



SLUG

PLAYMATE OF
THE YEAR

FREE

MARCH 1997

ISSUE 99



SALT CITY CD's
The Music Experience
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DEAR DICKHEADS

Hello Gianni & SLUG:
Just a thanks to David McClellan of SLUG who pretty much got it right regarding the SXSW and NXNW showcases. Private Eye Weekly is an official sponsor of SXXW in Austin and NXNW in Portland. As such, we can pick and choose any local band to appear in Austin or Portland, thus bypassing the jury system that really just keeps most bands out, as pointed out by McClellan. Instead of us picking a band, we've chosen to go the local showcase route letting judges choose. Private Eye Weekly does not send a judge, nor do we pick them. Indeed, SLUG's William Athey was among the judges.

Each of the local showcases has gotten progressively better talent-wise, so perhaps the notion of a competition is paying some dividends to local music. However, judging is subjective and we have yet to send a band that pleases everyone, even us. We believe it's best to simply congratulate Fat Paw knowing that in the end, Utah music will again be represented in Austin and represented in a good way. I believe it's true that a Utah band had never even played at SXSW before our showcases.

Regarding the laments about ASA not winning (especially by the Bozo whose cowardly, unsigned letter appeared in the Feb. SLUG), I too, am a fan of that band. Just an observation, but his/her letter is full of the

same bullshit that has always hurt the local music scene—loudmouthed, negative and uneducated "fans" who crucify local bands even

while they praise them. What a shit. Fat Paw is a "country" band?!? They won because the judges wanted to promote the 2002 Olympics with a Park City band?!?! Sounds like that boy/girl has been engaged in a bit too much Oliver Stone. Or perhaps, it's as I suspect: he/she really doesn't know a damn thing about local music or the music industry.

John Saltas
Publisher, Private Eye Weekly

P.S. ...I hope you know that I, for one, appreciate SLUG. Keep doing what you're doing. It always circulates through our office.

To: slugmag@aol.com

Just wanted to let you know that I enjoyed the shindig. Surly was the highlight of the evening. I also enjoyed Dave McClellan's insights about the sodomy going on inside the Osmond compound in the last issue, as I told him at the show. Keep up the entertaining journalism.

<http://www.cc.utah.edu/~ma16460>

Dear Dickheads

I think SLUG is a good magazine but the reason I am writing you is because that fuckhead is talking shit about MANOWAR that new album kicks ass like all there music he's got a lot of nerve saying that

Manowar sucks that loser doesn't know good heavy metal music if it bit him in the ass Manowar will shove metal so far up his ass that jis ass will never see daylight again.

Metal forever,
Brent Worthen

Dear Dickheads,

I just finished reading your January issue (procrastination is a virtue in Utah you know), and I would just like to give my thanks to Jonny Belvin for giving Decomposers & Psyclone Rangers at Spanky's show of the year. I was one of the dozen or so people who stuck around after the Decomposers set to check out the Psyclone Rangers, and I must say, they rocked my big Utah bred ass up and down the greasy walls. They truly are the reeking of gas, crud under your fingernails, bugs in your teeth, knuckle bustin garage band so many bands try to acheive.

Anyhow, after the show, and after downing a few tankards of Rocky Mountain Pisswater (Utah's 3.2%). I sauntered on backstage to meet the boys. God I love Spanky's for that (having backstage right next to the can. I've met so many bands that way). We met, shared a few beers, a few bowls, and just made an evening of it. Quite a positive experience I'd say, even if John Valania came off as kind of a dick on stage, after a few hits he was as cool as a jock-strap full of popcicles. Again thanks to Jonny for recognizing one of the most criminally overlooked bands of this day and age. It is good to see that they are getting a fraction of the credit

they deserve.
Keep it up, keep it hard, and keep it throbbing,
Cody the Cantankerous
Capricorn

ON THE COVER

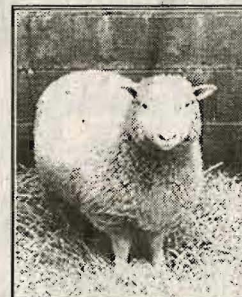
The lovely Miss March on the the cover is none other than the now famous "Dolly". Yes that sheep. What the hell is so wrong with cloning anyway? Think of the commercials

*"Double double your refreshment,
double double your enjoyment..."*

So we thought we'd have a little fun with this thing (besides the obvious), so we printed half of the March issues with Dolly on the cover...



and half with Dolly's clone on the cover...



Can you pick out the Demon seed cloned sheep?

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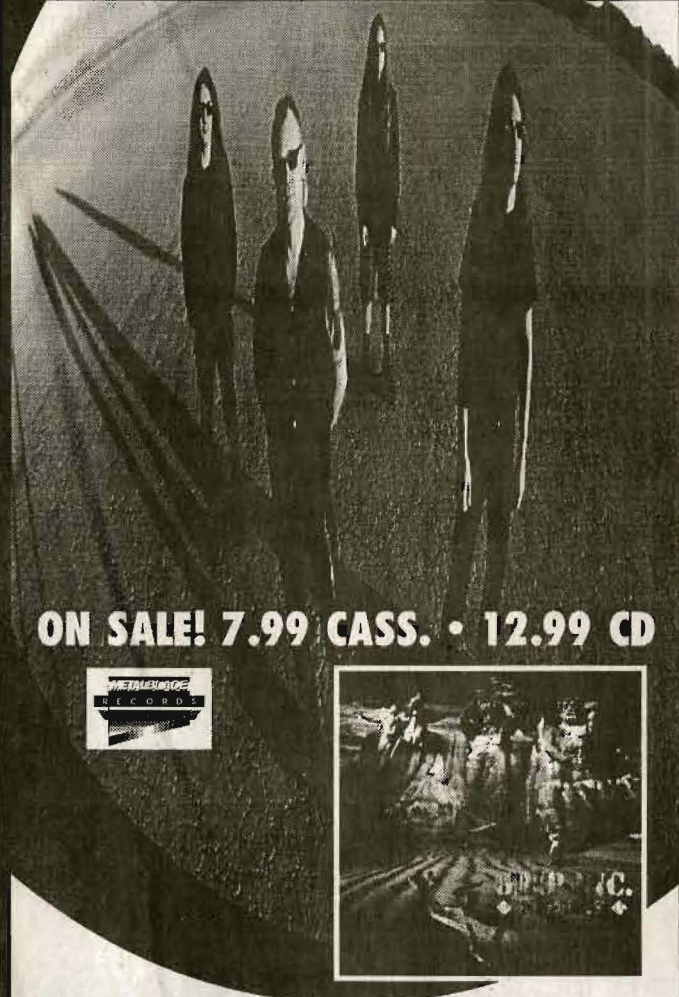
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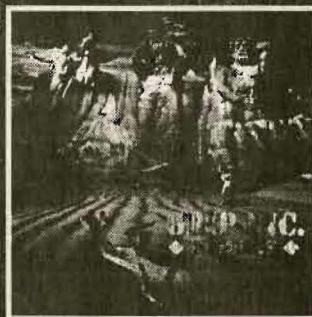
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the law

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MY WORLD, MY RULES!

MR. Pink's

Video Review



March comes in like a Lion and out like a cloned sheep... There is a bittersweet poem that captures the beauty of March and the coming of Spring and all that other happy horseshit, but I don't know it, so too bad. Here's some movies I watched.

JACK

Robin Williams needs to get out of the house. He needs to get out of movies like Jack and back into movies like The Fisher King. Not that this is a bad movie, but the whole premise is old. Dress it up however you want, it's still the grown man/little boy shtick. Yawn.

IL POSTINO

The first time I watched this movie, I didn't finish it. I was too tired to read. That's the problem with subtitles. It's like watching a movie and reading a book at the same time. The next time I made it all the way through, but it wasn't easy. Don't get me wrong, I liked this movie. It was very cool once you get into it. It would just be nice if you could see a little more of the cool Italian country instead of reading the story.

BOTTLE ROCKET

A story of three mental midgets who fancy themselves gangster robbers. The only drawback is they suck at almost everything. It is pretty funny and Mr. James Caan shows up in the middle of the damn thing. Well then, how can you go wrong?

TRAINSPOTTING

Blotey rot en fuggin feom dis wash. Ya kneed a blotey trans laytah to wutch the damn fing. Prit e foney doe. Pot iculy duwing the Sean Connery bit. Ave ya gote the beest en yur sites?? Shite!

(I liked this movie, rent it. Sometimes it's hard to figure out what the characters are saying due to their thick accents)

FEELING MINNESOTA

Keanu Reeves and Vincent D'Onofrio take turns boring Cameron Diaz to death with their pathetic acting. Of course that's not too hard, since she's about as

exciting as shaving your head with a cheese grater while chewing on tin foil.

LAST MAN STANDING

Bad guy / Tough guy / Bad guy setup in a deserted old west town now ran by bad boy mobsters who appear to be from NYC??? NEW YORK CITY!??? Then they got some Pace picante sauce and roamed around the town doing good deeds, drinking beer and singing sea shantys...

Bruce Willis is the tough guy. Not sure if it was good or not. You tell me.

2 DAYS IN THE VALLEY

OK this movie I dug. Finally James Spader plays a role where he is not a total pussy. He even sticks Teri Hatcher in the ass. (No, not what you're thinking) That alone is worth the price of admission, but as a bonus you get Danny Aiello smackin around rich art fags. Cool.

TREES LOUNGE

Steve Buscemi just gets himself in

roles that are probably based on little fantasies he has. I don't care, I like him. I liked this movie too. He directs and stars in this story of an out of work mechanic who can't fix his own car so he takes over his dead Uncle's ice cream truck route and sleeps with his buddy's seventeen year old daughter because his pregnant ex-girlfriend is living with his ex-boss. Wheew!!

SUBURBIA

No, this movie is not out on video yet, but guess what? One of the opening scenes is the main female character reading an old copy of SLUG!! Although you can't tell what page she's looking at, it's almost certain she is reading Mr. Pink...

Here's a few not so new releases to check out...

ONE FALSE MOVE

BLOOD SIMPLE

SWIMMING WITH SHARKS

Till next month...

Mr. Pink

Blue Meanies
The Pave 10" picture disc ep. \$8

Geezer Lake
New! King Frost Parade.CD \$12

ALL/Judge Nothing
Split 7" picture disc. art by coop. \$5

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Circadian Intermezzo

—Lars

"Author: a fool who, not content with having bored those who have lived with him/her, insists on tormenting the generations to come." —

Anonymous

"Okay, the kids are going through the angst and everything but this Marilyn Manson guy is truly scary for a role model. My day it was black Sabbath driving my parents crazy...This singer gives me the bonafide willys. Scceaarrrryy!!"

—Rosie O'Donnell

Impatiently awaiting Spring. Apple and Kelly green umbrellas expectant as salutary showers soon shall turn up a new leafy lease on life. February's Amethyst whimsy, Raphael angels and unrequited love of Valentine's divested of intimate bouquets and entwined trysts practically forgotten. Hyacinths, paper whites, crocus, amaryllis and tulips perish or proliferate. Terra firms groundbreaking and tremulous ushers in daffodils, gnomes and fairies...Hold it a gosh-durned second! Shez...And you figured on an alternative sans the magical and fantastical, a monochromatic nirvana or whatnot. Think again. Welcome the approaching millennium with avant-garde Zen prisms. The full spectrum. Imagination, kiddos. Omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient. Neophytes, bend an ear. Avante cultist, pride yourself on discovering thus in music, film, philosophy and literature. It's everything that flies in the unconscious face of the American Dream. Still...Theirs is analogous bewilderment and ignorance in all this fringe zeitgeist. The Dark Horse metaphor is that of a race entrant or contestant not given much chance of winning, a former practice of disguising

a fast horse with dark paint and entering it with inferior horses. Hijinks. Laissez-faire vs. Am. Dream. Polarity or parallels. Hanging with the dark angels and gargoyles isn't always the apotheosis of edge living. The threshold is dauntless and ubiquitous. Lets borrow our Editor's phraseology "intestinal fortitude".

"Side by side with the human race there urns another race of beings, the inhuman ones, the race of artists who, goaded by unknown impulses, take the lifeless mass of humanity and by the fever and ferment with which they imbue it turn this soggy dough into bread and the bread into wine and the wine into song...One who belongs to this race must stand up on a high place with gibberish in mouth and rip out one's entrails."

—Henry Miller

"The awareness of human separation without reunion by love is the source of shame, guilt and anxiety. The deepest need is to overcome this separateness and to leave the prison of aloneness. The absolute failure to achieve this aim means insanity."

—Erich Fromm

Portrait of Kurt Cobain? A mucous talk radio phone-in caller jokingly commented that the longevity of rock stars Mick Jagger, Tina Turner and the like is due to housing portraits of Dorian Grey, in their attics. Hey K.C., K.C. Would You Die For Me, Hosanna Superstar! Lars! Such spitefulness! Unresolved Mysteries alleged murder premise? Let his suicide R.I.P. Case closed. When will the stupid club come full circle? The Phantom's masquerade. Phantom of the Opera allegory, that is. Incognito costumes and masks. Art school vesture synonymous. The Phantom indicative of the nightmarish, intrepid genius. Dark madness. Christine's seduction embraces

it's imminent power and sway. She must allow romantic love...the brilliance of love's exaltation...to vanquish her Phantom allure. Then again, grant us the muses hysteria and ultimate sacrifices under the aegis of acumen.

"Some experts claim they can spot a left-hander at infancy. The whorl of their hair will twist counterclockwise. The base of the left thumbnail is wider and squarer than the right. Greta Garbo's "I want to be alone" relates to her reclusive nature. She was painfully shy, also due to her left-handedness, in general, because visual imagery is right-brain dominant, nonverbal lefties are often limited talkers and apt to avoid social contact" — (Whomeverth)

Very funny, anonymous SLUG critic, I sincerely enjoy a good insult. Yet, as told to Gianni months ago, my utilization of big words is a personal defense mechanism over/from emotional excess and sometimes hypersensitivity. When you have the authenticity and audacious nerve to denounce hiding behind monograms or the interlocutor's monitor, I'll take you seriously. Until then, heed not to pay attention. Comprehende? Slacker gloatings, bro. Your brain drain, not mine. Plato's the unexamined life is not worth living. Ruminare. Exercise (or exorcise) them thar brain cells. And yes, I've experienced thee journalist's initiation rites of getting one's feet wet via a death threat. Skinheads. Twas my Z.D.Z. commentary. I started ZION DISPATCHER ZINE disgruntled with previous tenure at SLUG and THE PRIVATE EYE. Competition is healthy and necessary in regards to bands and publications. As for Death Metal, cock rock get pussy imbecilities. Admittedly, I once listened to KRCL's Master Butcher just for Chow's TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION is

still churning out the vital wiles. Those spunky gals Tristan and Bernice co-host STATIC RADIO followed by the Goth SHORT TERM EFFECTS. Anyways... Bother the squabble over Twitch's Editor Christian Arial. His description of the creative process engendered synergy, mastery imperfections, imbalances, focus/drift, etc., was most competent. Hmmmm...The alternative cadence renowned in the muse. A universal art form. McClellan referred to it as the purest expression. Hmm...Those in the creative fields of visual art, literature and dance would claim the self-same directive, eh? Actually dance is the purer, in my biased opinion, of course. Instrumentation and lose of identity in the umpteenth degree. That is, the artistic instrument is yourself, facilitated and tempestuous. With manic vehemence. With mania's excitation. With impassioned hysteria.

"It is said that the saddest amongst us are those who wear the jester's motley garb. A classic version of this notion is told by 19th century criminologist Cesare Lombroso. A depressed man is advised by his physician to take advantage of the circus being in town, and to be sure to see the greatest of harlequins Joseph Grimaldi. you need amusement, Grimaldi will make you laugh, that will be better for you than drugs. my God, the man replies, but I am Grimaldi this story symbolizes a long-held view that suffering lies just below the surface of histrionic enthusiasm. Forceful, activity, even when contrived, can defend against melancholy, for awhile at least. everyone was crying, exclaims the movie character Zorba the Greek. me, I got up and danced. They said Zorba is mad. But it was the dancing...Only the dancing...That stopped the pain."

Now...Sing along to the lovely refrains of FIDDLER ON THE Roof's Tradition! a la viva la revolutionaire extraordinaire. Sedition!...Sedition! Insolent Dissidents! Insurgent! Deviants! Rebel! Recalcitrant! Insurrectionary! Saboteur! Radicals! Subversives! Revolter! Apostate! Dissenter! Agitator! Revolutionary! Malcontent! Turncoat! Insubordinate! Anarchists! Iconoclasts! The darker beauty. Running carpe diem wild. Fleeting aerial rapture. Triumphant torment, discernible guile. Sagacity, alas. Canvas abstraction. Despondent druthers. Bloodshot eyes. Sleepyhead or insomnia. Depression magnified, bruised eyelid circles. Pretense for prior hypergraphia whenest mania's chemicals dissipated. Escape! Escape as a retreat or deliverance? Freedom or desertion.

"The three most distinguishing traits of female personality were, in Freud's view, passivity, masochism and narcissism...The position of women in patriarchy is such that they are expected to be passive, to suffer, and to be sex objects; it is unquestionable that they are, with varying degrees of success, socialized in such roles."

—Kate Millett

"Our anger is real. Our anger at our experiences of oppression as women and as psychiatric inmates, of being raped, beaten, locked up, drugged, shocked, is valid and strong. It is not a symptom to be drugged or therapized away. It is, instead, a source of our power, a fuel for our outrage and our activism...We refuse to calm down and adjust to a reality that defines us as inferior."

—Virginia Raymond

The sustenance of a remote lifestyle. Dreamers

that tingle. Onamanopeia. Echolalia. Deleterious lamentations over the past prefix. Nada femme fatale. Exhausted. Perpetual bed mood and bed hair daze, albeit improved, better outlook. Shave hair or ixnay on the responsible working stiff adult status. Stats of Utah's youth suicide and child molestation 4-10 times the National %. Really, really, really hate to say "I told you so". Flabbergasted. Scintillating library, reading intensity. SHINE. Mental prowess or addle-minded. WALLACE & GROMIT. From the superhuman sleep is for wimps and molycoddlers, to this mighty 'D'. Squeezing all the creative juices left on the pithy rind. Move over V. Woolf and E. Wurtzel, wish me luck on the memoir. The weird and the wonderful culinary feasts. They make batteries out of Lithium, you know. Any anti-psychotic meds cocktails ill-advised. Physician heal thyself! Dad's quip of "She has more holes in her head than her stockings", as two delinquents jay-walked...er...sautee passer dancer stylee leaped across the street requiring a slamming on of brakes. Streetwise smart alecs deathwish. Everyone laughed. Reflections of past transgressions. Beholden from the months of babes. Strange how things change and yet remain the same. Strange, indeed...

Ciao, Kiddos!

Epilogue? PS: Lavished praise and a blatant plug for the irascible local group Stella Brass. Accompany their chorus w/volume skyrocketed and heads turn in holy terror at intersections along the commute. Go Guys! Powerful stuff that capably penetrates any I don't Give a flying fuck about anything depressive episode. And! I'd like to challenge others of the feminine/ist persuasion to contribute in this publication ASAP. —Lars

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Bloodhound Gang

And now the show you've all been waiting for. Coming to Club DV8 on March 12 is a one-hit wonder. Isn't that what the radio advertisement says? The promotion arm of the record label has sent a series of materials. The first contained a simple biography. The second had Jimmy Pop Ali describing the meaning behind each song and a beer coaster; the third had a letter, a beer coaster, some stickers and an actual article written about the Bloodhound Gang. I'll pretend I'm doing "Our Critic's Picks" for the week and not listen to the CD. That's how the professionals do it.

The Bloodhound Gang's singer, Jimmy Pop Ali, applied four times for an internship with Howard Stern and he was rejected each time. As is cleverly pointed out, Howard Stern wouldn't hire Jimmy for a job that paid no money. Now that the band's association with celebrities is out of the way, how about some more news? The band released an EP and then a full-length before leaving Jimmy and Lupus (guitar, vocals) to fulfill tour obligations. Jimmy recruited a new band and Evil Jared remains from that incarnation. DJ Q-Ball (turntables, vocals) and Spanky G (drums) signed on

after the tour and the Bloodhound Gang recorded One Fierce Beer Coaster. The album was originally released by Republic in September

1996. Party people with a copy on that label, raise your hands in the air. By the time Geffen re-released the album in December "Fire Water Burn" was a huge hit at radio stations all over the country.

Now comes the time to pull a quote or two from the interview. In reference to, "Lift Your Head Up High (And Blow Your Brains Out)" which makes fun of rap and suicide, I found this statement, "Anyone who doesn't get the joke, Pop says, 'is to dumb and deserves to die.'" My goodness! As for the rest of the album? "But all I'm doing is telling jokes. It's essentially the 'The Truly Tasteless Joke Book' put to music." Okay, so I did listen to the album and I have to agree. The interview is completed with this, "I told my girlfriend I'd just written a song about her and she was excited, says Pop." That is until she found out the title: 'Kiss Me Where It Smells Funny.'"

But there is more to the night than the Bloodhound Gang. I believe

CONCERT

Bob. Someone at SLUG Magazine doesn't like power pop. I do and the album is an inviting example of the modern day version. Power pop will greet those lucky enough to pass through DV8's security system before the show is nearly over. Arrive early!

Zen Guerrilla

I cannot write a single word about any Alternative Tentacles band without mentioning label owner Jello Biafra. (Jello Biafra is such a sell-out fucker that he sold his voice to the fucking Offspring for Christ sakes. What a fucking whore. What a fucking corporate whore. God damnit I get all pissed off about that fucker buying life sustaining food with the dollars he earned from selling out. You fucker...you're a star bellied sneech, you suck like a leach, you want everyone to act like you. You kiss ass so you can get rich while others get richer off you. What you need my son...) Man. I think I lost it for a second or two there. I was chewing my cud. (Talk about being a whining, nasal-voiced, blow-hard; terms I've seen used to describe Mayor Biafra lately. The Evil SLUG Boss intervenes, "You idiot he lost that election.") These Zen Guerrilla bastards are sell-outs too. They are distributed by ADA for Jesus fucking Christ's sake. Those commie fucks at Mordam probably have their fingers in the stinky pie as well. Sell-out fucks, don't you know your boss is on the Offspring record? God I can't stand it. (The Evil SLUG Boss enters the room again and bounces a bong off my head.) God intervened. "You are a child of God" he said. "Write the review or I will sentence you to a lifetime of Peter Breinholt concerts." (For the out-of-state reader. Peter Breinholt and Clover are the stars of the local Salt Lake City "scene." Their music is about as boring as jerking off to an old video of Vanna White.) Now where was I?

Invisible "Liftee" Pad/Gap-Tooth Clown is the CD currently under consideration and it isn't a review at all because the band will visit Salt Lake City in March. What is it about an Alternative

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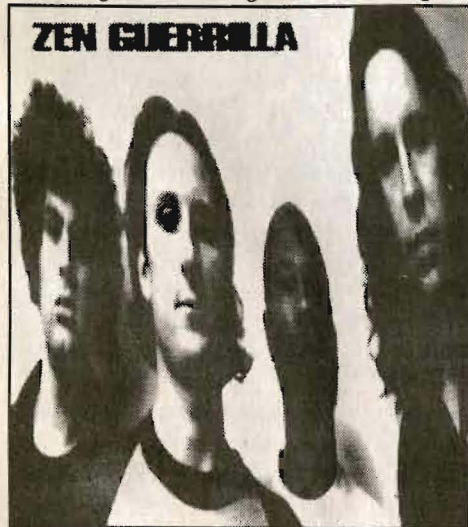
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Uncle Bob received some negative press in this sordid rag a while back. That is the first 22 Jacks release. A former Wax, two former Adolescents, an original Weezer and a face to face play on the record. The face to face and the Weezer weren't able to tour, so the Wax, and the Adolescents, found a former No Use For A Name and a former FEAR to fill out the band. It is important at this time to note that *Uncle Bob* is not a pop punk album. The 22 Jacks served as Joey Ramone's back-up band when he recorded a song for the upcoming Cheap Trick tribute disc. Power pop is *Uncle*

PREVUZE

Tentacles CD that pushes me to the very brink? It could be their motto – "Giving Art A Bad Name Since 1979." Zen Guerrilla opens their blast with a dance number – "Chicken Scratch." The next ditty is feedback and screeching. What follows is a cover of the old gospel number "This Little Light." Zen Guerrilla call it "Wee Wee Hours," but it is still "This Little Light" to me. I grabbed the mega-



phone I keep next to me at all times and sang along; effectively imitating Marcus, Zen Guerrilla's singer. It's easy to sing the blues when you're a white guy. By now tears were streaming down my face and I'd wet myself. A feeling of exhalation filled my breast as the guitar squal of "Dirty Jewel" hit full force. My God I thought, these guys are better than the one-piece bands White Town and Primitive Radio Gods put together.

Due to feeble attempts at staunching the nose bleed snorting two lines of crystal meth had given me five songs flew by before the laser beam struck "Unusual," the second dance number of the disc and the closer. I did however catch the minimalist harp blowing and downright nasty blues of "Tin Can" and the cow-punk stomp "Gospel Tent." "Unusual" is a funky, trip hopping hymn concerning the Holy Ghost and sheep. A relieved sigh escaped my lips because the conflict which began with "Chicken Scratch" was resolved. Dancing is an evil activity leading directly to sexual intercourse in many cases.

clone one. Without commenting further on that topic...as with the bluesmen of old Zen Guerrilla are torn between good and evil. Rather than become religious zealots filled with guilt they combine the good with the evil and become human beings. Zen Guerrilla will play at the Holy Cow on March 9.

Meeshack Abindigo, the only surviving Three Nephite

The Paladins

At this current point in the existence of SLUG Magazine the Paladins don't really have a place. The only reasons I have decided to include their upcoming performance are two-fold. The first is because I enjoy offending people. If I didn't enjoy offending people I probably would take my lack of talent elsewhere. The second reason the Paladins are included is because I am kissing the asses of everyone involved with the Zephyr Club. The Paladins have played nearly every bar in town since their first album was released in 1987.

They've been here more times than I have fingers and toes to count on. As a SLUG writer I've learned that I am such an idiot that I can't count past 20 anyway. The band have been known to play a bit of the old rockabilly at times, a musical form despised by all who lack an understanding or the knowledge of what rockabilly music even sounds like. Their current drummer, Jeff Donovan, has played with Dwight Yoakum, John Fogerty, Michelle Shocked and Social Distortion in the past. These names bring a myriad of hated music's to the bar.

The Holy Ghost is good. Sheep are good, scientists have even managed to

Folk, honky tonk and fucking punk rock. Thomas Yearsly, the bassist, is married to Candy Kane, a blueswoman of impressive talent and Dave Gonzalez, the guitarist, has contributed his instrument to so many recordings that he probably can't remember them all. Their latest album, their first with major label backing, is an exact duplicate of the live show. Pick up a copy *Million Mile Club* and shove the sound dynamics up yer ass. They will play at the Zephyr Club on March 20 and I'm thinking a self-important, self-proclaimed music "critic" needs to attend. The Paladins will rock you (the spelling is correct) white ass and teach you all about roadhouse music.

The Hanson Brothers

The Hanson Brothers are a NoMeansNo side project. NoMeansNo don't realize that punk died over a decade ago and if Christian Ariel mentions the fact to the Hanson's they might fill his face with a frozen puck. These boys are some ugly motherfuckers. What's an ugly Canuck to do except make a punk rock record and hope the groupies are lined up at the side of the stage after the gig? The poor bastards

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only know three chords and they obviously have never heard of sound dynamics, melodies, harmonies, tones or synergy. Fuck they're just playing punk rock and having a damn good time doing it. I tried to listen to their album, *Sudden Death*, a recording dedicated to the most exciting sporting event there is, the sudden death finish to a tied-up hockey game, but I couldn't concentrate. It's hard to concentrate when the intellect is absent. Indeed it is difficult to understand punk at all when an intellect is present. I guess that's why Milo is back with the Descendents. Did punk die when Milo left and the Descendents became All? Anyway, I can read, barely, so I checked out the lyric sheet. There's a bunch of songs about hockey and girl trouble. The biggest word I could find was confused and I guess that's what I am. It sure sounds like a punk record to me. These fuckers must have a time machine. Sorry to cut this short, but Live just released an album, I haven't listened to the Spice Girls all the way through yet and there is that Ewetoo disco CD. If I'm going to maintain my status I must

be up on the latest "thing." The Hanson Brothers will appear at Spanky's Cinema Bar on March 26.

The Cranes and Rasputina

I hesitate to mention the dark crowd, the dreary, black dressed who only venture on at night, but this concert almost certainly will feature an audience filled with the glacial and bookish. These Cranes last appeared with an

album titled *La Tragedie D'oresta Et Electro*. They adapted Jean-Paul Sartre's work to their musical form. Well, along comes an advance of their forthcoming "actual" album. *Population Four* is nearly as lovely as the person handing it to me. Ali is so little girl that listening in is a guilty pleasure. I'm imagining an audience sitting on the floor listening rapt wonder.

But who could open a Cranes show? Oh you sillies, it's "three women in corsets playing cellos - Rasputina. Rasputina? Indeed, this threesome believes the cello deserves a space next to the guitar in rock and roll history. Between the three of them they have a combined 60 years of cello experience. Their corsets mirror the shape of their instruments and the music is "intoxicating in its alchemy of modern rock and gothic strings." Ooops, did I just write goth? With all that beauty on the stage how can the audience help but break into a smile? The Cranes and Rasputina will appear at Club DV8 on March 31.

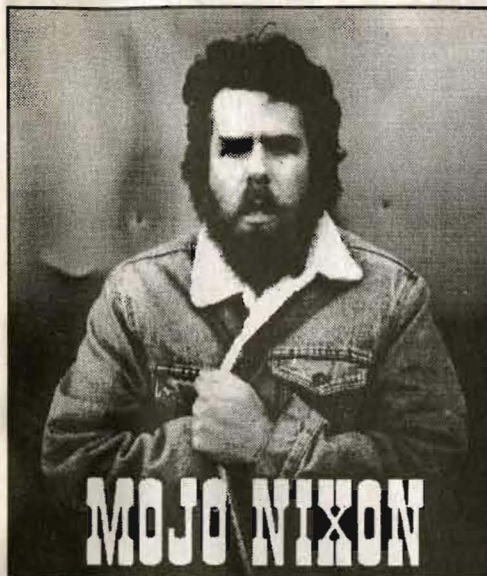
Ziggy Pop

Sick Of It All



"We don't need pessimism." It looks like punk rock is still alive and well in Salt Lake City. The Fairpark can close the gates to their shoddy grounds, but the music finds a way. The combination of poor behavior and a

lack of venues has cut the number of all age shows down considerably. It's almost a relief to sit down with a copy of Good Riddance's *A Comprehensive Guide To Modern Rebellion* and imagine an old church filled



with the underage having a good time. Call it a church dance with hardcore music not Celine Dion. These boys play the melodic tunes with some crunch and I'm not thinking of the sugary Captain Crunch. They must have missed the last five years and they must not be interested in making any money because the late '90s are a time when some sugar is required to make the medicine go down. Take the medicine bitter and work up a sweat when Good Riddance precedes Sick Of It All on the stage.

How does a band like Sick Of It All avoid the attention of the masses. They somehow managed to attract the interest of a major label without changing their music. One would think that all that marketing muscle and a large promotion budget would bring them to the attention of the alternative rock crowd. But trendy is as trendy does, Sick Of It All plays hard

music for a public with soft minds. Their second major label album hit the shops on February 11. Immediately it shot to the top of the Hits Magazine Metal/Punk/Hardcore chart. Immediately it disappeared

from the "chain" stores because their buyers were stocking up on Live. "Sick Of It All? Send them two copies and build an endcap of Spice Girls and Live." Visit an independent store to find a copy of *Built To Last*. Take the fucker home and listen to what some actual punk rock, better known as New York Hardcore sounds like. Then purchase a ticket to the band's

show at the New Hope Center on March 15. After that the radio will sound pretty tired, actually your entire collection of "one-hit wonders of alternative rock" will sound pretty tired. Take the collection to Disc-Go-Round and take whatever they'll give you. Then visit Raunch and the Heavy Metal shop to load up on music, better known as punk rock, ya fuckin' pussy.

Johnny "Ramone" Tah

Mojo Nixon and the Toadliques

"The last great American Rock N' Roll Revolutionary, Revival, Gin Guzzlin', X-Rated, Fornicating, Road House, tourin' band in the land." Somehow I don't think that's the usual record company hype either, at least not since Country Dick Montana headed to the big bar band in the sky. He sent along a three and

a half page biography to promote his March 11 gig at the Zephyr Club, a Salt Lake City nightspot he is not unfamiliar with. Just the highlights please.

7-20-78 Nixon is knocked unconscious by Clarence "Big Man" Clemmons at a Bruce Springsteen concert in Charleston, SC for jumping on stage during an encore. 5-12-80 Hears George Thorogood on the radio and decides he is now a singer and a songwriter. 9-2-81 Nixon meets fellow San Diego musician and de mentor Country Dick Montana. Much drinking and carousing



ensue. 11-20-82 After drinking too many Skylab Fallouts on Bourbon Street in New Orleans Nixon has the "Mojo Nixon" revelation that gives birth to the idea of playing guitar, hollerin about injustice, having a good time, drinking and fornicating. One more. 8-2-92 Nixon is struck speechless for the first time in his life. As he is performing Don Henley Must Die in a small club in Texas, Nixon is joined on stage by Don Henley who proceeds to sing-along. On January 1, 1997 Mojo Nixon released his tenth

full-length album, *Gadzooks!!! The Homemade Bootleg*. It's b-sides, outtakes and singles with five new songs. Who knows what this crazy fucker will do live at the Zephyr. I'm hoping he shocks a bunch of idiots into shitting in their pants.

"Sweet Vine is a group of kindred souls who have developed a sound that stems from growing up on music including The Allman Brothers, Ray Charles and Led Zeppelin." The Sweet Vine album was produced by Michael Barbiero who has worked with Blues Traveler, Counting Crows and Gov't Mule." Hold on there

pardner. There's a hippy band opening for Mojo. Arrive at the Zephyr Club around 9:00 pm to see actual hippies playing their music. Damn. Drink like a motherfucker in preparation for the headliner. I won't be there because I'm headed to Mojo's home state of Texas.

Jeremy Enick

Let's say you are a famous concert promoter and you are looking for a

band to open for Jeremy Enick. Who would you select? In Salt Lake City, where local bands multiply like a polygamist's children, the promoter selected Stella Brass. They probably aren't the most famous of the local bands and they certainly aren't the most prolific when it comes to recorded "product," but they do have a record, and I do mean record, newly available. It's on gold vinyl, just like the gold plates and it is a platter of quite noise. "Cover" is simple guitar with a bit of screaming -

pretty as all hell. Turn the gold plate over to hear "Collect." Slow motion? They're playing in slow motion the tricky bastards. How can I mosh to this? Why, it sounds like a bunch of art fags. Shut yer pie hole fool. Trumpet, drums and screeching will at least shake up the local "scene" even if most of them remain unindoctrinated. Those holding a ticket to Jeremy would do well to investigate the pleasures of Stella Brass, one of the more creative local bands.

Jeremy Enigk, Jeremy Enigk, why is the name familiar? It was a Sunny Day and I was making my living type-setting Real Estate ads. Then I made a discovery, actually two. Stella Brass is the only local band that could possibly open for Jeremy Enigk, the former and principal songwriter/singer for Sunny Day Real Estate. I'll damned, oops, wrong word to use there, if Mr Enigk doesn't play music nearly as pretty and disquieting as Stella Brass. Return Of The Frog Queen, Jeremy's debut as a solo performer and admitted Christian, has more depth than space will allow me to pontificate on. For those who have followed his career and the genesis of his record label of choice, Sup Pop, the recording should come as no surprise. The excitement lies with the thought of how the music will come off live. There is a cult audience already well aware of what Enigk is all about. The rest of you need to gain a bit of curiosity and an appreciation of music as art. This show at DV8 on March 19 ranks next to the Cranes as a gift of knowledge to the musically challenged local audience.

Albert Beerstein

Idiot Flesh

Remember the band

so in love with Mormon architecture that they took their show on the road and actually stopped in Salt Lake City, the world capital of Mormon architecture. They haven't had enough of it yet, or could it be the culture that draws them back? Anyway Idiot Flesh are planning to set up their circus at the Holy Cow on March 20. Puppets, costumes, an entire orchestra of musical instruments and the weirdest music to hit town since the last time the Residents and Snakefinger visited. What's that? The Residents and Snakefinger have never visited? Well, then I guess one had better go see Idiot Flesh.

The Rainman

D Generation and Fluffy

This concert ain't happening. It is included in the pages of SLUG as a demonstration of what a lack of venue's will do to a town. D Generation are a bunch

of men with messed up hair and a sound that brings back the olden days when CBGB's was a bar and not a tourist attraction. They've been fucked out of more money by more record labels than any self-respecting band deserves and they still keep signing and re-releasing the same fucking song. Live they are absolutely amazing while remaining a big huge mess of humanity.

Fluffy are four females from England who have somehow managed to avoid the fey Brit-pop sound. It could be that their genitals have created a desire to rock out and not act all sissy. *Black*

Eye, their first American album is a punk CD. How stupid am I to write about a punk CD? God I must be beating a dead horse or my dick. Okay, so it's my dick. I have the 8 x 10 glossy and you have the scanned image. The thought of making my way to the front of the stage and attempting to discover whether or not guitarist Amanda Rootes was wearing any knickers created an immoral desire. What a pervert. The band is named for a lesbian novel. The songs concern domestic abuse and the female sexual experience and it is too fucking bad that we will miss Fluffy, originally scheduled for the Bar & Grill on March 23.

Willy Enmahan

inna reggae style.

Bunny

"Townsendplant" Wheeler

Ditch Bank Okies

Honk If You're Elvis

Don't Squat With Your Spurs
On Music

I was in my bedroom playing this CD really, really loud and my dad came in, he didn't even knock. "What n da fuck's wrong wit you boy? Ain I give ya no upbringing. Dat shit sounds lak white trash music." No need to give up the info on where I came by a copy of the CD. We white trash like to keep a few secrets. The Ditch Bank Okies are a band with no expectations. They will never be signed to a major label, they will never have the slightest worry about selling out, they

couldn't draw flies if they were shit and the same goes for a crowd. The music on the CD never moves much above belly-button lint removal or the portions of the human form below the tied off umbilical cord. White trash and damn proud of it their



Dread Zeppelin

What in the hell has gone wrong over at the Zephyr Club? First Mojo Nixon and now Dread Zeppelin. Someone had better do a drug test. Dread Zeppelin has been hailed as the greatest cover band in existence and that pretty much sums up why they have decided to stop off in Salt Lake City, a town where only Mormons and cover bands can make a living playing live music. This is it morons, this is the one you've all been waiting for. When the customary "Freebird" is shouted out Dread Zeppelin will actually play the song -

songs address topics common to every Monday Night Nitro viewer, Weekly World News reader and Elvis worshipper. In other words the album kicks ass like a 20-year-old, shit covered cowboy boot. There ain't nothin' like a cock crowing and the farm report in the morning to wake this okie up, unless it's Ross Perot's voice. The band will do it live at at Spanky's on March 20 and they will be ABG's in Provo on March 21. Those crazed hillbillies the Ducky Boys will open both dates. Go see them if you dare.

Christ Elbis

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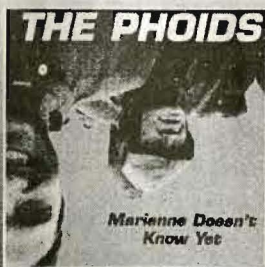
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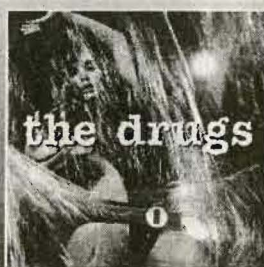


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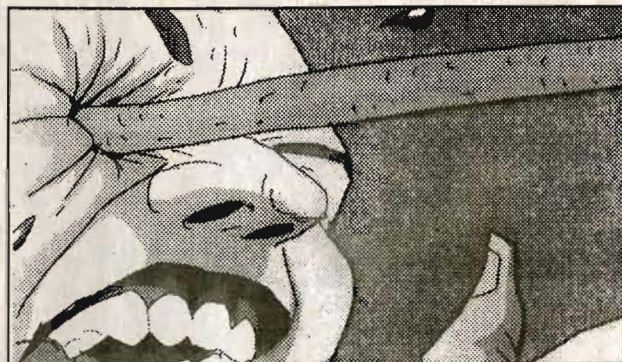
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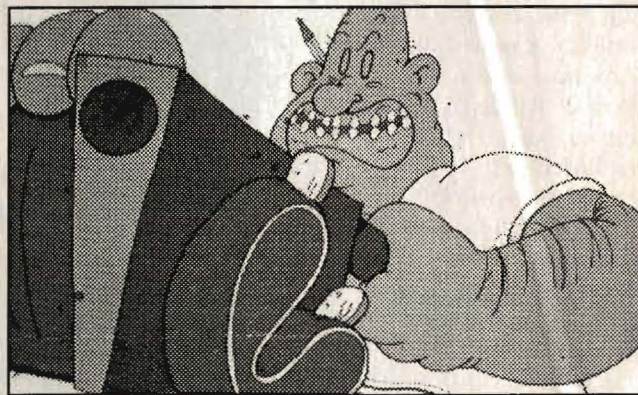
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THE STIFF SHEET

Vallejo
TVT

I believe that Vallejo was a last minute addition to the X-96 Lowest Expectations show. Good reports came back from the few who viewed them, even though most had no idea what their name was. I doubt that Vallejo was given the opportunity to stretch out and jam at their Saltair appearance. The word is that they will return to do so during the summer. Jam bands usually suck, unless they have managed to ground themselves in funk fundamentals. Vallejo brings their funk fundamentals to the tired hippie format. Rusted Root with about 500% more talent.

A debut album of hippie-jamming-funk-reggae from a group of boys who haven't lost sight of their rockin' side. Call them the professors in an ongoing attempt to incorporate disparate elements from all manner of pop music expressions and create as amazing a disc as it is possible to imagine. American music stirred, blended, mixed, baked, boiled and fried to the point of incomprehensible recognizability and dished as a meal. This album is so God damned hippie that I thought I was listening to Buddy Miles, Buddy Guy, Sonny Boy Williamson, Frank Zappa, Greg Allman, Bob Marley, Santana and George Clinton all together. Kiss and wash the feet of Vallejo after they've proved that the Allman Brothers, Dave Matthews, Phish and the Grateful Dead (fuck I'm dead now) are/were poseurs on the planet jam. Salt Lake City bands interested in the funk and jam – listen to how it should be done. Vallejo is



so funky jammin' that Blues Traveler will quit the '97 Horde Tour after their first set. X-96 will never play it, they've decided that the rag-time of the Squirrel Nut Zippers is "alternative to what?" Music perhaps?
Phil Lush

The Revelators
We Told You Not To Cross Us
Crypt Records

This review is dedicated to Christian Arial. He wrote a letter to SLUG which stated that punk had died over a decade ago. The Revelators are a wilder version of the local Ducky Boys. I believe the Ducky's need to head in this direction. *We Told You Not To Cross Us* opens with "Ain't Got A Woman," a cover of a Sonny Burgess song and they don't stop to look back. Oh shit. Sonny Burgess is a still living rockabilly cat. Sorry Christian, but when a rockabilly tune is played by punks dressed in straw cowboy hats and brand-new, never-washed, shrink-to-fit

501 Levis it ceases to be rockabilly. Actually it ceases to be anything except trashy punk rock. And what is punk rock after all except trash? When speaking of punk rock the best way to fashion an inspired album is to record the thing without a budget, in about eight hours and forget the production.

Link Wray wasn't punk either. He was just a pissed off guy who poked holes in his amplifier speakers with a ball point pen. The Revelators think Link for one song. Billy Boy Arnold by way of the Yardbirds makes an appearance so I guess this is one of those new fangled bands playing punk blues. Any band writing a song with lyrics about being a potted plant and a poltergeist has some-

thing up their sleeve, in their arm, up their nose or poured down their throat. "Don't look at me when I'm looking at you." Crazy motherfuckers. Any band turning "Hillbilly Wolf" into an alarming celebration of auditory dissension is deserving of much respect. Who did put

the Benzedrine in the Ovaltine anyway?

Reverend Gory
Davees

Morcheeba
Who Can You Trust
Discovery

The last thing I need is more cheeba which doesn't mean more chiva. See cheeba makes your head all stupid and shit and chiva makes you steal, get

AIDS and die. So I stole some cheeba from a neighbor and it was of the chronic variety and then I had a session with Morcheeba. Tricky is all the shit and DJ Shadow has overshadowed the talents of DJ Spooky and Cibo Mato has overshadowed them all even as Bjork makes an attempt to resell her last album in a remixed version. Luscious Jackson has me tripping out to morcheeba as a I listen to the real deal on the stereo system while I'm scanning the crates for something more on the edge to hear.

So I'm all mellow now and I'm cruisin' the high, know what I'm sayin' like I'm spaced and trippin' on the vibe and I'm thinkin' ya know, like this Morcheeba CD is like da bomb or something like that. The shit is all mellow and Skye Edwards, "all vocals," has put me in the most peaceful frame of mind. I'm thinking that peace is where it's at and maybe like I should stop bathing and get me some dreadlocks and reggae music and be like Bob Marley and die from a cancerous tumor in my brain from smoking too much cheeba and shit and then I hear the def beats and the mellow, mellow shit coming from my speakers. Now if you are indeed a hippy dippy sort of dude, man, was up or if you are searching for the perfect record to chill your ass then maybe Morcheeba is awaiting your discovery, like the label ya know dude? Up near the top of my picks for the next year, no bullshit there and I ain't

clowning ya motherfucker. Did you like Portishead? Morcheeba one ups those cats and it came out in '96. 'Bout time to find the shit in '97 brotha.

Heleen "Curtis" Wooof-Woof

Junior Kimbrough

Most Things Haven't Worked Out Fat Possum/Capricorn

Fat Possum will soon end their relationship with Capricorn Records, a situation saddening numerous Capricorn employees. There are a few titles awaiting release before Epitaph takes over distribution chores. This title is one of them. Take about five or six Xanax tablets before listening, Qualades work even better, but they are more difficult to obtain. Wait, just forget it. The music will inspire a hypnotic trance without chemicals. The man is obsessed with sex and naked women. How many times has he asked the female of the species to take her clothes off because he wants to make love to her? "I'm In Love" is a song about fucking. The last press release I saw said that Junior had 22 children from seven different women. Junior likes to fuck and he writes a lot of songs about the act, but he is also concerned for his soul. That's why he has a song titled "Burn In Hell" on his forthcoming album. He also has a problem with other men messing around with his women. "Leave Her Alone" addresses that topic. A man with many women always needs a way to say goodbye. Junior does so with a song. "I'm leaving you baby, I'm leaving you baby, I'm sorry, I'm sorry right now, Oh good-night" are the lyrics to "I'm Leaving You Baby." "Most Things Haven't Worked Out" is instrumental hypnosis. So is "I Love You Baby" except Kimbrough utters "what's wrong with you" about twice.


Why is a man with lyrics consisting of no more than ten or fifteen words, a man who basically plays drones on the guitar, a man who plays those drones for an average of six minutes per song so worshipped and praised by those with the good sense to purchase his music? Go buy a copy of *Most Things Haven't Worked Out* and learn.

Blues Boy Billie

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**Widespread Panic
Bombs & Butterflies
Capricorn**

Oooh! Hippies! Isn't the title clever? Why it takes me all the way back to a peace march on the Federal Building, a hit of Orange Microdot and "Alice's Restaurant" at the Rialto. End the trip picking flowers in Memory Grove. "Radio Child" opens the disc in a galloping manner that had me all excited about wide open spaces, horses and farm work. The commune is back and rather than worry about the federal government like most '90s compounds this commune has bud to cultivate and a deep dark cellar filled with fungus of the hallucinogenic variety. The only problem with the scenario is the '60s ended. Neil Young isn't playing with Crosby, Stills and Nash anymore, he's moved on to grunge. By the third song I'd disposed of the disc all together and retreated to Quicksilver Messenger Service and Mason Profit vinyl. Widespread Panic is booked for two upcoming shows. I'm not going because I can't bear the thought of sitting in an enclosed room surrounded by the stink of Widespread Panic fans. Take a bath fuckers, wash your hair and quit worshipping a dead past. Once again the propane torch came out, as

SLUG 20

did the fireplace tongs. *Bombs & Butterflies* is now an incense burner. "Peace and Love don't compromise."

Kenny Queasy

**White Town
Women In
Technology
Chrysalis/EMI
Records**

What the fuck is this? Are X-96 listeners complete morons?



The #1 requested song on "alternative" radio during the final week of February is complete and total shit. Another sorry nerd without any social interaction created the load while hibernating in the his bedroom. Where is that press release? "Surprisingly, they weren't very happy to discover their night's entertainment was to be a fat Asian bloke with a headset mike and militant stickers on his synth. Have you ever tried singing live whilst dodging live fireworks being thrown at your head?" No, but if you ever come to town I will do my best to sneak some in and make you relive the experience.

White Town is not a native of Britain but he has lived there nearly his entire life. Surprise of surprises. Fey as all hell, White Town will appeal to Smiths and Pet Shop Boys lovers. Needless to say, I can do without the lot

of them.

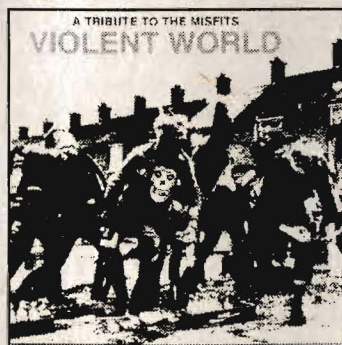
Jenny Marr

**Longpigs
The Sun Is Often Out
Mother**

Longpigs is a British band. I hate British bands, but the press release said a lot of nice things and they've had a couple of big hit singles in England so I tried to keep an open mind. It didn't work. There must be something about *Deliverance*. The movie must play constantly in England and for some reason the scene where the hillbilly "does" the city boy inspires one British singer after another to "squeal like a pig." Crispin Hunt is squealing like a pig all over the damn CD. Stop squealing Crispin so I can hear the music. He won't and he doesn't. *The Sun Is Often Out* is another stupid CD from another stupid Brit-pop band. I hate it and just to make sure the *Deliverance* analogy is not missed the band put a picture of lips in an "O" on the back. You sure got a pretty mouth boy. I think I know how to make you stop squealing like a pig.

Billy Bob Jack

**Violent World
A Tribute To The Misfits
Caroline**



This should be interesting. Can they get it right? Hell no, the Misfits are one band that can't be covered, at least never as good as the original. Fucking Christ, the Misfits attempted to do the

exact same thing with a new singer, didn't they? Get a whole bunch of punk rock bands together and have them do Misfits covers. Why didn't Caroline sign on the reformed version for a cover or two? Who knows. The largest error is the absence of the former Salt Lake City band, since relocated to Boston - Deviance. Charlee Johnson can write a Misfits song better than the Misfits themselves. I'd love to hear Sunshine singing anything the Misfits ever did. I'd love to hear Charlee beating the shit out of his drums on a Misfits song, but Caroline has obviously never heard of Deviance. Now I ain't no god damned son of a bitch and I listen to the Misfits at work every stinking motherfucking day. It's part of the corporate culture.

I guess the whole thing is pretty cool. It's a good punk rock record and all these bands like Pennywise, Snapcase, Astro Zombies, Prong, Bouncing Souls, Goldfinger, Dead Guy, Sick Of It All, NOFX and etc. rip through selected tunes from the Misfits back catalog. My favorite cover of the entire disc is Sick Of It All and "Mommy Can I Go Out And Kill Tonight." Surprisingly Goldfinger does a credible job with "Ghouls Night Out" and Earth Crisis of all bands checks in to kick some poseur punk ass with "Earth A.D." They all suffer from the lack of Glen Danzig. It ain't a Misfits record folks, it's a tribute and for those who already own the box set it is probably interesting. For the rest of you dumb motherfuckers. Go buy the box set and then, if you are a serious fan buy the tribute to hear how it shouldn't be done.

Darrel Lonely

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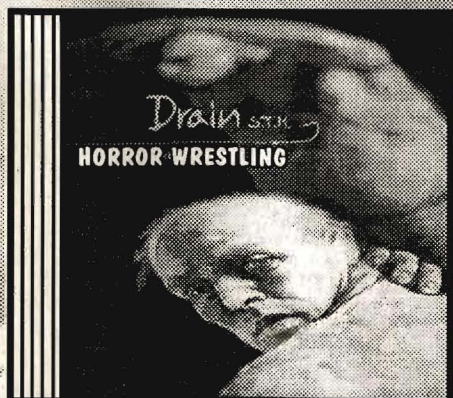
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of Bro Hymn



FULL CIRCLE

Drain

S.T.H.



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Curdled Soundtrack Geffen Records

This music comes straight out of Little Havana (or some place like that). I didn't understand one single word, but this salsa stuff is good. It makes me wonder what the movie is actually about, wouldn't it be a surprise if Curdled was a poignant tale of a group of boys (Hollywood up and comers) coming of age in small mid-western town, where they struggle to find their identity between the conflicts of their heads as well as their hearts, set to the Spanish music of Café Tacuba and Pedro Laza y Sus Pelayeros. I don't know if that is what the film is about, but it should be. The bands collected here might be the giants of rock in South America and I wouldn't even know it, except they're good, in that mood music kind of way. There is even a classical guitarist named Slash, what a long strange trip it's been since G'n'F'n'R. The soundtrack is excellent and if at the next house rave someone asks you to throw on some salsa beats, you'll be prepared.

Mad Reverend

Thompson Owen / There's Always Someday
Diana Froley / You're Not Broke But I'm going To Fix You

Serious Records

These two share the same style, record company, lyrics and possibly brain. Diana sings on Thompson's

album and Thompson sings on Diana's. You play these CD's on shuffle and they melt into each other, you wonder which is which and more importantly does it matter? They become a more subdued and less pretentious Beck. These two make you wish for all that studio crafted shit that Beck 'creates.' Owen's album has 34 songs, Froley's has 21, a combined 55 songs that all start with, I'm sitting here alone with my guitar. I swear to God they are making it up as they go along, I might like it if they were, but they're not. They think they're good, you hear it in their pompous voices. They really think they have talent in that punk/folk realm where you don't need any talent to begin with and they still fuck it up. The sum of the two part equals that these two suck ass collectively.

Mad Reverend

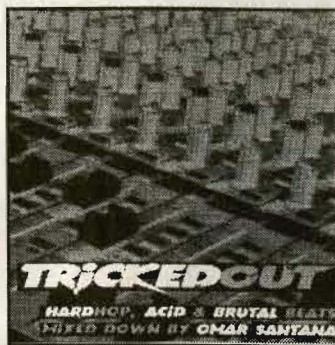
The Pondering Blacktree Records

You'd hear The Pondering in some trendy bar in Moab after a hard day walking your new mountain bike up and down the slick rock. After you've nursed a few McDermott's Raspberry Special Sauce Lagers you can sit back and groove in your seat to these jokers. Sure there small now, but in a few years when you're plunking down 50 dollars to see them open for Hootie, you can say, "I saw these guys before any of you posers heard them." You'll be at the core of a huge Pondering following that will sweep the nation for a couple months. You'll have all their albums, be able to sing along at their concerts and have their sticker on the ol Pathfinder. They thank the fucking Connells for all their help, that right there should clue you in. So hurry and get to know these guys, they're

rockin, just remember where you heard it first.

Mad Reverend

Tricked Out Moonshine



Moonshine as a label is seldom featured in the pages of SLUG. For the most part SLUG writers remain enamored with the guitar. As for myself I'll snatch any disc from Moonshine because I enjoy new experiences. The sub-title to the disc currently under consideration is "Hardhop, Acid & Brutal Beats Mixed Down By Omar Santana." Reaching into the bag of drugs purchased in front of the Savers outlet on Redwood Road and ingesting E in conjunction with the ever prevalent "crank" while sucking on a big fat blunt the CD hit the system.

The "shit" is quite engaging when listened to under the influence of heavy drugs or in the sensory overload of a dance club, but somehow this entire techno revolution, the "dance" takeover of the near future, has bypassed my life experience. Names without faces, blinking lights, the strobes of the '60s illuminating the jerk of a '90s dance space and a computer screen staring blankly into red rimmed eyes is perceived as the future of music? We've already visited this planet. Does Urban Cowboy, Saturday Night Fever or Tangerine Dream ignite a memory? "I won't stop fucking 'til I'm retired"

is a lyric from some nerd who fucks his keyboard every night? Connect me with the future and a virtual orgasm. I'm so fucking out of it that I can't couple with a living human body. Turn off the monitor, disconnect from the net, dispose of Dr. Seuss, pull your pants up like a man, quit imitating a plumber and investigate life on the street. The street is an ugly place, and while the "artists" recording for Moonshine are definitely on it they need to discover a manner in which to connect the spoiled who purchase their releases to it. Street is fine, but in Utah suburbia they read SLUG. Ask White Beats all about it since they are so enamored by Planet Slug that their frog-like vocals repeat the slogan throughout their creation "Wizard Of Oh." "Listen to the beat go boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, listen, dance your ass off." Send more music Moonshine, I'm into it - at least on a night when drugs are my choice for relieving the boredom of my pathetic life. Give me some more and I might enlist myself in the Flatline Crew.

DJ Fishnet Hose...er?

V.3 Photograph Burns American

When you've been spending long hours late at night trying to push out reviews for a deadline, you're going to eventually cross the line. That all came clear when I got to this blackened 'nugget', which made me want to crawl the walls & break my D.I. furniture. Supposedly recorded in a friend's house for \$50 a day, this is a raw & cruel recording of two angry men & assorted drummers working out their frustrations in musical therapy. The sloppy & bleeding guitar work was

especially annoying, going off like a barrage of fireworks while you're trying to sleep off a hangover. I couldn't figure out if the drummer(s) were playing stuffed pillows or Tupperware, but it definitely sounded weak & dragging. To top it all off, the singer really sounded too much like CRASH TEST DUMMIES, which has been known to cause suicide in laboratory test animals in clinical studies outside the U.S. I didn't have the heart to subject myself to this album more than once. I wonder, "Can You?"

Billy Fish

The Offspring *Ignay On The Hombre* Columbia

Does this one bring back a few memories. I can remember when I trashed Smash in these pages all those years ago. Some dumb fuck punk rocker sent a death threat. I believe his name was Cody something or other. Next thing ya know Smash had sold a few million and Cody was off pretending he was on the cutting edge with something else. How do the Offspring sound now that they are employed by Sony? About the same as they sounded when they were employed by Epitaph. I'm missing the surf and there is only one ska tune, "Way Down The Line." The disc opens pleasantly enough with the biggest sell-out of all punk rockers, Jello Biafra, giving a spoken word introduction. "The Meaning Of Life" is the basic power-pop-punk literally thousands of bands have attempted to cash in on since *Smash* broke punk. "Mota" is the same. After that things become tepid and I was longing for the "Intermission." Intermission's over and they come back with this years monster hit single,

"All I Want." I rose from the couch to crank the volume several times. I guess I'm just a sucker for this punk rock stuff. The Offspring can do it amazingly well as long as they stick with the uptempo tunes. Far to much of *Ignay On The Hombre* is mid-tempo striving to be commercial and it tends to drag in the middle and towards the end. At least they end with speed and a sing-a-long. What would a pop-punk record be like without a sing-a-long or too?

"Change The World" will be the second single. I'm sure these boys are so tired of the sell-out tag by now that they can barely tour. I thought they sold out with *Smash*. I do believe I wrote something to that effect months before the record smashed the charts to bits, but it's just another pop-punk record to me.

Illbient

Terrorgruppe *Uber Amerika* BYO Records

What the hell can you say about punk rock in German? I admit I dig the music, but was left at the crossroads when it came to figuring out the lyrics to the whole bloody mess. Luckily they threw some English translations, but that only uncovered how damn silly most of the songs were, yapping on about sleeping in too late & dealing with hangovers. I wasn't too impressed either with the little letter at the front of the linear notes ripping on American culture, especially when they're been imported into the states to obviously make a little cash, if any. Europeans (especially ex-fascist/satellite nations!) kill me when they bitch about the USA & all its ill social states, as if we don't already know how fucked up it is firsthand, already living here. Most of these countries,

Germany being a lovely example, have a few problems of their own to contend with, which is noted here & there on the disc with an obvious delivery (Wow, interesting...yawn!). I guess on a worldwide scale punk bands like to bitch a lot, but few really sink deeper than the given surface we all see everyday. Other than the change in language, same old scene. Dig it, or don't!

Billy Fish

Stillsuit *At The Speed Of Light* Building/TVT



Stillsuit represents TVT's entry into the crowded hardcore market. Some would dismiss them on sight because we have entered another rehashing of the disco era. Stillsuit are barely out of their teens and they come from New York City. They seem to have missed out on this new "disco" fad and they haven't included any power pop or ska in their music.

What this means ladies and gentlemen is there is more meat (with apologies to the vegans) than mashed potato fluff. Stillsuit are loud, abrasive, hard and heavy. More than anything they remind me of a male 7 Year Bitch. The comparison is probably lost on the vast majority of the skankin' disco fools, but *At The Speed Of Light* bears all the trademarks. Have a listen to "Another Bad Movie" and see if it doesn't

remind you of the Bitches.

These kids almost made the Earth Crisis tour for the Salt Lake City date. Good thing they didn't because Earth Crisis might have difficulty finding a venue willing to book them in the future. Nothing against the band, it's the audience stupid. Another reason I bring up Earth Crisis is because their latest album has received some negative reviews. I saw one where the writer begged for La Roche involvement, as if. Hardcore is out of the mainstream spotlight and back in the 'zines. But back to the subject of 7 Year Bitch. "Rush Hour" for instance, or how about "Will To Die"? Was *Gato Negro* an inspiration? It sure as hell sounds like it. Since 7 Year Bitch received a negative review in these pages everything makes sense. Stillsuit takes a more experimental approach to the clang and bang with tempo changes and time signatures mutating all over the album. Those into hardcore and the metal inclined are once again invited to listen for free and buy independent.

Mr. Buttrocker

Sky Cries Mary *Moonbathing On Sleeping Leaves* Warner Brothers

It feels a bit strange to keystroke Warner Brothers beneath the title of Sky Cries Mary's latest CD. They've always been a World Domination band to me, but the world moves on and Sky Cries Mary have moved up to the Big Show. I spend far too much time listening to the almost incoherent jabbering of individuals who believe the tip of space/progressive rock has entered their anus and wound up in their brain. Rush, Yes, King Crimson and Adrian Belew's solo work are held up as objects of worship



while Sky Cries Mary is an unknown entity.

Could it be that the result of the band's signing is discovery by a bunch of freaks who can't move beyond the '70s for musical reference points? The presence of Anisa Romero on vocals will confound the vast majority of the all-male space rock audience. Have they encountered a female vocalist since Brian Auger's Oblivion Express? That remains to be seen. Meanwhile there is this CD. Awash in the future while continuing to be curiously oblivious to the drum, bass and computer created music surrounding them Sky Cries Mary have generated a disc of beauty for meditation.

Lydia Pincher

Squirtgun

Another Sunny Afternoon Lookout!

When it comes to playing for the kids, no one does it better(& with a bigger smile on their faces!) than the young rascals in Squirtgun. This is happy & harmless pop punk at its finest. Bopping around like jack rabbits with hard-ons, the frisky five play some good tunes for good people, coast to coast. Warming up audiences for label buddies like the QUEERS & the RIVERDALES, Squirtgun is now planning on hitting the road in headliner mode to put the word in the street, solo-style. The lyrics are still sticky & catchy, dropping down on quick guitars that

snare your attention with ease, ripping out the candy-crunchy chords full steam. Add a slap-happy bass & some cool drum kit action to the pile for a tasty treat that's tough to beat. Maybe not recommended for kids who live outside the home(or over 20!), this is still a nice collection of user-friendly tunes that can brighten your day & open your ears to the good things in life that us older adults tend to forget about in the daily shuffle of work & debt. Good stuff!

Billy Fish

Silverchair

Freak Show

Epic

I know I'm supposed to wax philosophical and call this the sophomore release from Australia's version of Nirvana. After listening to the first two songs, "Slave" and "Freak" I was thinking more Black Sabbath than grunge. After those two it does head to the great Pacific Northwest. "Abuse Me" has plenty of crunch, quiet, loud, quiet, loud and then "Lie To Me" is about three minutes of screams. "No Association" is more of the same. "Cemetery" is the beautiful ballad complete with strings. Chris, Daniel and Ben have stretched out and expanded somewhat on their formula for success, *Frogstomp*. For a hard rock album *Freak Show* ain't half bad. If I were about 15-years-old I'd head right down to the Wal-Mart, pick up a copy, stop off for a bag of skunk on the way home and lock myself in my bedroom to get all stoned and alienated. It's a kids record made by kids for other kids and that is after all rock 'n' roll.

Emmett Miller

Recombination

Peter Buffett and the New

World Ensemble Hollywood

Five remixes of songs from the Peter Buffett CD *Spirit Dance*. Here's the Native American flute mixed to a dub beat. Spotted Eagle can only listen and admit he's white. The drums are tribal and throbbing, they are the drums for healing. Healing the misguided attempts to find Nirvana through community circle. Chants are involved thusly bringing another factor of new age worship to the table. So the bass throbs, the drums beat, the flute solos and the voices chant. Begin the deep-breathing exercises as the mix brings synthesized horns and strings to the body. Feel the ulcer grow to the size of a pineapple. Feel the activity begin in the brain. Remember life before the Breeze had removed all ability to reason due to the constant barrage of lifeless sounds entering the ears and killing off nerve cells. Get up and move, shake that butt, wave those hands in the air. Aah, aah, aah, John Tesh never felt so good, Blues Traveler never sounded so bad. Aaaaaaa...

Shaman

Muse

Arcana

Lava/Atlantic

"I am the voice of impoverished minds." Truth be known I have the IQ of cow cud and I certainly don't have "the vocabulary, the background or the intellect to write about anything other than myself." Here's the "gee-whiz" opener; "I got Muse from Angelica Cobb at Atlantic Records. Angelica kicks ass, thanks for years of concert tickets, setting up interviews, lively conversation and the hundreds of free CDs."

Muse is a band with some famous names on their

family tree. Not in the band, I'm speaking here of the parental lineage. So the band played around a bit, kept themselves low-key, released an independent CD produced by one of their famous parents and wound up with a major label record deal except the famous parent is missing from the board this time out. In a feeble attempt to elicit a slight amount of interest in Muse I'll mention the major attraction of the band. They have an androgynous vocalist, he can sound female if the desire overtakes him, and they are targeted to an "alternative" audience. What else about Muse stands out?

Well, I have to reach back through the cobwebs in my brain and pull out Television. Oh for Gods sakes. Television? Yep, sorry to be so derivative, but for some reason *Arcana* reminds me of Television. Remember Tom Verlaine's singing, not to mention the guitar. Remember Richard Lloyd? Remember the punkest of them all Richard Hell? Don't get me wrong, Muse haven't re-recorded *Marquee Moon*, but I haven't listened to anything as close in over a decade. My copy is an advance. After this is printed I can call Angelica and request a legitimate copy. I'll hang on to it like I did the red vinyl of Television and hope Muse becomes as big an influence on the music of the early 21st Century as Television was on the '80s and '90s.

Corporate Whore

Screw 32

Under The Influence of Bad People

Fat Wreck Chords

If you haven't caught this punk rock act out of Berkeley(Wow, what a surprise, huh?) yet, then you're missing out, my man. Sure,

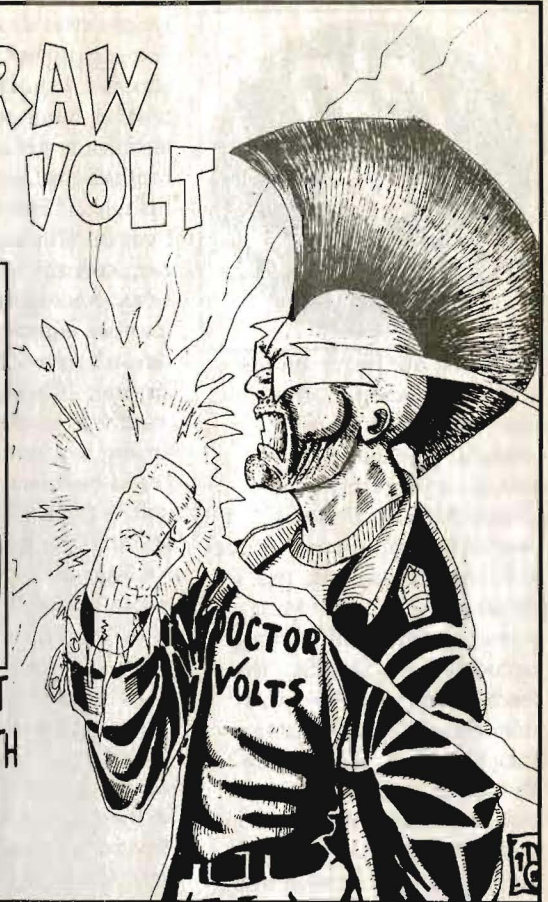
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it's punk, but heavy on the ROCK. I mean that sincerely, since these five are far beyond the three chord school, laying down a complex field of fiery speed that is wild beyond words. I love the twin guitar work, that lets the rhythm(Doug) rip out the power chords while setting up outrageous solos for the lead(Grant) that bleed with distortion. Usually I prefer the single axe man to keep the basics up front & center, but the power duo here is a sweet salute to seventies styling that has been slipping into the indie punk scene the last few years.

Andrew(vocals) dreams of singing for Pennywise someday(kidding!), but is a stand-out shouter anyway. I have yet to hear a quicker drummer in the last year, & there is a lot of competition in the field, as we all know(OK, I almost forgot Erik of AVAIL!). I think at this point it's just important to note that you all should be looking for their next live show coming soon(supposedly!) to SLC this spring. I'm waiting, & digging the record in the meantime. What are you doing?

Billy Fish

Engine 88
Snowman
Caroline

I have never heard a band try harder to sound like FUGAZI in my life(which isn't necessarily a bad thing!), but still had me a little wary of their intentions. What were they after, anyway? The

lyrics certainly didn't fit, coming off like some high school art student whiner, sad that his home room sweetie left him to get stuffed by the football captain in the back of his dad's Cherokee. Man, get over it! This whole angst-ridden, crybaby bullshit gets old when reviewing one after another, especially when it doesn't sound particularly too sincere. I thought the music itself was interesting, pushing strong bay area guitar that could be mistaken for soft/hardcore or punk, but still had me thinking of Ian McKaye & company too much(of the other previous band mentioned, ya novice!). Getting to hear 20-30 new bands a month will tend to cause comparisons(which is a troublesome trait I beat to death...I know!), but looking in the circus mirror at weird & wacked copies is plain boring. If you're not familiar with DISCORD RECORDS & like a strong rock sound with heavy influences, this may be your ticket!?!

Billy Fish

60 Cycle: **Strap On Records**

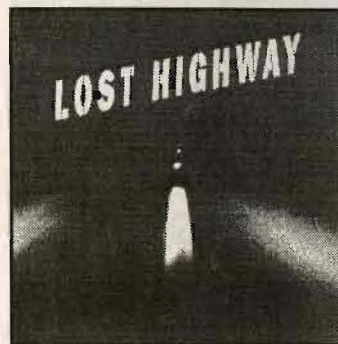
Do west coast bands ever break up & just call it quits? Hell, no! And why should they, anyway? Most of the musicians are still in their early 20's & still need to feed & cloth themselves(indieville is brutal for making money!), so they hook up with their buddies from other recently defunct outfits & start gigging to pay the rent. Along the way some luck out & have a friend or fan at a label that puts the tracks on wax, & BOOM! Another fresh young band out touring the countryside & playing for the kids. You've probably guessed from this bit of ranting that 60 Cycle is an example of this, which they are, &

very damn good at what they do in their new group together. Pulling fellas & ex-members from FAILURE, CADILLAC TRAMPS, & DEAD SURF KISS, the end result is a little punk, a tad crunchy, maybe hard rock...who knows?

But what you will find out is that it is just plain amazing! When are these guys coming to SLC? Post-punk, maybe...I don't know, whatever...I'm digging all over these CD & want the live show! See if you can scare up a copy for yourselves & see why I'm saving my five bucks for general admission. It won't be soon enough!

Billy Fish

Lost Highway **Nothing/Interscope**



Let's say you wanted to make a movie few would see. How could it be financed? A soundtrack perhaps? Good idea. A cult film maker enlists the aid of cult musicians to create a soundtrack that will sell millions and recoup the money spent on the movie. Call it a fantasy, but how else could David Lynch create art. Don't tell me investors backed the movie, why not just burn the money? David Bowie hasn't had a hit record in years, but he does have a significant fan base. Include him for a few hundred thousand sales. Trent Reznor and NIN can sell several million by producing the CD and recording two songs. Lou Reed is another cult fig-

ure. His fans will purchase another hundred thousand to hear "This Magic Moment." Smashing Pumpkins are at the height of their popularity. More fans spending money to complete their collections. There's always Marilyn Manson to draw the pre-pubescent crowd. Now we've paid for the movie and picked up some change for each of the artists. Let's do the soundtrack.

Program the disc changer to play only Angelo Badalamenti, Barry Adamson and Ramstein. *Lost Highway* is a damn fine soundtrack after all. When the news gets out that "The Perfect Drug" will appear later in the year as a remixed single sales should drop off significantly. Meanwhile Lynch can bask in the cash flow as his movie moves to the art houses and his worshippers eagerly await the video release.

88 Fingers Louie **The Dom Years** **Fat Wreck Chords**

Chicago isn't just the home of mainstream blues, but some kick-ass speed punk as well. Leading this sound out of the midwest city is the kids in 88 Finger Louie, who decided to celebrate the release of their latest platter with a full-fledged breakup...too bad! This is the shit that every skatehead & snowrider needs to get the plank down the curb or across the snow. Blasting out tunes that hit you in the head, not the brain(the lyrics aren't the brightest!), the center of the music tends to land on speed, speed, speed! Not leaving a lot of time for catching your breath, plan on doing something strenuous while enjoying this record, cause it will make you want to move into action alongside its quick pace. The guitar noise is rabid. the drum kit

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27 SLOO



tight as hell, & a metallic bass that's all over the place. The singer is a little distant, but belts out a cool sound, just needing some real words & lyrics to rant about. Not made to create thought (just action instead), this is some tough stuff that will force you on your feet & doing something about it.

Billy Fish

L7

The Beauty Process: Triple Platinum
Slash

Drain S.T.H.
Horror Wrestling
The Enclave

Call it metal month at SLUG Magazine. I guess if we were over at the Salt Lake Tribune or the Deseret News we'd be all bad ass and say L7 sucks because we don't like Marilyn Manson. Since we are at SLUG and we have no taste, let alone the writing ability of say...Christian Aerial, we are going to give up some praise to L7. No we didn't brave the ice storm to see them inside a blimp.

I'm not sure about being "Off The Wagon" because I've never been on it, but I do know that the "Masses Are Asses" and "I Need" as bad as L7. *The Beauty Process: Triple Platinum* is not as heavy as some might like, in fact major portions of the CD are downright melodic. Obviously, given the title, L7 have sold out and are expecting the masses to not

be asses and plunk down the dollars for the music. If dark can be melodic and if dark can sell then I guess this is the breakthrough album. Dark, melodic and grinding like crotches wrapped around a pole at the Million Dollar Saloon, or is that crutches propping up the homeless on Main Street Amerikka? The production is non-existent and dare I say...lo-fi. Buy it on cassette and play it on a \$25 Goldstar system for maximum pleasure. Then tell me Gail Greenwood doesn't match the crunch of Jennifer Finch.

Drain S.T.H. are your basic Swedish fashion models with guitars. I guess if we can't see Fluffy we can settle for Drain with Type O Negative. I've lived with the Handsome record for the last month. Finally the Drain full-length came into my filthy lucre live hands and the two CDs are of a kind. The girls don't quite have the Helmet thing nailed yet and their take on the metal is more ponderous with the hardcore roots not showing at all, but come on, three of the four are natural blondes and you just wait. "Smile" had me on my knees worshipping the spread eagled graven image of Jenny McCarthy and grinning from ear to ear like Fat Paw's bassist. "Jesus Christ please stab my eyes."

Get one thing correct, Drain is not even close to pop metal or speed metal, they aren't a former punk band gone the metal route, this band is so solidly heavy that I took the CD down to the local elementary school to pass it by a Geiger counter. Sure enough the thing went off as if I'd presented a pound of plutonium to its outdated sensors. Heavy metal for the slow bangers. Hair farmers are encouraged to wear a rubber shower cap while listen-

ing because Drain is liable to snatch you bald headed. Gibby Backslash Clark

Agression
Don't Be Mistaken
BYO Records

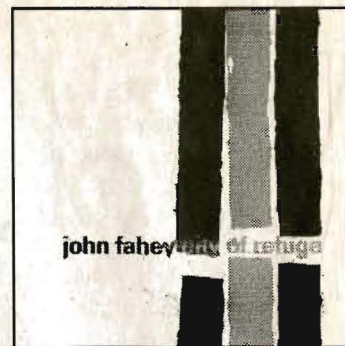
Wow! This shit is pure hardcore! Like a slap across the face, the latest from Agression throws a 100 mph fastball that smacks you right in the melon.

Instead of the normal bubblegum punk crap that spews out of the indie market all the damn time, the boys in Agression lay down some sick & wrong tracks that are chuck full of heavy guitar & stinging lyrics. Don't expect any crybaby lyrics about girls & geek love, cause it ain't going to happen here.

The words center around hatred towards conservatives, sellouts, apathy, & just plain daily routine losers. Mark Hickey (vocals) spews out ugly shots at all the suckers that dare stand in the way of his chosen lifestyle, reflecting a local's only attitude towards skating & surfing that has no room for outsiders. The real meat of the package comes from the static garage sounds exploding out of Henry Knolls guitar, speed sailing from riff to riff, stopping only long enough to drop a quick lead or two. My neighbors were bitching like senior citizens out of prune juice & Depends when I let this disc play a few times over the weekend. Save yourself the hassle of dealing with a similar situation & take my advice- shoot the deadbeats next door before buying this hardened beauty (It's a must!) & really be able to enjoy yourself

Billy Fish

John Fahey
City Of Refuge
Tim/Kerr



"I do hope that nobody will make me out as a child of the sixties. I was playing what I play before and after the sixties. This period had very little influence on me. I was never a hippie and had no hippie friends." Ride on John! Want some more? These quotes are coming from the liner notes to John Fahey's new *City Of Refuge* CD. The spelling is his. "I do not, and have never thought of myself as a 'folk' music fan or a new age musician, guitarist, or sympathizer. I despise all 'revivalists' of folk music and I despise all 'New Age' music, even though Wjll Ackerman or some other equally obnoxious person might accuse me of being the grandfather of New age guitar, music, piano or whatever." Verily I say again, Ride on John! The liner notes alone are worth the price of the CD.

I've championed local boy James Stewart in these pages for over a year. Stewart takes a lot of his inspiration from John Fahey. Stewart is also one of very few taking their inspiration from Fahey who mirrors the philosophy of the man.

John Fahey has started a new record label. Some might remember that Takoma was Fahey's old label. The new label is called Revenant and it will present "raw" music's from a variety of idioms. "From the so-called avant-garde (Cecil Taylor, Jim O'Rourke, Milford Graves) to

THE SUICIDE MACHINES

The quartet's debut album, Destruction by Definition, offers an insight into the vulnerable state of being young and dissatisfied -- and most importantly, it voices the urge to do something about it. Through 16 breakneck tracks, Destruction by Definition traces the evolution of anger and frustration into action and, dare we say it, positivity



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the earthier stylings of Roscoe Holcomb, Jenks Tex Carmen and early Stanley Brothers, Revenant delivers unadulterated work from uncompromising artists." The work I am listening to as I keystroke these words has Fahey in an avant-garde mood. There are brief flashes of his trademark fingerstyle brilliance but for the most part the recording consists of experiments with the guitar. It is a lovely recording, difficult in places, but still lovely. To further confuse the masses I will note that Fahey samples Stereolab to open and close the disc. The final piece is titled "On The Death And Disembowelment Of The New Age." Ride on John! I'm not clear on the relationship between Tim/Kerr and Revenant, but Fahey is back with a vengeance. Watch for more on this grouchy, opinionated, outspoken, old coot and his re-emergence as a genius to reckon with in the near future.

Abbey Hoffwoman

Jane Jensen
Comic Book Whore
Interscope



Before this disc hit the store shelves it had already spawned an "alternative" radio hit. "More Than I Can" opens things and for most of the brain-dead there isn't any need to explore further. Listen to the song over and over again at home and when in the car hear it some more on the radio. Jane Jensen is a *Comic Book Whore*. Since she records for the Interscope label the suits around the boardroom table convinced her that the more songs dealing with sex...or better yet...sex and violence she managed to create the bigger star she would become - gain the attention of C. Delores Tucker and William Bennett. Too bad the executives didn't coax her into penning more obscenities because the sexual themes are contained in the rhythms and enigmatic lyrics. "Blank Sugar," appearing as the seventh song, is the first time Jensen isn't blatantly sexual, as if a woman with a voice like hers could avoid blatant sexuality every time she opens her mouth. But back to the opener. Radio programmers are desperate for this type of material. Jensen has the dance trip down, she isn't blasting out guitar rock, her voice is sensual and little girl at the same time her music combines the lo-fi bedroom recording feel with the bedroom created, computer generated sound of dance. Add just a smidgen of overproduction for the hippest recording of the month. It's Beck without the folk, blues and hip hop influences: except the opening to "Superstar" does contain folk guitar.

Call *Comic Book Whore* the perfect CD for this point in time. Call me in about three months to see if it holds up over the long-term. I loved *Odelay* out of the box, but unlike the vast majority of

"critics," with repetition it became tiring. If Jensen sits this baby out and only releases remixes her next one will reside with Tricky's second and a longed for Portishead sophomore release.

Tech-head Polonski

Bill Ding
Trust in God, But Tie Up Your Camel
Hefty Records

About a year ago these fellas released their debut, which I thought was pretty cool, but this time they've really got my wood worked. Like any FRANK ZAPPA fan, I dig a band that will experiment with sound, not just style or lyrics, & make an album that centers around noise for the pure enjoyment of its own creation. Bill Ding does this by going into the studio to lay down not just another collections of tee-hee songs, but an arrangement of pieces that move through you, taking a listener on a freaky voyage of strangely distasteful, yet seductive tracks. The sophomore release tends to lean more towards the jazz side of these musicians, sprinkled with tender xylophone leads & smooth big band hollow body riffs. But before you lay back too far in your leather recliner, the rugs gets pulled out with screeches of high distortion angst & lo-fi orgasms. Throw in the occasional cello for good measure & school-boy vocals whispering sweet nothings, & the potluck musical dinner is ready for your feasting. Imagine HENRY MANCINI meeting SONIC YOUTH, & they may help you get a pre-taste test, but order the whole dish instead at your local indie store for sure satisfaction.

Billy Fish

Brethren Fast
Sideburns From Hell
Knock Ya On Your Ass Records

Mexico 70
Imperial Comet Hour
Big Pop



Brethren Fast played at ABG's in Provo, sadly their publicist didn't get the information into the right hands in time, but I did promise that I'd listen to the CD. The band is from Denver. All factors surrounding the CD, including the club they were booked to play, the title of the album and the name of the record label pointed in the direction of some greasy car mechanic type of garage rock. Not even close. The Salt Lake City sound has migrated to Denver. Funk guitar, gruff boy vocals, production like a night live at the Bar & Grill - it's all here. Kind of grungy, kind of funky, kind of like Live and Hootie, yeah! College boy rock like they love to hear around the keg. I wasn't sure what the song titled "Galaxie 500" had to do with anything, it certainly wasn't the band until I realized, it's a surf type of song about the car. This is as close as Brethren Fast get to an actual garage song or actual artistic and creative juice. "Passin' The Time" does have a complete and total tribute to psychedelic rock as the break, but if they can actually do what their name, their CD

Luscious Jackson

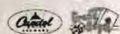


FEVER IN FEVER OUT

The new album. Featuring "Naked Eye."

Produced by Daniel Lanois with Tony Mangurian & Luscious Jackson

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title and their record label hint at why do they insist on a formula for the majority of the disc. Could someone please explain the Elvis tribute appearing in the middle of "TV Theme Song"? For some reason I don't think Elvis was telling Scotty and Bill to jam on when he said, "let's get real gone." Who knows maybe they do it better live, did anyone see them?

Mexico 70 is another matter all together. I don't need CMJ charts and lame-assed reviews to sway my opinion. Give it up and start sending the shit over to grid

or something, they're the ones with the radio station. I was wondering, "what ever happened to the Gin Blossoms?" More fucking college boy rock except Mexico 70 is in love with acoustic guitars. Shades of Clover. Shades of Athens, Georgia about 18 years ago. I'm calling all the brothers of my fraternity to get them to buy the CD. Hey, guys this sounds like when we were in college. Jangly guitars and polished, sensitive, commercial songs make me vomit. I think Mexico 70 should grow some pony-tails and enter the world of work. A sound from a decade ago simply isn't attractive right now.

Sigma Delta Chia Pet

Crumbs Lookout!

Upon first listen to this band I was magically transported back to the shitty streets of New York's Hells Kitchen, strolling along to

catch a live show at CBGBs(circa 1977), & in the middle of the east coast punk explosion. Sure, I wasn't there(barely playing little league farther north!), but I've heard the music & stories enough times to draw my own conclusions to keep myself entertained. The Crumbs are old school, I mean old-old school, which reflects the styling of the RAMONES & the MODERN LOVERS(both being prime examples of the three chords & a whole lot of attitude making one great R&R package.). Straight out of the garage & into the dark recesses of the crappiest bars to play for an audience of maybe 10-15 drunk thrashers, you aren't going to hear this shit very often, & that's a damn shame. The reason that it's sad is because this is the reason rock & roll started, for a bunch of straggy kids piling their pennies together to buy worthless equipment & just tearing into some noise with utter abandon to get their rocks off! Damn it, it's that simple, just like the music. Forget skill, quality, or routine pattern. Just enjoy some energy & honest for a change, both which the Crumbs have in excess & need to share. It's a kick in the pooper that has gone long overdue!

Billy Fish

Bad Brains Black Dots Caroline

In 1996 the discerning audience finally had the opportunity to listen to the first Bad Brains CD. Not that anyone cared and that's why three months into '97 I decided to review it. Remember the Bad Brains and their "speed punk" single "Pay To Cum." Oh I'm sure you all do. You probably own a copy. Just like you own a copy of "Cop Killer." You all own a copy of

the Bad Brains EP released by Alternative Tentacles in 1982 as well, and it is pristine, mint condition vinyl isn't it? Fucking liars go back to your MTV.

Talk about speed metal and speed raps. Talk about music played without concern for knowledge of the instrument or contriving a song for commercial acceptance. This CD is punk in its rarest form. The fact that the Bad Brains were about the only African American band around at the time who were equally adept at reggae and punk is of little significance to an audience spoon-fed the music in a watered down form. From No Doubt to 311 to the Offspring, the poor fuckers all owe money to the Bad Brains.

Hasil Dahmer



treble charger

treble charger self title ear candy

See, these four guys are from Canada. Something in the Canadian water? Does one of two things always equal the other? If overlooked means ignored, does underlooked mean paid too much attention to? This is power pop rock with a conscience. We're writing about more than wanting to have sex with the Spice Girls here.

...*"If the phone doesn't ring, it's me"*...

This band's genius lies somewhere between Hermans Hermits and Spacehog. You figure it out.

—Maxx

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WRITTEN IN BLOOD

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

—John Forgach

XYSMA / Lotto Relapse

I've spent some major time listening to this band Xysma over the past week. Unfortunately, I have since lost the bio sheet and have even lost the CD case. (yum, I have soo many Jelly Bellys in my mouth right now. Good damn thing I'm not on radio.) Anyway, I know the band is from Finland and that LOTTO is the bands fourth album. Don't buy this album because it just happens to be on Relapse. Don't - not buy it for the same reason. This band is not the usual Relapse fare. One thing Xysma has in common with their label-mates is that they are different/cutting-edge/or, just plain hard to figure out. This band as a whole is like nothing you've ever heard. Though, certain things about them are familiar. Musically, I hear some '80's alternative rock mixed with maybe some Danzig and/or the Cult. Something like that. This is one of those bands that will grow on you.

SPECTRUM FEST Relapse Records IDENTITY 3...D! Century Media

So...Do you want to check out a veritable "boat-load" of new music without going broke? I have a way for you to check out 33 bands, on two CDs, for less than you would pay for one CD. Relapse Records, home to some of the most extreme bands known to

man, is releasing SPECTRUM FEST. This release features some of the more established bands on Relapse such as Neurosis, Amorphis, and Brutal Truth; bands like Abscess, and Mortician that have taken the word extreme to a new level; and some bands with more of an experimental nature such as Pica, Bastard Noise, and Lull. Century Media is releasing IDENTITY



3..D! This disc contains some of the hottest up-and-comers around. Performances from bands like Stuck Mojo, Sentenced, Morgoth, Merauder, and Grave

will have you running 'round like a friggin mad-person looking for latest albums from these bands. This disc even has a song from one of my very favorite new bands - Nevermore. Check it out. Both of these CDs will ring in at just under \$4 a piece, and will give you what you need to have an intelligent conversation in the metal circles.

MACHINE HEAD The More Things Change... Roadrunner

Machine Head are releasing this CD... as a follow-up to Burn My Eyes. This is the first time I've really given this band a listen. All I knew about this band was that Rob Flynn was in Violence - and that band ...well, sucked, so I never gave this band a chance. I know, shame on me. The music is heavy and tight, the vocals are good, and Dave McClain's drumming (ex-Sacred Reich) is right on the money.

JUDAS PRIEST A Tribute To Judas Priest Century Media

JUDAS PRIEST!, JUDAS PRIEST!, Come on, everyone join in! JUDAS PRIEST! A tribute to Judas Priest album - what more do you want? I would have to say there is no one into heavy music that didn't get into Priest at some point in their lives.

I watched the Grammys the other night, and know none of these bands won anything. Apparently, they got rid of the "Best new album to kill fuzzy little animals by" category. That doesn't matter though, being asked to be on this album is more of an honor. Some of the bands like Testament, Nevermore, and Strapping Young Lad reworked the original material, adding their own trademark style to the music. Other bands, like Helloween, did the songs exactly as they were originally recorded. I hear you have to be good at that when the only gig you can get is as a Club Med cover band. This is a fun album. This tribute album will take you back to to the sixth grade again.

ANETHEMA / Eternity Fierce

Liverpool's, Anethema released their latest full-length, ETERNITY at the end of January. The band continues on with their ambient, flowing style, moving further from their more doom laden beginnings, leaning more towards a "Pink Floydish" sound. Anethema covers the Roy Harper/David Gilmour song "Hope" on track six. If your into this stuff, Fierce recordings will be re-releasing the band's last album, THE SILENT ENIGMA, previously unavailable in the United States.

I squealed with delight when I found the new Grip Inc. in my mailbox. NENESIS 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.!!

—John Forgach



Wednesday, March 5

Twirl Town Toys - Ashbury Pub
Go Figure - Bar and Grill
Minus - Burt's Tiki
Sturgeon General - Dead Goat Saloon
Clover/Loomer/Bill - DV8
Nine Spinestickle Back/Girth - Spankys
Papa Kega - Zephyr

Thursday, March 6

Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band
- Ashbury Pub
Pomo Carpet - Bar and Grill
House of Cards - Burt's Tiki
Volunteer Kings - Dead Goat
Sturgeon General - Spanky's
Boogie Shoes - Zephyr

Friday, March 7

Pill Box - Ashbury Pub
Cork - Bar & Grill
Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki
The GiGi Love Band - Dead Goat
Lug Nut/Sea of Jones - Spanky's
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Saturday, March 8

Gathering Osiris - Ashbury Pub
Wicked Innocence/Ineffect/Blood Fish -
Bar & Grill

These Days - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Papa KegaEFI Connection - Dead Goat
Decomposers/PCP Berserker - Spanky's

Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Sunday, March 9

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Zen Guerilla - Holy Cow
Mantegna Bosch - Spankys,
Sturgeon General - Zephyr

Monday, March 10

Kent Thompson - Ashbury Pub
LA Jones & The Blues Messenger - Dead
Goat

Lord of Word/Deciples of Babs

Pablo Moses - Zephyr

Tuesday, March 11

Semi-Sweet Loretta - Ashbury Pub
X11 Speed - Bar & Grill
Rebel Bass - Holy Cow

Richie and the Rednecks - Spanky's

Mojo Nixon/Sweetvine - Zephyr

Wednesday, March 12

Trouser Trout - Ashbury Pub
Sweet Loretta - Burt's Tiki
Shoot the Mime - Dead Goat
Blood Hound Gang/Nerf Herder - DV8
Fat Paw - Holy Cow

Sugarhouse/Coronation - Spanky's

Sweaty Nipples - Zephyr

Thursday, March 13

Bent - Ashbury Pub
Daughters of the Nile/Twist Dead Fable -
Bar & Grill

Blue Healer - Burts Tiki
Spittin Lint - Dead Goat
Solid Gold - Holy Cow
Peg/Mr. Roper - Spanky's
Jupiter Coyote - Zephyr

Friday, March 14

Spittin Lint - Ashbury Pub
Blankshot - Bar & Grill
Gigi Love Band - Burt's Tiki
Backwash - Dead Goat
Promise/PCP Berserker - Holy Cow
Riverbed Jed/Nebulas - Spanky's

Rubberneck - Zephyr

Saturday, March 15

Girth - Ashbury Pub
Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki
Sun Masons - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Sick of it All/Good Riddance - DV8
Dexter Grove/Billie Reed - Spanky's
Rubberneck - Zephyr

Sunday, March 16

Mantegna Bosch - Spanky's
Wish/Sugarhouse - Zephyr

Monday, March 17

Loose - Ashbury Pub
Deborah Coleman - Dead Goat
Elbo Finn/We the Living - Holy Cow

Mundie - Zephyr

Tuesday, March 18

My Dog Vodka - Ashbury Pub
Agnes Gooch - Bar & Grill
The Clots - Dead Goat
Rebel Bass - Holy Cow
Thirsty Alley - Spanky's
House of Cards - Zephyr

Wednesday, March 19

These Days - Ashbury Pub
Steer Jockey/Decomposers/God Spine -
Bar & Grill

Ducky Boys - Burt's Tiki

Zig Zag - Dead Goat

Loose/Doriella Dufontaine/DJ - DV8

Tongue and Groove - Holy Cow

Abstrak/Surley - Spanky's

Psychedelic Zombie - Zephyr

Thursday, March 20

Kerosene Dream - Ashbury Pub
Go Kart - Bar & Grill
Abstrak - Burt's Tiki
Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues Band -
Dead Goat

Solid Gold - Holy Cow

Ditch Bank Oakies - Spanky's

The Paladins - Zephyr

Friday, March 21

Backwash - Ashbury Pub
Abstrak - Bar & Grill
Insatiable - Dead Goat
Idiot Flesh/Ether - Holy Cow

Spittin Lint/Sun Masons - Spanky's
Fat Paw - Zephyr

Saturday, March 22

Blue Healer - Ashbury Pub
Zeke/Hate Fuck Trio/Surley - Bar & Grill
Atomic Delux - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Zion Tribe - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Blanche/ASA - Spanky's
Fat Paw - Zephyr

Sunday, March 23

Mantegna Bosch - Spankys

The Jones - Zephyr

Monday, March 24

Andrew Jr. Boy Jones Band - Dead Goat

Gigi Love Band - Zephyr

Tuesday, March 25

Kirsty MacDonald - Ashbury Pub
Tenderloin/American Fuse/Ducky Boys
- Bar & Grill

Rebel Bass - Holy Cow

Swamp Donkey - Spanky's

ASA/The Feel - Zephyr

Wednesday, March 26

Pepper Lake City - Ashbury Pub
Black Ball/Dreamscape Unllimited - Bar
& Grill

Spittin Lint - Burts Tiki

Tanya & the Townsmen - Dead Goat

Loose/We The Living - Holy Cow

Hansen Brothers/Lugnut - Spanky's

Dread Zeppelin - Zephyr

Thursday, March 27

Annie Pithany - Ashbury Pub

Poink - Bar & Grill

House of Cards - Dead Goat

Solid Gold - Holy Cow

Gigi Love Band - Spankys

The Grapes - Zephyr

Friday, March 28

Elbo Fin - Ashbury Pub

XII Speed - Bar & Grill

I-Roots - Dead Goat

LA Guns - Holy Cow

PCP Berserker/Reverend Willie Spanky's

De La Sol - Zephyr

Saturday, March 29

Loose - Ashbury Pub
Riverbed Jed/Pomo Carpet - Bar & Grill

Sweet Loretta - Burts Tiki

Blue Healer - Dead Goat

Bootie Quake - Holy Cow

Sky Cries Mary - Spanky's

Salsa Brava - Zephyr

Sunday, March 30

Mantegna Bosch - Spankys

Gamma Rays - Zephyr

Monday, March 31

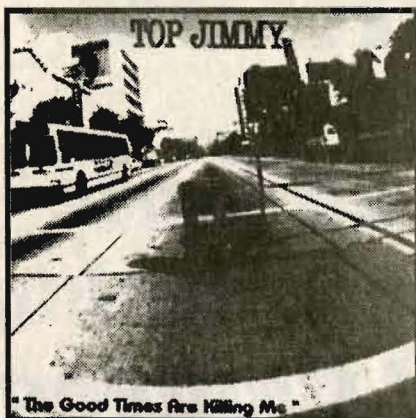
Debbie Davies Band - Dead Goat

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VASOLINE TUNER

"Beyond Repair"

If you asked any of the
reviewers what they
thought you'd hear what
BAM magazine called him...
"Beck in training."

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