

SEVENTY FIVE • MARCH NINETY-FIVE
ALWAYS
FREE
ISSUE SEVENTY-FIVE

SLUG

LOW POP SUICIDE

HELEN WOLF

SICK OF IT ALL

LATIMER

LOVE BATTERY

OASIS

BUSH

PEGBOY

7 YEAR BITCH

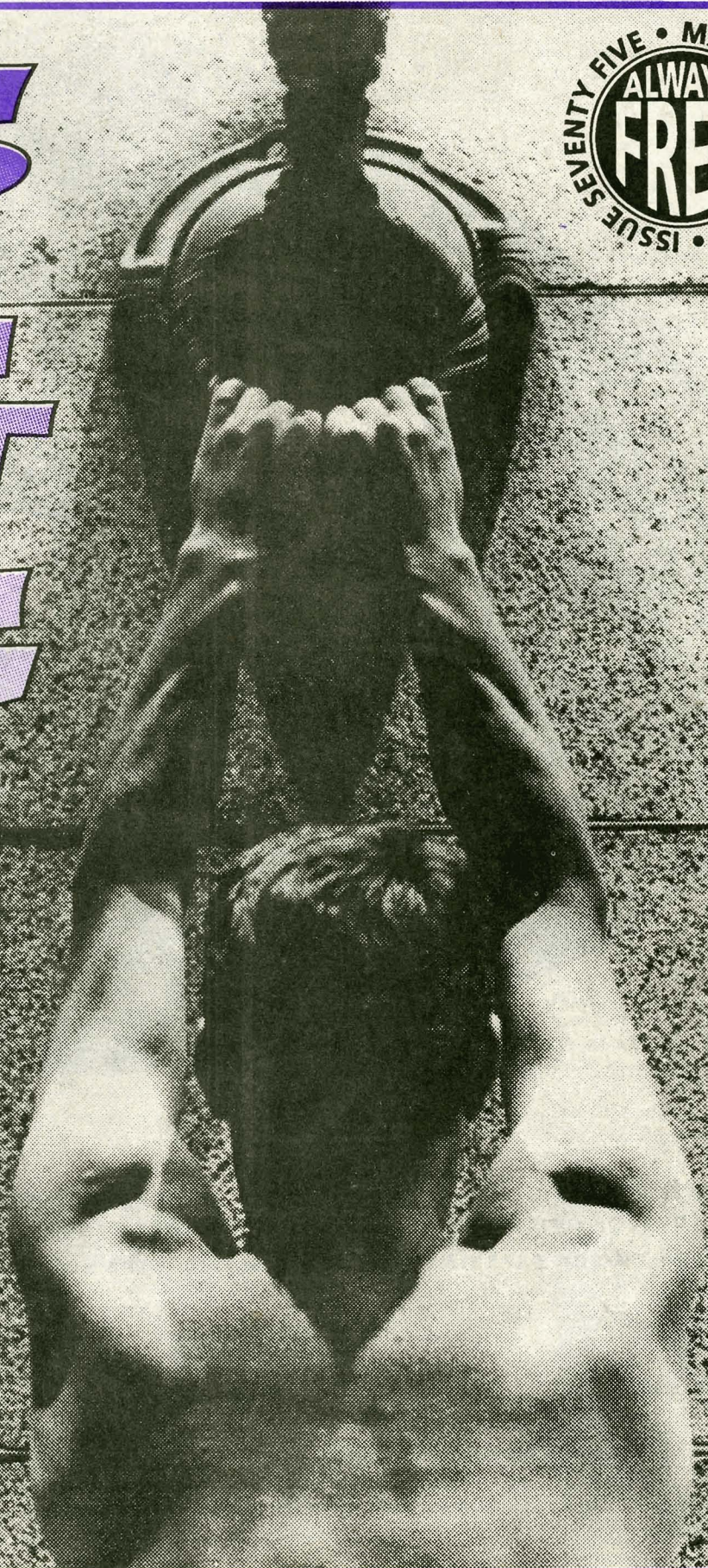
CHROME CRANKS

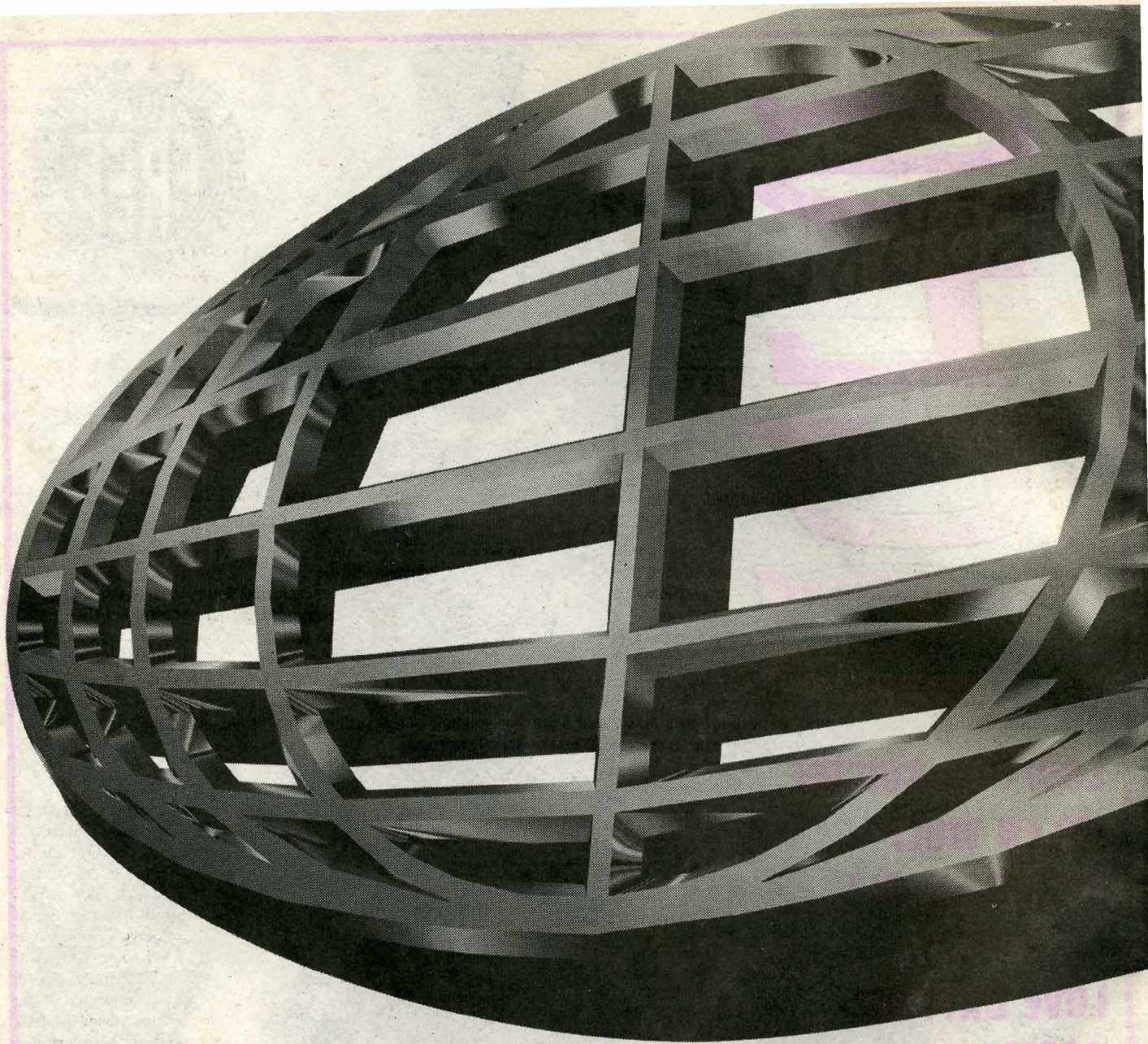
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SLUG

MARCH 1995

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SLUG is published by the 1st of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of the people who put it together. The topics included are also contributed. If you don't agree with what is said, or you feel something is missing, then you should do something about it...WRITE. All submissions must be received no later than the 20th of the month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask you keep your writing direct and to the point, thus leaving more room for other writers. We thank everyone for the continued support.

Thank you
SLUG STAFF

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

Aaahhh, The beginning of a new month. Another 31 days for the brains behind SLUG to get together and squeeze out another issue of pure unadulterated fuckin garbage.

Cruisin down 2100 s. in my primered camero with my latest stool sample from Slayer blastin my freakin head off, I stopped at every red light to look at the scenery around me, and take a big chug off my JOLT soda-pop. I think to my self these guys are the worst band in the world. Nobody could possibly be any better then these guys, O- Except the Offspring (Ha-Ha) A big thanks to RED #5 for the Slayer spankin, they really opened my eyes and motivated me. (It would seem). I look over yonder to my pal Annie and say, "Hey man, lets go to the Heavy Metal Shop," he replies. "Awesome man we're there," As I pull up, turn off my car, and open the door, I'm hopin' that they have Exodus' most recent album. I do a little head bangin, handshakin, and to my surprise, I see February's issue of SLUG sitting on the table. Pick it up, take a peek inside, and I instantly find something to my dissatisfaction (I didn't like for the fuckin idiots out

The DANZIG concert review. It was a little shaky but good. My complaint: is the Biohazard review... they shredded the fuckin roof off the place and not a word was said. I get the feeling your office smells just like Saltair, Vicki!

Oh, here's a nice piece of information to swallow, THE QUEERS are coming to the DV8 club. Hello J.R., Hello SLUG,

they've always been there and all over Utah for that matter. But, I see no reason to be announcing it, I bet the after effect of chilly really gets a nice response at there parties. I mean we all have little abnormal, cookie, little things we do, no need to acknowledge they exist.

I also noticed on the calender for the Bar & Grill and the Cinema Bar, there is one show that is filled with evil and impurities. (Grindboy says yes to Evil) That would be WICKED INNOCENCE at the Bar & Grill. What happened to all the fuckin bands and to all the fuckin morons that were supposed to support bands of this nature?

Who in their right mind would want to see Jesus Rides a Riksha? Come on! Hello! Sitting there 3 pitchers later and 5 Stone Temple Pilot covers later. (Yucky Gucky!)

Oasis DON'T EVER COME BACK AGAIN!!! And o-my god WOLFGANG I thought they all got jobs doing hair at Hair Cuts plus. They should have quit as soon as there refuge RAFTERS blew up. SCAR STRANGLED BANGER- I don't even want to get into. I mean my band, Malevolent Rotting Corpse has been out in the scene for a while but only because we don't feel were fast enough or heavy enough. There are a lot of metal bands out there and I don't see any of them. Peek- a-boo. Come on!

Hey, Hey, Hey Come out and play! (reference to that new crazy band Offspring for all the stinkers that don't grasp what I was saying) Now if my band was on the cover J.R you could sell these silly little mags!! What do you say JERKY? I

know the public wants to see it. Maybe? Thank you, bottom line to all the people out there and to the 1/2 a brain at Slug: You need someone like me to write for this MAGAZINE Thank you. Maybe?

Because I am the armless legless wonder of the Salt Lake City scene, the peaches in the pie, the epitome of what should be. The apple of J.R's eye.

*The King Rubberneck, Grindboy
Later nit*

Dear Dickheads,

Attention: You know my name. Or would you rather be called "Mother-fucking-spineless-piece-of-shit!" Who the hell does Jon Shuman A.K.A. Stimboy think he is? Who the hell are you? And who the hell do you think you are? What the hell gives you the right to judge anybody elses ego-boosting masturbation? If you really knew Jon Shuman, you would know he's been like that since pre-Massacre Guys.

The local music scene has nothing to do with MTV, Curt Cobain, Space Needles, Pearl Jam, or people that write to SLUG and don't sign their names. It was created by people who knew they were cool, knew there friends were cool, had a passion for cool music coolness, and were never afraid to stand up for what they believed in, or going after something they wanted. Just to name a few: Brad Collins, Daphne, Jon Bray, Brendan Welsh, Ziba Marashi, Frank Morrow, Chris Camberlango, Steve O'Reilly, Karl Alvarez, Paul Krouas, Paul Maritsas, Eric Platzke, Zay Speed, The Fry Gods, Jonathan Clark, Steve Fletcher, Joe Steddich, Alexis Brill, Aldine Grossi, Matt Sharples, Joe & Courtney Culbertson, the Bad Yodelers, Dan Keough, Jenny Peel, Tom Papworth, Chris Moore,

WRITERS NOTICE:

All writing must come in typed, or on a 3.5" disc (IBM or Apple). If you are one of the many writers out there who haven't sent it in yet...what's the problem? See the way it works is, you send it in...we print it. We can always use opinionated columns, short stories or whatever strikes your interest.

MUSICIAN MEETING

Mon., March 27

"Music & Law"
Copyrighting etc.

Cinema Bar
45 W. Broadway
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A Private Club For Members
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Utah AIDS Foundation Benefit Concert

KUTE (the University of Utah radio station) Associated Students of the University of Utah (ASUU) and Project Show-Me are presenting a concert for the benefit of the Utah AIDS Foundation. The show, called "Play It Safe," will be held on March 11 in the University of Utah Union Ballroom. Local bands Riverbed Jed, The Obvious, Headshake, Myrr and Honest Engine have donated their time and talents for the benefit. KUTE will give away a variety of items and Project Show-Me will be on hand with educational AIDS information.

Tickets for the benefit are \$4 for U of U students and \$6 or \$7 for non-students. They can be purchased at the ASUU office in the Student Union Building or at various local record shops. All proceeds from the show will go to the Utah AIDS Foundation.

Attention All Local Bands

There is a new Media Play store in Midvale. We want your records, tapes and CDs. They will be displayed in the most prominent manner possible and we will do everything we can to sell them. As with any store here's the deal. Make your way through the traffic jam on the freeway to 7170 South 1000 East. It's behind Harmon's and next to the new Ernst. Take your recordings to the music department service desk and ask for the manager or the assistant manager. Fill out the required consignment form and leave the music. An in-store play copy is appreciated in case customers would like to listen before they buy. Check periodically to see how it is selling and tell people where they can find your music. In order to receive compensation you must fill out another document after your fans buy your music. Sorry. It is very important to leave a phone number. If we sell out of your music we need a way to contact you. Any questions? Call 568-0220 and ask for the music department. Again, we welcome the recordings of any and all local bands no matter what style it is. Folk, blues, soul, bluegrass, country, rock, classical or whatever - bring it in!

Jim Auton, Johnny V., Jim & Sal Harrison, Chris & Courtney Wolcott, Johnny Hell, The Potatoheads, J.R. Ruppel, Rick Ruppel, Brett Roberts, Dinosaur Bones, Julie Rasmussen, Lori Hunsaker, Pat Munson, Hooter, Dave Neal, A.W.O.L., Subject to Change, Biker Mike, Max, The Strangers, Tom Meal, Gary Turnier, Durred, Kenyon Christian, Johnny Mo, Chris Jecko, L.D.S., Skip & Sue Stahr, Duane Finney, HateX9, Maimed for Life, Zach Shack, Scott & Lara Bringard, The Stench, Foster, Dave Segar, Steve Neeves, Gordon, My Sister Jane, Da Neighbors, T-Roy & Jill, Angie Beeslan, Steve Midgely, John Peccorelli, Alecia Wilcox, Mark Montoya, Rick Giles, The Bernice Technique, Wondercrash, Mike Kaley, Grant Sperry, and the Godfather of punk rock himself...Poopy D.

Those I left out, don't take it personal, it's a brain cell thing. You know who you are. All these many musicians and supporters have created, from what I've seen, one of the coolest "scenes" in the country. All of these people should give themselves a pat on the back. Write in your own self interviews.

Jon Shuman ranks highly on this list for many reasons. He's a great songwriter, guitarist, singer, drummer, producer, record label owner, artist, show-goer, journalist, brother to Poopy-D, and he even serves your fucking drinks at the Cinema Bar. So, who the hell does Jon Shuman think he is? He's a guy who has devoted his life to create and support something totally cool for your enjoyment. So why don't you retire your pen, give Stmboy his moment in self-created legendness, and keep your fucking mouth shut when you don't know what you are talking about. And, while your at it, move to Seattle.

—Jim Bone

P.S. J.R., you still suck!

Dear Dickheads,
(Attention Unenlightened Floosie Helen Wolf) By the time you receive this, we will have come and gone. We, unlike you, take only memories and leave only footprints.

Five Reasons To Understand Your Ignorance:
L. Jerry Garcia/The Music
The man is a fine musician whose artistry is enjoyed by millions in a subculture beyond your compre-

hension. You, as a conformed hair bleached bimbo must be completely tone deaf not to realize that all enjoyable music does not have to be digitally enhanced and totally bussed up to make your ass rumble. By the way, check yourself for that tuna smell you accuse comes from our music. Obviously you, as a non-deadhead have not noticed that the fat man has been losing weight and getting his head together, putting all the evil drugs aside, using only nature's own to guide him.

2. The Heads

Being the conformists that you are, you cannot realize the beauty of people like us. We share and care for one another, as opposed to being numb to the needs of our dying planet. "Kindness can build on itself as much as violence can." (Anne Herbert, Skeleton Key, and Double Day Publishing © 1994.) Sister if you chose to alienate yourself from real people, dig a hole and bury your poodle head in it. Many of us are very educated people, but do not choose to conform to society. (Blair Jackson on Dead Heads, Skeleton Key, Double Day Publishing © 1994) "People have bought into the straight media's portrail of Dead Heads as stoned, tie-dyed-wearing, VW van driving, stringy-haired, patchouli-scented, weirdly-named, monosyllabic crazies who sell veggie burritos and crystal's. Of course there actually are a fair number of Dead Heads who fit that description, but anyone who bothers to look even the slightest bit beneath the day glo veneer finds so much more: Dr.'s and lawyers and geologists, students, computer programmers, jocks, jewelers, organic farmers, congressional aids, teachers." So obviously you haven't stopped to clarify your stereotype or even acknowledge the truth!

3. The Merchandise

Our colors and symbols show our pride as a family. When we are wearing our colors, family (our brothers and sisters) always stop to share a smile, a hello, and a hug.

4. Our Publications

You, of all people, in a "non conformist" magazine are ragging on how we rag on pigs, the biggest and most corrupt hypocritical legal profession. These pigs often stop and smoke natures fine herb with us, unless they're off to meet

they're quota because of stickers on our vehicles- while we are supposed to have freedom of speech and expression. To top it all off, to rag on a magazine that serves the same purpose as "SLUG". Just because you don't want to be earth concious and save our mother Gaia, doesn't mean you have to trash people who do. We are trying to clean up conformity/ societies mess, by spreading love and listening to earths message.

5. Our Dead Head Philosophy

If we cannot see eye to eye with you, then, sorry we must part ways. Unplug the drug, stop the technological programming process polluting your thoughts and modifying your hopes and dreams to be the same as the "norm". In other words, for you shallow sister, throw away your t.v., drop out of society and drop into the way life was meant to be., from the beginning. Put down your needle, your pills, (dexatrim-unspecific), and powders and take a hit from life. Enjoy life while you've got it. Earth doesn't have much longer before it decides to stop and shrug you off like the small parasite you are, in vast schemes of things- never to be seen again. Sister, stop and think about it we are all one people and things don't seem to be getting much better in this world full of ignorant stereotypes addictive legal drugs, wars with one another and economic overbearing.
WAKE UP AND SMELL WHAT IS REAL.

*Love, two sisters that care form the heart
Adri and Michele*

Editor's note:

Dear Deadhead Duo, I showed Helen your letter but she's way to busy to respond to the little people. I paid my girlfriend one thousand dollars to type this novel that you wrote, and she still wouldn't sleep with me for a week. Neither would her sister. Some things will never change. Jerry is still fat, the Dead still suck, and you are obviously still idiots. And your mental midget philosophy will not change the minds of those people who are not feebled by mediocrity. The only cool part of your letter was the part you stole from George Carlin. But in true waste case fashion you misquoted him. He was refering to the earth shrugging off the human race, not Helen Wolf. By the way, she's not a bimbo, she's a slut.

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POND

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SP 186



NAME THAT GOON Rock Marketing 101

(This month, I'm E-mailing my column from beautiful Los Angeles, where I'm attending the Grammy Awards with Poison lead screech Bret Michaels—hey, charity work is good for the karma, not to mention free food n' booze.)

So, you've decided to start your own band -congratulations, Jasper, just what the world needed: Another yowling rock group. But, of course, yours will be different, something new and innovative - not like those other losers. Right? If I can't convince you to do something more worthwhile, like writing your own O.J. Simpson tell-all book (Hint: the more lesbians, the better), then let me clue you in on the one most important tool to put you and your unemployed visionary buddies in Fat City. Great music? No, that's never been a proven factor. A SLUG feature story? Only if you can afford it. No~Homecheese-you've got to have a cool name! And 5,000 stickers within 30 seconds of thinking it up! Just pay attention and learn from Salt Lake's finest(?) on how to christen your crew.

First of all, pick one name and stick with it. The Uncalled 4, a tubby, mediocre cover band merely steps into a (large) phone booth and magically transforms into Headshake, a tubby, mediocre "original" band—Shazam! Season Of The Spring will be known til Doomsday as "Formerly the Bad Yodelers" because A: they can't let go of the past, or B: "12th rate

Straightedge with vocals like wet brakes on a Mazda" won't fit on a flyer. Wasatch rock legend/bar-tender extraordinaire/author of "I Invented Utah Punk, Asshole" Jon Shuman can swap a band name faster than he can change a keg: AU (great name) begat SNAG (still cool), which begat the Dollymops (huh?). All bring us to the current Qualitones, a name that nicely fits their martini-swishing arena rock/lounge anthems (Arena Lounge? Call me before I copyright it). At least honky tonk heroes the Rattle Kings have the class not to promote ad infinitum "Formerly the Broken Hearts" or "Now 90% yodel-free".

Another good rule of thumb is that if it sounds like another band's name, don't use it! Commonplace has been around for years, so why would a bunch of hairy chicks decide to use a dumbshit name like Commonground? The mind wobbles. The early 90's Houseband wars (Amphouse Mother, Doghouse, Krakhouse, etc.) left only one survivor, House Of Cards. No one's quite ready for the Al Grossi Experience, are they?

Don't get too weird n' arty or you're gonna get slapped. A name like Agnes Poetry just brings to mind sissyboy synthcrap and Eurofag disco pants (Perfecto!), while Amethyst Wristrocket merely induces headaches. My Spanish is a little rusty, but I believe that Pijamas De Gato translates to "Let's put the cat to sleep, I'm hungry". Abstrak sounds a hell of a lot like Anthrax, and so does the name; the Weed and 3 Rinse Rule are reminiscent of the Keed and Free Vince Pool, except except they make a little less sense. LBinder sounds about as thrilling as "Laser Karaoke", but Sir Knobbie Hassle & The Swamp Donkeys could be a more manly sizzlefest than this girl can handle.

The various subgenres of music in the valley seem to put more thought into naming their dicks than their bitchin' bands. On the Trend-O-Grunge tip, the Obvious and Honest Engine (same band, sorry) are nowhere near as pretentious and derivative as Wish and Cradle Of Thorns (again, same band). In Skaville,

Stretch a Amstrong is hillbilly jive for masturbation (got that right), and Insatiable should get a clue after all these years and just call themselves what everyone else does: Insufferable.

The Goth scene never disappoints in the title department, just check out Daughters Of The Nile — o o o h, spooky! And then there's The Midnight Dreary, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, no, wait a minute, ha ha ha ha ha ha, I can do this, ha ha ha ha ha ha oh shit, ha ha ha ha, I can't stop! Help me!, ha ha ha ha ha ha...

Of course, Metal is known for bad names, bad hair, and just plain old disregard for the rules, man. Here you got yer One Eye (the other was poked out by a stray chin-weed), Scar Strangled Banger (think saying it's painful? Try listening to 'em), Wolfgang (cock rock without the rock - or the cock, for that matter), Wicked Innocence - Dude, what a conundrum - look it up, pin-heads), Kaotic Kontortion (Komplete Krap? Too easy), and, oh yes, Blister'd Toad, haha ha ha ha ha ha, oh god, it's starting again, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha...

Now I show off my fancy writin' skills (Athey School Of Journalism And Lung Cancer, Magna Cum Stain, '93) by wrapping this sucker up AND dropping in my capsule review of the SLUG 6th anniversary show at the Borin' Grill. No cover, no prizes, and far fewer - but much higher quality — fights than last year. Unfortunately, I missed the stars of redundofeature #8,122 on "Women In Rock" (Salt Lake Trib-always on the cutting edge) Power Tools For Girls, sorry. My favorite new band in the galaxy, Erector, shred like a SWAT van full of gators, and they even suffer for their art: those fetching coconut tit-cozies that bass-god-



Ms. Wolf and Poison's Bret Michaels backstage at The Grammys: Who's got the Blush Brush?

dess Jaime sported ain't built for comfort, trust me. Judging by the insant turgid state of the male audience, Erector is right! The Decomposers quickly beat the boners down with their volume, volume, volume approach to garage raunch and stunning Road Warrior Spring fashions. And sadly, Trailer Park brought their scorched earth policy to the people for the last time before going splitsville. Talk radio stud/TP groupie extraordinaire Mark Shearing warned me "If they bring out the big cowboys, there's going to be trouble." Yeah, you hear that line every week on Renegade, but you never think much is really going to happen. Sure enough, the cardboard cowpokes were set up. Mayo & crew destroyed ear DNA, more fights broke out, somebody called the cops, and right about then I left (me and the police don't see eye to eye, capish?).

(I'm off to the Grammys now, have to get there before Bret's career slips even further down the toilet. If I inadvertently left your band out, sorry and/or you're welcome- some of you just have NO sense of humor!).

- Helen Wolf

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EGO TRIPP

A Compilation of genius
Los Angeles bands

The definitive 90's L.A. compilation sets the tone for the new year. We call it Ego Tripp because it's your heart's desires in one heady little package. The approach of the fin de siecle affords us the rare simultaneous opportunity of being able to look in retrospect over the musical traditions and trends driving us forward into the new millenium and in prospect to further definition and redefinition of the musical genre by innovators of the form, some of whom are working hard today to make their voices heard.

A listen to the current staple of alternative rock, may sound like bowl upon bowl of homogenous stew. At the worst it's bland and derivitive, puddles forth from a 'scene', until that scene is played out. The Ego Tripp compilation of nearly twenty L.A. bands does not essay from a scene. L.A. has always bred and drawn incredible talent. Just as the city holds to no center, Los Angeles essentially is individualistic and concerted to go in hundreds of directions. Just as L.A. breaks all notions of what characterizes a city with it's sprawl and it's elusive nature, so also does it's music. The melting pot of people has by extension, become the melting pot of music. The Ego Tripp compilation's only center is it's theme of diversity, the diversity of the city, experiential diversity, and the true diversity of the alternative.

On the Ego Tripp compilation, you'll hear Why? Things Burn, Pigmy Love Circus, ShoeGazer, Pink Noise Test, Uncle Max's Cosmic Band, Corpus Delicti, Tutti Troppo, Arched & Smoody, Vaseline Tuner, Hungry Five, Top Jimmy, Media Slits, Elysium, Sweet Cream U.S.A., Weba World, Uncle Pecos, Scarefactor, and Amen to name a few. Warm sweet little bands, melodic and fuzzy and reclusive, to in your face hardcore falling off the deep end of the richter scale, red bloody meat bands, to spoken word from jaded Angelenos to viable straight up rock and roll. It's a bizarre shock to the system. No slowing down. A guaranteed eye opener from T.O.N. and Los Angeles' best.

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A Slide Show Life

By
Smedley Clemens

Ex-Mr. President George Bush pierced both my nipples while Ralph Nader watched, making sure it was being done right. It's confusing to be forcibly accessorized, but it seems that son-of-a-bitch Henry Kissinger was the one holding me down as it was being done. Headlines don't shock me anymore baby, coffee prices do.

I'm downtown waiting in line to sell my blood for tuition money. It's the third time this week and the front desk people are getting wise to all my aliases. I still feel gamy and high from the teaspoon of NyQuil I took for a cough the night before. Courage, I tell myself. Just a few more weeks of eating Ramen noodles every meal and the quarter will be paid for.

As the distance between me and the "Big Straw" narrows, I notice an orange juice stewardess eyeing me. For just a moment everything turns into a Beatles song, hazy and colorful. Just as my brain is trying to remember what Play-dough tastes like, a voice wearing ruined nylons is standing before me.

"Excuse me sir, could I have a word with you?" The hammered cruelty of her makeup and voice had frozen me in place. All I could think about was the face being pulled off Yul Brenner in West World. A glowing squeeze from one of my glands brought an endorphin dance that gave me new resolve. Orthopedic shoes or not, no one was going to weasel in on my game show.

"The end of line starts back there, miss." I motion toward the front door. Ha! I was a champion.

"Actually I have some questions I'd like to ask you sir. It seems some of the employees here believe you're selling your blood both immorally and illegally. Will you come with me please."

I nod my agreement and ask one of the Care Bears that had been following me around to save my place in line. On the way to the nurse's office, I suddenly remembered this was how most Penthouse letters started. I smiled at my coy eroticism. Man, if I wasn't a quart low...

The office we entered was a plain white-walled, one plant, computer-lit cubicle. I had the feeling accountants might think this was heaven. Nurse Whoever, shut the door and offered me a seat. The tiny desk situated between us seemed more suited for hosting chess matches than conducting business. My opponent shifted to get comfortable in her plastic deco chair, and for a brief moment her movements rip-

pled vapor trails in every direction.

"Mr. Whoever," the nurse started, "The guidelines and time frames established for giving blood or plasma are set for the medical protection of the donor. Do you understand this?"

"Yes ma'am," I droned.

"Good. And do you also understand that you have violated these precepts? And that as a result of that infraction you could be charged criminally?"

I couldn't take it anymore, "How can you stand this piped-in elevator music all day long? I mean Christ, what the Fuck is that instrument? A glass banjo?"

"That glass banjo as you call it, is the sound of the refrigeration system that holds our blood supply. By looking at your arms, I'd say quite a bit of that blood is yours."

"Don't you mean *was* mine," I battered.

"Oh, of course," Ms. Sterility greedily replied. A knock on the office door interrupted my impending rejoinder. Some doleful looking messenger had been sent to check on Ms. Sterility, just to make sure I hadn't decided to shove my "Kinnison Lives" key fob into her inner ear. "Well," Ms. Sterility pecked on, just like every random event was a cue for something. "I think you'd better leave now, and not return. Understand me?"

Shit! I was still trying to think of that really funny comeback I had wanted to use earlier. "Yea, I understand."

"Come on then, I'll walk you to the front door. You know, where the line begins." With that comment Ms. Sterility looked as proud as a snorkeling pig. Snorkeling pig? God, I've got to get some sleep.

As we got closer to the front door, I knew I was acting out the final airplane scene from my own Casablanca. "Well Sweetheart," I said in my best Bogart impersonation, "is it possible to sell just one of your kidneys anywhere?"

"Get the Fuck out of here, freak!" she screamed. "And take these Goddamn Care Bears with you."

I raised both of my arms above my head and shouted into the open doorway, "I live in ten people! My blood fills the glass banjo!" This comment sparked some barbarian fetish in a pair of passing transients, because they stopped walking, and like mystical priests trying to open a portal into the land of free wine, both started screaming "Si glood bills the flass anjo! Ny Flood sills the blass manjo!" It was time for me to run away.

After running a good thirty feet, I was guaranteed not to believe I exist. My head was the band playing on as the Titanic slowly sank. I casually leaned against a

couple of door to door perfume salesmen, to try and recuperate from my marathon. As I heaved and gasped, both salesmen nonchalantly began talking to me like they were my long lost cousins. If I could have taken another step, I could have saved myself from the oncoming verbal handjob. As it was, I was doomed.

"Hey friend, what's that scent you're wearing?" The first troll moved in a little closer for a possible sell.

"It's called Szechwan Spice," I answered as if there were hope. "It's supposed to make you smell like the dumpster from a Chinese restaurant."

"Oh, I can smell it now," The second troll chirped, wanting a piece of the action. "It's almost like, (pause) yea, like exotic and mysterious. It reminds me of when I was in that California town with the trolleys and all the hills."

Troll number one starts to gently quiver, a sure sign that the selling pitch is being exorcised from deep within him. "Here smell my favorite scent." He beams, holding forward an evil fruit.

"What a coincidence," I begin my lateral dodge, "we're all salesmen!" The other two primates stiffen immediately, well aware of the danger they're in. "Here, take my card, gentlemen. I'm selling hair dryers for Jesus." Trolls one and two have the stench of fear surrounding them. I sense my time for greatness has arrived. "Now pick me up and start to run where I tell you, you two shitbirds! We're looking for a man on in-line skates who looks like Mahatma Gandhi. He's selling me a saddle today. Mush!"

The two trolls made it a good twenty blocks before collapsing like toads on a hiking trail. Before I abandoned my flesh chariot, I gave each of them a recorded cassette tape of my favorite television commercials. "Whenever you're at a stop light next to those bass boomer cars, play the Sandy Duncan/Wheat Thins ad on high volume. It will cause impotence in most men within ten seconds." I stood up sharply, and gave each man a salute. "Remember" I commanded, "Deliverance was just a movie! Farewell."

I never saw those two again, but I think of them whenever I go to San Diego.

As I strolled along the commons area of the dogpile (commonly known as downtown), I noticed a stretch limousine following me. I was not overly anxious about this, as I had previously been forced to deal with that whole Beatrice Lillie stalking thing. Then, without warning, three old men, all of them in expensive suits, jumped out of the trunk of the limo and performed paragraph one on me.

Debt doesn't scare me anymore baby, I've been in the trenches.

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SICK OF IT ALL

Sick Of It All, Orange 9mm, Korn at the Fairgrounds

The Fairgrounds and hard-core are back in '95 with a show sponsored by the "truck driving hacks at Diesel." Raunch and Stim Boy used to book these things fifteen years ago in any empty hall. A roller skating rink, the Indian Center or the Fairgrounds saw many a hard-core outfit on a makeshift stage. The music retreated to any number of clubs (all of which failed) with the all-ages format over the years. The current punk rock generation were mere babes in arms when the slam-fest took place at the Indian Center. Now they walk around with DK's and Rancid logos painted on their leather jackets and mohawks are once again the rage.

I'm actually becoming a little excited as I listen to the CDs of the scheduled bands and think about driving down to Tenth West and North Temple to participate in the festivities. There's nothing like an old fashioned hard-core show to get the blood pumping. Of course, hard-core has changed a little over the years and I'm a rich corporate rock journalist now so the straight-edgers would pummel me to death if they knew what I look like. I'm not afraid because each and every band scheduled has signed to a major label. They're all "sell-out" bands.

Opening the show is Korn, who sold their souls to Sony. I've had their album since the last time they passed through. I listened to it once and dismissed the thing as another mediocrity. Since they are returning and I plan to use my impressive media credentials or suck up to a major label representative in order to avoid the drain on my finances actually paying \$10 for a ticket would create. I searched my home for the disc, the glossy photo, the bio and listened, looked and read again.

Two guitarists, a drummer, a bassist and a singer/bagpipers player went into Malibu's Indigo Ranch studios to record the heavy grind of their self-titled debut. I'm not sure what mood I was in (probably my usual drunken stupor) the first time I listened to the disc because it is not mediocre. Korn's music is a dense, impenetrable mass of hardened sludge. It is dark, heavier than metal and carried along by Fieldy's bass. Jonathan



Davis a classically trained multi-instrumentalist; as a member of Korn he provides the vocals and plays the bagpipes for one song. The song, "Shoots and Ladders," opens with the bagpipes and degenerates into the rhythmic, disquieting noise heard throughout the album. The lyrics are segments taken from the nursery rhymes of childhood strung together for a chronicle of their historic basis and a critique of modern times. Two other songs of special interest are "Faget" and "Daddy." "Faget" is not a gay bashing song. It is Davis lashing out at the jocks from high school and their name calling, bullying ways. "Daddy" is the most frightening, disturbing piece of music on the disc. The song concerns child abuse and Davis becomes the abused child as the piece approaches its finish. Weeping and wailing he brings the pain of the child through the ears and into the brain of the listener. "Daddy" is the closer, when it ends my response was to sit in shocked silence. That is exactly the reaction Korn desires because the disc continues to spin until a hidden track is revealed. It's a conversation between an obvious redneck (Korn is from Bakersfield) and his girlfriend or wife. He attempts to explain the mechanics of their truck's choke while verbally abusing the female. It is hysterically funny and offensive at the same time.

After Korn pounds brains and bodies into mush Orange 9mm will take over. They are newly signed to *eastwest* and their first album for a major label arrived in the stores on February 28. Their appearance on the stage will rejuvenate the energy Korn drained. Orange 9mm's music is faster and lighter than Korn's. *Driver Not*

careening along on their musical mission in a driver-less car; songs like "High Speed Changer" and "Suspect" will create a frenzy inside the Fairgrounds Arts and Crafts building.

Headliners Sick Of It All are a popular group in Salt Lake City. They released two albums on the indie Relativity before making the move to

the bigs. Several quotes in their bio lead me to believe their days in the minors were not wholly satisfying and that they are quite pleased with their treatment at *eastwest*. A sticker on the front of *Scratch The Surface* reads, "...the last remaining true New York hardcore outfit." The line is attributed to Spin Magazine. Make no mistake about Sick Of It All, they aren't a "pop-punk" band whose faces will soon grace the covers of music rags everywhere. This is full-on hardcore with the trademark sore throat from singer Lou Koller. There are a ton of good songs on the CD. One of them deserves a little extra attention before they arrive. "Who Sets The Rules" has these lyrics and they are addressed to you... or more appropriately to me. "Fly by night scenster, fly by night hipster, never suffered, never paid the dues, living contradiction, live a lie, oh so fashionable, what a god damn pitiful sight."

Most of the good punk rock records I've heard lately were done by girls, I'm so jaded that I'd almost forgotten the pleasure of listening to a good punk record done by males. Sick Of It All has me in love with the music all over again. Some of the best punk records I've heard in years came from bands appearing in Salt Lake. Texas put one out which recalled the British formative years and they played at Spanky's. 7 Year Bitch might receive some press elsewhere in this issue and they will also play at Spanky's. Now Sick Of It All releases a hardcore CD on a major label which proves once and for all that punk is not dead. They are at the Fairgrounds for all ages.

by the Muse

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CONCERT REVIEWS



BUSH and SIMPLE MINDS

Saltair, Feb. 14th, 1995

I can't think of one thing that I'd rather do on Valentine's Day night than go see some live music. (Okay, I can think of one thing I'd rather do!) On February 14th Simple Minds came to town and with them came a band called Bush. Anyone who has heard their CD "sixteen stone" has to admit that at first listen these guys sound like another one of those "Seattle Bands" that we all know so well. Anyone who has seen Bush live has to also admit that they don't, in any way, sound like or look like a band from the state of Washington. Gavin Rossdale (the vocalist) made it clear from the start, with the huge British flag on his shirt, that he and his crew were Brits and proud of it. The first word that came to my mind as they took the stage and roared out their first tune was "confidence". They sounded better live than they do on their disc! Their energy came, not from a lot of movement on stage or fancy lighting, but from the music itself. They were tight as they ripped through renditions of "Monkey", "Swim" and "Machinehead". Absent to my dismay was the tortured sound of "Glycerine". Not being particularly impressed with their disc I didn't know what to expect live. I was pleasantly surprised. They put on a great show!

With the crowd nice and warmed up Simple Minds took over at a little after 9:30pm. Salt Lake City waited too long to see these guys and it was well worth the wait. Over ten years worth of innovative work was expressed in an incredible performance. It was a joy to see them at a location offering general admission where we could get up close and personal to hear classics like "Someone, Somewhere, In Summertime", "Don't You (Forget About Me)" and "Up On the Catwalk". Jim Kerr possesses an energy on stage that is easily felt and appreciated by the crowd. He summed up his feelings about the Salt Lake crowd during the final encore when he said, "I think I may come and live here!" If only we could be so lucky!

*Catch you at the next gig.
Croxy.*

NEW BAND REVIEW

SLUGFEST - Three Bands-Three Bucks

April 1, 1995 9:30 - Cinema Bar

Power Tools For Girls - Big Tree - James Stewart



James Stewart could do the entire SLUGFEST show by himself, and I'd be happy to just sit and drink beer and watch him play. He's that good. James does acoustic originals on guitar and banjo that are sweet and scary, deep and sometimes dark and funny. Now that people are starting to recognize acoustic artists more, we thought he'd be a welcome and perfect addition to the SLUGFEST lineup. He will also be on the upcoming SLUG compilation to be released in April (really) The only problem is, he sent in more than one song, and they are all real good. We are having a tough time choosing which one to put on. James will be up first on the first, so as always, **SHOW UP EARLY!**



The second band on April fools night is **Big Tree**. They've been together for about a year, and have been playing out for two months or so. Steve Penrod (vocals and guitar) Bruce Bennett (drums) and Pooch (bass) are all natives of Zion and Michael Bayless (guitar) is from San Diego. **Big Tree** is a hard edged band, with well

written harmonies and guitar lines. They are not grunge, but they aren't metal either. Being diverse is what this band thrives on, and it shows in their material. Check them out. Guitar players interested in this band may note that Michael is moving to England in a month, and **Big Tree** is looking for a replacement. More info available...272-8664



And now for my favorite new band...P..T...no, no...**Power Tools For Girls**. They don't like abbreviations. They don't like "chick bands". Far as I can tell, they don't like anything. They do like to play though, and after seeing them at the SLUG party, I loved these guys. And Julie too. Eli (from Mouthbreather fame) lays down his patented scare tactic guitar hooks, while Pat Dahl and Leif Myberg hold together a very tight rhythm section that rumbles big for the basis of Power Tools For Girls' sound. Julie S. (the S is

for sassy) handles the vocals like a woman possessed, ala Concrete Blonde. Driven is probably a better word, because it not only describes the obvious passion in her voice, it shows for the integrity of this band. They aren't fucking around, they're not trying to get laid, (although Julie likes to get whipped) they are doing something they care about. And it shows in their live performance. Don't miss them, cuz I don't want to have to explain it to you twice. Besides, Helen Wolf will be my date. All I can say about Power Tools For Girls, is they should play out more, record a CD and let S.L.C. boast yet another overlooked jewel. By the way, they got the name from a 60's magazine ad for hair dryers and curling irons, so don't get your panties in a bunch. On a final note, I misquoted Julie throughout this entire article. So there.

—MO

SLUGFEST NEW BAND SHOWCASE

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L A T I M E R

Latimer equals sound. Latimer is big sound that is manipulated and layered. Four guys from Philadelphia that happen to be LOUD AS HELL. I wouldn't call them 'punk rock', because saying that pigeon holes them. It puts them in the same category as Green Day, The Offspring or Rancid. This isn't a bad category, but Latimer isn't even close. In fact they happen to be on a totally different plane, a different existence. They are fast and aggressive, and to top it off, they are totally original. (Hey! There's something you don't see very often!)

After listening to their EP, "World's Portable" a few times straight through, I had to find out more about this band Latimer. I spoke with Geoff Doring over the phone, who plays guitar and some vocals. Just to let you know, Latimer is gearing up for a five week tour, and word has it they'll probably make a stop in Zion. (That translates into: you should watch the calendar section of this magazine so you don't miss them)

SLUG: How long has Latimer been together?

Geoff: In this formation, about a year and a half. But I was in different bands with two of the guys for the last five years or more.

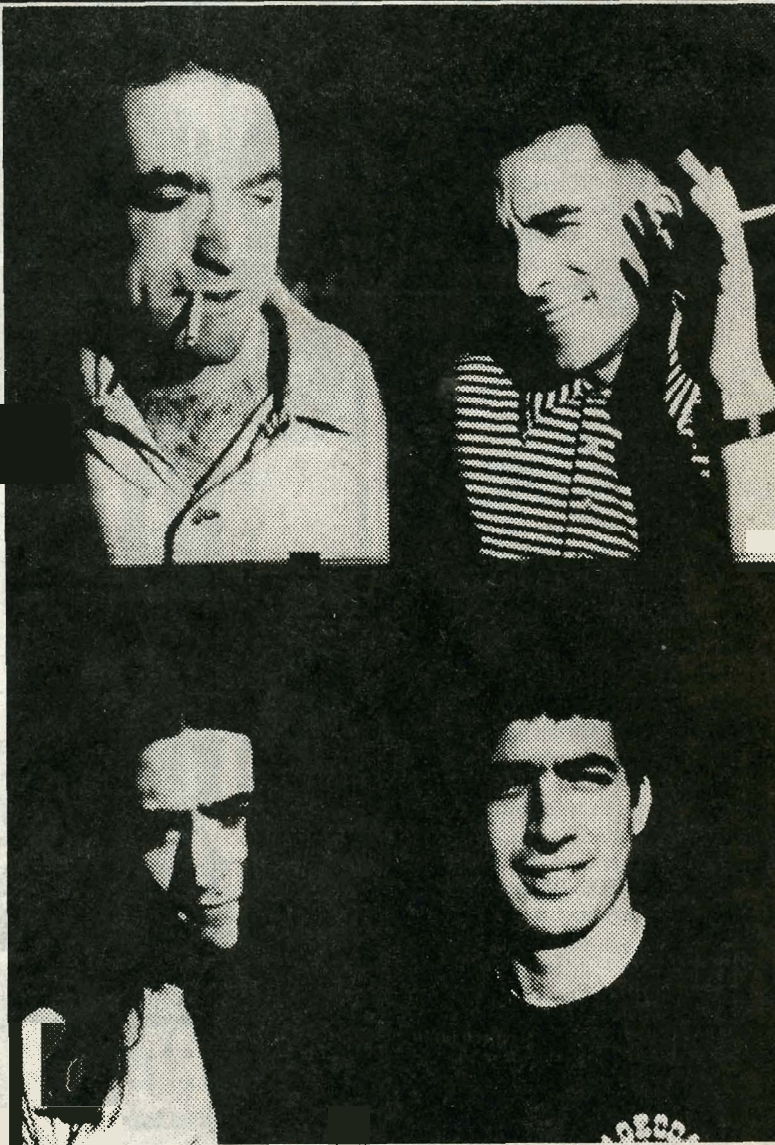
SLUG: With the current lineup, have you had the chance to tour extensively yet?

Geoff: No, we've played like two nights in a row, once up in New York and that was pretty lush, it wasn't hard at all

SLUG: Have you ever been to S.L.C. before?

Geoff: Yea, I was in a band that played the Zephyr club, Salt Lake is a beautiful place.

SLUG: So, tell me about your EP, 'World's Portable'



Geoff: It was a demo we sent out to a bunch of different places, including World Domination and they offered to put it out. It's a good way for people to hear us and to hear what we are like, but it's pretty raw. It was recorded on an eight track so the raw sound wasn't really out of choice.

SLUG: From what we've seen it's got some pretty good reviews.

Geoff: Yea it has, suprisingly.

SLUG: People are taking notice of it, which I think is great.

Geoff: Yea, it's weird because we don't know anybody and we're not like you, you know, in the "scene" or anything, which is good. That's a good sign because people

have just heard it and had some good things to say about it.

SLUG: How long have you been with World Domination?

Geoff: About a year now.

SLUG: How have they been treating you?

Geoff: They've all been great so far and they are all great people. It's been a very good thing, and even painless.

SLUG: When is your full length gong to be released and what is it going to be called?

Geoff: It should be out in May and it's going to be called LP title, for lack of any other name.

SLUG: Will you include some songs from Worlds Portable and musically speaking, is it along the same lines as your EP?

Geoff: There will be three songs from the EP, plus nine new songs. yea it's the same band but a little better sound quality, not as raw.

It's basically just an extension, a better version of us.

SLUG: What three songs are included on the full length?

Geoff: Carolida, Dirgesque, and Stringbender, but they're all new versions.

SLUG: That's a pretty cool

picture or you on your CD (laughter, HA HA) where did you guys steal that from, a yearbook?

Geoff: Yea, a yearbook. We don't have balls big enough to be that cool.

But I can tell you this, they're cool enough to write a song like Stringbender. This song alone is well worth the price of the EP. (even though the whole EP is really good.) Try to listen to this little ditty without singing along or tapping your toes. I say, it can't be done. These guys are chaotic and infectious, so watch out.

—Royce



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If you picked up the most recent issue of the *Private Eye* (which I haven't yet) you might have noticed that SLUG writers actually placed in the voting this year. I couldn't help but laugh when I heard that my name appeared in the pages of that illustrious rag below those of far more prestigious writers. The "daily" hack who thought someone named Fort Knox wrote "Train Kept A Rollin'" and that guys like Motley Crue, Bon Jovi and John Mellencamp, "in a sense" owe Elvis their careers placed above. Then there are the other guys who believe nearly any roadhouse blues or string combo to hit a local stage is a rockabilly band and that Dick Dale plays "alternative." Yea, I was laughing because most of what I write either isn't printed under my own name or isn't available locally. I received a mention based on 10 percent of the writing that I do. Thank you *Private Eye* readers. As Dave Candland told me, "Quantity doesn't mean quality" and I have to agree.

Our own beautiful, buxom babe, Helen Wolf also received a mention in the "Best Columnist" category, or at least that's what was reported to me. If there is one reason to read SLUG, which few do according to other hacks around town, it is Helen Wolf. While the "pros" were busy researching the grandpas on the road last year in hopes of getting that cherished *Private Eye* mention, Ms Wolf trashed the Geritol tours as she gave us her opinions on all manner of local culture.

I spent most of February gabbing on the phone. A lot of true rockabilly bands would like to play in our fair town, but the fear that rockabilly couldn't draw a crowd keeps them away. That, and the fact that all the little skinheads have suddenly discovered slam dancing. I attended the Sebadoh concert up at the U and watched a ninth grade boys gym class play "WWF 15-Man, Tag-Team Grudge Match." They think it's called "moshing" but if what they did was "moshing" I must have missed the last ten years. There are some "bad" ninth graders out there let me tell you.

The concert brought together the most motley crew I believe I've ever seen assembled in one room. I know this is supposed to be about rockabilly and I'll get to it, but... Good lord, what fucking hole did these

people crawl out of. It used to be that you shopped the DI for cool clothes. The individuals I saw have never set foot inside a DI, they found their clothes in the dumpster behind it. The whino on the street dresses better and looks healthier than some of people Sebadoh drew. Not only were their clothes ugly, but their faces were too. I felt like I'd taken a trip to the Love Canal of the Appalachian mountains. Who would expect that so much in-breeding occurs in Salt Lake City. As I said above a lot of them were about 12 to 13-years-old. If this group decides to breed with each other I'm staying in my house

from now on. Characters from horror movies and nightmares will take over the streets in the next 20 years. John Lowenstein of Sebadoh took several verbal shots at the children in his between song patter - alas, a pinhead is a difficult target to hit.

Lee Rocker will play two nights at the Bar & Grill in March. He will also give a matinee performance inside the Midvale Media Play. If you have yet to visit one of these modern wonders in marketing ingenuity Saturday, March 25 at 3:00 pm is the perfect time to do so. Lee Rocker will fan the flames painted on his bass to such heights that the two-story, plastic Lion King mural behind him might melt. Joining Rocker will be Mike Elder on guitar and Henry DeBaun on drums. When I tell people about Lee Rocker coming to town they mostly have blank looks on their faces. When I say, "You know, the slap bass guy from the Stray Cats," recognition dawns. No, Brian Setzer won't be coming. Lee Rocker formed the backbone of the Stray Cats anyway. Rocker,

Elder and DeBaun put out one of best blues albums of '94. Elder and DeBaun both labored long and hard in the Los Angeles blues underground. The two were recognized as top players in LA before joining up with Rocker. Now Lee Rocker's Big Blue play what Guitar World termed xxxxxx. If the album escaped your attention the afternoon performance is the perfect time to pick one up and before doing so find out what is contained on it in person. Families are welcomed along with all the teen-aged cats who can't enter the clubs to see this music played live.

On the record scene are a number of things. Rounder sent a care-package of the latest on their new subsidiary Upstart. Of major interest is the latest from the Tailgators. They have played that lovely blend of swamp rock, blues and rockabilly for years. Catch a wave and go swampland surfin' with them. Surf, swamp, and zydeco are all mixed together and a good CD it is. Then there is a new band I've never heard of before. The Vidalias are from Atlanta, GA and their music has the rockabilly influence. They rock some but are actually closer to traditional (read underground) country than "soft-rock" California country. Yea, I do country as long as it isn't played by "Short Dick Men" with big buckles. Next is a compilation CD of all instrumentals from the likes of The Woggles, Huevos Rancheros, Man Or Astronman?, (who sent along their latest single last month) Southern Culture On The Skids, Hillbilly Frankenstein and some of the old school boys, Jon and the Nightriders and The Insect Surfers for example. Also on the CD (you won't believe this one) is a surf instrumental from Tin Machine. What the hell? David Bowie is now playing surf music? The CD is titled *Beyond The Beach* and when picking up the latest from Dick Dale don't forget the Tailgators or it. Sticking with the surf revival is another CD from Laika & The Cosmonauts. I haven't listened to it yet due to the deadline pressures of SLUG - this rag is always published on time. In the unheard-as-yet stack resides a garage/cajun/zydeco band called Los Pinkys, the new Nick Lowe, and a Modern Lovers live CD. With one UPS delivery Rounder restored my faith in the label.

Also new is a record from Denver's Dalhart Imperials. It came courtesy of Kurt Ohlin who either owns or manages the Denver Wax Trax retail/mail order outlet. If you want a copy of this blue vinyl, country boogie/swing record call Kurt at 1-800-484-4165 then punch in the security code 1358. He slaps the bass for the Dalhart Imperials and he'll sell you their latest record. If you ask nice he will also send the Wax Trax catalog with more rockabilly records in it than any Salt Lake City store could ever hope to stock.

Since I'm on the subject of shopping it's time Pablo received some praise from me. His Warehouse store in the Crossroads Mall has the best selection of rockabilly in town. Nice job Pablo! I know how difficult it was to pull off the feat of actually stocking rockabilly in a chain store. There are three stores in Salt Lake City to shop when in search of the 'billy. They are Pablo's Warehouse, Smokey's and Randy's. Please support all three, I do. If you can't find the music locally I just gave the toll free number to call.

Finally, the last issue of Pompadour Press featured an interview with some unheard of guy named Don Walser. In the strangest occurrence of recent memory Don will bring his "I love your music, but do y'all play any country" style to the Capitol Theater on April 2. Appearing with him are Tish Hinojosa, Butch Hancock and Santiago Jimenez Jr.

The overheard quote this month comes from the Reverend Willis. I spotted him comfortably reading a book at the Sebadoh deal. After listening to God Head Silo and watching the bizarre audience he remarked, "This reminds me of when I saw Blue Cheer."

"Just waitin' for the sun to go down, and my baby we're goin' around, pleasin' her is my number one skill, Friday night on a dollar bill. Uh hun, Huh! Huh! Huh! Gotta date with my favorite girl, sweetest thing in the whole wide world. What a way for havin' a thrill, Friday night on a dollar bill. Made a deal for the family car, just the best for my shining star, pleasin' her is my number one skill, Friday night on a dollar bill. You never dreamed you're 'bout to thrill me so, we goin' to miss all the places to go. We don't need any movies to see, Ohhh wee my baby and me."

—Willie Wheels

THE DALHART IMPERIALS



The Crocodile Tears EP

Lee Rocker's **BIG BLUE**



"LEE ROCKER AND BIG BLUE

are a fire-breathing hillbilly 'n' blues hybrid hot enough to melt a Sun session 45!" — Brad Tolinski, Editor-In-Chief, *Guitar World*

The charismatic and virtuosos stand up bass player/singer for the multi-platinum selling Stray Cats, **LEE ROCKER**, struts the sound of his new musical group,

BIG BLUE in this sparkling debut. Recorded in the rockin' cradle of southern music, Memphis, Tennessee, Lee's raw, sensual vocals direct ace guitarist Mike Eldred and drummer Henree DeBaun, along with their special guests, Ian McLagan, The Memphis Horns and the legendary Scotty Moore.

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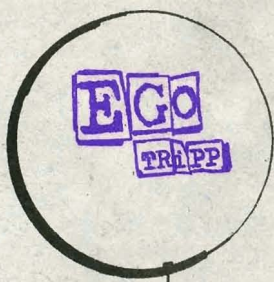
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LOVE BATTERY

STRAIGHT FREAK TICKET INTERVIEW

Love Battery has been one of my favorite bands for quite awhile. They just barely released their new album, Straight Freak Ticket and guess what...once again, LOVE BATTERY IS COMING TO SALT LAKE CITY!!!

Yea and I am way stoked! I spoke with Ron Nine, lead singer/guitarist recently about the up-coming tour and the new recording. When I interviewed with him the album was not yet officially released, it wouldn't be for another week.

SLUG: Your new album is due out one week from today.

RN: Yea, but it's been done for so long, it's like we keep waiting and waiting.

SLUG: When was it actually recorded?

RN: We finished recording back in July.

SLUG: When can we expect to see you back in Salt Lake?

RN: We're scheduled to play I think on March 9th at the Bar and Grill again.

(Note: at the time of this interview, this has not been confirmed so just in case, double check the date.)

SLUG: Will you be headlining your own show this time?

RN: Yea. Alcohol Funnycar will be opening for us. They are a great band from the C/Z label.

SLUG: Good, that sounds like a fun time.

RN: Yea, I think it will be.

SLUG: Since you recorded the new material so long ago, have you had much of a chance to play live?

RN: We played a few shows up and down the coast but nothing real serious. I guess you could say we are poised, like a runner at the starting mark.

SLUG: I've had a chance to listen to the new stuff and I think it sounds great. The production is much better than the previous material. For the band, how was this time different than 'Far Gone' or 'Day Glo'?

RN: Well, we put alot of time and effort into it. We weren't rushed in the studio. Everything was alot more relaxed, we had alot more time.

SLUG: You guys have had a pretty lax time for the last six months, do you look forward to touring?

RN: Definitely...definitely

By way of information, Ron used to be in a Seattle band called Room Nine. The bassist, Bruce Fairweather, was in Mother Love Bone and the drummer, Jason Finn, was in Skin Yard. Kevin Whitworth is on lead guitar, and he rips. You've got to check these guys out live. And, oh yes, Jason Finn has quit the band and Greg Gilmore from Mother Love Bone fame as well, will be filling in on drums...just thought you might like to know the starting line-up will be. See you at the show!

—Royce

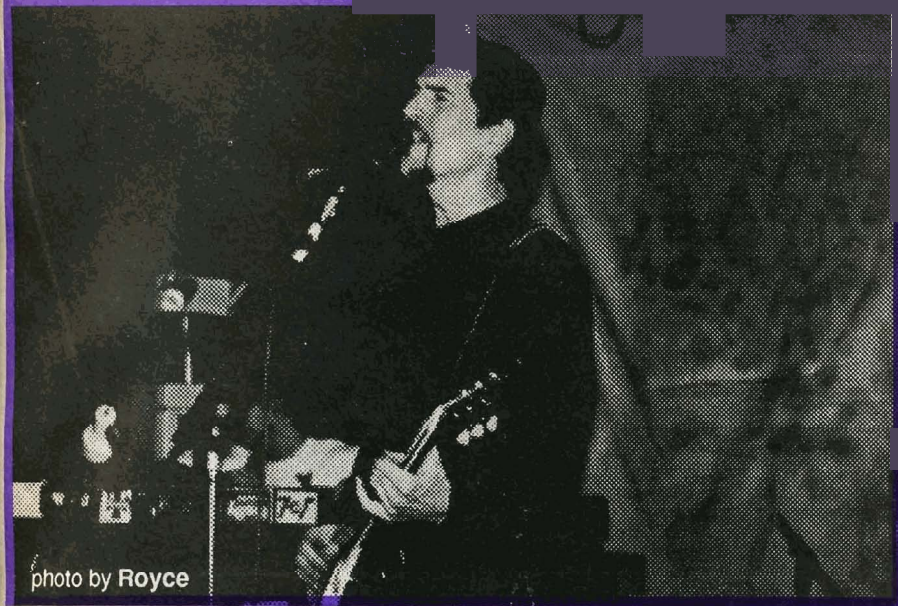


photo by Royce

LOW POP SUICIDE

"...The Death of Excellence is Done"

Low Pop Suicide made it to the Cinema Bar on February 18th. Before the show, Rick Boston was kind enough to sit down and share his insight with us...

In case you've come late to the game, Rick Boston is Low Pop Suicide. LPS has finally released its long awaited second full length recording, *The Death of Excellence*. What we have here is a very intimate, brief glimpse into a few of Rick Boston's past experiences. Certain experiences forced introspection, thought and action from Boston. He got anguish tinged with humiliation, and we got a fantastic album and a smoking live show. And as Rick would say... "There's a beauty in the terrible somewhere"

SLUG: When did your tour start?

RB: It started about ten days ago in St. Louis.

SLUG: How long ago was your first full length released?

RB: The Cross of Commerce was released two years ago. Since then Jeff Ward has passed away, and Dave Allen has quit and become Mr. A&R for World Domination. It has been a good time to assess what the future of Low Pop will be. At this point it seemsto be Rick and Rick's songs, and however he seems to perform them live. For this tour I've opted for a real hard hitting rythm section. (Former Big F members Rob Brill

On drums and Algazzam on bass)

SLUG: Was LPS originally a Dave Allen project, or was it yours and Dave's?

RB: It was mine and Dave's. He and the label both said, 'It's your ship now, paddle it any way you want'. Sometimes when you are given that kind of freedom, it's a great thing and sometimes it's enough rope to hang yourself.

SLUG: On *Death of Excellence*, you had alot of various musicians help you out. How has the transition been from doing that, to taking it out on the road as a trio?

RB: The transition has been great. Now we are redefining the sound of the record live.

The live show begins to have a vibe of it's own, and the *Death of Excellence* is done. It's a piece of work, and I'm still proud of it, but it's over here. And over here is the live set and the songs begin to take on a life of their own.

SLUG: I like the way the songs are on the CD, but I also enjoy different versions when the band plays live

RB: Good, that's good. It doesn't fit into the modern american consumer mindset of what the record should be and how the performance should be.

SLUG: You can thank the marketing boys for that

RB: As a matter of fact this journalist came up to me last night in Denver. He claimed to be an alternative side-of-the-head-shaved kinda guy. You could tell he was dismayed that I would dare make a record that sounds one way, and then go on tour and have it sound a different way. I thought 'Wow, what a perfect version of what they want you to

be' A guy that was like 'Give me the record, give me the band and give me the video' and his mind was just down that path, and it's kind of sad.

SLUG: All of the songs on

the new album are very personal. Are you still in that same mindset, or do you view them as a certain time in your past and can you play them without any emotional connection?

RB: I've definitely loosened up. Alot of that has to do with playing with a band again. The band takes my songs and kind of creates it's own energy

That night in the Cinema Bar, through the smoke, through the red lights, that energy was present. The crowd was clapping, swaying and dancing, people were smiling...and the band played on...

—Royce

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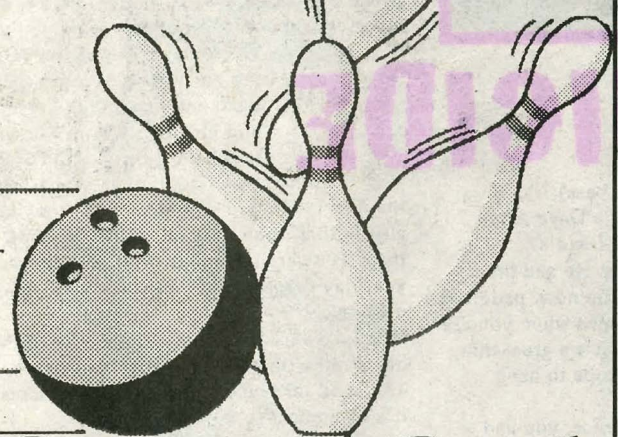
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Oasis Concert Review

RSVP Oasis showed up this time and Mr. Fulton was on the front row. He was a little peeved in print, but one of his favorite bands of '94 brought a smile to his face live. Concert promoter Scott Arnold was involved in booking the date. His name wasn't listed as the promoter, but he probably managed some grocery money from his involvement. The Sony guy, Robert Page, was there of course, with his lovely wife and his boss. Record store clerks were present in abundance. I spotted Pablo from Wherehouse, Steve from Randy's and Matt from Sam Goody. Several prominent musicians and artists also attended as well as some radio personalities. The Red Iguana's owner stopped in, hopefully Oasis visited his restaurant before leaving town.

Review Headshake was the opening band. If you have yet to see this local group please do so in the future. After a long delay Oasis emerged from their tour bus, a well-equipped model which the Rolling Stones used on their recent tour. They took the stage and launched into "Rock 'n' Roll Star," the first song on their *Definitely Maybe* CD. The Salt Lake audience was in ecstasy. Lead singer Liam Gallagher wore an oversize sweater. He stood with hands behind his back and belted out the vocals. As reported there is very little movement from the band as they play their tunes. After each song Gallagher would stand and stare at a point somewhere above the heads of the audience members. The two guitarists played Gibsons and their effects pedals were used liberally.

Everyone except Gallagher wore newly purchased shirts. It was if Oasis had traveled to America to shop for shirts. The shirts had never been washed, they removed the straight pins and put them on for the gig. Factory fresh folds remained to show that the clothes were brand new. As expected the music was powerful. Their roots are firmly planted in glitter with the Beatles influence in place. Two highlights on their disc are "Supersonic" and "Live Forever." Both were played for the enjoyment of the crowd packed around the stage. They closed with a cover of "I Am The Walrus." Gallagher said good-bye and walked off. The band did the psychedelic thing until brother and guitarist Noel Gallagher walked off. The remaining three members - Paul Arthurs, rhythm guitar, Paul McGuigan, bass guitar and Tony McCarroll, drums - kept the psych going while many in the audience covered their ears, then they too walked off leaving their instruments lying in a pile of feedback. There wasn't an encore. The audience filed out into the night after receiving souvenir cassette singles courtesy of Sony music. The price of admission (free) was right, Oasis was exactly as I expected them to be; powerful and thoroughly entertaining. Now let's see if they can survive the hype and put out a second album as good as the first.

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A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

DEAD GOAT SALOON

Sunday, March 5th

- Christy - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- A Band & His Dog - *Zephyr*

Monday, March 6th

- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat saloon*
- Rising Lion - *Zephyr*

Tuesday, March 7th

- Tommy Dolph, Grin - *Cinema Bar*
- All Souls Avenue - *Bar & Grill*
- Last Dance - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Wolfstone - *Zephyr*
- Acoustic - *Ashbury Pub*
- Easy Street - *Starr Studio*

Wednesday, March 8th

- Highwater Pants - *Bar & Grill*
- Jesus Rides A Rik'sha - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Fat Paw - *Zephyr*
- East Street - *Starr Studio*

Thursday, March 9th

- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*
- House of Cards - *Burts Tiki*
- Too Slim & The Taildraggers - *Zephyr*
- Insatiable - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Sugarhouse, Larkin's Garden - *Cinema Bar*
- Love Battery, Alcohol Funnycar - *Bar & Grill*
- Chemikill, XSNRG - *Starr Studio*

Friday, March 10th

- ★ Mary Lou Lords, Elliot Smith (all-age 7-9pm) Riverbed Jed, One Eye (10pm) - *Bar & Grill*
- 7 Year Bitch, Deviance, Qualitones - *Cinema Bar*
- Rising Sun - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Leftover Salmon - *Zephyr*
- Rattle Kings - *Burts Tiki Lounge*
- Fat Paw - *Ashbury Pub*
- Jesus Rides A Rik'sha - *Starr Studio*

Saturday, March 11th

- Fat Paw, Fender Benders, Snake & The Fatman - *KRCL*
- Radiothon Benefit presented by the Utah Blues Society - *Bar & Grill*
- Pond, Exit, Valdarama - *Cinema Bar*
- Rising Sun - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Leftover Salmon - *Zephyr*
- Bob Moss, Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*

- Fat Paw - *Ashbury Pub*
- One Eye, Jezus Rides A Rik'sha - *Starr Studio*

Sunday, March 12th

- Sick, Novagenus - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Eric Marienthal - *Zephyr*

Monday, March 13th

- Blues On First - *Zephyr*
- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Open Mic Poetry - *Cinema Bar*
- Great White - *Starr Studio*

Tuesday, March 14th

- Ovarian Trolley, MU330, Powertools For Girls - *Cinema Bar*
- Spittin' Lint - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Rattle Kings - *Zephyr*
- ★ Ugly Kid Joe, Gold Finger, Dog Eat Dog - *Club DV8*
- Aaron Jones - *Ashbury Pub*

Wednesday, March 15th

- The Examples - *Bar & Grill*
- Barry carter, Kate MacLeod - *Cinema Bar*
- A Band & His Dog - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- John Bailey - *Zephyr*
- Pagan Love Gods - *Burts Tiki*
- ★ Riverbed Jed, J-Binder, Abstrak - *Club DV8*
- Rick Welter Trio - *Ashbury Pub*
- They - *The Holy Cow*
- L.A. Guns, Soul - *Starr Studio*

Thursday, March 16

- Cokleo, Ssurge - *Cinema Bar*
- Led Jaxson Blues Band - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- The Strangers - *The Zephyr*
- Rattle Kings - *Burts Tiki*
- Joes Jam Night - *Bar & Grill*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*
- ★ Riverbed Jed, Anger Overload, Pipefitters - *Basement DV8*
- ★ Weezer, Archers Of Loaf - *Salt Lake Fairgrounds*

- Blackbone, Dogone - *Starr Studio*

Friday, March 17th

- Showboat, Dag, Ninja Custodian - *Cinema Bar*
- Disco Drippers - *Bar & Grill*
- Norton Buffalo & The Knockouts - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- The Paladins - *The Zephyr*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- Backwash - *Ashbury Pub*

- Blistered Toad, Dogone - *Starr Studio*

Saturday, March 18th

- Reverend Willie, Showboat - *Cinema Bar*
- Norton Buffalo & The Knockouts - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Disco Drippers - *Bar & Grill*
- The Paladins - *The Zephyr*
- Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- Backwash - *Ashbury Pub*
- Reaction, Antiks - *Starr Studio*

Sunday, March 19th

- James Stewart - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- A Band & His Dog - *The Zephyr*

Monday, March 20th

- Chrome Cranks, Qualitones - *Cinema Bar*
- Jimmy Thackery & The Drivers (Blue Monday) - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Ninja Custodian - *The Zephyr*

Tuesday, March 21st

- They, Ninja Custodian - *Bar & Grill*
- Pipefitter, Deviance - *Cinema Bar*
- Pozzo Jive - *The Zephyr*
- Psychedelic Zombies, Zuba - *The Zephyr*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg Acoustic - *Ashbury Pub*

Wednesday, March 22nd

- One Eye - *Bar & Grill*
- Scabs On Strike, Thirstey Alley - *Cinema Bar*
- Black Currant Jam - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- MaryMonique - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Pagan Love Gods - *Burts Tiki*

Thursday, March 23

- Sinister Dane, Fat Paw - *Cinema Bar*
- Spacefish - *The Zephyr*
- House Of Cards - *The Zephyr*
- Voodoo Swing - *Burts Tiki*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*
- Jezus Rides A Rik'sha, Ssurge - *Bar & Grill*

Friday, March 24th

- Lee Rocker's Big Blue, Voodoo Swing, Back Alley Gators - *Bar & Grill*
- Skeletone's, Rhythm Fish - *Cinema Bar*
- Crossroads - *Dead Goat Saloon*

- CJ Chenier - *The Zephyr*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- Rhythm Fish - *Ashbury Pub*
- They - *Grey Moose*
- Wolfgang, Antiks - *Starr Studio*

Saturday, March 25th

- Lee Rocker's Big Blue, Voodoo Swing - *Bar & Grill*
- They - *Grey Moose*
- Pegboy, Pothole, Decomposers - *Cinema Bar*

- House Of Cards - *Dead Goat Saloon*

- CJ Chenier - *The Zephyr*
- Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- Wolfgang, Antiks - *Starr Studio*

Sunday, March 26th

- Jon Shuman, Tommy Dolph - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Black Currant Jam - *The Zephyr*

Monday, March 27th

- Band Workshop - *Cinema Bar*
- Denny Freeman (KRCL Live Broadcast) - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- House Of Cards - *The Zephyr*

Tuesday, March 28th

- Better Than Ezra, Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
- Pijamas De Gato - *Cinema Bar*
- Third Stone - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Big Sandy & The Fly Rite Boys - *The Zephyr*

- Kevin & Rex - *Ashbury Pub*

Wednesday, March 29th

- All Souls Avenue - *Bar & Grill*
- Showboat - *Cinema Bar*
- Calobo - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Fat Paw - *The Zephyr*
- Pagan Love Gods - *Burts Tiki*
- ★ Throwing Muses, Ass Ponies - *Club DV8*

Thursday, March 30th

- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*
- Joes Jam Night - *Bar & Grill*
- Valdarama - *Cinema Bar*
- MaryMonique & The Trip - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Carolyn Wonderland and the Imp Monkeys - *The Zephyr*
- Rattle Kings - *Burts Tiki*
- Harlot, Widowmaker - *Starrs Studio*

Friday, March 31st

- Clover, Inspid Brown - *Bar & Grill*
- Riverbed Jed, Qualitones (A benefit for IWW) - *Cinema Bar*
- Mr. Jones & The Previous - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Salsa Brava - *The Zephyr*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- Zion Tribe - *Ashbury Pub*
- Harlot - *Starrs Studio*

Saturday, April 1st

- Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
- SLUG Fest w/ Power Tools For Girls, Big Tree, James Stewart - *Cinema Bar*
- Salsa Brava - *The Zephyr*
- Zion Tribe - *Ashbury Pub*

Sunday, April 2nd

- Matt Keating - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*

Monday, April 3rd

- Season To Risk, Molly McGuire, Shiner - *Cinema Bar*

Tuesday, April 4th

- Kevin Salem - *Cinema Bar*

★ Indicates All Ages Welcome

No Listing indicates "Free Advertising-Unconscious People" Who Shouldn't Be Doing The Publicity For Entertainment at Clubs...duh!



Pegboy At The Cinema Bar on March 25

Pegboy was formed in 1990 by John Haggerty who used to play guitar for Naked Raygun and Larry Damore the singer from Bhopal Stiffs. John's brother Joe signed on as drummer. The original bassist is no longer with them, he chose work over band membership. There was an album and a tour in 1991. Next came '93s *Fore* EP with Steve Albini on the bass. They found a new bassist, Pierre Keady, in '94 and recorded another album in France.

Earwig was released in late '94 and now, early in '95, Pegboy brings the tour to Salt Lake City. They come from Chicago and record for the Touch and Go subsidiary 1/4 Stick, but this isn't another noise combo or "new grass" band. Pegboy plays unassuming, blue collar punk rock. Now don't go off muttering about the California pop punk thing and the Grammy awards. It isn't hard core or thrash either. Midwestern punk rock sounds a little different from all of that. Pegboy members have day jobs; two of them reportedly work as plumbers, another counts beans and the last works construction. Keady's bass is huge, the guitar playing Haggerty combines a touch of Chicago's sheet metal with melody, his brother complements Keady and Damore is hoarse enough to add grit while actually singing, not screaming. March 25 is a Saturday night and the town is filled with music. For less than the cost of one Delta Center show you can see Cajun, blues and punk rock. Make it a "bar crawl" evening and catch them all.

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Shot Of Blues

RECORDS CAREY BELL *Deep Down*

Alligator Records

Carey Bell has a resume of blues greats that he has played with that is as long as you'd expect from a 59 year old harp player from Mississippi. *Deep Down*, however is his first full length Alligator release, and he gives up an inspired performance throughout the 12 song CD. While he toys with some old blues classics, such as 'I Got a Rich Man's Woman' (recorded by Muddy Waters) and Little Walter's 'I Got to Go'. Carey



Bell's original tunes are perhaps the best on the album and seemingly destined to be classics themselves. Cuts like "Let Me Stir in Your Pot" and "Low Down Dirty Shame" set a standard for Bell's excellence in writing that holds true throughout the entire album. Possibly the best song is the 7:00 long slow burning "Must I Holler?" Just makes you want to take a shot of

whiskey and spit. The band is packed with outstanding players like Lucky Peterson, Carey's son Lurrie Bell, Carl Weathersby (Sons of Blues), Johnny B. Gayden from the Albert Collins Band, and Ray Allison

(Buddy Guy). I don't want to say too much about this CD, mostly because if you like Chicago blues, you'll love this album. Go buy it and see for yourself.

WILLIAM CLARKE

Groove Time

Alligator Records

"No doubt about it, William Clarke is my favorite living harp player" — Charlie Musselwhite

What an endorsement for 'Groove Time', William Clarke's third release on Alligator Records. I didn't even have to listen to it, to know it would be great, but I did anyway. What a surprise to hear such great songs structured around his aggressive harp playing. Even the covers of 'Broke & Hungry' (Sleepy John Estes) and 'Chicago Blues' (Big Boy Crudup) have a Clarke feel that stings through all of his originals tunes on 'Groove Time'. Some of the best playing and highlights of the album are 'This Is My Last Goodbye', a short but sweet gut wrencher, 'Somebody Is Calling Me Home' and 'A Good Girl Is Hard To Find'. Not all of it is great harmonica though, as guitar studs like Al Blake, Kid Ramos and Alex Schultz accompany the fiery vocals and old Chicago blues style of William Clarke through his mixture of West Coast swing. All in all there's a great groove to the album, thusly the title. Clarke also has two previous Alligator releases worthy of mention, 'Blowin Like Hell' and 'Serious Intentions'. Check them out, I'm sure you'll agree with Charlie Musselwhite.

MORMONS SEX & ALIENS WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

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LIVE REVIEW

THE LOVED ONES

Zephyr - February 17-18

I have decided that The Loved Ones are the quintessential 60's blues band for the nineties. Those of you who haven't seen The Loved Ones had oughtta. I know everybody says that about every band. But, the Loved ones are not an ordinary band, especially for blues.

I am not a blues listener. There are very few blues bands that I can tolerate, and none of them include this poofy yuppie crap. The Loved Ones have captured an era of blues and refined it. These guys remind me of a bunch of kids from a small town that only had their parents albums from the sixties. Ask anyone who has seen them live (except Charlie who only likes Cinderella) and I got five bucks that says they'll say "They're cool."

Tarantino should lay off the tired 70's music for a while and find some cool music like The Loved Ones to back-up his "cool" movies. Tarantino grabbed Dick Dale from Hightone Records (commendable) but he looked over label-mates The Loved Ones.

Don't think that they only pull it off live. Their two CD's are a necessity for every record collection. The new album *Better Do Right* hasn't left my CD player since I got it, and it replaced Supersuckers' *The Smoke of Hell*, and hell, you know how good that one is.



photo by Chad Johnson

by J.T. & The Fatman

"Public Stupidity: The Great Theory Crusher"

Maybe I'm old, maybe I'm just cooler than everyone, I don't know. But alot of people today seem to be suffering from the delusion that if alot of people say the same thing...it must be true. Well, that's not the way it goes. Thus my theory, no scratch that, my fact that people misuse the term 'Great' way too much. The word 'great' should not be tossed around so easily when trying to describe a true statement. It can be used to describe things of a passionate nature or a feeling. Like 'Great sex' or a 'Great pizza'. But when trying to describe a guitar player for instance, too many people just say it because they heard it from someone else. I had the misfortune of overhearing a conversation where somebody called Sonic Youth's guitar player 'Great'. No, he is not. Stevie Ray Vaughn was a 'great' guitar player, and I hardly think the two are in the same category. You see, just because you know something about music, or your sister blew somebody

who does, does not give you the right to level terms like 'Great' on the undeserving. To squash a few more popular misconceptions...Nirvana was not a great band. Elvis (uh oh, the E word) was not a great musician. Jimi Hendrix was a great musician. And as far as guitar players go, Jimi was God. So by way of comparison, how many great guitar players are there really? Not too many. Brad Pitt is not a great actor, neither are any of his buddies like Christian Slater, Tom Cruise... etc. Jack Nicholzen is a great actor. Al Pacino is a great actor. Get the point? Now some assholes will try and squeeze a great in by categorizing the statemant first, like 'great new' or 'great punk' or 'great rockabilly'. No, no, no. Great is great, good is good. I'll even give you 'Really good' 'Extremely good' and 'Really fucking good', but not great. No such thing as great disco, great grunge or whatever. Pearl Jam great? Absolutely not. Beatles great. Rolling Stones great. Even Led Zepelin was great at one time. Great sunset? OK. Great cigarette? Sure. Great blowjob? Fine. But The Offspring a great punk band? No way. How many times have you gone to a movie and someone said "What a great movie" Hmmm. Pulp Fiction is not a great movie. It is a 'really

fucking good' movie. Do we understand? A *Streeter Named Desire* was a great movie. You see 'Great' must withstand the test of time, like Spiderman and The Hulk. Like Jamie Lee Curtis' breasts, and The White Album. Alexander the III was not known as 'Alexander the Competent' or 'Alex the Cool Guy with Neat Friends'. He was known as 'Alexander the Great'. He whooped the Persians, conquered Egypt and founded Alexandria. He earned the title 'Great'. Not by hanging out with the guys talking about great shit, but by doing it. So, before we turn into a society where things like dish-washing liquid, exacto knives, calculators and local magazines are referred to as 'Great', check yourself. Act like you know. Think about what is really great. And yes, I do happen to know alot about music, and there hasn't been anything 'Great' in a long time. And my sister never blew anybody who knows about music either...of course, I don't count.

Till next month, remember...penis size doesn't matter, it's the drillin' that's killin'

P.S. -J.T. Update: Last I heard, he was in Mexico getting his bike stolen from a kid named Pablo, who just wanted to ride it to the corner and back...

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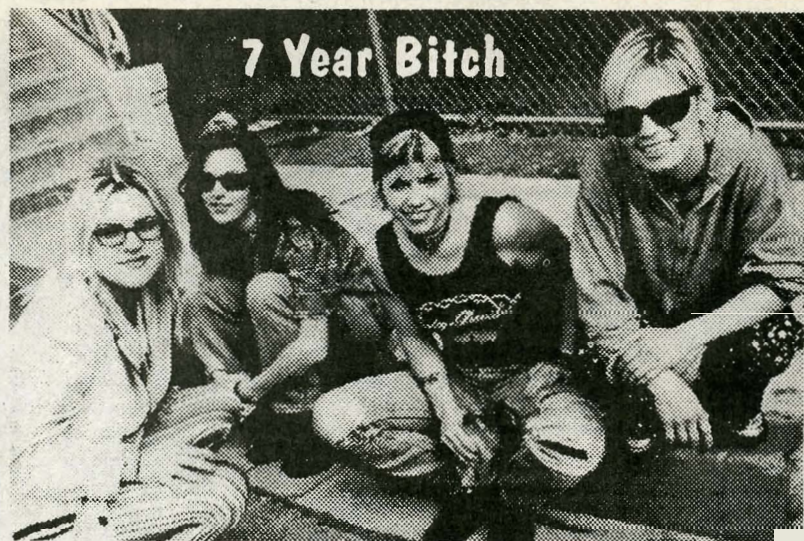
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7 Year Bitch



7 YEAR BITCH
with **DEVIANCE**
March 10 at the Cinema Bar

7 Year Bitch is the first reason to spend both March 10 and 11 downtown in the Cinema Bar. Pond will be in town the night after 7 Year Bitch and these are two of my favorite bands. Will Pond arrive a day early to see the girls or will the girls hold over for a night to see the boys. Who knows, but the thought is intriguing. Think of sitting next to Selene as Chris or Charlie sings or imagine sharing a pit with either one of them when Elizabeth and Valerie get a groove going behind Roisin's guitar. Dreams are made of this and so is the return of 7 Year Bitch.

From the number of 7 Year Bitch T-shirts I've seen on bodies around town I would say that almost everyone present at their last appearance was inspired to buy one. Four girls carry on the rock 'n'roll in the face of untold hardship and an upcoming major label release. Crash and burn, writhe and squirm, beat your head on the slanted floor or a circular Cinema Bar table. Jump into a pit that will be too crowded for much injury or play pool upstairs in time to the rhythms rising through the floor, (Pool is a game of rhythm by the way, ask any good shooter) these four girls must be seen to be believed. Opening for them is a band who spent the night outside the last time 7 Year Bitch passed through. The under-age members are allowed in this time - their job is to heat the crowd. Deviance is one of the few, true punk rock bands in this city. See, the leader Charlee, grew up on the Sonics, the Stooges and the Seeds.

Forgive his indulgences in ELP and watch the Barbie doll from a Joe Bob Briggs movie splatter your nose all over your face with one black, booted foot if you offend her. Sunshine sings, Charlee drums, and I believe Jesse is still playing the bass. Dave is a question mark on guitar. I'm forbidden from speaking to Charlee; my couch potato ways combined with my love



affair with a crack pipe and a laser printer have caused me to miss their most recent gigs; never-the-less a live Deviance performance can be more intense than you ever expected. March 10 at the Cinema Bar

—Wa

POND with EXIT Cinema Bar On March 11

I can remember tuning into late night MTV some scant days after Pond first visited Salt Lake and experiencing the surprise of seeing a video for "Young Splendor" on the tube. Pond seemed on the verge of breakthrough success. The video was good enough, the song felt strong enough, but it died within a couple of weeks. They were hailed as the Northwest band of moment in the Chicago Tribune. Interviews and stories appeared in Cream, AP, raygun and The Nose. One writer even compared them to another band once hailed as the next great rock hope - Walt Mink. Like Walt Mink, they were on the very lip of the golden cup - it never happened.

I talked to them for a short time after their first show finding them to be just like most musicians passing through this town. They were genuine nice guys, but they were tired, ready to head home to Portland and some rest. They returned sometime last year, but I was unable to see the second show. Now they are on the road again with a new album (sometimes available in stores) and...I'm sure the hope that they can win over some new fans with this tour and CD.

Pond formed in Portland when Charlie Campbell guitar, and Chris Brady bass, met drummer Dave Triebwasser after moving from Alaska. If they remain true to their former habits they all like to sleep a lot thus avoiding the sensory overload of wakefulness in America.

The Practice Of Joy Before Death, the new album, is immediately recognizable Pond music. Pretty, droning '90s psychedelia filled with pop hooks that can't miss...you would think. The songs are more concerned with the love experience this time around and experimentation with their instruments is more pronounced. The pop is just as pretty, writing and playing are better, if anything - so why aren't they "alternative" darlings. Why does the name Pond draw a confused look from the average musical "expert." For the answer look to the country of their birth. Pop music is supposed to come from England, not America. (Please see the Oasis review) Pop music of the

drone variety with an intelligent edge at the Cinema Bar. I don't know anything about Exit, but arrive early for the surprise.

Chrome Cranks



CHROME CRANKS with the **QUALITONES** on **March 21** at the **Cinema Bar**

Yes siree boys and girls it's an "I'm A Dog" night on March 21 at the Cinema Bar. Opening this show in their customary, "What shall we play tonight? Surf, garage, punk or rockabilly or maybe we'll just throw the whole mess of our musical influences in your face and see what sticks," are the Qualitones. I've caught this act in various stages of intoxication - on my part and theirs- and they have never failed to entertain. I think that for this show JR should forsake his electric bass and practice up on the acoustic for his upcoming local appearances and tour.

John Shuman, the Qualitones guitarist, passed me the Chrome Cranks CD with the words, "I think you'll like this one." He must be one of the few "Notes From The Garage Pile" readers because he pegged it. The Chrome Cranks are so garage that they burned it down, they are so punk that Iggy, Jeffery Lee and Jon Spencer beg to jam with them, they are so blues that Howlin' Wolf rose from his grave on the last full moon screaming out their name and Billy Childish sent a Christmas card.

My words; which may or may not have been printed in a more socially acceptable, upscale rag than this one; predicted that March would be filled with some of my favorite bands in the land. Big Sandy and Dave and Deke were booked, Dave & Deke canceled, is Big Sandy coming? Lee Rocker's Big Blue will appear, Pond and 7 Year Bitch will also, Sick Of It All, Korn, Eight 9mm, Sebadoh, Love Battery, Jimmy Thackery, Big Daddy Kinsey, Too Slim & the Taildraggers, Pegboy, the Paladins - Jesus Christ what a month for club hopping. For those with completely open minds or a love for garage punk don't miss the Chrome Cranks.

—Wa

Clubs that have shows that need publicity should really let us know and get us press material. It makes it so much easier to write up these things. Cinema Bar seems to be the only ones interested. Get a clue!

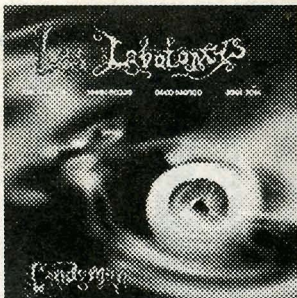
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CAMERO JONES

Bad Attitude

Locomotive Records

LOS LOBOTOMYS

Candyman

Viceroy Records

Here's another CD without a bio and very little information on the cover. They have eight members and the songs were recorded in studios on both coasts. Camero Jones is a metal band - a boogie metal band with some garage in their veins. Their music sounds like something I used to hear down at the Crows Nest in the mid-seventies. Everyone was in love with Foghat.

Guitar solos and posturing are all over the thing. The cover lists individuals playing trombone, alto sax, trumpet and piano, but where are they? Is this the right CD or have the instruments been buried in the pits? I listened to it once and went off in search of the Lawyers or (I believe the band's name was) Raygun - something similar. I couldn't find those guys anywhere, they're probably living in a West Valley trailer park with a wife and six kids, either that or they moved to Cali and are still hitting the bars playing very similar music to this. Shit, maybe they're in Camaro Jones. What year is it? I can see them cruising State in the Camero back when Wally was selling 8-tracks from the trunk of his car. I returned home after a fruitless search and listened to the song "Call Of The Wild" again. This is the only song on the disc with all the instruments. I jumped in the car, parked in front of the Red Belle and walked into the Camelot South looking to shake my butt with a young filly wearing hot pants. It's a heroin bar now - where are the seventies when you need them?

Camero Jones had me feel-

ing so nostalgic that I popped Los Lobotomy's CD in the player. Los Lobotomys are hard-at work reviving arena rock. Bad Company were always my favorite band and yes, Paul Rodgers does appear along with Fee Waybill. Whatever happened to the Tubes anyway? The album is dreadful. If anything could be worse than Royal Hunt or the Black Crows *Candyman* is it. Viceroy has some good bands signed. Los Lobotomys aren't one of them. Tune in to "The Bear," maybe they'll do a segue with the latest from Foghat, Camero Jones and Los Lobotomys. Music for poodle heads in muscle cars, The name says it all because you need one to sit through this dreck. Are they booked at Upper Country?

—Adam Bomb

SWANS

The Great Annihilator

Invisible Records

The music of Anagraho, Bestor, Mclean, Yanni, monks and nuns has me heavily involved in religion, meditation, trances and vegetarianism. I don't eat meat at all anymore except for infrequent pink tulips. Call me "straight edge" if you will. One Sunday night I tuned into the "Breeze" and heard a disc by "Lily White Swan In A Pond." The next morning, due to the fog commonly present after a dose of Xanax and "Breeze" music, I visited a "chain" record store. Some clerk with a pizza face in a shirt which still bore the stains from his previous job - "fry cook at Hardees" - told me it wasn't "Lily White Swan In A Pond" that I'd heard. It was in fact the Swans. He told me that this was their latest CD and that it was probably the one I'd heard.

I have faith in clerks working for minimum wage so I took the disc home. Popping a couple of Xanax to achieve a semblance of normalcy and slipping the CD gently into the player I settled down in the lotus position for some trance inducing music and intense inner exploration. What did my eagerly awaiting ears here but the caterwauling of demons. "What the fuck is this," I remarked to my sixth life-partner who'd settled down beside me in her gossamer gown with a

cup of herbal tea. "It sounds like something those NINny children of ours would listen too." "Peace my darling," she said. "Give the music a chance to work its healing and relaxation techniques on your mind. The Xanax will kick in soon and you will forget the stress and panic of everyday life. Imagine the sound of the wind blowing through the canyons of downtown Salt Lake City as you toss a quarter into the cup of the insane homeless woman, while you hurry to the security of your cubicle and a day spent playing interactive solitaire on the Pentium the boss gave you for the last blow job and ass licking he received from you." (:

"You're right as usual my darling," I replied as I grabbed her crotch and said, "This is where babies come from and this is mine." She looked at me through her bruised black eyes and from her swollen lips came, "I know, please don't hit me again." (: The wind blows through the canyons "In." Jarboe adds chanting to "I Am The Sun" and the music induces a nightmare trance. The Swans have come a long way since 1982. When Michael Gira met Jarboe his music mellowed some from her calming female presence. The calming effect made little difference to the consistently exceptional music the Swans make.

The music is a roller coaster ride through the twisting, turning, creative minds of two artists. It isn't "product" for filling the bins at supermarket-sized discount stores. "Celebrity Lifestyle" builds to incredible intensity which never climaxes. "Motherfather" has Jarboe taking the lead vocals while the musical instruments pound out the noise of machinery run amok. Her singing mimics the screams of a worker whose body is caught in a high tonnage press. Play "Blood Promise" at my funeral, throw flower petals on my coffin as the first shovels of dirt hit the top. The sound of a heart pumping adrenaline into the bloodstream accompanies the nightmare resonance of Gira's deep basso profundo vocals and the workers move like robots about their tasks. The foreman stalks the factory floor whip in hand much as the cap-

tain of a slave ship strikes out in hatred at those who can't or won't produce up to quota.

High above the ground the angel Jarboe looks down upon the workers. She undulates in time to the rhythmic sounds of production and vocalizes her pleasure at the money an industrialized world in decay is bringing her. It's a concept album and for the full experience it must be taken as a whole. The trance it induces is a peek into madness. Waking covered with sweat after a look into my black, ugly, reeking soul I pronounce *The Great Annihilator* a masterpiece and the best disc the Swans have produced to date.

—Harvey Threadgill



THE JAYHAWKS

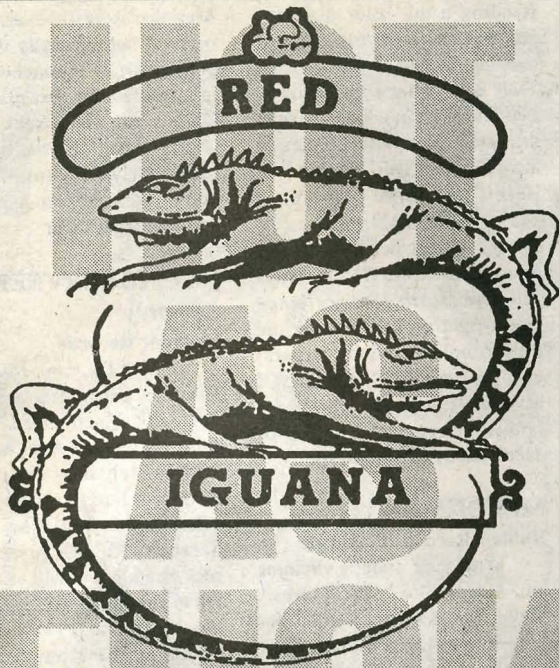
Tomorrow the Green

Grass

American

Crosby Stills and Nash, The Eagles and Neil Young all released new albums in '94. The Jayhawks are to them as bands like Moonshine Willy and the Picketts are to Garth Brooks and Travis Tritt. Following closely on the heels of the strong and growing underground country scene is the revival of country rock. Count the Jayhawks in with the likes of the Bottle Rockets, the Ass Ponys and the possibly defunct, Uncle Tupelo.

Tomorrow the Green Grass is a showcase for vocal harmony and twangin', rockin' guitars. Greg Olson, vocals/guitar and Gary Louris, vocals/guitar were both in rockabilly bands. Olson slapped for Stagger Lee and Louris played lead guitar for the much better known Safety Last. On bass is Marc Perlman whose background includes playing guitar for The Neglectors, a band influenced by Television and Link Wray. Karen Groberg joined as a touring member in



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Artists: Chopper, Fang & Dotty

a '92 and she is now a full-fledged member. They used drummer Don Heffington for the album's sessions, but have a new man, Tim O'Reagon, signed up. Benmont Tench sits in on organ and Victoria Williams adds her voice to two songs. Greg Lesse contributes the pedal steel and two girls, Lili Haydn and Tammy Rogers are credited with violin on several.

The Bottle Rockets and the Ass Poneys are the punk rock influenced side of '90s country rock. As demonstrated on this album The Jayhawks are more rooted in traditional country, (reference point Louvin Brothers vocal harmonies) The Flying Burrito Brothers and Gram Parsons with Emmylou Harris doing the background vocals. "Blue" is the first single from the album, but I'm not so sure it is the best song. It is more pop than country; those buying the CD in search of more of the same are in for a surprise. "See Him On The Street," appears to be about a suicide. The harmonies and country guitar pickin' are as pure as anything ever recorded in the genre. "Ann Jane" has more pure twangin' guitar with slowly paced, forlorn vocals bringing the sad theme of lonesome child front and center. "Red's Song" recalls The Band in their Big Pink days. "Miss Williams Guitar" pays tribute to Victoria Williams' guitar playing not her voice. The closer "Ten Little Kids" is a romp with everyone including kids and dogs joining for the finish.

I'm not sure if this is the album to break The Jayhawks through to fame and fortune. It's a little too country for a crossover to the soft rock market called country radio and the twang is not acceptable to the "alternative nation." I like *Tomorrow the Green Grass* and will watch consumers response to it with interest.

by Elmo Lewis

SONS OF ELVIS

Priority Records

God I hate the name of this band. Well, not hate really, it's just that the CD is so good, that I think they could have a more apt name. Oh well, they gave me a stiffy anyway. Musically speaking this band is tight, heavy and



right on the spot. But the thing I like most, is all of the songs don't sound the same. The guitar lines are original and well thought out (at least they sound that way) The vocals remind me of the Charthogs and someone I can't put my finger on. This is a really fucking good band, who I'd like to see live. Best songs on the CD (if you can pick a few) would have to be 'Nothing's Wrong', 'Reggie Makes the Scene' and 'Soaking In It', but there are no bad songs! Not to mention the video of 'Formaldehyde' which is better than most of the crap on MTV. The band is basically from Cleveland, plus a N.Y. addition in lead singer John Borland. They are admitted freaks in Cleveland, but the most normal people in N.Y. All I know is this band kicks butt, and hopefully, they'll tour S.L.C. soon. So go down to see Kevin at the Heavy Metal Shop and tell him to order it for you. If he won't do it, call him Misha.

LOW POP SUICIDE

The Death of Excellence
World Domination

Rick Boston's line in 'Suicide Egg' could very well sum up the entire *Death of Excellence* album... "There's a beauty in the terrible somewhere" Through the dark, engrossing drama of Low Pop Suicide's second album, emerges a fantastic light. Like an addiction, drawing you in. Each song makes you want to hear it again. Singer/songwriter/guitarist Boston's intellect is not lost in this 12 song crash course in mood disorders. This is an outstanding record from the first

song on, performed by an outstanding band. 'Life & Death' probably takes the cake, though strongly rivaled by 'More Than This' and 'Sheep's Clothing'. LPS leaves an indelible mark on the listener by perfectly closing the CD with 'Tell Them I Was Here', this three piece once again sounding like 4 or 5. There's nothing better than a tortured man expressing himself, and *The Death of Excellence* hits it right on the head. While most people (specially writers) won't call this CD 'refreshing', I have to. It gives me new found faith in a generation that produces mostly sub par music.

MELONMAN

Rubber Records/Polygram

With their choppy rhythms and songs like 'Shit Times', Melonman deserves a good listen. From the country-dick 'Little Guy I Wished I'd Fathered You', (a song lamenting the kid's tramp mother) to the N.Y. garage rock '1,000 Nurses', this Australian band holds their own and remains interesting even when they flounder off into strangeness. Other notable tunes such as 'Sandwich Lovin Man' and another country-ish gem 'Immeasurable' maintain Melonman's sense of humor while the bands integrity remains intact. Don't listen to this CD once and pass it over, or you'll miss it. It's definitely a keeper. This is the first release from Rubber Records we've had a chance to listen to, hopefully we'll get alot more. Polygram hopes take note!

LATIMER

World's Portable
World Domination

Generally, I never read press releases, especially when they say "Play it loud, blah, blah...this band is like jackrabbits fucking blah, blah." However, when I got my Latimer release I just bought a new pair of sub woofers, so I tested the threshold of my amp on *World's Portable*. Jesus Christ, man. Latimer is a killer four piece. Where have they been? Philly. This EP was recorded in Oct. of 93, and World Domination tells me they

have a full length coming in May that is even better. Hard to believe, but hopefully it will be chock full of the same hard to ignore material that makes this CD a steal. Just check out the guitar work in the lyrically provocative 'Wants' If that doesn't make you hard, then you're already dead.

BETTIE SERVEERT

Lamprey
Matador Records

I think the thing I like most about this band, is the originality of the vocal/guitar lines. I'm not sure. Maybe it's the sweetness with which they layer their songs, not thrown on top of each other like a pizza. Bettie Serveert is a four piece Dutch rock band, or so they say. I prefer to think of them as the next best thing to Peet's coffee. Those in the know, know of what I speak. Listening to *Lamprey* conjures up thoughts of calling in sick for work, drinking a bottle of wine and screwing off. This band is packed with talent, and the songwriting shows it all through their second album, which, by the way, I'm calling one of the best albums of 1995...already! If someone proves me wrong, I'll be delighted, but I will stick to my prediction. Of the eleven melody ridden songs on this Matador CD, my picks would have to be 'Ray Ray Rain' and 'Re-Feel-It', however there are equally awe inspired tunes such as 'Crutches' and 'Something So Wild' Buy this album. Make them rich. I don't know if they deserve it or not, but they write wonderfully catchy songs. So there.

THE ROLLING STONES

Let It Bleed

Abkco

No, this album is not new, or re-released or the latest thing. It just happens to be one of the best records ever recorded. If you don't have it, don't talk to me. Ever.

THE JERKY BOYS

Movie Soundtrack
Atlantic Records

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REVIEWS

movie (which was funny as hell) then you'll like the soundtrack. With a few exceptions, it is filled with cool songs by cool bands. Then there are some songs that aren't so cool. Oh well, most of it kills with tunes by Superchunk, Helmet covering Black Sabbath's 'Symptom of the Universe' and L7 doing a bang up version of Blondie's 'Hangin' On The Telephone'. There's even Mr. Suave-Rock Tom Jones doing the Lenny Kravitz smash 'Are You Gonna Go My Way?' (Complete with horns!) Worth the money if you like the bands, even if track #6 sucks.

FELIX FRUMP

Iguana Records

There's a cool drawing of a walking nose as the Felix Frump mascot, done by Melissa Barberia. It also appears irreverently on the U.S. flag on the cover. Fucking Italians. Guess that's why she got a song written for her on this EP from Iguana Records. The band is good, even though the vocals are spotty in areas, the songs are cool and full of energy. That's their obvious strong point. I would like to hear a full length CD from Felix Frump, because it could be recorded better and the songwriting potential is great. These guys can make a killer CD if given the time. Best songs here are 'Intro' and 'Circle'. Good guitar hooks too, throughout the tape. Expect to hear more from this New Jersey based trio.

LIKE WOW

Night Creature, Day

Job Blues

Psycho Teddy!

Don't know where we got this. Don't know who these guys are, or where they're from. All I know is, this should be the soundtrack for 'The Nightmare Before Christmas'. It's cool, dark and funny, and the movie would have been better with this music behind it. Really good songs like 'The Red Bubble', '...Pressure Cooker' and 'Inside The Devil's Magic Hat' steal the show, and the rest of the EP is pretty good too. That's all I know. If you wanna know more write Psycho Teddy! 151 First Ave. Box #229 New York, NY 10003-

MY SO-CALLED LIFE

Television Soundtrack

Atlantic Records

I'm sorry, but this CD blows all day. I know it's aimed at today's 16-19 youth nowhere generation, who apparently have nothing but this music to relate to, and to get them through school. We'll see. I think they are smarter than that. There are some good bands on this TV soundtrack, too bad they aren't playing any of their good songs.



HOOTIE & THE BLOWFISH

Cracked Rear View

Atlantic

Aaaaahhh! Like a cigarette after sex, or a big sigh of satisfaction, this South Carolina product redefines folk rock songwriting at it's best. I listened to *Cracked Rear View* five or six times before trying to write about it and still I can't seem to put into words the humanistic resonance?/great song structure that flows throughout their debut Atlantic release. Maybe it's the fact that the album is wonderfully produced by Don Gehman, who has done great work with some heavy hitters in the record industry. Maybe not. It's more due to the fact that Hootie & The Blowfish shoot straight from the heart, (to use a tired expression), but the songs ring true with deep roots in the elements of classic pop music. 'Hold My Hand' is one of the best songs that MTV has seen in years, and the rest of the album lends to the spirit that all things work off each other. The songs are very well written and the music compliments the lyrics with soulful conviction. Hootie is a four piece, fronted by Darius Rucker's powerful blues/soul vocals and entwined by harmony ridden guitar parts and rhythms that add the perfect touch to make this band forceful

without being overbearing. What a great CD. Wheew!

—Madd Maxx

MOTHER TONGUE

550 Music/Epic

When you listen to 'Broken', the first song on this CD, you think they are a good band, though they are trying to sound like The Red Hot Chili Peppers. Unfortunately, the album goes downhill from there. It is almost like the first song was written by someone else, and the rest of the CD was taken over by mediocre songwriters. The entire thing sounds contrived and labored with overdone cliches' mixed with wanna be guitar hooks that seemingly go nowhere. Maybe they should have stuck with the Chili Peppers theme. Sorry, but I just didn't like this band at all. I could have made an album twice as good with one piece of mind tied behind my back.

—Madd Maxx

FAITH NO MORE

King For A Day, Fool For A Lifetime

Slash/Reprise

Faith No More is back. Yes they are back and they are as strong as they have ever been. The new FNM CD is not out yet, but my girl Barbara from Slash tells me that it will be released sometime in March or early April. They have a new guitar player, and they will be touring to support the album. Maybe if we are lucky, they will pass thru the Land of Zion. The new disc is a departure in some ways from their earlier material, but still holds to the FNM credo of killer guitar melodies and crafty vocal lines. From the first hard hit of 'Get Out' to the post funk chordings in 'Evidence' the CD re-establishes FNM as kings of the genre they seemed to create. 'The Gentle Art Of Making Enemies' takes you back to the Faith No More that first caught your ear, while 'Star A.D.' sounds like the new theme song for 'James Bond 2099' I could go thru every song on the CD, telling why they're so cool, but I won't. You will just have to wait until it is available to the public. So, if it feels like the boys have been on an extended hiatus, fear

not little one. They have been refining their skills somewhere in a scary dank basement, writing the songs for *King For A Day, Fool For A Lifetime*

—Madd Maxx



Royal Trux

Thank You

Virgin Records

I like bias, they save me from searching through the cobwebs of my mind, piles of CDs or stacks of moldy magazines to discover the background on a band. Many rock journalists entered the field after failing as musicians. I'm not a failed musician, I'm a hard-core collector and to me the background on a band is important - along with at least a minimal discography. Call me a poseur, but this major label debut is my first listening experience with Royal Trux. Their name is familiar since I've read about them for years, but Drag City, the label they used to record for, would never enter my name into their massive database of famous writers. This is the first "free, promotional product" Royal Trux has ever sent my way. Since I'm a "volunteer" music journalist I don't have the money to buy CDs, I only listen to what comes in the mail.

Royal Trux's first album came out in '88. At that time Melody Maker hailed them as "hoodoo-vooodoo, garage punk and rockabilly more ghoulish than the Cramps' wildest dreams." From their inception up until the recording of this CD Royal Trux was Neil Hagerty and Jennifer Herrema. After years recording their songs for indies as well known as Sub Pop and Drag City, the two managed to land a major deal and formed an actual band. They have two drummers, Chris Pyle on the common kit and Rob Armstrong on various percussion instruments. Don Brown is the bassist.

Thank You is a major label garage album. What a long strange trip it has been indeed

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when major labels start releasing garage, psych and punk to an "alternative" audience. The Rolling Stones and Aerosmith enter the picture through both the songwriting skills and vocals of Hagerty. His voice reminds me more than anything of Blue Cheer's Dickey Phillips. Take the names I've already mentioned and throw the entire pile of famous and not so famous garage bands into the mix. Then, much like the Chrome Cranks (who will be in town to do it live) they destroy their roots and bring things into the present, "Ray O Vac" is the best song on the CD. Bluesy, garage punk that bands all over America wish they could come up with in their rehearsal spaces it's another hit single that will never be. Ms. Herrema doesn't sing, she helps write the songs for the boys. Now, if you think the Black Crowes latest was the best thing the Rolling Stones never recorded, please pass on this one. If These Hypnotics, the John Spencer Blues Explosion, the Chrome Cranks or the ever prolific Billy Childish rule your rock 'n' roll world please lay the money down for Royal Trux.

*I'm Just Seventh Best
and I'm Laughing*

PIJAMAS DE GATO Unmixed trailer of future full-length feature

The white trash nation is busy snapping up every copy of the tabloid press with a picture of O.J. Simpson or Michael Jackson on the cover. True white trash are engrossed in the well written, intensely interesting and honest articles the Weekly World News prints. Pijamas De Gato are the first band I've ever heard who realize that all other newspapers, except the Weekly World News, are fantasy and the only truth in the media is contained within its pages.

On this, a pre-mix demo of their soon to be released CD, they open with "Area 51" and somehow convinced Lara Jones to contribute her voice. Aliens are real and they will steal your girlfriend if you aren't watching and aware of their every move. "I lost my love in area 51." The tape only has four songs and each is worth a few words.

"Polly Want A Prozac" is the Ramones. Prozac has replaced glue for its mind numbing capabilities in the maladjusted minds of Pijamas De Gato. These sneaky bastards used an advance cassette of a Sister Psychic album to dub their demo to.

On the flip is a tribute to Ronnie Hawkins/Yardbirds/John Mayall titled "Van Down By The River." The river of course is the biblical River Jordan and these rednecks would appear to be homeless bums. Bill Frost combines the blues with "shave and a haircut" Bo Diddley/George Thorogood and a light touch on the reverb for just a touch of surf. They finish up with a garage/psychobilly influenced trashing of every local "scene" in America. Some fool inserts his harmonica blowing into one of the best garage tunes I've heard since I wore out my only copy of Gary Way's "What A Load."

I can't wait for the CD. Garage bands are not "hip" because most of them are so locked into the past that they can't see the future in front of their face. Pijamas De Gato reflect the past while exploring their pathetic white trash existence in the present. B-movies? Fuck that. I want B grade rock and roll.

Willie Wheels



GIANT ANT FARM Fortune!

Vaccination Records

Here is a CD that found its way to the right hands. I read through the press materials with some interest. They and the CD itself came packaged in that funny brown paper that reeks of non-bleaching and post-consumer waste. Sure enough there inside the CD booklet was the info that the packaging was from Independent Project. Independent Project productions are as immediately identi-

fiable as the SLUG itself. There is a genius graphic designer in charge of the label much as there is a genius graphic designer behind this paper.

I always try to read AP (Alternative Press) even if I sit in a magazine store to do so. They are so snot-nosed, jaded and pompous that I rely on their opinions for most of my CD purchases. Referring to Giant Ant Farm's previous album here's the quote from AP, "So what do they sound like? I don't know." Come on man. You're not as jaded as you might like others to believe. The call is printed right in the press release. They are American gypsies with roots in Europe sometime after the last world war. Late night television must be foreign territory to AP writers. The soundtracks of countless gypsy movies are filled with this music. As a rule you can't buy the soundtracks, but with the advent of home theater you can tape them. Tom Waits also must rank as a major influence on vocalist, Dren McDonald. Pat Lewis of BAM nailed that one when she previewed an upcoming Giant Ant Farm performance.

The CD combines so many nationalities that it could only have been recorded by an itinerant band of modern day gypsies. Klezmer, Yiddish, polkas, free jazz, Lawrence Welk, Tom Waits, The Brave Combo and the Hot Club Of France all appear in one song or another. Giant Ant Farm probably finance these projects by short-changing clerks at multi-national corporations, spraying oil on roofs to fix non-existent leaks and convincing widows that they are indeed bank officials who have discovered an embezzler. The CD is as bizarre as a Mormon testimony meeting where the bishop announces that he's committed adultery with the ward clerk's wife. Giant Ant Farm are touring, maybe a local club will book them.

Chris Fury

SKIN PICNIC

Who knows what the fuck this is. The tape is a TDK D-60 containing a scrap of paper with the words Skin Picnic printed on it. The song titles are printed on the inside, but I didn't find them until the review was written. Matt Vaughn of Gruntruck wrote them a letter of recommendation. Personnel, instruments, every detail is missing from

the tape - aside from the scrap of paper - it is blank. Call this the SLUG demorama/blindfold test. Album Network compared them to Jane's Addiction. Where that came from I don't know because it sounds goth to me.

I've been out of touch with the goth scene since I actually wrote up some Cleopatra bands and they quit sending me CDs the postman had played mailroom football with. The jewel boxes were always smashed, sometimes the CDs were missing altogether, the envelope and any papers inside were ripped to shreds. My mailman hates goth. For that service we see a three cent increase in postage rates and...sorry I'm off the track. Skin Picnic play slow, dreary rock that had me head-banging in slow motion as the tears flowed down my face.

The music world has become a face-less mass of bands who are so depressed that they can hardly manage the energy to pick up an instrument or bands who are so pissed-off that they destroy any instrument their hands come into contact with. Skin Picnic are of the depressed variety, but whoever the guitarist is has a nice touch with some effects equipment. He brings forth all kinds of weird chiming ringing and ethereal sounds from his guitar. Somewhere in the middle of Side A is a country hoe-down the little girls in Delta, Utah should pick up on for their clogging demonstrations. Guitars go from hoe-down to arena rock soloing and back again. The vocalist shows that his entire life isn't spent moping about and almost raps out his vocals. There is another up-tempo number on Side B that rocks pretty good while displaying a heretofore undiscovered side of the band. After that it's back to depression. I'd love a handful of "rainbows," "reds" or "yellows" right now because Skin Picnic has hypnotized me into a barbiturate haze. My parents were hippie alcoholics who sexually abused me before they divorced and sent me off to live with my Scientist, Prozac-addicted, therapist aunt and her live-in, 16-year-old boy toy. I'm so fucked up and it isn't my fault. Take some amino acids and call me in the morning. I'm sure Skin Picnic are very good live, this tape had me so depressed that I called in sick to work after hearing it.

by Steve Olson

MARCH 95

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Snake & The Fat Man

¹⁴

TBA

¹⁵

The Examples

¹⁶

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²¹

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²⁴

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BIG BLUE
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²⁵

²⁸

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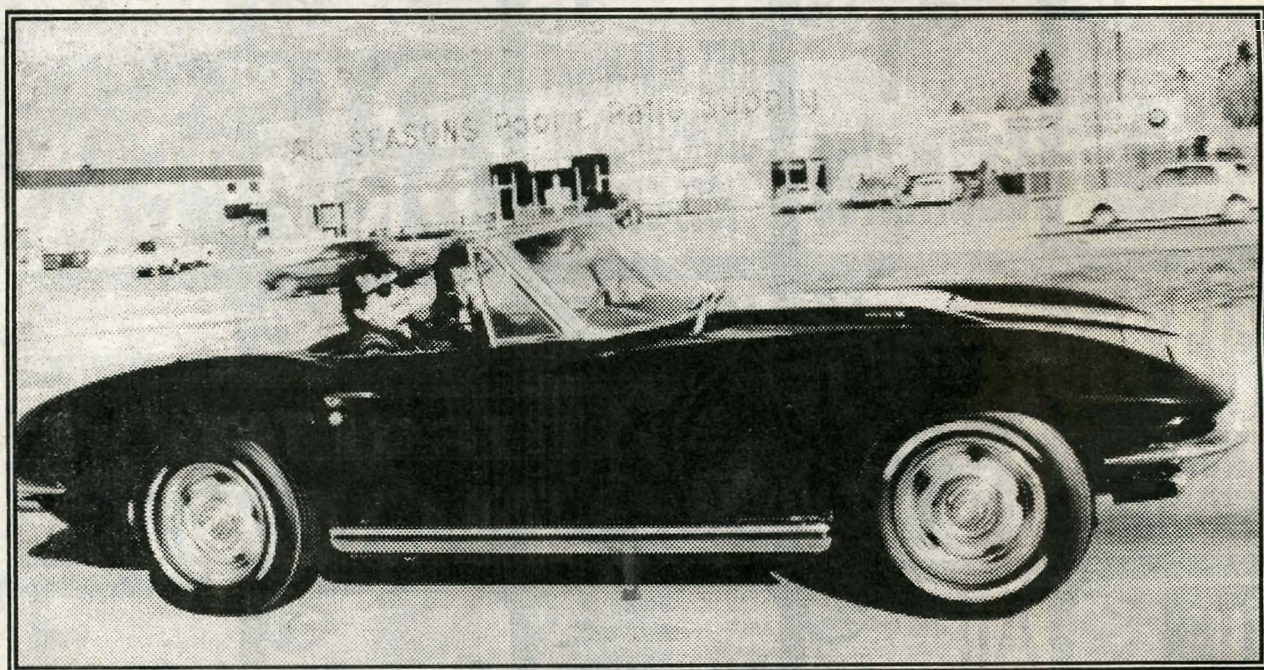
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APPEARING IN MARCH

- 2- Blue Healer
- 3- Iris & Sugarhouse
- 4- Blues On First
- 5- Lights Out Jam
- 8- Blue Wood Monday
- 9- Pijamas De Gato
with Big Tree
- 10- Blue Flame
- 11- Dogs Day

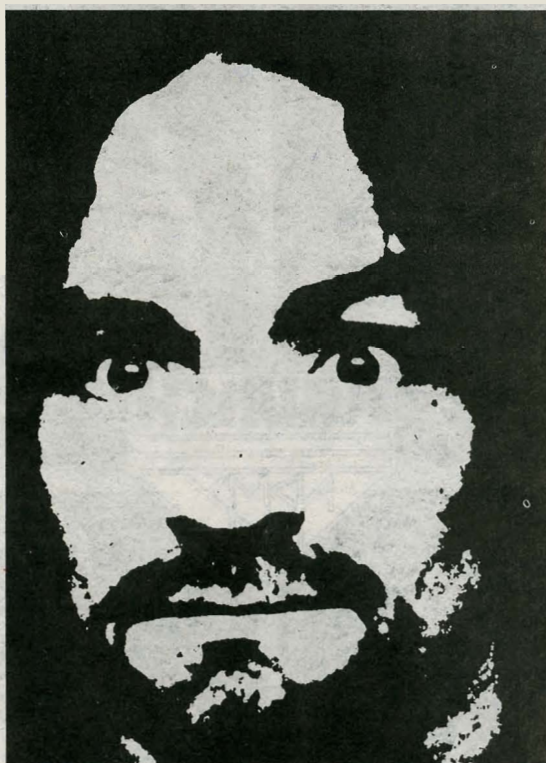
- 12- Lights Out Jam
- 15- Snake & The Fatman
- 16- Sleezy Buddha
- 17- Elbow Finn & Wish
- 18- Lights Out
- 19- Lights Out Jam
- 22- Blasting Agent
- 23- Gen 13
- 24- Rezin & Time
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- 25- Honest Engine
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- 30- Beyond The Pale
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