

# SLUG



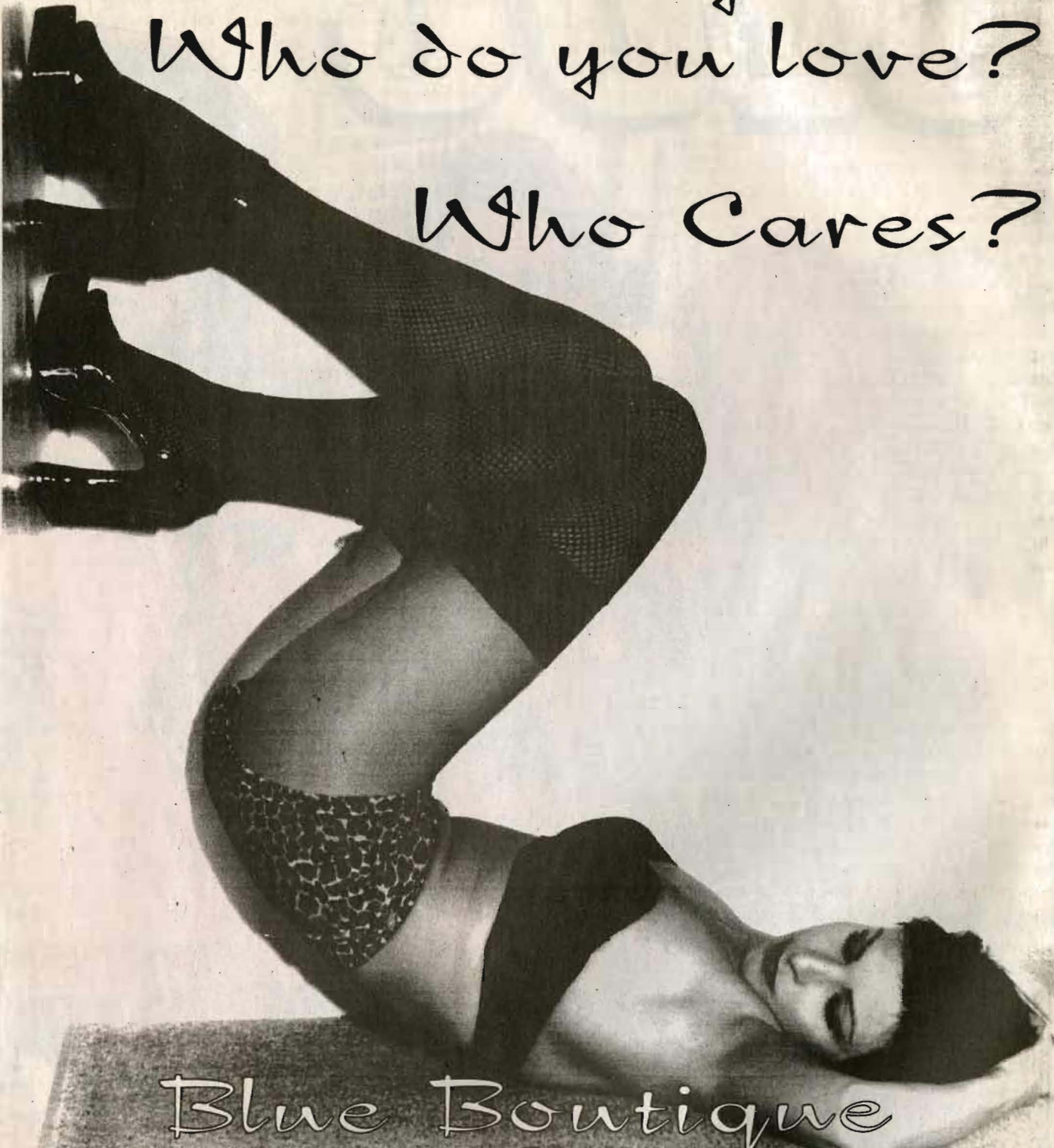
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COLLECTIONS

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# DEAR DICKHEADS...

Dear Dickheads,

Geez... You guys are so crazy... this months edition sucked. hire me if you guys need new material or something.. Really.... I don't know where you guys steal this lame bologna from...that's it its just pure Oscar Meyer bologna.....My goodness gracious. Welp must be off to ride the information highway into the sunset, I guess on the way I might as well read what I so graciously criticized..... Keep in touch..

Love Rich

P.S. I'm only kidding so don't put me on a hit list or anything (you guys rock(in a sucky kinda way))

Dear Dickheads,

Greetings... I recently read the letter from Christian Arial in your dear dickheads forum and I just wanted to let you know that this person definatly (sp) knows what they are talking about. I just wanted to add something (sp) to the almost complete justification of how pointless your zine is. The concept of underground music would mean that the musicians involved

are not popular, do not have an album released and are possibly not even in a band or making it as musicians.

Underground means hidden and unknown. I realize this

because I am an underground musician. I don't play music to be cool, to get women, to impress friends, to make money, to be in a band or any other reason besides it sounds good and I love it and if you want to try to defend yourself by saying that I don't do it for any of these reasons because I don't sound good that is very low class and ignorant. I'm not trying to put down your magazine or staff, I just want to set this strait and try to give you some insight so that your magazine can grow. The truth is there can be no underground magazine (sp) or band because once its out and available to the public it is no longer underground its commercial.

Darin Gonzales...post old school slc punque  
*Ed: OK, last time, everybody pay attention. SLUG IS NOT UNDERGROUND! If it were, you would never see it. Yes JR made up the acronym Salt Lake Under Ground, but after the magazine became publicly accessible, it ceased being underground. Therefore IT NEVER WAS! Get over it! By*

*the way, post means after, so your tag means you were after old school punk, not before or during, right?*

Hey Dicks...

Just writing to tell that Twitch idiot to A) learn how to write. B) learn to not criticize what you don't understand and C ) KISS MY ASS! How dare you blame the scene on the locals who try to make it better and the people who go to shows. Music isn't lame because it doesn't challenge the intellect of the listener. Music goes both ways. And if you're so cutting edge, why don't you say your bands name. Even if you suck you should have the balls to stand up for what your band is doing, but nooooo. You are too busy trying to be cute. But you are NOT. You are an idiot. Please move somewhere else and take your band with you.

Shane

Dear Dickheads,

What in the fuck is all this shit about how unoriginal local bands are? Christian, after reading your mag Twitch I can tell how very little you know about music. If you want original local music, listen to thirsty alley. I fucking guarantee you that you have never heard anything quite like them. Although our local music may not be much, it sure as

hell is a whole lot better than that shit X96 and all the other stations here are trying to pass off to us as "alternative". If you don't like Slug, don't read it. If you don't like the local music, don't listen to it, but please stop writing in and complaining about.

CarrolJR

*Ed: Thank you for realizing how full of shit Christian's letter was. It was an insult to every local band and those who support local music in this town, including his own band. There is plenty of original music in town, unfortunately there are also too many people like him.*

Dear Dickheads,

I have been reading your zine for the last three years or so and I think it is a wonderful publication of free speech and such. Now when I read all the letters from people complaining about how "bad" slug is I have to agree with the editor, they don't have to read it they can just leave their copy alone so some other close minded asshole can read it and maybe change their mind by opening it to the world. Unfortunately, some of those people have their head so far up their ass that they are oblivious to the real world around them, that they won't even allow you to think your way so they criticize your

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SLUG IS PRINTED BY THE 5TH OF EACH MONTH, THE DEADLINE IS THE 1ST OF EACH MONTH...CAPEESH? -SLUG STAFF

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thoughts trying to make you one of them destroying what freedoms we do have. I mean I respect the straight edge scene as long as it doesn't become militant (monster crew) but when they become violent they are starting war and end up destroying life with the pollutants and chemical/physical destruction that accompanies war therefore they become hypocrites. The second problem I have is when people say the punk scene is dead, now despite the fact that I slightly resemble the late Sid Vicious, I am truly anti-social and want to have fun, destroy, and look so weird that people think I'm punk but there are still punks out there because a punk is just a social outcast that is shunned by other generations or people. And finally the editors little letter, I totally agree because if I can't say fuck shit or any other slang terms in school then why the fuck are they going to make slang a

form of acceptable language, the school system is just a circular string of bullshit trying to pass as logic.

Thanks, I Love Slug and free speech. Your mind has been infiltrated!  
vicious@mailmasher.com

Dear Matt at Power Records,

Blow me Matt, blow me twice, ever so gently while rubbing sand on my tender butt. Then give yourself that nice New York style slow hand job you deserve! I leave you all now with a friendly message that my ex is a horny satanic superslut.

Milan

P.S. Slug rules the entire universe.

Dear Dickheads:

First of all, I wanted to comment about the most recent SXSW contest. IT IS FIXED!!! Those judges will never pick a rock band to win. I think the judges have been brainwashed with "2002

Olympic" fever. I think what the judges may have been thinking when they chose a "country" band to go to Austin, Texas is that, "Hey, Park City is where some of the Olympic events are going to be and if we get a band from Park City to represent Utah, then more people will come here for the Olympics and think that all bands are like Fat Paw and hopefully spend, spend, spend." What they also don't think about is traffic, traffic, traffic. Fat Paw is a shitty, wanna-be country band. They fuckin' suck!!! It doesn't make any sense to send a "country" band to Texas, a country music state. If Stevie Ray Vaughn were alive to see that shitty band rip him off, it would probably make him want to never play that type of music again because he wouldn't want to be associated with that crap. And I thought they were only allowed to play 45 minutes. Fat Paw should have been disqualified for playing an hour of hell. Thee other bands didn't get to play an hour. They are a shitty, shitty band that should not have won!

The band that should have won is A.S.A. They are a totally kick-ass rock band (not heavy metal). Why in the hell aren't they signed? I'll tell you why, because the brain-dead judges pick shitty bands like Fat Paw and Gathering Osiris, to represent Utah in these god damn contests. I can just imagine what the people in the music industry think when they see this band representing Utah in Texas; "This is what is popular in Utah? Why in the hell should we go there to see if there is any good bands when Fat Paw won the contest and is considered the best band in the state, the are really shitty! The music industry in Utah will probably never go any-

where because of that crap. Anyway, A.S.A. is a great band that should be signed. There is no why to describe their music because they don't sound like another band. They shouldn't be lowering themselves to enter these stupid contests, they should be on the road and signed. A.S.A. fuckin kicks ass. Although nothing is perfect. What is up with that singer? What a fuckin poser/rock star. All of the other members of the band look totally rad with their funky clothes and shit and then there is lame-o on lead mic. Wake up and quit sniffing the granola. Image is everything when there are a bazzillion bands who have great songs also. A band needs an image to be remembered (even if you don't like the songs) and they need to be entertained so that people won't feel cheated out of their money when they see you and in turn, they may buy your merchandise if they are entertained enough. Sorry about the bad-mouthing but A.S.A. are great musicians and song writers, just get rid of Mr. Sadsack on the microphone. I hope you print this letter in your next issue, so maybe that singer guy can get a clue. They have great songs and should be on a major label making lots of cash. Buy their merchandise so they can travel and find a better front man. Sincerely,  
Feel Free to Hurt Yourselves.  
Thank you very much.

*Ed: How ballsy of you to not give your name. ASA is a great band and the singer is part of that chemistry. I only wish there was a return address on your envelope so I could give it to the band, who happen to be good friends of mine.*

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Well, well, well. February. Or as Utahns say Feb-you-ary. Last month made me think that I could have a lucrative career in filmmaking. Then after seeing a few good ones, I thought again. It's much easier to point and laugh...

**Escape From LA**

The brain dead creators of this flick didn't even have the common sense to hire a special effects wizard. It would have been the only thing that could have possibly saved this horrible, horrible movie. Kurt Russell can NOT pull off the tough guy thing anymore, despite his labored attempts to talk like Clint Eastwood.

**Phenomenon**

This movie accomplishes what few do. It makes you think about unpleasant things like death, without becoming depressing or seeming hopeless. I loved this movie and what do you know, another one with Robert Duvall. Hmm... Travolta and Forrest Whitaker are also excellent.

**Kingpin**

Bill Murray is funny as shit in a movie that goes back to old school Bill Murray. Not to mention Woody Harrelson, the babe from the TV Wierd Science and the scariest old woman this side of Ahmish country. Big on gags and kookiness, Kingpin kicks ass.

**Bordello of Blood**

Dennis Miller can do no wrong, that's my belief. Even in a whorehouse full of supervixen vampire chicks. I think that they actually put extra breasts in this movie to enhance the creativity. I thought I was dreaming.

**Welcome to the Dollhouse**

Critically acclaimed film. One of the best of the year according to Siskel & Ebert. Winner of the Sundance yada yada yada. This movie sucks BIGTIME. There is nothing funny about it. It is a stupid, plotless, insult to my intelligence. You pretentious film school artfags have to do better than this to fool me.

**Eddie**

More believable than Dollhouse, this is the story of a woman who gets hired as the head coach of the New York Knicks during halftime of an NBA game. OK, I'll buy that. At least Whoopi Goldberg makes it funny.

**Bullet**

It is hard to comprehend that the same actor who was in Angel Heart and Nine & 1/2 Weeks made this incredible pile of garbage. Yes Mickey Rourke. Even the late Tupac is better than Mic in a shitty way. Oddly enough, about the same time all the psuedo yuppy 90210 scum started dressing like Mickey Rourke, he started making crappy movies. Coincidence? I think not.

**Killer; A Journal of a Murderer**

This could easily be James Woods best movie to date. (Ghosts of Mississippi not withstanding) A true story. Rent this. It is cool. That is all.

**She's the One**

Three girls, two brothers and Frazier's dad. Jennifer Anniston talks about her vibrator. This movie is reminiscent of a few other 90's modern love/comedy dramas, but worth watching anyway.

**Dead Man**

Johnny Depp has too much money and too much time on his hands. This is what you do when you are rich. You make movies like this. There is a funny blowjob scene for about three seconds. That said, I leave it to you to decide if it's worth the price of admission.

**The Fan**

My favorite actor. My favorite baseball team. Robert DeNiro and the SanFrancisco Giants. No one plays mentally unstable like DeNiro. Although not his best movie, it's Cape Fear with a baseball theme. There is one thing that's pretty hard to swallow, however, they portray the Giants as a winning team. Yea right.

5 slug

Before I get into this month's column let me just preface this whole discussion with a big fat concept from communications 101 class:

with music. So what the hell am I getting at, right? Well if music is as important in your life as it is in mine then you'll understand that getting back

year's competition were as follows: 667 out of 4570 bands were chosen. Out of the 667 bands 220 were unsigned, 300 were signed to independent

labels and 100 were signed to majors. So the idea that a local rag and radio station are going to get a band into that competition with those odds as

well a pay for them to get there and stay there is extremely cool. Should we all rely on winning band competitions to get to Austin? Hell no! But competition is what this industry thrives on and is as good for the bands involved as it is frustrating for them. The nature of competition is one winner many losers. Every band that I saw at the finals was well focused, tight, archetypical to their style of music, and extremely professional. As you all probably know I'm not a big fan of that hippy granola jam rock scene. I like it loud, heavy, and filled with attitude, good hooks and well constructed grooves. Utah's religious parliament has their Mormon clutch so tightly on the balls of the bar community that the competition started at like 6 o'clock with the band "Jesus Rides a Ricksha". Did you really think that Sweet Loretta or Fat Paw would get the butt-fuck opening slot at this night of nights? Interesting point here is that no opening band has ever placed at the end of the night at one of these competitions. Whatever... Are they still a heavy metal band? I don't know. Having overslept, I missed them but got there just in time to see the "Sun Masons" doing their slap happy version of what sounded like Carlos Santana at Woodstock with featured

guests Les Claypool and Tito Puente. Luckily I only caught the last 45 minutes of that song, so I wasn't all burned out on my don't stab a hippie granola fuck in the head with a fork pathos. They were actually a lot of fun to hear and very tight and full sounding even if reviving Woodstock isn't on my things to do list. Do bands like this even get record deals anymore, or do they just play places like Park City and other Yuppie hell hole towns for the rest of their lives where modern funk and nostalgia are all the rage? Bottom line: Sun Masons will always have a job, it just might not be highly coveted selling skins game on MTV. Riverbed Jed was up next and proceeded to do what they do well which is grunge style rock and roll complete with self mutilated and tattooed lead singer who looks surprisingly enough like Layne Staley to be the icing on this band's cake. Many men have tried, and failed to look as cool as this band does. Though many times Riverbed Jed keeps playing even after the goods of the song have been delivered and set aside for further examination (editing boys, editing... even Alice and Pearl Jam know when to stop adding parts to a good song and cut those fuckers down to size), I thoroughly enjoyed their set and could appreciate what they were going for. Uncle Loretta was up next and I really can't tell you how wonderful they are as well as the other writers at the Private Eye, Newsweek, Chunky Asses, and The National Revue can. Very tight. Very focused. Very well constructed songwriting and musicianship abound. Quick, somebody snatch them up and sign them before the two lead singers of Loretta fall in goopy love with each other and run away together to join

# BUSTIN THE NUT —DAVID MCCLELLAN

music is the purest and most powerful form of expression known to man. Sure the eyes are the window to the soul and nothing says "I love you but get off my land you cock-sucker..." better than an all out air raid backed up by soldiers carrying smoking guns, but if you really want to manipulate and get inside peoples hearts and minds, music and poetry are definitely high on the list of having the ability to strum peoples most primal cords. Now that doesn't mean that every time little Gus bumps the piano I go running to hump the cat. No there definitely are some criteria to which all music gets judged by and everybody has different tastes and different reasons for liking or not liking a piece. Bands or composers who are able to tap into that rare ore of sonic euphony are lauded as great successes, given huge sums of money and are often seen baring their most recent tattoos on the cover of several highly prestigious national and international publications. And of course we all know about music's uncanny ability to sell things. Everything from the ideas and images of eternal youth to the \$1.99 deluxe cheeseburger combo to the heightened sense of action and security in a Steven Spielberg/John Williams film are all enhanced and "sold"

to the source every so often is as important getting to the next level. Strip it all away and attempt to explain to yourself why that E-D-A chord progression against a heavy back beat (Back in Black) always makes me want to rage. It's primal. Just like when Ozzy whips it out and rocks it all night long... his stomach that is. How very Taoist of me to say that. Anyway, enough of the lecture and on to the usual vulgarity of my monthly bill. And since this is a monthly as well as a tardy publication, if something happens at the beginning of the month that I want to write about it sounds as if I'm slow or rehashing old news or beating a dead horse by the time you read it. Well I'm going to write about the South By Southwest band competition that took place earlier this January because it's kind of like Salt Lake's own little Super Bowl battle of the bands competition and I think that it is a great promotion for local music no matter who wins or loses as well as being the most feasible night of the year to see what the local music critics are dubbing the best of the best. On the application to the '97 SXSW Music Festival in Austin TX. the chances for an unsigned band getting a showcase on their own are low. Right on the application itself the statistics for last

year's competition were as follows: 667 out of 4570 bands were chosen. Out of the 667 bands 220 were unsigned, 300 were signed to independent labels and 100 were signed to majors. So the idea that a local rag and radio station are going to get a band into that competition with those odds as

the Indigo Girls on this summer's upcoming "We've Taken the Cock Right Out of Your Rock!" music festival. Why didn't they win? Because their set was slow moving and draggy and the poor bastards in Uncle Loretta had the looks of "we do this contest way too much" on their faces to really give a shit about it. They shouldn't care. They've built up a huge local following from nothing and have played many more important shows and are the one act of the night that I can say is actually bigger than the contest. Persevere babies, you're selling records and will always be able to play the theme from the Walton's better than anyone in town. EVER! My own personal favorite of the night ASA was up next and I had hoped, since we are all bro's together struggling at slightly different ends of the hard rock spectrum for the same brass ring, that Jeff, Dave, Dereck, and James would do the deed and be the first legitimate rock act that could represent SLC as winners of a competition. I thought they rocked and definitely had the most energetic set of the night (that I saw) as well as the most original material. Yeah, yeah, yeah, nothing about a four piece rock band is new so fuck you 'til you're blue... In my head ASA was the band to beat because their songs are tight, well written, catchy as a mother, and most of all meticulously edited down to fitting the format known as contemporary radio. They also executed and put on a show, complete with finger puppets, a dancing pirate and wooden leg named Smith. This is a competition to go out and get a record deal right? Correct me if I'm wrong but that was my impression, not to go down to Austin and show

everybody how much we like to play the blues. Well the winner of the night was Fat Paw, a three piece barnyard blues/hippie rock jam of a band complete with a do it yourself look like Stevie Ray Vaughn lead guitarist singer and Happy Jack the smiling bass player. No they didn't suck. No they didn't rock either. Yes granola did fall from the sky as they played. Yes they are a great BAR BAND. THEY WILL ALWAYS BE A GREAT BAR BAND. WE WILL ALWAYS NEED TO HAVE GREAT BAR BANDS TO PLAY IN GREAT BARS AND EXPEDITE THE SALE OF CHEAP BOOZE TO DRUNK FUCKS LIKE YOU AND ME. Why am I shouting? Because there is no way in hell that those granola eating, barnyard jamming, Phish listeneng to, look like SRV but sound like you play guitar through a fucking can motherfuckers are ever going to make an impression in Austin, the home of killer motherfucker Stratocaster shredders like Chris Duarte, Eric Johnson, and the original Stevie Ray, plus his brother Jimmie, and probably every down and out scumbag on the side of the road. Fat Paw is extremely good at what they do. They will always have a job. They can tour the country in a van and play at just about any goddamn club across the country, BUT, SRV got popular not because he had the magic tone, but because he wrote great catchy little songs that got him played on the radio and his live performance was a killer. Good luck in Austin Fat Paw. That town needs another Strat slinging jam rock feel good band anyway. Good luck getting your songs noticed outside of Salt Lake City everybody else.

## live at the ASHBURY PUB

Wednesday, February 5- Apricot Jam  
 Thursday, February 6- Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band  
 Friday, February 7- Blue Healer  
 Saturday, February 8- Tongue-n-Groove  
 Tuesday, February 11- Donna Smith  
 Wednesday, February 12- We The Living  
 Thursday, February 13- Rick Wyman Band  
 Friday, February 14- Gigi Love Band  
 Saturday, February 15- Gieth  
 Tuesday, February 18- Kirsty MacDonald  
 Wednesday, February 19- Chola  
 Thursday, February 20- Pill Box  
 Friday, February 21- Baby Jason and the Spankers  
 Saturday, February 22- Loose  
 Tuesday, February 25- My Dog vodka  
 Wednesday, February 26- Trace Wiren  
 Thursday, February 27- Sea of Jones  
 Friday, February 28- Back Wash  
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# CRAZY UNCLE GRISTS HOROSCOPE

## AQUARIUS

I have just returned to "base," fresh from the Afghani-Soviet front. The Mujahideen are fierce fighters and are holding their own when not outright advancing against the soviet forces. Our small arms packages have helped them very much - these are a tough bunch of warriors. They "improvise, overcome, and adapt" in even the most adversarial conditions. The soviet weaponry that they are having the most trouble against are the hind helicopters, which we anticipated. (the few surface-to-air units that "accidentally" made their way to the Mujahideen are causing the hind pilots to hold back a little - they quickly learned that these mountain tribesmen may ride horses, but they can effectively use any modern technology that is weapons related!) On a more disturbing note - reports that the new soviet AGS-17 30Mm is being used to a devastating effect against the are true....The fully automatic grenade launcher is firing antipersonnel burst rounds, and it rules the battlefield wherever it is used. We have been unable to advise an effective defense against the AGS-17 and would consider it a priority to get any input from the Infantry School or other sources on how to counter this weapon.

## PISCES

Your life long dream of being a grave digger has always been foiled by your irrational fear of turning earth. You are fascinated by the thought the embalming process yet nothing creeps you out more than a casket lid

being shut. It is fortunate for you that I happened along because I have your cure. 1st fill your mouth with worms. 2nd build your own casket out of furniture from your home. Things that you are comfortable with. 3rd (remember that it is important to keep the worms in your mouth the whole time.) Put your hand under the casket lid and slam the lid over and over until you scream "GOD THAT'S NOT SO BAD!!!"

## ARIES

Under a heap of laundry in your basement of your house this is where you will find love, under the wet work socks. Do you really want love? Save your self the pain. Go ahead look at it taste it. Smell it, sleep in it, beat your head on it. It's all there man.

## TAURUS

Some time this month you will wake up in a high school girls locker room. You will be wearing chaps a 10 gallon hat and a skirt made of ice cream quart containers. The brown bag in your hand is a 2 liter bottle of hi karate. You will be sleeping in a HUGE salad bowl with every guy who ever played the part of the informant on every 70s detective series, three monkeys, 2 pounds of deli cuts, a shoehorn and an orthodox jew with a camera.

## GEMINI

The government has been pushing the concept of heterosexual love on us sense the early 20s because of the deal that they made with the aliens so that we would breed like cattle. And that is why the

government is sooo freaked by gay people if there are humans not reproducing that could be a breach of contract and the aliens would be free to feed the government officials to the underground big-foots.

## CANCER

(sung to the melody of moonlight serenade)  
There is a hole in my shoe  
Where the nail went through  
There is a hole in my soul  
I will fill it with a bucket of shit  
My flight on borrowed wings  
And what ever the future....  
Looks like a bucket of shit  
Creaks again in that old floor board  
The sound of rain like plastic in a frying pan  
And the big orange orange  
And NOTHING rhymes with orange.

## LEO

This month should be no different than any other. Telling 12 karat half truths to a cubic zirconia the fact is that rusty old truck you have named Ferrari is the swinging lowest chariot comin for to carry you home.

## VIRGO

Do you know that commercial for body fragrance or jeans or soft drinks or whatever I am not sure. It's a man and a woman in an elevator who look at each other and view the future that could have been in the blink of an eye.

To some sappy fuckin song. And they walk out of the elevator and never say a word. Well I envision a different ending where the elevator is filled with puke and the drowned in the worst possible way breathing in large chunks of ham cheese and corn. And the irony of ham cheese and corn that I would hope every one would get would be these are all indigestible by humans But we eat it anyway.

## LIBRA

Stop what you are doing, quit your job cash in your bank account  
Go down to the golden trails a woman named Boshek'a will meet you there. Drink only budweiser and pound on the table. Fold every last dollar you have into toy boats  
Boshek'a will pick them up with her butt cheeks. And if you can do it for a month you can do it forever.

## SCORPIO

Scorpio, scorpio, scorpio, scorpio, Scorpio, look at me  
Everyone I am a scorpio  
oooooooooooo Mr... Fancy pants the big Scorpio  
Well let me tell you something, I don't give a fuck....  
Bbblllllaaaahhhhhh.... You got me?????

## SAGITTARIUS

Neutral colors will be your best defense against the yellow polka dot tie. For you me and the rest of the grit eating world. This symbol of evil is forged of the thoughts of greedy pigs gorging themselves on money pounded out on the cold rock of the hunger for power. I can tell you what it is I can tell you what it looks like, but the sheer deviance behind the design eludes me. It is so simple witch makes it all the more complex. I know that I am scared. But I can tell you this if you come in contact with it and its phony master burn your self! The pain you endure is far less than the pain you would have to live with for the rest of your life.

## CAPRICORN

Masturbation is the key to the Capricorn's February and the key to 1997. Why, masturbation will build the bridge into the 21st century.

# THE REVELATORS



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## TYPE O NEGATIVE, SISTER MACHINE GUN AND DRAIN

Drain is a four-piece all female heavy metal band from Sweden. As far as I know they don't have anything released so far in the United States. The thought of four blonde bombshells blasting out the noise for a hall full of head banging boys is quite exciting. Sister Machine

metal with sensual lyrics. A smart heavy metal band in love with paganism and sex. Handsome as hell, they are

Sebadoh is in heavy rotation on the radio. God damn good for Sebadoh. I hope they sell a million CDs and make Sub

Check the club calendars for shit like Cannibal Corpse, FiFi, Fishbone and more, but don't miss the highlight and that doesn't mean Soul Coughing at Saltair. Luscious Jackson are preparing their return visit several years after

# Concert Preview

about the only metal band currently in existence playing for the ladies. One metal band for the boys, one metal band for the girls and one industrial dance band. Thankfully there isn't any X-96 involvement. February 25.

Pop rich again.

The original date is rescheduled for February 15. The lovers can bask in the day-after-glow and the music of Sebadoh. However, things aren't always as they seem. While Lou or Jason can both write a pretty pop love song for girls to swoon over, the live experience tends to be somewhat different. The last time they came to town they confused an entire hall full of wannabe punk rockers. This time through, when *grid* readers are added to the equation, it could be very bizarre. Expect a chorus of "Sebadoh is shit live," and smile because music is not a trend or a fashion statement — something the vast majority of the audience will never understand. Ask the *grid* crew about their backpacks. Those people are an alien life form. What is in the pack? A life support system, their communication equipment for whatever planet they're from, a cover-up for a misshapen body? What the fuck is with the backpacks and when will Bill Frost start wearing one, he should be indoctrinated by now.

they made their debut at the Bar & Grill. Live funk and hip hop with the underlying roots in of all things—punk. These four girls have been on the road for years fine-tuning their grooves in front of audiences the world over. *Fever In Fever Out* is their best album to date and the very thought of seeing the band live should be enough to create a sell-out at much larger halls. Alas and alack, this is Salt Lake City and metal will never die. Luscious Jackson will be at Club DV8 on February 25 for all those with discerning taste.

### Downset and Earth Crisis

Okay Mr. "Monster Crew Straight Edge, Josh Rudy," you want to swear and spew disrespect? Why don't you change your name to Cody Judy and live like a deer? That would be straight-edge! As I read your letter I couldn't help but think of the Utah public school system which has obviously failed you, a not uncommon trait of the Utah raised. Here's the preview, which doesn't mean album review or show review fuck head. You can't even use profanity properly, what are you a fucking Mormon?

I'm sure glad that is out of the way. If I'm remembering correctly Downset and Earth Crisis appeared on my best of list for '96. Hypocrite that I am extreme music with extreme political content is not a foreign subject, something the spokesman for the local straightedge community



Gun are best known for their single "Burn" and the album of the same name. They are indeed one of T.V.T.'s industrial bands with a soul twist. The band has been here before and for all the silly little Gravity Kills' lovers, Sister Machine Gun put on the better live show. Type O Negative is another matter.

Their leader/bassist/vocalist Peter Steele is a poster boy for female lust. He's been featured in the pages of Playgirl Magazine. The entire band looks like a no-holds-barred tag team from the WCW, except I don't think wrestlers are that smart. The music can only be described as Goth

## SEBADOH

The original date for this appearance was February 14, Valentine's Day. The two who booked the show are likely the only two locally understanding the combination of band and date. Loyal SLUG readers, a dead breed, might remember that Sebadoh's Lou Barlow was featured on the cover two years ago. In 1997 *grid* and their financial backer (The radio station/concert promotion monopoly. Who believes *grid* is a self-sustaining publication?) have discovered Sebadoh. The show is sponsored by *grid* magazine. What kind of tragedy is this?

## LUSCIOUS JACKSON

The news at my level states that the big boys are busy planning yet another ridiculous summer concert season for the boredom of all. Meanwhile the little guys are smashing down the barriers with one show after another.

missed. Earth Crisis is a slamming band, both live and on CD. Their leader, vocalist and spokesman, Karl Buechner, is an outspoken critic of society as it currently exists. He and the rest of the band live their beliefs and as he's made clear in the past, anyone unable to live as they preach is out of the band. That is conviction and yes, Earth Crisis receives all the respect I can give.

Downset, like Earth Crisis, aren't exactly burning up the sales charts. *Do We Speak A Dead Language* has managed to remain in the Top 10 of the CMJ Metal charts since its release. CMJ charts don't mean shit in Salt Lake City. Politically conscious hip hop, punk and metal don't mean shit in Salt Lake City unless the band is named Rage Against The Machine. No matter because Downset and Earth Crisis will take turns on the Bar & Grill stage. Two shows, both all ages, are scheduled for February 22. Salt Lake City's Metro Gang Task Force should be in attendance to maintain order and to snap a few photos.

—Wa

## CANNIBAL CORPSE AND BRUTAL TRUTH

Big news metal fans - Champions of grind, Cannibal Corpse and Brutal Truth will be co-headlining a show at the Bar and Grill on Saturday February 8th. This comes as a relief after the heart-breaking disappointment when Cannibal Corpse's bus broke down, precluding (whoa, big word - who the hell do I think I am? Laura Swensen? Yeesh!) them from making it here with the MISFITS a couple of months back. Metal Blade's, IMMOLATION will be coming along for the show. They will be supporting their second release *HERE IN AFTER* on this tour. OPPRESSOR will also be appearing that night. These are four of the heaviest bands that will come to Salt Lake this year. Maybe we'll even see Athey's skinny butt out in the pit. As we say in death metal - Be there or DIE!!

—4Gash



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This is a phoner done with Doug Carrion of Humble Gods the day after they played Spanky's with the Swamp Donkey's and the Duckie Boys. The band had flown into town to play a gig at Wolf Mountain - an after-competition party for the Professional Snowboarders Association. The Spanky's date was extra. As anyone knows by now the Humble Gods membership has a punk rock history. Carrion was in an early version of the Descendents, Brad X and Lou Gaex were in Doggy Style. The late Jason Thirsk was in Pennywise. He does the bass work on the album. Bianca, formerly of Buttrumpet is the new bassist. When the band

formed it was more for something to do during the day. Everyone was employed in one way or another in the L.A. club scene. As things happened they released and independent record and were picked up by Hollywood. *No Heroes* is their first for that label and for anyone tired of what is passed off as punk rock today it is a worthy acquisition. Old style is the description.

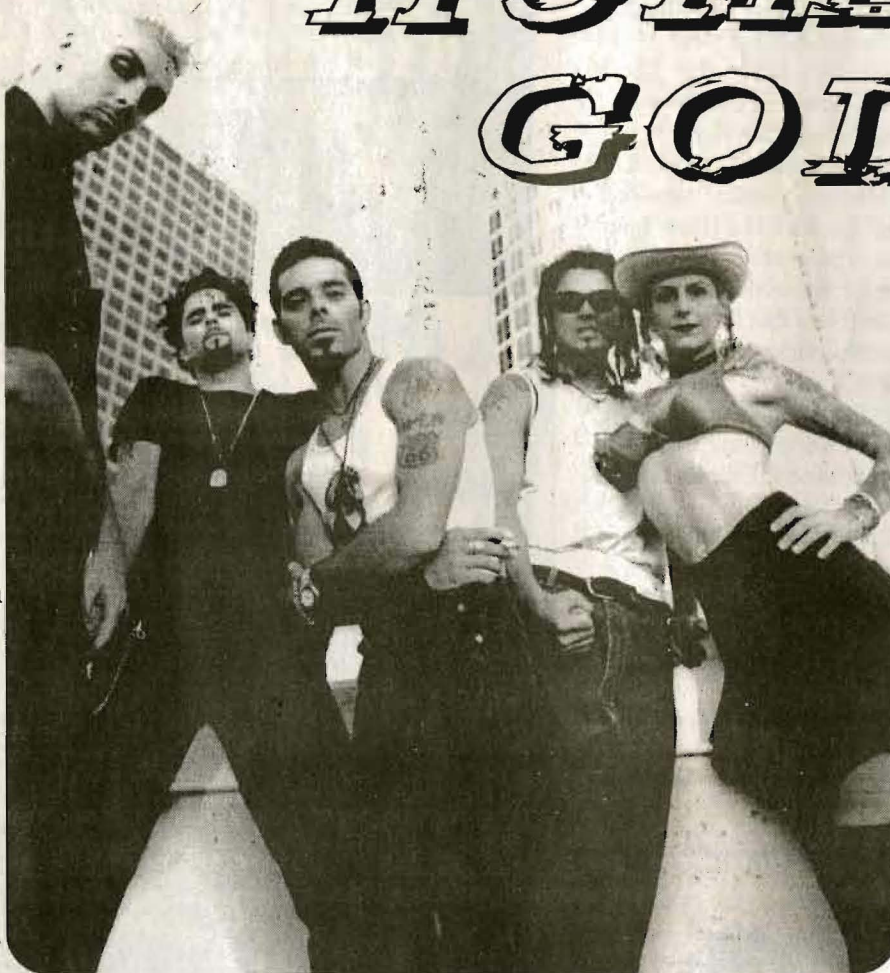
**SLUG:** What did you think of the Swamp Donkeys and the Duckie Boys?

**HG:** I thought the Swamp Donkey's were really good and their guitar player has great, great good old fashioned punk chops. A talented guy. I thought that Scott of the Duckie Boys has some great ideas for songs. Really

There really is no pressure, you just get up there and have a good time. We enjoy playing whether there's five people or 500 or five thousand people. I think that was one of those ones where the people who were there had a

want to do. I think "Surrender" is definitely a contender, "Lied and Cheated" is definitely a contender. **SLUG:** How about "Running Out Of Time"? **HG:** "Running Out Of Time" I think is a contender, but the

# HUMBLE GODS



good bands, I enjoyed both of them a great deal.

There weren't a lot of people at Spanky's to see the Humble Gods - a few boarders and a few drunks. **SLUG:** Were you disappointed that more people weren't there to see you? **HG:** Not really because normally we do all ages shows and I knew going into that one, because it was a 21 and up venue, what we were getting ourselves into. I think shows like that are great because they remove the pressure from the band.

great time. It wasn't that crowded and that's fine.

**SLUG:** Is "Surrender" the first single from the album? **HG:** Hollywood hasn't really determined what single they are going to go with, but "Surrender" seems to be one of the tracks that college radio is playing a great deal. We shot a video for "Price Tag," a little independent video and that has been serviced to some independent video stations. It has yet to be determined what single Hollywood's going to

only problem is I don't know if it could be our first single because then people will think that all the material on the record is slow. I think that's a very strong song and it could be in the mix as far as singles, but I wouldn't want to go out of the box with it.

**SLUG:** Did you read the AP review of your album? **HG:** Is that the one where they weren't favorable about us? That's Okay. I don't remember verbatim what they talked about, but I think that the things you have to keep in mind are as follows. Those people don't buy records. They get records for free. People who buy records decide what they really want to buy. I believe that writers have a lot of power in what they do and I also think that the record buying public, Joe Blow kid that buys records, they're really not interested in that. They either like it or they don't. It's very, very cut and dried. For every bad review there are probably about 60 good reviews. As far as AP is concerned I'm really not that shocked, worried, concerned. It's one guy's opinion and that's absolutely fine. When you are talking about art, art is out there for interpretation, some people might interpret it one way and some people can interpret it another way. Art is

very personal and when you are putting that out there you leave yourself very vulnerable to kick you in the crotch. If you don't like the record, why invest the time in writing about it?

**SLUG:** "American Girl" Is there a story about why you included the song on the album? **HG:** I think the story is more: it's a great, classic staple song and over the last few years we've been playing the song just as a fun thing and it's really turned into a crowd favorite. At the end of the night we are known to invite young fillies from the audience to sing and dance with the band. Usually to sing the chorus and groove out. It kind of took off, it's a good blast of energy, a hook is a hook no matter how you slice it. We're big Tom Petty fans and that's a good song. We gave it a hot-rodged version.

**SLUG:** You were supposed to be here with Downset and Deftones a month or so back. What happened with that date? **HG:** What happened was. On the other side of Salt Lake is a continental divide. And up in that area is like snow. We got stuck on I-80, just frozen in traffic for the better part of three hours. I-80 was shut down the night before and...we were stuck in the snow. The sad thing is that we missed it by probably a half hour. It was so fucked.

The band is currently on a break. The snow-board gig was just for fun; fly in fly out; pick up some quick cash. They'll be back in the spring and it might be wise to catch them live, if only for the sight of Bianca as a maniac of the bass.

—Wa

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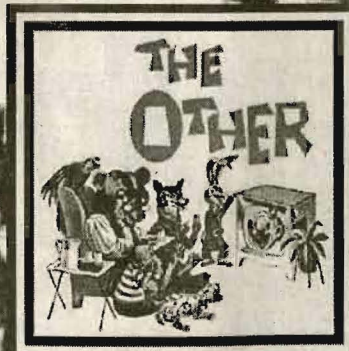
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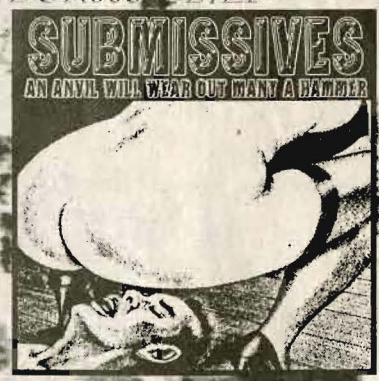


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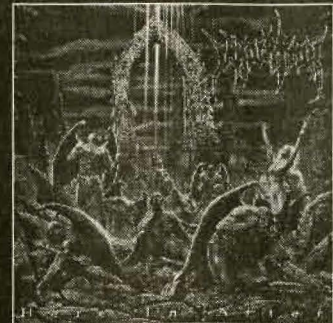
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# SERIAL KILLERS OF THE MONTH

Arthur Shawcross was on parole in 1987. His life in Rochester New York provided him with the basic essentials for his pleasure and well being. He had a wife, Rosemary Wally, who had been his prison pen pal, and a mistress, Clara Neal. The cops, and psychiatrists thought he was getting along pretty well, and after a style he was. Rochester provided Shawcross with prostitutes to kill, a landscape to hide bodies in, and people who would be slow enough to really engage his rage for a while.

The crime Shawcross committed and did time for had been manslaughter. But manslaughter simply doesn't do justice to what Shawcross had done: a ten year old boy had been murdered and eight year old Karen Ann Hill had been raped and strangled. The manslaughter charge had been granted in exchange for a guilty plea in the case of the Hill girl. Shawcross had done fourteen years and gotten out for good behavior.

His initial release had been an object of fear for many communities. Indeed Shawcross had either been banished from town after town, or occasionally if allowed to stay, the police would watch him so closely that he felt it better if he moved on himself. Until Rochester. In Rochester he could be anonymous, have a job, rub elbows with the local police. The police for their part must have thought Shawcross a sort of local idiot. One cop described him as having "a room temperature IQ."

Shawcross, who had the demeanor of a mild mannered idiot; bicycling everywhere on an old sixties Schwinn, and working the graveyard shift making salads for a food distributor, had very quickly found means enough to leave the savagely beaten and strangled bodies of young 27 year old Dorothy Blackburn out in the scrub at

the edge of Salmon Creek. He found the time and inclination to put a 59 year old drifter named Dorothy Keeler on the Seth Green Island in the Genesee, and a week later the dead body of Patty Ives, 25 was found under a pile of trash and cardboard behind a local YMCA.

Shawcross had killed at least eight people when the police finally decided that they had a serial killer in the area. The FBI, who took over the case, soon had a profile made up. The murderer would be a white male in his mid-30's with an attractive demeanor. After all, clearly a lot of women were going with this man evidently. But Shawcross was an ugly, stupid, fat, idiot. Not the target the FBI was searching for.

But one morning, a helicopter spotted a body, nude, except for a white sweater, floating down a river, and upstream a man pissing in a bottle. When Shawcross got done with the bottle he noticed the helicopter, and drove off in a flurry. The police stopped him in the parking lot outside his mistress' office. They took him in for questioning and impounded his car.

Shawcross seemed a totally unlikely suspect, he was too stupid to have done the crimes so well, and he was not like the FBI's target. But when they got a look at his criminal history they paid more attention.



Shawcross was let go, without his car, and with a tail. That night they found an earring matching one found on one of the victims. The next day Shawcross was arrested while bicycling home from work.

He held up under questioning. But not for long. Having been tricked into protecting his wife - a strange impulse for a serial killer - he confessed to all the crimes.

After a ridiculous trial, during which Shawcross was totally silent, except under hypnosis he became 11-year-old Arty once again crying and whimpering. And then he became an 18th century whore named Gladys. The jury didn't buy it as an insanity plea. Shawcross got ten 25 to life sentences. Without possibility of parole.

# Taciturn EXTRAPOLATIONS -LARS

*Lefties see the forest rather than the trees. Their right-brain orientation means they see the whole picture rather than a piece at a time...*

Change is inevitable, for better or worse. Included? Ballet West's scenery and neon costumes. After all, neon is once again fashionably "in" 1997. Years of dancing in the production provided me with memorized choreography, perfectionist standards, and superlative expectations. Piquant technicians have replaced virtuoso personalities. Whereas, once you could rely on humor, astonishing feats, expressive passion and stage presence, now... Well, I'll avoid the writer's excessive license, that acrimonious "critical imperative." Or that vitriolic, closet profundity! In other words, support Utah's proliferating arts. When a certain Ballet West Company member mentioned showering at the U of U facilities because her apartment hot water wasn't operating, I could only think of the financial discrepancies between artists and sports franchises. Basketball millionaires. Performing artists. Hmm... Something is still amiss with this picture. The sole New years Resolution I kept was 6 years as a vegetarian. Five years hence, meat occasionally summons gastrointestinal repulsion. And the need to vices. Caffeine my true substance addiction. Researchers are in the process of debunking the myth of brain cells destroyed through liquor pickling. Don't want to give you any ideas about choosing the snockered alchy lifestyle, though. Reasons obvious, lecture adjourned. There's hothing like an infrequent cigarillo

**slug 16**

to shred away taste buds for a few days. Seldom partake. But coffee?!? Amba!

Especially specialty flavored. Spoiled, am I. Ahh... With every good intention employed, I usually quit the stuff when manic. In fact, I declared Java null-and-void "97's New Years Resolution lasted a whooping 5 days, thanks to moonlighting with a poisonous toxin. The gorgeous flower Foxglove. Digitalis compliments of a Chicago friend's brother's so-called acquaintance. Valerie brought home baked pecan sandies cookies in a holiday tin. Unbeknownst to the consumers... Val landed in the hospital, I was bed bound and spent New Years reading, guts in knots, pining away in serious need of faith restoral via humanity. Val & I had plans for the commemorative eve. Also, the option to party at a former 60's rebel mensa hostess' eclectic gathering, colleague of mothers'. A particular (peculiar?) Gent quest had loosened inhibitions (champaigne loading?) Enough to announce his "time done in a padded cell" as a "schiz/manic." Damn! Surely would've delighted in comparing notes regarding those libelous diagnoses. Awaiting trial date or litigation out-of-court. Depends. Supposedly, either way I'll be reimbursed for lost job hours. One of my nicknames has seen fit to habitate & haunt: Jinx.

*"I've Been Ayn Randed, Nearly Branded Communist Cause I'm Left-Handed"*

- Paul Simon 65

Excuse me for repudiating the petty world of "kiss butt" business. I'd quite likely be happier, richer, content, healthier, whatnot - with those that line their wallets in wads of dead presidents and plastic (card) debts. Sometimes, I

envision plastering "mean people suck" stickers on the foreheads of several guilty desertants. And the hordes of cell phone flaunting egocentrics. Good God what daunting estrangement I fell: That pernicious edge. Used to rely on walking off the manic fever, until I contracted walking pneumonia (?) Times. Round-the-clock tebiary forces of gusto have subsided... Mind no longer afire, nor playing fire... Lingering insatiable, fiery appetite... Glittering, sparkling snow... Peach into a turquoise halo full moon bright. Hmm... Soon, I shan't notice. Depression's enervation, recuperation and tranquillity. Glanced a young, nomad lady strolling alone through sugarhouse, cropped short Rose-dyed hair. Driving along, I started singing the very succinct and pertinent refrains of Neil Sedaka's HUNGRY YEARS. Indeed, I do miss them...

*"Even Liberals Don't Like Smart Women" - Kurt Cobain*

Jaunting away the half-life poison on New Years eve afternoon scrutinizing the splotchy youth deluding themselves as ostracized, degenerate elite (been there, done that), I laughed aloud at the slab of sidewalk concrete desecrated with various insignia. Aging viva la revolutionaries, I cherished the "Eat the Rich" insouciance, comprised of unyielding ambivalence. Past portals. During the plane flight (elongated) round-trip Orlando/SLC last summer, I read in entirety Melissa Rossi's Courtney Love: Queen of Noise bio. Face it, Hole is awful. Perhaps you equally detest Hole's music, although there's no denying she's a firebrand. Possibly it's a heroin "smack" factor, I never partook (or ever will). However, the incredulous Jerry Stahl memoir PERMANENT MIDNIGHT is a gratuitous, gruesome narcotic

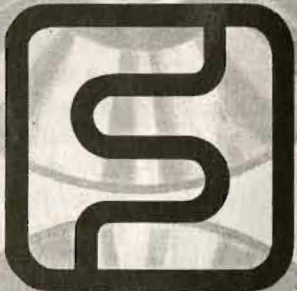
account. This antihero is my favorite 90's author. Stahl would be the forerunner of "scaring clean" any drug abuser. Courtney Love, in all her controversial narco-glory, is a strong contender for the coveted Academy Awards. In her book interview for Amy Raphael's GRRRLS! Viva Rock Divas, Love elaborated on a novel with repeated absorption (I've read thrice) entitled MEETING THE MAD-WOMAN: Empowering the Feminine Spirit by Linda Schierse Leonard. A less disturbed, considerably less ostentatious heroine) of Raphael's book is Kristen Hersh of Throwing Muses. Hersh is remarkable, withstanding unequivocal trials & tribulations as a fiercely spirited woman. But hey, squelch the superfluous suspense, read it for yourself!. Camus, Nietzsche & Sartre's high-allutin' brows would dispense qualms over P.B.S.'s film short dark satire of Kafka's "It's a Wonderful (metamorphosis) Live." Would Kafka reproach it or find delicious hilarity in this farcical rendering? Belly-severing, hearty laughter. Leitmotif "Sweet mystery of life at last I've found you"... Valentine! Sweetie pie, snookums, precious dearest, valentine...Not! Naysayer.

*"Overshadowed by her sister, pretty girl would scream, lovely people burn like candles, only we are clean..."* — Bauhaus (King Volcano)

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*Au Revoir!, Laura...Crab!, Loupey Lars (Adjective monger & youngest sibling of two daughters)*

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**Sam Phillips Omnipop**  
**It's Only A Flesh Wound**  
**Lambchop**  
**Virgin Records**

Never heard of this band or perhaps it's a collaboration, Sam Phillips and Omnipop? Oh well, gives me a chance to approach this band with a clean slate, or one that is as clean as it can be. Maybe they should put nothing on the CD covers, just the name of the band and the CD, cause I did look at the cover, I'll acknowledge the fact that I know nothing about this band (and I don't know if there are any hardcore Omnipop fans around) here are my impressions. While listening I imagined walking into a casino lounge. Shag carpets and velvet walls surround a little stage with a runway. This band is playing. The female singing slightly drunk with a cigarette in her hand. The musicians haven't shaved in a while and have rented tuxedo's that haven't been returned. Then the song 'ZERO, ZERO, ZERO' popped on and I'm whisked away to a corny musical set in paradise. The bongo drums, the horn section, the guitar of Elvis sways like the coconut trees. So I'm not sure if that was a complement, but if you ever want to be whisked from a dreary lounge to a tropical paradise where everyone knows the words to the song, only to be dragged right back again, you've found the band.

—Mad Reverend

**Kip Winger**  
**This Conversation Seems**  
**Like A Dream**  
**Domo**

It's not funny Gianni. The evil SLUG boss, in an attempt to further infuriate Christian Arial, passed me a copy of Kip Winger's new release. If this is the best Domo has to offer then I say welcome to the world of riches because the fools will buy any trash. Gianni passed the Winger deal my way fully expecting me to further the aims of the disempowered whose schooling was a failure. He hoped that I would attach my real name to the writing so the crazed (Monster Crew Straight Edge, Josh Rudy) could seek me out and punish me for honesty. After wiping the still wet puke from the CD it entered my changer and actually played! Gianni got the CD from Patrick Lugo at Domo Records Inc. Patrick kicks ass, thanks for the free Kip Winger CD.

Fuck that noise. Patrick gives up the information that Kip Winger was influenced by Bowie, Dolby, The Beatles, Gabriel and Sting. Was that before or after he played bass with Alice Cooper and fronted the poodle-headed Winger? She's 17 and what? 18 and life to go? Where's the cherry pie? Have I confused Winger with Poison and Warrant? Bomb the fucking radio station. Kip Winger has become tribal and groove oriented all of a

sudden. I guess the 17-year-old grew up and that is really, really nice except I haven't enjoyed anything Dolby, Gabriel or Sting have done in the last 15 years (Bowie is the exception), the Beatles never did anything remarkable after *Introducing* and if Kip Winger believes putting out a pseudo '80s album is the ticket to regaining his fame: leave it to U2. Winger was always about bombast and THIS CONVERSATION SEEMS LIKE A DREAM has all the bombast, except a slight amount of '80s dance pop is included. An overindulgent guitar solo remains overindulgent whether it is backed by a string quartet or a pop metal band. Nice try Kip, but you can have the '80s, they're finished and so are you.

—Ronnie James Gallagher

**Luscious Jackson**  
**Fever In Fever Out**  
**Capitol Records**

This all girl band (although the drummer looks rather butch) named after a 70's basketball star comes to rest in a phase of raw melody between the voices and a beatbox. The voices, usually three of them as far as I can tell, intermingle lyrics in a low tone that first off don't make much sense and then you find yourself not even caring. The songs sander by and none variates from any other song on the disc. Naked Eye is the only one that could be construed as upbeat, or in other words this song opens the CD in a strong fashion comparatively. The change to a slower somber beat is a good transition in Don't Look Back, but when the remaining 13 songs follow suit you are left bored and ultimately wanting more of the upbeat stylings that weren't that good to begin with. These grrrls were at some point

called the female Beastie Boys. One look at Jackson's drummer and beastly comes to mind, but nothing about Jackson's lame rhyming lyrics could come even close to The Boys. For example how many bands have come up with this, Mood swing, you bring me up, you bring me down, I can't let you in, mind you this goes on for 3 minutes. Have I mentioned how ugly their drummer is?

—Mad Reverend

**Cake**  
**Fashion Nugget**  
**Capricorn Records**

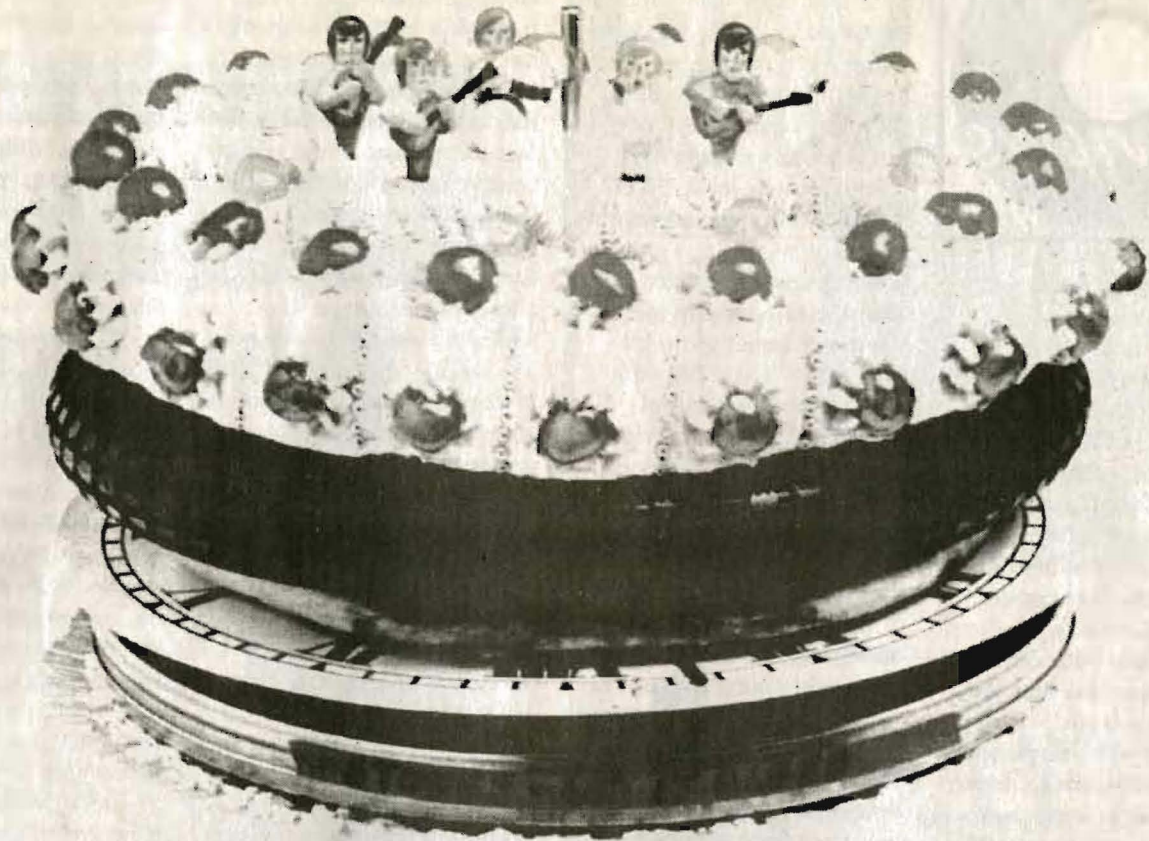
Once you get past the different voice that is if anything a little annoying, you'll be surprised by this CD. John McRea's voice is a little annoying as he is talking in suspension, he never really sings himself and on some choruses you'll know why. The content is what is on display. The songs aren't melodic as they are more keeping beat to the lyrics. There are exceptions when the band goes full blown country musically and lyrically on Stickshifts And Safety belts. They originally point out that large fuzzy dice still hang proudly like testicles from rearview mirrors on Race Car Ya-Ya's. The band moves with style around in musical fits. If you've heard any of their songs I can promise they are not typical of what Cake performs because it is so varied. They are not the most promising group on any scene and the music in fact gets a little tiring after several different listenings. The point is that they aren't the same stuff repeated and they are fun to listen to in doses.

—Mad Reverend

**continued...**  
**page 20**

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Red Clay Harvest  
Mercury**

Cravin' Melon? Is this a joke? The CD comes out sometime in '97, it could be out by the time this is published. Don't bother looking for it because it's more of the same old shit. Another hippie band from the Southeastern portion of the United States. The advance copy contains these words on the rear. "They have a fresh, honest sound that shows respect for their regional heritage, featuring feel-good grooves and tight vocal harmonies." What a load of crap. They sold 20,000 copies of their independently released debut. The text ends with this tidbit. "the band tours constantly, playing over 200 dates last year." Talk about rote writing, talk about rote music, I'll bet Cravin' Melon are really jammin' when they play live. I'll bet they've played for a whole bunch of college boys. I'll bet they are best friends with Darius. I'll bet they don't even suck, they're just boring. Yawn.

—Wynona Writer

**Humpers  
Plastique Valentine  
Epitaph**

The punk sounds of the Pistols & NY Dolls in the late 70's had a distinct sound, even if it didn't greatly reflect each other, really, in obvious style. Their similarity was that they played in one big & obvious way-ballsy & bleed-

ing, full of antisocial attitude that screamed for public attention. The Humpers play from that same vein without the usual bullshit act that so damn many young punk acts are using these days. Sure, they play loud & very fast, but with a refreshing old school loose & loaded feel that incorporates a mean guitar lead that rips out some wailing sounds straight from the hip. Listening to the disc, the music sweeps you off your feet with its 100 mph speed that comes out of nowhere, but hits you right between the eyes. The only band that even remotely reminds me of them is the bluesy THEE HYPNOTIC, that play in the same fashion of true tour de force tunes, taking no prisoners & slamming every song home. The difference is that the Humpers are punk in every sense of the word, no holds barred. Singing from the hard side of the street & dirty back alleys, these boys aren't out to show off tattoos or fat leg pants. No way, mister. Save the fashion statements for Berkeley, poser! Pushing good old R&R with an angry front, the music is true to the fan & doesn't hold anything back at all. Forget singing along to catchy pop & a tasty chord, because that would be too easy these days. The Humpers are the real thing, so watch out, cause listening to this album you'll soon realize they're out for blood!

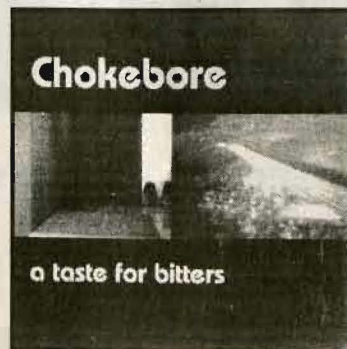
—Billy Fish

**The Hooligans  
Last Call  
Skizmatic Records**

Every month when I come into Slug HQ to pick up some new platters to review, I always find my bin chuck full of wonderful new samplings (courtesy of Gianni-thank you!) that always add to the beauty of writing for

nothing more than free music. The best new taste this last month was easily the Hooligans Last Call. I dig rockabilly as much as the next novice to the scene without having the urge to grease my hair & ride a scooter, so this was a nice taste of the sounds coming out of San Diego the last few years, which I don't get to hear that often. Evidently blowing the lid off a few music joints down south, it's easy to understand as you play this record, which is jam packed with a kickass sound, reminding me of greats like Eddie Cochran & even Mr. Buck Owens. The difference is that this band is even more well-rounded than just a normal rockabilly band, slipping in jazz & big band influences that create a HUGE sound! Frontman Gig Fortier is amazing, dropping throaty vocals that spreads out like warm cream cheese while laying down a mondo hollow-body lead that really tears up the joint. By far one of the best rockabilly freshman to hit the stage, Fortier is a damn monster on the six string! Backed up by equally cool standup bass & trapkit, the Hooligans are an easily accessible rockabilly/R&R band that needs to be heard soon before they explode nationwide. Do it now!

—Billy Fish



**Chokebore  
A Taste For Bitters  
AmRep**

It is hard to sit down

and write anything for SLUG at this point in time because no one reads it anymore and the magazine has become really shitty. I've written for SLUG ever since back in the day when there was an ad in every single issue suggesting: if you don't like it contribute. It seems that the only contribution the local community desires to make now is a critical letter in Dear Dickheads. Fuck you!

Chokebore is one of those bands from indie land that alternates between soft and hard. It would appear that the band has discovered the human condition. The latest Chokebore creation comes across as the dooms day bells tolling. This event will occur in England on New Years Eve in 1999. Placing a pair of cheap reading glasses on my face to decipher the 4-point Helvetica used for the lyrics I discovered the following. "Popular Modern Themes" concerns fingers, creases, tongues and little drops of red. "The silence filled the creases and I turned away instead." Maybe it was the smell?

The conceptual theme of the creation is one of despair, poverty and loveless sexual experiences. In other words life as a participant in a rock band few have ever heard of. The title tune pretty much says it all, "but you don't care for me and I don't care now for nobody." The climax is a long spoken word piece, in what could be German, titled the "The Rest Of Your Evening." I guess the girl is telling the poor wretch to fuck off for about 30 minutes. Yes, the CD is quite excellent. It makes me happy that I gave away the advance copy of Silverchair I stole from an unfortunate.

—NWOTB

**continued...  
page 22**

LEGENDS OF METAL

TRIBUTE TO

# Judas Priest

A TRIBUTE  
 A TRIBUTE TO THE  
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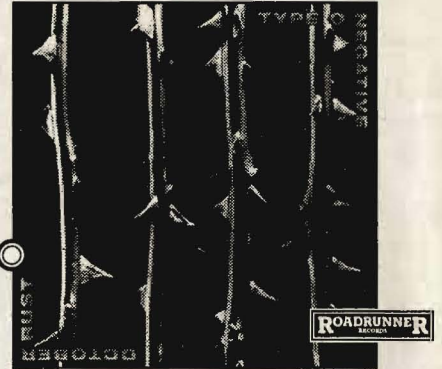
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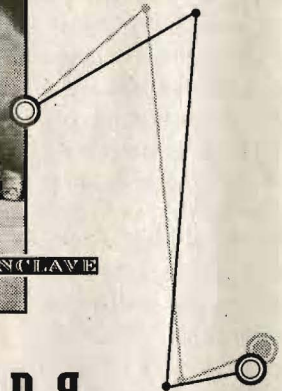


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**Phoenix Thunderstone  
Ride of the Lawless  
Scratchie Records**

If there is one thing that bands like Iggy & the Stooges, the Ramones, & Pussy Galore taught us was that talent can never replace energy & attitude. Phoenix Thunderstone is this same lesson that needs to be taught more often.

Coming off like a rabid dog drunk on its master's sour whiskey, P.T. rocks out with true & disturbing vengeance. Vocalist Sean Heskett screams with an ugly fever in the grand tradition of such blues greats as Leadbelly & Blind Lemon Jefferson. Backed up by the rude & raunchy guitar of Wendy Van Dusen(who's rare vocals on the record are silky smooth, strange enough!), the eerie sounds of deep backwoods love, pain, & angst roll out like spilt gin on a dirty tablecloth. Added are the evil harmonica shrieks of Lemon De George & the slapstick trapkit antics of Mike Huffman, who put the nails in the coffin of a rattling train bound for rock & roll hell. The whole album picked at my skull constantly until I bummed it off on a friend to watch him wince in the same painful(yet pleasurable!) fashion.

This is a masochistic treat that will change the way you feel about bottom basement, blues-roots music that rarely sees the light of day anymore. To put it simply;

play it loud, play it hard, & for chrissakes let it kick out the jams, motherfuckers!

—Billy Fish

**Sandman  
Roll Out, Cowboy  
Loner Records**

Whoa there, Nellie! What in the darn hell is all this noise? From the getgo all sorts of sounds bleed off this platter, mainly country/folk & hip-hop, making the mind race to quickly categorize it somehow(but to no avail, damnit!). Calling it cowboy rap the end result can only be the far end where BECK & WEEN left off when dipping into the truly experimental side of their wacked indie releases. Folky in the delivery, Sandman spews out a catchy narrative, singing about chili blues to monster trucks & 12-yr. old girlfriends(white trash love finally has a political voice!) while running alongside a cool acoustic guitar & funky bebop beats. All sides of the spectrum are visited with the multi-talented trio of Sandman (voice/rap/guitar), Camo(his rap partner), & Carl Dexter(multi-instrumentalist) filling in all the missing pieces. First starting his musical experience in North Dakota then moving to Olympia to hang with the hipsters & riot grrls, all aspects of new & old music scenes & styles can be heard in his new age folk stew. I've played this over & over, & new things keep popping up every damn time.

I don't know if I'll ever get tired of this disc...will you?

—Billy Fish

**Bracket  
'E' Is For Everything  
Fat Wreck Chords**

It seems these days that any young band that has catchy lyrics followed by quick & heavy guitar riffing

music gets thrown into the big melting pot of supposed punk music. Some may think this of Bracket, but I like to think differently.

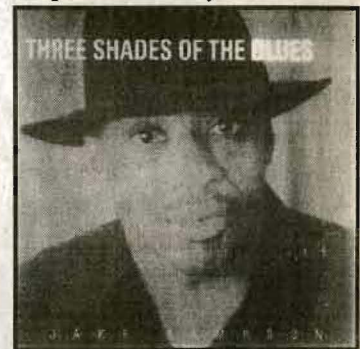
Influenced...well, yes...but the diversity & power of their pop sound makes them a tad more complex than another California punk band. the beauty of this underground band is that the display so much more than the usual three chord groups, kicking out some amazing sounds that truly put them in the class of true power noise pop. Each cut on the disc is a standout, creating a barrage of catchy & crunchy sounds that dig deep into the subconscious, making them hard to get out of the system without singing along with happy glee. The collection is a combination of all the great stuff released on 7 inches through Fat Wreck Chords(a lot out of print) & will make a Bracket fan out of anyone that digs real R&R with a quirky bite of pop added for the needed addictive fix. Forget the punk staple & think just solid, guitar-driven fun with all the pleasure & none of the guilt. Another album is due out this spring, so enjoy the goods until then!

—Billy Fish

**Bloodhound Gang  
One Fierce Beer Coaster  
Geffen**

Yeah, these are the guys you see on MTV & hear in heavy rotation on X-96. But please, don't hold that against them, even though their fifteen minutes of fame might be ticking fast. In all honesty they actually are quite funny & talented too (Wow, did I day that?). A quick description...let's see...hmm. Maybe a 90's alterna-pop band heavily influenced by frat house punk & rap with a big slice of Comedy Central to bring it all

home. Yeah, that sounds about right. Imagine RUN DMC(which they cover here) breeding with NOFX & the birth control being supervised by PENN & TELLER. You can only imagine what that love child would look like, but the sound of its musical attributes are right here, baby pop! The studio mix is pure Geffen-slick, but the lyrics are so rude & crude I couldn't help but chuckle at times. These dips are pretty silly, despite sincere attempts to punk rock out. I would like to see the live show & get a finally judgment call front & center. Meanwhile, I find the crossover market & MTV generation ready to begin the trendy feeding frenzy that could do worse on the choice of menu items. Keep an open mind & a funny bone ready for tickling & you may be surprised. —Billy Fish



**Jake Sampson  
Three Shades of the Blues  
Life Force Records**

No one knows Jake. At least not yet. He has however, assembled a crew of heavy hitting swingers to play on his debut for Life Force, a local San Francisco label. This is the guy you hear when you walk into that smoky Bohemian jazz club you've never been to. Cool tunes that groove in & out of the R&B thang, while hanging in the pocket with a jazz feel. Mean guitar & sax too. Get it if you can find it. If not, call Salt City & ask for Rick.

—Maxx

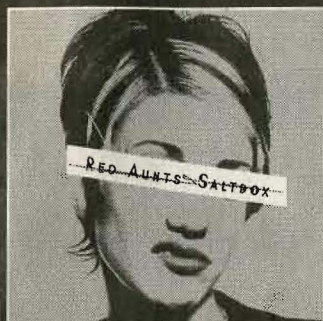
Drink  
the  
Kool-  
Aid...



**PULLEY**  
Esteem Driven Engine 7001, 7002



**New Bomb Turks**  
Scared Straight 7901, 7902



**Red Aunts**  
Salt Box 7301, 7302



**SNFU**  
FYULABA 7201, 7202



**Bored Generation**  
6101, 6102

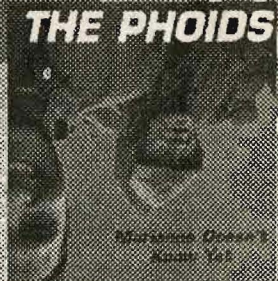
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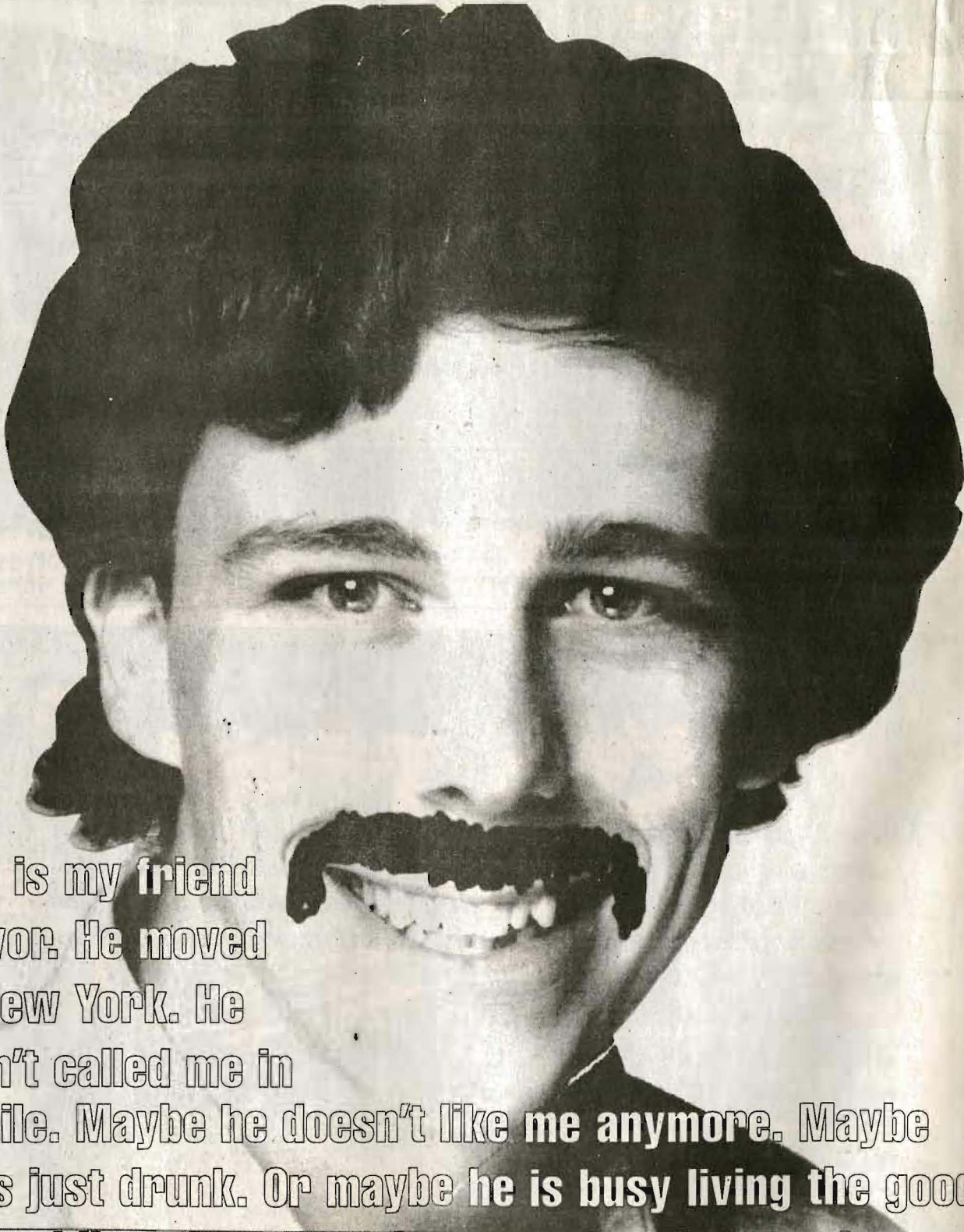
# THE PHOIDS

The Ng Records New Years Eve festivities started out with a friendly game of "How many hoola-hoops can I spin around my body". It was a great opportunity for the young aspiring perverts to check out the girl's asses. "I'm all for it", claimed one of the elders of the group, "I remember when I was an aspiring little pervert, sure does bring back memories. Happy New Year from all of us sick-o's at Ng Records".





For a free mail order catalog, write to:  
Ng Records  
622 Broadway #3A  
New York, NY. 10012  
<http://www.ngrecords.com>

# Have You Seen Me?







This is my friend Trevor. He moved to New York. He hasn't called me in awhile. Maybe he doesn't like me anymore. Maybe he is just drunk. Or maybe he is busy living the good life and listening to all those stories that you hear in NY. He sure is funny. But I drew the mustache.



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# Banned From the Scene!

You got to be able to crack the whip if you want to rule the fools, and Tina is just the one to do it! There comes a time when you have to exert a little authority against those who might challenge the sanctity of your reign. Feel the lash, punks, it's time for another

# Queen of the Scene!

with:



Word spreads fast at Pepe's COCO Bar...

Jellita! I just got a call! They're reading the yearly bannings at Maxi-Rocker + Wendy is on the list!

Huh, so the old bitch is at it again.

But it's Wendy! She's banning Wendy!!

Yeah, well, join the crowd, scuze me, but I gotta go PFF.

Please kill me

Meanwhile at the Maxi-Pada More Somber event is taking place!

Wendy Weasel, for your crimes against our Punk Rock Scene and ideals...

(Note: Judge + jury are required to wear the pointed hats of MAXIMUM TRUTH.)

Your indifference to the label codes, your lack of respect for the employees of our all-punk aerobics club, the Pepi-center.

and the undeniable fact that you kicked me in the hiney last week, I hereby use the authority invested in me by myself and declare you Banned From The Scene!!

What do you have to say for yourself?

Anybody ever tell you that your stink is not unlike that of a menstruating goat?

GASP!!

what?

Go! Leave the Maxi-pad and NEVER Return!

And with that Wendy left. As the Maxis Watched from their windows, she offered one last misguided act of defiance. She never looked back.

Later...

You know, I don't think Wendy showed proper attitude at her banning.

Just you wait until it sinks in and she realizes she's not Punk any-More! Then she'll be Sorry!



to me. Check this band out if you're really hip and think you know what it's all about or if you just want a lively record to pick you up when you're down.

cover. Good job boys. What I don't like is the actual music and the production quality. Beef your shit up put some vegan ass kickin punch behind your music. Keep the attitude pick up the style.

**AntiSEEN**  
**The Creamers**  
**PEARL SCHWARTZ**



the same, you know. PearlSchwartz is straight up punk it's not that ican't give you a band to peg them to it's that they sound like a lot of bands. I did like their spunky charm though. The press junket calls them street gang rock n roll, I wouldn't go that fucking far. SO as for the label they are trying however with the exception of the AntiSEEN this is a very japanese looking set of records. There is nothing wrong with this it's just

**CRITTERS BUGGIN**  
**HOST**  
**LOOSEGROOVE**  
**RECORDS**

This is a jazz record by a seattle group. That's right a jazz record from

**ALGEBRA ONE**  
**EARN YOUR**  
**HALO**

**DELMAR**  
Nice little spunky three piece from Blacksburg Virginia.



**ALGEBRA ONE**

earn your halo

**1+2 plus Records**

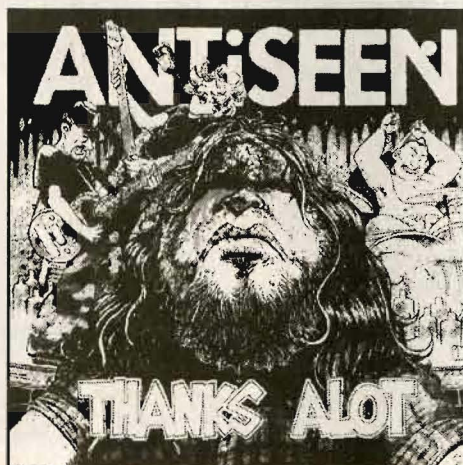
Home of Va Tech and not much else. This is very emo core D.C. / Richmond based music. What I liked

These records are off a japanese based labeled. I've had the pleasure of seeing the AntiSEEN before, they are pretty good live. Think green day add Elvis and gravely southern drawl with a touch of comic book. The Creamers on the other hand are very much a HOLE ripoff. They sound the same they talk



Seattle. Maybe it's signalling the death the of grunge. Lord lettuce pay. Anyways the music is nice it's got a little to much genre hopping for my tastes. The production is good but not the best thing that I've heard. I can tell however that the musicians are talented. This band is a three piece, at least according to the cover, the band sounded bigger

about this band was thier unprententious music and



**ANTI:SEEN**

THANKS ALOT



too bad to be confronted with something new and get what you expected.

—Sausage King

**FIRST ANNUAL WNY MUSIC  
FESTIVAL ANNOUNCED;  
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Buffalo's largest music festival ever has been slated to run for the first time, Thursday, May 1 through Sunday, May 4, 1997 at the Buffalo Convention Center, Kleinhans Music Hall, and area night-clubs.

The WNY Music Festival will feature local, regional, national acts that will take part in showcases featuring all styles of music at the Convention Center and other downtown venues throughout the festival.

Additionally, the Convention Center will house the Music Marketplace with vendor booths and networking tables, as well as educational workshops, clinics, and seminars related to the music industry for students, professionals, & fans.

Over 20,000 visitors are expected over the four-day event, which is

being patterned after other successful music festivals such as "undercurrents" in Cleveland, Ohio and "South by Southwest" in Austin Texas. The Festival is open to people in the music industry and the general public.

Performers, vendors, and other interested participants are asked to call 716/871-1125 ext 115 to receive application forms and information kits.

The deadline for Showcase Performance entries is February 14, 1997. A panel consisting of music industry professionals and media representatives will review and vote on all entries.

The festival is being organized by  
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**HEADQUARTERS**  
EST. 1978

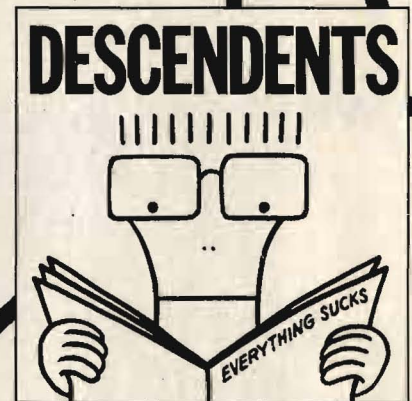
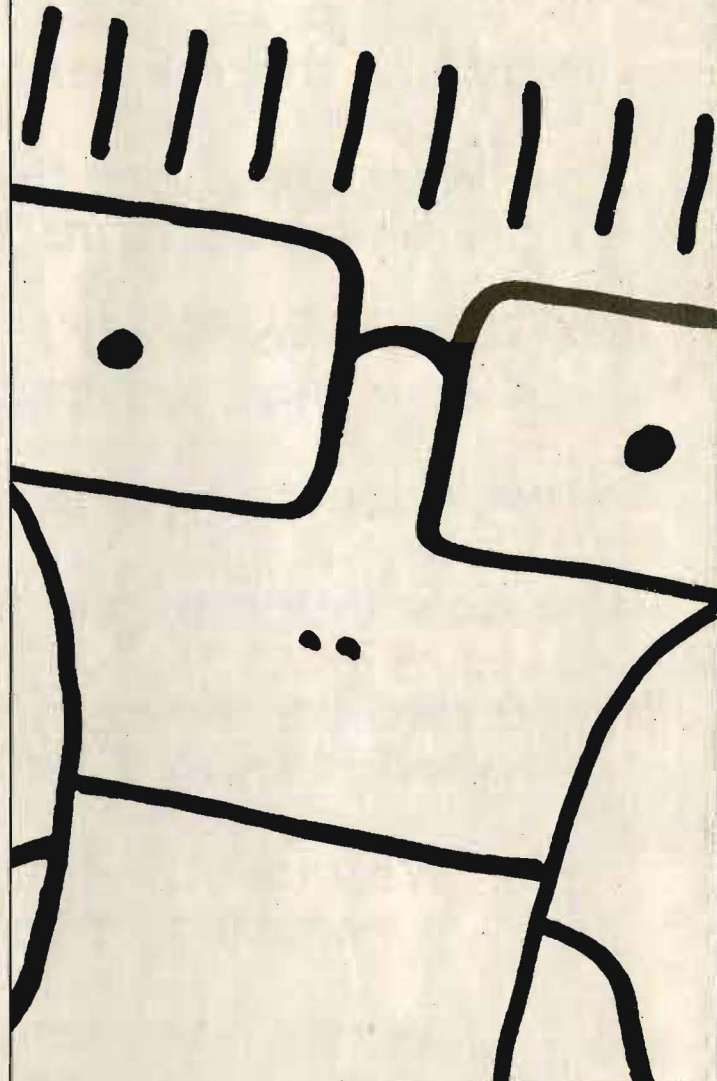
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


# DESCENDENTS

## EVERYTHING SUCKS



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# THINGS TO THINK ABOUT DURING SEX

Why isn't phonetic spelled the way it sounds?

Why are there interstate highways in Hawaii?

Why are there flotation devices under plane seats instead of parachutes?

Have you ever imagined a world with no hypothetical situations?

I wonder if other people think about this shit

If a cow laughed would milk come out it's nose?

If you tied buttered toast to the back of a cat and dropped it from a height, what would happen?

Why do they put Braille dots on the keypad of the drive up ATM?

Why do we drive on parkways and park on driveways?

Why is it when you transport something by car it's called a shipment, but when you transport something by ship it's called cargo?

That little indestructible black box that is used on airplanes, why can't they make the whole plane out of the same material?

# BIG BADDY PRESENTS

February 8th



**BRUTAL TRUTH  
IMMOLATION  
OPPRESSOR**

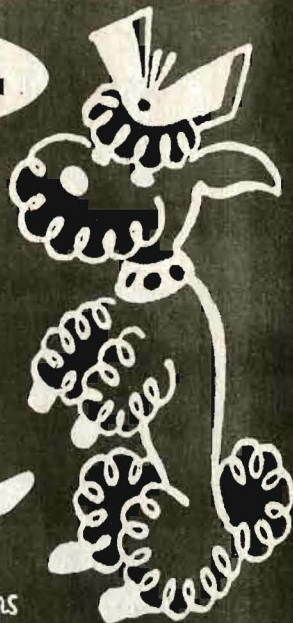
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featuring former members of  
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SPECIAL GUEST **WELT**  
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# TYPE O NEGATIVE

Wednesday,  
February 26th

**CLUB DV8**



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

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Tickets \$15 available at Raunch, Heavy Metal Shop, Galaxina, Crandall Audio

# WRITTEN IN BLOOD

## HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

...JOHN FORGACH

### BROKEN HOPE

Loathing  
Metal Blade



The five guys that make up Broken Hope are back with their brand new album, LOATHING. This band has scraped together some of the sickest, lowest, most demented forms of evil and gore. Songs such as "Siamese Screams" and "Auction Of The Dead" are what the really good horror flicks are about. Musically, this album is far more dynamic than their last release, REPULSIVE CONCEPTION. Lyrically, Broken Hope writes passages with a disturbing, poetic finesse. "Anatomically incorrect. One body with two souls united as one. A mutual split will eventually take place. Four hands with cutting tools unskillfully slice. The arms hack and carve to separate themselves. Mangling the one body they share. Disfigured duet Screams." (from "Siamese Screams")

### CARCASS

Wake Up And Smell  
The...Carcass  
(VIDEO)  
Earache

O.K. Carcass-heads, looks like this will be our last hoorah. It's going to come in the form of the WAKE UP AND SMELL

THE...CARCASS video I was telling you about. I finally got a copy for myself (No thanks to Brittany at Earache). The video clocks in at 108 minutes and contains 5 videos, some dating back to the NECROTICISM album, live footage from the 1992 "God Of Grind" tour, and more live footage from their appearance during the 1989 "Grindcrusher" tour. It's really an eye-full. Don't bother shopping around town for this one. The HEAVY METAL SHOP is the only store cool enough to carry it.

### MY DYING BRIDE

Like Gods Of The Sun  
Fierce

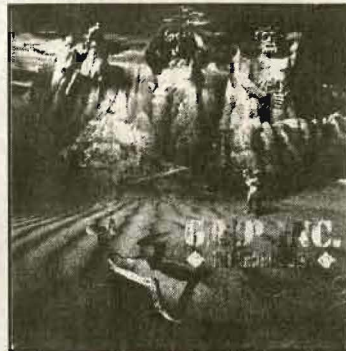


England's most prolific doom metal band, My Dying Bride is adding LIKE GODS OF THE SUN to their lengthy list of releases. In the band's six years of existence, they've put out five full-lengths, four EPs, a single, and two limited edition sets. Not being particularly into the doom movement myself, I can't tell you much about this band. In comparing LIKE GODS OF THE SUN with their last, THE ANGEL AND THE DARK RIVER, I can say their latest seems to move along a bit faster. The songs seem to have more of a backbone than their earlier stuff. The guitarists have stepped up in front more. Also, every song

doesn't start with a droll violin or piano intro. The production is less flowery - not as many effects. This just may be one doom album that grows on me after a while. Could happen.

### GRIP INC.

Nemesis  
Metal Blade



I squealed with delight when I found the new Grip Inc. in my mailbox. NEMESIS is the highly anticipated follow-up to their '96 release, THE POWER OF INNER STRENGTH. It was nice to see the line-up is the same. For those of you that don't know, this band was put together by Dave Lombardo (Ex-Slayer drummer).

Waldemar Sorychta (Despair/and producer extraordinaire) adds his unique mastery of the guitar to the band. Though, he rarely does any solos on this disc (Booo). Jason Viebrooks is on bass (I never know what to say about the bass player - sorry - uh, he's really good). Finally, Gus Chambers's "Rob Halford like" powerful vocals are a nice touch. Grip Inc. is everything good that metal has been in the past and what is good about metal today. I do have one gripe about Grip, though. Remember about a year and 1/2 ago when Grip Inc. came into town with Morbid Angel? The show was canceled because the stage at the Bar and Grill wasn't big enough. (Here's my point) As far as I can tell, their bio photo seems to have been taken with the band standing on the Bonneville Salt Flats. It's probably the same picture they will use for the CD so check it out.

Anyway, these guys come to Salt Lake, cancel their appearance, then use our terrain for their bio photo. I would say these guys owe us the performance of their lives. We WILL be waiting Grip Inc.!!

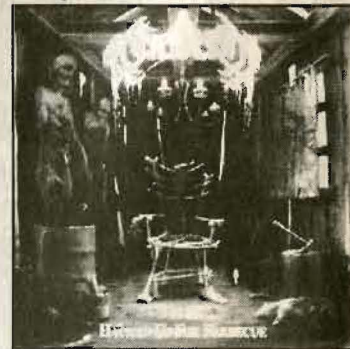
### GUILT

Further  
Victory

Louisville, KY's Guilt is releasing their second full-length on Victory. The album is called FURTHER. The six songs on the album are all "Untitled", and that's probably the perfect title for each of these songs. It makes you think. Not every song will mean the same thing to every person, but isn't that what music is all about. These guys won't spell it out for you, but from what I can gather, have something to say about the power of advertising, the effects of supply and demand on our lives and environment, human emotions and relationships, etc. The music on FURTHER is on the experimental / technical side. Guilt is definitely part of the new breed of hardcore.

### MORTICIAN

Hacked Up For Barbecue  
Relapse



Twenty-four songs filled with gore, horror, and the amount of blood that could be spilled in a week. Songs such as "Three On A Meathook", "Ripped In Half", and "Drilling For Brains". A CD with the title, HACKED UP FOR BARBECUE. Well damn. What more do you want? Mortician is Will Rahmer (Bass, Vocals) and Roger Beaujard (Guitar,

Drum Programming). These New York City boys know their death-grind. Though Will and Roger are a little single-minded in the lyrical department, the music...well, the music is that way too. Although, they keep it interesting. The music is super heavy with enough tricks around each corner to keep you listening. This is one of the best recordings I've heard with a drum machine in place of live drums. They sound damn near real. Rent any movie with a chain saw in it, turn the sound down on the t.v., and crank the HACKED UP FOR BARBE-CUE. Now that's beginning to sound like a weekend!

**STRAPPING YOUNG LAD**  
 City  
 Century Media  
 Devin Townsend's band, Strapping Young Lad is releasing their second full-length, CITY on February 11. This will come as a follow up to, HEAVY AS A REALLY HEAVY

THING. Devin has been kept busy over the last couple of years working with and entertaining offers to work with an impressive list of musicians, which includes singing on Steve Vai's, SEX & RELIGION. Strapping Young Lad is Devin's outlet to show what makes him tick. Don't expect "a boy and his guitar" from this release. CITY is an absolute assault on the senses. Devin seems to know every trick in the book when it comes to producing a disc, and I'm pretty sure he used just about all of them on this release. The music is very intense and there's lots of noise, but it's all tied together with a nice, smooth production. Gene Hoglan (Testament/Death/Dark Angel) plays drums on this album. Gene rules on drums. (Drummers - Check out Death's, SYMBOLIC. It has by far some of the best metal drumming ever committed to disc.)

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**33 slug**

# Daily Calendar

## Wednesday, February 5

Apricot Jam - Ashbury Pub  
Ducky Boys - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Zig Zag - Dead Goat Saloon  
Velvet - Holy Cow

## Thursday, February 6

Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band - Ashbury Pub  
House of Cards - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Gigi Love Band - Dead Goat  
Long Player/Sea of Jones - Spankys  
Occums Razor - Zephyr

## Friday, February 7

Blue Healer - Ashbury Pub  
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Highwater Pants - Dead Goat  
Elbow Finn - Holy Cow  
Nine Spine Stickle  
Bank/Girth - Spankys  
Tommy Castro - Zephyr

## Saturday, February 8

Tongue-n-Groove - Ashbury Pub  
Brutal Truth/Cannibal  
Corpse/Immolation - Bar and Grill  
Gigi Love Band - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Tanya and the Townsmen - Dead Goat  
PCP Berserker/The  
Flys/Reverend Willie - Spankys  
Tommy Castro - Zephyr

## Monday, February 10

Miss Lavelle White - Dead Goat

## Tuesday, February 11

Donna Smith - Ashbury Pub  
Fifi - Bar & Grill  
Shinehead - Zephyr

## Wednesday, February 12

We the Living - Ashbury Pub  
Pill Box - Dead Goat  
Wish - Holy Cow  
Lee Rocker - Zephyr

## Thursday, February 13

Rich Wyman Band - Ashbury Pub  
So Whut - Burts Tiki  
Sun Masons - Dead Goat  
Pijamas De Gato - Spankys  
Gary Hoey - Zephyr

## Friday, February 14

Gigi Love Band - Ashbury Pub  
House of Cards - Burt's Tiki  
Sturgeon General - Dead Goat  
Sugarhouse/We the Living - Holy Cow  
Decomposers - Spankys  
Coco Montoya - Zephyr

## Saturday, February 15

Girth - Ashbury Pub  
Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki  
Spittin Lint - Dead Goat  
Sebadoh/Those Bastard  
Souls/Ludlow - DV-8  
The Merge - Spankys  
Coco Montoya - Zephyr

## Sunday, February 16

Zion Tribe - Zephyr

## Monday, February 17

Percy Struther - Dead Goat

## Tuesday, February 18

Kirsty MacDonald - Ashbury Pub  
Clatter - Spankys

## Wednesday, February 19

Chola - Ashbury Pub  
Ducky Boys - Burt's Tiki  
I Roots - Dead Goat  
Riverbed Jed/12 Speed - Holy Cow  
Trace & Frank - Spankys  
String Cheese Incident - Zephyr

## Thursday, February 20

Pill Box - Ashbury Pub  
Gigi Love Band - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Papa Kega - Dead Goat  
Sun Masons - Spankys  
String Cheese Incident - Zephyr

## Friday, February 21

Baby Jason and the Spankers - Ashbury Pub  
Atomic Delux - Burt's Tiki  
House of Cards - Dead Goat  
Fishbone/Skeletones - Holy Cow  
Thirsty Alley - Spankys  
Chris Duarte - Zephyr

## Saturday, February 22

Loose - Ashbury Pub  
Downset/Earth Crisis - Bar & Grill  
Trouzer Trout - Burt's Tiki Lounge  
Insatiable - Dead Goat  
Blanche - Spankys  
Chris Duarte - Zephyr

## Monday, February 24

Caroline Wonderland & the Imperial Monkeys - Dead Goat

## Tuesday, February 25

My Dog Vodka - Ashbury Pub  
Luscious Jackson/Eels - DV8

## Wednesday, February 26

Trace Wiren - Ashbury Pub  
Smilin Jack - Dead Goat  
Type O Negative/Sister Machine Gun/Drain S.T.H. - DV8  
Flakey Jane/Sea of Jones - Holy Cow

## Thursday, February 27

Sea of Jones - Ashbury Pub  
Blue Healer - Dead Goat  
Trike - Spankys  
Jackmormons - Zephyr

## Friday, February 28

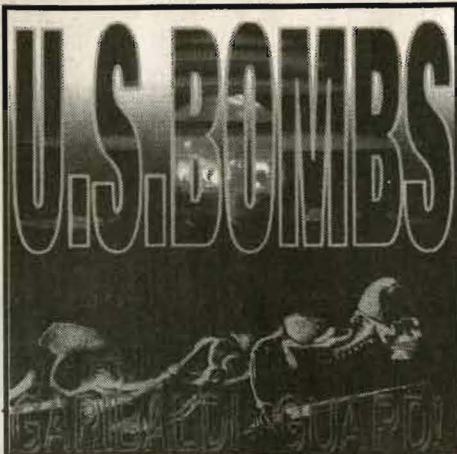
Back Wash - Ashbury Pub  
Shoot the Mime - Dead Goat  
Highwater Pants - Holy Cow  
Loose/Long Player - Spankys  
Fat Paw - Zephyr

Fax your calendar  
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