



# SLUG

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NOVEMBER



BRUNCH RECORDS

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**SLUG is printed by the  
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each month...Git it?**

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# DEAR DICKHEADS...

Dear Dickheads,

Your continual, unjustified smearing of X96 and Grid Magazine has always left my lunch in an uncomfortable, mid-esophagus displacement. (Yes, I know a lot of big words.) Some people could say, from all the mud-slinging, that SLUG has an inferiority complex. While entertaining, in a National Enquirer sort-of-way, beyond that SLUG's perpetual anti-"successful company I'll never be" diatribe is old, tired, and losing SLUG more readers than gaining.

I guess it was a little a surprising that your "Busin' the Nut"(sp) columnist (sp) gave X96 Music Director, Sean, a chance to respond. But not surprising that McClellan would spend the interview as Mr. Nice Kiss-Ass "this is my last chance to maybe get my CD played" Professional and then preface the column (sp) with as many "I was just pretending to be nice to fool Mr. X96 so I could be mean later when he's not around" type of grade-school insults.

What this says to me is that, in the Utah school of journalism, Grid and X96 are like college and SLUG is like kindergarten. But whose fault is that, anyway?

—lara@optical.fiber.net

*Ed: A lot of big words? Hello? What big words? Lunch? Displacement? Are you for real? How odd that the spelling of words like "column" seem to elude that steel trap mind of yours. After spending almost a minute trying to figure out just what your problem is I came up with the perfect solution...*

## TOP TEN REASONS WHY LARA@OPTICAL.FIBER.NET IS SO PISSED OFF

1. You have a big ass and the big ass article hit too close to home.
2. You have a big ass and you work @ X96.
3. You have a big ass and you work @ Grid.
4. You have the hots for Sean Boy Walton.
5. You haven't accepted Christ as your personal savior.
6. You write as well as you spell.
7. You have no sense of humor.
8. You think esophagus is a big word.
9. You think mid-esophagus is a bigger word.
10. All of the above.

*There you go, thanks for writing in.  
Let's do this again real soon...*

Dear Dickheads-

Just wanted to let you know I'm wearing my new, deep, purple Sabbathon T-shirt. And not only is it waaay cool, I'm looking pretty good in it, too. (Chicks dig it!) And by the way, since I have your full attention, tell Mr. Pink he's the funniest man on this planet.

One of the faithful, but always late-

—P. Parker

Dearest Mr. Knowles,  
All the churches that pronounce themselves as 'Thee one true church' make for great fantastical fiction. Why are you bothering to read a publication that morally intensifies your own hypocrisy that you accuse others of? Why aren't you

setting an example? Salt Lake Underground is more than rebelling against church standards. Be that as it may, you are correct about my mixed up writing style. Blame that on a fiery, mutable sagitarian proclivity. Set a goal with your own writing skills. Quit complaining in the letter forum. Allow your convictions to achieve something better than throwing your weight around about the English department. Creative drive, Mike. Diligence. Dedication. With this poignancy, I had professional careers as a writer and dancer, and yer I'm finishing my fine arts degree. As for churches, I delight in musical programs facilitated there. Chamber orchestras in the Southern Baptist chapel, organists in the Cathedral of the Madeline choirs and soloists at of all places, Mormon Temple Assembly Hall! Keep your faith in the LDS church if it helps you. By the way, I was there as a practicing Mormon during the proclamation of 'revelatory' acceptance of African Americans, not hearing of it via the media. You have the audacity to make a God gender specific. Patriarchy is a cruel master, and a worn out, dated concept. The sooner it's eradicated, the better for equality where everyone can live unencumbered.

—Laura Swenson

**Dear Dickheads**  
2120 South  
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S.L.C. Utah 84106

# BUSTIN THE NUT

by David McClellan

All you Atlanta fans can stop whining now, it's over. Why anyone would want to support anything Ted Turner, colorization king, is behind is beyond me. Except for Barbarella. Now we can all watch Gretzky and the Rangers take the Stanley Cup he deserves, because anyone who thinks the Bulls won't win it all again in '97 is living in denial. Good luck Jazz. Here's to another frustrating as hell season. Everybody has been asking me about this Shawn Boy/Walton thing since the article came out last month so I'm just going to set the record straight here and now. The interview lasted well over an hour, taking up most of both sides of a ninety minute cassette tape. It was twenty pages long after I transcribed it all and fifteen pages long after I edited it down and handed it in to Gianni for submission. Gianni had the tough part of sorting through all of the bullshit and printing the meat of the matter however he saw fit, my only request was of course to keep it as unbiased as possible. Given the length of the piece I think he did a pretty good job of cutting fifteen pages down to about three and a half and printing the most important things without changing the meaning. The article reads very angry and many people commented to me that they wondered if we were about to go to fists, but that's what happens when you edit without embellishment. The actual interview was quite conversational, though at times it did delve into pandering narcissism (both sides) and just plain uninteresting mud slinging. I did, however cut out all of the times I said "fuck" though. I was quite appalled at how much that word slips out of my mouth after listening to the interview so I just sort of omitted most of them. On the whole I think I got my jabs in on him and he got his shots in on me and it reads pretty even as far as who comes off better. We both sound like fools, arguing moot points that won't get anybody re-elected or vastly improve the human condition. Or get David Lee Roth back in Van Halen. With the exception of the heated tone (which is a byproduct of the cutting) and slightly disjunct conversational phrasings (which is just the screwed up way we talk) it's a pretty good read. I made my points and he made his points and both are represented as is. If you don't think so, fuck you. I was there. I have the tape. I initially promised old Shawn Boy that I wouldn't edit any of it, but even he agreed as we were wrapping up that we went off on way too many tangents to fit it all into the space I get. Am I a kiss ass for doing the interview and asking why X96 won't play my band's record? Who cares? My question is legit. X96 plays your record. You make money. It doesn't matter what it is or how bad it sounds, radio can sell your records and quadruple the attendance of your shows. Even he admits that. Wanna get popular in SLC, kids? Don't do what Lugnut did and piss off the people who can play your record if they choose to.

Figure out a way to get that "A" list and always say nice things about America, old people, children, and dogs. I'm sure I'll have to kiss much bigger and better shaped asses than dumpy old Shawn Boy's before I die, as will most of you musicians who are reading this article, so pucker up bitch... Given the silliness of it all and the utter insignificance of adding more useless rock bands to the unbelievable sized heap the world already has, radio people are pimples with egos on the ass of the dying sow. I wonder where that puts us music critics? So I'm out and about doing my merry little preppy granola hippie stroker shimmy shake at the Cozy in Park City and the band Highwater Pants is on playing every cover song in the world and making it all sound like a bad REM song. This is a band that knows how to capitalize on a lame ass scene. Playing every limp dick hit that has been on the radio for the past two years and packing the people in like sardines, I bet they made well over a grand for playing that weekend gig. Bravo Boys. Money is money, beer is free for the band, and chicks don't give a crap who wrote it as long as it sounds good. Sure beats waiting tables.

Lugnut played a show with ASA at their cd release party for their new Celebrity EP at the Bar and Grill where I got to meet my nemesis in print Bill "Helen Wolf" Frost... winner of the Miss Congeniality contest at SLUG 1993-96. Sitting all hunched over at the end of the bar wearing the black veil of death it was all like a scene out of The Crying Game. Jeff Alleman (ASA shredmaestro) introduced us and Bill seemed genuinely full of mirth to meet me (as most people are) yet I sensed some dissent in the way he quickly turned around and emptied his colostomy bag out on to the bar the way many middle aged high strung narcoleptics do. Not only does he not possess the cleavage of the Helen Wolf I used to know and love, but his yellow taffeta dress was all wrong for the brisk autumn cold spell we are having. I asked old Helen if she would like to review the Lugnut CD in Grid, that monolithic achievement of alternative media of which he is now an indisposable cog, figuring I might at least get a blowjob out of it, and he agreed to give it a good thrashing, insisting though that Helen is dead. D-E-D... Dead. Just like Randy Rhoads. Just like Jacky O. Having realized that this was not the Helen Wolf that I had a hard on for back in the day, I pried myself away from his convoluted banter and thought of happier things, like John John and his beautiful new bride. Oh, how I do love John John. He is the envy of all of my friends: the fat people. Why would this bastard kill off Helen Wolf? Like I'm really going to let this miserable homonculus trash my band's cd? He doesn't even look like a woman! If I've said it once I've said it a thousand times, you can't be a transvestite if you're not willing to shave and put on a little foundation, never mind the waxing and the pedicure. The only reason she doesn't write for SLUG anymore is because he's torqued at Gianni for some silly pissing contest that she lost. Pajamas the Cat my ass!!!! I'm on to your caper, Sissy. Meet the new boss... We won't get fooled again, Crotchmo...

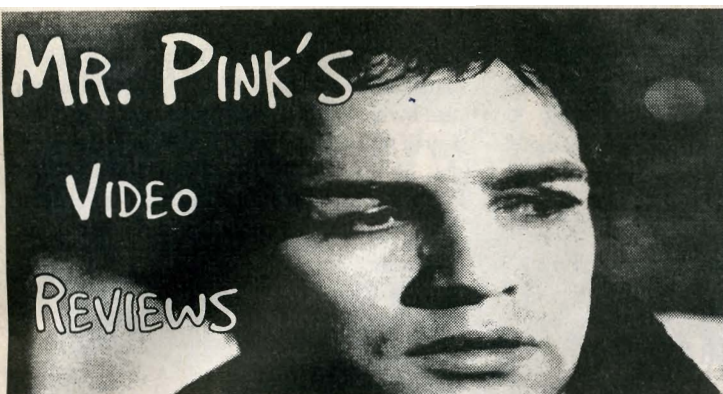
Then there's this band Blanche that Jeff A. keeps telling me about. "They play that goddamn rock music all night long..." he says to me on the phone over a bowl of fry sauce at the Training Table. So I go and see them and guess what. He's right. It's a goddamn cavalcade of rock and roll histrionics. Shit's all blowing up. Redhead woman bass player/lead singer. Female drummer that has a big kit sound! I'm in goddamn love! I don't know whether to flush or switch the channel. Jeff was right! For a three piece this is a band that has definitely got a unique sound, and I mean that in the best post alterna/grunge/retro 70's/lo fi/surf/Chris Isaac sounding rock with chicks sort of way. I dig it. Blanche has a sound that I would go see again, but I'm a sucker for distorted guitar drenched in reverb and a woman with a deep dark snare. Perhaps it's my upbringing. Maybe that's why I like Sir Knobbie & The Swamp Donkey's too!!! Wish is in the middle of recording a new CD and since we are neighbors at Downtown Music I thought it would be couth to ask them how things were going with their new band members and the apparent switch in musical styles. Eli and Chris, having been a part of the local music scene for well over four years now agree that music need to leave town in order for anything big to happen. "It's nice to be popular in Salt Lake but let's face it, nobody's getting any record deals without leaving town and playing in a city that matters." I think that's what they said. Well that's what they should have said... but, who cares this isn't anyone important like Shawn Boy Walton, Second Hand Record Maven to David Geffen. There was a time about a year and a half ago when Wish was getting rotation on X96 and they said that it helped to get people out to the shows and to get the band well known in town. In fact Wish was one of the more popular bands in SLC a few years back. After changing the lineup from a four piece to a five piece, by adding a new bass player, drummer and another guitarist, Wish has also reinvented themselves as a more dynamic jam rock band. I asked them how that came about and why they opted to go from the hard edged alt rock sound to their new groovier jam rock feel. Eli said that it was a less conscious effort than it seems, but that the vibe of the band had changed after parting with their old bassist and drummer and once the new guys entered the picture the tone of the music evolved naturally and it was all good. Some of the old fans, however, can't stand the change in styles and they sometimes catch flak for it. Look at Ministry's first record. Twitch is way, way different that anything they do now. You've got to be true to yourself and play what you like to play and just hope that other people catch on to your vibe. Growing as musicians is a big part of it, and you can't be afraid to change and explore different genres. Both Eli and Chris admit recording is a big pain in the ass especially when Stein forgets where he put the drum tracks, but hey, nothing good comes easy boys. Just ask Joe Torre.

—David McClellan

# MR. PINK'S

VIDEO

REVIEWS



If it seems like I watched alot of movies this month, its due to a superstition that my friend Nicky and myself adhere to: If you see a terrible movie, you have to see another movie within 24 hours, or else you melt. I tested that theory at length this month...

### The Birdcage

La Cage Aux Folles en film...voila

### Kids in the Hall/Brain Candy

Well if you are an old Kids in the Hall fan... "TM CRUSHING YOUR HEAD!!" This is a story of a scientist who creates a happy pill. Seems like that was done back in the 60's wasn't it? Anywho, Brain Candy is funny and worth watching if you like the twisted antics of these Canadians.

### Fargo

Every character in this movie has the exact same accent "Soo whudid ya think abote the dead guy then?" "Soo whudid ya think abote some donuts then?" "Soo whudid ya think abote the snow then?" There are some unexplained things in this movie (like the ending) but some things that are quite cool (like the wood chipper scene) Worth seeing but don't expect your typical Coen brothers movie.

### The Craft

Ba ha ha hah hah haha hha hhaa. Baaa haa haa haa haa! A movie about four teenage girls who don't have what it takes to get laid, so they... COME ON!!! ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO RENT THIS FUCKING THING?

### I Shot Andy Warhol

This movie is a true story. It is very good. However, if you rented The Craft, you will hate this movie and won't know why.

### Fear (1996)

Marky Mark in the role reversal of Fatal Attraction. Not bad, especially the three minutes of true fear in the scene where they break in the house. Other than that you get to see Alyssa Milano be a slut.

### Primal Fear

Richard Gere? Primal Fear? An altar boy is caught running from the scene of his priests murder covered in blood, with finger prints throughout the Fathers bedroom and quite an interesting motive. Gere plays Johnny Cochran.

### Celtic Pride

Dan Akroyd is getting less funny every time he makes a movie. This is no exception. Him and the geek from Home Alone (not the kid) kidnap the best player in the NBA who plays for the UTAH JAZZ (yea right) because they are loser Celtic fans. The loser Celtic fan part is believable, but the rest is bullshit, and not funny.

### Great White Hype

Samuel Jackson plays a mutant breeding of Don King and Louis Ferrakhan. Yawn.

### Twister

Oh yeah, this one is a DOOZY! Tornado chasers follow the big one through Oklahoma, featuring "the only man I ever knew could smell a twister" Every day I meet a guy like that. Mrs. Pink had to beg me to stop yelling at the TV.

### Beautiful Girls

Sensitive pony tail guy alert!! Sensitive pony tail guy alert!! This movie lets you see all of your wimp characteristics on the big screen. If you 'identify' with the men in this movie, you are a PUSSY!

### Multiplicity

My dream come true. Four of me. One to cook, one to clean, one to have sex and take care of the wife, and of course one to lay around and watch sports while I poke and prod at my Deion Sanders voodoo doll collection...

### The Arrival

Charlie Sheen in UFO conspiracy movie #26. My brother probably liked this movie, but then again not only does he think we NEVER landed on the moon, he thinks there is a race of bigfoots living under the ground in Seattle...

### Stars Fell On Henrietta

Great movie.

—Mr. Pink

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Crazy Uncle Grist (the ol' family secret) who lives under the floorboards of the Slug mansion. Due to the murder of Slug's old horoscope writer we needed a replacement, and Uncle Grist was up for the job. (in more ways than one)

# Crazy Uncle Grist's Horoscope

**VIRGO-I** envision a machine that is mostly comprised of shards of metal that comes from explosions where people have died. this machine is an intricate maze of giant cogs and timing belts **DO YOU GET ME????** There is a stretcher that holds you face down at a 45° angle there is a clothespin type apparatus that opens your mouth and pulls your tongue down to your chin. and sets you down so that just your taste buds touch the ground. and this machine runs at speeds of 200 mph across the parking lot of eternity and is powered by your own self contempt.

**ARIES-** about 30 yrs. ago I was doing time in a institution in Wisconsin there was a patient named, well let leave his name out of it. **YOU GOT ME????** So this guy is taking his morning dose when he jumps the table grabs me by the throat and says "meet me in the urine puddle on the floor" and I thought, why not its my urine. Anyway he bites his tongue off on the way down and all I could ever make out was blaaagggg glluuulllpppssss pphhiittssss but I did get a good look in his eyes and I know for a fact that he was talking about you.

**CAPRICORN-** I have hollowed out my toe over a long period of time I have even installed hinges for ease of use you see it's the only place they never look. **YOU GOT ME????** So that is where I keep my smokes and my candy bars and my diary and now now I have lined my toe with a picture of you.

**LEO-** sometimes I get this tingle in my ear and I know it's those fucking roaches again so I jab at them with a pencil **GET ME????** and you can do that too. if something is wrong jab at it with a pencil.

**PISCES-** the walls in my room sometimes sweat a yellowish green ooze but it's cold so I keep my face in it to stay awake because if you are good and quiet long enough it will come. Large intestine that speaks to me by slapping itself in the ooze once for no twice for yes. Are you he? **SAGITTARIUS-** it's time for you to pull the jaw bone from your ass and gnaw it for it's power. hey man you need it.

**CANCER-** the secret to being a good cancer is being able to keep your hands in a hot frying pan for a whole month and the ability to clean yourself with your tongue. and lastly being able to ingest an entire grilled cheese sandwich by stuffing it up your nose and pulling it down your throat. **BUT IT'S HAS TO BE HOT!!!!** **YOU GOT ME?????**

**AQUARIUS-** I have this reoccurring dream that my skin is some kind of shiny black plastic and I live on this planet that is flat and smooth and looks alot like a chess board (on a planetary scale of course) and the only thing I eat is a round creature that rolls quickly to avoid capture. it's skin quivers like jello and it is harder than a rock. but I can shatter it with my talons and I lap up the goo inside with my tongue that acts like a syringe, it shoots out fills up and sucks back in. I know you have the same dream. **SO DON'T DENY IT!!!!**

**SCORPIO-** Scorpio Scorpio Scorpio Scorpio look at me everyone I am a Scorpio oooooooooo Mr. fancy pants the big Scorpio well let me tell you something, **I DONT GIVE A FUCK.....** **BBLLLLLLAAAAHHH-HHHH....** **YOU GOT ME?????**

**GEMINI-** I have a roommate I call Gemini. it's a cat that started out I assume gnawing it's way into my cellar most likely to die. and I call this cat Gemini because he has a tumor on it's neck that is as big as it's head. I tend to pay more attention to

the tumor than I do the real head well , because I am mean! I have drawn a face on the tumor. and I call it kitty and I call the real head stupid. and I will smack stupid if it ever try's to drink any of kitties milk.

**LIBRA-** There is a place I see you . A place where the dead bodies of millions of humans feed a furnace that powers the machine that squeezes orange juice for the imperial ruler. And in this place, I am the super hero and you are my love dog.

**TAURUS-** There is a curtain that separates the thin layer between our brain, body and soul. on the outside the curtain is made up of a fine tapestry so smooth and soft you can fall asleep just by touching it it is embroidered with a glorious rendering of the events of our lives our conquests and victories and all of the things that make you feel accomplished. and on the inside, it is filled with puss. The very puss of your own self contempt and guilt. And it doesn't just look bad. The stench is worse than your limited human imagination can fathom. Now here is the kicker. By reading this you have pulled out a thread that holds the whole thing together, and your whole life will be poisoned from this moment on. and further more you have no place to store your guilt anymore. and you have to live with yourself. and if you ask me you had it coming. oh well sorry, good luck kiss,kiss

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Tool was born in April 1991. With the exception of new bassist Justin Chancellor, the band has not changed that much. The band has evolved though. The Opiate EP (1992) marked Tool's territory as the new heavy monster in town, and solidified it with the highly acclaimed Undertow in 1993. Tool is voted "Number One Artist" readers think SPIN should be covering instead of GreenDay, Pearl Jam and Smashing Pumpkins. No shit. Oddly enough, you rarely hear Tool on the radio. One week after their new record 'AENIMA' was released, I spoke with Tool's singer Maynard James Keenan. He is one of my favorite vocalists. He is NOT one of my favorite interviews. In fact he was kind of a dick...

**SLUG:** Well thanks for doing the interview at such short notice. So its kind of impromptu because I didn't really have all my questions ready. But that's okay. I'm quite a fan of the band, I guess we'll just wing it.

**MK:** You're not familiar with our work or?

**SLUG:** No, I said, I'm quite a fan of the band so we'll just wing it. Actually I saw you guys at the Bar & Grill in Salt Lake City a long, long time ago. Its a really small club it has ...

**MK:** You're a local paper?

**SLUG:** We're regional. We're distributed nationally but we're based out of Salt Lake City. Lets talk about the new record.

What's the deal with the new bass player? He came from Peach, an English band I guess, I've never heard of them.

**MK:** Oh, its just a small local band around London.

**SLUG:** How did you guys hook up with him?

**MK:** They opened for us when we were playing in London.

**SLUG:** So, no problems, everything is working out pretty well.

**MK:** Yeah, we're putting out an album.

**SLUG:** Can you kind of go over the concept of the album maybe

a little bit.  
**MK:** Well, I don't know if there is a concept to it.

**SLUG:** Well, maybe concept is a bad word. There seems to be a theme though. You know the inside on the J-card the anesthetic state thing.

**MK:** Oh, I think a lot of the album is about change and evolution and unity. **SLUG:** There seems to be a kind of underlying, I don't want to say the word psychosis, but there is some mental depth things you know of your records, it seems like. It is the dark side of human nature kind of coming out. At least it seems that way some of the songs and ...

**MK:** We just seem that way, it is not necessarily, not that dark.

**SLUG:** Maybe its not dark as opposed to like...

**MK:** It requires effort I think is what you're looking for.

**SLUG:** Well, it's not songs about cars and girls. But still your still on the side of non standard song writing. It's not what everybody else is writing songs about.

**MK:** I don't know, I think there are a lot of people writing songs about similar things.

**SLUG:** You do?

**MK:** Yeah, Tori Amos. She writes songs about similar topics. From a woman's point of view.

**SLUG:** Hmm

**MK:** Even Perry Farrell has been writing these things for a long time. Jim Morrison, Rollins,...

**SLUG:** So are some of those guys partial influences upon you or?

**MK:** No, its just I'm just ....

**SLUG:** Comparisons of people who do the same.

**MK:** Soundgarden is writing about similar stuff to some degree, you know.

**SLUG:** How about the hooker with a penis song? Who wrote that?

**MK:** We all did. We all write the music.

**SLUG:** So you all write the music and how do you go about the lyrics.

**MK:** I write all the lyrics.

**SLUG:** Well then that's what I'm

rect in most of his meanings.  
**SLUG:** Was he.

**MK:** Absolutely.

**SLUG:** Why do you say that?  
**MK:** I know of any other comedians that are really pushing the idea of evolving thoughts and unity.

**SLUG:** What about Dennis Miller?

**MK:** Dennis Miller ripped off Bill Hicks.

**SLUG:** No, not really..

**MK:** Oh, sorry, I thought you said Dennis Leary. Sorry.

**SLUG:** No Dennis Miller.

**MK:** I don't know. Probably me.

**SLUG:** Is it supposed to be you?

**MK:** I think that's what Kevin had intended.

**SLUG:** So how did you meet Bill Hicks?

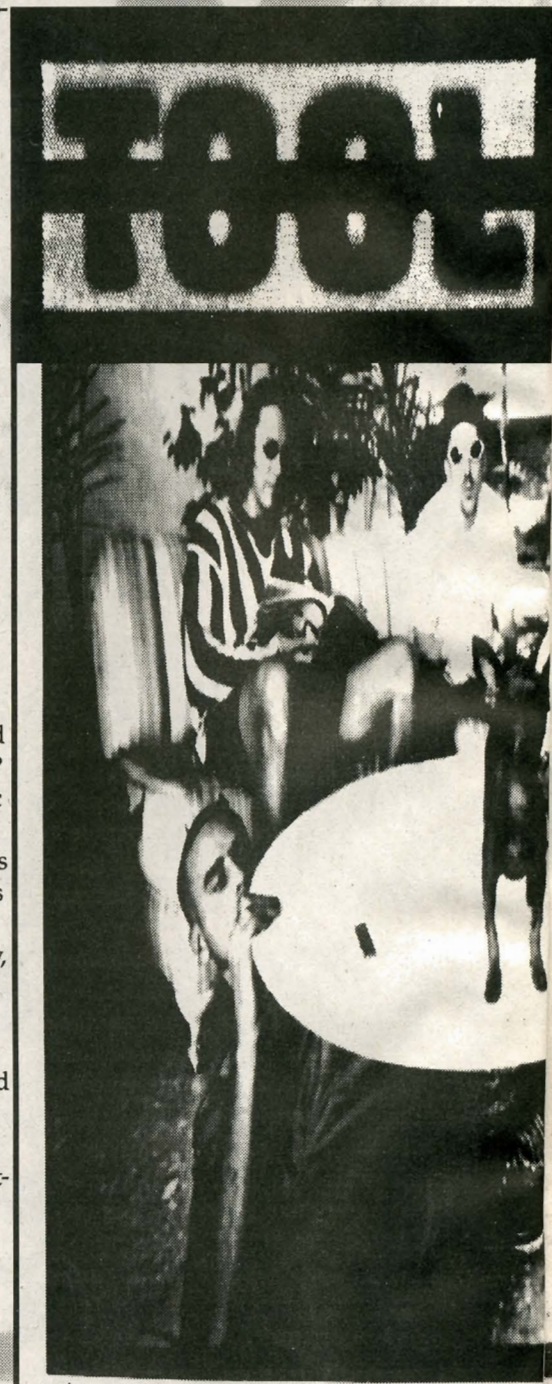
**MK:** Just stumbling across a tape of his and liked it a lot. Listed it as an influence on our last album. Called him up and sent him a copy. We talked on the phone quite a bit.

**SLUG:** He died of cancer, right?

**MK:** Pancreatic cancer.

**SLUG:** I always thought he was a really gutsy guy. You know, I mean he didn't give a shit about people. He smoked and he, you know he didn't care. He wasn't politically correct guy.

**MK:** Yeah but, in some ways he was more politically cor-



**MK:** Yeah, Miller, he's doing some good work but he is doing it post Hicks.

**SLUG:** Bill Hicks was a funny guy that's for damn sure.

**MK:** I think Dennis Miller is a funny guy and I really enjoy his work but I think a lot of his material, he doesn't sincerely write all the material, he has a lot of good writers, where Bill Hicks is completely on his own.

**SLUG:** I wished I could have actually met or talked to him because he is one of those guys where you really thought he had



could really get was what he did on stage which was good, but still one of those guys that you might find interesting to talk to anyway.

**MK:** Yeah, and that's why his work kind of needs exposed to people to his work, give people a better perspective on what we're talking about if they see a different point of view. Similar subjects.

**SLUG:** I wish there was more tapes available of stuff he did.

**MK:** Its coming out on Rykodisc. In February or March.

**SLUG:** Cool. The only one I've seen I had live at the Improv thing about a half hour and then I had that HBO comedy, full hour.

**MK:** They have an HBO thing and then there is also a comedy central tribute.

**SLUG:** Is that you in the blue on the inside of the J card. Who is that.

**MK:** Its a statue.

**SLUG:** Is it? Its freaky.

**MK:** Its a sculpture.

**SLUG:** Wow, it looks like a guy. I'm just going to rattle some stuff off and you tell me what you think. Fair?

**MK:** Sure.

**SLUG:** Do you believe in God?

**MK:** I believe in the spirit that moves through everybody.

**SLUG:** Do you believe in any specific religion?

**MK:** No. They are all the same religion.

**SLUG:** You don't think it has anything to do with spirituality, but money.

**MK:** Well it depends on how much power that particular religion has.

**SLUG:** How were you brought up?

**MK:** I've been a part of several religions.

**SLUG:** Where were you born anyway.

**MK:** In the Midwest.

**SLUG:** Who were your early influences as far as song writing, no so much musically, but song writing, thinking about song

writing, things like that.

**MK:** How old are you?

**SLUG:** 34.

**MK:** Basically the same stuff that you were influenced by because I was pretty much say whatever the mainstream basic industry was feeding you.

**SLUG:** How old are you?

**MK:** 32. Whatever you can decide is being popular at that particular time throughout the Midwest is pretty much what I got exposed to.

**SLUG:** Beatles, Rolling Stones.

Was there anybody though, I guess what I am trying to figure out is that I think that I know you named these other guys off as far as people that write about the same types of things that you do but was there somebody when you were young that influenced you to maybe go away from your standardized girl and car songs. I guess that's my question.

**MK:** Joni Mitchell and the Swans...Tom Waits.

**SLUG:** I'm a big Tom Waits fan. Have you seen him?

**MK:** Yeah.

**SLUG:** Are you on tour now?

**MK:** We're going to start a tour next week.

**SLUG:** Then you're coming to Utah on November 3rd. The record was released two weeks ago...

**MK:** Last Tuesday.

**SLUG:** And how long exactly has the new bass player been in the band.

**MK:** Since October or something like that.

**SLUG:** So, about a year. And how much touring have you done with him?

**MK:** Half a dozen shows, maybe a dozen shows.

**SLUG:** Any difference.

**MK:** Well yeah. Its a different person.

**SLUG:** I'm aware that it's a different person but I mean difference as far as performing live.

**MK:** Not that much. I mean its hard to say.

**SLUG:** There was some question as to when you were here the last

time there was a bunch of people who said you did something and a bunch of people who said you didn't do something. And I thought maybe if I got a chance to ask you that you could tell me the truth.

**MK:** What did I do. Fuck with my 12-year-old sister.

**SLUG:** No, that's not what I was thinking. You played at Saltair, and a bunch of people said you took your pants down and did the little girly thing where you put your...

**MK:** I don't know if I did that or not. I've done that, I don't know if I did it then.

**SLUG:** Well, I guess we don't know.

**MK:** Yeah, its hard to say.

**SLUG:** You've got a pretty interesting tattoos on your back. Who did that tattoo.

**MK:** Jill Jordan.

**SLUG:** Where is she from?

**MK:** She's from here.

**SLUG:** I mean you got it done in LA? And its a copy of your spine kind of, right? Whose idea was that?

**MK:** Mine. Its my body. I have a choice of what is going to go on it.

**SLUG:** Sure, but it could have been a great idea from somebody else. How long are you guys going to be touring this time?

**MK:** This particular tour is only going to be two months and then take a break at Christmas and then back on the road again.

**SLUG:** Whose is going to be playing with you on this tour?

**MK:** Its hard to say. It keeps changing everyday.

**SLUG:** Different people?

**MK:** I can't answer that question right now. I don't know the answer.

Maybe Maynard was tired of doing interviews, or maybe he's not good on the phone. Even though it wasn't the easiest interview, it turned out to be interesting. It doesn't matter, his band kicks ass. That's what matters.

—Newman

A week after October's issue of SLUG came out, I got a call from Stuck Mojo's guitarist, Rich Ward. Surprise, surprise after I scolded the band in the last issue for not keeping in touch after their Salt Lake appearance.

# stuck

SLUG: So when are you guys coming back to Salt Lake?

RW: We had a lot of fun playing in Salt Lake the last time. It was a small club and no P.A., but it was still cool. We wanted to come back while we were out West doing shows with Type O Negative, but we just couldn't make it happen. We should be back to Salt Lake around the first of the year, probably with Type O.

SLUG: Your new album, PIGWALK was released on October 8. How was it doing the album?

RW: We did a two month tour of Europe earlier this year. We were able to spend a lot of time with the demos over there. Europe's pretty boring, the fans are great, but there's just not much to do in certain parts. We took that time to listen to the demos and work on ideas for how we would record the album.

SLUG: You used Deven Townsend (Strapping Young Lad) and Daniel Bergstrand (Meshuggah Producer) as producers. What did you think about them?

RW: They were the best, but I knew they would be. When we were on tour with Machine Head I heard a copy of the Meshuggah album and I was blown away. The production was amazing. I told the label we have to get this guy. Daniel's only produced about three albums so I knew it would be good for both of us for him to do our album. Luckily he was completely into the idea. I've been friends with Deven Townsend for years. I knew with all of his creativity as a song writer and studio experience that he could help us out a lot as well.

SLUG: What are you guys doing now?

Are you touring?

RW: We're on the road as much as possible. We have a great agent and management, they keep us out on the road a lot. SLUG: And that's something you want to do?

RW: Absolutely. We love playing live. Of course we have our bad times. On the last run with Type O we had four flat tires in one week. We did a lot of

but Bonz (vocalist) and I really want this to be a heavy, straight forward metal band. His new ideas were more like experimental jazz stuff, and funk. He wanted to be artsy and cute. We just thought that was crap. We wanted to pound it out and rock, so that's why he left. Our drummer was a total lunatic. He was the most aggressive person on the face of the earth. He had to be on medication all of the time. We got our original drummer back, but he will only be with us temporarily. He hates touring, which made him leave the band in the first place. We're auditioning a guy from El Paso and another from Arizona next week. I'm pretty sure one of them

# mojo



shows down south in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico. We would travel during the day and it was so hot the tires would just peel right off the van. Then once the paper work got screwed up on our trailer so we all got hauled off to jail because they thought it was stolen. None of that matters though. We can have the worst day in the world, but if the show that night is good it makes up for everything.

SLUG: Don't you have two new members on this album?

RW: Yes we do. The original bass player is really into funk, reggae, and R and B. His influence was cool in the beginning,

will work out. They are both "out of this world".

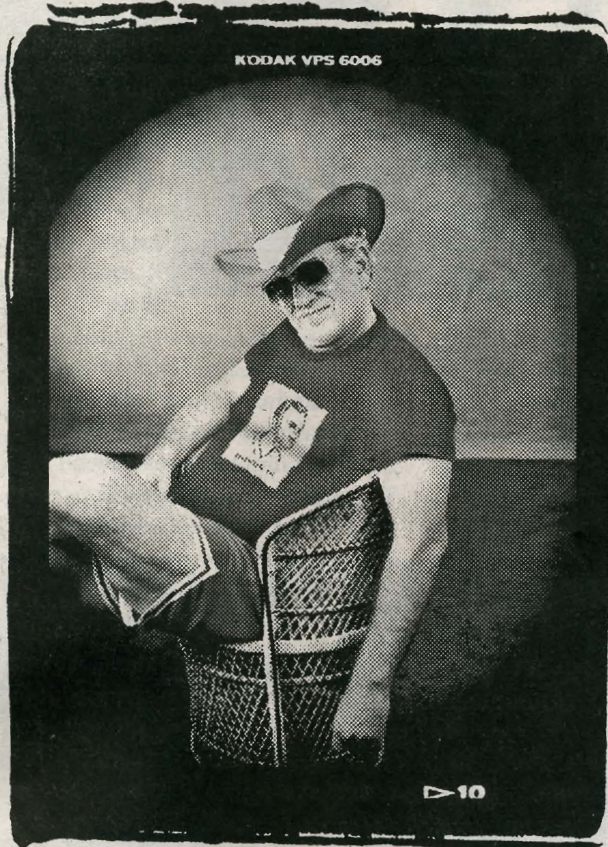
RW: Our bass player is an animal on stage, but he's also an incredible player. We've got people that are great players, but also know how to put on a great show. There's nothing I hate more than seeing a band live that looks at their shoes the whole time.

SLUG: Well, I'm going to let you get back to your other interviews. We'll be waiting for you here in Salt Lake.

RW: We're looking forward to coming back.

—John Forgach

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A

# CONCERT PREVIEW

**Jon Spencer Blues Explosion w/Railroad Jerk**  
**November 13 @ DV8**

It is in my own self-interest to write a few words about the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. If I do, I get into the show free. We've already discussed the two most recent Jon Spencer releases in these pages. That collaboration he did with R.L. Burnside titled **A Ass Pocket Of Whiskey** was viewed as a pornographic slice of wax (sorry, I forgot what year it is again), aluminum by more mainstream writers. To me it was the blues. The blues isn't some white guy hacking off his guitar on a stage. The blues came from fucked up lives. Although I've never visited a juke joint in R.L. Burnside's neighborhood I believe that

the notion of heavy drinking, dancing and a fuck somewhere along the way has more to do with the natural



blues than the previously mentioned white guy. **A Ass Pocket Of Whiskey** was fucked up, down and dirty raw blues. **Now I Got Worry** is too. So is **Orange, Extra Width and Crpyt Style**. The

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion play fucked up white boy blues. If you don't get it don't go to their concert and don't

buy their records.

Railroad Jerk play fucked up blues as well. They aren't a copy of the Jon Spencer Blues

Explosion, they aren't even a copy of Gun Club. They are just fucked up white boy blues with the white boy influence more in evidence. These boys love the country, they love punk rock and they

love industrial music. All the fucked up music that the average American citizen has never heard of, let alone listened to, is spinning around in their heads and when they pick up their instruments it flows from the brain to the fingers and into the body. It's interesting to discover that Railroad Jerk's fearless leader, Marcellus Hall, when he moved to New York from Minnesota checked his music out from the library. In case the locals haven't discovered this by now, libraries have some pretty cool records. I don't mean CDs, I mean actual records. Hall sat around listening to Woody Guthrie, Robert Johnson, Jimmie Rodgers and Roscoe Holcomb. Black and white interchanged with folk and country inseperable from the blues. That is what you get with Railroad Jerk and that is why they haven't attained mass market commodity status. They have yet

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o produce a product, an item such as a hamburger that Musicland, Blockbuster or Fred Meyer could package and market the same as McDonalds, Burger King or Hardees. Ah yes, music as art.



**Voivod / Pro-Pain / Crisis  
November 22 @ Bar and Grill**

"Inside a giant particle accelerator, a beam of protons, traveling at near the speed of light meets a beam of antiprotons moving equally fast in the opposite direction. The protons and mirror-image antiprotons annihilate each other, creating the fiery chaos of a parallel micro-galaxy. Experiment one complete, the VOIVOD goes into that new dimension..." Piggy and Away are the only remaining explorers of the universe that were involved with this project known as DIMENSION HATROSS. Albums from both before and after DIMENSION have been some of the most influential of all that is hard, heavy, and experimental. Voivod's albums have taken us to every corner of the galaxy and beyond. On November 22, Voivod will touch down here in Salt Lake at the Bar and Grill. They will be bringing Energy record's Pro-Pain (excellent band, see Sept. '96 issue), and Metal Blade's Crisis. Just remember.. "WE ARE NOT ALONE".

**Motorhead / November 15 @ Holy Cow**

Lemmy Kilmister is 51-years-old. Motorhead is 21-years-old. They have consented to visit Salt Lake City and play in a club. The first question has to be, who is even in Motorhead now? Well, there's Lemmy. On guitars is Phil Campbell and on drums is Mikkey Dee. The latest album is titled *Overnight Sensation*. There is nothing like a hot blast of Motorhead

for a cool October afternoon. I've always thought of Motorhead as a thrash band, not a metal band. They are the reason we have Metallica and Slayer today. Even though Lemmy is older than Ozzie he kicks Ozzie's ass all over the blacktop. Motorhead has lost not a single thing over the years. Lemmy's songs address important social subjects such as guns, political correctness, the evening news as more entertainment than news and the songs explode over the listener in a manner most of today's metal bands or alternative rockers can only dream of. They might book a date in Ogden or Provo around the same time.

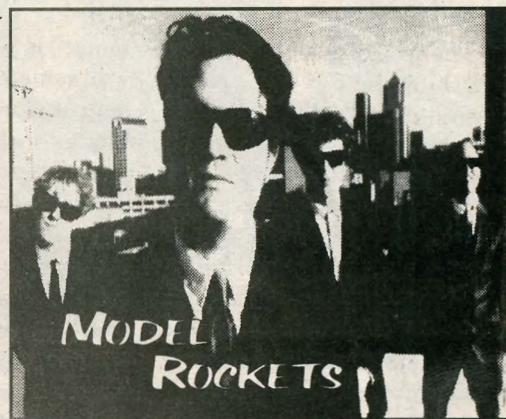
**Pet / November 20 @ Zephyr**

What does Tori Amos do when she isn't talking to fairies or humping her piano bench? She sits comfortably in her Irish recording studio acting as the executive producer for Pet. Pet is the name of the band and the name of the record. The record is a dark trip across many roads in this great country of ours. Atmosphere is provided by a female vocalist and if one of you fucking idiots screams

out, "show us your tits" I hope you are removed immediately. Tell it to Fluffy when they arrive. The guitarist is a big blonde guy. I'm sure the hipper in the audience remember him from the Sundance Film Festival. He was the only one skiing. As is the custom with these rock outfits Pet also has a drummer and a bassist in the band.

The Zephyr is better known for drawing the hippies out of their hovels or the blues lover from their suburban neighborhood. Every now and again the club books a little secret rock band into their polished atmosphere. Pet is one of those. Aspiring singers are invited for the vocals, guitar freaks are encouraged to check out an impressive new talent and

drummers will discover jazz in a rock and roll band. The alternative nation can prepare for upcoming video on 120 minutes.



**Model Rockets  
November 13 @ Spankys**

Here's an idea for after the big Stone Temple Pilots concert. Most of Salt Lake City remembers the grunge explosion out of Seattle. Most of Salt Lake City is still trying to get that "Smells Like Teen Spirit" guitar sound and angst filled scream down so X-96 or the

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# Concert Previews Continued

Bear will notice their local band. Seattle has moved on. The latest thing out of Seattle is the Model Rockets. Think of this. Rather than recalling how you shot pool over at the Dead Goat with Eddie Vedder six years ago the Model Rockets present the opportunity to brag about playing pinball with Scott Van Sutherland at Spanky's. He's the Model Rockets' guitarist and he sings too. Leading the band is assembly line worker John Ramberg. Call him the main songwriter singer dude. Completing the band are Boyd Remillard, bass and Graham Black, drums. Household names they are not, unless you live in Seattle.

The Model Rockets have released a new CD titled **Snatch It Back and Hold It**. It probably isn't available around Salt Lake City so I'll have to explain things. "She's On The Cover" opens things

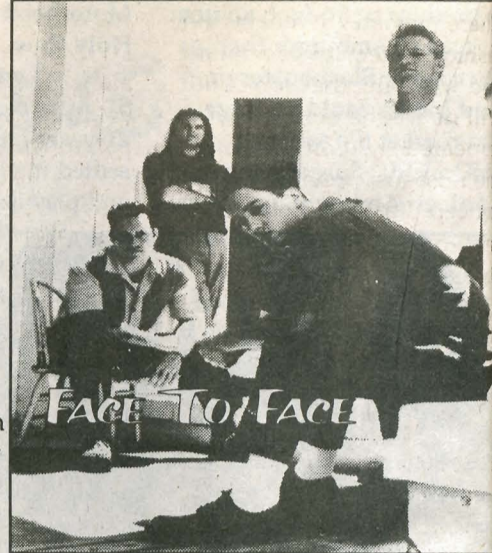
up with some Chuck Berry style guitar and the kind of song Britain based their first invasion on. "Pop, pop, pop music" is a lyric almost as well remembered around here as "entertain us." The Model Rockets entertain with pop music. The guitars are a bit gritty, there are harmonies, and a hook forms the basis of most songs, take for instance "Candy Carving," but these aren't sing-a-long anthems. Scary isn't it to think about Beatle-esque music coming out of Seattle? Drinking, pogoing music such as Athens and Minnesota based their reputations on a few years back. Jon Spencer will let out early, the Stone Temple Pilots can't last that long anyway, the Model Rockets will hit the stage around 11:00 pm or slightly later. See y'all at Spanky's after the big, big shows.

## Face To Face / November 17 @ DV8

Face To Face has been playing Salt Lake City since '92. Let's say you are Trevor Keith, Face To Face's lead vocalist. What Salt Lake memory stands out?

According to Keith they haven't really hung out in Salt Lake City, but he does remember one particular show at the Fowl Friends Building, a spot he refers to as the "chicken coop." "It was kind of crazy there. We had a girl jump off (the stage) and crack her head open one night when we played with Guttermouth. It was pretty gnarly."

There isn't really a need to inform the local audience about Face To Face's music. As reported at the beginning they've played here numerous times in the past. They do have a new CD out and it appears that their record label, A&M, is promoting the band heavily. For example one local chain is offering a free Face To Face 45 rpm single to anyone purchasing a copy of the new self-titled CD. I've heard that the local radio station, the one that cannot be named in the pages of SLUG, is playing "I Won't Lie Down" and it isn't only the most hated one who took his name from the television. "I Won't Lie Down" is fast becoming a drive-time tune. Previous to this astounding success came "Disconnected," a song so popular that Face To Face included it on two albums. The basic description of Face To Face is exceedingly fast music which creates such excitement in the audience that they slam their bodies



into each other and attempt to do face plants onto concrete floors, a topic already discussed.

Of further interest to the singles enthusiast who has already picked up a copy of "Paint It Black" at the chain. TF: "We just started our own label called Lady Luck Records and we're putting out the vinyl version of the new album on that label. We're looking to do some 7" inchers and singles a little later in the year or early next year." Who's coming with Face To Face? TF: "We're currently on tour with Automatic 7, the opening act for the whole tour. We started with the Bouncing Souls, right now the Suicide Machines are out with us and by the time we get to Salt Lake City I believe we'll be with a band called Screw 32." Of course it's all ages.

## Godflesh / Vision of Disorder / November 22 @ DV8

There is nothing like a night of extreme music for providing high entertainment. Every time I attend one of these shows I spend half the night laughing. I am not laughing at the bands on the stage, heck, I enjoy a bit of the hard as much as the next woman, it's the audience.

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here they all are making one fashion statement or another and worrying that someone will notice the pimple that appeared right on the tip of the nose just previous to the concert. Leather boots are man-made footwear, steel toes are all the better to kick you with. Testosterone is bubbling on the surface of the oily faces, daddy is long gone and mummy is laid-off.

Preppies rule the high school and the teachers don't care.

Take all that frustration into yet another pit. Steal the helmet from the short bus



kid. Forget that noise, most of you are dumber than them. One band is from Birmingham, England and they kick out so much slow motion noise that the pit doesn't work very well at all. That's okay because preceding Godflesh on the stage is one of your own. There's that New York City hardcore mutated through years of existence and the East Coast slam is in order. Vision Of Disorder produce ear-grating noise with the cherished Armageddon lyrics, not to mention the speed. Oh what a disc to irritate the timid. Swing those fists, kick those feet, bloody each others faces, but don't even think about a

stage dive. The show is at DV8 and stage diving is not allowed. Which brings another attraction to mind. Another pleasure of a hard show at DV8 is the near constant removal of the violent. DV8 would like to stay in business. Their security force is the baddest of the bad. Behave or see the pavement.

### Earth Crisis / November 27 @ Bar & Grill

Please beware all of you X-ers. In Salt Lake City they don't paint an X on your wrist if you are underage.

You don't get in at all so the symbol of your movement is senseless. Those of you I've seen dressed in leather with your hair all spiked and colored should investigate the source of your beliefs. Hair dye usually involves some sort of animal research, if not actual byproducts from the death of animals, and leather is completely banned from your lifestyle. Salt Lake City is known as a hotbed of straight

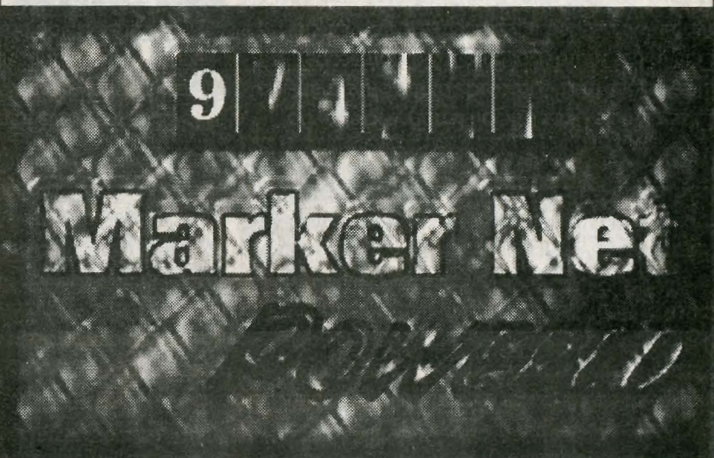
edge activity even as it remains a national symbol of hypocrisy. The sprouts hanging between the cracks of your teeth do not and never will condone violence directed to those who don't share your beliefs. There might be actual straight-edgers living within the boundaries of the greater Wasatch Front who are not involved in violent, hypocritical activities. To these few I bow down, you have the strength to live your beliefs as an individual without attempting to convert others through acts of force. The rest of you are no better than the crack-selling gangs you profess to despise. You are nothing but gutter trash with



the muscles in your brain operating your muscled physiques. The X on your forehead and the slogans on your T-shirt are meaningless, your meatless, drug-free, smoke-free, lives are pathetic attempts to fit in somehow because you are lacking in the most basic brain functions which teach tolerance rather than violent actions to attain your goals. A straight-edge gang is the same as any other gang of the '90s. You seek love, family and acceptance

because, sadly enough, you lack it in your everyday life. I'm sorry, but beating me to the ground because I am addicted to tobacco doesn't change my viewpoint. It only teaches me hatred. If hatred is what you live for then you are welcome to it. You haven't listened to the lyrics or read the thoughts of Earth Crisis. The best thing for you might be a trip to the Brown Shirt commune of Johnny Bangerter.

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# Chrome Cranks

The Chrome Cranks' Peter Aaron

Here's a departure for the modern SLUG. After careful thought and much soul searching I decided to place this interview where it would cause the most confusion. The Chrome Cranks are a "garage-blues" band. I hesitate to use the term in SLUG because most people don't have the same interpretation of it I do, but that is what the Chrome Cranks are. They record in and actually own the studio Jon Spencer uses to record both his bands. All the greasy children know about Jon Spencer since he appeared at Saltair with the Beastie Boys. They still don't play his music on the radio and they sure as hell don't play the Chrome Cranks. In case the mall or the big box is your record shop of choice you probably aren't aware that the Chrome Cranks have a new album out. It's titled *LOVE IN EXILE* and for those familiar with the Chrome Cranks a few of the more sparse songs might come as a slight surprise. Don't worry, be happy and listen to "Wrong Number" for trademark Cranks.

I talked with Peter Aaron, guitar/vocals about the new album and other subjects of extreme importance. As usual I'll leave out the really stupid questions

**SLUG:** "How do you keep your voice in shape?" (Our pal Aaron sings with one of those gasoline-sipping growls.) **PA:** "Man, I smoke a pack and a half of cigarettes a day. Drink a lot of coffee. I don't know it's funny because we were in Europe a couple of weeks ago, doing shows over there for a week and I blew my voice for the first time."

**SLUG:** "That's the first time you've ever blown your voice?" **PA:** "Yeah, people have asked me that before. I think it happened more or less because William (Weber, guitar) came down with something before we left for

the tour and it really kicked in on him when we were on the plane. I think I caught something that he had or whatever and I think that's what set me off. This happened with two shows left to go. If we were in the middle of a bigger tour we would probably have canceled a couple of shows. But it was just like, if I blow my voice out, I'll have plenty of time to recover after. I tried not to open my mouth until we hit the stage. We made it through okay. I don't know, I don't have any method, this is the first band I ever sang in or



played guitar in and for some reason I do it in such a way that it hasn't really happened to me except that one time."

**SLUG:** "How was Europe?" **PA:** "We do really well in Europe. This last time was kind of strange because we played mostly these big festival type shows. Most of those were well attended, but it was strange. I think the fourth one was in Switzerland. It was on top of one of the Alps. It was a beautiful area, like pretty much the whole country is. It was the third day of this three-day outdoor festival thing. There were a bunch of bands. The Butthole Surfers played, and then this band called Fun Lovin' Criminals, then Los Lobos and then us. We saw the bill before we got there and we were all like, 'Oh wow, this is going to be some huge show,' but when the Butthole Surfers were playing there were maybe 200 or 250 people there. The whole festival was kind of a flop in that way. Nobody could understand it. They gave us a lot of money, but it was probably just a drop in the bucket for them. The next night we played with this band Dead Moon, you

probably know these guys. Their singer, he plays guitar also, was in this band the Lollipop Shoppe. They did this song, "You Must Be A Witch," it's on one of the Pebbles records. He's been playing since that time and he lives in a house he built and puts out his own records, and lives this shadowy, outside-of-society type life. They're a terrific band and they usually draw a minimum of 500 or 600 hundred people. The last show we played was with Dead Moon, Foetus, us and Barkmarket. (Imagine that show!) We were expecting it to be a bigger show and there were a little bit more than a hundred people there. Both of those shows were really strange for Europe. The days before we played this big outdoor festival in Holland and were in front of four or 5,000 people." **SLUG:** "Who played that one?" **PA:** "We went on after Everclear."

**SLUG:** "In one of the articles included with your press kit the writer is kind of giving a slam to Estrus. Estrus isn't as cool as Sympathy or Crypt?" **PA:** "I think they're all terrific labels. I think Estrus is a terrific label too. It so happens that we haven't done any records for Estrus. We definitely would love to have something out on the label because we think it's great. I think lately, in the past couple of years, it's sort of taken a turn. A lot of people, not necessarily that Dave Crieder guy who runs the label, but to a lot of people who sort of follow the label have this...and this is true of Crypt also...and Tim Warner of Crypt has made mention of it, people have a stylized, regimanted idea of what rock 'n' roll is or something. It seems like a lot of bands, I'm trying to be diplomatic about this, just a lot of people have a stylized idea of Estrus. I don't think that Estrus is really stylized in the way they view things. There's so many of these bands coming out. That's the thing, we're identified with this whole sort of garage-under-a-bubble thing and it's definitely a big element of our sound, but we're not trying to do something that's straight retro. We're trying to put a new twist on the music. A lot of people don't view the whole, whatever you want to call it, the whole garage rock thing. To them it's like these bands that wear bizarre goofy matching outfits and have Big Daddy Rothesque drawings on their record covers and wild teens on the rampage. That stuff was cute when it first came out and when the Cramps started doing it. At this point it's just really cliched and predictable. There's a glut of way more bands that are playing really straight rock like that and they're aren't trying to do something to make it a little bit more...go out on a limb...make it a little bit more dangerous. We don't like to be allied or seen as being part of that. We're trying to do something that's a little bit more timeless. We don't want to put out a record and go, 'Oh, this record was made during this certain garage revival period.' You can listen to a lot of those records by

like the Fuzztones or, something from the early '80s, and a lot of it doesn't hold up very well."

**SLUG:** "On to your new record. 'The Receiver' is just drums and vocals. That's a cool song." **PA:** "You like that? I wasn't sure what people were going to think about it. I really wanted to throw people a curve ball. Show that something could be really powerful, that we didn't have to do another song with really loud distorted guitars to do something that had some sort of impact to it." **SLUG:** "Your drummer is amazing." **PA:** "Bob (Bert, Sonic Youth, Pussy Galore Bewitched and Action Swingers are listed in his credits.) is incredible. It's ('The Receiver') my favorite thing to listen to that we've done. I think the drum sound that we got on this record is definitely the best. We did this one on 16-track ADAT. I love the way our other records sound too, but we want to make all the records sound different. A lot of people are really hard line about the whole lo-fi thing, but to all of us in the band the production should fit the songs. To record and produce something badly just to be, 'Wow, we're gonna be really punk rock and we're going to put out this thing that sounds like a bad bootleg that was recorded through a pillow.' That's funny for a few minutes, but if your songs are good and your playing is good then you're really selling yourself short. People would see that you are so much better than what you are releasing if it's recorded in a way that enhances the song. That is not to say that the next record we're planning to go into a bigger studio or anything like that. We might turn around and do something that is a lot more raw."

**SLUG:** "You made a video for Hit The Sand"?" **PA:** "Going with the feel of the song, I sorta had this concept for a film noir type thing because it leans toward the loungey side. This guy, that shot and directed the video, a guy named David Blum, we shot a video with him last year for the song 'Nightmare In Pink' that's on the *DEAD COOL* record. He came out from L.A. to do it. It's got some guest stars in it. Ron, the singer from Speedball Baby, is the central character, sort of a Deniroesque type of guy.

Kid Congo is in it."

**SLUG:** "'See That My Grave Is Kept Clean,' is listed as traditional on your record, but I looked it up and found that the song is credited to Blind Lemon Jefferson. Has it lost it's copyright?" **PA:** "Oh, yeah, yeah, a long time ago. But like a lot of those songs he did, that's the version I learned it from. I know some other people have done it, like Dylan did a version on his first album. But I haven't heard that record in a long time and I don't know what it sounds like. I know Canned Heat did it, but of course typical of Bob Hite he changed the title and put himself as the author. The thing was...supposedly Blind Lemon Jefferson co-opted that from a song he learned from Son House. It was a song called 'Three White Horses,' which is a line in there, 'three white horses in a line, carry me to my burial ground.' It's something that was basically some kind of folk song that was...all those guys learned from someone else and maybe changed it and put some of their words in. As far as I know Blind Lemon Jefferson is the first, known recorded version of it and I guess because of that he's more or less credited as the author. There's a lot of songs like that. I did a different arrangement of it." (To say the least.)

**SLUG:** "Did you set out to make *LOVE IN EXILE* a bluesier album?" **PA:** "I guess a little bit. We wanted to do something that had a lot of different sounds on it, something that would be more of a challenge to us. Anything that's challenging to us is hopefully going to be challenging to what people expect from us. I felt that this record was going to be a lot more bluesier. I thought it was going to be a lot more subdued. But there are definitely some rockers on it. There's definitely some of what people would expect from us after hearing our other records. 'Lost Time Blues Suite,' we did a

better version of that. We had it out as a single earlier, but we weren't happy with the version we did as the single and we re-recorded it for the album. That 'Wrong Number' song which is pretty nasty and 'Down For The Hit.' I guess I was, after we made the last record, I was like, 'I'd really like to make something that's real open,' sort of a somber, sparse record, but I just can't help it, I keep writing these rockers too. I think if we did one thing all the time, I would...all of us would...get really bored playing all loud rocking songs and we'd also get really bored playing all ballads or all blues songs. I think it's an extension of, 'you don't feel the same way all the time.' Even though there are a lot of bands that get locked into this same dynamic all the way through. I get really bored with bands like that. Art is supposed to be an outlet for who you are and the way you are feeling at different times. Actually we have one or two newer songs since we recorded that album that are more on the rockin' side. I don't think we're headed down the Gordon Lightfoot path any time soon."

No they aren't planning another visit to Salt Lake City anytime soon. At least we are getting two of the their friends, Railroad Jerk and the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. A triple bill would be heaven, but Salt Lake City folk have to wait until after-death to find heaven.

—KRALA, King of the Wheels

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## Surreal Hiierary...

There you are, spooky kiddos, Proletariats living as Prols-tarry-on or prowling about in flashback cascades of picturesque ideology. And like my computer's AFTERDARK screensaver program entitled "Flying Toasters", these animated inanimate objects never get anywhere either. Will the stupid ever wise-up?

### TO MARKET TO MARKET, WITH MISCHIEVOUS GLEE

Oct 12 @ 4. a.m. or whenevereth thereabouts. Stats claim that most of us spend a year of our longevity "queuing-up" (standing in lines). I avoid as many as possible. A nocturnal foursome courteously greeted me as they exited the Sugarhouse Albertsons. This Gothic grouping brought to mind *The Craft* and *The Crow*, only these guys and gals weren't *The Frighteners* apparitions. I sensed that their comradeship and rapport was very supportive and trustful. This wasn't always the case with the '80s version of Gothic "Death Disco." The phrased terminology just quoted in captions was formalized in Deborah Curtis' memoir *Touching From a Distance*. Upon initial perusal of interior contents, I was eager to engross myself in its contextual intrigue. Never before have I discovered a biography documenting an artist with the gift \handicap ability \disability of Epilepsy and Mood Disorder. Was Ian Curtis of Joy Division a unipolar depressive or bipolar manic? One thing is certain, refrain from idealizing recording artists. The true victims are loved ones in close proximity. Prosaic writings and photos suggest that Ian was incapable of loving his own child. As I've learned, in the quest for immortality, precious memories recede and the end result is insanity. Nijinsky's brilliant genius ending in the Insane Asylum. Perhaps genius is synonymous with hysteria. That triumphant torment.

Speaking of *The Frighteners*, I attended a double-billing with *The Phantom* on a September afternoon @ Cinemark Theatres. Between flicks, two panhandling youngsters struck a chord in my otherwise blase demeanor. As fateful melancholia had not yet descended, I remember being of a bizarre conglomerate of Ice Queen's anhedonia and the Dragon Lady's temperament. Partially due to tension over spare cash dispersed. My dilemma, I didn't feel comfortable purchasing answers to my queries. What I sought was an emphasis of "What the Alternative Underground" meant to them. The lad age 17, the las age 14. She has ambitions to be a belly-dancer. I encouraged her to pursue information at Kismet. A novice could begin at a later age in this dance form. It occurred to me that composing an improvisational choreography for Earth Jam or a likewise function would be a worthwhile undertaking. The boy's complaint regarded the typical reply to their beggin "Get A Job". However, there are plenty jobs available for weirdo freak liberals. Guiding him to options such as the U of U and the college row, booksellers, so forth. Gone are the days of discriminatory firing for shock attire, your attitude is the precursor. Precipitation of holding down a voca-

tion is dependent on controlling these faculties, free spirited or not. If you must be your own boss, find the resources to develop your own personal, small Business. Go beyond the sky's limitations. Youth is supposed to elicit omnipresent invincibility. **A NECESSITATED PHWACK IN THE BUS DRIVERS' NOGGIN**

Zam Abdullah of zen rock SHADOW-PLAY ex-local band infamy, often referred to one of our sources of alternative transportation a "Utah Transit Aggravation". Well... I believe in an environmental conscience, cleaner air, carpooling, bus commutes, mtn, biking, etc... During October, I decided to boycott UTA as a protest against male drivers' commentary. When manic, I'm impatient as a driver. Reading, studies, writing poetry or prose, leaving the driving to somebody else is an obvious plus. Downtown office workers, professors, students, artisans. All that brain processing rests on left or right-brain dominance. Given I was born left-handed, voila... eccentricity.

One haughty driver announced "Sick of these arrogant teenagers". Men tend to interpret behavioral reactions as incredibly personal or threatening. I'm thinking silently "This driver is incapable of understanding the intrinsic world of this counterculture affect \effect. Rites of passage. Maybe I expect too much, the corpus callosum is 50% more merged in women than men. Therefore, the female gender has equal access to both hemispheres. To distinguish a man's maturity level on the adeptness of teaching himself to methodically learn to propagate intuition is indomitable. Would it ever occur to Mr. Bus Driver that the youth was enveloped in an intrinsic world, invariably on the suicidal edge, journeying into the Sacred and Profane epistemology, a departure from Christian ignorance? Omitting names, two bus drivers exchanged litany on "unusual life forms". This was offensive to my prior attire and it's representational cosmology. KALL 910's Talk Show Host Jim Bohanin's defense of "left-handed green-haired punk rock types" to a retaliatory conservative phone caller came to mind during this scenario. Endowing these drivers in a publically-funded vocation requires affidavit conduct.

### THE UNINVITED VISITORS

Ever catch the classic movie *The Uninvited*? Oct. 1, Mormon Home Teachers visitation. It was nice to see the non-traditional "Sister" reports, disallowed "Elder" status, I'm sure. Against my own better judgment, I attempted an explanation of Mormon apostasy, no doubt it went right over their heads. Blind faith remains blinded by virtue of abject authorized Authoritarian trust. The Caucasian "Sister" wore a pretty pastel plaid dress, the Asian-Am wore ebony clothes and carried a black leather backpack. Interesting contrast. The Caucasian was stern and staunch in her impressive recitation of L.D.S. membership percentages worldwide. Complicating matters fortuitously were my zealous cats. You know, the church still wants to burn me at the stake. Hhahhhhaaaah. A "Q and A" forum! Question: "Do you still have your Book of Mormon?" I nod. Restraint to burst-out "It makes a great doorstep" irreverence. "Better read it and pray". Ancient proponents of

guilt and intimidation. Pleasure-to-meet-you or handshakes all around. The Caucasian will make an excellent sales rep in the afterlife. *Joseph Smith was a hallucinating psychotic. Get a clue people!*

### GENIUS OR SLACKERS

My background versatility is that of Fine Arts and Avant-Garde. Personal angst was over trivial norms as a teenager. I was exclusively training as a Classical Ballet dancer. Seldom participating in school socializing customs, from the get-go was abnormal in the those realms. Placed in Honors Math, English, and Psychology courses nearly failed at Calculus & Geometry and excelled in others. Selected as an early college entry "Concurrent Student" during my High School senior year, the schedule of both schools, Dance Club President obligations, additional ballet classes elsewhere, excessive depression set in at 16. Awarded a 4-year Scholarship to the U of U and my parent's gracious Graduation gift of summer training at P.N.B. (Pacific Northwest Ballet), anything potentially awaited. At P.N.B., mania drove anorexic, the dancer's passion—another scholarship awarded. At 17, choosing between Utah and Seattle scholarships. Dancer's injuries and Eating Disorders. At 18, I sought surgery for bone spurts. It's thought that chips or calcium deposits will eventually deteriorate the affected adjoining area. Unwary of the Physician's prognostications. Human fallibilities. Rehab quickening. The demands from the 2nd year with Utah Ballet Company, Ballet West Corps, college academia, cortisone shot, finally I bid adieu to the Pointe shoes. Entrevu' Jazz Dance! Garth Paey's Jazz Dance Company, S.L.C.'s first professional Jazz dance company. The Utah Jazz basketball frugal paid units for half-time entertainment. Smartly choreographed montages with vintage props and costumes. Unfortunately, Paey threw-in-the-towel two weeks into my joining the Company. The Delta Center now pays an adequately modest fee for the cheerleader Jazz Dancers.

Happy Birthday to those that share an Autumn birth with me. Precisely one month prior to Christmas, I find this an apropos excuse for a mischievous nature. With great effort I'm working towards accentuating enlightenment, versus endarkenment in my life. Facing truths in film stories such as *Something Wicked This Way Comes* and *Nightmare Before Christmas* is enough to make one ambivalent about this experience as an Autumnal force. Regardless of society's fear of empowerment, I will and shall survive always. A lexicon of cognizance

—LAURA LARS

P.S. So much for the poetic justice of extended vacant lease where JAVA JIVE resided until the community pressured the landlord to covertly evict with raised rent. You stink, STINKY'S.

# SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

Richard Chase

"The Sacramento Vampire"



Richard Chase

*How do you get a Goth out of a tree?"  
Cut the rope."*

On a Monday in 1978, a pregnant 22-year-old newlywed, Teresa Wallin was home, having taken the day off of work to catch up on household chores. A tall man, scruffy and unkempt, stepped into her front room holding a .22-caliber pistol in one hand. They stared at each other for a moment. The man fired a slug into her brain, and one into her chest, but only

the third shot, to her temple, killed her. He dragged her body to the master bedroom and cut her belly open with a kitchen knife. He took an empty yogurt cup and dipped it into the tureen of her abdomen and, having filled it with blood, he drank it.

Richard Chase didn't start off this way. He started out a smart young man with good attitude and smarts, and by the time he should have he almost didn't graduate from high-school.

After graduating, he started to neglect his own washing, and would often make unintelligible noises instead of talking. He also started to make bizarre complaints about his own health: that his aorta had been stolen, that he was being poisoned. His mother found him once unconscious and in shock. It was revealed that he had drank the blood of two rabbits which he claimed had been laced with acid. He was admitted to a psych ward.

In the loony-bin he drank the blood from birds he would catch and behead with his own teeth.

So, for some reason, a year later he was released.

It wasn't long before pets started disappearing in the neighborhood where he lived. Though he lived in an apartment in Sacramento that did not allow pets, neighbors would see him bring home dogs, and then hear nothing of them. No barking, nothing.

On August 3, 1977, Chase's Ford Ranchero got stuck out in the desert, on an Indian reservation. He was found naked and covered with blood some miles away. And in the truck the police found two blood-smeared rifles and a galvanized bucket full of blood. It turned out to be cow blood.

He was working his way up the food chain.

Early that December he added a .22-caliber handgun to his arsenal. He then shot and killed 51-year-old Ambrose Griffin. This began a killing spree that came to include five victims, the last of which was Teresa Wallin. Chase was seen covered in blood leaving Wallin's house in broad-daylight.

It was only a couple of days before they found Chase's apartment. When the police went in, it was covered floor to ceiling in blood and gore. There was a blender filled with dried blood and flesh.

Found guilty of five murders, Chase was sentenced to death in the gas chamber. And to see that he would get there the police kept him sedated with Sinequan. But Chase, in something resembling an intelligent act, hoarded them, and then overdosed, effectively cheating the state of California out of one of its more enjoyable activities...



CD  
REVIEWS

**Atomic 61**  
*Goodbye Blue Monday*  
Cavity Search

Audiophiles beware. The disc bears the dreaded ADD. Since the most expensive item in my system is a turntable and the medium in this case is a CD the analog portion shouldn't present a problem. Atomic 61 are a Portland band playing a fuzzy version of hard rock. Please adjust the system to eliminate the high end. There isn't any. A constant barrage of cymbal crashes are about the only aspect of Atomic 61 those with damaged hearing are likely to miss. There is a sound bite speaking of forming a circle preceding "Union" that might require the complete range of human frequency recognition. "Union" is especially enjoyable because of the ponderous rhythm and sedentary pace. The song could concern communing with the Earth Mother or it could be about a less than lively sexual encounter or it could be some sort of paganistic ritual committed to tape in a desperate attempt to sell the soul for monetary gain. "All In This" is Atomic 61's road weary song. "Doesn't matter what slot we're playing, we'll blast a hole in the local scene" and I'm thinking Pijamas de Gato once again. "Dig Your Scene" indeed. Atomic 61 did blast a hole in Salt Lake City's local scene because Abstrak mentions the band in the "thank you" area of their latest.

Two more songs are of interest. "Fifth Night" features the crime spree theme which for some reason is becoming a popular topic for bands of the rock heavy variety while "Crash Outfit" explores the girl driving her way to her death theme. The old blonde bombshell crashing and burning in a black car song. Does every band have a murder-

ing, robbing friend in prison and a dead girlfriend these days?

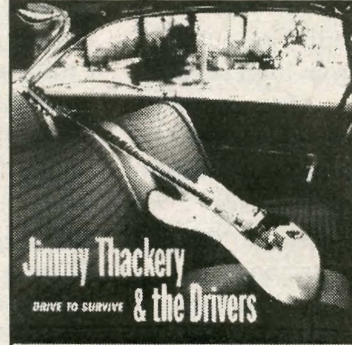
In a nutshell: Local Portland band makes good with a review in a Salt Lake publication. Hard rocking grunge-metal concentrating on the fatter strings of the guitar.

—Salvio

**Wake Ooloo**  
*Stop The Ride*  
Pravda Records

American rock & roll at its best, this is truly a feel good album in every sense of the statement. Out of the same vein of old BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD & even the sounds of the FEELIES, this is a band that will claim the critic's love & probably lose the large mass of MTV fans in the end. A double-edged sword that is both good & bad in a band's career, it may guarantee critical praise, but can also hinder any huge commercial success in the long run. Giving out a true pop flavor, the group seems to follow a common goal: basic rock & roll music that stands the test of the fan of true underground pop music. This is how bands like REM & BIG STAR probably sounded on their first couple of takes in the studio, starting out as young musicians just playing the music they loved & felt strong about playing. Simply put, a great pop debut album with a lot to offer if you'll just listen!

—Billy Fish



**Jimmy Thackery & The Drivers**  
*Drive To Survive*  
Blind Pig

Loyal Dead Goat Saloon patrons count Jimmy Thackery among their favorite performers. He's burned up the stage of that club so many times in the past that it's a surprise the wood isn't charcoal by now. For those unfamiliar with Thackery he is one of

those in serious contention for best rockin' blues guitarist on the planet Earth. A lot of them try, but few succeed, Jimmy Thackery is one who can masturbate his guitar until everyone in the audience has had multiple orgasms and he's still up there trying to cum. I do believe he addresses the topic with "Slow Down Baby." That slow loving, guitar masturbation business is part of the attraction of seeing him live. On CD he's in more of a cerebral mood. Sure, he tosses in enough licks to blow away those with a technical interest, but he also keeps the deep groove going for the rest interested in pure blues. Have a listen to "That's How I Feel" for a perfect example of the Thackery experience. Mark Stutso does the soulful vocals, Michael Patrick plays an understated bass and Thackery is over in the corner just wailing away. There are truck loads of these white boys out there right now trying to emulate Stevie Ray and Eric while at the same time paying tribute to the King triumvirate and attempting to best Jimi at his own game. Some wear skirts on stage and some adopt the hat and tattoos of the dead, but few of them can touch Thackery. He is beyond the "influenced-by-stage," he's become an influence in his own right. If he'd only die a violent death, cover a reggae song or pen a "Lay Down Sally," he'd become an object of worship, an icon for those trapped in a drive-time traffic jam. As it stands currently he's a welcome addition to the home CD collection and a reason to hit the club on a Monday night. The reason to buy the CD is not the "Apache" cover. Come on Thackery I have more inspired versions of that chestnut played by 15-year-olds in a garage. But don't miss him cackling over the thought of "selling the bitch's car to buy a cool guitar." Is it an answer song to Tammy Wynette's "D.I.V.O.R.C.E."? The best song on the disc is not a cover, but it is an instrumental. Forget the vocals and fuck all night to "Burford's Bop" set to repeat over and over and over and ooooh, "Rub On Up."

**¡TchKung!**  
*Post World Handbook*  
Tim/Kerr

I'm not sure how Gianni knows to pass the liberal propaganda my way, but somehow he does. ¡TchKung! is a Seattle based collective playing world music. Their press release is light on the propaganda, but their CD is filled with it. "¡TchKung's performance's combine tribal theater, a percussion-based sonic assault, pyrotechnics and audience participation." Sounds like a bunch of damn hippies doesn't it? "Powerful group drumming, huge, distorted bass lines, samples, didjeridu, keyboards, violin percussion, treated vocals and miscellany (but no guitars!) are all swirled together. That's it! God damned hippies.

But wait, these aren't a bunch of hippies. Hippies smoke too much pot to think. There are instructions for spiking, a song about wolf extinction attempts, an essay on clear cutting, a song about crashing the system and a call for environmentalists and loggers to join together against the common enemy — the corporate timber companies. Luddites are the same as the IWW and Earth First!. Workers of the world unite! I listened to the music and read the thoughts of the CD booklet on the eve of yet another election. The simple solution is to install nut cases, socialists, the religious right and Ross Perot all together in a new potpourri form of government and change them every two years. How could it be any worse? At least corporations wouldn't be in charge.

The CD is this exact potpourri. Tribal and Irish are combined with some downright astounding industrial type noise while trance is no stranger. More and more articles are appearing about the ever more panicked attempts of the alternative nation to discover the next big thing before the empire collapses around them. Sadly they've missed the point. How about a return to free-form radio where the likes of ¡TchKung! could mix with Hootie etc? How about playing the cowpunk-influenced-by-Evan Johns/Jello Biafra dirge "Truckstop" on the radio? College radio as the mainstream?

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WEDNESDAY, NOV 6 - CRIMSON BLUE

THURSDAY, NOV 7 - SPITTIN LINT

FRIDAY, NOV 8 - ELBOW FINN

SATURDAY, NOV 9 - GIRTH

TUESDAY, NOV 12 - SWAMP DONKEYS

WEDNESDAY, NOV 13 - EARTH JAM

BENEFIT / THE SUN MASONS, GIRTH  
AND SMILIN JACK

THURSDAY, NOV 14 - RICH WYMAN BAND

FRIDAY, NOV 15 - BABY JASON & THE  
SPANKERS

SATURDAY, NOV 16 - SWEET LORETTA

TUESDAY, NOV 19 - KIRSTY MACDONALD  
& EVAN BRUBAKER

WEDNESDAY, NOV 20 - GIGI LOVE BAND

THURSDAY, NOV 21 - PAPPÀ KEGGA

FRIDAY, NOV 22 - FAT PAW

SATURDAY, NOV 23 - BACKWASH

TUESDAY, NOV 26 - SWEET LORETTA

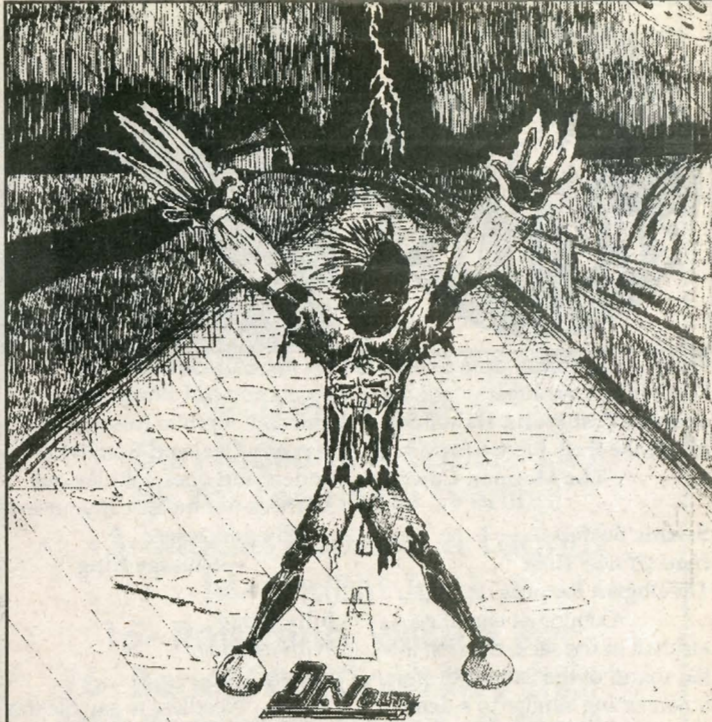
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SATURDAY, NOV 30 - THE SUN MASONS

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# CD REVIEWS

Pirate radio during drivetime? Don't hold your breath until you discover **Post World Handbook**. Inhale the fresh Northwest air.  
—The Mormon Cowboy

## Satanic Surfers *Hero Of Our Time* Theologian Records

Coming at cha like a kickball in the sack, the first initial sound of the Satanic Surfers is something similar to a demo tape received by Epitaph Records & refused. Indeed, the vocals are similar to OFFSPRING, & the lyrics vaguely like the humor of NOFX, but lacking the punching power of either band (not that Offspring ever had much themselves!). A definite southern California punk band, they seem able in both musical talent & team camaraderie, somehow it just didn't rub off like a true winner to me. This might be due to the fact that anything they remotely sound like isn't too attractive or unique at all. Not blatantly obnoxious or distasteful, they still don't kick it home with me, making me prefer to hear the veteran bands they resemble instead. Playing quick & tight punk, maybe they should slow up a tad & try to figure out who exactly they wish to cover or copy in style. It just doesn't sound like anything new or original to the barrage of California punk bands that choke the pages of Maximum Rock & Roll every issue. Sorry boys, but keep trying!

—Billy Fish

## Black Tape For A Blue Girl *Remnants Of A Deeper Purity* Projekt Records

Full of lush ambient soundscapes this record is a throw back to the early 4AD days. Although the music is reminiscent of This Mortal Coil



it's not a rip off off it. The strong vocals and full strings add texture and depth to this new shot at goth. The band from what I understand does not play out. So check out the disc if your into moody dark music.

—Sausage King

## Billy Bragg *William Bloke* Elektra

Needless to say Elektra is not one of my favorite labels. The WEA group is a huge multinational corporation and I count many friends among their employees, except none of my friends work for Elektra. For some strange reason the employees of the label act like Love or the Doors are a part of their current roster. When I call and request an item for review the common answer is, "Who are you? Fax your request on a letterhead and I might respond." Since I am stuck in Forrest Gump land where you reap what you sow I have no trepidation's about saying, "Cheese Whiz Billy, what in the fuck happened to you?" About fifteen years or so ago I thought Billy Bragg was the cat's pajamas - now known as Pijamas de Gato. The fucker was a communist and he belted out the lyrics all by himself armed only with a guitar disguised as an AK47. Today I find the man tepid at best.

His latest is lacking in the energy that always made a Billy Bragg disc engaging even though the politics or nature of the disc wasn't wholly attractive. Today he's entered the island of the Carpenters, Barry Manilow or Michael Bolton. Don't sha, la, la me with your mature persona Billy. Bang that fucking guitar and give me some anger. The world is more fucked up today than when you began but your

complacency is boring. Go back to sleep and forget your days on the dole. Who gives a fuck about you today anyway? Certainly not your label. Hello Billy welcome to tax write-off status you fucking blowhard.

—Miesel



## Utah Phillips and Ani Difrancia *The Past Didn't Go Anywhere* Righteous Babe Records

Meanwhile there is this new CD from Utah Phillips. Utah Phillips provides the words and Ani Difrancia did the music. How about a hip hop album from an avowed supporter of the worker. Which of the hippies will understand Utah Phillips rapping on about Judge Ritter and anarchy as the trip hop rides on? Strange as it may seem Utah Phillips expresses my political beliefs exactly when the beam reaches "Candidacy." Republicans? He compares talking to a Republican to talking to a refrigerator. Democrats? Discourse with a Democate is like rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic. There you go. All SLUG readers probably voted for Tweedle Dee or Tweedle Dum on the Tuesday before publication. What that means is you are all stupid. In the flush of excitement surrounding the concert I have little doubt that many, many hippies, teenaged girls and lesbians left Skyline High School with a copy of **THE PAST DIDN'T GO ANYWHERE**. I pray that they all listen to the disc and incorporate Utah Phillips philosophy into their everyday actions. I'm guessing that the lesbians are the only ones who will actually understand. The new hippies are mostly the spoiled offspring of the first wave. They are exact copies of parents who only pretended to believe until it was time to sell out to the man. When the day comes they too will wash

their bodies, cut off the dreadlocks, store the drums and don a suit. A very few of the teenaged girls will understand that Utah Phillips is their brother. They are the hope. The lesbians already know what it's all about. After a they have lived with oppression their entire lives and Utah Phillips' words are not a revelation.

Anarchy is not a circle symbol for graffiti artists. Hippie is not a fashion. Utah Phillips is an American treasure taking his name from the state that killed Joe Hill and Ani Difrancia doesn't just give lip service to Joe Hill (see Rage Against The Machine) she releases the philosophy without any help from the "man" on compact disc.

## The Phantom Surfers *The Great Surf Crash of 97* Lookout!

Crashing down on a shore near you, the Phantom Surfers are back with an array of killer surf tunes that are guaranteed to help you get it up on your board or otherwise! Coming directly out of the garage, these old school fanatics put together a rough & ready set of both surf instrumental & classic vocal shots that put the rest of the poser surf scene to shame. Sounding as old & vintage as a classic station wagon, their nostalgic approach is a refreshing slap across the face in this day & age of surf/ska/garage punk copy-cat bands, especially from the East Bay scene. You can almost picture the old Fender that bleeds out ultra-clean leads & power strumming, with the silly Montgomery Ward special five piece drum kit tapping away a delicate rhythm along side the bopping basslines. Fun & very loose, the Phantom Surfers ignore the 90's, embracing the sounds of the past, & taking us back to a time long gone, but not forgotten. Grab your beach blanket & a big pair of swimming trunks, cause the next wave of smooth tunes is about to begin under the canvas sand tent!

Let's go!

—Billy Fish

# KORN

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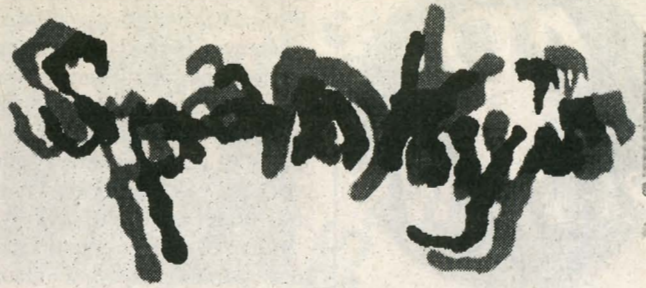
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- 22- Blanche & Sea of Jones
- 23- Casey Neill  
Daniel Taylor & Chris Jameson
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- 28- Ducky Boys
- 29- Richmond Fontaine & River Bed Jed
- 30- Smilin' Jack



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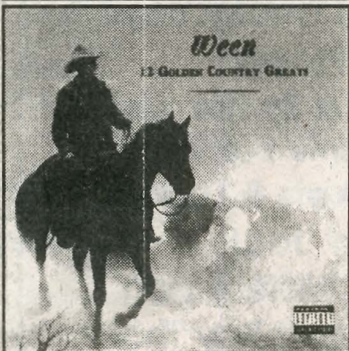
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# CD REVIEWS



**Ween**  
*12 Golden Country Greats*  
Elektra

The CD was recorded at Bradley's Barn. It features Buddy Spicher, Pete Wade, Hargus "Pig" Robbins, Charlie McCoy and the Jordanaires. If the place and the names aren't familiar then you can "Piss Up A Rope." Bradley's Barn was the location of many a famous country performance and the names have appeared as session men on literally thousands of country recordings. Ween has released a country and western CD. Of even more interest was their recent appearance as part of a free show for the card carrying X-96 army. Let not an issue of SLUG go by without some X-96 bashing. What the fuck was the radio station thinking when they booked Ween and their entourage of Nashville session men? Which of the twangin' tunes are they playing on the radio? The fuckers are getting desperate. Unless they expand the format they'll run out of music on no repeat Thursday.

**12 Golden Country Greats** is filled with 1970's styled country music. These session men saw their greatest fame during the '70s and they signed on to reprise it. Thumping line dance music isn't a part of Ween's country vision. Unless the Bayside Boys are coaxed into doing a remix the CD is destined for a trivia question. "Piss Up A

rope" is only one example of the Ween boys twisted sense of humor. "Mister Richard Smoker" concerns a dance club fool and for this one song Ween decided to imitate Leon Redbone. "Help Me Scrape The Mucus Off My Brain" is self-explanatory. Now we have Ween doing the Flying Burrito Brothers with Jay "Wilco/Flying Burrito Brothers" masquerading as Gram Parsons. The '70s are back for sure.

—Wa

## Joe Christmas *North To The Future* Tooth & Nail

Lou Barlow meets Neil Young at the Atlanta Summer Olympics. One sentence can almost describe Joe Christmas and their second CD. Drone pop with lyrics of a cynical nature. Ringing guitars that aren't quite lo-fi because Bob Weston (Shellac) produced it. For some strange reason Tooth & Nail has pasted the label "rock and roll group" on Joe Christmas. Rock and roll isn't sleepy, slow-motion licks with Zachery Gresham's nasal whine at the front. Does it suck? No, not really **NORTH TO THE FUTURE** is actually quite pretty, that is quite pretty during the short periods of wakefulness between melancholy induced episodes of sleep.



## The Technical Jed *The Oswald Cup* Spinart Records

Hey I know these guys. We used to go to parties together. At the time they fell into the nice guys but their music sucks category. However it's sounds as though they have done some reventing of their sound. They've added a bit o edge to the work. Less poppy than I remember. This band comes from Richmond what I now believe to be one of the most

active places for music in the country. The problem with Richmond bands has always been that they know how good they are and they keep it to themselves. I'm glad to see spinArt is still supporting the music from there. If you want good contrast for what the Technical Jed used to sound like scrounge the record stores for their last release. If you want to know what they sound like know take one part pop sensibilities, one part marketable sounds, and one part abrasive cleaner and throw it together.

—Sausage King

## Lazy *The Lazy Music Group* Roadrunner

I don't know what it is about Cincinnati bands, but they remind me a lot of underground Northwest groups, especially the ones that come out of Tacoma, Washington. Heavy as hell at times, they still can strum a mean & clean guitar, sticking poppy tunes deep into your cerebrum. Lazy is a little stronger than most, pushing hard sounds from the six string, yet not too abrasive to discourage the low-fi lovers to jump on board too. Approaching from the coed angle, the SONIC YOUTH influence can be seen too, with vocals being traded off between the tired female & loser male counterpart. A couple of tracks sounded so much like THURSTON MOORE singing, I searched the small print of the linear notes for his guest appearance, which never came (Damn!). Good copy anyway, kids! Playing from the no scene side of music, this is as strong outing as it gets for three kids from the Midwest. Whatever your specific taste is in the underground indy scene, give it test run & see if you won't be buying your own copy as fast as it takes to ring it up!

—Billy Fish

## Blinker The Star *A Bourgeois Kitten* A&M

Blinker The Star have now flipped their shining silvery disc into the air and as they watch it spinning through space they hope it lands in radio sta-

tion changers everywhere. As is typical with most "modern" releases three tracks are targeted. Not so typical is the discovery that none of the tunes opens the disc. None of them is the title track either. After two thrashing pieces the first of the spotlighted tracks is reached. If the disc has a hit then "Bluish Boy" must be it. It locks in at under two minutes. "My Dog" is already unplugged and ready for an MTV spot. "Undergrowth" isn't particularly inspiring drive time fodder to these ears. It is best to listen again. Time is money and time wasted listening twice to the same mediocre disc is not productive. Curiosity presented itself because of the creative band name so punch play. "Bluish Boy" is indeed it. These epics of speed have been the very best ever since the Minutemen released that gem of a record *Paranoid Time*. It's the perfect song for short attention spans. Fuck, it will fly by so fast that most will believe it's a commercial!

The influences include most of the San Francisco sound. A psychedelic bent from a Bay area band? What a surprise! For the most part the songs concern girls. DOD Electronics isn't thanked in the usual space but I'm hearing at least one or two of their devices used to mutate the guitar sound. ...the vocals aren't quite live to hard disc in all the pits. As the closing prayers approach I guess if it's necessary to sound like something "alternative" to make some money how about doing it like Blinker The Star? Sounds like every "alternative" band there is depending on the song. That's cool and all but...

—W.L. Ames

## The Notwist *Only In America* Zero Hour

This smooth & sassy EP is by far the most diverse sounding disc I had the pleasure of reviewing this month. Yes, dominating guitar & soothing vocals dominate the sound here, but combined with great studio strings & woodwinds, this comes off like a veteran performance by a group that knows how to get a huge mix without compromise.

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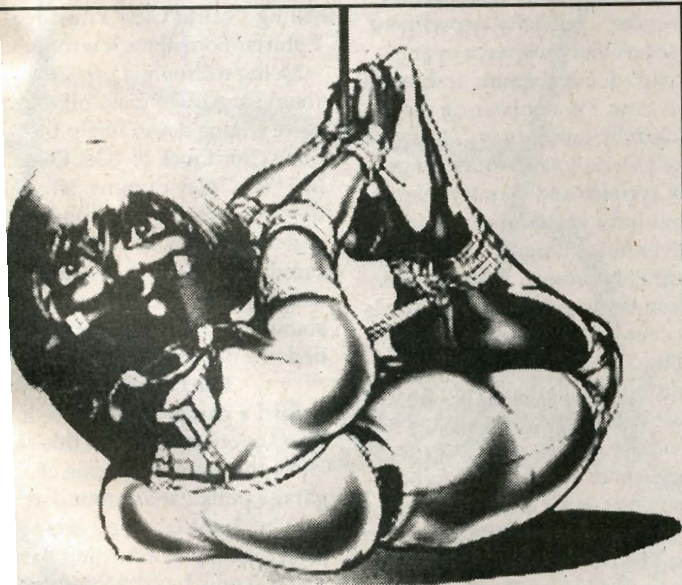
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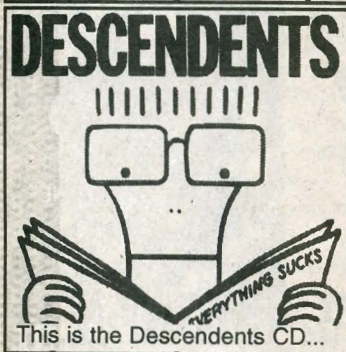
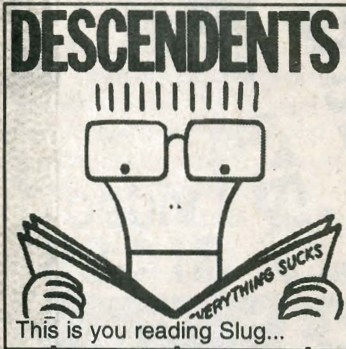
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# CD REVIEWS

Starting off subtle, yet commanding complete attention from the listener, Notwist creates music that has a familiarity with both hard-edged rock (semi-SOUNDGARDEN & SKIN YARD) & more melancholy college noise of the early 90's (REPLACEMENTS & SUGAR). The best thing is that you really can't compare completely to any of those artists or others out there. It stands by itself as a strong new band, making a big impression on this writer, since all I ever hear from new groups anymore are the sounds of the influenced or impressed. Looking to place high in the crossover market, this first offering from the Notwist is hopefully just a taste of some great things to come from them in the near future.

—Billy Fish



**Descendents**  
*Everything Sucks*  
Epitaph

They're back. The boys

who put the humor into punk. After some extensive time out for Milo to get his doctorate (what did you expect from an Epitaph band) and the guys from All to realize that they were just doing Descendents songs. Isn't a revival just a passe cliche now that the Sex Pistols have done it? NO. There is no be all statement definitive of punk. If you know the Descendents you know what to expect. If you don't then maybe get Liveage or some thing earlier first you'll love the band from then on, I'd bet my Slug paycheck on it.

—Sausage King

## Thumbnail Cargo/Headhunter

Once again by the grace of God the Father and the Holy Ghost a disc of astoundingly abrasive quality has found it's way to the correct modular designed, black plastic home unit. The Thumbnail "product" in question is a reissue of a 1995 File Thirteen Record Company release. It appears that at the time of the recording Thumbnail was a three-piece. At present they are four and based on the noise of current concern their forthcoming new release is eagerly anticipated.

What is it about the coarsest grade of sandpaper and gasoline swilling that is so attractive when the ruined voice encounters a microphone? Why do de-tuned guitars hold such an attraction? Why does a drummer completely lacking any technically proficient characteristics cause the blood to pump. These and other questions can be answered by one listen to Thumbnail. The customary Knoxville, Tennessee influences are all in place. Blues, country, gospel and rock 'n' roll are stated. A certain lack of musical ability is creatively presented as swing in a blast furnace of fire and brimstone. Be not afraid. Search them out and cover the ears because this is the new world. The decade is on the wane, the Millennium is upon us. Decades on the wane historically produced musical change. The Millennium factor means the change currently underway will upset many an apple cart. Pick one off the street and as Fred Wicks would say, "enjoy."



## Johnny Hoy & The Bluefish *You Gonna Lose Your Head* Tone Cool

Oh my, Johnny Hoy leads the band with a harmonica. I'm sorry, but I was forced to listen to that horrible Blues Traveler double live CD about 30 times too many. After twenty minute Popper solos the very mention of a harmonica brings a cringe. What a surprise! Hoy is a blues harmonica cat. Half the fun of reviewing a blues CD is writing in time to the beat, make the fingers dance over the keyboard and hope the words make some sense, which mine seldom do, but I'm keyboarding not dipping my quill in my own fluids.

You Gonna Lose Your Head is the Hoy's second release. While I have a lot of respect for Rounder's publicity department it seems that they were over excited about claiming influences this time. I'm not hearing the rockabilly presence in "Glad She's Gone." After four songs the zydeco and country inspirations have yet to reveal themselves but Chicago's south side is definitely present. Perhaps the most pleasing song on the disc is a cover of Ike Turner's "Gong Gong." Hoy cuts loose with a solo, but the Barbara Hoy's vocal duet with Johnny is a joy to hear. Kind of like Tina and Ike when they weren't fussin' and fightin'. As things move along the band pays a visit to New Orleans. It can't be New Orleans without a piano and Jeremy Berlin is the man on the black and whites. Finally the zydeco is revealed. Hoy's harmonica duel with Berlin's accordion is another of the disc's joys. Now what is this "gag" they're singing about? God damned pot heads.

I hope I've made it clear that blues led by a harmonica cat is usually not my favorite style.

Johnny Hoy isn't the typical harmonica man, he has yet to rank with William Clarke in my book, but he keeps things cooking and the band he's chosen to back him is as smooth and swinging as they come. Without question one of the better blues discs to cross my path of late. Tune in to KRCL's Monday night blues program, I'm sure they'll give a free sample.

—Brillo



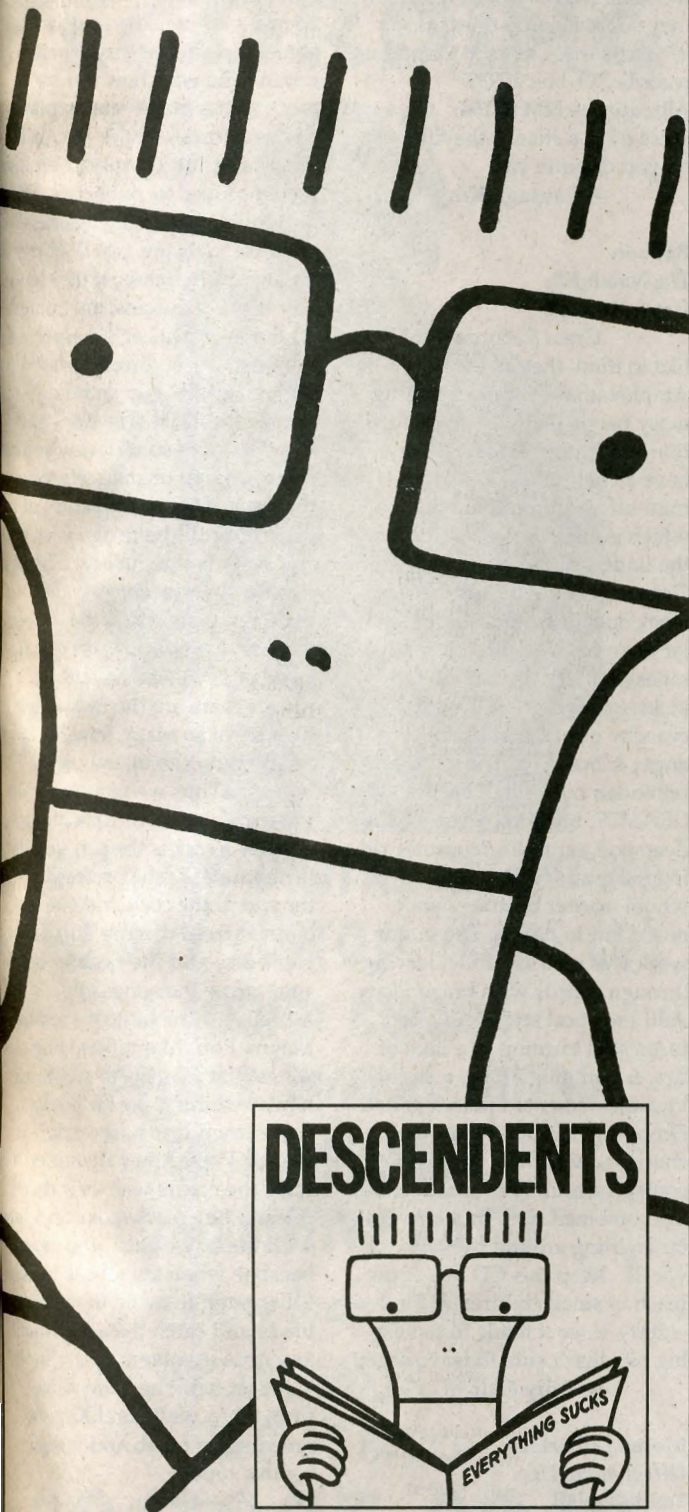
## The Dummies *Get Hip*

The band lives in New York City. They have songs titled, "Get Outta My Way," "Don't Give A Damn," "Play Loud," and "I'm Coming For You." This one should be easy, except for one thing. Why are The Dummies selling "World Class Wrestling" T-shirts? Something's wrong with the microphone and the chain saw/moto-cross bike/two-cycle engine doesn't help the three chord rock of "Get Outta My Way." Hey dummy, why don't you fix the microphone and slow down so I can understand what the fuck you are singing about. Jesus Christ, you sound like a fucking garage band or some damn thing.

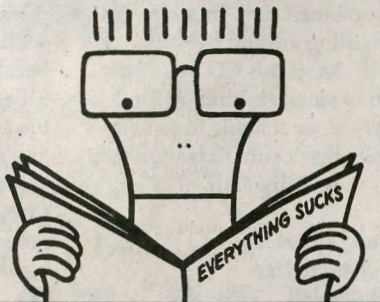
The Dummies are indeed a garage punk band. In case anyone hasn't read this rag lately there are thousands of garage punk bands around at present. Indie labels are snapping them up in a feeding frenzy that can only be compared to the major label reaction to "alternative" rock. I could say that the Dummies owe an obvious debt to the Ramones, but they don't. Sgt. 6 is the vocalist who sounds like he's wrapped about a roll of toilet paper around his microphone, either that or he's using a megaphone live in the studio. There is that one take feel. Somehow I doubt that the bud-

# DESCENDENTS


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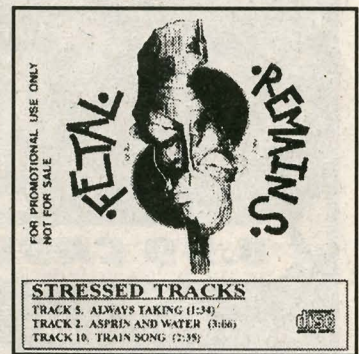


CD  
REVIEWS

**Cardigans**  
*First Band On The Moon*  
Mercury

They certainly aren't the Nomads. A casual listen to the Swedish Cardigans is not the way to go. Their latest sounds like light, downy cotton candy pop except there is something very weird going on with the music. Then there are the words. Then there's the cover of "Iron Man." The backing music is rooted in the lounge of Mancinni, Baxter and Lyman. Sure they've set things to a slight rock beat taken from polished disco floors and they steal ideas from Phil Spector and a whole slew of girl groups singing pop. The basis remains on the elevator. Now take the lounge pop and add a song such as "Choke." Take the words completely out of context to find this, "I held you in my throat, I stumble by, attached to you, I couldn't let go." "Your New Cuckoo" is a kiss off song and so is "Been It," and so is "Heartbreaker" and so is...all the songs are about boys and how they love, leave or abuse girls. These words of devotion, lust, kinky thoughts and verbal betrayal are sung by the lovely blond with a little girl voice. "Iron Man" completes the thought. A bit of sarcasm because while the blonde sings of the iron man with passion as the band plays on she has demonstrated with the other songs that she doesn't actually enjoy iron men...or does she?

—Shaft



**Fetal Remains**  
Ominous Records

What the fuck kind of name is this, I thought? For-gashís I thought it has to be. So I took it home just see what the whole flippini mess was about. Well itís about good ol punk rock. The good stuff fast, rude,

offensive. There is definitely some sort of drunken debauchery going on with these guys. Very reminiscent of eighties punk Circle Jerks, Dayglo Abortions, Gang Green. If you're gonna buy the Descendants purchase this on the same day. If you can't find the record in your local store well that shows you how much they support indie music don't it? Write these guys at Ominous records P.O. box 20937 Albuquerque NM 87154. Give these guys a chance they'll grow on you or outta ya.

—Sausage King

**Baboon**  
*The Numb EP*  
Grass Records

Grass Records would like to think they're the next Amphetamine Reptile, pushing noisy bands that rely on distortion & attitude, & maybe they have a chance. Take the latest mini-offering from Baboon, which is a supreme example of the underground talent that Grass is picking up for their label. Spewing out a sound similar to an old V8 with too many miles on it, they waste no time kicking into high gear with a crunchy punch that breathes anger & hostility. The drumming reminded me a lot of earlier CRAMPS, but soon went off the deep end, with the drummer riding the crash cymbal like a school teacher beating a snott-nosed kid to death. The guitar work was no less subtle, tearing through chords with brazen fury. Add the vocal styling of a tortured soul burning in a lake of fire, & you might have a slight idea the demented noise created. Dropping in a punky anthem chorus now & then, the main course surrounds primal screaming combined with raunchy guitar swirling around the raw vocals. Keep this CD out of the reach of small children & the elderly, since it tends to have a big bite that's sure to leave scars!

—Billy Fish

**Morella's Forest**  
Ultraphonic Hiss  
Tooth & Nail

Three press releases resulted in two advance CDs. As with the previous Tooth & Nail release this one takes about a

sentence. Indie label pop rock, but this time the vocalist is female. The label address is Seattle, but they've gone far and wide seeking out the artists to release. An artist and repertoire man employed to travel the greater United States in search of a label identity? Perhaps so, but Morella's Forrest do have the girl vocals. I am well aware that the average reader of this paper is not in tune with how things work in the biz. A brief explanation is in order. Males are A&R, label heads and owners. Females are employed as publicists. The only publicists in the business who are male are gay. Publicity is a female job. Bands, if they have any hope of success, are fronted by females. This entire aspect of the business is directly related to the male A&R guy and the female publicist. The A&R guy slobbers over some lovely young thing singing onstage. He signs the band. Due to the nature of rock and roll the front line of the company is the publicist. She is a female. By now she is so tired of male vocalists trying to fuck her for positive words that a female vocalist is viewed as safe. Of course there are the lesbian tendencies of so many females today. Who can blame them.

Thus we wind up with the current state of rock and roll. Sydney Rentz is the girl vocalist. Who knows if she prefers the tongue to the cock, but she is banned from driving the van. Her voice and the skills of whoever wrote the songs lift Morella's Forest into the realm of Magna Pop. Magnificent pop songs that manage to rock a bit while retaining the ear candy that turned into nose candy for Magna Pop as they attempted to scale the charts with their third release. Lay off the coke and lay with the boys/girls, who cares because when the rock is beautiful enough to avoid the razor blade and catch the ear without any nose involvement a winner is presented. The band comes from Ohio. Kelly and Kim are breeding in rehab and wishing for this touch.

—Gavin

get allowed for any production. The guy is singing through a megaphone, he has an extremely bad attitude, he's drunk, unruly and he wants you the fuck out of his way. The rest of the band bangs away on tin cans and broomsticks strung to imitate guitars. The bass has to be an over-turned washtub. A most charming, albeit dizzying (due to the 90 mph playing) affair these Dummies.

**Headcleaner**  
*No Offense Meant...*  
Big Deal

Oh, Man...this shit is good! Raw as a Richard Kern film festival, this power trio knows how to kick the shit inside out! Brutal in their attack, Headcleaner takes the path that HELMET began, but step past where they left off & keep clearing the trail. Concentrating on less huge power chords, the simple guitar is sent into overdrive, rearing up ugly solos & jams that go off like a horde of rabid baboons looking for a fresh kill. The noise is staggering, picking you up in their jams that are made for the pit to slam away under heavy causalities. I can imagine a show with Headcleaner is a sight to see, with addictive noise that plays the same crowd as FUGAZI would draw to their shows, wanting something to hear that is cool to see & move around about the venue. This disc takes off like a Concord jet, smashing through the cuts with heavy speed. A top pick for the listener who enjoys hardcore, but a strong chord jam with blinding bass/drum backup. Personally, this offering is going on my shelf for a rare keeper in my review pile!

—Billy Fish

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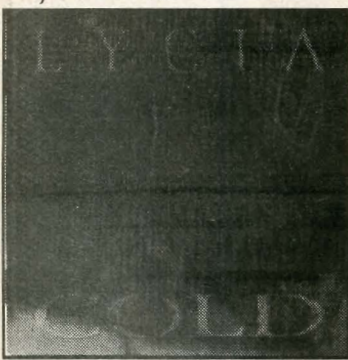
# WIZARDS AND DREAMS

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Lycia  
Cold  
Projekt Records



Sounds like Bauhaus with Joy Division movement. The guitar work reminded me of the Cure during pornography slow churning. The group is very dark late night music. This is a record for those kids who hang out at caffienis thinkin they're freakin vampires living in the eighteen hundreds with 1990 drugs. Oops guess they are all living the life marked by the X, you crazy mormon straight edgers. For some thing in the same vain but a little more scary(?) try Casper van Brotsman(?) that guy'll fucking trip you out and send you running home to momma, where of course I'll be. Lycia is not bad they just don't give me a thing worth talking about. If you like the bands referenced early on check em out, buy my copy.

—Sausage King

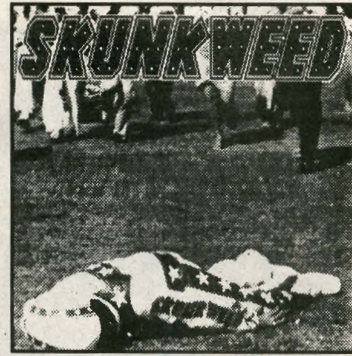
Archers Of Loaf  
All The Nations Airports  
Elektra/Alias

The supposed darlings of the music media, the Archers are out with another slam at the world of dissonance & humor. Starting off like the crack of sheer thunder, the CD sounds like a screeching of tires, forcing you to attention against your will. It's worth it, though, as the

Chapel Hill boys take you out for a crazy ride with their guitars ablazing & drums a-smackin! Rock & roll from the crotch & off the seat of their pants, loaf creates a breeding ground for distortion & fuzz, letting the amps bleed with electricity. At times delicate, it never lasts long, shifting down to burn out in speed freak fashion that takes the listener by surprise if they by chance take the time-outs serious. Rough vocals coupled with rude tones & guitar, this is not a pleasant record in the ears of the pop fanatic. Its appeal is that it comes across with true power & legitimacy to the fan of offbeat melody & left field sounds that crawl in your ears to stick like super glue. Sharp & rusty, Archers will nail themselves inside you to stay until you figure out how to stop playing this soon-to-be-favorite on your shitty stereo.

—Billy Fish

Skunkweed  
Keep America Beautiful  
Royalty Records



"Hi there SLUG Magazine I'm Mr.Stoner boy from Southern California, Los Angeles to be exact. I've come up with a really cool name for my band. Since you are in Salt Lake City, Utah and you don't have any musical comprehension or local bands of your own we sent you our CD because we know that skunk and bad music rule in your town."

Look here Skunkweed. I have enough of this shitty music in my own city without you trying to import it from Los Angeles. If I wanted to listen to shitty local music I'd head down to any bar in town and purchase a locally produced CD after a more jumping set than you reveal. Stay

the fuck out of here and invest in something besides cheap Mexican Skunk. We grow better shit indoors during the winter than whatever you've been smoking. Either kill yourself or find a day job. Your music will certainly never provide a living. You suck, so get the fuck out of here and tell your friends that bad hippie music is bad hippie music no matter where it comes from. Content yourself with Van Halen and Journey CDs and hawk your guitars. "Humble thanks to Jah, Earth and each other" with High Times also on the list? Jesus Christ!

—Green Jene

Fender 50th Anniversary Guitar  
Legends  
Pointblank

The subheading, "Featuring Classic Performances By..." tells the tale. Fender's 50th Anniversary is filled with classic rock staples that could easily be taped in an hour or two of classic rock radio listening. "Sultans Of Swing," "Let It Rain," "Something To Talk About," "Smoke On The Water," and artists such as Hendrix, Dire Straits, Deep Purple, Eric Clapton, Bonnie Raitt and saddest of all, the Vaughan Brothers, have all been played to death. Admittedly Nirvana has yet to reach classic rock status and no classic rock station is going to play Dick Dale's version of "Miserlou," but the whole album comes off sounding tired. Even Buddy Guy, Albert Collins and Kenny Wayne Sheppard appear so frequently one step away from classic rock - Triple A - that their songs are as tired as the rest. What's left? Jeff Beck with Terry Bozzio and Tony Hymas - the song is "Where Were You." One song out of 17 is psychedelic as hell and far too short. Oh yeah, if you buy it now you get a free guitar pick.

Boilermaker  
In Wallace's Shadow  
Goldenrod

I knew this was my disc of the month from the very get-go I slipped it into my wacked out stereo. Overflowing with talent & pumped up to the max with energy, this band kicks some out some serious noise for

being so young & unknown. Very similar to QUICKSAND or even ORANGE 9MM musically, they can still stand out by themselves, especially with such a great vocalist that can belt out strong voice without scratching & tearing the lyrics into pieces. Strong as hell, but very tender at times, only veterans SONIC YOUTH can show this much diversity & still sound legitimate. Tracks like Iris, & Breach, show their full on guitar/distortion approach, but can still slip in a lovely piece like Slow Down to show an amazing variety of sounds. No need to look any farther for the next new group to get hooked on, cause Boilermaker has it all. Power, rage, & conviction to boot. And on top of it all, a ton of talent with catchy hooks, both musically & lyrically, to make a follower of even the most picky convert. Get it now!

—Billy Fish



Lickety Split  
Volume Won  
Double Duce/Torque Records

The problem with this band is that they sound like they're from DC. But not the new dc the old dc political bands without a message. The original lead singer from Avail is in this band. All I got to say is big fuckin' deal Avail sucked before and they suck know. I remember Cedarcrest shows you fucks. This band does have somethings going for it they're not avail they don't have that idiot dancing around on stage for no fuckin reason and did I mention they are not Avail. It's hardcore and it's not bad it's just been done like a two dollar whore (over and over again)

—Sausage King

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## SURREAL ANIMATION!

Some of the most interesting and extraordinary animation is in this program. From the Brothers Quay comes *The Comb*, *Anamorphosis*, and four music videos. From Jan Svankmajer we have *Food*, and from Evra Barta comes *The Club of the Discarded*. Though the Quays are American, all of these exceptional works of animation derive from the Eastern European school of surrealist animation. They are distinguished by their breathtaking command of camera movement and shifts of focus and enhanced by their uncanny feeling for color and texture. The Quays and Svankmajer are masters of miniaturization, turning their tiny sets into unforgettable worlds, suggestive of long-repressed childhood dreams. Probable PG-13, 90 minutes, Nov. 8 - 14?



## THE BROTHERS QUAY'S INSTITUTE BENJAMENTA



The Brothers Quay have earned an intellectual cult following for their remarkable and eccentric animated shorts. Now they have created this, their first live-action film. It follows the story of a young man who joins a school where the most mundane behavior is taught. The purpose of his studies is to prepare him for a career as a butler or house servant but the lessons taught seem more like exercises in lunacy than household etiquette. As young Jacob's studies continue, strange relationships with his teachers and classmates also develop. Surreal and terminally artistic, this foray into live action filmmaking by the Quays is a must for fans of *Eraserhead* and other experimental films. 1996, 35mm, 110 minutes, probable PG-13, November 22 - 28?

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# CD REVIEWS

**Pet Shop Boys**  
*Bilingual*  
Atlantic  
**Marilyn Manson**  
*Anti-Christ Superstar*  
Interscope

Listen my children and you shall hear.... In case anyone reading hasn't caught on by now we at SLUG aren't interested in doing "critical" reviews anymore. The entire music business has become a big wet fart. Songs dealing with homosexuality, drug use, promiscuity and a decline in family values are acceptable as long as their messages are not accompanied by foul language. Let us now compare these messages. One band is out-front and vocal. The other hides their agenda behind pleasant, although sexual beats.

Now how about a big dump of shit mixed with cum? You don't use condoms? I listened one time only to the CD and found the stench unbearable. Nothing like the smell of ass to cause an erection and the only Spanish I comprehend is coca? Chiva? Rather than take the ridiculous recording down to the used shop and sell it for 50¢ I decided to dispose of it in the most obnoxious manner possible. Let's see...a can of Rightguard, a propane torch, the pantyhose I wore to Bricks, my padded bra and some fireplace tongs. Wrapping the CD tightly in the pantyhose and soaking the package with the Rightguard I placed it firmly in the tongs. Lighting the propane torch and holding the flame to the pantyhose/CD package until it was fully ablaze the next step must be accomplished with the utmost speed. Place the flaming package between the bra cups and shoot it like a rock from a slingshot into the night sky. Make a wish. I wish I was the Anti Christ

Superstar.

Once upon a time a good parent was curious about Marilyn Manson's lyrics. "Can I have Xeroxed copies of all the lyrics?" "No sir because in the United States of Amerikkka, I pledge allegiance to the flag, lyrics are considered art and there are copyright laws protecting them." "But, but, I'm worried that the child I've sheltered from the evening news, the child I created in the missionary position while fully clothed except for the exposed male/female genitals might be swayed from the straight and narrow if he/she ever encountered MTV's Real World." "Don't worry sir, the Anti Christ Superstar will usher in the Millennium and your child will never live to procreate in this world." Unless baptism has already occurred the young life is without sin and he/she can listen to whatever interests them.

Marilyn Manson is a cartoon. The entire band can parade around the Delta Center stage with dildos shoved up their asses, which they periodically remove to lick the shit off of, and I still wouldn't attend their show. They pretend to be Alice Cooper and the only thing I'm seeing is the Banana Splits. It's about time for Kellogg's to come out with Marilyn Manson granola. A healthy, yet fatty breakfast for the wee tikes who love the band. In ten years they will be as sordid and non-relevant as the Pet Shop Boys, or maybe they already are. Where are the Tubes when we really need a rendition of "White Punks On Dope"?

—Fee Woah Bill

**Citizen Fish**  
*Thirst*  
Lookout!

The British still have something to say/sing, & if you haven't figured out that punk is still big on the English rock, then you haven't been paying attention to the damn scene at all. Citizen Fish is one of the bigger punk/ska bands offered by our Limy friends across the Atlantic, & so very damn cool. More low-key than the usual drivel we seem to continually hear in the states, the music really seems to be concentrated on with these

young lads. The open chord, non distortion guitar strumming reminds me a lot of the better CLASH or SPECIALS tunes. More along the vein of OPERATION IVY though, this kids really have a catchy sound that sticks inside your head like the first time you remember hearing old Jamaican dancehall. Because of the ska overtones, it might not seem so accessible as old school punk, but really takes on a true pop/punk flavor. A much needed change from the hordes of American punk that often gets too repetitive to tell apart, the new British equivalent to our punk revolution might be the outside addiction that will keep things fresh & moving forward indefinitely...who knows?!

—Billy Fish



**Fluffy**  
*Black Eye*  
(The Enclave)

A four-piece punk band from England doesn't seem all that uncommon, if the year were 1977. Fluffy open their first full-length CD with a pleasant little song titled "Nothing." "Nothing makes me happy anymore." The music scene in England doesn't make Fluffy very happy because their brand of music has lost favor with the British youth of today. The young people are more interested in taking in the sights and sounds of Oasis, Blur, Elastica, Pulp, Cast and so on into infinity. Fluffy is basically three chords and an attitude. The American shores appear more welcoming because there are thousands and thousands of three chord bands traveling around in vehicles of every shape and size.

Three songs in Fluffy does the title song. You will never see me cry in spite of the "Black Eye." By this time two musical references have come to

mind – the Misfits and Deviance. Deviance stole their entire repertoire from the Misfits, Deviance is fronted by Sunshine, a female vocalist sounding surprisingly similar to Amanda Rootes of Fluffy. Fluffy is of course an all-female punk rock band. One of their largest claims to fame, which will be long gone by the time they reach Salt Lake City, was Rootes habit of dressing in baby doll clothes less the knickers. Parading around in a little short dress without knickers is liable to cause a stir among the boys, but everyone needs a gimmick these days, and Fluffy managed a record contract from theirs.

Musical variety is not a big part of Fluffy. As they bang them out only the lyrics change—more than a few address the issue of abuse. "Crawl," "Black Eye" and "Husband" are three of the most blatant. "Dirty Old Bird" concerns abusing a woman of the street. "Cheap" describes the morning after a virgin gives in.

It would be easy to toss Fluffy off because they are only girls playing rock music in a most rudimentary fashion. It is raw and primitive, although not nearly as raw nor as primitive as a few other all-girl bands I could name. Strangely enough the lyrics and the vocals are a larger attraction than the three chord power riffing. *Black Eye* is not quite a work of genius but it is more pleasing to the ear than most of the work men are doing at present.

—Spayed Eagle

**Crankcase**  
*Scrap*  
Static Records

Nothing will frustrate me more than a poorly mixed album, especially when the music itself screams out for proper sound. Listening to this disc, I was reminded of the first time I heard the Stooge's Raw Power not that they have similar sounds at all. The similarity lies in the fact that they both were produced horribly, & as much as I wanted to enjoy what good things you heard, I could never get the fact out of my head that someone was slaughtering an otherwise amazing set of songs!

This is an outrage, why can't I ever get any ass?  
 Do you think it's my hair? Or should I try to  
 seduce the bitches with the soothing sounds of Ng  
 Records? Ahh, fuck it!! I'll get the records.

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# CD REVIEWS

Granted, Crankcase could use a few ends tightened up, but a raw band has to be mixed at least equally to fully appreciate their finer points. The vocal, which tend to be monotone & droning, drown out the strength of the band, which is the outrageous guitar work, which reminds me of experimental FLAMING LIPS or SPACEMEN 3. The bass is almost completely lost, & some of the hardest hits on drums is so low at times, I wanted to toss the disc in utter frustration. But the problem isn't the music itself, but how it happened to be laid out on the four track that is responsible for a less-than-average sound that it ends up being. Listen to the music yourself, & tell me if not only the listener, but the band was cheated, unfortunately, in the end? You be the judge too!

—Billy Fish



**Rob Crow**  
*Lactose Adept*  
Cargo/Earth Music

I'll be damned, here is Sheryl Crow's brother Rob imitating Beck while gazing out Johnny Polonski's window. Shame on you Rob. Rob Crow's other band, Heavy Vegetable didn't work out. I guess no one got it. Poor Rob. He isn't one to sit idle when there is music in his head. He has a new band and some other side projects going on, but *Lactose Adept* is his rock

star solo album. Once they're famous they all make one. The album is really cute and it is filled with acoustic guitar, found sounds and silly tunes about nothing, or maybe the songs are Rob's Dear Diary of his life as he wanders about being a professional musician. There are 29 songs and more than anything the song titles remind me of the local tape band Exploding French. Have faith Chris, this guy has a record label closely aligned with the large multinational releasing his home taping. "Da Da Du Dum," "People Suck," "3 Little Kittens" and "Totally Fucked" are a few song titles. Sorry, but there aren't any coffee songs or potty songs, there are blues - "Couch Fort Blues" and "Cockroach Blues" toy instruments are kept to a minimum and I have no fucking idea who will buy Lactose Adept. Self-indulgent?

**Discount**  
*Ataxia's Alright Tonight*  
**Liquid Meat**

Coming off like a group of silly & fresh youngsters, Discount is the sound that will be growing in leaps & bounds soon in the indie scene everywhere (if not already!). Musically, it sounds like quick punk, ripping through the power chords with the speed of a coke freak. Lyrically, however, it sings like simple pop love, pushing the feel good attitude that seems to get lost these days with all the hard-on punk bands. The female vocalist is so damn sweet, it's hard to imagine her jumping around on stage with the rest of this tough outfit. Easily the standout member of the group, she lays down a command performance, belting out the lyrics above a loud racket that ranks near the top for talented musicians in the baby punk scene. A strong outing for a new band, they combine the poppy sweetness of an outspoken schoolgirl with the urgency of horny youngsters out to charm the pants of any listener catching them in action.

—Billy Fish

**Fluflej**  
*Fluflej (Wack-Ass Tuba Riff)*  
**Scratchie**

This is my punishment

for bitching about advance cassettes. Now I get advance CDs. These objects are virtually worthless. Oh sure, they have music to listen to but that's it. Fluflej is a band from Richmond, Va. Scratchie Records is at least partly owned by D'arcy and James Iha of the Smashing Pumpkins. The band is promoted as being influenced by hardcore punk, hip-hop and house music. Is it true? After two songs I was kind of hearing the hardcore and still waiting for the hip-hop and house. Cool nonsense name though. That's it, I only listened to two songs. Only kidding and look I haven't written mother-fucker once.

"Shells" is over six minutes long and if these motherfuckers start jamming like a bunch of god damned hippies... God damn it! Don't even start with the Middle Eastern guitar influence. You know I picked up a copy of Austin's version of the Private Eye and there wasn't one single ad for a drum circle or even a store selling drums. Living in Salt Lake City is like living among a group of cloistered nuns. The society here is completely out of touch with the rest of Amerikka. I'm still not hearing any hip-hop or house and the hardcore has given way to hippie. Where's the god damned hip-hop? Who wrote the mini-press release on the back of the CD? Fucking liars. There isn't a tuba to be found either. Did I receive the correct advance CD? The titles are correct, but this is average college type alternative rock. The vocals receive a thumbs up for their breathy nature and the psychedelic touches present throughout do as well, but with four songs remaining Fulflej has failed to impress.

Fuck, no wonder they had a heroin overdose in the band. Their minds are obviously ruined by drug consumption. Hardcore punk? Hip-hop? House? I think this is the Smashing Pumpkins recording under a pseudonym. Buy it for the collector value. Oh, but wait, the last song has it all. One hip-hop song on a disc filled with alt rock? Too bad you didn't do it earlier, you are dismissed, dismissed and sent off to piss up a rope.  
—Bobby "Wack-Off" Boringin

**Better Read Than Dead/Bored Generation**  
**Various Artists**  
**Epitaph**

Boy, do punk labels love to throw out the big teaser compilations all the fucking time! Just from a marketing standpoint, it's an excellent ploy to saturate the curious listener with a good sampling of many of their artists in order to spark consumer interest & buying power. But besides that, it's a cool way to push an idea or sound a little farther with more bang for your buck! Better Off... is a benefit to aid the radical & revolutionary AK PRESS, which has been publishing independent, left wing literature for years & has many fans inside & outside of the punk music scene. Cutting up the place to pieces, bands like SNUFF, PITCHSHIFTER, J CHURCH, & NAPALM DEATH have tracks that were donated to help the cause for freedom of speech & amazing singles. Bored Generation is more mainstream, with large hitters like BEASTIE BOYS, HELMET, & PRIMUS making guest appearances on Epitaph's label to grab a hold on the more middle-of-the-roads that still need the buzz clip nipple to suck on. All things considered, the two are cool combos to get a bite of a number of good bands, new & old, that still have a lot of energy that needs to be passed on to the waiting masses.

—Billy Fish

**FIFI**  
**Sinkhole**  
**Low Blow/Triple X**

Easy boys! Damn, these guys are out to break every land speed record, ripping through their tunes with a bloody vengeance! Completely influenced by old school punk, the sound created is a cross between bad television static & the feedback of early live EXPLOITED shows. The gutter/guitar work is all over the spectrum, laying down crummy garage riffs to ear-splitting solos similar to KRAMEResque/MC5 styling. The singer grunts out lyrics like your stereotypical 70's punk anarchist, with the occasional howl of angst to further the uneasy feeling of hearing this band. Where does all this anger

# Guess What's New at...



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come from anymore? Are there still kids forming groups in the socially depressed cities of Manchester, England or our very own Detroit? I don't know, but FIFI sounds every bit the legitimate concrete victims as old samplings of UK SUBS, GERMS, or even the early raw JOY DIVISION recordings. Angry music for a brutal world, FIFI is straight up & strong. Pulling no punches, this CD will literally attack you, making you a believer or leaving you exhausted in its ugly wake.  
—Billy Fish

**Godspine / Bitter 13**  
The thank you list is almost more interesting than the music. The likes of the Decomposers, Brad Collins and Brad Barker appear along with Scott Birt thanking rocking mad red for teaching him to play Slayer songs and the really cool punk rock stars who made fun of him. CDs are supposed to be louder than records. Turn the volume knob way up because for some reason the output of *Bitter 13* is very close to vinyl. Godspine is from Ogden and the CD is not brand new. It can never capture the intensity of Godspine live. That is my purpose for writing a few words on the band. This is your basic everyday thrash metal group. Why else would the really cool punk rock stars make fun of them. *Bitter 13* is a thrash metal CD that due to its lowly local status comes off slightly below some of the nationally released music. It has more to do with money than talent. Godspine absolutely rage on stage. They are the equal of any famous millionaire national group. Even if thrash metal is not of much interest go see them play. Laugh all you want, but admit it. Godspine rocks your ass. How about that

"Backstab" tune and what about nominating "Wider" as the best local Nirvana tribute?

**Blind Addiction  
Lin Ditio Records**  
This is one of two records from Gianni's buddies in Michigan. Both metal bands from the great Tri-State. The other is Aceldama or some damn thing, anyway they sucked too bad to write about. Blind Addiction on the other hand has a cool record on their hands. The production could be better, but it's metal, not Steely Dan. The songs make it past the production anyway, with vibraphone and synthesizers accenting the heavy guitar work, and acoustical passages. Kind of Black Sabbath meets Big F meets Budgie. All bands that start with a B... Hmmm. Worth checking out, but I don't know how to get another one unless you write Blind Addiction, 1660 Seminole Lane, Saginaw Michigan 48603  
—Wa

**Furious George  
Goes Ape!  
Lookout!**  
As much as I love Lookout! Records, I can't go for this guys at all! Punk has many forms, & some of it really is painful to hear, especially when it is so damn obnoxious like this pain trio. I am curious to find out if they spent more than an afternoon writing & recording this three song EP, which should have never gone beyond the realms of a 7-inch release. The lyrics read like fourth grade poetry, crude & juvenile at best. The guitar is as high treble, whining through simple chord after chord, doing nothing more than start & finish the most basic sounding songs I've heard in years. But the vocals are the most annoying, braying out like a drugged out donkey, barely understandable, not that it's bad, considering the lack of songwriting & lyrics in question. IF anything, Lookout! shows that either they're too generous with their CD distribution or even the best labels make a bad choice now & then.  
—Billy Fish

**The Groovie Ghoulies  
Appetite For Adrenochromel  
Born In The Basement  
Lookout!**

Both released years ago on vinyl only, these punk pop specials are just barely seeing the light of day in the CD form with Lookout! for the first time ever. Appetite...(released in 1989) is a wacked out number, brimming to the top with songs about King Kong, the blob, & tons of creepy stuff. Rough & basement rock worthy, this first intro to the Ghoulies reminds me of classic LIME SPIDERS(one of my personal old favorites!) from way the fuck back in the good ol 80's. Very basic & very raw, the young talents of this band make their first cry for attention. Born in... is pretty cool too, but a tad more slick, showing what years of practice can do for kids doing the punk rock thing & loving it! More nutty shit about blood, monsters, & spooky shit, the topic of horror is still on the top of the list for the Ghoulies having fun with their unique brand of pop macabre. Not to be taken too seriously, but meant to just giggle along with, the Groovie Ghoulies re-releases are a hilarious look into the dark spectrum of evil & have a nice chuckle or two!  
—Billy Fish

**Hell On Earth  
Biomechanical Ejaculations  
of the Damned  
Neptune Records**  
'Biomechanical Ejaculations of the Damned'... You gotta be kidding me. Check out the bio they sent...

*"For years we have festered in the shadows waiting to spring our prodigy on this world's music industry. This our brainchild realized, will help us achieve all that we have strove for in our miserable human lives. Currently we are here exiled by SATAN for enjoying his torments all too well."*

Blah blah blah. These guys saw a Marilyn Manson video and figured they could make one too. They are sure pushing the 'shock' thing too hard. This band sucks like you can't believe. They sound like Regan (The Exorcist) spitting up

and gurgling over bad industrial metal. The CD has a drawing of "The Wheel of Phallus" (penis' with nails in them) and other stuff to 'shock' you. Maybe if you're ten years old. Well, maybe not. They have some incredibly bad songs with stupid names like "Fuck that bitch", "I hope you catch AIDS", "Baptized in semen" and of course "The AIDS infested blood of Christ" This my friends is what is wrong with the record industry. If you buy records like this, you are part of the problem. I will say that I would love to interview this band so I could tell them what girlscouts they are and how lame the so called music they are pushing is. Give me a break. This IS the bottom of the barrel that other shitty bands are scraping.  
—Mr. Pink

**Mazzy Star  
Among My Swan / Capitol**



You are either hypnotized by Hope Sandoval, or you are not...or you are dead. My psychic friend George walks around all day dreaming about her. The new Mazzy has some great songs on it, and borrows some moods from the likes of Niel Young on 'Flowers in December' and Cowboy Junkies on 'Cry, Cry'. It is, however, unmistakably Hope Sandoval's voice that sets this record apart from every other female vocalists'. She breeds sensuality. She makes you feel like she's approachable, but at the same time out of reach. The songwriting is quite good, all penned by Sandoval and guitarist David Roback. Sit on your porch, grab a glass of wine and listen to 'All Your Sisters'. If that doesn't send a chill down your spine, maybe you are dead.  
—Mr. Pink

**WHITE ZOMBIE**  
*Supersexy Swingin' Sounds*  
Geffen

(This review should have been run about two months ago. For some reason the review got lost in the cracks. At this point, consider it filler - I'm going to Florida.) White Zombie remixed all of their songs from the album *ASTRO CREEP*, made an album out of it, and called it *SUPERSEXY SWINGIN' SOUNDS*. I don't have *ASTRO CREEP* myself, so it was all pretty new to me. Well, except for the ones that appeared on MTV. How could anyone go without hearing them? And to think, I was finally satisfied with the amount of times I've heard, "More Human Than Human". The band took their aggressive style, technological know-how, a bevy of well known producers, and their mainstream sensibilities to create *SUPERSEXY SWINGIN' SOUNDS*.

**VOIVOD**  
*Negatron*  
Mausoleum



I had no idea Voivod had a new album out. I usually depend on the labels to keep me abreast on the new releases. (...anything to use the word abreast in a sentence.) Well, I haven't worked with Mausoleum Records in the past, so I just never heard about it. Late, but I was still excited to receive Voivod's, *NEGATRON*. The latest news from the Voivod camp is that vocalist, Denis Belanger has departed the band and has been replaced by bassist/vocalist Eric Forrest. Belanger's departure was a turning point for the rest of the band. At the time, the break-up of Voivod seemed a likely option. Months of soul searching and the battle with the negativity of people's opinions of what Voivod would be without Belanger was the inspiration used to write material for *NEGATRON* (Voivod's eighth album). *NEGATRON* seems to me like a union between Voivod past and present. I'm probably one of the two percent of voivod fans that preferred the direction Voivod was taking on later albums such as *ANGEL RAT*, *NOTHING FACE*, and the crystal clear production on *THE OUTER LIMITS*. Fans of earlier albums

# WRITTEN IN BLOOD

## HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD

like *DIMENSION HATROSS*, and *KILLING TECHNOLOGY* will be pleased by *NEGATRON* as well. Catch Voivod with *Pro-Pain* and *Crisis at the Bar and Grill* on November 22.

**MOTORHEAD**  
*Dojo Records*

Where would music be today without the likes of Motorhead? Lemmy with a face only a mother could love. The drum pounding of Philthy Animal Taylor that made every beginning drummer say, "Well, if he can do it...". And the guitar mastery of Fast Eddie Clarke that kept us guitarists mesmerized just because he had the word "fast" in his name. You can take all of your old scratched Motorhead albums to the D.I.; because Dojo Records is releasing six digitally remastered Motorhead albums with "ultra-rare tracks and deluxe packaging". The albums, which were available October 15 (God only knows where), were *OVERKILL* (1979), *BOMBER* (1979), *ACE OF SPADES* (1980), *NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMER-SMITH* (1981), *IRON FIST* (1982), and *ANOTHER PERFECT DAY* (1983). Here's another one for you to think about. Someone that can send me the name of the Motorhead song performed by the band when they appeared on an episode of the British comedy "The Young Ones" will win something cool (new *SLUG* t-shirt maybe). Send responses (attention "Written In Blood"), to the address for *SLUG* in the front of the magazine. Think hard. Not too many Slayer fans out there. I didn't move many stickers last time. One more question for you. Who would win in a wrestling contest between Lemmy and God?.....Er. Wrong! Lemmy is God.

**EARTH CRISIS**  
*Gomorrah's Season Ends*  
Victory

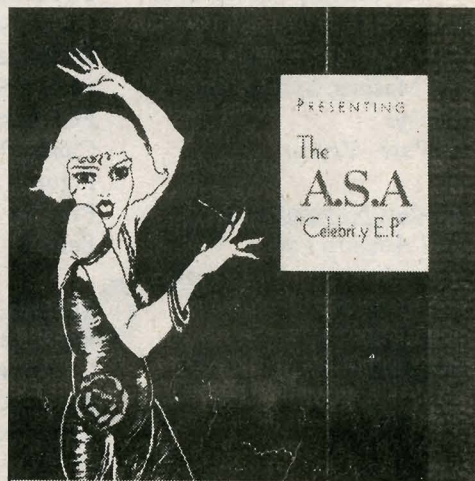
What has happened to hardcore music over the years? Why doesn't it suck anymore? I'd say hardcore bands like Earth Crisis have something to do with this phenomenon (phenomenon - I can spell it, but don't ask me to say it.). I never really paid attention to hardcore in the past. It always seemed like too much feeling, and not enough playing. I guess what I'm trying to say without stepping on too many combat boots, is it seems like hardcore bands such as Earth Crisis are finally putting as much emphasis on the musicianship as on the message. The message certainly isn't getting lost in between the riffs though. Earth Crisis, following the vegan, straight-edge movement, speak out against all of the ills of society. If this column were another two or three pages long, I

could start to list what this band is trying to correct through their music. There is a war, Earth Crisis's, *GOMORRAH'S SEASON ENDS* is the weapon.



**ALL SOULS AVENUE**  
*The A.S.A. Celebrity E.P.*  
A.S.A./U.S.A.

*THE A.S.A. "CELEBRITY E.P."* is the new four song EP from local talent, All Souls Avenue. The CD was recorded in Aug/Sept of this year at Quiet Thunder Studio. Though each member of the band has lost a couple of inches of hair since their last CD (which is known as "pulling a Metallica"), they haven't lost their ear for good sound. The production of this EP does a good job bringing the vocals and music across very clearly. In comparing this CD with their last, it seems David Brigg's (bass brother, Derek has come aboard to fill in on drums (Who do these guys think they are, Death Angel? - everyone in that band was related). If you didn't check out any of the multitude of acoustic or electric A.S.A. shows in October, then you were trying to miss them. Coming in third is the NXNW contest has kept these boys busy with offers to play live. I don't know if appearing on the same page as a Motorhead review is good or bad for a band's career, but at least it should be considered an honor. Contact A.S.A. at P.O. Box 651192 Salt Lake City, UT. 84165-1192 U.S.A..



# DAILY CALENDAR

Store - Zephyr

Sunday, November 24

Gigi Love Band - Ashbury Pub  
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Zach Lee - Spankys

Monday, November 18

Pill Box - Ashbury Pub  
Bugs Henderson and the  
Shuffle Kings - Dead Goat  
Jonathan Fireeater, Nine  
Spine Stickleback - Spankys  
Durt - Zephyr

Monday, November 25

Backwash - Ashbury Pub  
Chubby Carrier and the  
Bayou Swamp Band - Dead  
Goat

Monday, November 11

Sweet Loretta - Ashbury Pub  
Tempo Timers - Dead Goat  
Bill Reed with Swing Annie -  
Zephyr

Tuesday, November 12

The Swamp Donkeys -  
Ashbury Pub  
Marshall Crenshaw with  
Victor DeLorenzo - Zephyr

Tuesday, November 19

Kirsty MacDonald & Evan  
Brubaker - Ashbury Pub  
Swamp Cooler - Burts Tiki  
Pork with guests Pet - Zephyr

Tuesday, November 26

Semi-Sweet Loretta -  
Ashbury Pub  
The Opposable, Thumb,  
Jokers Wild - DV8  
Linda Perry with Phil Cody -  
Zephyr

Wednesday, November 13

Earth Jam Benefit / The Sun  
Masons, Girth, Smilin Jack -  
Ashbury Pub  
Duckie Boys - Burts Tiki  
Pill Box - Dead Goat  
Model Rockets, Sea of Jones -  
Spankys  
Cops and Robbers - Zephyr

Wednesday, November 20

Gigi Love Band - Ashbury Pub  
Swamp Cooler - Burts Tiki  
A.S.A., My Dog Vodka - Club  
Manhattan  
Blue Healer - Dead Goat  
Papa Kegga - Zephyr

Wednesday, November 27

Earth Crisis - Bar & Grill  
Barry Carter - Burts Tiki  
The Weed - Dead Goat  
Sun Masons, Figurehead -  
Zephyr

Thursday, November 14

Rich Wyman Band - Ashbury  
Pub  
Jack Mormons - Burts Tiki  
I-Roots - Dead Goat  
Dyna Tones - Zephyr

Thursday, November 21

Papa Kegga - Ashbury Pub  
Pill Box - Burts Tiki  
Tail Gatorz - Dead Goat  
Piper Down - Spankys  
Wish - Zephyr

Thursday, November 28

RO Sham Bo - Dead Goat  
The Jack Mormons - Zephyr

Friday, November 15

Baby Jason & The Spankers -  
Ashbury Pub  
Abstrak - Burts Tiki  
House of Cards - Dead Goat  
Dead City Radio, A.S.A. -  
Liquid Joes  
Reverend Willie - Spankys  
Sweet Loretta - Zephyr

Friday, November 22

Fat Paw - Ashbury Pub  
Godflesh - Bar & Grill  
Sturgeon General - Burts Tiki  
Sweet Loretta - Dead Goat  
Blanche, Sea of Jones -  
Spankys  
The Connells - Zephyr

Friday, November 29

Blanche - Ashbury Pub  
Armed and Dangerous -  
Burts Tiki  
Volunteer King - Dead Goat  
Richmond Fontaine/Riverbed  
Jed - Spankys  
Committed - Zephyr

Saturday, November 16

Sweet Loretta - Ashbury Pub  
Gigi Love Band - Burts Tiki  
Smilin Jack - Dead Goat  
Feel, A.S.A., Lugnut - DV8  
PCP Berserker, House of  
Cards, Pepper Lake City, Go  
Figure - Spankys  
Pray for Snow Telemark  
Benefit - Zephyr

Saturday, November 23

Backwash - Ashbury Pub  
Sweet Loretta - Burts Tiki  
Zion Tribe - Dead Goat  
Casey Neil - Spankys  
Paladins - Zephyr

Saturday, November 30

The Sun Masons -  
Ashbury Pub  
Pepper Lake City - Burts Tiki  
Spittin Lint - Dead Goat  
Pagan Love Gods - Spankys  
Salsa Brava - Zephyr

Tuesday, November 5

Mr. Whoopee - Ashbury Pub  
Versus - Bar & Grill  
Jimmy Eat World/Nine Spine  
Stickle Back - Spankys  
God Street Wine, Richard  
Bradley & the Black Water  
Surprise - Zephyr

Wednesday, November 6

Crimson Blue - Ashbury Pub  
Sweet Loretta - Burts Tiki  
Bent - Dead Goat  
Swampcooler/Opposable  
Thumb - Spankys  
God Street Wine, Richard  
Bradley & the Black Water  
Surprise - Zephyr

Thursday, November 7

Spittin Lint - Ashbury Pub  
Shoot the Mime - Dead Goat  
Reverent Horton - DV8  
Palace - Spankys  
The Mighty Blues Kings -  
Zephyr

Friday, November 8

Elbow Fin - Ashbury Pub  
Atomic Deluxe - Burts Tiki  
Gigi Love Band - Dead Goat  
Enchworm, Bill, Slick, 50, Go  
Cart - DV8  
ASA, Honest Engine - Liquid  
Joes  
Long Player - Spankys  
Loose - Zephyr

Saturday, November 9

Girth - Ashbury Pub  
A.S.A., Satellite - Bar & Grill  
Sturgeon General - Burts Tiki  
Tempo Timers - Dead Goat  
Sun Masons, Spittin Lint -  
Spankys  
Fat Paw - Zephyr

Sunday, November 10

Silt - Ashbury Pub  
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Grant Lee Buffalo - DV8  
Zach Lee - Spankys  
Face First - Zephyr

Sunday, November 17

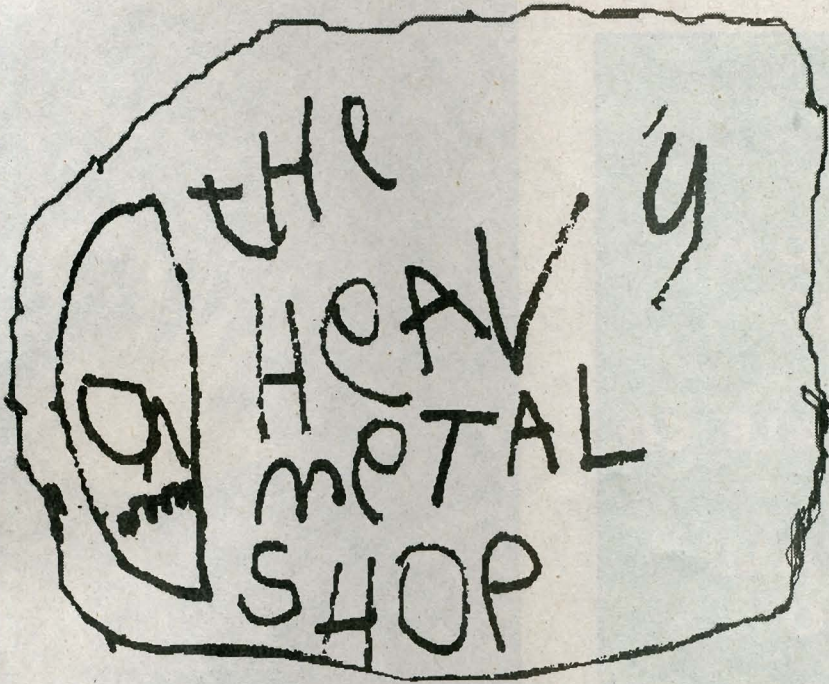
Lisa Marie & The  
Codependents - Ashbury Pub  
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Zach Lee - Spankys

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