

From the corporate weasels who brung you Xmas...

SLUG




FREE
DECEMBER
96

LESS THAN JAKE

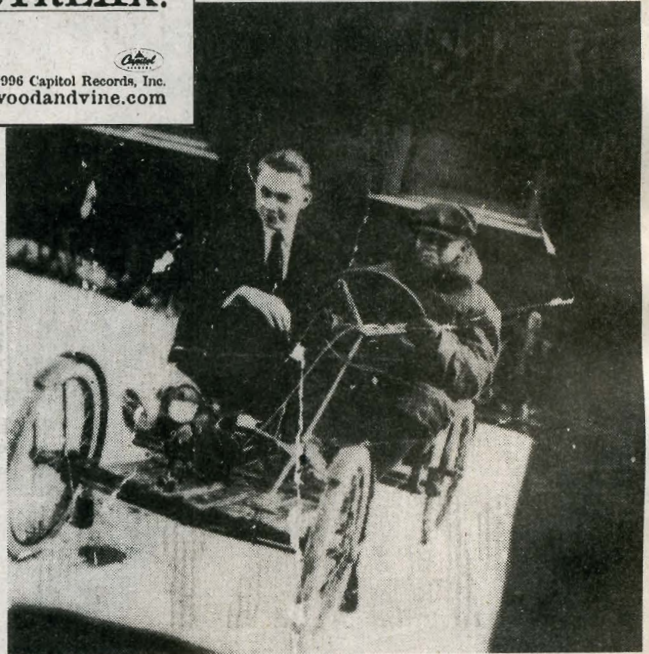


16 songs from the album LOSING STREAK.

Write to us at: Less Than Jake
P.O. Box 12081 Gainesville, FL. 32604
ltj@afn.org
<http://www.afn.org/~ltj>


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STIR
on tour Dec.
20th
@ Holy Cow



STIR

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Out Now

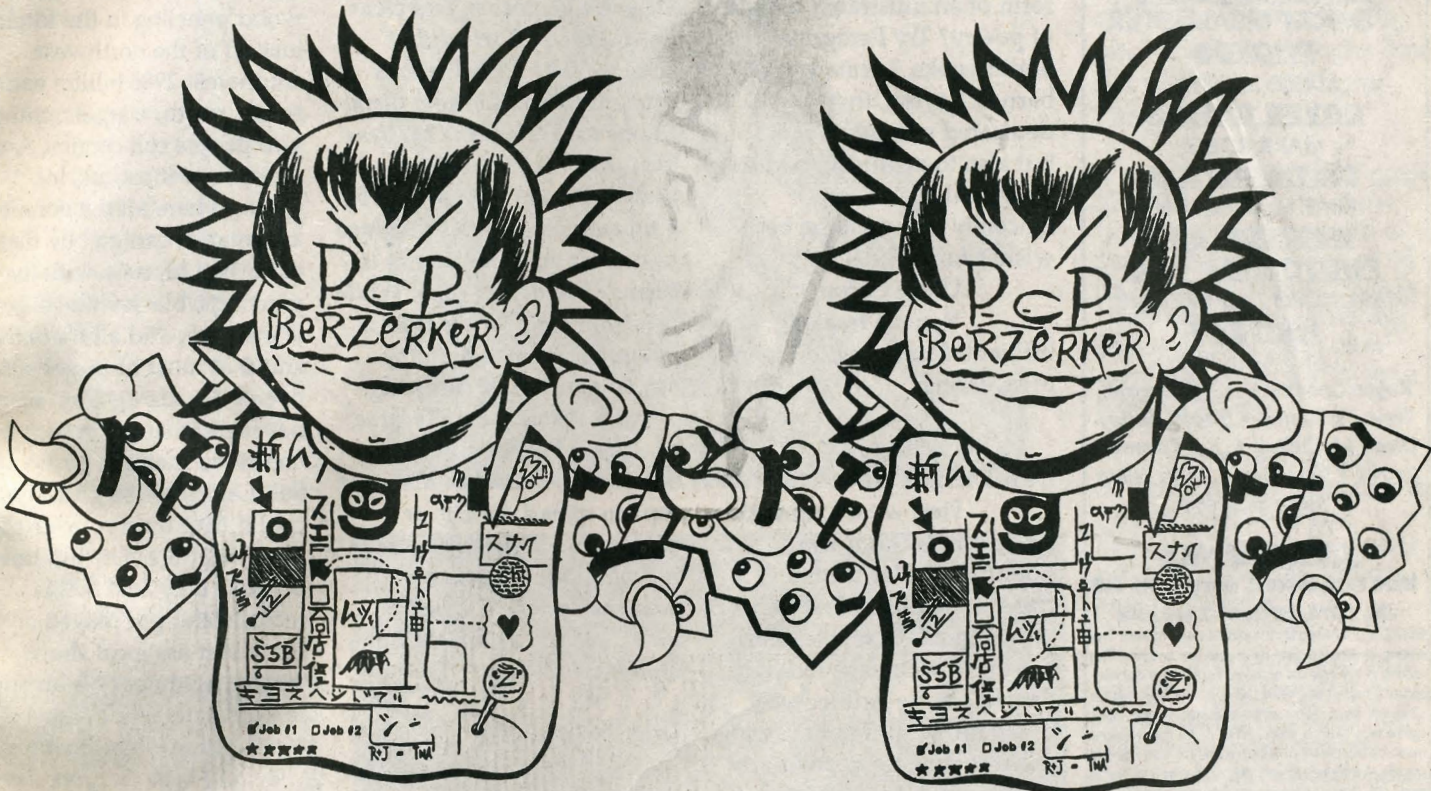


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SLUG

December 1996

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**SLUG is printed by the
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—SLUG STAFF

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www.slugmag.com

slug 4

dear dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

"Crazy Uncle Grist's
Horoscope" is fucking*
BRILLIANT. Who writes it?
Has this person considered
offering up the horoscopes to
the book buying public in the
form of an illustrated volume
of poetry? Try Peregrine
Smith books. Located in a
barn in Layton, they are
dedicated not just to profit
but also to nurturing budding
young talent.

Sincerely and with the best
wishes for holiday joy,

Uncle Carbuncle

*I mean freaking
brilliant- I'm trying to repent
of swearing

Dear Dickheads,

Hey, what's up with
last month's Burts Tiki
Lounge ad? Has Burts
transformed itself from a beer
tavern in S.L.C. to a leather
bar in New Orleans red light
district? Is the landlocked
beach bum motif not drawing
those customers in anymore?
Sex may sell, but a picture of
a woman looking unhappy
and unwilling, trussed up like
a Thanksgiving turkey, is a lot
closer to violence than sex.
It's not the kink that puts the
image over the line, it's the
obvious lack of consent on the
woman's face. A depiction of
consensual sex, however
kinky, would still be a
depiction of consensual sex.
An image of a frightened and
non-consenting woman is an
image of rape. It's not hip, it's
not cool, to objectify and
dehumanize women. It's not
alternative. It's not rock n roll.
It's not sexy. It isn't new. And
it's a really fucked up way to
sell beer. The state of Utah

has the third highest per
capita rape rate in the nation.
Let's all go to Burts and drink
to that.

Jeanne Zeigler

*ED: First off, your points are
all valid. However, lets clear
one thing up. Burts didn't
even see that ad till it was
printed, so don't blame them.
Blame us. We are the tasteless
bastards. Secondly, that
picture is a cartoon drawn by
a woman who draws bondage
comics. It does not, nor is it
intended to depict rape. While
it is your right to see it how
you see it, rape is a pretty
strong word to be throwing
around. We may be offensive
to people, but we surely
would never push an image of
rape to offend, be hip, or
alternative. This magazine is
full of opinions, yours as
valid as anyone's. I just
didn't see it. Let's go to Burts
and drink to that.*

Dear Dickheads,

I want you to know
that your mag brings me
great joy in much the same
way that an intelligent person
with a somewhat interesting
life might watch say "the facts
of life" or "alice". Yes after
dealing constantly with the
international bitchiness com-
petition and bug moolah of
the international under-
ground dance music (for
which most of you get so little
exposure to out there in retro
punk college rockville, that
you probably think i am talk-
ing about a) the macarena
b) janet jackson c) the orb or
d) james brown is dead. As an
observer from a far more real
and interesting place just
reading about all these

meaningless little personal-
ities and their handful of
penny ante Bud slurping
sweat houses where people
balk at paying \$6 which they
can't come up with even
though they are 26 yrs old
and live in a big town out in
the middle of nowhere with
pocket change for rent, yet
can't get out of their parents
garage long enough to get a
job, much less one of those
new suburban brown box,
wood paneling in the kitchen
just off of the northwest,
southwest 2986 billion eadt,
south, north, west etc. things
you people call condos. And
really love those ads for
places where all the donnies
and maries can go buy their
suburban hipness with these
piercings, black clothes, goth-
ic makeup, and all that other
shit that most of us got sick
over a decade ago, but were
never purchasing in such a
contrived manner, gosh you
Salt Lakies are so gosh darn
cool!!! And then your griping
about who's gone "big time"
because they sold 5,000
records and got played on
some shit ass local show!
Anyway, you people are just
so darn interesting, maybe
"facts of life" is inaccurate.
"Peyton Place" is more like it!
But I'm glad you all are there,
your magazine and your little
'scene' provide hours of
laughter and amusement in
between me making the big
dollar deals out here in what
you call "the real world"
(God you people probably
watch that as your guide to
big city living!) Your record
reviews and Serial Killer of
the Month are very well done,
and if you ever get out of Bud
light and flat cappucino land,
you could consider getting a
real writing job instead of
being the biggest fish on a
small damp washcloth. See ya
at the show dudes (not)
Matt @ POWER Records NYC
P.S. Keep sending it to me!

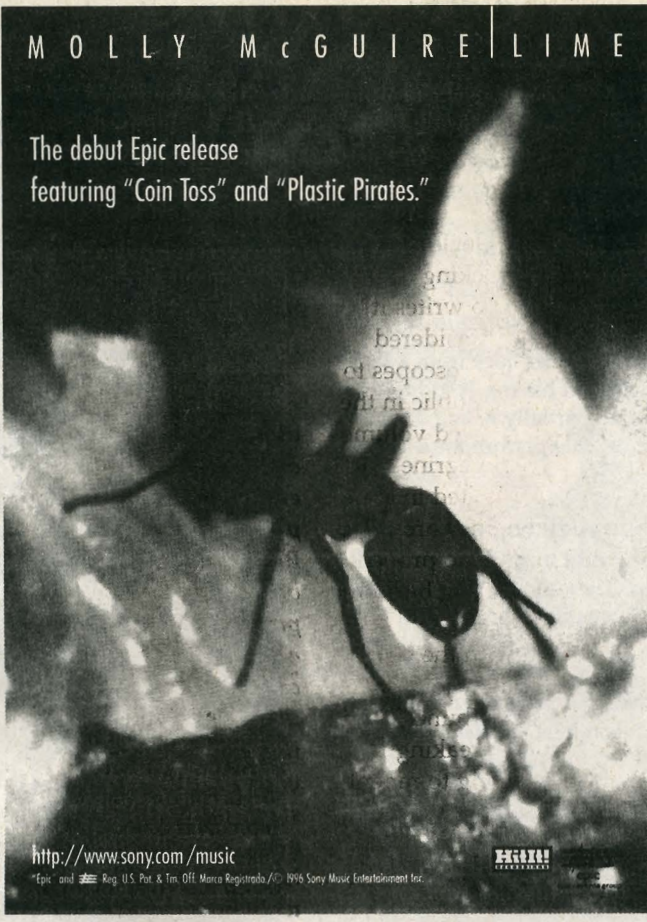
ED: Wow! You are quite the visionary. Your letter reeks of desperate attempts at sarcasm. You're right we are all blind idiots leading each other to the trough to get another sip of diet lobotomy. Maybe you can send us a how to manual so we might see how it is done in the "real world of NYC" Hopefully with all those "big money deals" you saved \$15 for a subscription...

To: Slugmag@aol.com
 I just got back from a visit to friends in Salt Lake and picked up the November Slug. The reviews are awesome and it sounds like there are definite ties to here by Sausage King. Anyway, I think the zine is cool and wanted to know if you guys can put me on a mailing list so I can get it on a regular basis. Hell, send a bunch and I'll sling 'em around here. Keep up the good work.
 Jeff Hathaway,
 Richmond, VA

you got something to say?
 write us...
SLUG
 Dear
Dickheads
 2120 south
 700 east
 suite
 h-200
 s.l.c.
 utah 84106

MOLLY MCGUIRE | LIME

The debut Epic release featuring "Coin Toss" and "Plastic Pirates."




<http://www.sony.com/music>

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Gritty Punk-Funk from one of New York's seminal bands

Bush Tetras



-Page 18-

New slimline CD out now including bonus tracks "Satan Is A Bummer" and "Find A Lie".
 7" single also available. Full-length CD in stores Feb. '97

Epic

Epic Records P.O. Box 4100 Portland, OR 97208

The Dolly Llama Predicts for '97...

Oh, it'll happen, baby!
 Bob Dole and Rush Limbaugh will be caught on camera in a midwestern hotel room slipping each other the "Clinton health plan" Liz Dole divorces Bob out of shame and dates Hilary.

Irish pop demi gods U2 will release a pretentious shitty album with a concept that eludes all of its listeners. Early possible titles are "The withering sands of blah blah blah" and "Somewhere in a deep blah ditty blah"

In a desperate attempt to get someone to pay attention to her, Sinead O'Connor lights her bald head on fire. Still no record offers.

The chinweed look will go away only to be replaced by the Jon Titus-urban-coyboy-armed-psycho look, in which goatees become handlebar wax jobs.

Local rock god JR will form a new band called the Good Ol Boys, featuring ex Skid Row guitarist Dave 'the snake' Sabo.

SLUG editor moves to NYC and makes millions with revolutionary new mag "PUMP"

I will replace Kramer on the sitcom "Seinfeld"

Seinfeld takes a kinky turn into dementia as Kramer and Elaine fall in love and perform bondage sex acts as George captures it on film

Mr. Pink's Video Review

This month is all chocolate and strawberries, soaked in thick sugary syrup. There are, however, a few nuggets...

Heavens Prisoners

Alec Baldwin, (the only actor in the family) comes back from a series of shitty flicks to do one worth while. Not that having Terri Hatcher, Kelly Lynch and Mary Stuart Masterson all partially naked doesn't hurt. The only bad thing is yet another horrible performance from Eric Roberts.

The Last Supper

Politically correct bunch of RUSH haters (hey fat boy, where'd your show go?) invite people over for dinner. And I mean FOR DINNER. This is a good idea, but poorly executed. They should kill every idiot they see, instead of the select few. Of course then it would be a Stallone flick...

City of Lost Children

One of the best of the year, this is a movie that pulls at your senses. Don't let the dubbing scare you away, this movie is outstanding. 4 Stiff Pinkys

The Pallbearer

Generally, if you're on the hit show 'Friends', it goes without saying that you can't act. You probably have a nice rack though. This is the exception to the rule so far, as Ross falls for Gwyneth Paltrow. This is a "Laugh at the funeral, cry at the wedding" movie... Thank God we don't see Ross naked.

Mission Impossible

The formula for a good spy movie is that it wraps you up in story while the unexpected twist hits you. Unfortunately, the makers of *Mission Impossible* forgot that formula. In the first scene, you can tell you the bad guys are...the screenwriters!

Nutty Professor

Eddie Murphy as a fat professor, a fat mom, a fat grandma, a fat dad and who knows what else. Probably the funniest dinner table fart scene of all time. 2 big fat Stiff Pinkys

Last Dance

I hate Sharon Stone. I think she is incredibly boring and un-sexy. So the fact that I am giving this movie 2 Stiff Pinkys, speaks volumes about what a good movie it is.

Boys

Cool movie. Wynona doncha wanna Ryder plays all over the "deep not so deep" thing, and there are some interesting kids in this movie that you may recognize from earlier efforts. 3 Stiff Pinkys

The Cable Guy

Jim Carrey at his most irritating and least funny role. There is a fine line between milking the Ace Ventura thing to death and actually doing comedy that has just a hint of unique quality. Apparently, they cannot see that line. Best two minutes of the movie are Janeane Garofalo as the disgruntled waitress.

Striptease

All I can say is you CANNOT drop 500 pounds of sugar on someone's head without hurting them. Oh yeah, you see Demi's boobs. 1 Flaccid Pinky

Independence Day

The only believable thing about this movie is that Jeff Goldblum uses a Macintosh to break into the alien computer bank. NO ONE in their right mind would buy an IBM doing the job! This movie should be seen anyway, because it is entertaining, not believable. They pull out all the stops, except the 500 lbs. of sugar...

LIVE AT THE ASHBURY PUB

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5 - THE WEED

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6 - 1 ROOTS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7 - GIRTH

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10

J. NELSON RAMSEY

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11

VIOLET ROW

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12

BLUE HEALER

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13 - BACKWASH

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14 - INSATIABLE

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17

MY DOG VODKA

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

SEA OF JONES

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19 - CORK

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20

SWEET LORETTA

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

THE JACKMORMONS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26 - PILL BOX

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27 - FIGUREHEAD

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28

GIGI LOVE BAND

DECEMBER 31 - SWEET LORETTA

NEW YEARS EVE PARTY

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A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

Bustin' The Nut

by David McClellan

I paid \$40 a piece for scalped Tool tickets just to see if old Reverend Maynard would pull a stinky fist out of his ass at his November 3rd Salt Air lecture and explain to the crowd of manipulated white bread bible-belt trash just how important deviance is in contemporary society, but he was too busy counting all the darned cash they made at the merchandise counter and pumping his philosophy of unity as well as the band's new video on MTV to fully expound upon his current theories. The expensive video images played on screens behind the drum riser didn't help much either. Too bad. Everybody likes Tool. Their odd time punches and low down grooves are all the rage at family home evenings across the valley. I'm just so glad it's all for unity. Well the Christmas season is upon us and for those of us out there who are manic and paranoid and vain and live in a psychosomatic world of delusion and perennial self loathing, have I got an interview for you: Gary, the soundman. Ta Daaaaa!!! No, I don't know his last name because as you all know I pride myself in never taking notes or paying too much attention in an interview. If you need to find him just ask anybody at any club where Gary the soundman is and they'll know who you are talking about and point you in the right direction. Dave, you are saying to yourself, you are getting desperate. Aha! See, that's where you are wrong! I've been bloody desperate for years... Who is it that's responsible for making your band sound as big as a semi? The soundman. Who is it that gives your band a monitor mix that you can sometimes even hear? The soundman. Who is it that looks cooler and more important than any member of your band even after you've burned your guitars and left the stage, yet he never touches an instrument? The soundman. Who is it that we blame, after we do a show that sucks so bad that even our mothers would turn away and not want to be associated with us... The soundman. Yeah, I learned a lot about what goes on around the other side of the sound board by talking to Gary. First of all he's been a part of the Salt Lake City music scene since modern original rock music became the popular thing to do in this town. He virtually

knows everybody in this town and has a story about them and the bands they've played in. If Gary hasn't done sound for your band

yet, you just haven't played out enough in Salt Lake. Currently working out of the Bar & Grill, I caught up with mister "I do sound so I think I'm a fucking toughguy" Gary the day after he did monitor mixes for the Voivod/ProPain show at the B&G (the show at which I lost my virginity). Gary's been doing sound for a little over four years now. He started out playing bass in a band, but found that mixing live music was more satisfying and challenging than performing. Well isn't that nice. After investing ten grand into a P.A. system, he began to develop his craft at about the same time that local bands started performing original rock music and the popular cover bands like the Gamma Rays started to wane. This, according to Gary was all happening at about the same time that Nirvana and Pearl Jam had become mega popular across the country and there was a big surge in popularity of local underground alt/rock music in SLC: "Not that it wasn't there before, but the popularity of the Seattle music scene in the early 90's definitely lit a firecracker under the butts of bands in SLC to go out and perform more than just cover songs." Riverbed Jed, Scar Strangled Banger, Honest Engine, The Obvious and some other band he said that I can't remember the name of were all at the forefront of what was quickly becoming a local scene. In the first year of doing sound he said he actually paid for all of his equipment and was able to profit from his investment. Bands began to ask for him by name to do sound, feeling more confident that he was behind the board. Without being pompous or ungrateful, even Gary is quick to admit "...a lot of it has to do with just knowing your own system and being able to get the most amount of power and sound out of whatever limited equipment you have." Gary apprenticed under a guy who does sound at the Zephyr club who's name I can't remember and he's not ashamed to admit that he's taken quite a few lessons in sound design and mixing from other great sound people who have been around much longer than he has. He admits that in the early days of doing sound he didn't have one third of the

power that the Bar & Grill runs these days. And monitors were always a big problem. "You learn by being thrown into the lion's den. Riverbed Jed was the band that taught me the most about giving good monitor mixes. I knew I was getting good when they finally asked me to turn down the vocal in the monitors..." Gary is a great guy to talk to if you want to know about what goes on in the Salt Lake music scene. If you want to know the dirt that goes on between band members, again, the soundman is the guy who hears it all. Gary's got stories about almost everyone he's done sound for and he knows what works and what doesn't work as far as band arrangements go. In his own words: "You can't polish a turd." He also has the skinny on the club owners and the stuff that goes on when we all go home. Enough said there... We both agree that a major reason Salt Lake hasn't taken off as a music city is due to the lack of any college radio. According to Gary though, lately the trend in the local scene is that bands are writing more original styles of music and being less influenced by the Seattle sound or any other major marketing trend. Bands are becoming more daring and more interested in just doing what they like as opposed to what they hear on the radio. Although Gary at the Bar & Grill is way too nice a guy to tell you that your band sucks to your face, if you want to know what's really going on behind the scenes, make friends with your soundman. Now isn't that a nice bit of advice for all of us to ponder at Christmas time...

Have a rocking great Christmas, support local music by going out to at least one local show this month and introducing your band to the band playing, even if they suck. And if you really, really, really are a daring soul and want to make this a Christmas to remember, buy a Puccini CD (La Boheme works just fine for first timers) and a bottle (or three) of good red wine, lock yourself in the house with someone you love, or just covet, and crank the volume on that sucker up to eleven. 'Tis the season to be gluttonous to oneself!

Merry Christmas!

—David McClellan

Mary Margaret O'Hara
Christmas EP
Koch

Who knows how many versions of "Blue Christmas" are available this Christmas season. Mary Margaret O'Hara has released the definitive one. Feeling a little blue? Christmas brings depression? Have a listen to the slowest, dreariest "Blue Christmas" ever. Shed a tear in the eggnog. The EP only has four songs and it is probably almost impossible to find locally. It kicks Enya's little Christmas EP all the way into next Christmas. The presence of violin and lap steel tends to bring a rural feeling to the songs, except everything is in slow motion. "Silent Night" is another. I'm surprised the band can stay awake to back O'Hara. "What Are You Doing New Years Eve" dispenses with the country and brings on the horns - bass clarinet, clarinet and English horn. She thanks the Einstein Brothers in the liner notes and they need to offer her a big steaming cup of coffee. "Christmas Evermore" is the fife and drum corps substituting guitar and violin for the fife. A somber march for celebrating Santa's arrival. Forget traditional and experiment. When the guests become boring put the EP on, their beds will beckon. The only problem with the EP is... it isn't long enough. Most extraordinary.

Nicholas

Martin Atkins and the Chicago Industrial League An Industrial Christmas Carol Invisible

"In Seattle, cats are being killed and hung from trees in a graveyard. Two children are arrested for the deed. Days later, a 50 year old man lures an eight year old boy into his ice cream truck. Everyday politicians lie, cheat, and steal while having sex with their underage aides. In Detroit a cry is heard. A priest has been murdered. Who would kill a priest? As it was later learned, the murderer was none other than the priest's gay, prostitute, crack-dealing lover. Welcome to America. Age old hatred never takes a holiday. Fuck Christmas." Those are the words the CD booklet contains. Let me add

some of my own. In Salt Lake City a man hosting a radio program dedicated to teaching values to the young is arrested for sexually molesting a 14 year old girl. Welcome to America. Age old hatred never takes a holiday. Fuck Christmas.

The CD lasts 44 minutes and 43 seconds. The first ten minutes or so are taken up by Martin Atkins beating the hell out of his drums while playing the Christmas chimes on a synthesizer as Mark Spybey grunts blasphemies in Pig Latin. That would be "Introduction." Next up is "The Spirit Of Christmas." This

song has the throb and once again Atkins is getting energetic with the drums. Dana Harnet does her backing vocal thing as the spirit of Christmas is revealed to be bells ringing out and voices soaring and age old hatred never taking a holiday. "Go to church, sacred music, suicide bomber, warm, guns, snow, more terrorism than ever before, This is Christmas in America, 50 percent cheaper than it was previously. There is no room at the inn except at an hourly rate." Atkins tiny baby wails away in the background. His spirit of Christmas is absolutely chilling. Thus we have reached "I'm Dreaming Of A White Noise Christmas." Atkins reveals the true nature of Christmas in America. The retail shopping season begins the day after Halloween. There are only 365 shopping days left until next Christmas. No wonder the only place to buy the CD is at an independent store! Every manager of every corporately owned retail outlet should be required to listen to AN INDUSTRIAL CHRISTMAS CAROL over and over again until their white shirt has turned yellow from their own sweat/piss. Fuck Christmas to death.

—Corporate Whore

here's some xmas music

Just Say Noel Geffen Records

Oh shit, another Christmas compilation. Of the new Christmas releases from major labels this year *JUST SAY NOEL* looks like the best bet. There is an Ultra Lounge Christmas CD, a Bachelor Pad Christmas CD, and one from Sony music competing with the usual moronic trash. The lounge ones don't have any new material and my contact with Sony moved to Austin.

Geffen has a whole bunch of "keen" artists signed to their roster. Beck, Amy Mann, Sonic Youth, Southern Culture On The Skids and others offer up their versions of Christmas. Beck is all spaced out, Amy Mann is moody, Sonic Youth are competing with SCOTS for most white trash of the disc; the SCOTS song has been in the can for about a year, it finally sees release, The Posies are boring, the Roots are rapping the Christmas experience from the abused side of life, Remy Zero is suffering from seasonal depression, Elastica is rocking the material world as if they were wired Christmas

lights, the Wild Colonials are celebrating with a penny whistle, fiddle and an acoustic guitar - a mite folksy for Geffen which makes "Christmas Is Quiet" stand beside Beck and SCOTS, XTC - well what can one say - where have they been, The Musical Cast Of Toys featuring Wendy & Lisa is far too bombastic/commercial for my taste and the final cut by Ted Hawkins isn't a Christmas song at all. I guess when Christmas is spent on the street "Amazing Grace" can ease the lack of joy. Play it as Christmas dinner is served and remember that under the viaduct they are eating almost as well, at least on holidays.

Mr. Cody

¡Esquivel!
Merry Xmas From The Space Age
Bachelor Pad

Bar None

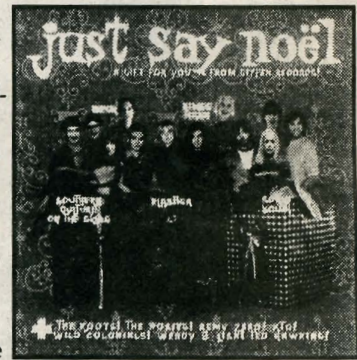
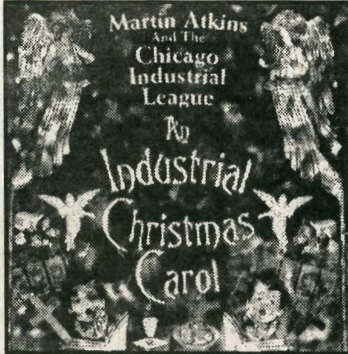
When mall shopping for the latest, greatest Christmas releases you won't find this one. A least one of the major mall chains hasn't paid their bills, they can't get the disc from the distributor. Esquivel could be credited with starting the entire lounge craze that has escalated to an insane degree. He was among the first to see reissue. He is also one of the weirdest. The album is comprised of recordings made during the late '50s and early '60s. Portions were originally released in lp form. Esquivel isn't active at the present time. He was coaxed into recording an introduction. As a demonstration of just how great and innovative the man was please listen to the Oi! Oi! chorus near the beginning. Zu, zu, zu, oi! oi!. Esquivel invented Oi! Oi!.

Esquivel takes traditional Christmas carols and puts a bizarre twist on them. "The Christmas Song has a chorus singing the song true to form, except a brass clash of cymbal bash intrudes unexpectedly. "Frosty The Snowman" is almost an instrumental. Again the use of strange

instruments and the chorus zu, zu, zuing away with lyric portions inserted as soundbites sends the song adrift. In the case of "Sun Valley Ski Run" the orchestra is mundane, but the piano is playing a different version and the horns stray out of

bounds.

The CD contains 12 tunes. One of them is the rare "I Feel Marvelous." It isn't quite a Christmas song. Maybe it was included to please Esquivel collectors. Let not a Christmas CD see release without the New Years tune. "Auld Lang Syne (Adios From Esquivel)" completes the journey. He bids adio to what sounds like a theremin backing him and that is the far too short Esquivel CD. I'll call this a classic to cherish for many a Christmas to come, part of the family Christmas tradition in the future. Check the independent shop and ask for a listen.



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here's some local music

Sweet Loretta Taste Your Kiss

I wonder how many locals have picked up the Mother Earth and Cold Blood reissues? How many have listened to a Fanny record? How many even remember those bands? I'm not saying Sweet Loretta sounds exactly like any of them, but their CD has the funk, the jams and the impassioned female vocals. *TASTE YOUR KISS* makes me think of the late '60s, early '70s and yes, women in bands had it more difficult then in some ways, but not all. I've already seen two articles written about Sweet Loretta and this new



CD. I believe both writers neglected something about the local music scene, a something *TASTE YOUR KISS* only serves to reinforce. Salt Lake City is filled with some astounding female voices. Not to take anything away from Sweet Loretta because their CD could well be the culmination of a long history. Megan Peters, Kate Macloud, Doghouse, Deviance, The Broken Hearts, My Sister Jane, Flakey Jake, Gathering Osiris and more - now Sweet Loretta has their CD out.

Four songs stand out. I've already referenced the days of drugs, bellbottoms, protests and free love. "Sweet Loretta" is the psychedelic/experimental workout. "Without It" is a deeply sexual song that ignores the present day dangers. "Taste Your Kiss" is the funky, but shy introduction to "Without It" and "See Me," which opens the CD, could describe the death of the passion expressed in "Without It." Again returning to the days of yore, times the members of Sweet Loretta weren't born to experience, is "Woke Up In Love." Nothing like the blues and what sounds like some Hammond work to bring back a memory of a Cold Blood acid test which only lacks the horns and the Pointer Sisters singing back-up. Who needs the Pointer Sisters when Micheal and Mary are fronting the band? I can honestly say that

Sweet Loretta has released what is easily the best local CD of '96.

Pat Carnahan Use Blues

Pat Carnahan is using a big old fat hollow-body guitar to play jazz. As is fairly common with locals of the jazz, blues and folk persuasion he's enlisted the talents of some big name locals to help out on the recording. Here's the list; Bob Smith (drums), Jim Stout (bass), Phil Miller (sax) and Dale Lee (trumpet). By the way, the bass is acoustic. Something that is a little less common is the lack of covers. In more prestigious publications any band playing covers receives a derisive sniff, but we are talking jazz not rock, improvisation is what it's all about.

Well, Carnahan wrote all the songs on *Use Blues* and while the band is allowed some room to stretch the ticket to pleasure is the sound of that big fat guitar. Cool bluesy jazz with the swing understated, but present never-the-less is a basic description. Jazz without any of that new fangled funk or fusion. Old school from the new school that will never be a hit on the Breeze. When the band starts to burn, as they do on closing tune, "Lydian Blues," contemporary instrumental, Yanni/Kenny G familiar ears would spontaneously combust. (Do you have Yanni Live At the Apocalypse or Anaheim Steamroller? Please turn off that God damned radio!)

In a town where spending \$100 or more to see live Jazz is common it is surprising that the local jazz musicians receive so little credit. File Pat Carnahan next to Bridj, Lark & Spur, Donna Smith, George Brown and Larry Jackstien. The local jazz community is alive and breathing. Now if they only had a consistent fan base and a nightclub where the common folk could see it live. I love the sound of a hollow body guitar and an acoustic bass. Carnahan and Stout are masters. I've been a fan of Phil Miller's for nearly two decades. Go buy the CD and help these guys make a few dollars.

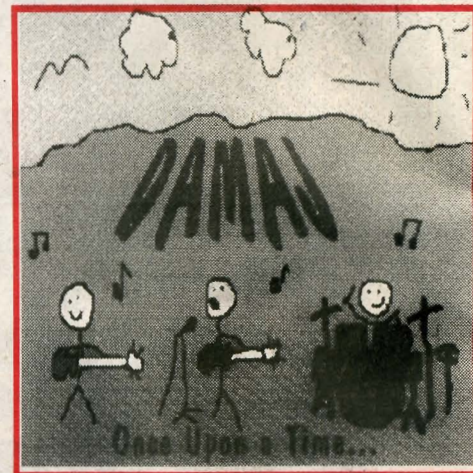
Damaj Once Upon A Time...

The instant the first song, "Bad Hair Day" began it was evident that Damaj aren't another of the lame. Local music is such a big deal. Everyone from the "critics" at the daily papers to the "critics" at the "alternative" papers to the DJs at the formerly "alternative" radio stations are interested in local music. There might be a dozen or so local bands that are actually interesting. The rest

are knock-offs of what is happening nationally. Nothing against the locals, it has always been this way.

For some strange reason I don't think I've encountered anything quite like Damaj locally, at least not anything popular. I don't recall hearing a "hit" single on the radio with a sound identical to Damaj. The band is very young, eighteen might be the average age. Their creation, *Once Upon A Time...*, is actually the first recording I've heard locally that brings the Palace/Sebadoh lo-fi influence to the studio along with some Jonathon Richman/Modern Lovers (Check out locals Go Cart for more of that influence although neither band has probably every heard of him/them.) and a bit of the old fashioned folk rock.

The songs are silly little things about important subjects. Besides having a bad hair day Damaj is afraid of the "Closet Monster,"



they have a "Library Fine," their friend saves a dime for ice cream only to drop it in the dirt - "Little Jane and the Ice Cream Man." The music backing the songs is minimalist. The instruments, especially the keyboards, sound like mere toys. Toss a couple more references in the mix and call it a day - Exploding French and the Young Marble Giants. Damaj is young and that is a good thing. No one has stifled their creativity. If they can releases something this fresh and original as young as they are just hope the creativity isn't lost as they mature and become more proficient with the instruments.

9 Spine Stickleback See What You Missed

Local boyz 9 Spine are hitting it hard this month with a new release that features 3 new songs. The songs are Sulpher Rich, 88 and Distressed (to the 4th power). Their music has matured and has become very intricate. A flood of various styles through out the songs make this a killer 3 set disc. You know what I love about this disc? Nobody is doing stuff like this. Totally original and totally worth having, don't miss out!

—P.Parker

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11 slug

Well kiddies, this is the month. The banner month that is marked by two very important events. The jolly fat elf makes his rounds, (No not Gianni, but SANTA!) and the release of the new EP/Maxi-Disc, *See What You Missed*, by local boyz, 9 Spine Stickleback. (See the CD review, this issue.)

If you have been following SLUG for at least the last 16 months, you should know by now that 9 Spine Stickleback are my favorite local band.

No, it's not because they rock out like wild ban-shee's, no it's not because they accomplish the delicate balance between hard-core and melodic subtleties it's because of something much greater...It's because they totally kick-ass. *See What You Missed* contains 3 brand new songs that takes you above and beyond where their first, self-released, *Prospector*, left you. *SWYM* also acts as a teaser for greater things to come down the road, in 1997. I liked and knew about *Prospector* long before I knew any of the band members. 9 Spine were kind enough to come over to my house on Thanksgiving Eve to do an interview with me and my two favorite riot grrrls. Tyler-vocals, Chris-guitar, Scott-bass, and Courtney-percussion had a lot on their minds this holiday season, and this is what they said.

Slug: So tell me about the title, *See What You Missed*. I know you've gone through your fair share of drummers does it refer to them or something else?
 Scott: Yea, but I think it relates to more than just that. For me, a title like that sums it up for bands that don't give the whole show a chance or, the narrow mindedness of a lot of local listeners who don't give bands or music a chance.
 Slug: Tell me about the new material. I

was amazed at how many different styles there seems to be, even in just one song. You guys seem tighter and funkier too.

Chris: The music is more complicated and intricate.

Scott: I'm just amazed that the recording came out as good as it did. There was a lot of transition going on with us then. We were going through drummers and holding auditions, it was just wild.

Slug: What are the songs and what do they signify?

Prospector in late fall of 1994. And we finished it the spring of 1995 and released it that mid-summer. The new material was written last spring, '96.
 Slug: Yea, we talk about transition and I believe most people, people that don't write anything, music, stories or poems, don't understand the transition of a song. From the time that you write a song, work it out, lay it down and record it to the time it comes out on a recording and hits the consumers ears, it's usually quite a while. In between all that is the



Tyler: Sulfur Rich, *Distressed* (to the 4th power), and 88.

Courtney: When I think of 88, *Distressed* and *Sulfur Rich*, the new material really does reflect transition. That really is the best word. You've got *Prospector*, then you've got these 3 other tunes you guys were writing. You see transition, you see the band growing. And along those lines, you should hear what we are writing now.

Slug: You talk about transition and what you wrote compared to the stuff you are writing now, give me dates of when the material was written vs. when it was released.

Tyler: We wrote most of the tunes of

transition time and by the time a song comes out, to the writer, that was then, this is now, sort of thing.

Chris: Oh yea, our transition is about over. By the time people buy and hear this new album, people are going to think...

Tyler: 'What happened,'
 Chris: Yea, they'll think, 'This is 9 Spine?' If people really liked *Prospector*, there's a big chance they might not like the new stuff.

Tyler: These songs are not your normal 'Rock' songs. And it's recorded totally different than our last album.

Slug: Yea, but I think 'White Elephant Party' could have been on the new

CD; because of the way the bass is structured, because of the way it starts out, how it's syncopated, how it changes quick.

Scott: Yea, and when we play Prospector stuff live, it's different now because we've got Courtney. There is so much growth with those ten songs now. When we got Courtney, it wasn't we were just playing the same tunes, it was cool because they were different again.

Slug: Yea, the songs evolved. As much as I like Prospector, I think it sheds new light on these songs seeing it live. I think live, it is a totally different experience; it's more amped up, it's more ramped up.

Scott: Yea, big time!

Tyler: I don't think it's going to be the same with the new stuff, though. I think the See What You Missed stuff is pretty close to the live performance.

Slug: Oh yea, I do to. I heard the songs live before I heard them off of the CD and I think you are right.

Tyler: The recording is pretty close to the performance. On the CD the songs have energy. That was very important when we recorded. I wanted that sound and that feeling to come across on the recording. I wanted that immensely.

Chris: Sean Halley was a great engineer for that. He engineered our CD.

Scott: He just works well with us. A lot of it is his tightness with Chris.

Tyler: Sean just knows our style and what to give us and where.

Scott: Sean's got the best ear.

Slug: So what do you like and dis-like about the music scene right now?

Tyler: With Salt Lake or in general?

Slug: Either one, or both.

Tyler: This is what I don't like. I don't like that all the major labels have decided to buy up all of this, 'alternative' music and over saturate a market that is very specific; so it makes it that a new band can come in and in two weeks they're gone. They have one hit and sell 10,000 albums, do a tour, whatever and they're gone. It is exactly what happened with rock in the 80's, they over saturated the market and everyone didn't like it anymore. Locally there's no support here and hate it.

Courtney: Woe, man, I can't really follow that. But for me, it's all about playing live. I just love to play live. I love to play Vernal, Vernal's dope!

Tyler: Yea, we love playing Vernal.

Courtney: But I don't even like to play weekday shows anymore. I believe in paying your dues and doing all that. But when weekends are bad enough, there's just not enough appreciation from crowds most of the time. The club scene is frustrating you don't get a lot of people showing up. It just doesn't feel like the support is there. One thing we are really big on is the all ages shows and watching the younger crowd. They just make us feel really good and they appreciate it a lot more. So as far as the clubs, I would like to see us move on, what ever that means, go out of state. Ya know, everybody wants a record deal, but that is what I'm gunning for. That's what I want to do with my life, cut CD's and go on tour.

Chris: Same thing they said, it just feels like there are a lot of people interested here. But sometimes it's just so frustrating to talk to people, they express interest in their favorite music and their favorite bands, but not bands or music in general. It seems that, to a lot of people it's not about music, it's more about who you know and who you want to be seen with.

Courtney: Let me add one more thing. I don't feel a lot of unity between the local bands here. I know there is some between two or three, but if your not...

Tyler: We are not with the Honest Engine faction, we are not with the Clover faction and we are not with the hard-core faction. We are nothing.

Courtney: Yea, we didn't go to school with these guys, basically we didn't grow up with them. For example just a few gigs ago we almost got ripped off. Not by the crowd, not by the promoter, not by the club, but by the other bands themselves.

Scott: I've de-programmed all my radio pre-sets in my car. I don't think

there is much original music being made. I think that it's shallow. Locally, I've got to pat Spanky's Cinema Bar on the back. They've given exposure to us, to the out of state bands that tour. When we open for out of state bands, I play for them, and to let ourselves be known to these out of states, just in-case they walk in the back door. It's been a thrill to me to meet these guys and the biggest thrill for me is the compliments we get from touring bands. So even if we do get a Tuesday night, I appreciate the opportunity to hear new music from these bands. And the other thing for me is to be playing and look over at these guys and know that we are doing what we love to do. I think there are a lot of dysfunctional bands thinking that Utah is cursed because there's not much coming out of it. I don't think enough people give their band enough time or credit for anything to really happen. A lot of people get frustrated and don't give themselves enough time. Whose to say when the Seattle hole opens up in Salt Lake? Got the picture? Good...now go buy the disc.

—Royce

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white-owl-shit-on-the-foot-Trial-By-Fire

There isn't any need to listen. It sounds just like every other Journey CD. Since I'm lucky enough to receive "product" free I have the liberty to dispose of it as I see fit without incurring any financial expense. Except, sometimes I have to spend some money in the destruction process. Journey CDs deserve destruction. Journey deserves destruction. Anyone spending money to purchase a Journey CD deserves destruction. How about if SLUG plays a little trick on a Journey fan and destroys the CD at the same time?

Back when I was growing up there were a number of acts we committed which, although harmless, were good for some jail time if the police caught up. One was "white owl-ing." Take off all of your clothes, place your white briefs on your head and ring the doorbell of a virgin old maid. They are easy to find in Salt Lake City. If she didn't die of a heart attack from the sight of a penis, or even if she did, you ran off into the night. Another trick was to take a shit in a paper bag. Douse the bag with a bit of gasoline, place it on someone's porch, light the bag on fire, ring the doorbell and hide. Shit-on-the-foot was the result. Here now are the instructions for disposing of TRIAL BY FIRE, the new Journey CD.

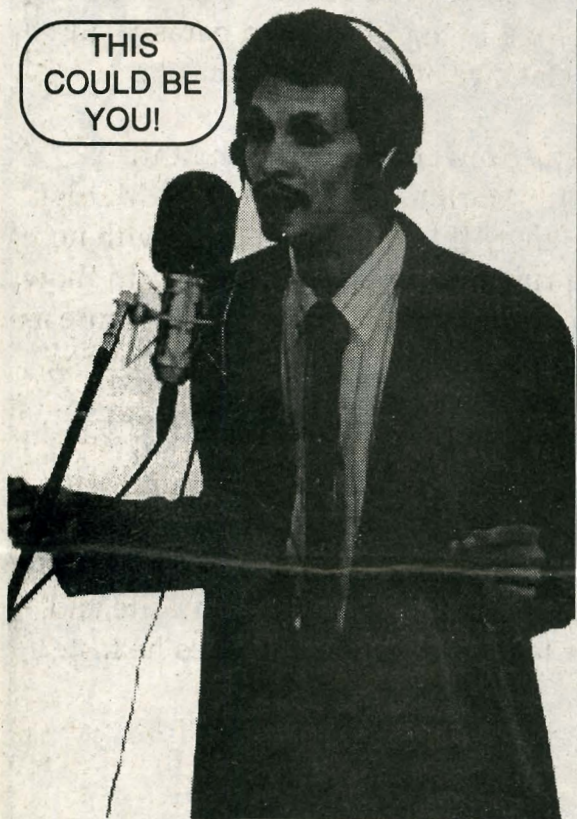
Place the CD in a large brown paper bag. Take a shit on top of it. Douse the bag with a touch of gasoline. Take off all of your clothes and find a pair of white briefs to wear on your head. Does anyone wear such a thing anymore? Select any home in the neighborhood that has 30-something occupants and a Cherokee, an Acura or a Lexus parked in front of it. The individuals inside are almost guaranteed to be Journey fans. Place the bag in front of the door, light it on fire and stand naked with the briefs on your head as the resident answers. Laugh hysterically as they get shit-on-the-foot trying to put out the fire while viewing a penis (bush and tits if females are involved) and destroying the CD of their favorite group -

Journey/Styx/Kansas/Boston/Foreigner. It's called a "white-owl-shit-on-the-foot-Trial-By-Fire." Run to the get-away car. Good luck! I can't do it because the color of my pubic hair gives away my identity. I simply beat the CD to death with a ballpeen hammer while a Wal-mart/K-mart associate held an operating power tool to my throat.

—Lehi-Nephi

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F.O.A.D.

Well if you don't know what it means...
These are people who should F.O.A.D.

The Atlanta Braves. Ha ha ha ha ha.
Only true girlscouts can choke like the Bravos.
Thats what you get when you let Jane Fonda
sleep with Ted Turner.

Mike Tyson/Team Tyson. Well I guess
you loud mouthed derby hat pimps got nuthin
to say now do ya? THE MAN, Evander
Holyfield shut you up with no room for doubt.
Just like my buddy Jon Titus said the day
before the fight. "Evander is a man of God. He
will win because God likes him. God doesn't
like rapists"

Geraldo Rivera. For a guy who despises
O.J. so much, you certainly have nothing else to
talk about do you? What happens when the
civil trial is over, are you actually going to do
something for a living? You are a parasite and
O.J. is your fat sweaty pig. How does he taste?

Martha Stewart. Living with Martha.
Cooking with Martha. Laying tile with Martha.
You know what? If I were a rich bitch with no
job, I could run around and pay people to show
me how to do all kinds of crap too, but I sure as
hell wouldn't be as condescending as that bag.

Faye Resnick. For a guy who despises
O.J. so much, you certainly have nothing else to
talk about do you? What happens when the
civil trial is over, are you actually going to do
something for a living? You are a parasite and
O.J. is your fat sweaty pig. How does he taste?

HYPERGRAPHIA VERITAS

by Laura Swensen

What in the Dickens became of the UTAH POSTER PROJECT? A year ago in November, our 60's progenitors presented a formidable aural array at the Art Barn. Along with the impressive, painstaking effort to compile their exhibit, the committee is/was seeking contributions for a published poster memorabilia book. The text includes a written history segment coinciding with full color plates of the concert posters. Projected publishing dates is tenuous. Specifically, artwork and artifacts documenting the counterculture, also the embodiment of 80's and 90's local vaudeville and theater. J.R. provided preserved gig posters, sectioned amongst the progenitors' maelstrom. Don't think for one instant that the merging of their movement isn't part-and-parcel with ours. Actually, I respect their late-bloomer, wild flower and love gentleman, our revolution is significantly darker and mean-spirited. As such, I realized that my zines would benefit from capable hands. Therefore, I gave Z.D.Z. originals to the committee. Especially, the limited amount of photos, poetry, prose and visual art that survived a prior manic psychosis of mine. Lets place Utah's avant-garden on the Natl. map, as several bands strive for an ongoing process. And given it's a work-in-progress with a definitive goal, I offer my gratitude and obvious impatience for the finished product.

Is that trendy radio shrink, Dr. Laura Schlessinger, abrasive or what?!? Deplorable usage passé slang "shaking-up." Furthermore, other network despicable phraseology such as the British "chatting-up" or trashy "knocked-up." Ancient slang "groovy", "hip", "awesome", "tubular", "shifty hoorah", "with a passion", "man", "dude/dudette",

"cool/khyule", "diss", "ballistic", "raging", "go postal".

Hmmm...Now put on your 'think Tank' thinking caps and brainstorm new slang thingers, kids. Kiddos! Spoiled hellion brats! What a pathetic excuse for neo-artisans ever beheld! As old-timers, the torch was passed-on. You've failed miserably. It's your duty to harass Baby Boomers for their accumulation of junk, teach them to recycle and take care of the environment. Our earlier movement had it's share of graffiti taggers in the crusade for street environment. Our earlier movement had it's share of graffiti taggers in the crusade for street smarts, free-spirited, free agency. It was never about gang-banging, altercations or violent confrontations. Gallis brothers and skinheads, withstanding. But we don't claim them. Oh ye deleteriously misguided youth, metaphors elude you. Rent the videos WEST SIDE STORY and TO SIR, WITH LOVE. A full moon graced my Nov. 25th birthday evening. Figures.

MINISTRY being at the top of personal faves, I must correct David McClellan. The first band rendition was the disco crapola, pseudo-Brit vocalization premise 'Ministry With Sympathy' in '83, not 86's 'Twitch'. KILLING JOKE has verily improved from their 80's modern music faire as well. This is in no regards intent to incense or ensconce David. He's quite an excellent, humorous writer. But then, I'm biased.

Last month's letter rebuttal categorized GRID as collegiate. The same could be said of THE EVENT, PRIVATE EYE WEEKLY, and THE CATALYST. In full conscientiousness, the only alternative art and musically accentuated newspaper tolerable anymore is THE EVENT. During my '89-91 tenure at THE PRIVATE EYE, the Editorial staff sincerely emphasized the alternative formula. That sincerity cre-

ated a burgeoning art scene. These days, it can only be described as an epilogue of politico themes and that ever-insular cliché mainstream.

Perhaps it serves me right that my face is a veritable palette. Quality make-up. Chartreuse, magenta, olive-scilosia green. Whimsical, mythological Zephyr\Mariah\Jolass blustery 50 mph windy gales catapulted an enormous inanimate object to my forehead and nose ridge. Verdict? Slight fracture. Second olfactory breakage. Ahhhh... Colors... or discoloration. In my heyday, rebel hair dyes were crimson, orange, black, platinum, henna, green, sky two-tone, etc...Presently, you kids have manic-panic red, iridescent violet, metallic mulberry and the like...What's next? Aquamarine zeal, salmon pink punk, lavender zen, industrial mogul sheen or something. HmMMMM.

Notice the decline in Dianetics mailer or members frequenting their H.Q.? Couldn't possibly be the controversy over that C.E.O. that self-opted after he misappropriated funds...

Research purports that every individual carries at least 5 -7 significantly abnormal genes. It's up to the individual to perceive them as gifts or defects, disabilities or blessings. Genetic traits of scoliosis, amblyopia (one near-sighted eye), hypoglycemia, epilepsy, Bipolar disorder and lefty are the handicaps I function with. Regarding lefty capacities...I was taught (forced) to utilize utensils right-handed. Considered a helpful tactic in a Rightist world, it's no longer initiated due to the speech impediments and learning disabilities it concurs. Some stutter. I have latent dyslexia and was sent to a speech therapist for a lazy tongue at Santa Cruz Garden Elementary school. Occasionally, my special qualities will manifest apparent. When a Psychiatrist told me I had a clean bill-of = health from the full-blood work-up with the exception of low blood sugar, the struggle with nutrition had just begun.

Namely during the manic cycles I've read of violent prison schizo offenders that made remarkable progress with nutrition, particularly the hypoglycemic. Anyone want to trade allergies for hypoglycemia? Gladly! HHHAaaaa!!!

God! Don't you feel like a jerk and imbecile, Mike Knowles. My ex-fiancé remarked on what a spineless twerp you are. I'll give you more credit. You're confused. Psychiatry terms it psycho spiritual crisis. On the contrary, I'm not bitter with a shoulder chip. You've projected you own words back on yourself. Rebellion is bittersweet. If you choose to believe in a church instead of your own self-sufficiency, that's your brand of faith. It'll never attain free agency, though. Surely you've matured beyond Biblical superstitions. There's a life force exigent. The enlightened or endarkened sides. Your crankiness tells me you still lean heavily towards the dark. So much for your indomitable Mormonism. Poo-poo hypocrite try to escape that, will ya. Tah! That'll teach ya to contend with the terse sage. Sagittarian am I.

The conveyed fugazi (not the band, yes the bands chosen concept) is (Viet)Namspeak fro crazy soldiers. On Veterans Day, I drove through the scenic route above the City Cemetery at sunset and pondered the tremendous quantity of uniform headstones. Endearred to a sophomoreic past revived as a left-wing anti-war, peace-loving anarchist, the view reprised all those excruciating moments. Dwelling on the great sacrifices made and lives given to abhorrent war, I wept. Inhuman injustices. Or the justified reasons that I'll never accept as valid enough. And long ago, dream scape feverish visions of combat zones, the anguished screams of ignorant souls caught-up in a timeless destiny that mankind's errant nature fatefully repeats historically. Civilians should commemorate Veterans Day lifelong. At the State Capitol memorial with it's monumental sculpture and

plaques, I expected to be moved. Floodgate of tears or touched with histrionics in lieu of the soldier's suffering. Initially, I was placid, then pixedated, and finally, vicariously at peace. Enamored by the soldier's consecrated commitment. magnanimity to cherish, inconvenience or impositioning of others. What I mention next might be construed as an insult, although it's intentions is to instill potential. If you're someone that has indeed selected a receding artist status, the lifestyle demands meteoric drive to succeed. As the muse, competition is incredibly fierce, equating my experience in the dance world. Take that leap of faith, passion and delusional grandeur. Believe anything is possible. Marvel in the progress elicited towards your ultimate goal.

The debate on drugs wages on. It never ceases to amaze me the proliferation of pharmaceuticals and illicit substances in everyone's medicine chest. Antihistamine pill-poppers, cocaine C.E.O.s, legal, illegal, hypocrisy everywhere. Hiya again, Mr. Knowles. The Doctors I work with have told me of the excesses of Mormon women on anti-depressants and anti-anxiety prescriptions. Gee, I wonder why. Can't imagine. Could it be the subservience to Fundamentalist ideals? Traditional suppression? If the power of prayer was so all-consuming and healing, would they need these drug crutches? If I humbly oblige the Phallic spire will I be saved from Manic-Depression? If one more Unipolar Depressive in my life tries to give me a guilt compels for having too much energy, I'll...Whatever!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Given I tend to withdraw to near seclusionary existence post-separation, I've sought self-therapeutic methods to my madness from the throes to recuperation. Engagement anexed, au revoir, I year to find that soulmate. Asans smothering. Shortcomings compromised. Therapeutic? Quality time to devote to adaptive artistic pursuits. Memoir, acrylic

painting, charcoals, I haven't faced that blaringly white, blank canvas yet. An astral plane emblazoned in golden-amber, rosey-tinged radiant hues. Exhilarated by enchanting illumination. Ethereal and joyous delight. Jois de vivre. Landscape escape. Remedied by aphrodisiacs. Cavorting in care-free abandon. Reverie. Transposed into the lapse clarity. Angst eradicated. Soaring on angelic gossamer wings.

Parking across from the U of U Ntl. Guard to watch a profoundly spectacular sunset layered in prisms as motorists, busses, joggers, bicyclists and passerbys remained oblivious and nonchalant to acknowledge it. It was a gorgeously vivid and vast panorama. Elevating. Arias. Mirth. A bucolic foray. Serene. Nigh on a dreamy stratospheres. Impromptu trance. Feisty. Inspirational. Ecstatic. Exuding the child within. Exaltation. A symphonic panoply erupting in choral odes, Legato, Staccato, Vibrato, Majestic horses galloping in cadence. Magnificent imaginings. Where fireflies are aglow. Heightened hysteria. Vibrant and vivacious. The Red Shoes. Fifteen minutes in eternity. Compliments of insomnia's hyperbole.

A bumper sticker proclaimed FEAR NO ART. Or the unknown, for that matter.

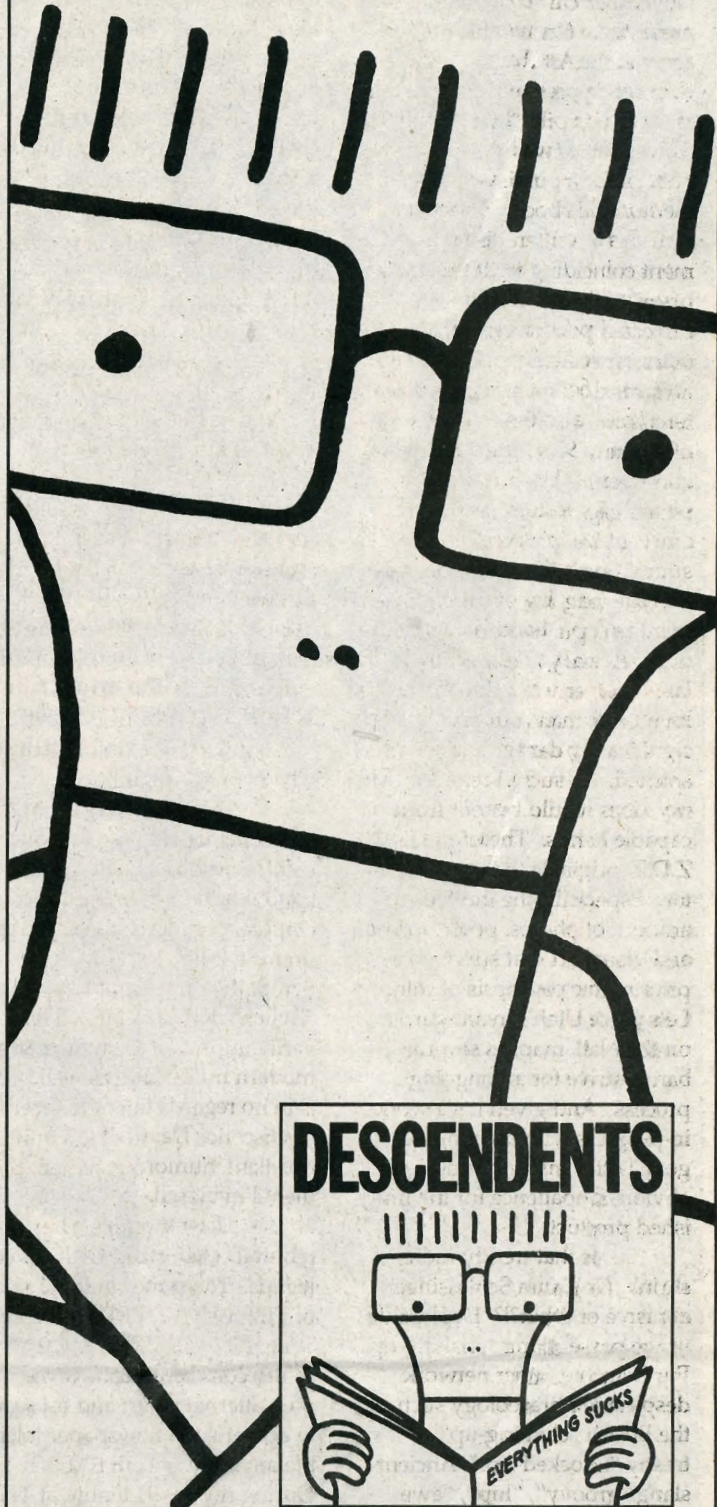
Merriest Holidays! Ciao and Cheerio,

—Southpaw LARS

Recommended Books of the Month:
 GRRRLS Viva Rock Divas by Amy Raphael, THE SMITHS: All Men Have Secrets, The Chemistry of Conscious States by J. Allan Hobson, M.D., Care of The Sould by Thomas Moore, Prozac Nation by Elizabeth Wurtzel, A Brilliant Madness by Patty Duke, Touched With Fire, and , An Unquiet Mind by Kay Redfield Jamison, We Heard The Angels Of Madness. The first two titles can be located in the Music/Rock section and the rest in Psychology.

DESCENDENTS

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So it's that time of the year again. Parents screaming, children screaming, dogs screaming. The Helligdays are in full swing. So what have I got for you well I've got quite a few little vinyl

nuggets to stuff up santa's nose. At this point I would like to put in a plea to the vinyl producing labels out there send me more stuff, I wanna do this monthly so I need a little more...indies preferred but majors accepted.

3 Band 10"

**Antenna Farm
ambiguous City Records
P.O. Box 31560, Baltimore,
MD 21207**

This first record is great it probably has a name but I'm not sure what it is. It does have three very good bands Octopus, Butch, & glazeride. Octopus has got an almost Melvinish appeal to there sound. Big drum sound, Lurching heavy black sabbath style guitars that break into black flag like leads. The vocals are standard but they ain't bad. Butch has got a great Bass sound, Big but clear. The vocal is scratchy

like Mccloud (GvsB). Spatial guitar for some reason makes this sound fuller rather than experimental. This has got some very dischordesque sounding hooks to it. This band is real fucking good. glazeride is much more Chicago

than Baltimore. Nice rythm, loose experimental guitar, crazy vocals. This is not the best band on the record but they one fine group of musicians. There is a nice sing

songy quality to glazeride's Osmosis track on side B. They seem to glide a little more into the art rock than I'd like but all in all not bad.

Antenna Farm is goofy

looking. They sound seven inch perfect. Very repetitive but catchy and very jangly guitar. The songs aren't

remarkable but they are listenable. However I must admit I thought there was crap on my record needle the whole time. It's what you'd expect from an established band it's

refreshing from a young group. Don't look for lyrical depth but don't worry about pondering political messages either. These boys are making soda jerk bubble gum pop.

**Kitty Craft
Soda Girl Records 7" \$3.50
Box 10771 Eugene, Or 97440**

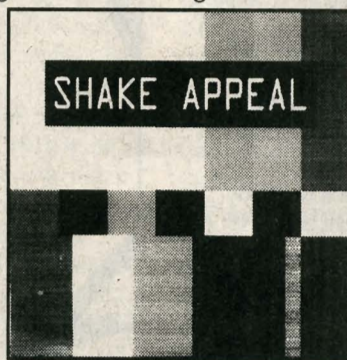
Kitty Craft is college girl lo-fi pop. It's just so cliché you can here Lou barlow whining that this is the girl

that broke his heart. It's got spunk a flava', but it's got the soul of Steve Martin in the Jerk. Take the chance if you dare. Should you like the belly, throwing muses kinda schtick this is

for you. Otherwise try to score this girl and just when you're done tell her how much her record sucked and you wished she did so you shut her mouth. That oughta give her albums of I hate material.

**Shake Appeal
Camber / Scout
Deep Elm Records
Pobox 1965 Nyny 10156**

Take the Romantics throw in a tad of 80's supergroups and mix it in a base of Superchunk. This is very big pop. It's so fucking catchy you'll need a shot to get rid of it. It's really got

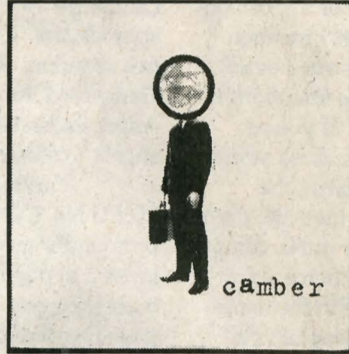


alot of energy. It's got cliché it's got a catchy line or two it repeats it's everything you wanted but nothing you asked for. Take home listen to it once then slit your wrists

later when you can't get it out of your head.

Camber emo core with a budget and no emotion. Sounds like R.E.M. now trying to sound like they did on Murmur. I don't know why I called it freakin emo-core

cause it just fuckin' sucks. This label has obviously got some good bands on it but this isn't one of them. Fuck I sound better singing while fucking the neighbors cat on acid. But they do have a nice



rythm section. Scout is three piece from New York. This woman has got a voice that get's my panties wet. The music is good and poppy. It's light and then hard,

verse -chorus -verse kind of stuff. The voice is dissonant to the music and at times this girl sounds down right mean. Mostly she just sounds super slippery sexy cool. Buy this record or don't I don't fuckin care I got my copy.

**KNAPSACK/STUNTMAN
TRUNK FEDERATION
Alias Records
2815 W.Olive Ave., Burbank,
Ca 91505**

I made the most common error that a record reviewer can make when reviewing this Knapsack Stuntman split. Played the record on 45 when it shoulda been played on 33. Man let me tell you stuntman was fuckin awesome they were a little off key but in a good way it was brilliant Gregg Ginn style guitar work. The singing was quick staccatto and natural sounding. When I played it at the right the speed the band lack feeling and emotion the music was dull and the voice whiney. Knapsack "dropkick" sounded good both ways, they weren't great or anything they just sound good. I have a really great instrumental disc by a band called breadwinner, to this day I can't tell if I'm playing it a the right

peed, but at both speeds it
ocks. Maybe that's why I
ouldn't figure out the speed
n either side they both have
ery long instrumental
ntros. Stuntman is recorded
n Idaho so they are kinda
ocal. But no
ooking at it
Knapsack
nyabe shoulda
een played on
5 and then
Stuntman on 33,
uck I don't
know by the
record and fig-
ure it out.

Trunk
Federation what can I say.
You're name's too long, first
off. The first song Young
Cherry Tree made me think
Flaming Lips meets punk
rhythm. But after a little
thought it's just quirky not
terribly artsy or anything.
The Story told in Turtle is
funny only in it's implication



scream but
then again the
only thing
that gets me
hard
anymore is a
baby with a
knife through
it's chest.

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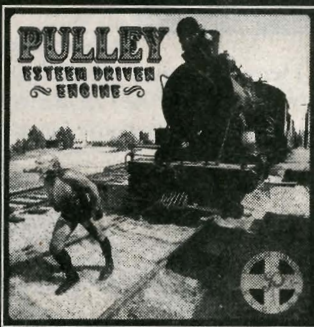
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19 slug

Concert Previews

Social Distortion and D-Generation

"It's like if you listen to Appalachian bluegrass folk songs, it's poor hillbillies singing about, 'There ain't no fucking food!' They're singing about their pain. It's all relevant stuff and that's what punk rock once was. Singing about the things that people didn't necessarily want to talk about." Mike Ness has been a punk rocker since the early '80s. He writes the songs and fronts Social Distortion. Ness is one who lived the punk lifestyle and survived. He's recovered from his days as drug addicted alcoholic who spent some time in jail. He hasn't lost the attitude. Ness doesn't think much of certain '90s millionaires who pass themselves off as punks. He listens to Hank Williams and rockabilly, at least he did when the *SOMEWHERE*

BETWEEN HEAVEN

AND HELL and SOCIAL

DISTORTION albums were recorded. For *WHITE LIGHT*, *WHITE HEAT*, *WHITE TRASH* he returned to Johnny Thunders, the Clash, the Ramones, the Dead Boys, and X. Social Distortion has covered the Rolling Stones, Ed Bruce and Johnny Cash on previ-

ous recordings. The only cover on the new one is "Under My Thumb" a song the band included on the flip of their first single. The rest of *White Light*... is Ness' observations on life as he knows it. "I Was Wrong" is the big hit single. "When The Angels Sing" is dedicated to his grandmother, the one who helped him through the hard times, and it expresses the feelings her death created in Ness. The raw feeling of primal punk hasn't been lost. These veterans of the Orange County scene promise to provide a moving live experience and they've signed Chuck Biscuits on as the drummer. He isn't on the CD, but the ex-DOA, Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Danzig skin pounder will indeed arrive with Social Distortion. D-Generation is the New York City punk rock band with a brand new album on a brand new label with some previously released material. Now that thousands of bands are into the Descendents sound the freshest punk recalls CBGB's in 1976. D-Generation will open for Social Distortion on December 11.

Jesse Dayton

Jesse Dayton was booked at Spanky's several months ago. For some reason it didn't happen. He has rescheduled his Salt Lake City date at a line-dancing disco palace. The Westerner used to be the spot to

get drunk, fight, pick up a divorcee and after a late breakfast at the Kowloon it was off to bed. I'm wondering how the hats and buckles of the present version will react to Dayton. Sure he's the band leader in Pam Tillis' lat-

concert PREVIEW

est videos, but how many reggae cowboys are familiar with Johnny Gimble, Floyd Domino, Doug Sahm or Flaco Jimenez. They all appear on Dayton's debut album *RAISIN' CAIN*. The album is pretty rootsy and traditionally slanted - music

made for two-stepping in the dance-halls of Dayton's home, the Texas hill country. If anyone reading has yet to experience the bizarre behavior of modern cowboys December 8 is the night to do so. Jesse Dayton will be the surprise on the stage.

Kristen Barry

I know, I know. Chris Bellow is playing on her album. The Presidents Of The United States of America aren't hip anymore.

Since I was into the band when they recorded for Poploma their new found mega-star status doesn't bother me. Since I had listened to Kristen Barry before the radio began playing "Created" her

status as a rising star doesn't bother me either. Since I've actually met her and spent some time on the phone with her, I know that the songs aren't manufactured "product" released in the attempt to emulate Alanis Morissette. I also know that the publicity photo is not retouched for maximum beauty. Kristen Barry looks just like her picture. When she arrives with her band that radio song will be a bit harder and the remainder of the album, when played live, will absolutely rock. Be prepared to join the X-96 crowd and their accompanying moo's and

baa's on December 8 at Spanky's.

Red House Painters and Maids Of Gravity

Oh my goodness. The Red House Painters should draw a crowd of sensitive types. These 4AD bands usually do, except the Red House Painters aren't recording for 4AD anymore and their sound has taken on a rougher texture. Have a listen to *SONGS FOR A BLUE GUITAR* to discover why 4AD dropped the band. Oh well, change is good. Kozelek and crew are taking the noise on the road. The Maids Of Gravity are opening. This band has decided to investigate a past the Grateful Dead forgot. Full blown acid rock appears

on *THE FIRST SECOND*, the latest offering from the Maids Of Gravity. Psychedelic as hell with guitar squalls and squawks and none other than John Cale sitting in. John Cale has never been known for his commercial sounding recordings. As the press releases states, "Cale was able to bring out the colors inside the music." For heavens sake, acid rock, colors? Spanky's is the place for dosing on December 14.

Deftones, Downset and the Humble Gods

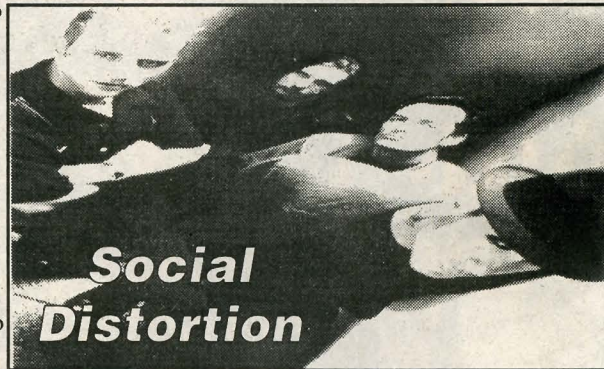
The show is already sold out. Please do not arrive at the Fairgrounds without a ticket. If there is a soul around town who has not seen the Deftones or Downset before the I guess you live in a bunker. Of course we're talking hard and of course there will be a huge mess of a mosh pit. All the tough boys are already preparing to slam about to the Deftones and Downset, but just in is the information on the Humble Gods. I'm not sure if they have replaced Orange 9mm on

the ticket or if the show has been expanded to include four bands, but the Humble Gods are booked. The band is comprised of alumni from the Descendents, Pennywise, Dogg Style and Dag Nasty. They are not interested in

any of the pleasant hooks and lovely melodies commonly passed off as the punk rock alternative. Cacophonous and ferocious are the terms for describing their newly released *Hollywood* ("We're signed to a label, for godsakes") debut. A welcome addition and a band to wear down the moshers before the headliners take the stage. It's at the former army barracks, now known as the Foul Friends chicken coop at the Utah State Fairpark. The date is December 14.



Humble Gods



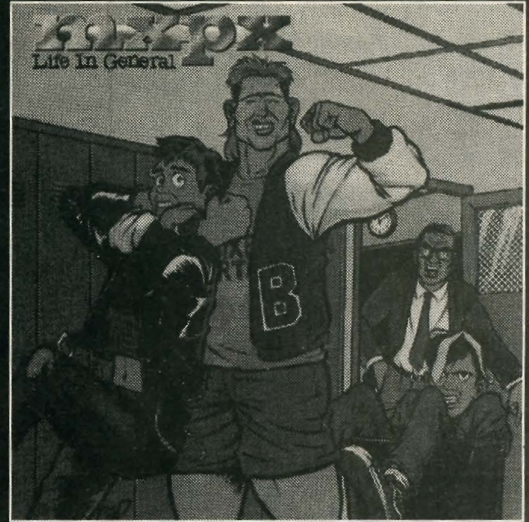
Social Distortion

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*The Suicide and the Serial Killer
(To the tune of "She'll be coming
round the mountain")*

*She'll be smoking crystal meth
when she comes*

*She'll be seeking pristine death,
when she comes.*

*She'll be whooping and a hollering
from all the pills that she's been
swallowing*

*She'll be puking and a palling
Feeling numb.*

*We'll tell her its a party when she
comes*

*And then get her in the Caddy
with a gun*

*And with her stalkings blind her
And quickly hog-tie bind her*

*Nobody's going to find her
Bleeding gums.*

*We'll all get dressed to meet her
when she comes*

*We'll get depressed and beat her
when she comes.*

We'll hold her under water

*Till we're certain God has got her,
Then we'll rape and sodomize her
purple bum.*

*We'll wrap her up in sack-cloth
when she comes*

*We'll soak her corpse in Hyssop
when she comes.*

*We'll really bat and break her
Till her meat is just like butter*

*So tasty and so tender,
Yum Yum Yum.*

By Paul Turdwater

Herbert Mullin was born an April 18, 1947 in Salinas, California, the forty-first anniversary of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. This fact loomed steadily in Mullin's mind much of his deranged life. By the time he was 20 Mullin had become a moody dabler in eastern religious and drug culture and was prone to violent outbursts. In late 1969 he terrified his parents when he began to imitate very movement of his brother-in-law, behavior known as echopraxia, a strong symptom of schizophrenia. A day after he began his compulsive mimicry, Mullin checked into a

mental hospital, where he was, in fact, diagnosed as a schizophrenic. A voluntary patient, he checked out six weeks later.

Mullin shaved his head, and once declared mysteriously that "Murder is an act of love." By October his behavior had become so alarming that he entered another mental hospital. Late that same year he was once more discharged. But his doctors considered his possible recovery very unlikely.

In 1972, he moved to Santa Cruz to be with his parents. And soon a voice, which he said was his father's was sending him telepathic messages. "Herb," it would say, "I want you to kill me somebody." That October 13th "Herb" did just that. On a road in the Santa Cruz mountains, he beat an old man to death with a club. Two weeks later, he gave a young female hitchiker in his '58 Chevy station wagon. He stabbed her to death and hid her body in the hills. He stabbed a Catholic priest to death on November 2, All Souls' Day.

By this time Mullin believed that Albert Einstein had chosen him to lead his generation to safety, in particular he was to save California from an earthquake by offering up human sacrifices. Soon the voices became those of his victims, giving him permission to kill them.

In January 1973 Mullin killed five more, using his .22 revolver. He killed a drug dealer he had once known, along with the drug dealers wife. He murdered a mother and her two kids, when he accidentally went to the wrong house.

Early in February he found four camping teenagers in Santa Cruz State Park. He shot them all and left them

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

Herbert
Mullin

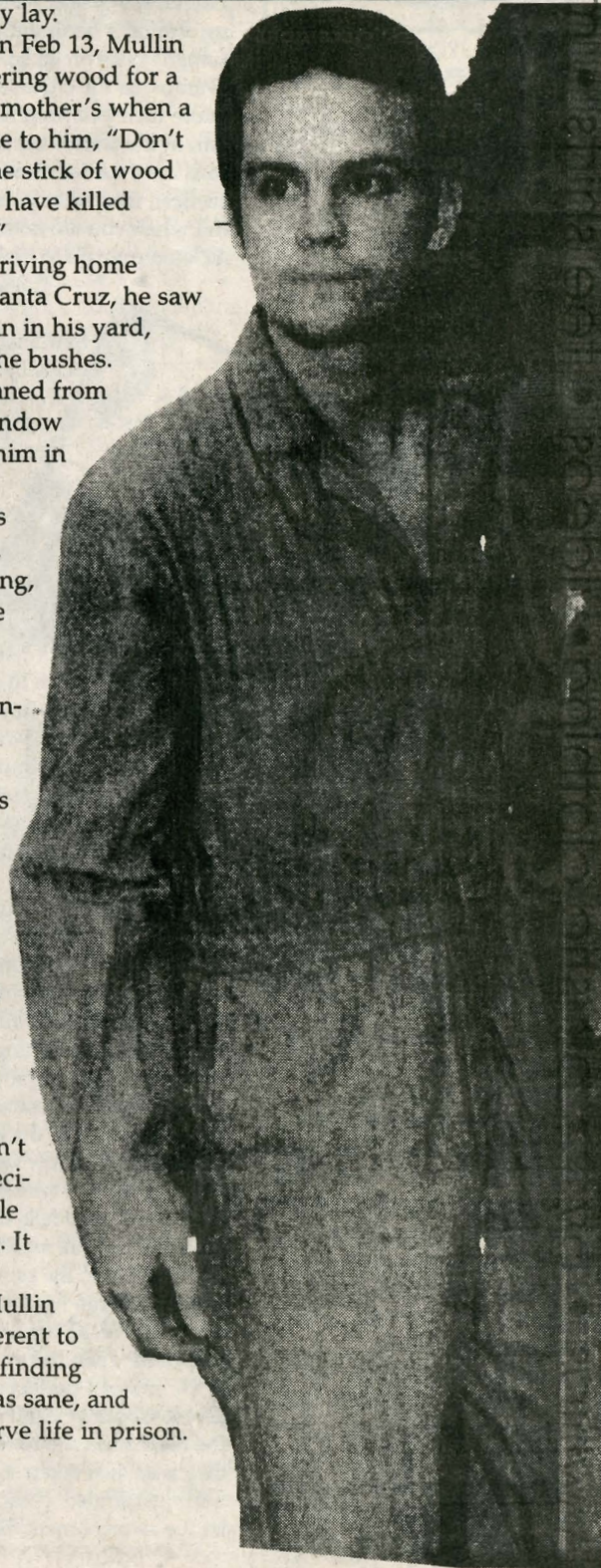
where they lay.

On Feb 13, Mullin was gathering wood for a fire at his mother's when a voice came to him, "Don't deliver one stick of wood until you have killed someone."

Driving home through Santa Cruz, he saw an old man in his yard, pruning the bushes. Mullin leaned from his car window and shot him in passing. Neighbors witnessed the shooting, and police found Mullin within minutes.

During his trial He rambled on about earthquakes and had a chilling rationale for his crimes: A rock doesn't make a decision while it's falling. It just falls."

Mullin was indifferent to the jury's finding that he was sane, and that he serve life in prison.





Acid Bath
Pagan Terrorism Tactics
Rotten Records

First of all I love the band and I love their record label. They sent me one of the best videos I've viewed in my life (no it wasn't played on MTV) when I called to request a copy of *When The Kite String Pops*, their first. Since I'm a lazy bastard and I'm not very good at sending out "tear-sheets" the label wrote me off. Due to the kind heart (ha,ha,ha) of the evil SLUG boss, Mr. Elvis Christ himself, I came into possession of a copy of Acid Bath's latest.

The band is so twisted and sick that they had several paragraphs devoted to their cover artwork in Billboard Magazine. Their latest features a painting done by none other than Dr. Jack Keyorkian. *When The Kite String Pops* had a self-portrait drawn by John Wayne Gacy of himself as Pogo the Clown. The band also released a radio play EP branded by a sketch drawn by "the Night Stalker" Richard Ramirez. The band is from Louisiana, and that doesn't mean the civilized area of the state. The best music Louisiana ever produced came from the swamps, there is even a name to describe it - swamp rock. Acid Bath isn't playing what the archivists call "swamp rock" - they have some new ideas for "swamp." Swamps were and remain the setting for all manner of unspeakable horrors. Unspeakable horrors are what Acid Bath are all about. For those inclined to partake of tamer, more manufactured versions of horror (please refer to the horrors of the inner city and the cartoon horror produced by Mansonites and

NINies) the music is probably much to abrasive/melodic. Tattoos, spandex and strap-on didos are tame when compared to a two-by-four welded by a hairy, three-eyed maniac in tattered coveralls with a two-headed cock (it's the environment, stupid) sticking out ready and willing to bash and then impale the first living object "it" encounters. Imagine a tribe partaking in pagan rituals dancing around a bonfire fueled by human bones on an island in the swamps as the crocodiles cower before their evil presence. Take a bath in the waters the corporations have turned to acid. Watch the flesh melt from your bones and when you are nothing but a skeleton prepare to fuel the fire. Cavorting Jack



Son Seals
Live Spontaneous Combustion
Alligator Records

I am truly spoiled, two CDs in one month. Son Seals: June 20-22, Chicago Illinois. Twelve songs that make you love music. Son Seals and company create a vibrant palette of blues and rock with accompaniment of a two man horn section. Like Michael Hill, Son displays his guitar as a true extension of himself. Organ and drums come together for perfect rhythm that you have to lean in on the speaker to differentiate. This is living, breathing music. Whoever mixed the sound left Son's audible directions for the band dispersed in the lyrics. Son sweats in his yellow sequined jacket on a hot summer day in Chicago. A drop falls down on the stage and his music grows. The band is on the same wavelength, you can hear it. You have to wonder if the band itself was surprised when the music cleared at the end of 4 perfect minutes of iEvery Goodbye Ain't Gone and the realization dropped in that they were just taken someplace. Seals just smiled, breathed in and let the astonishment dissipate.

—Mad Reverend

Bernie Bernie Headflap
Cheese On Wheat
Creep Records

I don't know if this sounds more like the PIXIES or just FRANK Black's solo material?!? Don't get me wrong, since either way I dig it in a big way, baby! There are hella songs on this disc, slapping down some heavy sounds that bounce all over the spectrum. The power of this trio seems to come from the fact they don't tie themselves down to any specific style or sound, capturing the crunch of VU-influenced bands, yet experimenting with Ween sounds of distorted voice & fucked up samplings. At times the vocals are a strange combo of They May Be Giants & Geggy Tah(ugh!), but it adds nicely to the happy & playful lyrics that bleed dark sarcasm at times when you least expect it. This keeps you on your toes, since most of the music tends to fly all over the play, from hard thrashy tones to slick pop that melts in your mouth like tasty candy. I played this for a few of my wannabe hip friends & they looked at me like I was truly testing their own opinions, which I was. In the end they tossed a coin, yet I had made up my mind long ago...a keeper!

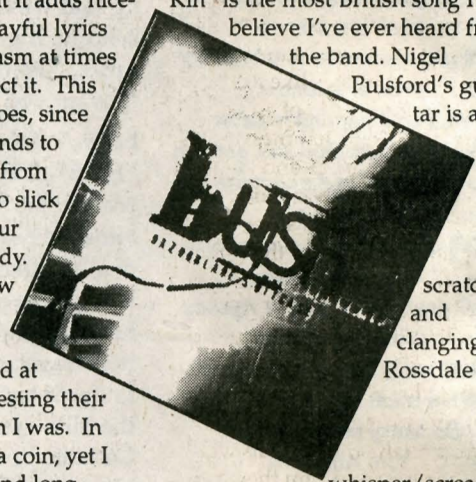
—Billy Fish

Bush
Razorblade Suitcase
Interscope

Interscope is the label poised to save Christmas for music retailers. Retailers earn close to 50 percent of their income during this short period of weeks. The Interscope family of labels has released Marilyn Manson, 2 Pac, Dr. Dre, Shaquille O'Neal, and Death Row's Greatest Hits in these the last days. Now there is Bush. MTV is reportedly changing their format to include less rap and grunge and more pop and electronic dance. Don't worry the effect won't kick in soon enough to ruin Christmas. If the sound of Seattle grunge is attractive to the ears then so is Bush. Ah, if only Silverchair had a new CD prepared for the shopping

season it would be a Seattle sounding Christmas indeed.

For the children who find **RAZORBLADE SUITCASE** under the evergreen bush on Christmas morning please bow down and worship the graven image of Kurt. I guess Gavin can't help it if he sings like the dead one. Bush is Bush and I am already sick enough of "Swallowed" to program my player to skip it. Before and after that are more songs which illustrate the growth of Bush. Two years ago they were complaining about their lack of success in Britain. I think I interviewed the bald one. Now they are happy because in their hometown they can walk down the street in freedom, none of that fame stuff to interfere with their lives. "Insect Kin" is the most British song I believe I've ever heard from the band. Nigel Pulsford's guitar is all



scratchy and clanging. Rossdale

whisper/screams the words in an original manner. But I'm sorry, he returns to his old ways for "Cold Contagious." The hip thing is to dismiss anything that is popular. I sat down with an open mind hoping for a great record. Skip "Cold Contagious" too. "A Tendency To Start Fires" is another keeper, the voice is still there, but the band takes over, especially Pulsford. He's buzzing and clanging and feeding back all over the place. Dave Parsons and Robin Goodridge are the busy little bees circling about the flowering Bush. "Mouth" is an alternative rock formula. Stop start, quiet, loud, start stop, loud, quiet, everyone knows what it sounds like. Don't worry, the strings are coming right up. "Straight No Chaser" has the strings, call it an alternative rock ballad, a love song if you will. The strings do indeed give the song a depth and the addition moves Bush beyond

their grunge past. This is what I was hoping for. The CD winds down with ballads. The second to last song, "Bonedriveo," again has the strings. The rest are Bush in a quiet mood. I like it. God dammit I like it. After you get past "History" it's almost a new CD. Let them grow. They'll make a few million off of **RAZORBLADE SUITCASE**. The true test comes in a couple of years when it is time to make the third.

Sorry G, I realize this is running way long, but how about a look into the mind of a baby boomer? These individuals found nothing wrong with running around naked fucking whatever was available. They lived in communes and shared bodies like a cheap porno video of an orgy. They ingested massive quantities of drugs and engaged in all manner of social disobedience. I was in a CD store the other day and I overheard the following. A baby boomer was reading the lyrics to **RAZORBLADE SUITCASE** in the futile attempt to dictate his son's musical taste. "These lyrics are depressing. They depress me and I'm not even listening to the music." His wife was. She passed him the headphones and began to read the lyric sheet. "I don't want my 17-year-old committing suicide after listening to a CD." Well boomer. If the little fucker commits suicide it's because his parents are stupid fucking bastards who conveniently forget what happened when they were young. The poor kid is 17 for Christ's sakes. How old do you think the pimply faced individual selling the music is? Get a fucking life and check into the reality ward.

Orin "Tipper" Hutch

Phish
Billy Breathes
Elektra Entertainment

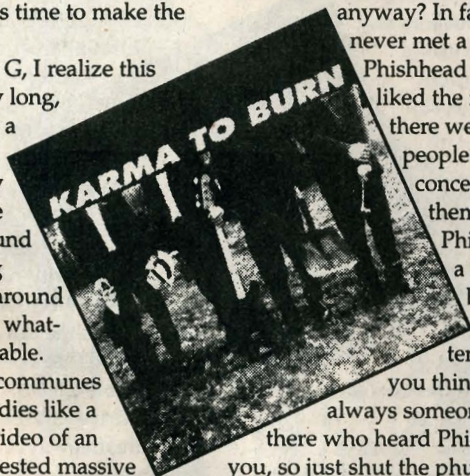
Phish? What the fuck are you doing? You are neither the Grateful Dead nor The Beatles and you certainly can't hold both realms in your reign. As a fan I find you exhilarating and creative but my cynicism comes shining

through and grows the more popular you get. You started out as a happy little band with happy little ditties of ¡Juntái that swamped my soul. But I guess you've outgrown me and have turned into some sort of totalitarian regime out to conquer the world. And I'm not one of those assholes out there that is all pissed off because of the iposersí who go to Phish concerts. What the hell is a poser anyway? In fact I've never met a Phishhead who liked the fact that there were other people at the concert besides them. Any Phish fan is a iposer,í because no matter what you think there is always someone out there who heard Phish before you, so just shut the phuck up and enjoy there music. Which is exactly what Phish wants you to do with their new CD. Musically it is amazing but it isn't Phish. It should be called iHoist: Our Second Attempt At Widespread Mainstream Popularity.í It is a fine tuned pop album and there is no doubt in my mind that the boys at Elektra (What do you know a division of Warner Entertainment) got together with the band and decided to capture the favor of the pop world. It just might work with this album, every day I hear the single iFreeí on the radio. Maybe they made this album for future generations to ponder at the wide range of styles that Phish encompass. My feelings are they aren't so high-minded. Phish: you will never be a complacent pop band and nor will you ever be that in my mind, you transcend and don't look for approval, but your last two studio efforts and actions prove, you are trying to overcome yourself for life's greener acceptance.

—Mad Reverend

Karma To Burn
Roadrunner

Dis 'ere rekid is from some a dem hicks what lives in da woods er some damn thing er other. There (SLUG spelling used all the way through) birthing



occured 'roun a still. These 'ere boys couldn't make any decent whiskey so's they went ta New York City 'n bot em some. There original tape din' have no words cause none of em could sing. But there frien Baka could beller a bit so's they got him ta sing fer em. Now they haf thereselves a bran new rekid in da store jes in time fer da Christmas shoppers.

Go in da store and ask dem fellers er girlfriends what works der, "they where's yer gyses Karma To Burn CDs?" "Cause if ders a gal er guy on yer list what happens ta lak lumbering, dark, heavy droning metal music what has ponderous instrumentals and meaningful words what don much innerfere wit da pleasure den dis 'ere rekid will do da trik. If'n ya got a hotty what likes da bang real slow den play "Mt. Penetrator" fer her. If'n ya got a frein what cain't figure out when Ozzy lef Black Sabbath den dat big ole dummy will sure lak da whole damn album. Der is one final thing. Dis 'ere band laks Joy Division. "Twenty Four Hours," played by a God damned bunch a booze guzzling hillbillies in cowboy's hats is something ta ponder on wit a straw stuck in yer mouth. Spit, ding. I made me a bullseye writ der in ma coffee can.

Roy Bob Jensen

Burnt & Bent
Cow Crazy(Compilation)
Burnt Sienna Records

I've said it a thousands times before, I love compilations, & for good reason. You get a mess-o bands, usually for a low price, & a taste of many different sounds to taste-test. With the young indie labels(like this one!), some of this bands would never have the widespread attack on the unsuspecting listener unless they gang up & attack in the safety of numbers on one sampling. Boy, is this a raw treat that needs to be heard & quick! Most of the groups, like MUD-



FLAP GIRLS FROM VENUS & FF, are so bloody rough it's enough to make you want to track down the specific garage they recorded in & look for the a repeat session of foul guitars & beat-out drum kits. Plenty of punk, hardcore, & sick noise for anyone to handle, this is the guide for your next order of seven inches to purchase out of Maximum R&R. I don't know what the fuck the HAYNES BOYS & their confed Memphis tunes are doing here(although I still love them), but the rest is straight out of the gutter-style, roughneck rock & roll. I got my copy...where's yours?

—Billy Fish

The Jimmy Dawkins Band
Blisterstring
Delmark

Fuck Clapton. Does anyone reading know a white yuppie who believes Clapton is God? Pick up a copy of **BLISTERSTRING** and play "Feel So Bad" for them. There is no way in hell that Clapton could duplicate Jimmy Dawkins' guitar work. Clapton dreams of being as good, why do you think the only blues album he's released in the last 30 years was all covers, all covers of black musicians? Once again bring Billboard Magazine into play. They spotlighted the actual white blues underground in the November 23 issue. The white blues underground is a bunch of punk rockers fucking up the blues. That is innovation, that is creativity and if white people feel the need to play the blues at least they can fuck with the style and not pretend they are black.

Jimmie Dawkins is a black man and he is playing West Side Chicago blues. He's bending strings and distorting shit all over the place. The album was recorded at the old Chess studios and it represents the last blues session ever held there. It sounds like a Chess blues session. The cold digital format can't disguise the warmth. The tones Dawkins brings forth from his guitar are a joy to hear. Dawkins doesn't



Day. iGee, they're popular so why can't we. Yes, Nerf Herder, can't we all if we just do the same things all our friends are doing. How hip there; singing an ode to the nosering girl I love you and I want you, hey there alternative. And if I hear anymore songs about whacking off I'll do something that is ultimately severely harmful, in fact I'll probably just listen to the Herf Nerders. Despite all these particulars I'm sure we'll be seeing these dingleberries on MTV's Unplugged sometime soon!

—Former Mad Reverend

Grita!
Gréeta = Scream
GRITA! Records

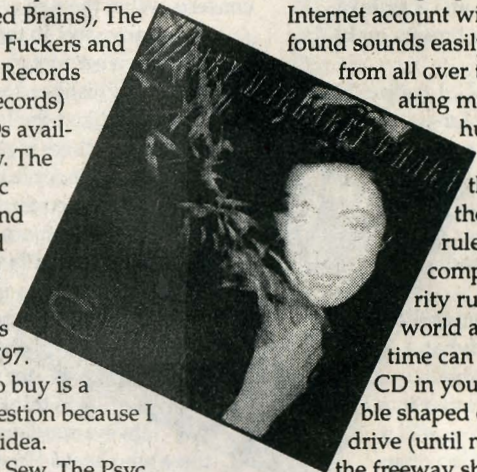
GRITA! is a record label based in New York which is releasing a variety of punk rock type records. The bands come from Spain, Argentina, Brazil and America. The vocals are sung in Spanish, Basque or English. The CD currently under consideration is a sampler of what GRITA! has to offer.

Three bands are of special interest. The Psychotic Aztecs have Tito Larriva who is best known for his work with Cruzados and the Plugs, but also known for his soundtrack work as Tito & Tarantula. That band played in Park City last year at the Slamdance Film Festival.

Completing the band are Johnny Vatos and John Avila (formerly of Oingo Boingo). They have two songs with "Hombre Secreto," a Spanish version of "Secret Agent Man" as the stand-out.

The Pleasure Fuckers gain attention because of their name. They are a Spanish punk band with a sound not unlike early Damned. They are billed as garage-punk but I'm not hearing it. Old school, not hardcore. Their fan club is the Legion of Fuckers. More details on joining up are contained in the review of their full length. Finally come the Blind Pigs. They are billed as "surf-punk," but again I'm not hearing it, it is old school with power pop

thrown in. They come from Brazil. Their leader is an English teacher so one song is in English and the other is in Portuguese. "No Pistols Reunion" is anti-Vicious-less-Sex Pistols. There are 17 songs and as expected some are good while others are not. The last eight are most excellent examples of international punk rock. Cerebros Exprimidos (Squeezed Brains), The Pleasure Fuckers and La Polla Records (Cock Records) have CDs available now. The Psychotic Aztecs and the Blind Pigs will release new ones early in '97. Where to buy is a huge question because I have no idea.



Sew. The Psyc
The Future Loop Foundation
Time And Bass
Planet Dog

"Here's another geek from England trying to upset the applecart of "alternative" rock and "new age" which when combined together have created a race of young and old who are too fucking stupid to face the pathetic reality of their meaningless lives. In Salt Lake City, the new world capitol of hippies who have yet to take a true acid test (and they never will), reggae and the organic beat of a drum fuel their ridiculous attempts to reinvent time gone by - a time they can never recapture - while the former holders of the flag of disobedience are so frustrated and stressed out from their sell-out efforts to gain every conceivable consumer item their big screens tell them is needed for a comfortable and "quality" lifestyle - the beat goes on and on.

I enjoy listening to techno music during, as and after I've got a huge buzz going from about three "growlers" of locally brewed beer. If I was daring enough and if I could find the quality of the past I might ingest some of the old lysergic Timmy lived and died for. Sadly it is all of such a pathetic quality nowadays that God can only be revealed if I partake of his flesh

and blood at a sacrament meeting hosted by the worst perverts imaginable. The sacrament is administered and presided over by liars, thieves, thugs, bank robbers, child molesters, con artists and perverts of all persuasions.

Meanwhile some lost and lonely soul is sitting in his apartment armed with all manner of electronic gadgets and an Internet account with E-mail and found sounds easily downloaded from all over the world creating music the few humans not programmed by the square box, their political rulers and the complete mediocrity running the world at the present time can enjoy. Play the CD in your stupid bubble shaped car as you drive (until next year when the freeway shuts down

completely) to your poisoned cubicle job at the stupid corporation and chill out motherfucker. Ride the fucking bus to discover what Dee Dee and Evil "Mike" LeBaron Leavit haven't told you about. (Gee whiz Lamar, could you give me \$20,000 or so to pay off my student loan?) Welcome the world to Salt Lake City, the most ridiculously moronic, corrupt city in the world (Chiva, coca? Sorry, but we can't lock them up because I can't pay my house payment without them.) and wait for the Angel Moroni to play the Olympic Fanfare to open the 2002 Winter Games. The world ends here as was predicted by the biggest con artist of them all - Crazy Joe - in his book." (That's it boy, no more mushrooms for you. They make you crazy, you might commit suicide and then I wouldn't have a "street" paper anymore - ed G)
 Queen of the Jed

George Clinton
Greatest Funkin Hits
Capitol Records

These are the remnants of the funk we knew as The P-Funk All Stars. It has encompassed generations and now comes to rest in the period of gangster rap. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, but this is by no means the funk envisioned. I hon-

thank a string manufacturer or a guitar company because it is plain that vintage instruments and amplifiers were used. Plug that baby in and wail. Extended guitar solos are a part of the blues, but so many times they come off as boring. There are four songs on the album stretching well past the six minute mark. Dawkins has plenty of time to solo and as one of the truly great blues guitarists he selects each note for maximum impact. "Welfare Line" is nearly eight minutes long, but it whizzes by in almost an instant because the vocals are filled with grit and reality; the solos are brilliant. Since the exact date of the recording is missing from the liner notes I'll hazard a guess and state that it was originally recorded and released around 1972 or it could have been in 1976. Whatever.

BLISTERSTRING is far from dated and while it is at least 20-years-old the youngsters on the road today can't touch Dawkins style - they can only try.

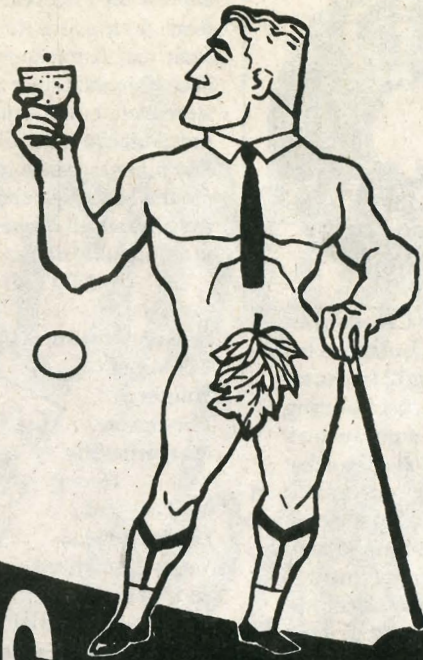
Hawkshaw Hopkins

Nerf Herder
My Records

These guys are on their way to something big and I hope it's a giant fucking cliff. Do you understand where I'm going with this. The songs blended together for a half an hour of the band telling us what shitheads they are. You know what, I really do believe them, but I didn't need to take that much time to figure that out. You will be hearing the band on the radio because of their angst ridden lazy boy lyrics that are dangerously close to Green



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place, man! If for anything, to express their deepest thoughts, fears, & emotions through the basic rock & roll sounds that have been universal since the first strains of Louie Louie could be heard bleeding out of the Kingsmen's garage. Get a clue & get this record, or end up missing the boat we all desperately need to be on more often.

—Billy Fish

**Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas
Hunter S.
Thompson
Margaritaville**

Here it is – Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas dramatized and set to music. Don't even think audio book, the whole thing isn't here and the cast of characters would never sit still to read the entire text out loud. Harry Dean Stanton is the narrator. Jimmy Buffet, Buck Henry, Laraine Newman, Maury Chaykin, Jim Jarmusch and others act out the masterpiece of gonzo journalism. Classic songs directly related to the story are inserted at the appropriate points. Hippie had just ended and the new drug culture of the '70s had only begun. To the average American drug use and hippie was something they read about in the newspaper or viewed on television. The tale describes fucking with Las Vegas society, a society completely lacking the knowledge to understand that they were being fucked with. Drug crazed hippies on an adventure which, as much as the "new hippie" wishes or pretends, will never be duplicated again.

Those who were there will flashback to "good" drugs and reading the original manuscript in the pages of Rolling Stone while under the influence. Others might remember reading the book. For the rest of you...too fucking bad. Beat your meat, sorry drums and listen to your Grateful Dead, Hunter S. Thompson got off the bus to engage in a war of words with society. Maybe you should as well.

Ken Queasy

**Creedle
When The Wind Blows
Headhunter**

My disc player would not accept track one of the CD. That tells me that either the disc is defective or the time for a new player is quickly approaching. As I've discovered it costs nearly as much to realign a laser as it does to purchase a new disc player, especially now that countless price slashing electronic warehouse stores have invaded the town. I missed seven minutes and 17 seconds of Creedle. The CD cover has some informative reading material courtesy of Donald R. Stampone,

who apparently is a personage of some importance in the San Diego "scene." I learned that Creedle are viewed as a jazz act by many in their "scene." I also learned that the A&R men have left town because the "scene" is dead. The closest San Diego came to becoming Seattle was Rocket From The Crypt, a band the Seattle lovers in Salt Lake City tried to boo off the stage when they arrived with an actual Seattle band – Soundgarden. Oh well, Creedle hardly play the type of music A&R men are going to fall all over themselves attempting to sign to a million dollar contract.

Another note of interest is the presence of Rob Crow, the dude from the failed Heavy Vegetable as a guest. Some guy named Rob Patton is here as well. Whatever happened to his band and the loss of Faith anyway? Are they called Mr. Bungle now? As is pointed out in the liner notes Creedle are playing some jazz, but they aren't the typical jazz band. If they were they'd move north to San Francisco and become like unto Charlie Hunter. Then the A&R guys would descend. Fuck, they'd probably have articles written about them in both Billboard and Downbeat. As an example of why Creedle is too weird for their own good take "Los Calapalos, Los

Capalalalos." Say it really, really fast. A quite lovely jazz number is followed by a short burst of complete and total lo-fi rock titled "Kansas." The next one, "Middletown (Almost Downtown)" lasts over ten minutes. Short attention spans beware, it is a rock opera.

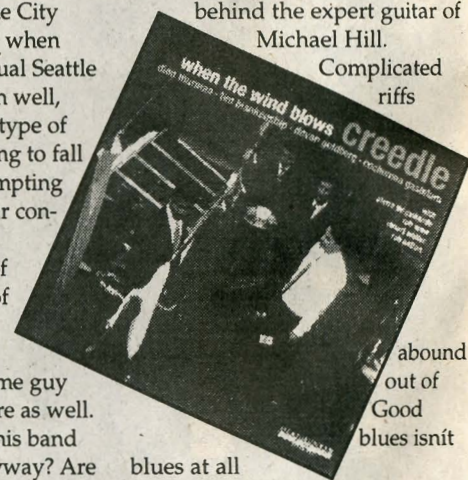
Bands like Creedle are the reason I've begged Gianni to put me in the Cargo/Headhunter loop. I love a challenging listening experience. Compare the review of Thumbnail printed in the November SLUG with the one printed in the November grid. There are those who simply don't get it unless it is spoon-fed by the radio and the television. When in the mood for a challenge or some "difficult" music check into this new one from Creedle or how about their two previous albums?

Shark Bait

**Michael Hill's Blues Mob
Have Mercy!
Alligator Records**

Everything that good Blues creates is contained in this CD. The sound of the music is amazing, there isn't a hint of a contrived studio mix. The sound of the drums and piano are full, which gives it a live sound behind the expert guitar of Michael Hill.

Complicated riffs



around out of Good blues isn't

blues at all but a mix of rock, jazz and anything else that the musicians picked up. The differing elements are thrown into a large Gott cooler like a jungle juice concoction. The kitchen sink approach is recorded so there is no hint of a contrived studio mix that comes out in most recorded albums, Blues or likewise. The sound of the horns and piano are full giving it a live sound. The songs change gears as fast as songs change with force from a rock

estly never knew Clinton was such a gang-star, but that's beside the point. 9 of the 12 tracks are remixes of some sort featuring contemporaries in rap such as Coolio and Ice Cube, the other three are the original ifunked out hip-hop transcending mixes. Most will know what's up and realize what a viable form of music this is and how it has affected our music scene for better or worse. The CD does what it is supposed to and what Clinton has been up to for 30 years now, creating music that can't be described in any way except as funky. James Brown meets a digital keyboard on some strange planet where the 70s and rap are held in the same stasis, and we all know who is sitting up on the mountain looking over it all, George Clinton.

**The Crash
Groovin' Hard
Creep Records**

Wilmington, Delaware has a lot of cool things going for it. It's small (about 5000 nuts live there), just about an hour from Baltimore (go Orioles!), & the best damn sub shop on the east coast (Sonny's Subs & Liquor). Now it has another reason to be such a great underground town to check out...THE CRASH! This is American 90's white suburban punk rock at its best! These three brats spray out kicking rock & roll with such honesty & pure pop power it's staggering. Probably recorded in one day for a month's rent at a flophouse, this record had me reeling like Tyson in the 11th round of his last fight versus Holyfield. Wow! Young & hungry, this modern day CREAM meets the GERMS had me slapping the shit out of myself, happy to be awake & not dreaming of such amazing & raw talent. This is the reason why kids pick up fenders & drumsticks in the first

Luscious Jackson



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solos of Michael Hillis expert guitar to happy little tunes like iWomen Make The World Go Round.i The Blues Mob even does reggae. If anything the funky ballad iLost In The Saucei is something straight from The Ohio Players Set list. Blues that defies any barriers.

—Mad Reverend

**Crass
Christ - The Bootleg**

Just when everyone thought these maniacs had gone away they return with an authorized bootleg of an unauthorized bootleg. Shades of the Butthole Surfers. Don't think for one second that the Crass were punk rock. As the album demonstrates they were sound-



bites, white noise and ranted vocals which on the rare occasion could include strings. The bootleg was recorded live on 5-2-1984, probably at the last performance the band ever played. I'm sure Gianni destroyed any press materials accompanying the CD out of fear that if I read any Crass propaganda I'd go completely off into insanity. It doesn't get any more radical than the Crass. They lived in an anarchist commune and they ran their own record labels. The lyrics are political rants of an obscene and blasphemous nature. As they say in the only liner notes present, "For the lyrics to the songs featured

you are strongly urged to seek out the original recordings that they appeared on. They are available on both vinyl and CD format. However we suggest the vinyl format as they are far more artistically beautiful, appearing as they were originally released and intended." By all means please do so. **CHRIST - THE BOOTLEG** is only an introduction. "God saved the queen but screwed you and me. Their swindle continues. Believe in the ruins?"

The ruins the Crass predicted are upon us. According to the tabloids Jesus is walking among the homeless. Repent now or suffer the consequences.

Chairman Meow

**Dink
Blame It On Tito(EP)
Capitol**

After a few years away from the release of their self-titled debut, Dink is back to throw a sampling out of their latest sounds. Groovy & gritty, but with a taste of old school metal at times, the five news songs are more meat for new & old fans to take a bite on. Not afraid to use samples or loops, the main course is served up with some tasty guitar, letting riffs ride, as well as throwing down some yummy solos. Their version/cover of Neil Young's 'Ohio' isn't the best ever offered, but considering most of these guys went to

Kent State, which is the subject of the song, I can let it slide. Many critics have compared them to bands that are labeled industrial, but I haven't got the slightest clue where that came from! Instead I would throw more of a comparison to either PAW or maybe THEE HYPNOTICS, with just a pinch of DIG for added seasoning. This is just a preview of the next full length album that is due out next year, so enjoy the appetizer while the entree is prepared in the studio. Bon appetit!

—Billy Fish

**Tricky
Pre-Millennium Tension
Island**

Thank God for the local reps. A phone call to Island Records is like entering an entirely different world. After being

passed from one office to another and leaving messages at each stop... phone calls are seldom returned. More famous names than myself of course receive any "product" Island releases. Since I'm hacking the shit out at the street level, the street level people are my friends. How is the new Tricky album anyway? I wasn't lucky enough to receive any of the side project releases of the last two months, but I'm thinking Tricky is indeed a star awaiting his rise. I'll have to buy his next record because only the famous will receive free copies.

I'm sure we'll see pages and pages of reviews describing **PRE-MILLENNIUM TENSION** as a trip hop or hip hop CD. Sure there are raps and the music is quite trippie, not hippie, but dub is the root. Most of the album was recorded in Jamaica. Sex, anger and drugs are subjects for words. Martina and Tricky are reciting them except Sky and Rock receive their turns as well. I could go off waxing all smart about each song and such, but I'll simply take the album as a whole, not pieces, and say "this is where it's at home-boy." Follow **FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS** with **PRE-MILLENNIUM TENSION**. If that isn't more than enough "dope" music for one day then I guess the didgeridoo lessons haven't helped one little bit. Go Phish!

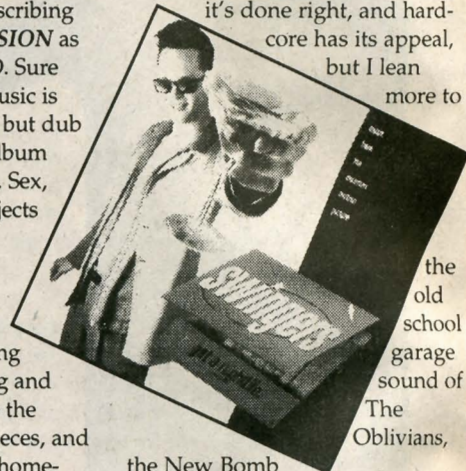
**The Pleasure Fuckers
For Your Pleasure
GRITA! Records**

If the Butthole Surfers can have a hit single why not the Pleasure Fuckers? My pick is "30 Seconds," mainly because it is so tongue-in-cheek obscene. Here are most of the lyrics. "I see a pretty lady, she's tall blonde and heavy/She's just the kind of thing I need/I say hey baby, she says yes I'm ready/The next thing I know she's on her knees/Thirty seconds a blow/Fifteen seconds to go/5 - 4 - 3 - 2 - 1 I'm gonna explode/She laid it on the line and she took what was mine/She left me standing out in the cold/She cost me fifty bucks and 'Jesus' that smarts/Two tits I couldn't even hold." Imagine those lyrics spit from the face of a

Spanish punk backed by primal rock that is better than nearly anything I've heard from an American band lately.

These Spaniards seem to have just discovered 1977. Forget pop punk and hardcore, they're are blasting the shit out as if the last two decades never happened. They have more than one song too. "Sexy French Motherfucker," "Hungry Man," "Gin Blossoms," "Last Smoke Last Dime" and four in Spanish to boot. There are so many punk rock bands around today that the readers probably know about more of them than I do. I enjoy the pop punk sound if

it's done right, and hardcore has its appeal, but I lean more to



the New Bomb Turks, the Smears, the Red Aunts, Fluffy, the Fixtures, Los Ass-Draggers and Total Chaos. The Pleasure Fuckers are the latest and greatest to capture my ears with a primitive sound and honest, yet sarcastic as hell lyrics. A fucking great CD.

D'arcy Crash

**Mother Hips
Shoot Out
American Recordings**

"An album of songs about being homesick, hotels and holding things together." A little self proclaimed mawkishness from the CD notes. That aside the Mother hips sound like the reincarnation of the Allman Brothers Band in a little harder sounding, brief and certainly skinnier package. We all remember that country fried band of the 70's. The Mother Hips songs and music connate shooting up signs in the backroad, getting really drunk while hunting, and The Dukes Of Hazard (oh Dasiy Mae!). These aren't necessarily bad images to associate with The Hips, but they are justified. Songs like iWhiskey

Honey, its Burts. Your tab is due and... well they're Italians



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31 slug



On A Southbound and iShootout are exactly what I'm talking about. The songs are well crafted and the guitar is hauntingly mixed in the background. I heard this band compared with The Grateful Dead, if you've heard the same nothing could be more false. Enjoyed the change of pace of the slow melodramatics of The Mother Hips despite the overt country style.

The Nines
Hi Fi Lo Mein
Clamarama Records

8-Ball Shifter
Hanson
Clamarama Records

The Nines are the basic '90s band playing music as it used to be heard on a tinny car radio speaker tuned to AM Radio. They are certainly not a garage band nor are they paying some kind of tribute to the past. The band, three boys and a girl drummer, simply bi-passed the last 30 years of influences and landed sometime between 1963 and 1966. The whole British invasion was underway and local bands had begun to move away from surf. There were teen dances, teen clubs to play in and believe it or not local radio stations sponsored battle of the band contests. The winner usually received some kind of prize related to producing a record which the radio station then played. It really wasn't that different from the way things are today. Well, The Nines won the battle in Boston and Clamarama gave them enough studio time to record six songs. Six songs of power pop with a little bit of fuzz in the guitars, a little bit of R&B presented in the vocals and just a touch of the British Invasion for songs like "The Witching Hour" where the drummer, Linda, joins

the boys in harmony. Why doesn't the radio play a song that catchy? Call them and ask.

8-Ball Shifter is an entirely different matter. They too are from the Boston area, but they think it's Texas. The CD was recorded using 8-tracks except for two tracks recorded with only a 4-track. The studio was basements, attics and bedrooms. With a band like 8-Ball Shifter the underwater result is not unattractive. The song titles give it all away. "Devil Man," "Draculas Daughter," "Party At The Bottom Of The Swamp" and "Haunted Beach." The X-Files references inside the CD cover describe a group of four in love with horror and sci-fi. Let me see if I can put it all together. Texas influenced psychedelic garage rock with plenty of echo on the vocals and the tried and true spy/surf/horror soundtrack licks from guitar and bass. Nothing really new or exceptionally creative is presented and I don't



because 8-Ball Shifter take their 13th Floor Elevators/Chocolate Watchband/Cramps bit to the limit. Yes, they do it well. "Haunted Beach" is over eight minutes of the purest psychedelia heard this side of '68 while "Under A Killing Moon" is only one example of an album filled with psychedelic-garage-psychobilly-acid rock all rolled into the same PCP laced spliff - put that between your lips and smoke it hippie.

Dr. Ross

The Insteps
Eleven Steps To Power
Another Planet

Ska bands are either taking over the music business or an overwhelming number of them manage to find their way to Utah. The Insteps aren't one of the new



attempt to make a million - pop punk with ska. Nope. This is an honest to God ska band with their roots (an interesting statement since ska formed the roots of reggae) in reggae. They've also found some actual musicians to play in the band. "The Dragon" features the best guitar work I've heard on a ska album lately. "The Sufferer is reggae-ska and so is "Don't Ask." "Don't Ask" has some quite amazing keyboard work as well as a guitar solo. On guitar is Don Louie and on the piano/organ is Dave Stone. Please worship. The horns are of course present. One reason modern ska turned me off, after the first flush of excitement and the English Beat, was the tendency to move the brass up front. The Insteps' horn section is impressive, check the sax break of "Always Remember" for an example, but they don't overpower the rest of the band. There are three vocalists in the nine-piece band. Their harmonies pile more praise on the recording and when one or the other takes a lead they are indeed smooth. Make no mistake, this isn't the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. Abrasion is absent, the samba is not. Believe it or not these cats have a samba titled "Saladin" with the reggae beat and more of the absolutely killer guitar, horn, and keyboard work. Before I ran across The Insteps I believed the Blue Meanies and Mephiskopholes were at the top of the pile because of their experiments with the form. The Insteps prove that traditional ska can be played in modern times and it can sound good. All lovers of reggae, ska, world beat and jazz are invited to sample the Insteps - it is without question the best CD of the genre I've heard in years.

Skankster the Gankster

Pet Igloo/Tag

Ho, hum....what to say?!? I could either rip the shit out of this disc, or just let it go. What ever the decision, I just don't care one way or the other. The plain truth is that this is a mediocre band that must have really had a lot of friends at the club where they auditioned for the label reps, or some amazing fellatio technique to seal the deal. The female singer reminds me of a bad copy of EDDIE VEDDER, trying way too hard to scrap up overzealous emotional styling on top of every damn song, sounding as if it were her last attempt to impress someone, anyone at all. I don't mind the guitar work, but it's mixed way too low & in the background, needing to pop up in front to carry the band, instead of relying on the overpowering vocals. The drums are actually pretty cool, sticking some sly & steady beats, without the usual 4/4 beats that bore the tears out of my eyes with most no-namers. The trouble with these guys is that it just ends up sounding like they haven't played that much at all together, & need to practice a bit more. That & maybe a real producer that can amplify the few strong points, like guitar & percussion, while toning down the theater major on vocals. If you want a listen, check out the discount bin at Graywhale & hear for yourself, otherwise just thank me for steering you clear instead.

—Billy Fish

The 1-4-5S
Rock Invasion
Estrus

Oh my God! Let me recommend the 1-4-5S to anyone who loves Wesley Willis. They, like Willis, love to rock. Their brand new album has songs titled "Wanna Rock?," "Rock The Night," "I Like To Rock," "Full Of Rock" and so on and so forth. What they do is take a moldy oldie, "Hankie Pankie" or "409" for instance, change the lyrics to fit their mood, change the music to fit their musical ability and rock out. Their little CD tinger has instructions for playing in the manner of the 1-4-5S, complete with diagrams of fingers on the

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Happy Holidays...

Southern Thunder Tattoo

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fretboard; it has instructions for mixing drinks, drink like the 1-4-5S; it has the winner of the "Draw The 1-4-5S" contest, a crude cartoon; it has photographs detailing the recording of the album, poorly reproduced artwork used in the past for another purpose; it has Major Trouble pleading for a law requiring all participants in the rock 'n' roll experience to wear a helmet, complete with a letter to your legislature and biographies of all 1-4-5S' members.

The 1-4-5S are a good example of why parents should not purchase musical instruments for their children. If the children didn't have instruments they couldn't make such a dreadful racket. They could grow up fresh faced and morally fit. They could play golf or tennis, they could learn to bowl. They wouldn't be boozing it up in seamy bars annoying the other patrons with this silly rock nonsense.

Ward

Swingers
Music from the Mirimax Motion Picture
Hollywood Records

It's billed as a "lounge" release, but I'm wondering where I can find a lounge with the Average White Band, George Jones and Roger Miller on the jukebox. Oh? Burt's and Spanky's might be the local night spots? I guess Dean Martin, Love Jones and Tony Bennett (retch) are pretty loungey, but how does Big Bad Voodoo Daddy fit in? Jumpin' jazzy blues from the school of Louis Jordan isn't my idea of "cocktail" music and the man himself follows their first selection. Ole' Louis loves jam, but this ain't no jam, it's a kiss. Jam is what comes out when the butter is fully churned. Amos Milbourne

would have fit quite well for the sex scenes and shut the fuck up Forgach. Go back to your Manowar.

I'm certainly not "hip" enough to understand how all of this fits together in a movie chronicling young people in search of a lifestyle. Somehow I doubt the "lounge" tribe will understand the music. Anyone joining a "tribe" or a "gang" is desperate. Desperate is in your kiss, which brings things all the way back to Louis Jordan. You poor bastards is about all I can say. A circle pit is the same as a dance floor littered with ballroom or jitterbug dancers. It's only too bad the only thing the young have invented is Steve Halpern wearing a Dr. Suess hat.

Red Hot+Rio
Antilles

RED HOT+RIO is the ninth Red Hot album. There is a companion album titled **NOVA BOSSA: RED HOT ON VERVE** which I didn't receive, it



could be better than this one.

RED HOT+RIO has a couple of artists I absolutely despise contributing. They are saved by their partners.

George Michael is paired with Astrud Gilberto, the original "Girl From Ipanema," and their song "Desafinado" turns out pleasing. Antonio Carlos Jobim, the man the album is dedicated to, the man who died after donating his songs to the project is paired with Sting. "How Insensitive" is better than Sting's entire catalog. Flora Purim+Airto join PM Dawn for a trippy number, Crystal Waters gets to do "Boy From Ipanema" and her version is hot. There's a bunch more Brazilian type of beats presented, but just the highlights please. Money Mark opens the album, Stereolab sit in with Herbie Mann, and the Mad

Professor does what else but a drum and bass mix. David Byrne has proven himself to be somewhat of a jerk of late so he's dismissed.

For the rest it is best to make a purchase. Brazilian pop music with plenty of jazz along with hip hop and dub make for over an hour of relaxation. Meanwhile I'm off in search of a copy of **RED HOT ON VERVE**.

NY Loose
Year Of The Rat
Hollywood

Here's a rarity. A young group from New York City doesn't claim any roots in the hardcore scene. The bass guy was a roadie for the Ramones and he played in a band with Stiv Bators. The singer, a female named Brijitte West, was introduced to the Stooges and the Ramones by an older brother. She also claims Patti Smith and the New York Dolls as inspirations. Next on her list is the Pretenders. The band first gained some popularity in England, they spent six months living and playing there and they returned with an English drummer. Finally, NY Loose covers "Sunday Morning" on the album. West does the Nico bit. Besides a series of singles the band has released a five-song EP on Flipside.

YEAR OF THE RAT is an album of gritty, old-fashioned punk with touches of glam and pop added. The music is more polished than what most consider as punk today, but I doubt most consider Patti Smith or the Pretenders punk. "Detonator" and "Kiss My Wheels" are about as close as it gets to thrash. The opening song, "Pretty Suicide," was inspired by an old Life Magazine photo which pictured a lovely girl splayed out on the hood of a car like an angel. She had jumped from the Empire State Building. The closing song, "Spit," was featured in **THE CROW: CITY OF ANGELS**. "And

you know I like it when you spit/ah, I like it when you spit/and when you do that/ya know I'm getting wet/wear me on your head...yeah that's what I said." Hmmm...
 Geezer



Monster Truck Five
Dry
Leaves...Hotwire
Sympathy For The Record Industry

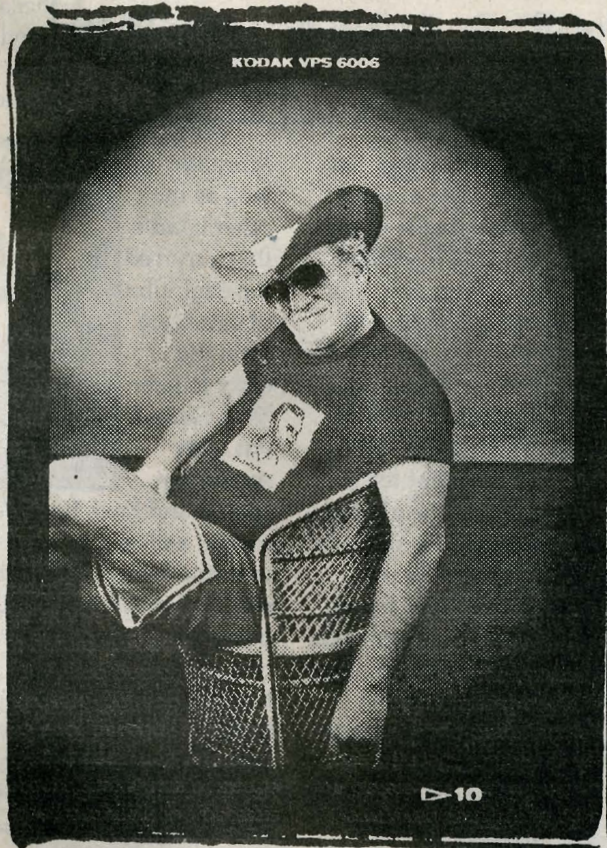
This guy at Sympathy For The Record Industry, which is your basic indie label run from a spare bedroom, claims he is too tiny to send out promotional items. Well, here ya go sir, this CD is a promotional album I picked up from a source who shall remain anonymous. The CD cover depicts a bonfire. On the inside are the men of Monster Truck Five standing around the bonfire and on the rear they are strung with Christmas tree lights. The music they play will never make them cover stars of any publication devoted to "alternative rock." It won't even gain them a cover on this publication devoted to trash.

The tiny yet never-the-less label is world renowned because the dude has artist and repertoire skills. The name the band has chosen for themselves is enough to give a clue. They are quite obviously mechanics during the day. At night they venture out of their trailers and attempt to avoid the numerous pieces of rusting metal decorating the yard. All five pile into one monster truck, the perfect vehicle for a touring band by the way, if there were room for them all in the cab and the gas mileage was a tad bit better. They head out to some stupid venue hosting local music. Their version of greasy, grimy, punk rock is played to a crowd of five or six who may not realize that a red rag and a bar of Lava has only just removed the oil stains from their fingers. Yes, it is punk rock, it's noisy and badly played, therein lies the charm you dum fucks.

Earl

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A

SPEEDBALL

Drive Like Hell

Energy

DRIVE LIKE HELL is Speedball's follow-up to their LP, DO UNTO OTHERS...THEN SPLIT. This Detroit area band chugs through this EP with their

NEVERMORE

The Politics Of Ecstasy
Century Media

I'm just coming right out and saying it - Nevermore's THE POLITICS OF ECSTASY is simply one of the very best albums I've heard in the past two years (can't really

MORGOOTH

Feel Sorry For The Fanatic
Century Media

I started listening to Morgoth back in '91 when CURSED was released. At that time, Morgoth was joined by other European band's such as Grave, Carcass, and

the lyrics. I may be mistaken, but isn't this the stuff that gives metal a bad name? Shame on you Geffen Records for promoting such crap.

DIO

Angry Machines
Mayhem

Whoever signed Dio AGAIN, should be... just kidding. After a lengthy departure from the music scene, Ronnie James Dio is releasing a new album. This man still has one of coolest sounding voices in metal. ANGRY

Gorefest in forming what would become modern day grindcore.

WRITTEN IN BLOOD

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

BY JOHN FORGACH

"muscle car" attitude. DRIVE LIKE HELL contains four studio and three live songs. This release has a little more of a rock n' roll sound to it than I usually listen to, but I like it.

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL

You Can't Stop The Reign
T.W.IsM.

I have to agree with Gianni on this one. Shaquille's latest release, YOU CAN'T STOP THE REIGN is far heavier than his last two. Though we both agree it epitomizes all of that which is heavy, we went back and forth on what is so great

about it. While Gianni felt the rhythm section was the highlight of the disc, I feel the true genius is revealed by the sheer virtuosity of the guitarists. The double bass fills and rolls by the drummer were impressive, it was the sweeps, runs and chops of the guitars that really carried this disc musically. Appearances by members of Blue Cheer, Megadeth, and Slayer were also a nice touch. Keep on rock'n Shaquille!



remember much before that). We got a little taste of what this band was capable of with their last ep, IN MEMORY. Material for the ep and their latest release was recorded around the same time, but the amount of music they ended up with warranted separate releases. Most of the stuff on IN MEMORY, except for track one, was a bit on the gloomy, slow side. As the band promised on the liner notes of the ep, they saved the heavier stuff for this release. These guys have combined the best factors of

metal and melody. The music is extremely heavy and technical (guitarists, Pat O'Brien and Jeff Loomis are incredible!), and Warrel Dane's vocals are every bit as impressive. Some pretty deep subject matter is touched on in the lyrics as well. As technology brings man and machine closer to being one in the same, "...should machines be considered a conscious entity?". At least I know someone else out there is losing sleep over this matter. Come on now!

Morgoth, as well as the other band's that survived the evolution of grindcore from the early to later '90's, started out with something special and have had the insight and ability to change with the times. Morgoth's albums have always had a heavy dose of experimentation, and an almost orchestrated sound to them. FEEL SORRY FOR THE FANATIC is the latest by Morgoth, and shows this band will never stop trying something new.



MANOWAR

Louder Than Hell
Geffen

Whoever signed Manowar AGAIN, should be smacked hard and be sent out into the streets. Listen to LOUDER THAN HELL to induce vomiting and/or severe fits of laughter only. I used to listen to these guys back when I was in the sixth grade (roughly 15 years ago). Come to think of it, they weren't any good then either. "Wearin leather on a horse of steel I ride. Ain't waitin to get old I'm runnin hot I'm never cold." That's just a sample of

MACHINES was out on October 15. Dio was joined by longtime musical partner Vinnie Appice on drums (what the hell is Carmen doing these days?). Ronnie found some unknown named Tracy G. to

play guitar for him. Jeff Pilson filled in on bass, though he's not pictured on the back of the disc with the other three. Dio was probably afraid someone would recognize him as the guy from that band Dokken (you can never distance yourself far enough from that band). The style on this album reminds me more of Dio with Sabbath, than his solo stuff. It's got a DEHUMANIZER quality to it. Which proves again - You can take a man out of Sabbath, but you can't take the Sabbath out of the man.

CATHEDRAL

Supernatural Birth Machine
Earache

QUESTION: What is Cathedral's SUPERNATURAL BIRTH MACHINE? (2 part answer) ANSWER: (part one) It's the fourth full-length release from the band Cathedral due out on October 15. (part two) It's the fourth release by this band that I

don't like.

CARCASS
*Wake Up And Smell
The...Carcass*
Earache

**WAKE UP AND SMELL
THE...CARCASS** documents

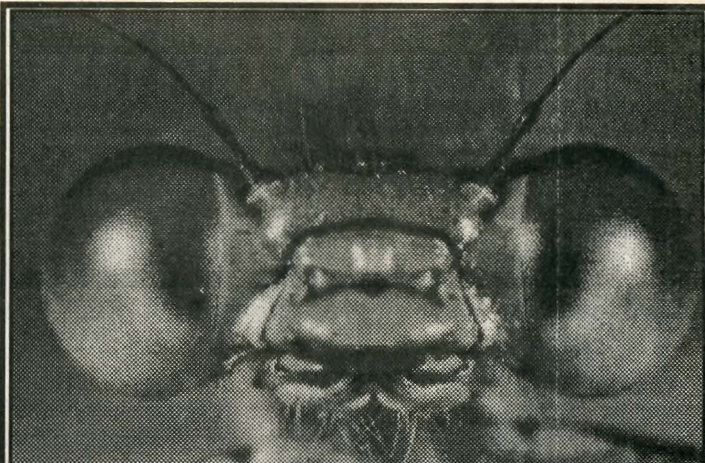
the history of
the band
Carcass. From
the band's
early record-
ings such as
**REEK OF
PUTRIFICA-
TION**, until it's
untimely death
which was
marked appro-
priately by the album,
SWANSONG, Carcass's
music has always changed
the standards for grindcore
and extreme music. **WAKE
UP AND SMELL THE...CAR-
CASS** will take the newer
Carcass fan by the hand from
beginning to end. For the



seasoned fan, you'll hear
unreleased demos from
SWANSONG, live-in-studio
versions from the "Radio 1
Rock Show" sessions, songs
from the **HEARTWORK** and
TOOLS OF THE TRADE EPs,
and a sample of the material

from the
**PATHOLOGI-
CAL** and
**GRIND-
CRUSHER**
compilations.
A collection of
Carcass videos,
which I hear
clocks is in at
108 minutes, is
also on the

block for release.



MICROCOSMOS

"ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLE MOVIES
OF THE YEAR...DELIGHTFUL!" - Film Journal

Jungles of grass reaching up out-of-sight. Dewdrops the size of balloons. Bizarre creatures that walk on water, leap and fall hundreds of times their height, or change shape before our eyes. Is it an alien planet, or a fairy tale? No - this is Earth as the insects see it, brought to stunning life by biologists-turned-filmmakers Claude Nuridsany and Marie Perennou. An exploration of a world we never see. The insects' world is fraught with conflict, as ladybugs prey on green flies and raindrops crash down like great liquid bombs. But it is also one of ephemeral beauty - dancing dragonflies, winged ants taking flight, two snails entwined in a mating embrace. A vivid and magical exploration of the microscopic world of insects, this film is so beautiful and technologically advanced it makes cable's Discovery Channel shows look like junior-high biology experiments. 1996, 35mm, rated G, 74 minutes, starts December 6.

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CALLENDAR

Thursday, December 5
 The Weed - Ashbury Pub
 Go Figure - Bar & Grill
 House of Cards-Burt's Tiki
 Sun Masons - Dead Goat
 Pele Juju - Zephyr

Friday, December 6
 I Roots - Ashbury Pub
 Poink, Nebulus-Bar & Grill
 Backwash - Dead Goat
 Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Saturday, December 7
 Girth - Ashbury Pub
 Cork, Gathering Osiris - Bar & Grill
 Atomic Delur - Burt's Tiki
 Sweet Loretta - Dead Goat
 Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Sunday, December 8
 Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, December 9
 Jazz Jam - Burt's Tiki
 Tempo Timers - Dead Goat

Tuesday, December 10
 J. Nelson Ramsey - Ashbury Pub
 Republica - Bar & Grill
 Paula Cole - Zephyr

Wednesday, December 11
 Violet Row - Ashbury Pub
 Zero State - Bar & Grill
 Bob Moss - Burt's Tiki
 Silt - Dead Goat

Thursday, December 12
 Blue Healer - Ashbury Pub
 Fender Benders - Burts Tiki
 Smilin Jack - Dead Goat
 Headshake with Poink - Zephyr

Friday, December 13
 Backwash - Ashbury Pub
 My Friend Moses, Allegro, Rocket Air - Bar & Grill
 Swamp Donkey-Burt's Tiki
 Sturgeon General - Dead Goat
 Five Fingers of Funk - Zephyr

Saturday, December 14
 Insatiable - Ashbury Pub
 ASA, Lugnut - Bar & Grill

Gigi Love Band-Burt's Tiki
 The Gigi Love Band - Dead Goat
 The Opposable Thumb, Joker's Wild, Crom Dic and The Undecided - DV8
 The Borrowers - Zephyr

Sunday, December 15
 Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
 Cow Jazz - Zephyr

Monday, December 16
 Jazz Jam- Burt's Tiki
 Tempo Timers - Dead Goat
 Sweaty Nipples - Zephyr

Tuesday, December 17
 My Dog Vodka - Ashbury Pub
 Elvis Christ - Burt's Tiki
 Sun Masons - Zephyr

Wednesday, December 18
 Sea of Jones - Ashbury Pub
 MOC Crange - Bar & Grill
 Billy Reed Band-Burt's Tiki
 Spittin Lint - Dead Goat
 Boogie Shoes - Zephyr

Thursday, December 19
 Cork - Ashbury Pub
 Frank, Paris Green - Bar & Grill
 Fender Benders - Dead Goat
 GG Love Band - Zephyr

Friday, December 20
 Sweet Loretta - Ashbury Pub
 XII Speed - Bar & Grill
 Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki
 I Roots - Dead Goat
 The JackMormons -Zephyr

Saturday, December 21
 The Whackmormons - Ashbury Pub
 Abstract, So What - Bar & Grill
 Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki
 Weed - Dead Goat
 Rubber neck - Zephyr

Sunday, December 22
 Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
 Christmas Party - Zephyr

Monday, December 23
 Jazz Jam - Burt's Tiki
 Rusty Sitti and the Tempo
 Timers - Dead Goat
 Loose - Zephyr

Tuesday, December 24
 Ducky Boys - Burts Tiki

Wednesday, December 25
 Salsa Brava - Zephyr

Thursday, December 26
 Pill Box - Ashbury Pub
 Blue Healer - Burts Tiki
 Harry Lee and The Back Alley Band - Dead Goat
 Pagan Love Gods - Zephyr

Friday, December 27
 Figurehead - Ashbury Pub
 Pocket Change - Bar & Grill
 Gigi Love Band - Burt's Tiki
 RoShamBo - Dead Goat
 Young Dubliners - Zephyr

Saturday, December 28
 Gigi Love Band - Ashbury Pub
 Armed and Dangerous - Burts Tiki
 Papa-Kega with EPI
 Connection - Dead Goat
 Young Dubliners - Zephyr

Sunday, December 29
 Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
 Gegg Tan - Zephyr

Monday, December 30
 Jazz Jam - Burt's Tiki
 Tempo Timers - Dead Goat
 Harry Lee - Zephyr

Tuesday, December 31
 Sweet Loretta New Years Eve Party - Ashbury Pub
 Riverbed Jed, Abstrack - Bar & Grill
 Insatiable - Dead Goat
 Disco Drippers New Years Eve Party - Zephyr

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