God fearing fools, I have this to say to you. You need to stick your faces back into your religious texts that you are all so proud of, and learn a few things about the God that you believe in. Your God does not support hatred at any level. Your God does not support hatred at any level. Your God believes in tolerance at the least. There is not a religious group in this state that promotes hatred and/or violence against any groups. So, unless you want to hang out in Hell with us evil ones, shut the fuck up.

I do need to add here that myself, SLUG and its management do not in any way support any sort of overly aggressive or hostile acts against any of these above individuals. We are simply telling you to use your rights to let these people know that you are angry. Do not do anything stupid. You do so at your own risk.

And lastly, to the three people on the school board who refused to help this new policy pass, thank you. Mary Jo Rasmussen, Roger Thompson, and Ila Fife,



# Forum

Free  
Issue # 2  
March 1996

we appreciate you not giving in to bigoted policies and behavior.  
—Enid Hatch

## REPUBLICANS Can't live with 'em Can't Shoot 'em...

Washington-Let's put on our happy faces kids, tell Newt and Mr. Dole to go procreate with pine trees that wish to be put to death anyway, eat various other ignorant's so as not to waste the flesh, and lets not forget to give a meaningful "FUCK YOU, SHIT HEADS!!!" to everyone else who is deserving. Personally, I would like to make myself the supreme ruler of all things but seeing as how my magic eight ball doesn't see it in the near future I will take the time to point out that it's a stupid trend to hate the President and such. I wouldn't mind seeing him in extreme pain but I do have my own little reasons. I can respect the job he has because it can't be the easiest one in this fucked up world and I don't see the problem with sending troops to Bosnia to stop the fighting because that is the Army's job. No one got drafted, and as long as we have all of those jocks we should use them to stop the killing of all those people. Without exception the general point of armies plainly sucks. I'm telling you many losers to start thinking for yourselves and stop the "Yes Mrs. Molly Mormon, yes Mr. Hardy Homophobic " shit. My personal reasons for wanting to see the President in pain are as follows: anyone who shoots ducks to relax should not have the right to breathe. Bob Dole is too ignorant to see that by censoring everything that has the intelligence to question the Bible, Book of Mormon and other such fictitious books, he takes the first

step towards Nazism. Jesus was one hip cat but the books he stars in couldn't be classified as anything but pleasure reading for the ignorant.

I mean, come on, there isn't much of a difference between Lucifer and God if the devil makes everyone be good but God just kills the people who screw things up. Want an example of times God has cleared the house? Take the bible for example, the time it rained for forty days and forty nights and drowned everything but what was on a certain ark. Not to mention the fact that God seemed to be on vacation when all of those people where being slowly tortured to death in a specific World War

2. Newt has the intentions to get this country together but he possesses the reasoning power of paste. He wants to cut money from the few things in our society that actually try and give this place some education and creativity. We should start getting ourselves out of debt by slashing the money that the army and such receives to do research on how to kill people more effectively and tell those N.A.S.A. people to put some time into hydrogen power. Instead, that a-sexual republican tries to slash money from the school system, public arts and environmental groups. Always answer for interrupting cows and the safest sex is in the palm of your hand.

—Jasone, Harold

## POLITICANO CHICKANO

SLC- What fuck said you can't legislate morality? State senator Craig Taylor (Reamer-Kaysville) spent the entire 1996 legislative saturnalia Bob Roberts-ing shallow, offensive, anti-human bills designed to impress the stupid and aimless with their clannish (clown-

ish) self righteousness and arrogant sense of morality. Taylor offered up some thirty bills for vote (the most from any senator, and all of them deriving from his godly knowledge of right and wrong), ranging from adoption laws designed to encourage unwed mothers to give up their kids (such mothers are ill equipped both morally and educationally, after all, and certain to be welfare bums), to allowing religion (guess which one) an even bigger public voice by "extending" the first amendment of the U.S. Constitution (but what could be bigger than a church owning a state's politicians?), to inanely ambiguous bills reflecting Taylor's homophobia and bizarre need for control, including one that requires parents' signatures for high-schoolers to join school clubs, and another that prevents teachers from promoting illegal activities such as sodomy (as if teachers need to be told). On the gay issue he outdoes even Charles ("gays are animalistic and bestial") Stewart (Ridiculous-Provo), claiming homosexuality is a sickness that people acquire by choice (like credit cards?), and which can also be overcome by choice (just cut up those credit cards, folks). While I'm not perfectly sure why some people desire the same sex, I really don't give a saturated tampon, either. I'm much too busy with my own interests to worry about who someone else is fucking. And although Regressives choose to ignore scientific research when it doesn't benefit their particular schemes, science has determined several reasons why some people are gay, including the overriding fact that most gays are born that way, pure and simple. But there is a profound irony in Retardant Mo thinking. Taylor's female, who worships him as divinely inspired (golly, he can write a piece of legislation in just fifteen minutes that will affect the lives of thousands of innocent people),

and whom Taylor does not contradict in this matter, has given him a litter of seven little females--now that's moral in a world of six billion human creatures, don't you think? Most of humankind's problems are closely related to gross overpopulation: dwindling natural resources, pollution, congestion, deforestation, desertification, ozone depletion, some forms of mental illness and physical disease, and poverty, among others (add your own). There is also this: studies show that when rats are faced with overcrowding they become homosexual in droves. Splendid irony, then, considering these same folks who breed like lice and fear and loathe gays as a matter of religious policy are a major cause of what they hate. The moral master. The self-proclaimed leader in the struggle between good and evil. Corn in a stool. Taylor's own masters are the empty, pitiful shells of the Beagle Forum, as exemplified by his vote which killed a bill designed to provide basic nutritional and medical services for destitute children in Odgen. At first he voted for the bill, but instantly flip-flopped when the Beagle's orders were delivered to his desk from on high. Moral guy, 'ol Craigboy, and sure to be a success in Utah politics for years and years and years to come. If you allow it.

—Rhoda Sheperd

KLS Editorial- Sure, this gay discrimination thing is wrong. Yes these Senators are so homophobic they blame global warming on the Aids quilt. But some responsibility needs to fall on the students who pushed for the club in the first place. Look at the other side. After Gay clubs, where do they draw the line? NAMBLA? Aryan Nation? Gangstas Against Learning? School should be about education, Period. Well, thats just my opinion...

—Gale the Mustaché Guy



# 7" RECORDS

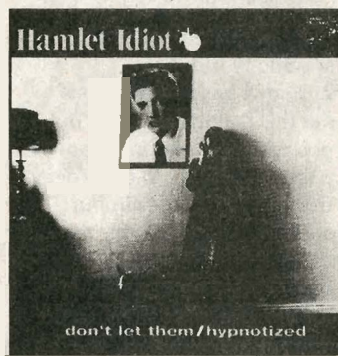
After the verbal beating I took from the pen of the Youth Brigade I considered never writing again. Hope some of you saw them when they were in town. There is another stack of vinyl to consider. All of it this month is of the 7 inch variety. To the Youth Brigade. Much as I did when I fucked your record up so badly I've sat here for hours only getting up and down to change records. I do so because I happen to love records. Here at SLUG magazine all the writers have a box. The only thing that ever appears in my box is records. Press materials are usually not included. I get blue, purple, green, orange, red or black slices of life. From that I am expected to attract readership by my asshole comments. Vinyl is not a CD. Everything else in this rag is CD related. Write hate mail, call me a complete fool, I don't care because the publisher currently running this rag gives me all the vinyl. When I decide to sell the musical artifacts of all you "alternative" heroes then I guess I cash in.

Frenzal Rhomb - "dugadugabowbow," "No Thought"/"4 Liters," "Cones" - Fat Wreck Chords. Power pop punk (do you hate that description by now?) from Fat Wreck Chords and it is very good. "Well I think you're really nice, but I couldn't bring myself to fuck you." Pictured on the back is a nude female vomiting. How could I not like it with those lyrics and that picture. But listen to these guys play. Sure it's fast and sure it's punk, but what a way with a tune. If they slowed down a touch Frenzal Rhomb pass themselves off as a new wave band and all the radio stations would love them. "dugadugabowbow" is my choice for the hit except the bad word bans it. So I'll take "Cones" which begins as acoustic folk before they plug in and go pop punk. A highly impressive record.

Major Matt Mason - "The Lobster Song"/"Mr. Mrs. Something" - Olive Juice. What in the hell have we here? "The Lobster Song" is Major Matt Mason and his guitar comparing love to a lobster in a cup of butter and milking it like a pig. The



man completes the piece with a child singing and an answering machine message. The flip is even weirder. "Hey what ya doin' when you're done?" Once again Major Matt accompanies his ruminations with a guitar. It has to be a vanity recording. Kind of like Elvis making a birthday present for his mother. "If it weren't for my bitching you'd have nothing to sing about/like missing the distance between us." I love it Major Matt.



Hamlet Idiot - "Don't Let Them"/"Hypnotized" - Chunk Records. This Chunk label knows what is up. Some labels define themselves with a sound. Chunk defines itself with a catalog of listening music. Hamlet Idiot fits the definition. "Don't Let Them" is almost rock music. Since the song moves along in fits of noisy instruments defined by inability to stick with one rhythm or chord progression and the singer is either in your face or buried Hamlet Idiot draws the "experimental" tag. "Hypnotized" is more cohesive. I'd say there were some Fall fans participating.

Steel Pole Bath tub - Tragedy Ecstasy Doom And So On - Genius Records. A gatefold double 45 of trademark noise from the Bath tub. Since this band has been around for a few years and they've had some experience in the studio their record comes

off as more professional than many of the demos. "I Want It Now" is the instant gratification anthem of a temper tantrum. Play it for a three-year-old while they lay on the floor flailing the air with fists and feet. "Alice" is drone-noise. For a trio they can sure fill the room with sound. Flip the plastic over to hear the door opening again and the boys still jamming away as a tape loop of Dr. Michael Watt (is the good doctor the Mike Watt) runs down their list of pharmaceuticals. No street drugs for the privileged insane.

Like Hell - "Happy Seeds"/"On Top Of The World" - Spanish Fly. Now here is a band that takes that La, la, la, na, na, na, shit and does something with it. "Happy Seeds" is nursery rhyme chanting backed by heavy. "On Top Of The World" steals from early Pink Floyd and Black Sabbath. Any band that can do that and pull it off gains my respect. Good record. Home 33 - "Paintover"/"Robot & Toy" - Another Planet Records. Incredibly enough a press release came with the record. That is a rare occurrence with these 7 inchers, just ask Youth Brigade. Their music has a strong old school vibe but mixes Alan Blacks's grindcore style guitar playing. with Rob Ridrigues' tight yet odd timed drumming with James Marshalls' hardcore style bass to create the innovative Home 33 style." Both sides sound like bone-crunching metal to ears. The question has to be, "when is someone going to open that old church on 3rd West up again so we can see some of this stuff live?"

La Gritona - "Frank White"/"Squirrel"/"Deny Everything" - Chainsaw Safety Records. Since we're on the subject here is another heavy band. Nice artwork on the record itself. Shit stall graffiti. The start side has a man with a gun in his mouth. The finish has a crude drawing of the female figure, complete with pubic hair and a crack, holding a big knife in her hand. Pedestrian tempos, excepting the drummer until they reach the Circle Jerks cover. Only Living Witness - "Freaklaw"/"Some Will Never Know" - Chainsaw Safety



Records. What's this. The record came with a glossy lyric sheet. Plenty of band photos and old flyers were scanned in and printed out. This band is better than 99% of the shit major labels are currently releasing. Sure it falls into the narrow definition of thrash metal, but God damn does Only Living Witness do it good! Fucking great single.



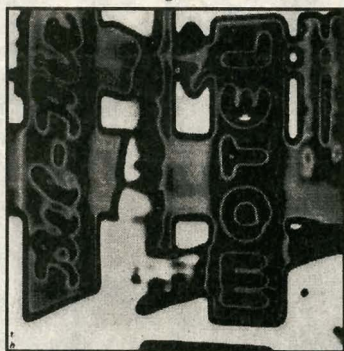
Lustre - "The Perfect Cigar" / "Sexy Yardraker" - Cargo/Headhunter. Oops. This record probably fell into the wrong hands. First off - Cargo/Headhunter's current publicist is a little dick. I spent years building a relationship with the label only to find that due to a new hire and the sale of this rag I didn't exist anymore. Next up is the press release from A&M. So Lustre is a major label band releasing vinyl on an indie label. Once again I spent years building a relationship with the PGD group only to find that a new hire and some serious ass-kissing by local "chain" record stores eliminated me from their mailing list. Fuck, I can't even get a ticket to their shows. How soon they forget who made them what they are while the "mall" clerks pushed Bon Jovi. Well guess what? I won't trash the record due to pent up rage at both record labels involved. The band doesn't have anything to do with my personal feuds. You won't find the single in a "chain" store anyway. They still suck. I can't wait to hear this shit on "alternative" radio when the CD comes out on A&M in April. Slick production, the very archetype of the college boy sound and the least interesting record of the stack. Have you lost it Cargo, or was the money too good to pass up?

Skeleton Key - "In My Mind" / "Human Pincushion,"

"Watch The Fat Man Swing" - Dedication. Here's another record that came with a press release. I swear I read this exact same press release about a different band from New York City. Out here in the west we don't cotton much to the big city. Skeleton Key has a big sound. A big, fat, commercial, funk-influenced sound. More glossy production, more funk metal and a band attempting to follow in the non-platinum sales success of say Dag or xxx. I'm thinking Stone Gossard out to pick up on the band and release their shit on his xxx label. Don't get me wrong. The record is excellent, it's simply not my style.

Bouncing Souls - "The Ballad Of Johnny X" / "Here We Go," Headlights... Ditch!" So, after listening to the previous stack I found the Bouncing Souls at the bottom. Thinking that some extra energy was required before slapping the vinyl on the turntable I snorted a gram of West Valley City crank. Gnawing furiously at my lip and smoking five cigarettes in the three minutes both sides of this record lasted I found the band to be a throwback to the past. They play so fast that moshing is impossible. Stage diving at a Bouncing Souls show would involve changing into a bit-mapped icon and moving way beyond the speed of sound. Place this one in the "good" stack.

Velmas/Velour Motel, "June", Bel-Air" / "No Me", "Big TV" - Throwrug Records.



It's now time to dig in to the big shopping bag. There are press releases included so watch for some informed info on a few bands. This record is a split EP between the Velmas and Velour Motel as near as I can comprehend it. I'm well into the third six-pack of 3.2, by the time the

"records" stop spinning I'll have downed a case. The male/female interplay of the Velmas is nice to hear. The inclusion of fiddle as an instrument catches my attention. Both Velmas songs fall into the bottomless pit now known as indie rock obscurity. On the flip the male singer starts with the wap-da-bob-da-doo-wap and that is a big mistake for my ears. Their TV song has my interest. Here are the lyrics that capture my full attention. "Listening to the radio/listening to some asshole/listening to you makes no difference/in this life of indifference."

Backwater - "Supercool" / "Phew" Ché. Out of the great impoverished nation known as Great Britain comes Backwater. The A-side has some commentary on a couple of suspects. Is "Supercool" about a boy or is it about their competitors on the English rock scene? The flip clears things up because the girl takes the mike and begins to expound on God and a big hard stem. Pretty cool that one, don't ya think mate?

Sorry Dogs - "Don't Let 'Em Brainwash You" / "Self Pity Song" - Affinity Records. "Don't Let 'Em Brainwash You" is pretty much your abrasive high speed rock. "Self Pity Song" a work of pop craftsmanship. Sure it's guitar rock and it's fast, but would it sound nice coming from the radio speakers? The Sorry Dogs are from San Diego. Now that Rocket From The Crypt is getting more attention maybe big record labels will descend on the city to find someone else. The Sorry Dogs should be it.

Crankcase - "Capitol Hill Murder Suicide Pact" / "Riverbed" - Glass Rods / "Tech" - Static Records. Crankcase sent two little records. "Capitol Hill Murder Suicide Pact" is their debut. The insert shows their array of guitars and effects pedals. They do know how to use them. The first single is slower with plenty of chiming guitars. "Riverbed" ends with feedback and noise that the boys creatively pressed into the record in such a manner as to cause needle sticks and repetition into infinity. Both tunes verge on folk rock except all that guitar noise interferes. The first single is from

1994, the second was released in 1995. The second single shows a drastic change. They're still interested in their toys, but now they add effects to the vocals and they've become far heavier. That's "Glass Rods." "Tech" eliminated the vocal effects while keeping the darkness. It had me thinking of Bloodrock. When I'm finished with these records I'm going in search of Crankcase.

Larry Brrrds -

"Rushville," "Clarisse" / "Concord", "Fantastic Day" - Rhetoric Records. Your basic everyday punk rock from Dayton, Ohio. They made a great sleeve to hold their record and they play some mighty fine fast paced music. They don't like parking lots, factories or department stores. They do like trees, grass, rain, leaves and flowers. These punks are happy. Mulligan Stu - "Trailer Park Queen," "Couple Skate" / "Ugly" - Rhetoric Records. Here are some all American boys. In their first song they fall in love with a female racetrack mechanic and in the second they are at the roller rink "couple skating." "Couple Skate" has impressive guitar soloing approaching rockabilly. On the flip they are a little angry at someone. Probably the guy who tried to steal their girl at the roller rink. Punk rock isn't dead yet as these two records from Rhetoric prove. Pop punk all the way, but played extremely well. Mulligan Stu is my favorite because of their subject matter.

Diesel Boy - Strap On Seven Inch EP - Fat Wreck Chords. What is going on? This is the second record from Fat Wreck Chords that I've enjoyed. Actually every punk rock record this month sounds good. Amazingly enough the Oi! chants in "Damaged" even sound good. "Punk Rock 101" is an anthem. The best part of "Tragedy" is the drumming and "Titty Twister" has the best lyrics. When in search of tunes for the punk rock juke box don't pass Diesel Boy by.

Flapdown -

"Slickfast" / "Overload" - Tim Kerr. Why does this remind me of a night in a local bar. The sound on the 45 is huge. The singer is powerful the guitars are swirling and it has hit written all



## flapdown



over it – both sides. Turn on the radio to find it sandwiched between 7 Mary 3, the Deftones and Spacehog. Is this the band to break Tim Kerr out of record label obscurity? Probably not because the label can't afford to pay college kids to request songs. Start calling your favorite "alternative" station and request Flapdown.

Kill Culture – "The Hate" / "Bad Cop No Donut" – Inertia Records. Coming to us straight from Los Angeles is the future of punk rock. Just read the press release. "The Hate" is becoming a punk rock staple on campuses across the country. The style is hardcore. The topic is the

usual. The players include Louie Katorz and Barry Beri of Mephisto Waltz. The chorus is "everyone's the enemy." The flip-side is my favorite of the two. The chorus to this one is "bad cop no donut." If only it were true. Back to "The Hate." The press release is true. The song is a hardcore anthem just begging for a sing-a-long in the pit. There should be a full-length out from Kill Culture soon. After that watch for them to appear in the nearest all-ages venue. If the album is as good as the single Kill Culture will "rise above."

Smart Brown Handbag – "Sabrina," "Miles Away" / "New Friend", Cocaine & Cigarettes" – Stone Garden Records. A more realistic candidate for stardom is Smart Brown Handbag. Reviews are included on the cardboard jacket. "...One of the freshest, most natural and relaxed exercises in pure pop I've heard in years," says Magnet. The blurb doesn't tell the complete story. The pure pop is as dreary as a gray day. Smart Brown Handbag sounds more

like teary eyed boys from an English manor than a group from sunny Southern California. The record is pretty enough, far too pretty for my ears. I'll pass.

Pansy Division – "Valentine's Day" / "He Could Be The One", "Pretty Boy (What's Your Name)" – Lookout Records. This record should have been in last month's issue. The A-side describes in sarcastic fashion another Valentine's Day spent alone – that means no boy to play with. Also included is a skit on the subject of homosexuality that the Utah State Legislature and the local Eagle Forum needs to listen to. A mother wants to know why her son can't change his heterosexual lifestyle and become homosexual. On the flip are two covers. Josie Cotton and Depeche "Fucking" Mode get the Pansy treatment. "All the boys together in one bed/Circle jerk, circle jerk."

Slap Of Reality – "14 Durrell" / "Drowned Out," "Anywhere" – Skene! Slap Of Reality sounds too much like a local Utah band to catch my

attention. Quick tempoed, fucked up rhythms, a singer with a growl and a howl – college rock like they play on the radio. Everready – "Walk" / "Punk Is For Sale" – Skene! Everready are more like it. Two punk rock anthems on one single! Wow! The bass break holding "Punk Is For Sale" together is downright ska-like. They'll be skanking in the pit. Lifter Puller "Slips Backwards" / "Nassau Coliseum" – Skene! Rounding out the Skene! team are Lifter Puller. Their style is indie rock. "Nassau Coliseum" is not my favorite song of the month. It drones on for far too long. The A-side, "Slips Backwards" is preferable due to its velocity.

—Riley Puckett

Due to the overwhelming amount of 7" records we receive, some have to be held off till the next issue. Be patient, we have them and they will get reviewed. OK?

# Buttsteak

## Men Who Pause



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## Top 10 Obvious Choices

Oh, the humanity:  
Help Wanted—The Obvious™ is now auditioning for a lead vocalist. Must be willing to tour mid March. Page/VM 310-587-4680. On the verge of quasi-stardom, The Obvious™ lose the key member that sets them apart from, well, at least 5 or 6 other Grunge units. Just when they finally get a glowing review in SLUG for their Detached CD-ROM (on Hollywood's newest division of obscurity, Gallstone Records...or something). What? Nevermind—I missed another meeting. Anyway, theories abound on why Whats His Name bailed on Salt Lake City's Rock Rebels™: He decided the band was stifling his genius and went solo (like, say, Siegfried is stifling Roy?), his beard-thing accidentally got slammed in the trunk of a vacationing Florida family's Suburban and he hasn't been seen since (could happen), he flipped out because he couldn't handle life on The Road (you mean that Sensitive/Psycho Guy thing wasn't an act?) split ends—the list goes on and on. So the helping hands here at SLUG have researched, cross-referenced,

and missed at least one episode of Mike & Maty to compile a list of the top ten candidates who absolutely have what it takes to fill the vacuum that is The Obvious™ did I say that right? Whatever.

- \*10. Vince Neil (needs the work, and some reason to justify \$20 tickets)
- \*9. Sunshine (Courtney does Pearl Temple Stridex? Solid!)
- \*8. Shannon Hoon (dead guys move product!)
- \*7. Joey Ramone (again, needs the work)
- \*6. Bob Dole (hey, you only need one good arm to hold a mic)
- \*5. Crispin Glover (singing?—he's got the moves!)
- \*4. Jerry Joseph (experienced in bailing out local has-beens)
- \*3. Megan Peters (experienced in nebulous record deals)
- \*2. Two words: Grunge Karaoke
- \*1. CHOPPER!!!

—Ren Fulton

# PIJAMAS

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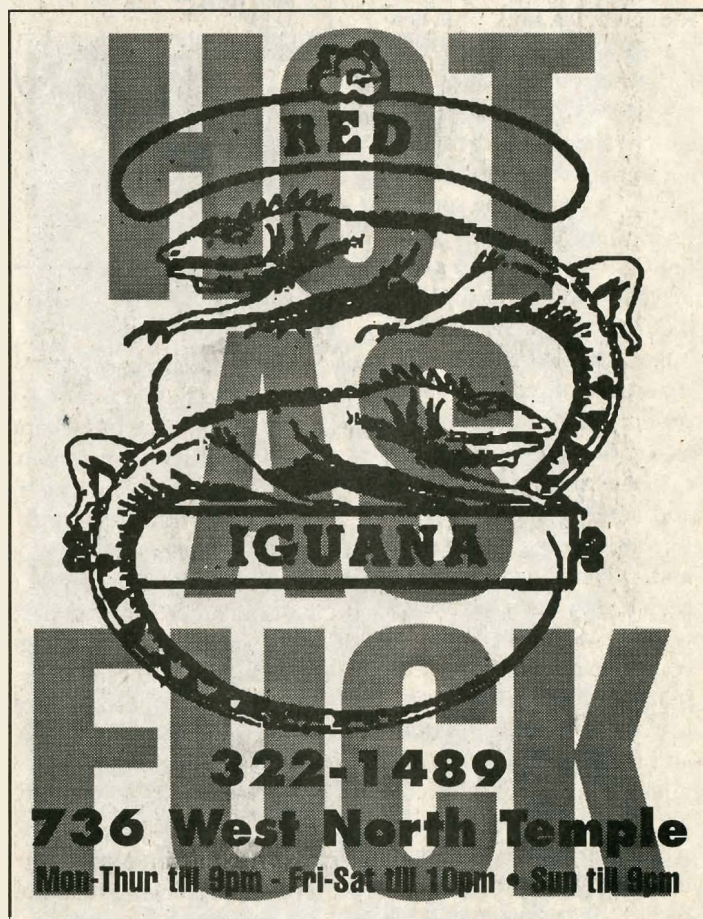
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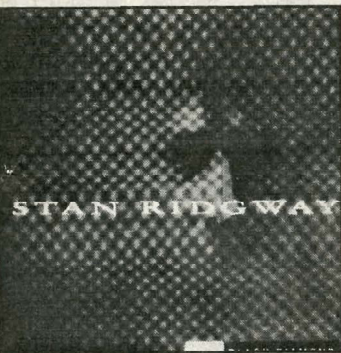
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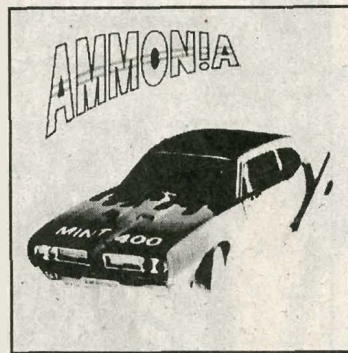


**Stan Ridgway**  
**Black Diamond**  
**Birdcage Records**

Attention, attention. Will someone please alert the media that Stan Ridgway has recorded another fine record. The only reason I say this is that Stan Ridgway hasn't recorded a fine record in quite sometime. This one however is probably one of his better ones. According to Ridgway he says "this is a record where I deliberately force the songs to stand on their own. The music is as simple and unadorned as we could make it. The musicians and I tried to let the songs flow out of our heads and onto the tape without a lot of fussiness and second guessing in between. My true interest has always been in the surreal the dream states we encounter when we're asleep or wide awake with caffeine buzzing in our heads and in fact I wrote most of this music from dreams I'd had. I've really moved myself into fresh territory with these songs I think. He couldn't be more correct in that statement. Big dumb town, pink parakeet, knife and fork, crystal palace all fantastic tunes. He also covers 'As I went out one morning' which is a Bob Dylan song off the John Wesley Harding record. Its a great song. He

does a really good version of the song on this record. All the songs are thinky, well produced through eye kind of songs. They make you listen to the record more than just background music. This record is obviously different from anything Stan Ridgway has ever done. Its leaner, more intimate and kind of old fashioned. And I think its probably where Stan Ridgway's true heart as a songwriter lies. Because you can really tell that the songs are written for an exacting point and he hits that point right on the head and that's it he does a great job. This is an outstanding record you should by it.

—Maxx

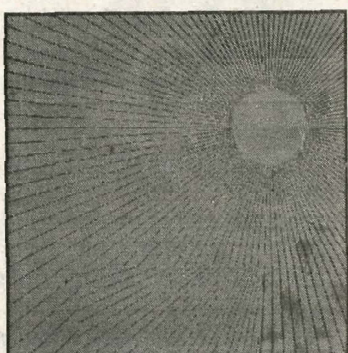


**Ammonia**  
**Mint 400**  
**Murmur Records**

God what a cool band. Its a three piece band featuring Dave Johnston on guitar and vocals and there's 12 songs on the record and they're all really fucking good songs. All a little different than the other. They're hard edged, good guitar playing and some of it goes in and out of drug induced kind of funky guitar playing to a hard wall of sound three piece bashing stuff. Track seven is called Little Death and features an intro of a women performing fellatio complete with gurgling,

slurping sounds. Class act all the way. don't miss this little jam. It will be one of my picks of the year for 1996

—Mr. Pink

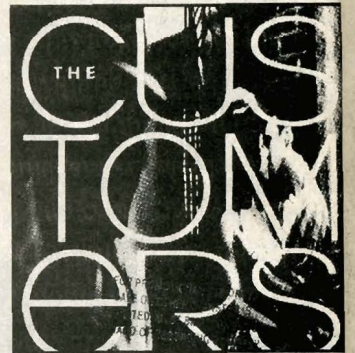


**Lou Reed**  
**Set the Twilight Reeling**  
**Warner Brothers**

It is pretty obvious that Lou Reed does not care about record company sales. Lou Reed cares about writing songs that mean something to him or writing songs about things that have pissed him off and rockin out in Lou Reed's way. So goes Set the Twilight Reeling which is a album full of good songs that are written about everything from egg cream to sex with your parents which is probably one of the more stronger political songs Lou Reed has ever written. "I was thinking of things that I hate to do, things you do to me or I do to you. Something fatter and uglier than Rush Rambo more disgusting than Robert Dole and there it was sex with your parents. In the name of family values we must ask whose family? Senator its been reported that you had illegal congress with your mother. Senator you polish a turd here in the big city we got a word for those who would bet their beloved big bird without even using a condom" So its pretty obvious that Lou Reed is still pissed off about some things.

Namely, Republicans and can you blame him? He doesn't even step foot in the realm of Pat Buchanan and the Christian coalition but he has in the past. Anyway so for Lou Reed fans this is an album you definitely need to own because it's Lou Reed. For those of you who want New York part 2 this is not it. This is Lou Reed a new different side of Lou Reed that we haven't heard before really. The other side equally important as his previous albums. Best songs here besides Sex with your Parents, are Trade In, The Proposition and Set the Twilight Reeling.

—Mr. Pink



**The Customers**  
**Green Bottle Thursday**  
**Vapor Records**

Vapor Records is Neil Young's "independent" label. Even though Neil Young is richer than anybody I know. The customers are a four piece rock band from Minneapolis with hair. Sound familiar? I don't know about the hair but the explanation sound and so does the band like the Replacements. But I guess if your going to have to sound like somebody that's not too bad of a way to go. I should say influenced by the Replacements. The band is rally good and the songs are feeling and full of emotion. They have a good live feel to it. The records not too overproduced which I like. Mostly the lead vocals and guitar are by Ryan Saxton are done so well that I



think he's got a voice of his own without sounding too much like Westerberg. Definitely a record to check out. Could possibly be a great band coming soon to a theater near you.

—Mr. Pink

Lay it down



The Cowboy Junkies  
Lay it Down  
Geffen Records

The fact that the Cowboy Junkies now have six records out and have been around for over ten years just makes me feel old. However, the Cowboy Junkies first record made me think wow, this is a cool record nobody knows about it but me. And now their new record highly anticipated everywhere is released on Geffen Records. Oh, well, life goes on. The band however is probably better than they've ever been. This time as in every other Cowboy Junkies record some-one steps to the front stage. This time it is Michael Timmons on guitar. Showing that he is more than just a silky smooth guitar player but he compliments Margo's voice incredibly well and shows that he's got something under neath his skin. The songs are classic junkies; Common Disaster, Just want to See, Angel Mind and Speaking Confidentially. So forget alternative country and this new wave of bands that are trying to sound like the Cowboy Junkies. This is the real thing and it cannot be replaced or duplicated. As proven by the lyrics in Angel

Mind. "I search all the time on the ground for our shadows cast side by side. Just to remind me that I haven't gone crazy, that you exist and you are mine. And I know that your skin is as warm and as real as that smile in your eyes, but I have to keep touching and smelling and tasting for fear its all lies."

—Maxx



MK Ultra  
Original Motion Picture  
Sound Track  
Artichoke Records

Not so much a band, but three poets and a drummer. All the songs on this record are better poems than they are songs, but with some rifty little melodies and some good guitar lines, the band turns these poems into singable songs. They do stay on the story telling side of things though, which I like. There's some gems like True Crime, Billy Dale Hunts/Salesmen and a song called Out With the Stars, which has the incredibly cool quotable line, "Hello Lilac do you remember me? I was you hummingbird and I crossed your swollen sea. When you get that swallow out of your mouth give me a call." Like I said its a four piece band, three guitars and a drummer. Mostly acoustic and singing. Some hard guitar and good melodies but not that hard. Cool record. Definitely a keeper.

—Mr. Pink

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# Bustin The Nut

by David McClellan

## BUSTING THE NUT

So you want to be a rock n' roll star... Get at the end of the fucking line. Can anyone tell me what the single longest line in America today is? Huh huh anyone anyone Beuhler Beuhler...??? Writing, directing, and producing your very own full length feature film. And you thought it was going to be something silly like becoming a supermodel, or a rock star, or an actor, or even President. Ask your garden variety megalomaniac, yours truly, and we'll tell you that the real goal, the ultimate pinnacle hell ride thrill that we are all shooting for is the coveted director's chair in Tinsel Town. Everybody and their mother thinks they can write a better script and make a better flick. It's a long, long line and it's filled with all the other people waiting on all the other lines including people waiting to become President. Trust me. Not everybody wants to become the next Madonna, or has the cash to consider running for office seriously, but Madonna, the President and everybody on their respective lines behind them wants that power trippin' directorial debut. God help us. But this is a rock n' roll article and it's still a pretty long wait before you garner any respect in the recording industry, so from one nobody to another let's talk about what's happening in rock today and how to possibly cut ahead. Let's face it. Being in a rock band is about as unnecessary and unimportant and luxurious a career choice as say, the pro bowling tour or pool hustling. Yet it is the allure of the big money and the illusion of the fat cat lifestyle that attracts most people. Plus it is always nice in theory to be able to make a living off of your art, or your scam, and not have to work for minimum wage at the mini-mart with desperate thoughts of going into management at the age of 35 if shit doesn't pan out. Reality check: the average age of first time director's

in Hollywood is 45. The average age of people in band's that finally "break" into the majors is about 30. The average time that a band is together before the so called big "break" occurs is about 4-6 years. We will sell no wine before it's time. The whole youth thing is a myth that sells records, trendy clothes, and keeps music whores like Wagstaff's in business. Look for the worry lines and stray gray hairs on rock star's heads in their videos if you don't believe me. If the line for directing your own film in Hollywood is Mt. Everest, then the line to rock star immortality is most definitely K-2. But you don't have to become one of the immortals to make a career out of music. Of all of the bitching that I do in this article about how crappy Salt Lake City is to play in and how negative I am on the lack of any real "scene", there are some very fundamental assets to being here and being an undiscovered, unsigned band. Since these are most frequently overlooked by the rantings of your everyday lunatic like myself, let me just take the time out of my busy self promoting/networking schedule to thrill you with my acumen. The cost of living is cheap compared to any of your major media center cities. This means that you can have a nice big rehearsal studio all to yourself without going completely broke compared to what you would pay in L.A., San Fran., N.Y., or Seattle. Funkadelic recently left SLC to move to the ultra hip Bay area music scene only to find out that there was a waiting list six month's long for any kind of decent rehearsal space and that the monthly cost of that very small space would be comparable to a SLC mortgage on a house. Homeless, scared, broke, and definitely out of pot, those crazy, funky, punky, psychedelic trixter's in Funkadelic came back home to reassess and reevaluate their situation. Life lesson's. Finding musician's is not really a problem in SLC, because on any given day about a hundred or more disillusioned stoner's from Seattle head down to Wagstaff's (overpriced monopolizing music shithole of the valley) to pick up a musician's directory. That and a few free clinics a year are about all that Wagstaff's is good for. If you

all haven't realized that guitar strings shouldn't cost more than \$3.49 per set than you are way way way out of touch with things and you need to visit a real music store like Guitar Czar on 3300 South, or House of Guitars at 600 South downtown. Eric Sopanen, proprietor of Guitar Czar, is the king of hospitality and he really does give a shit about the wants and needs of local musician's because he is one. Even if you can't afford that \$27,000 VHT head made out of mother of pearl and Corinthian leather, he'll let you blast on it or cream all over it or just plain marvel at it while you think of things to sell and/or ways to break in and rob the place. Go meet him and get some cheap strings and tell him to order you that crazy funky expensive sea foam green voodoo pedal that you've been seeing in the guitar mags and I'll bet he orders it for you to try out. Sorry drummers, your stuck forever kissing the mighty sea foam green ass of Sneezee or even worse, someone at Progressive, the store that is proud to admit that they would sell you the wooden leg off of their dead grandmother which lists for \$1200 but if you were to get it today would only cost \$196... so when did you want to pick that up? Which brings me to the real great thing about the SLC rock scene and what you can do to manipulate cold, lifeless tissue: recording. Fifteen years ago it was almost unheard of that unsigned bands could afford to produce a high quality full length recording that was comparable in sound to what the major labels were putting out. Not so any more. With the advent of ADAT and CD-ROM technology it is now possible for a well rehearsed band to record, package, and release their own CD without ever talking to a record company or A&R person. In fact, if you are in a local unsigned band and you are gigging without having put out at least a few song EP of your band then, according to industry standards, you are wasting your time. Without product to push there is nothing but T-shirts, stickers and wasted air. Recording time in any major city is outrageously priced. \$40 and hour is probably the minimum that you would pay in L.A. to record at Uncle Gus's home-

grown recording crib, whereas that is probably the max that you would pay the record at a fine 24 track digital facility here in SLC. Less if you know how to cut deals. It is even cheaper to have your band professionally recorded live at one of your shows, where each track is separated and can be tinkered with in the studio. That method worked wonders for the Spin Doctor's whose Homebelly Groove album consists of a handful of overdubbed live tracks and a simple three color J-card insert. Chris Stein (who recorded and produced Clover's phenomenal local disc "Sun") at Clay Anderson Audio says that for a full digital 24 track live show recording of any local band, the cost would run about \$125 plus tape costs. That's all your drum, rhythm guitar and bass tracking for your whole live set. Plus you can take those tracks back into the studio and add, overdub, or re-record almost everything, at a fraction of the cost that it would be to track separately in the studio. A professional mix at any one of the local studio's runs from \$45-65 per hour and then it's off to the layout person for your cover. A simple two color card insert is relatively inexpensive and if you can bear not having someone as cool as Schoenberg to overcharge you for a photo shoot, which you could fucking drop dead waiting for, then you might just be able to keep some change left over to get your disc mastered (another \$50-\$65 per hour necessity) and finally off to the CD duplicator company at about \$1.50 per disc with a 1000 disc minimum order. Salt Lake City is a great place for bands to get their shit together and make it happen. Go out and play out at one of the local clubs in front of all your friends and family and see if your live show really is as good as Korn's. Video tape it. Work on it. Since there are no record people out here to see you, don't worry about making a first impression; try different things and don't be afraid to fall on your face. Get your songs and your shit as tight as it can be and then book a small tour around the southwest and see what it's like in the real world once you've worked out all the kinks here in Nowhereland. It's a long, long line.

—David McClellan



# This Month at The Ashbury Pub

3/5 Mr. Winky

3/6 Sam & The  
Hunchback

3/7 Max Damien Band

3/8 & 3/9 The Strangers

3/12 Sweet Lorretta

3/13 Loose

3/14 Mango Jam

3/15 Spittin' Lint

3/16 Blanche

3/19 J. Nelson Ramsey

3/20 The Weed

3/21 Figurehead

3/22 & 3/23 Backwash

3/26 Kirsty McDonald

3/27 Silt

3/28 Blue Healer

3/29 Sweet Lorretta

3/30 Junior's Farm

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# The Afghan Whigs

Black Love is the follow up release to Gentleman with new drummer, Paul Buchignani. Greg Dulli, who writes all the songs, is usually seen as the frontman while Curley, and guitarist Rick McCollum are the anchors to his weathered wailing about love and heartbreak but with Black Love, the dynamics of the band and the music has changed. They even have an appearance in the new movie, Beautiful Girls and the soundtrack. After recording the new album and producing the Ass Ponies' upcoming album, bass player John Curley managed to squirrel away from his favorite show, Cops and talk with SLUG.

with those parts in mind. And last time they were written and the ideas came later for that stuff. In a couple cases, some of them obviously started with that kind of idea, but Greg had the piano in his house for the

JC: Absolutely. Yeah, we work at practice, too. Although, practicing for shows is a little more... actually since Paul joined the band, he's really just

It's like going from someone that you've played with for seven or eight years; you know instinctively what they are going to do without even having to pay attention. And to go into someone new where you actually do have to pay attention and learn a whole bunch of new



whole time prior to getting together. [Greg] was actually writing songs on the piano.

SLUG: The music came along with it a lot easier this time.

JC: Yeah, actually this whole record from the practicing, going out on tour in July and then going to record; it has been the most fun that I think we've all ever had recording... yeah, it was really relaxed for the most part. We recorded live in a big room with no headphones and I think we felt like ourselves when we were doing it and not isolated in your own headphone world.

SLUG: Why do you guys come off as much more lighthearted and make jokes about yourselves and the songs that you do but your studio work is really cynical and sometimes very heavy? For you guys is your performance a reward for all the work?

SLUG: Cello. JC: Cello in a bunch of the songs. I don't think we over did it or anything but it was more thorough from the beginning. The songs were written

into jamming and stuff. So, a typical practice would be three hours of just jamming and just playing and then maybe, an hour of just running through everything. And the worse that's being done is just learning how to listen to each other and what the other people are going to do.

SLUG: Have you guys played live with Paul yet?

JC: Yeah, we did 8 shows at the end of June or early July of last summer. And then, we did a benefit in Seattle at the end of July.

SLUG: Have the dynamics changed?

JC: Oh, definitely, definitely. Cause we got a new drummer. So being the bass player, that's a big deal for me 'cause if the bass player and the drummer aren't playing well then everything is going to sound bad.

stuff... SLUG: Has that sort of resurged you guys creatively at all?

JC: I feel like it did. Just like being able to jam for a long time at practice and stuff.

Paul's a lot more versatile and does a lot more styles of music. He's more of a musician than...

SLUG: Your past drummer was more like a friend. Not that [Steve's] not a friend now.

JC: He was at first without getting into it. Cause I don't want to go down that road. But Steve came from a heavy metal school of drumming. So he could play hard, he could play loud and he, I mean Steve's a really good drummer, I don't want to put the guy down. But Paul could do all that stuff plus turn around and play traditional jazz or all kinds of stuff.

SLUG: So do you guys all have your own side projects? I know Paul does jazz gigs and you have Cincinnati Ultra Suede Studios. What have you been doing there?



JC: I did an Ass Ponies record.  
SLUG: They're good friends of yours.

JC: Yeah, [I've] known them for many years.

SLUG: What else have you guys been working on?

JC: That's pretty much it, what I did. I got back from Seattle the end of September and did the Ass Ponies record for all of October and that pretty much took it out of me. That was three and a half months in the studio. I wasn't ready to think for a while after that. [I've] got four other partners and they all did stuff, too.

SLUG: It's smart.

JC: Yeah, it's great. It started out as just something we wanted to do, a hobby almost and it's become kind of a cool thing.

SLUG: And then does Rick have his own side projects?

JC: I don't think so. He is probably the most musical one of all of us. So he's always making four tracks and figuring out how to get weird noises out of his guitar. He's got a piano too, so.

SLUG: And then Greg, this is pretty much his big project.

JC: Well, he's interested in doing movies.

SLUG: And acting.

JC: Not so much acting, I don't think anymore; it's more like producing and directing.

SLUG: Cause he does all of your videos. Most of the videos that you guys have made, I don't want to say all, but MTV wouldn't play them. So what do you do with a video that no one's going to play?

JC: Show it to your friends.

SLUG: So this time are you going to get the video on TV?

JC: I hope so. I mean, that's the idea, obviously or why waste the money on them? It's really up to them. It's kind of a mysterious and frightening thing.

SLUG: What is? Not having them?

JC: The whole video MTV thing.

SLUG: Really? Well, because then all of a sudden your mega

stars. Go from being unrecognized, almost completely unrecognized, to not being able to walk down the street.

JC: Well, I'll let you know when that happens.

SLUG: Well, I think that's part of the underground appeal is the fact that your videos didn't get played.

JC: If your equating underground with commercial mediocrity or whatever, I think underground might come more from just sticking to your beliefs and just doing things your own way whether your going to be popular or not. Just trying to be happy with yourself, trying to do something your proud of and not whore yourself completely that you can't even do it anymore.

SLUG: Well, I don't think if you guys got commercial success that all of a sudden your fans should become mediocre.

JC: Well, I think people feel, not just with us but with all kinds of bands, that something's not popular and you discover it and you turn your friends on to it and it's like a little shared secret among the people that know about it.

And then, all of a sudden, there's a hit and all the asshole guys at school and people that you don't like start listening to it and... I definitely felt like that whole thing when Nirvana's record blew up because there was all these people who knew about it, who listened to Sub Pop Records and then all of a sudden, everybody was into it. A lot of people feel pretty close to their music and don't want to share it with people that they necessarily wouldn't be friends with. So, I'm sure there would be that but what are you going to do?

SLUG: So your success, not yours personally, but the band, seems to be tied to the fact that you guys are still on the underground. Are you guys trying to maintain that?

JC: I don't think we're consciously trying to maintain that. I think a lot of that comes from the fact that we feel pretty

strongly about how we want to be perceived. There's just so much stuff out there that rubs us the wrong way that we want to be different. And a lot of times that goes against the grain of high power marketing and commercialism and stuff. That's not to say we wouldn't enjoy like... SLUG: A hit.

JC: Yeah. Plus we would want to do it on our terms. We're not going to do a bunch of stuff that makes us feel so gross it won't be fun to do anymore. That's where most of it comes from is just like maintaining stuff that we think is important. SLUG: So what have you been listening to a lot lately music wise?

JC: Wow, Sloan Berry, their new record and the Ass Ponies record, the Wolverton Brothers from Cincinnati. I like to listen to my friends tapes and stuff. As far as like ...man I can never remember. I always get put on the spot like this. I should just make notes before I do this stuff.

SLUG: You don't have to. Then it becomes really contrived.

JC: Yeah. I watch more TV than I listen to records.

SLUG: What's your favorite TV show? JC: Cops. We played in Cleveland and somebody hit me in the face with a cup of beer while we were playing. And later on, as I was leaving, one of the cops guarding the door said something to me about it; just kind of made a joke and it turned out he had been on Cops and I'd seen the episode and stuff. So, it was like a celebrity meeting.

SLUG: I can't figure out why that stuff is so appealing. Those shows, watching other people get in trouble. Do you know what I mean?

JC: Yeah, I don't know. It's a voyeuristic thing. I used to work at a newspaper as a photographer and I really enjoyed that aspect of the job. Like being able to just sort of hang out behind the police line. You get to see how it's done.

SLUG: But don't you feel sometimes that your sort of invad-

ing a little.

JC: After a while I did and I don't know if I could do it now. There are some things that I did that, I had to do that I didn't feel too good about.

SLUG: Do you even feel that way watching Cops? I do, I know I do.

JC: No, not really there's worse stuff on TV than that.

SLUG: I personally like reruns.

JC: I like reruns, too.

SLUG: Well, what's your first music memory?

JC: I guess getting a little cheap tape recorder and making a tape off the radio with changes by David Bowie on it. I was pretty little. I don't know in grade school probably whenever that came out, it must have been first or second grade for me.

SLUG: What would you be doing if you weren't doing this?

JC: Wow, I don't know.

Probably just working as a photographer, I think. I guess I would be doing something like that maybe and still just playing music on the side. Cause that's what I always figured I would do.

SLUG: Do you ever think that people just go "god what I really want to do is be a bass player". You know, unless your like in a funk band and how did that end up coming about for you?

JC: I heard the Who.

SLUG: You heard the Who. I was thinking that this morning when I was listening to you guys that there is a lot of Roger Daltry, and Pete Townsend and the Who in there.

JC: Yeah, we all like them and we all listen to them. There's worse people to be compared to than that.

SLUG: I think so. My friend thinks that their the originators of punk. I don't know if I agree but I think its an interesting opinion.

JC: It could be, I mean Keith Moon was pretty punk rock.

—A.J. Miller



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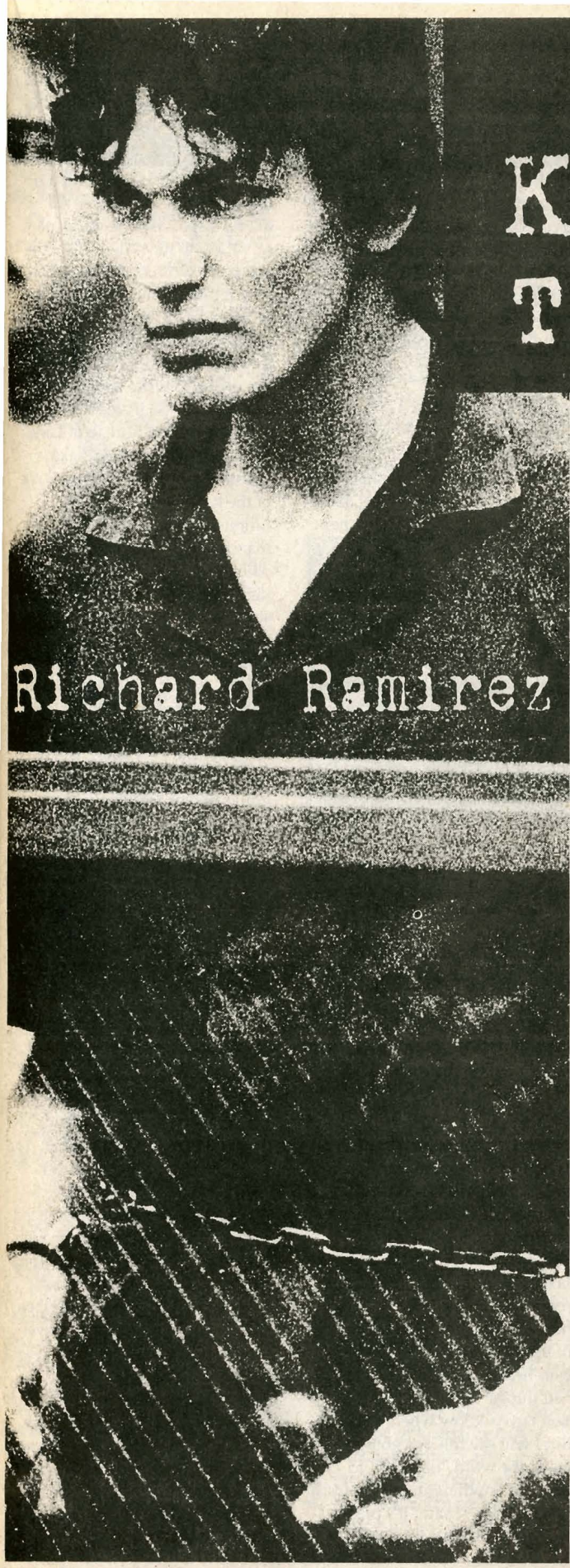
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# SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

Richard Ramirez

Texas drifter turned California serial killer, Richard Ramirez has been on death row for seven years, during which little has been heard from him. Unlike other serial killers, Ramirez' fame has not endured like Gacey's, Bundy's or Dahmer's. It might be that Ramirez had no class or style.

He followed a girlfriend to California at the tender age of 22, but was soon alone again. A loner by habit, Ramirez kept his anonymity by being a homeless petty criminal. Subsisting on a diet of injectable drugs and junk food, the natural fire of human violence flared into an unnatural Etna of murderous rage. While destroying other people with haphazard, vicious barbarity, his own body was rotting from self neglect. It wasn't long after he came to Los Angeles that his teeth had all rotted and fallen from his pussy, halototic mouth.

His style of killing was something akin to a murderer's Christmas morning. He would break into a house, and assault, sometimes rape, and kill everyone he found. Surprise, today we're killing a 42 year old mother of three, and two of the three. Many serial murderers have a reason for thier atrocities; Bundy killed his first girlfriend time and time again; Dahmer couldn't stand for his sexual partners to leave him; Albert Fish believed that God rewarded him with sexual pleasure when he would prevent little girls from growing into sins of the flesh—he did this very often by eating the aforementioned flesh.

Ramirez was accused and convicted of killing nine women and four men raning in age from 30 to 83 years old. His first victim, 79 year-old Jennie Vincow died in such a storm of physical aggression that her head might was said to have been near her body, to the right a bit, a good bit, rather than the more usual: centered on top of the shoulders.

Ramirez' arrest was the first sucess of a computerized fingerprint registry in Sacramento. Three minutes after the program had begun working it spat out his name from a print left at one of the murders. Two days later he was arrested in a hispanic neighborhood in Los Angeles.

Ramirez' trial took four years of stupid hysterionics that included many allusions to the rock group AC/DC and pretensions of Satan worship. The truth is that the young Texan hadn't planned his bio carefully enough. He spent the four years of his trial playing catch-up with the infamy which he felt he earned through the blood of so many twisted corpses. From animal fits of rage, to cooler than thou moments of sartorial grace, to grandstanding attempts to portray his murderous mediocrity as an extension of so-called satanic worship, Ramirez time and time again tried to fictionalize and edit a life worthy of someone as outrageously mean as himself. Though he never escaped the dog's-vomit of mediocrity that was his actual life.

Ramirez was found to be simply an anti-social personality addicted to physical violence, or so the court that condemned him to death found.

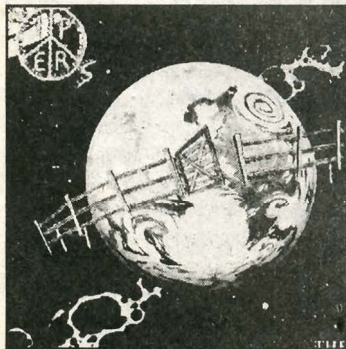


# RECORD REVIEWS

Remy Zero  
Geffen

Very cool band with nine very cool songs. Unfortunately the first track shouldn't be on the record. This band should stay away from what they think is dissonance. Because its not dissonance. Playing something out of tune doesn't mean that it's dissonant. The other nine songs on the record are great songs. Probably the best of which is called Dissent. (irony) Another good song is called Gold Star Speaker. Remy Zero is the best of the lazy alternative popsters if there is such a thing. The best thing about them is they don't really remind you of anybody they just make you think that they might remind you of someone. From reading the bio you might think the band is full of peace love and pseudo hippies. But I don't really care what the bio says about the band. I might think their idiots but the record is great. Its very layered. Its very soothing at times. Its very energetic at times. But like I said the best thing about it is that it reminds you of nothing too strongly but reminds you of everything subtly.

—Maxx



The Wipers  
The Herd  
Tim Kerr Records

My buddy Bill Belcourt hipped me to the Wipers five or six years ago. So it is that reason and that reason only, that I still consider him a friend of mine. Because he sure as hell doesn't call me anymore and I've called him at least three times which is generally my rule. I call you three times, you don't call me back, your finished.

So now I'm going to make an offer to my buddy Bill that will surpass all of my previous offers. Call me and receive the new Wipers record absolutely free of charge. Why? A couple of reasons; 1. It is so damn good. I can barely stand it. 2. Tim Kerr Records fucked up and sent me two of them. Since no one else in this town knows who Greg Sage is then its safe to assume I won't be able to sell the other one. Besides it should go to someone who really likes the Wipers and that would be Bill. Best songs here are hard to say because they're all pretty strong. Sinking as a Stone, The Herd, Defiant, this is a great record to listen to if you just want to rage for about an hour, or clean your house or climb a rock or go on a huge long bike ride. If you're not familiar with the Wipers then you don't know what I'm talking about. If you are, then you're in the hip zone. Definitely check it out, definitely listen to it find out for yourself. Oh yeah Bill, call me.

—Mr. Pink



1000 Mona Lisas  
New Disease  
RCA

You remember 1000 Mona Lisas they released a five song EP a while ago with an outstanding cover of Alanis Morissette's You Ought to Know. Which was so much better than the original its hard to believe it was a cover. Anyway, the difference between this band and the Foo Fighters is that this band can actually sing and play and write really good catchy songs, all the while still being hard edged power pop. The other difference is of course that 1000 Mona Lisas are not living

off the notoriety, fame and fortune of dead rock stars. Just listen to the song New Disease or Girl Friendly or In the Red and tell me this isn't a better band. In other words the cute girl just got to the dance and you're still dancing with her mouthy loud zit faced roommate.

—Mr. Pink

Turkey Mallet  
Chiaroscuro  
Immune Records

If you ask me, ska is meant for one thing: dance, dance, unka unka unka. I wouldn't normally buy a whole hell of a lot of it to listen to at home, but on the other hand I busted my knee to Skankin Pickle at Bar n' Grill one year, that's what a good time I have listenin to it when it's done right. Turkey Mallet set off trying, but they just don't follow through. They lack in a strong horn section, and they too often don't even get it up, unka unka wise. They meander, and unlike garage band music, I think ska's got to at least be tight. A couple songs even sound like Violent Femmes go Ska, which is not a healthy combo. It's also a relatively constricting medium in which to work, and therefore to distinguish yourself you're going to have to have something extra special. Turkey Mallet don't got it.

—Capt. America

The Obvious  
Detached  
Grindstone Records

This record came out about a year ago maybe even more than a year ago and all of you locals know them as the Obvious that brought grunge to Utah. Not true. Anyway they've since moved to Los Angeles for their big huge record deal which I've yet to see happen. The CD is probably one of the most derivative CD's I've ever heard. There are so many bad things about this CD that I don't even know where to begin. But I will say this I'm going to stop using the word "obvious" to describe anything in my life from now on I'll just say, "It's plain to see" and with that I will say "It's

plain to see" that this band is suffering from a severe lack of originality. Especially the guitar play, oh I'll get to him later. All of the songs are written in one of those self-important modes of trying to be political but trying to be correct and trying to be sympathetic to this and still trying to be hard and not trying to write songs about girls in cars. So instead, they write songs about the Bureau of Land Management but they make absolutely no valid points. Some of the lyrics are so pathetic... "Alone phone, god of love, commanded hate you did. Said the date alone. Life, wife, price too high, die/explain. Flowers beg stay no way awake if you please, friends laugh, side of me" What the hell is that supposed to mean? Is that some silly attempt at haiku or some stupid hyperbole poem? I don't understand it. Anyway the only thing worse than the lyrics like I stated earlier is the guitar player who has two types of guitar playing. Mindless, slow, I hope I stay in the right key guitar playing and then mindless fast I hope I stay in the right key guitar playing. And its pretty "plain to see" that this band would probably be twice as good without him. However if we're going to get rid of him we might as well get rid of the singer too. Because not only can he not sing, but he does this screaming, whining, moan thing everytime that there would require some real balls to sing. That's what he puts in there instead. The bass player and the drummer aren't bad as far as this type of music goes. The bass player kind of stuck in that Flea thing though. But they're the only two members in the band that could probably pursue musical careers elsewhere. The singer and the guitar player however need to start looking for a job I'd say about right now. Anyway, in closing I will say if this is the best Utah has to offer then count us off the map and all record companies can stop sending things to Utah because no one here has any talent. That of course is sarcasm. I can name 25 unsigned



local bands that could wipe the floor with these guys as far as originality and talent go. This is the most boring mundane band I think I've ever listened to. They remind me of Trixter or Poison or any other one of those fad bands with the big hair and there stupid clothes. Only these guys have different types of big hair and different types of stupid clothes. God forbid they stay together so that they can come back to the Zephyr in five years for the Big Obvious reunion or they can go on tour with bands like Skidrow and Motley Crew playing in front of the Cottonwood Mall.

—BoB

Frank Black  
The Cult Of Ray  
American Records

What do good music and ex-members of the pixies have in common? Nothing. Another pound of dripping dog crap from a man that should have died years ago. I have tons of friends who believe that Frank Black's shit don't stink, I never have nor will I ever subscribe to that school of thought. Frank Black has turned out to be the Peter Frampton of the nineties, that's right he should make a double live album and disappear from our lives forever. What a moron he thought he was so good he didn't need the Pixies. Ha ..... who's laughing now fat boy. Kim Deal that's who. Go crawl back into the far pit you call home, and play this masturbatory record on for your own ego Mr. Black. Hey if you want to do yourself a favor skip this record and get something by Liberace. At least he knew he was gay.

—SAUSAGE KING

Death of an American Ska-Thic  
Midwest Ska's Forgotten Past  
Jump Up

A compilation of ska bands from the midwest... To hear the description you'd think it was time for another addition to the CD experimentation project (I wonder how long I can hold this over an open flame before it melts? If I throw it in the microwave, will it spark?) A pretty eclectic mix here, from reggaeska, which is almost entirely devoid of possible listening pleasure, to some pretty

energetic stuff. The bands that do their best towards making the compilation worthwhile are not necessarily the most creative, but the ones who pour everything into it. "Pickle Brown Betty" is one of those, presumably why they made the first cut on the disc. "Tom Collins and the Cocktail Shakers" are not only proficiently danceworthy but also pretty fucking funny with "Cereal Box". "Jil Thorpe and the Beat Boys" come up with a pretty cool sound, as do "Urbations". The aforementioned slow reggaeska sound, however, comes into play simply too many times. It's just not interesting. You can't dance to it, so what's the point? The scales of justice point towards the toilet.

—Capt. America



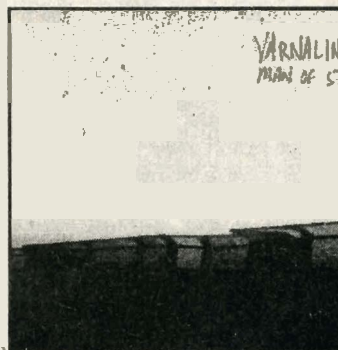
Skinny Puppy  
The Process  
American Records

The story has been all over the music press. The Process is the final Skinny Puppy album. Ogre quit the band and Dwane Goettel died from a heroin overdose. Ogre and cEvin Key aren't speaking etc. The album's name is taken from a religious cult, which Ogre describes as "a psychotherapy cult that started in the 60s. They were deemed a Satanic cult, but they were neither Satanic nor Christian. In fact they were both." Ogre started a cult of his own on the Internet.

In case you think Skinny Puppy has gone off and made a techno or horror rock album have a listen. I'm sure some track or another will end up filling the floor at discos everywhere. It could be "Blue Serge" or another of the beat happy pieces, but Skinny Puppy came in as industrial and they leave as industrial. Layer upon layer of swirling electronically produced sounds, chords, melodies, sweeping hooks etc. compete with attention with found samples,

treated voices and of course Ogre. The little quiet, static parts give respite from the relentless throb. Since the CD arrived shortly after deadline I've only had time to listen once. One time through was enough to convince me that The Process will provide a number of future pleasurable moments. The only criticism I have to offer is; the damn thing doesn't last long enough.

—Ga Ga Whore



Varnaline  
Man of Sin  
Zero Hour

This is a record of songs written by singer song writer Andus Parker. I don't think it's really a band cause he plays everything on the record except for bass on a couple of songs. He makes the horrendous mistake of putting an incredibly bad song as the opening track. Luckily for him I persevered through the rest of the record which is pretty damn good. He really needs to stick to the acoustic guitar singer songwriter thing cause he does it way better than his attempts at Sonic Youth type electric guitar song writing. Besides that his electric guitar sounds like shit. Some of the good songs on here are called Little Pills, Want You and Gary's Paranoia. This is a good record go out and see if you can try and find it. Its better than most of the crap you hear.

—Mr. Pink

Ruby  
Salt Peter  
Creation

In the Portishead-Tricky vein, Ruby comes along with a woman moaning, growling and rapping her way through dance tunes to make the beast with two backs on the dance floor to. I have to admit that I'm biased towards the genre, but nevertheless I think Ruby stands out. It's a hard genre

to get right - too fast and it's grating in about thirty seconds, too overdubbed and it sounds like shit. Here's a common problem: some dj comes up with an admittedly cool sound, and plays it over and over in some minimalist Yoko Ono thing til I can't ever hear it again. With Ruby, 'taint a problem. The lead singer pulls off quite a few vocal effects (if you don't know what I mean, it's what Alannis Morissette fails so miserably at), and that's always nice to see attempted and accomplished. Viewer beware theres a pretty strong riot grrrl feminism running through the lyrics ("why would you kill me? 'cos I'd cut down your king tree") although I have to admit that a woman growling through fuck songs on lyrics of watch-out-for- you-balls-boys makes it all the more interesting as far as I'm concerned. There's truly a lot of good songs on this thing. Paraffin ("old man's ass, fifty heads wide"), Heidi, Swallow Baby...they're all pretty good. I have no idea if they've been on the radio because it's now been seven months since I heard one (except for the merengue they play in the streets in my neighborhood). If they haven't been, they should be.

—Capt. America

Ride  
Tarantula  
Sire/EEG

Farewell lads-but why do you have to leave us so soon? After six years, the ride is over! The Oxford, England bunch is now defunct, but not without one last record. The Stone Roses, Rolling Stones, early Blur, Charlatans UK- this is Ride's style of rock. The production is magnificent and the songs are ripe as can be! On this record, is one sweet melody after another, proficient musicianship, and the decency to avoid a repetitious sound of obnoxious guitars- something that is so popular these days. Ride can blend classic rock (Keith Richard guitar solos) with the sound of contemporary British pop/rock. The single is "Black Nite Crasher," a rock n' roller in the truest sense carrying a nifty guitar riff. Every track is bloody splendid- this boat is going down with flying colors!

—Gary Savelson

but the truth is that it is just another lame attempt at being cool. But you have to do something when





Aimee Mann  
I'm With Stupid  
DGC Records

I have a soft spot in my heart (although some would say it's in my skull) for Aimee Mann. For a couple of reasons: a) She's from Richmond b) the bartender where I used to work swears that he kissed her and she had a giant crush on him in high school and c) I spent one summer on a porch drinking too much beer, sitting with the coolest girl I've ever met, listening to her first record. I was just talking to that summertime babe the other day when she informed me that it had been her that swiped that c.d. from me but she had been listening to it and thinking of me. Aimee Mann will always be the artist I will associate with a summer spent agonizing over the girl I loved seeing someone she knew was an asshole and telling me she wished she'd gone out with me. It's the artist I associate with being played.

Oh yeah the songs on this record are exceptionally well crafted and I like 'em and stuff. Bad news is this record may not produce a summer filled with fun and interesting stories from bartenders. Good News this record sounds nothing like Til Tuesday

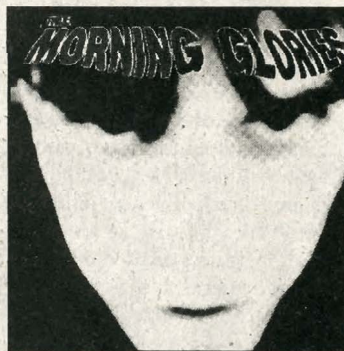
—SAUSAGE KING

Mark Brodie and the Beaver Patrol  
The Shores of Hell  
Shredder Records

Humorous spoken word intros to albums are bad tidings of great pain in almost every instance that I've had the displeasure of running across them. Leave them off your albums, boys and girls. This very album could have been headed for the clunker were it not for the music immediately following the sacrilegious beginnings, and you wouldn't want that to happen to you, now would you? Fine surfin' music. They know how to

keep the songs short, tight, and jazzy so's you can move your feet to 'em. The only question I have to ask myself is: what possible criteria could there be for reviewing a surf album. Anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of how to operate their fingers could play the majority of the guitar needed; and anyone who's ever drummed against their leg should be able to follow along on drums. The leads are usually funky and sometimes pretty quick handed, but they're rarely all over the board musically. It comes down to this: does it feel good? does it make your ass bounce? (never mind the other things that feel good and make your ass bounce, we're talking about music here). Why yes, it does! This album fulfills both those requirements. Of course it's all cheesy as hell, but it's done with the proper attitude, so grab a martini and lounge around the house in your robe all day and do the twist. Try not to remember all the frat boys doing the same thing.

—Capt. America



The Morning Glories  
Many Moods  
Zev Records

This band sucks and I mean big time. They are trying desperately to be the Dukes of the Stratosphere and they can't even play an XTC song. They are striving for psychedelia, modern pop guitar songs and they fail miserably. Of course I should say that I'm only talking about the first six songs because I couldn't make it past the sixth song. So anybody who has heard tracks 7 through 13 and their not as shitty as tracks 1 through 6 let me know.

—Mr. Pink

Snuff  
Demmamussabebank  
Fat Wreck Chords

Musicians must be getting bored. These days most bands

sound the same with hardly any musical differences to set each band apart. Modern Punk Rockers are guilty of this crime more than others. Face it, there's not much you can do with fast 3 chord playing. London, England's Snuff are attempting to put some new ingredients in the pot. With a sprinkling of Hammond organ and trombone added to the spicy meat of some of the fourteen tracks on their new Fat Wreck Chords disc. Punk rock anthems of "Oi!" and other traditional ideas are mixed with new ideas. The playing and singing is fucking TOP NOTCH, making this disc one of the year's best so far. Great album that will have you dancing and air-guitaring around the room. "Dicky Trois" rocks with punk rock forever, while "Nick Northern" has a funky jazz-rock-blues feel to it, like Inspiral Carpets hooked up with NOFX. Truly fucking great. Diversity runs rampant on this great must have record. Pity for you if you don't make this a part of your collection. Besides, you could be the first one on your block to show what musical taste is about.

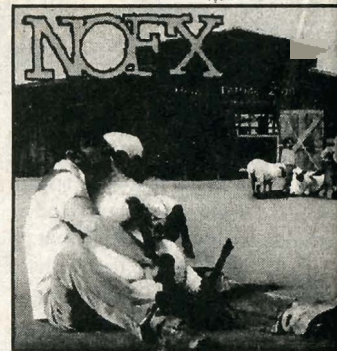
—Kevlar M.

Fatso Jetson  
Stinky Little Gods  
SST

It's a hell of interesting mix that I've gotten to review this month. Fatso Jetson is like a combination of garage punk and surf music. I should add that it takes some of the best things from those styles and mixes them. It's heavy and loud, but it moves right along like surf. It's lyrics and design concept suggest weirdness, the kind that's simply for the sake of being weird, usually in good fun. FIREHOSE kind of weirdness. Like the Sun Regime in SLC days of yore, they were playing mighty strange music sort of hard to define, they all played well but you were never sure if any of it was supposed to mean anything. I can't listen to too much Frank Zappa because I always feel like he has some point that I'm missing (feel the same way about Mr. Bungle, they're having such a good time being into their trip that I don't have room to join). As long as you can remove yourself from the notion that something's going over your head then Fatso Jetson is at least fun to listen to. And it takes

honors for best song title in a while: Corn on the Macabre.

—Capt. America



NOFX  
Heavy Petting Zoo  
Epitaph Records

The allusions this record makes is funny as hell, as our some of these songs. And though these guys tend to lean a bit more towards the political side than I would like, they aren't all bad. I'm giving these guys a huge break since I'm normally hard on Epitaph bands. This album reminds me of the Descendants and late Dag Nasty (when they moved out to cali.). The layout of this record is great the time spent on that alone shows that they put some kind of effort into this album, so I won't bash 'em for that. It's not there strongest work and I'm not sure I can remember what there strongest work was. The production is nice the lyrics are what you'd expect from these guys. If you're afraid to pop out the twenty dollars for the c.d. don't buy it, if on the other hand you've got cash to spare blow on this. It's just kind of a blasé record. And I can't find anything to say about it except well, if your hooked on so. cal 'punk' here's another fucking record you and all you're friends will have to buy.

—SAUSAGE KING

Trouser  
Ketchups  
Shimmy Disc

Here are the lyrics to the song "Slug:"  
"I'm living on your garden, I'm just an animal. Mindlessly I climb your leg and leave a slimy trail. Lick it up. Lick it up. Lick it clean. I may be useful in your garden, but I am still helpless in a fight. Totally unable to defend myself. Maybe it's because I'm just a slug. Living on your leftovers, like they're some holy grail." OH-MY GOD I can't





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write any more of them down. These guys need to eat shit and die. The most pretentious bullshit I've come across in a long time. Proof that it's just too easy to get recorded.

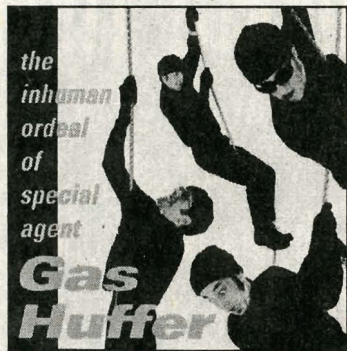
—Capt. America

Ministry  
Filth Pig  
Warner Brothers

Well the new long awaited Ministry album is still out, and in stores. By now if your even remotely interested it is probably in your hot little hands even as we speak. If you don't have it you have probably heard it by now. I kid you not I've been hearing about his release for the last 18 months or so. The release date kept getting pushed back and pushed back until now early 1996. Whenever a major release hits the streets I like to call up my contacts and see what the feel is. In this case it was Nick at Graywhale in Layton and the ever so sweet Angela at modified. I get their personal opinions plus I check out what you the buying public has to say about it. The response as far as I can tell is a bit sluggish and underwhelming at best. My informal polls reflect that the true original Ministry fans lost track of the band sometime between the mind is a terrible thing to taste and in case you didn't feel like showing up live, song 69 broke record selling numbers for A Jorgenson and Pete Barker. Yet we know what that does to the true underground hardcore contingent don't we. Yes, it makes us madder than cat piss. But Filth Pig really doesn't deliver the promises psalm 69 left us with. Filth Pig feels like and sounds like a slowed down version of psalm 69 yet it never really does deliver the punch. I do however think that there are some shining moments on Filth Pig. I really like the song Dead Guy its got a jagged psychotic feel to it. Almost helmet like. Maybe that's why I like it. I also really like the song Filth Pig I love that slow very heavy grind it churns out. Repetitive and foreboding I like the uneasy sneaking feeling it creates in the room when being played. I also like the muted version of Bob Dylan's, Lay Lady Lay. I love it when Alien Jorgensen gets his hands on a cover because he takes it and rapes it and turns it into something dark menacing and

unwilling. I do think Filth Pig has its good moments but it doesn't hit the mark it could have. And by the way will somebody write me and tell me what's up with the young republican and the raw bloody piece of steak sitting on top of his head. Young republican filth pig I get it a piece of steak taking a nap on the guys head. I don't get it, got it. Good.

—RDJ



Gas Huffer  
The Inhuman Ordeal of Spécial Agent  
Epitaph Records

As far as I can tell this Gas Huffer's second recording for Epitaph the packaging is some of the best I've seen around. The cover is slick and has a 60's secret agent feel to it. Very cool. As you would guess coming from the fine people at Epitaph the production is great and its pure power punk rock of the 90's. Gas Huffer delivers fourteen new songs that will be seared into your membrane like a cattle branding iron on a cold winter's eve. My favorites are Carolina Hot Foot, Money, One Fun Zero, Tiny Life and You are not Your job. These boys are just plain old good time. I say gather the family around throw on Gas Huffer and dance the night away.

—RDJ

Dead Man Walking Soundtrack  
Columbia

Songs inspired by the movie. Near as I can tell, Tim Robbins showed the movie to the people in the album (or at least gave them the script), and then they all went away and wrote music for the show, none of which was used in the movie. Well, that's not entirely true: the fantastic collaboration between Eddie Vedder and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan (and I say that as a much bigger fan of the latter) shows up throughout the movie, and I believe the Johnny

Cash song is used. I've always thought that soundtracks should have a more direct contact with the movie than they usually do, and at the same time I can't say that the movie missed these songs, because it was quite good as it was. The album then serves as the oft toted "companion piece" to the film. Listening to it brings back scenes and sentiments from the movie, expanding on them in as many different directions as there are artists. Everyone makes a strong standing that appears on the album. Suzanne Vega seems a little out of place, but it's not her fault: her style just doesn't match well. Lyle Lovett barely has a song, it's almost acapella, and it's quite good. Michelle Shocked, who I haven't heard from in a while, has a fine song in "Quality of Mercy". Patti Smith and Steve Earle (who I don't know) round out the collection. Of course I have yet to mention Tom Waits, who has two new songs, which are both fucking fantastic, and he needs to record a new album. It's a great soundtrack to a great film. Now I've got to go out and buy the soundtrack to "Leaving Las Vegas" and I can sit around at home and weep openly.

—Capt. America



The Poo Alley Tapes  
Complication  
WIN Records

The poo alley tapes is subtitled a complication of 31 Los Angeles bands. Its a double CD with lots of music. If this is a good example of what is going on in LA in the name of music I hope the disease doesn't spread any further east. After listening to this I realized hey maybe Salt Lake City could be the next Seattle or Austin after all. I out of anybody can usually find something good, something worth listening too, some redeeming musical value on about any CD. Not on this one baby. Two CD's full of shit. Speaking

about shit the cover is very disturbing, its a photo of this girl smiling as she is eating a piece of shit with chopsticks. Um, um good. it does have a very experimental feel to it so if you like really bad experimental music this could be your cup of tea, otherwise spend your money on any one of the killer local bands we've got here. You will be much happier.

—RDJ

Joel RL Phelps  
Warm Springs Night  
El Recordito

The "rock critic's" nightmare: I've been slaving away for weeks for a way to describe this album. Just recently, however, it's become clear to me that Warm Springs Night is not a "rock" record in any conventional sense. There are no solo's, no discernible choruses to speak of. Phelps, late of Seattle iconoclasts Silkworm, is concerned more with texture than structure. Where in Silkworm he was the tempering, soulful side of an otherwise rock oriented band, here he is all soul, working in the context of lengthy journeys as opposed to short, taut songs. Don't get the wrong idea, there are plenty of riffs and crescendos to be had. Phelps digs down deep, both with his guitar and voice, to get just the right expression at each moment. Through the course of "The Greys and the Graze" you witness Phelps fall apart and put himself back together, accomplished with an honesty that is simply devastating. Warm Springs Night is a beautiful tortured sketch, filled with the same highs and lows of life, painted with the skill of a true artist.

—Bmac

23rd Hour  
Immortal Coil  
Cydonia Records

Nothing like a song about yanking your wank to start off an album. I wish I knew where the sound bites from "Dr. Handy" come from, they sound pretty twisted. A fine rock band out of New Mexico, I hope they come touring so I can go see them (I sure as hell ain't going down to New Mexico anytime soon). Next up is "De•sad•e•me", a song about what you think it's about. It captures the sexual give and take in a modern relationship (I'm assuming



The Los Angeles Times has things to say about 'denver.'

"A gangster comedy with a hidden romantic heart! Screenwriter Scott Rosenberg and director Gary Fleder have created a world that takes traditional gangster themes of loyalty and living by the code and twists them in dark and comic ways. Treat Williams stands out for the bravado of his performance."

-Kenneth Turan



ANDY GARCIA

...things to do in denver  
when you're dead

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-Joel Siegel, GOOD MORNING AMERICA

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-Gene Shalit,  
TODAY SHOW



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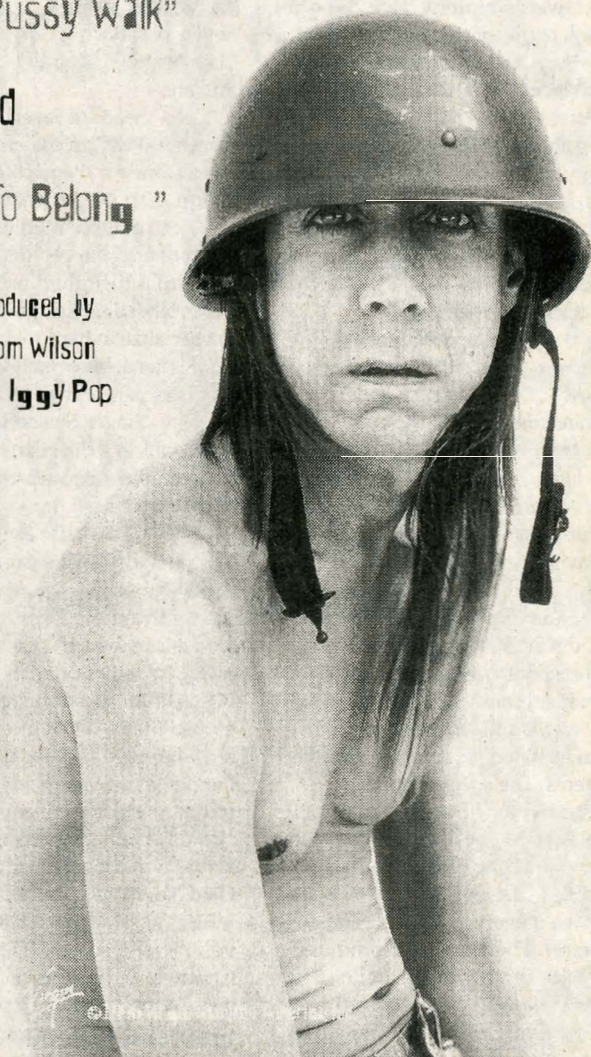
"Heart Is Saved"

"Pussy Walk"

and

"To Belong"

Produced by  
Thom Wilson  
and Iggy Pop



who did it. But then again, I'm not a big wheel publishing mogul. If you're still reading this, you're an as



every modern relationship experiments with a little physical bondage, and of course every relationship from God's and Adam's has experimented with mental bondage). "Riddle" is I think my favorite of the songs here, musing as it does on our place on earth. The musical style is definitely whatever you'd call Tool, or Mule, with lyrics that run more along the lines of progressive rock. For instance, "Sacramento" could have been written by Joseph Campbell. Nothing could possibly go wrong from a song that samples from the Gyuto Monks and Myst: Secret Society is that song. I have to wonder how they procured the rights. Anyway, a strong showing from what I think is their first album. I would like to hear what they sound like when they get enough money to be recorded and mixed a little better, there's times when I can tell there's a little more than what I can hear. The only song I have any trepidation about is "Flower Vampirism", which I can look at one of two ways: either the writer's having a joke on the Joy Division/Anne Rice crowd, or he's serious. If he's having a joke, then I'm all for it, though I have a feeling it's the other way around. To each his own, but I can't take the black candlewax crowd seriously. Check it out if you can, and since y'all are in SLC, there's a chance you can see them tour.

—Capt. America

Low  
Transmission EP  
Vernon Yard

How does a band like Low, a member of the post-Slint club of slow rockers, manage to stay interesting over two records and into this EP? Maybe it's because they don't just play slow and soft as a back drop to someone's pretty vocals, or because ambient music is hip. They actually create and shape moods with understated yet intricate arrangements. The cover of the Joy Division tune from which this EP takes its name illustrates perfectly how the band can take a punk song, gut it and slow it down, and make it every bit as terse and desperate. The two Albini-produced tracks "Bright" and "Caroline 2" reveal Low at their most stripped down and beautiful. Mimi Parker's vocals glisten as she sings simply,

Bright," throughout the former, while the spaces that haunt the latter accentuate the less is more theory that works so strongly for the band. Opposite the reverb-heavy Kramer produced tracks, these tracks display the benefits of working with a more virgin sound-oriented producer to highlight the sound vs. silence juxtaposition the band understands so well. Still, Low is a talented enough band to overcome such technicalities, making Transmission a suitable prelude to the upcoming album.

—Bmac



Seven Year Bitch  
Gato Negro  
Atlantic

Seattle's Seven Year Bitch recorded Viva Zapata! in '93 making a name for themselves with the album. Gato Negro (that is, black cat for all of those highly motivated students who cut high school spanish) is their third record and major label debut. They continue to specialize in hard rock with punk, metal, blues, and sonic elements as part of their repertoire.

Singer, Selene Vigil, steers her vocals in a direction where they can be compared to a feminine Perry Farrell (Jane's Addiction, Porno for Pyros) and Courtney Love-Vigil can play reserved but she manages to detonate with almost a disturbing enthusiasm which is quite invigorating. Whether or not Seven Year Bitch is fulfilling its obligatory bitterness theme when it comes to lyrical content (lest we not forget the riot grrrl movement) on this record, the gritty guitars, stiff bass, and thrashing percussion point towards tradition! Gato Negro is a contender bidding refreshing production, extensive volume, and soaring energy. Cheers to the females....I mean girls....I mean ladies....I mean women....ahh....nevermind!

—Gary Savelson

Archers of Loaf  
The Speed of Cattle  
Alias

I'm the first to sing the praises of vinyl, but in this technological day and age, I'm just as prone as the next guy to sit on my couch with a bag of Doritos and all five of my remotes skipping through my 5 CD changer and watching basketball with the sound turned off. And so, luckily, all of us low maintenance music lovers are rewarded for our sloth with this compilation. Not only is every 7" from the very first to the most recent represented, but compilation appearances and even a Peel Sessions make the cut on The Speed of Cattle. Several of the bands early songs, including college radio hits "Wrong" and "Web in Front" appear in their original, shoddily recorded versions. On the whole, the alternate takes of released stuff make you appreciate that they went and did them again, but the noodley instrumental "Smokin Pot in the Hot City" and full on punk of "What Did You Expect?" Certainly fit the bill. Needless to say, if you've yet to hear the Archers, you'd be served well by getting one of their proper records first, but if you're anything of a fan (and if you've read this far I'm guessing you probably are), then this is a welcome addition to the band's already stellar catalog.

—Bmac

Elysian Fields  
Radioactive/MCA

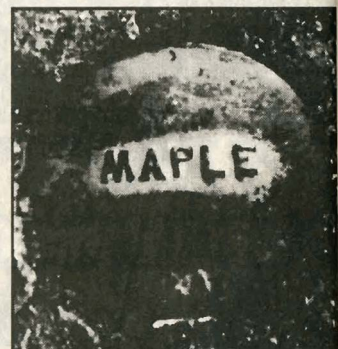
Mazzy Star, Cowboy Junkies fans most definitely will notice something familiar when this four song EP plays. Elysian Fields' (a term for paradise) vocalist, Jennifer Charles is coming from the darkside (as in Star Wars) or maybe she just loves melancholy lounge acts. Accompanied by aloof guitar effects and stand up bass, the songs roll about with a dead weight, leaving you with a hangover of the strangest kind. Whether its "Star," steadfast rhythm and simplistic piano or the acoustic "Move Me" with its western-edged electric guitar lick, be prepared to enter a realm of sultry mystification with a ghostly twist. If you fancy this troupe, enlighten yourself to the unknown music of England's Sharkboy!

—Gary Savelson

Lotion  
Nobody's Cool  
spinART

Fact: There are no songs that sink to the depths of mediocrity on this jangly yet lustful pop release! There are so many wonderful vocal and guitar melodies to hum along with-it's definite that the album gets better with every listening. New York's, Lotion, can mesmerize its audience with moments of tranquillity and psychedelic rock ballads or they can turn up the guitars and activate serious rhythm-believe it or not, it's all done with a gracefully, flamboyant approach which is intoxicating to say the least! The eagerness found in Tony Zajkowski's voice is an added plus. Nothin' but three thumbs up for Nobody's Cool.

—Gary Savelson



Maple  
It's My Last Night  
Slab Recordings

Out in the LA scene they've paired up with the likes of FIREHOSE, X, THE VERVE, and TSUNAMI on some countless amount of gigs. Their shows have pulled a dedicated audience that includes Mike Watt, Stone Gossard, actors, supermodels, and etc. What does that all mean? Not a damn thing unless you're in to finding out what the supposed cool are doing with their free time. They've been likened to SEBADOH, EARL SCRUGGS, and JONI MITCHELL, or so it's been written somewhere else at least once. Their debut album, It's My Last Night, shows exactly what's at the core of the band: deceptive simplicity. Starting from the set up we get the stripped formation of a three man band (well, two guys, and a girl): drums, guitar, and the bass doubling as vocals. From this we get what appears as simple melodies that somehow drift into deliberate looseness or become enclosed with distortion. They're



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DECOMPOSERS

TUESDAY

**5 THE  
TWIST-OFFS**  
The Commons

**12 DIRT  
CLOD FIGHT**  
Bali Girls  
COKLEO

**19 ECHOBELLY**  
For Squirrels  
SUPERDRAG

**26 STANFORD  
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**14 ROLLERBALL**  
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Thirsty Alley

**28 Riverbed Jed**  
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**1 DICK  
NIXON**

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not catchy, but somehow 'gets under the skin.' There it stays without you ever knowing 'til a line or a tune starts to rattle through your skull while you're in the shower. On top of all of this we get Bryony's vocals. She never strains, never reaches a peak, and never seems to hit a low point. It's that voice from the girl at the coffee shop, the one that sat across from you and talked dead pan.

Halfway through her conversation you realize she's saying something important (or at least intriguing), but too late, you're hopeless lost. Simply put, not a bad debut. You'll catch it on the radio at some point.

—JAND



**Invasion Of The Indie Snatchers**  
Allied Recordings

This is an incredible record. Why? For more reasons than you might think. I mean sure the music is good and the artwork fun, but, what makes this a great album? I'll tell you it's the ethic and the man behind the label. Allied Records is run by John Yates, by all accounts the coolest guy in the business. Everyone I've talked to from Steve Albini to Kirk from Buzzoven (an old Allied artist) has nothing but nice things to say about this man. In a business where everybody is just out trying to make a buck, John Yates is just putting out good music by good bands he believes in. John supported my band's record and that in and of itself was the greatest feeling in the world. The music on this record runs the gamut from poppy stylings of J Church and VCard to ugly hard music (my favorite type) like Cromwell and Cars Get Crushed. Check out the bands Teeth, The suzybeatand Sake for something new. This is a Compact Disc worth owning since it's a shopping guide as well as a way to help put out new bands. Also any fans of Strawman should know that there is one of their last

recordings on this record. Franklin gives a Slint-like opening followed by a good healthy dose of hard whiskey. The band Gus impressed the alien right out of my chest with a pleasantly melodious dose of noise. If you wanna get your mom off the streets then support labels that really keep independence a part of the business. Going broke is Job no. 1 at Allied, but, let's not let them go under.

—SAUSAGE KING

**The Acid Jazz Test: Part 4**  
Moorishine Music

Kick it with this enchanting compilation of diverse acid jazz, funk, and rap. Specials of the day on The Acid Jazz Test: Part 4 are artists, Oversoul 7, Cool Breeze, and A One. Oversoul 7 offers a seductive, lounge-esque approach of music tucked beneath a psychedelic, R&B slant—a superb track ("What's the Deal") to play while indulging in aroma therapy! Cool Breeze complements the slyness of Oversoul 7, taming the soul with its loose style of vocals, percussion, and acoustic guitar. Traces of more traditional jazz can be found on this goodie with the artist A One—"Up There" is a sincere piece with stand up bass, congos, suave keys, and the distant echoes of melodic trumpets.

—Gary Savelson

**Butterflytrain**  
Distorted, Retarded, Peculiar  
Up Records

You know I don't know how I always get saddled into doing these totally blind reviews. Oh, I remember I just grab the c.d.'s closest to the door and run before the Gestapo Slug staff finds out I made it out with yet more free stuff. Usually most of this stuff ends up in somebody's used bin and I wind up with a buck or two in my pocket. Sometimes though I'll find something that's kind of cool. This is a C.D. that will be staying at my house. The music is a hybrid of Dinosaur jr. meets R.E.M. It's good stuff. The only thing it lacks is power. However, it is lyrically compelling and musically adequate for a downtime record. I really think that this has a good chance at being a college radio darling of a band. Plus any band that includes a rejection letter in their layout deserves a look. Straight ahead

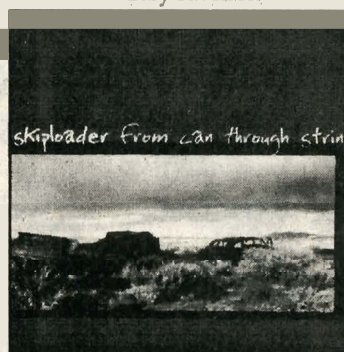
mood songs. Nothing to write home about, but, no reason to stick your baby brother in a blender either.

—SAUSAGE KING

**The Spinanes**  
Strand  
Sub Pop

Almost three years ago, this duo out of Portland, Oregon released their debut record with song arrangements consisting of only guitar, percussion, and vocals. College darlings that they were, the sophomore LP fails to make a significant departure from their first effort yielding the same "experimental" approach. Guitarist-vocalist, Rebecca Gates and percussionist, Scott Plouf should be commended for deviating from the music community, but at the same time, a recycled sound doesn't sustain the bite it held back when! This is not to say that pleasant harmonies, guitar work, and rhythm can't be found on this release—see "Azure," "Valency," and "Winter On Ice." The Spinanes just need to dig a smidgen deeper to re-invent themselves and prove once again that they really can harness a unique orchestration.

—Gary Savelson



**Skiplader**  
From Can Through String  
Geffen

I do all the reviews of these albums, singles, or what-have-you in the basement of my apartment. I put the pieces in my room-mate's CD player to listen. On the window of the player is a label that reads, 'vinyl rules' Besides takin me back to some strange memory of high school when Geoff Hayden (then working at Bi County gas station in New Kent, Virginia) spray painted the moronic slogan 'Ozzy Rules' on the back of Cyndi Lauper's tour bus when it came in to refuel (a good joke if I've ever

heard one), it also brings me back to those stupid arguments in a college dorm room of does vinyl capture a wider spectrum of sound better than a CD? Yea, we must have been drinking the sauce when the argument came up. Fuck, drunk boys without a girlfriend talk shit about anything just to keep their minds off of the fact that they're horny and have nothing better to do. So, the point? Is there one? Yea, there is one. A question like that is like the question 'is punk dead?', or even more modern, 'is there still a chance for our generation to be productive?' I put SKIPLOADER in and listen. I remember a band I reviewed earlier (UPSIDEDOWN ROOM).

These two bands are what 'Punk' (if we can even say that anymore—remember 'punk' is from the seventies, right before our so-called 'generation') should be in the nineties. Hell, Skiploader has this as an answer to the question 'what are your musical influences?' Their answer: Fugazi, minutemen, husker du, joy division, and van Halen. How much cooler can you get than that. Answer: none, none more cooler. It's a good piece, not great but good. This, along with UPSIDEDOWN ROOM, is what all you kids (you who wanted something better than GREENDAY) have been waiting for. The only problem is that it's on GEFEN. That simply means that our insistence on our own music (only indies can be cool b.s.) has reached a point where all of the hard work to be 'alternative' or above 'corporate rock' has really, without a question, invaded mainstream. Indies no longer have the corner market on good shit. Swallow your pride about buying mainstream and consider this one. It's not all that bad.

—JAND

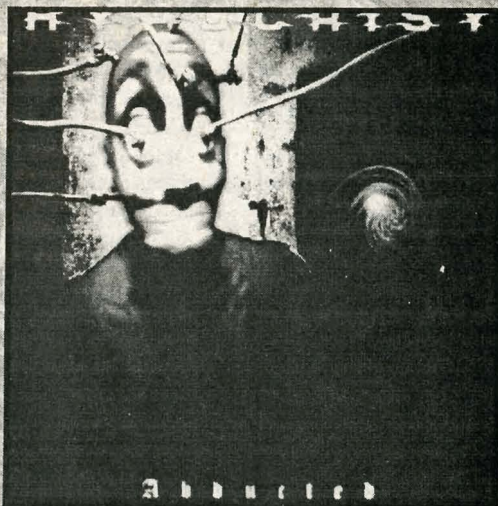
**Fulfeij**  
The Microwave EP.  
Scratchie Records

Thanks to the Folks at MTV I now know what the hell this label is. It's Darcy from Smashee Pumpky's label. The band on the other hand I know from home. I used to play shows with these guys all the time back then I just thought they were the band that had the Art School girls following them around. Now they seem to have matured musically



# HYPOCRISY... "Abducted"

# DISSECTION... "Storm of the Light"



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Beautiful Princess of Spit

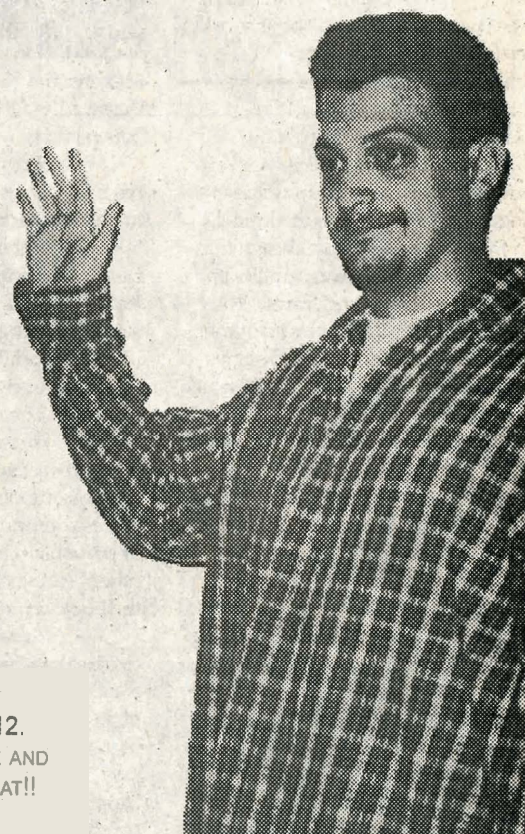


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-Tom, 3/96



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ENOUGH ALREADY, STOP YELLING AT ME. I'LL GO HOME AND  
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and I find myself liking this EP more and more. It's catchy and well recorded. When I saw them play I used to pray they would get off stage before one a.m. since we were the next band to play. So here's the one and only apology I will ever give, 'Sorry guys, but I used to think you sucked' This band has fallen into their own sound, they have cut back on the epic songs and focused their energies. The first song 'work in the universe' is fast and peppy. This is a band with the potential of being MTV air playable, so watch out. If you like atmospheric music and strong pop this is gonna be the record on your Christmas list. The girls are gonna go so nuts over this band with 'pretty lines like 'love growing in the grass' and other such sap. As a comparison My Bloody Valentine comes close if you add structure and take away some of their guitars.

—SAUSAGE KING

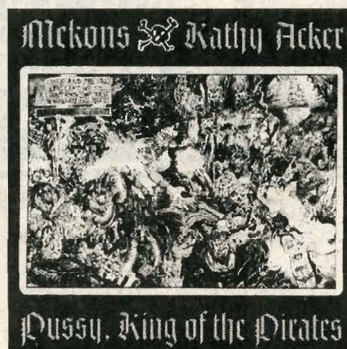


13 Engines  
Conquistador  
EMI

This is the Toronto's group's fifth full length album. They are supposedly known for their doubled searing guitars and loud blistering live shows. Their bio also tries to convey the harsh integrity(?) of the band: They opted for Spartan studios in which to record instead of the very plush surroundings offered them. What do we actually get in the final product? Well a couple of things. First and foremost a sound that falls somewhere between THE CHURCH and CATHERINE WHEEL (???). Unfortunately, however, it lacks the so called 'searing' guitar work that would add the needed life to the pieces. It is (I would guess) what it seems to have set out to be: a nice little alternative pop piece. The second thing we get is the refreshing arenas of subject matter that the band

explores through their lyrics. The album opens up with 'Beneath My Hand' an attempt to explore the basic idea that not a single one of us chose the body we received at birth. Another piece, my personal favorite here, is the song 'Menefrehghista' It is an entire piece conjured up from simply reading a bio on Dean Martin (menefrehghista is a supposed Mafia term for 'one who doesn't give a fuck.'). I admit that the subjects might not be all that important to anyone in particular or all that revealing, but still it's nice to get away from any basic 'bored,' 'hate,' or the exploited 'love/sex' themes that are quite prevalent. Where would I place this CD? On a rack that cradles old REM, THE RAVE UPS, or maybe even THE WOODEN TOPS. Although not a bad venture, it would never be the gem of anyone's collection.

—JAND



Mekons and Kathy Acker  
Pussy, King Of The Pirates  
Touch and Go

Sorry folks, but I don't have a skull and cross bones icon to get the title right. The CD is best taken in combination with the book of the corresponding title. Kathy Acker is a writer of some renown among connoisseurs of underground. Her book is described as hypnotic and trance inspiring. The novel is loosely based on Treasure Island. The CD is based on the novel. In a city where homophobia and sexual repression bring on countless acts of perversion, incest, spousal and other beatings finding the disc or the book could prove difficult.

Releasing the soundtrack to a book is creative to say the least. Dialogue from the book is included. You have your basic lesbian-pirates and a search for treasure. Portions of the CD are orchestral in nature. Parts verge on trance, or disco, there is some

English folk music presented, but the best parts are the punk rock the Mekons are known for. Going down and pussy are major elements of the overall presentation. If you aren't into it or if the smell of a fresh, fishy sea breeze puts you off stop reading and go beat your wife or rape your kid.

As the story goes they meet the pirate leader, Silver, who introduces a few of her girls through song. Cracks, cunts, pussy, pirates, a long journey searching for treasure on an island far across the deep pink sea? Going into the strange? You figure it out. Like I said the disc deserves a listening experience while reading the book. A dear friend found the book for me in Seattle. Waking Owl is the only place I know of to buy it locally. As soon as SLUG goes to bed I'm curling up in a chair to read and listen.

—Felix Tongue-er



Econoline Crush  
Affliction  
EMI

There is a cool thing about this band that really has nothing to do with the music. Hell, let's face the simple fact that sometimes it's the little known trivia about a band that is so much better than what that band has done or can actually do. The cool thing: This debut album has a front man who responded to a dorky newspaper ad, recorded the whole thing in three weeks, and did so in the basement of Rhys Fulber's father's house. So who is Rhys Fulber? He's formerly of FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY and DELERIUM, now with this project. Who else showed up for the project? Answer: Greg Reely did the mixing. The same Greg Reely who did work with FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY and SKINNY PUPPY. Can we now guess what this band is? You got it, an industrial band. Unfortunately it's not in the vein of

mixing the rock with industrial, but rather the pop with it. It really isn't all that bad, just not all that good (it's watered down and unmoving). Put it this way: Do you like SKINNY PUPPY, NIN, MINISTRY, MEATHOOK SEED, or even EINSTUERZENDE NEUBATEN? Then this is the album for that younger sibling of yours that is trying to emulate you, always asking you for music to listen to, but you won't give that person any for fear of corrupting him. Give him/her this and he'll still have that seven-year-old's naive view on the world. That sibling would be happy, your parents will be happy, the band will be happy, and you'll be happy that you unloaded this piece of complacency.

—JAND

Planet Dub  
Mammoth/Planet Dog

Ever since I stumbled across African Head Charge and the New Age Steppers in the very early 80's I've been a dub lover. O U Sound and Adrain Sherwood led me to explore people like Lee Perry and King Tubby. It's kind of sad in the present that their work lost in the shuffle. Reggae has become the music of hippies and gangstas. Dub isn't quite reggae as this compilation demonstrates, although reggae is present. Adrian Sherwood always used live drums. That is not the case here. Sherwood worked with punk rockers. Planet Dub features pothead and techno artists. They are in love with pot and computers, not live instruments. Keeping that thought in mind Planet Dub comes off very well. In a day and age when your local redneck farmer is looking for meditation and relaxation music to listen to while plowing the fields dub, techno and ambient music remain outside their comprehension. I've written this so many times now that I'm starting to feel like the proverbial scratched record. If you had to wait on the idiots you'd feel the same. "I want some meditation music with the sounds of nature on it." Yeah, some hippie recorded a babbling brook and then sat down at his Casio. He lives in a glass house in a redwood forest and you fuckers are making him rich. What exactly is the difference between the pothead hippies who produced this CD and



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# MARCH

<b>MARCH</b>			1 <b>HONEST ENGINE</b> MarmaladeHill	2 <b>12speed</b> SidewalkReligion
5 <b>SUGAR HOUSE</b>	6 <b>HIGHER POWER</b> gut funk	7 <b>SUN MASONS</b>	8 <b>ONE EYE</b> Pijamas DeGato	9 <b>ELBO FINN</b> GOIN' TO AUSTIN PARTY

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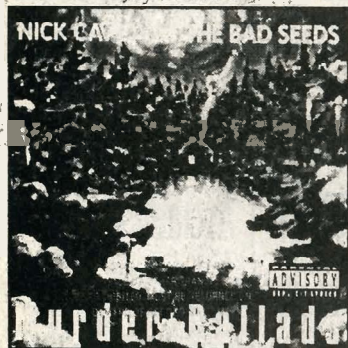
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the pothead hippies producing meditation and relaxation music? These guys have some brain cells remaining. They are experimenting instead of noodling. There is always the bass, bass, bass and more bass. Take for example The Power Steppers, "whose mission is to inform the world about Bass." Now there's a topic worthy of some discussion. Surprisingly enough these bass hounds don't reside in Florida and they aren't driving a Jeep.

Bass and rhythm, what else is there? The rhythms are as unrelenting as the bass. The dexterity with which these artists have "joined" the two almost makes one forget that they are programmed. Planet Dub is a double CD of some mighty fine ganja huffing music. It almost led me to beg a bud or two - of exceptionally high quality to be sure, remember my friend in Humboldt County - and return to the past (No Thai stick allowed - read the last issue of SLUG). Instead I popped some "nerve" pills my old granny gave me ("You seem jumpy take a couple of these.") and zoned out for a couple of hours. After the experience I was able to cook meatloaf for my family and later that night I actually enjoyed "fucking" my "life-partner" for the first time in years. Yes, our humping was accompanied by riddims.

—Joy "Walker" Beech



Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds  
Murder Ballads  
Reprise

I am, without hesitation, a fan (maybe even more) of this genius. My review is as follows: It's been three days since the bird fell to The Flat. I know this much if nothin else. I've been waitin since Thursday, the first I saw of it. After that dinner I dreamed of it. Out the window, down the hill, cross The Flat, on the far side fore the rise of trees I caught my first

glance. A black, feathery fuzz stirrin in the breeze. It must've got caught in the storm and up and died on itself. It was one hell of a storm. After a storm like that most people get worms, but we just get the toads. If you haven't caught on yet, here's the answer: the only contemporary of this man is ROBERT BROWNING, WILLIAM FAULKNER, and the age old prized and cherished story tellers of countless ages. MURDER BALLADS becomes the epitome of THE BAD SEEDS; a dirge, a story, a dramatic monologue (at times dialogic) that encompasses all of our desires on a symbolic level. It is our death wish, it is our sexual compulsion, or, painfully truthful, it's our drunken stupor. I'm sorry, you want the typical review of an album? Here it is: Blixa Bargeld formerly of EINSTEURZENDE NEUBATEN returns with PJ HARVEY and SHANE MACGOWAN formerly of THE POGUES to assist Nick Cave to continue harping on his fable from THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. Nick Cave, with the rest, tries to combine traditional songs (STAGGER LEE) with more modern pieces (Dylan's DEATH IS NOT THE END) with his own writings creating an album that is more of a novella than music. Nick Cave, along with other guests, jump in and out of characters to bring us ten short stories of murder and mayhem... Fuck this! This man never ceases to amaze me. If after hearing this you don't get a creative impulse or a desire to get fuckin drunk you're not human.

—JAND



Possum Dixon  
Star Maps  
Interscope Records

This record starts out really strong. I can't put my finger on what I think stands out but I think it's a good record. It's got this surf meets D.K. sound. It's

strong elements old keyboard sound meets Johnny rotten vocals. It's quirky not Flaming Lips quirky but it is kind of kitschy. Now this a good top down driving to El Paso kind of record, right up there with Superchunk. It's catchy but not so much so that you'd hear it all the time on the radio. It's jangly pop with those artsy lyrics that you make you think. I know that is bad news for Frat Boys, but, then again so was the date rape law. It's got those soft ballads the girls like so much, like 'Personals.' No great statements in this record but then that is not what music is about is it. A record that reminds you that the best drugs were found in college and that the blowouts are over on this side of the tracks. Have fun with this jump up and down take your shirt off and turn the thermostat to ninety and go straight to summer.

—SAUSAGE KING

2 Minutes Hate  
Let It Eat  
Ardent

I have a new friend and he works for CEMA. He passed me the promo hoping I would write a word or two on it for SLUG. Maybe if I do a good job he'll give me more free promos. The CD is defective. The first track wouldn't play. Since it is the second CD I've received this month that wouldn't play the first track I tried it in another player. Nope. It wouldn't play in that one either. The disc is defective. Anyone who knows anything about major record labels knows that CD's are never defective. The labels won't take returns on opened "product." I'm hoping my friend will believe my story and give me another promo, but I'll write a few words about the 10 songs I listened to.

They sound British. Let It Eat was recorded at Ardent Studios. That is a famous recording studio in Memphis, Tennessee. Which means they probably aren't British, but they sure sound like it. From their name I was expecting some of that industrial/thrash/metal/grunge that now goes by the same term as punk rock and Enya - alternative. That brings up another point. How do you say Enya? I prefer Inya.

They (2 Minutes Hate) aren't any of those terms I mentioned previous to the Enya discus-

sion, although they are probably played on alternative radio. They aren't a "hippie" band and they don't sound like the Beatles, T-Rex, Bowie, or Japan/Brian Ferry. Their song "Shock" is about fucking. They don't say fuck and there aren't any lyrics printed in the booklet, but I think the shock/shiver chorus has something to do with cuming. The noise element is present. "Zero" has electric guitars making a whole bunch of weird sounds and feeding back. Pretty cool that one. "Pilot" has la, la, la all over the place. I've hated la, la, la, ever since I listened to Menswear. I'd pass on the jingle if it didn't have those Badfinger/Left Banke psychedelic elements. "Understand" makes things clear. The title entered through my bleary eyes and worked its way through whatever wrinkles are left inside my brain until finally I did understand. Psychedelic. God it took me about 30 minutes to figure it out. They are an American band doing British psychedelia. What a concept! The last song is titled "31 Seconds" in spite of its nearly four minute length. "Cover your face/get on your back/31 ticks in a laundramat/and you were gone/Cover your face/2 Minutes hate; cover your face/2 minutes hate etc. I don't know - maybe they are really ugly. Wait here comes the hidden track.

It's a reprise of "Understand." The singer dude is coming down. He wants to know if I understand him. Yeah, I think I do. If they aren't a British band then I'm lost. As for whether you are on your way? I pressed repeat to listen again. As if that means anything. Let's see it live. The hit is probably "California," the first track I missed. Good disc Bruce. Got any more like it?

—Sid "Bare-it" Owsley

Girls Against Boys  
House of GvsB  
Touch and Go

I love Girls Against Boys. It has something to do with noise. Fucking abrasive, loud noise. I love the shit. So the band puts out a new CD. The information I have is that they will be in Salt Lake City sometime during the spring. You can experience the noise live and it will apparently be an all-ages affair. While waiting for the show



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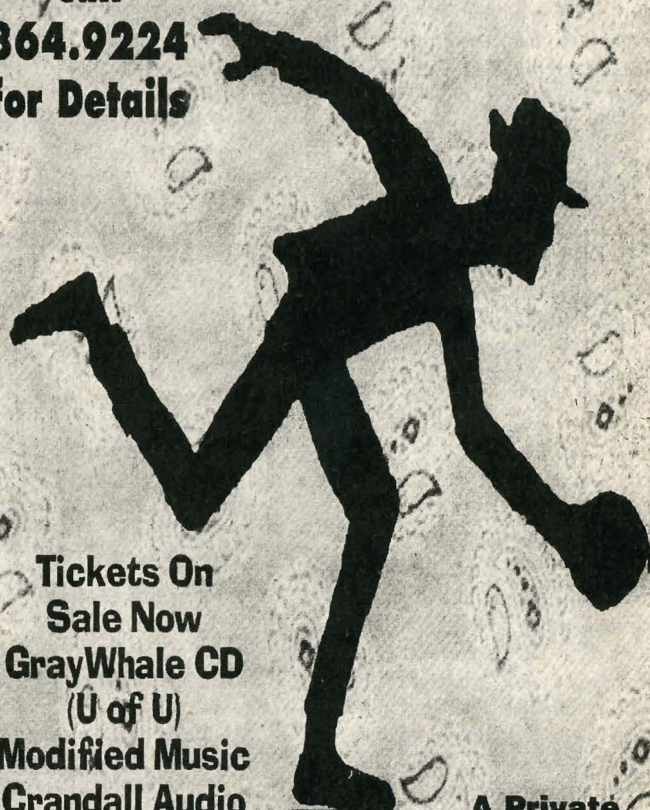
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trot on down to the more enlightened of the local shops and pick up a copy. It comes out March 5. All kinds of bands do noisy music. The thing about Girls Against Boys is the way they make noise that sounds beautiful. Their rhythms get girls all excited, you should read some of their press kit! I'll pull a quote from the inside of the advance CD. "Girls vs Boys are one of the most deliciously, nasty, sexy bands ever heard." It has something to do with the slow grind of "Life In Pink" and those lyrics about going deep. On House Of GvsB they've executed the noise with such expertise that you need to listen closely to catch it. There it is. Those guitars chafing away like the thighs of everyone in a Richard Simmons video. Hypnotic bass throbbing away like a blood vessel in the forehead of an angry red-neck employed by mass transit driving through a blizzard. The drums remind me of the speed at which the eyelids of a local music biz head honcho move when he's really pissed. The element making all the girls excited is the voice. Yeah the voice. That sensuous combination of whisper and hot, deep vocal passion. Somehow the sound of sheet metal scraping mixed with trash can banging and a voice comparable to drinking Southern Comfort while chain-smoking Lucky Strikes would come off as sex. I don't exactly understand the female part of it, but I do understand the pound, pound, pound and the slow grind. Hell I've visited American Bush. Too bad Valentine's Day has already passed because I'm thinking a dozen roses and a copy of GvsB would get ya more than a Kenny G CD.

—Frankie

Hammerhead  
Duh, the Big City  
Amphetamine Records

Noisy, loud and ugly are three words that come to mind while listening to this monstrous recording. Tighter and more focused than the groups first album "Etheral Killer" and more abrasive and experimental than their last record "Into the Vortex." "Duh, the Big City" is their best platter to date. This time around the head ventures into the cities and commences it's tales of another day in the rat race. Most of us

who hate our jobs and who find the pursuit of today's most worshipped icon, money, sickening will be able to relate and enjoy "The Big City" very much indeed. Also, anyone who is bored with the doldrums of today's current music will find relief with the aggression but different sounds of Hammerhead. Of course, music this good can't be found at normal records stores; so, get up off your lazy asses and special order at finer music store.

—Kevlar M.

Lustre  
A&M

And thus once more, 10 tracks of major label power pop are spewed out into public domain. One can't help but fill the mouth with a pack of bubble gum to supplement the ambiance created by this North Carolina trio. Lustre's agenda: oodles of vocal hooks, sweet harmonies, and heavy guitar riffs (Zeppelin-esque at times whether they or anyone else knows it) creating a dreamy spin-be careful though, a nausea attack might set in! Er...lets group em with the Goo Goo Dolls. They also sound like a hard version of The Lemonheads or Toad the Wet Sprocket-listen closely to Will Marley's vocals and the Andy Partridge (XTC) flashbacks begin! Yeah, Lustre can write pop songs, but the real challenge is to write timeless ones.

—Gary Savelson

Don Flemming  
Because Tomorrow Comes  
Instant Mayhem

Let's catch up a bit. Some of us were fortunate to catch some of the work put out by GUMBALL. Others only heard glimpses of their cover of THE Damn's 'New Rose' as MTV background noise during interviews, pointless gabber, etc. This Flemming solo project, however, is no 'Wisconsin Hayride' The three song EP (single?) is a materializing of Flemming's live work in New York and DC areas, what he refers to as 'Donaldtronic' It's brought about by playing previously recorded backing tracks during his performance and layering it with live work. Out of these performances he took one such 'three part excursion' as he calls it, to the studio to create BECAUSE TOMORROW

COMES. Broken down, it's listed as three songs, "Girl With the Camera Mind" "Because Tomorrow Comes" and "Superman vs. Flounder" Such breaks, however, only appear in the listing of the titles. Each track flows into the next, creating a 16 minute exposure of various guitar noises, textures, and moods. We begin with a slow hypnotic, feedback squaled, intro drowning us into a cathartic dread, then pushed into a seemingly GRANT LEE BUFFALO sounding pop ditty, almost completely sad and haunting with a false sense of hope that ends with a hard fuzz drone, leading us to the final eight and a half minutes of loose sloppy guitar work battling it out amongst itself and being highly reminiscent of The Velvet Underground's guitar/viola duel in 'Sister Ray' (Whew!, what a long sentence). In layman's term it's the sitting around the apartment in self pity because you're not going anywhere, then realizing some faint hope that maybe tomorrow would be better, only to have some Shmuck knock on your door to remind you that your life sucks, and you finally going into a fit, yelling and screaming how life is so fuckin unfair (Even the layman term is long, but then again it's a long song). The full piece would never be played on the radio, MTV won't dare it (if there would even be a video), and it really isn't for everyone. That's unfortunate. What we have here is a minor miracle reminding us that Rock n' Roll can still say something valid.

—JAND

The Hillman  
Sugarhill Records

Prepare for some high speed thrash. And some high mountain harmonies from California. The Hillman recorded in the most modern fashion. The CD is live to three track with no overdubs. The 15 songs on the CD represent a mixture of originals and covers. At this point in time The Hillman haven't developed enough to complete an album wholly comprised of original material. In spite of the Southern California origins the CD comes off more like something recorded in Kentucky or West Virginia. Many legendary thrash bands cut their teeth playing house parties and dives before moving on to bigger

and better venues, along with the corresponding fame and fortune. Take for instance Chris Hillman. He wrote the liner notes and after the Hillman dissolved he went on to play in several extremely influential bands... if the latest CDs to arrive in my mailbox are any measure. On guitar is a man I'm sure many SLUG readers are familiar with. I'll wait a paragraph or two before mentioning the name. Completing the band is Rex Gosdin on bass and vocals and Don Parnley on banjo and vocals. The Hillmen feature lead vocals, tenor vocals, bass vocals and just plain vocals. Like I said at the beginning there are some high mountain harmonies on the disc. One of the most inspiring tunes on the disc is titled "Goin' Up". I found the speed with which these gentlemen play their instruments to be good for some very good dancing. The tempos of that song and the one following, an instrumental titled "Wheel Hoss," are quite frankly amazing to the human ear. Now that I've bored Gianni and the proof reader sufficiently enough that they've quit reading how about some reality. The music on this album was recorded in 1963 and 1964. What is represented is an early effort by some musicians who went on to make their names in country rock, bluegrass and just plain country. Chris Hillman is playing mandolin. He later recorded with The Byrds and The Flying Burrito Brothers. Vern Gosdin is the lead vocalist and he also plays guitar. Rex Gosdin plays bass and contributes tenor vocals. He died, but he wrote a few good country songs before doing so. Don Parnley plays banjo and sings baritone. He went on to the Bluegrass Cardinals. Try a little buck dancing for a change. What I'd really like to see is a bunch of punk rockers invading a concert sponsored by IAMA and slam dancing to bluegrass. They'll slam dance to anything in Salt Lake. Go in to your favorite skate-boarding, punk rock, SLUG advertising shop and ask the owner to let you sample a bit of The Hillmen. When he gets over the shock he might introduce you to one example of the roots of your "fucking" hippie music and at the same time the roots of thrash.

—Skillet Lickin' Gid



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Stabbing Westward are of a NIN, Depeche Mode breed-if you can imagine such. But wait, it goes further than that. They can slap on heavy guitars, almost of an industrial/metal nature and beckon your attention with brutal rhythm or just a faint, tribal beat. The band thrusts upon us lyrics comparative to those of Trent Reznor (NIN) or Martin Gore (Depeche Mode), venting the debilitating circumstances and emotional chaos that can occur in relationships. Vocalist, guitarist, Christopher Hall's words express the self-actualization, dependency, frustration, and bewilderment that we all suffer in our lives when feelings run deep for another.

"This is just one of the few things I care about," Christopher says about Stabbing Westward's material. I really am not too into politics. The first record was really about a personal relationship gone horribly wrong-and this one is similar-but it's more about where I'm at." After reading the lyrics for Wither Blister Burn+Peel, all of which were written by Chris or co-written with drummer Andy Kubiszewski (who did studio work with NIN and Prick in the past), you can't help but wonder if organized religion is a "theme" in the band. Statements such as "I don't believe that I am real" among the album's lyrics might push the listener into philosophical/religious territory making him/her wonder, do we exist? What are we here to accomplish? Are we meant to be with someone? How are we supposed to treat each other? When I asked Chris about religion he responded that it isn't part of his agenda and that it did not play a role in the band's music.

"I was raised catholic. I went through catechism and almost got confirmed and then after learning everything about it I decided I didn't buy it. There are songs like "Why", where it says "I can't believe in any-

image to an extent, so the crosses fit right in!

All of the band members except for one graduated college-Chris was a trumpet major! You'd figure that Chris' parents would be proud; he has an education and a band that is becoming successful. "What Do I Have To Do," is the radio single and MTV video-his parents must hear and see him all the time, no? Chris laughs when I ask him if his parents (who live in central Illinois) hear his song: "they don't get it-mom I'm on MTV-do you know what MTV is-do you have cable-[mom] doesn't get it, she still wants me to get a job."

I continued to extract the vision of Stabbing Westward-why all the pessimism, the eeriness, the chilling music?

"We definitely try to make the music and the lyrics match emotionally-that the lyrics would sort of reach an angry frenzy, the music would match, and if they became more melancholy and introspective, the music would come down with it. The first record is angry and bitter and very much placing the blame for everything that's gone wrong in our life on a few select people. Two years later, we kind of are using this record to sort of do a retrospective look back on our life and realize maybe we're the ones who fucked up a lot of things or I'm the one who fucked up-maybe a lot of my own personal fears and hang-ups are what cause relationships to crumble. The ending of the last couple of relationships I've been involved in were very intense. It was far more intense for me then the person who left me because each time that someone leaves you as you get older, you start to question more and more, what's wrong with me that no one can love me? As you start to ask questions that you've avoided asking through puberty and the early twenties, you start to realize stuff you may not want to know and haven't acknowl-

thing sacred." This response seemed awkward given that he sports tattoos of crosses on his body and wears a chain with a cross on it around his neck! "I have like four cross tattoos, various Celtic crosses-I don't know why. I think I'm fixated on my Catholicism youth." He seemed sarcastic when he peddled off this excuse for the tattoos. The band does propose a gothic

edged that you better face up to and solve or else you're going to be 60 years old, 70 years old, living on your front porch yelling at the neighborhood kids by yourself."

As a rule, every member of the band played guitar on the record reiterating a statement by Chris's that Stabbing Westward is a pure democracy. He noted that no one in the band had any technical guitar training but that this was a positive thing!

"We know how to make music and we know how to use an instrument but we haven't learned or mastered the guitar-therefore, we were able to step out of the preconceived rules of the instrument. It's cool to know things but you have to be able to go beyond the knowledge given to you and be more intuitive as well, otherwise, we'd all be writing silly love-songs-pop music."

When he's not recording or performing, you'll find Chris gearing up for a good rock climb. This is his idea of recreation, a sport most people cringe at! Touring gives him a chance to find some nice climbing spots.

Speaking of touring, Stabbing Westward had a chance to play England's renowned Reading Festival-a half hour set for 140,000 people. How did Chris feel when he looked out?

"I felt really hung-over because we'd gone to Martin Gore's wedding the night before and I just went straight from the wedding to Reading. I have this very vivid memory of it now but at the time that I was doing it I couldn't even think straight 'cause it was so weird-it was like a sea of bodies-a mosh pit going of like 20,000 people. We were so high just being there-the set was over in no time at all."

The last leg of this interview was spent talking to keyboardist and "utilities man" (guitarist as well!), Walter Flakus. He indeed identifies with Chris' motives and the vibe of Stabbing Westward. "I'm not the most lyrically oriented, however, I totally agree one-hundred percent with the lyrics of this band as I think most people can because I think everybody has gone through these kind of situations and has felt these things at one time or another. To me, interesting sounds, rhythms, and beats tend to grab my attention first-if there's great lyric as I think we have in a lot of our songs, most of our songs-all of our songs, then that's just added bonus-plus, and I think it just brings the whole experience home."

One way to look at the group and their music is that the songs are of therapeutic value-a release of energy. As for writing happy love songs in the future, Walter says, "if at some point we're overflowing with flowers, the patchouli is stinking up the room, maybe then that happy love song will be right there."

—Gary Savelson



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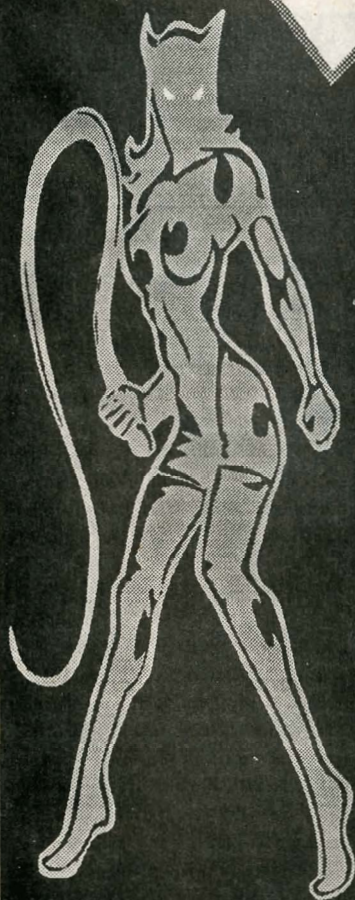
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down...at

# DEAD BEET TAVERN



# Woodoo Swing



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March 14th  
**Burts Tiki**  
*No Dawgawn Cover!*

April 11th  
**Ashbury Pub**  
*A Private Club For Members*

8th-Swing Annie  
w/ Tommy Dolph  
9th-Swing Annie  
15th-Loose  
16th-Godspine  
22nd-Junk Drawer  
23rd-Horrific Digit Tattoo  
29th-Sam & the Hunchback  
30th-Godspine  
Scott's Birthday Party!  
April 5th/6th-E-Gadds

**Wednesdays are Poor**  
**College Student Night**  
**19th-Sam & the Hunchback**  
**20th-Power**

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# DAILY CALENDAR

## Tuesday, March 5

Mr. Winkie - Ashbury Pub  
Sugar House - Bar & Grill  
Twist Offs - Cinema Bar  
Lee Rocker's Big Blue - Zephyr

## Wednesday, March 6

Sam & the Hunchbacks - Ashbury Pub  
Higher Power - Gut Funk - Bar & Grill  
The Zach Irish Quartet - Burt's Tiki

Tenderloin - Dead Bolt - Cinema Bar  
Bone Yard - Dead Goat  
Punkin Head - Zephyr

## Thursday, March 7

Max Damien Band - Ashbury Pub  
Sun Masons - Bar & Grill  
House of Cards - Burt's Tiki

## Friday, March 8

Iceberg - Cinema Bar  
Jabarri Style - Dead Goat  
John McEuen - Zephyr

## Saturday, March 9

The Strangers - Ashbury Pub  
One Eye w/ Pijama DeGato, i.i. - Bar & Grill  
Rattle Kings - Burt's Tiki

## Sunday, March 10

The Flys with Sugar House - Cinema Bar  
Fender Benders - Dead Goat  
Fat Paw - Zephyr

## Monday, March 11

The Strangers - Ashbury Pub  
Elbo Finn - Bar & Grill  
Loose - Burt's Tiki

PBP - Berzerker - Cinema Bar  
Megan Peters in Group Therapy - Dead Goat  
Kim Richie - The Jack Mormans

## Tuesday, March 12

& Jerry Joseph - Zephyr  
7 Year Bitch - Decomposers - Bar & Grill  
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

## Wednesday, March 13

Salsa Brava - Zephyr  
Ben Folds 5 - The Customers - Bar & Grill  
The Jack Mormans - Bar & Grill

## Thursday, March 14

Possum Dixon with Lifter - Cinema Bar  
Chubby Carrier and the Bayou Swamp Band - Dead Goat  
The Itals - Zephyr

## Friday, March 15

Sweet Loretta - Ashbury Pub  
Gwen Mars - Sugarhouse - Bar & Grill  
Dirt Clod Fight - Bali Girls -

## Saturday, March 16

Cinema Bar  
NRBQ - Zephyr  
Loose - Ashbury Pub  
Jabarri Style - Bar & Grill

## Sunday, March 17

Stuhl - Burt's Tiki  
3 1/2 Girls - DUI - Cinema Bar  
Sam and the Hunchback - Dead Goat  
Eric Burdon - Zephyr

## Monday, March 18

Thursdays - Cinema Bar  
Accidental Tribe opens for Mango Jam - Ashbury Pub  
The Names - Suspension of Disbelief - Stella Brass - No Rest - Bar & Grill

## Tuesday, March 19

Voodoo Swing - Burt's Tiki  
Rollerball - Cinema Bar  
Spittin Lint - Dead Goat  
Zuba - Zephyr

## Wednesday, March 20

Spittin Lint - Ashbury Pub  
Headshake - Bar & Grill  
Mary and Adam - Burt's Tiki  
Zuba - Revrend Willie - Cinema Bar

## Thursday, March 21

Backwash - Dead Goat  
Jupiter Coyote - Zephyr  
Blanche - Ashbury Pub  
My Friend Moses - Flaky Jones - Bar & Grill

## Friday, March 22

Loose - Burt's Tiki  
Disco Drippers - Cinema Bar  
Norton Buffalo and the Knockouts - Dead Goat  
Jupiter Coyote - Zephyr

## Saturday, March 23

Monday, March 18  
Long Players - Svelt - Cinema Bar  
Blue Devils Blues Revue - Dead Goat  
Deacon Jones and the Vortex Blues Band - Zephyr

## Sunday, March 24

Tuesday, March 19  
J. Nelson Ramsey - Ashbury Pub  
Echo Belly - Four Squirrels - Super Drag - Cinema Bar  
Rubber Neck - Zephyr

## Monday, March 25

Wednesday, March 20  
The Weed - Ashbury Pub  
Voo Doo Shhwiing - Bar & Grill  
Brady and JT - Burt's Tiki

## Tuesday, March 26

Disarray - 12 Speed - Cinema Bar  
Mudpuddle - Dead Goat  
Mighty Jam - Zephyr  
Thursday, March 21

Figurehead - Ashbury Pub  
Clark - Bar & Grill  
House of Cards - Burt's Tiki  
Idiot Flush - Thirsty Alley -

## Cinema Bar

Sun Masons - Dead Goat  
Clarence Gathmouth Brown - Zephyr

## Friday, March 22

Backwash - Ashbury Pub  
12-Speed - Bohemia - Bar & Grill  
Rattle Kings - Burt's Tiki  
Acetone - 9 Spine Stickleback - Cinema Bar

## Saturday, March 23

Blue Healer - Dead Goat  
Leftover Salmon - Zephyr  
Backwash - Ashbury Pub  
Fibna Lane - Accidental Tribe - Acoustic - Bar & Grill

## Sunday, March 24

Blue Healer - Burt's Tiki  
Revrend Willie - Cinema Bar  
Insatiable - Dead Goat  
Leftover Salmon - Zephyr

## Monday, March 25

Garden Variety - 3 1/2 Girls - Decomposers - Cinema Bar  
Ron Hacker - Dead Goat  
Kinsey Report - Zephyr

## Tuesday, March 26

Kirsty MacDonald - Ashbury Pub  
Do Rang - Bar & Grill  
Stanford Prison Experiment - Cinema Bar

## Wednesday, March 27

Silt - Ashbury Pub  
Fear - Cooliotones - God Spine -

## Bar & Grill

Wing Tips - Burt's Tiki  
Dr. Bob - Cinema Bar  
Accidental Tribe - Dead Goat

## Thursday, March 28

Jambay - Zephyr  
Blue Healer - Ashbury Pub  
Richie & the Rednecks - Bar & Grill

## Friday, March 29

Voodoo Swing - Burt's Tiki  
River Bed Jed - Cinema Bar  
Tail Gatorz - Dead Goat  
Preacher Boy - Zephyr

## Saturday, March 30

Sweet Loretta - Ashbury Pub  
Abstract Duckie Boys - Bar & Grill  
Dexter Grove - Burt's Tiki  
Thrum - Quasimoto - Cinema Bar

## Sunday, March 31

Volunteer King - Dead Goat  
Coco Montoya - Zephyr  
Sicko-Deocomposers - 3 1/2 Girls - Cinema Bar

## Monday, March 31

House of Cards - Dead Goat  
Coco Montoya - Zephyr  
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

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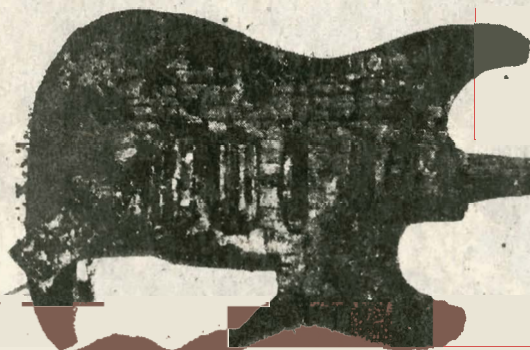
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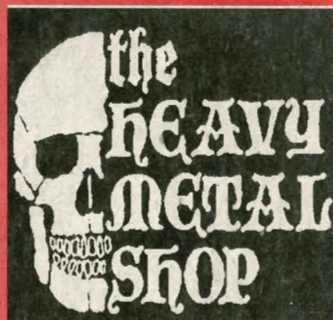
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