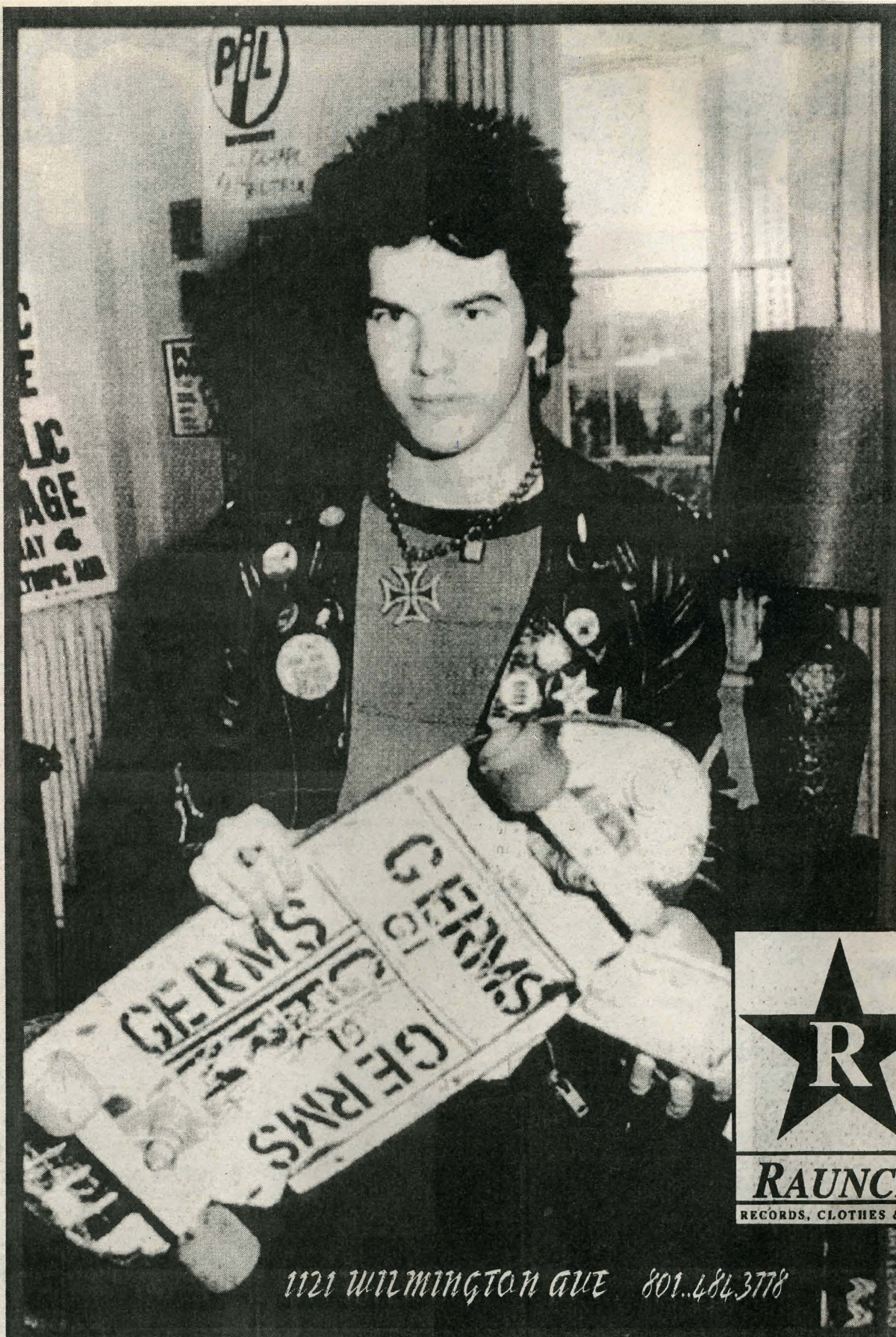


SLUG

JULY '95
ISSUE #79
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SLUG

JULY of 1995

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Thank you
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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

In your June issue, your (sp?) one of your music reviewers wrote the review of Judge Nothing, but all he talked about was radio stations, TV shows, cock rings, and being peed on by midgets. What the hell? Why don't you say something about the record? And why does he call himself Capt. America?

Travis

Ed: Maybe the Captain was trying to get you to listen to the record by NOT telling you about it. The record was called Judge Nothing, remember?

Dear Dickheads:

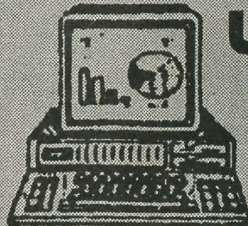
I recently opened Salt City CD's in Salt Lake City. In getting ready to open the store, one of the biggest questions in my mind was, "I wonder how much real interest there is out there for purchasing music by local bands and artists?" I know this area has alot of great bands, so I was hopeful (especially being a former band member, myself) that a good number of people would be interested in purchasing music put out by local artists. Now that my store's been open for about two months I have been both elated and disappointed by what I've found. The elation is due to the number of people who come in EVERY DAY asking for music by local artists. This is great. Unfortunately, the fans seem to be more interested in supporting local bands than the local bands; or their distributors) do them-

selves. I am stunned by the apparent lack of interest local bands have in getting their music out to the public. Yes about a half dozen bands have come in to see if I'll carry their stuff (the answer, YES), but that's been it. I am constantly being asked if we carry this or that band, and my only answer is, "I'd like to, but nobody has come by yet with the music". And if bands are waiting for me to contact them, well, they can just keep on waiting. Part of my experience of being in a band is that you hustle to get your music out to as many ears as you can (that is if you think your stuff is worthwhile) rather than waiting for people to come to you. I doubt if many bands sit around waiting for clubs to call THEM to schedule gigs—my experience is that it usually works the other way around, right? And for those bands who work with the LARGE local distributor (whose name rhymes with Snappydeal) I have NEVER been contacted by

them to carry the bands they are supposedly working so hard for. Until today that is, Oh they are hard workers, those Snappydealers. One of their representatives came to the store (to shop for CD's NOT to get local artist's into the store). I introduced myself and commented we had few local CD's in the store. His response "Oh, you want some stuff for your store?" Although I said yes it was apparent that Mr. Snappy wouldn't have cared one way or the other. Will they return with the CD's? Oh what tantalizing mysteries life holds.

—Rick Zeigler

Ed: OK people can we pay attention for a second? More proof that HAPPYVILLE IS LAME! If you are a local band working with Happyville you're probably GETTING SCREWED. You certainly aren't getting distributed. Do you really want to wait for them to get their shit together? Do they deserve a second chance? If you want to get your local stuff distributed call Mary from NRC at 467-7871. She will get your music to people who want to buy it. No bullshit!



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GNUS AND GNOTES

Pearl Jam...what a pack of weenies. First, they say how they hate Ticketmaster, and how they won't let their fans pay exorbitant prices...until no one came to their smaller venue shows and they didn't make enough money. Now they are back with Ticketmaster at the usual inflated prices, and somehow their conscience is not bothered... Our boy Trent-Hurt-Me-Reznor supposedly linked to Nazi sympathisers via Oklahoma bombing suspects. OK, but does this mean that Hitler wore fishnet panties too? ... Leaders of the "Just Kiss My Ass" category are Barbara Wyatt, President/Head Witchhunter of the Parents Music Resource Center, just announced that the PMRC plans to be "more visible" in the fight against objectionable music. Oh good, more Amoral bitches trying to destroy the 1st Amendment*. This woman needs to get laid in a big way. So far though, no volunteers. She also provided lyrics to Senator Bob Dole for his recent Nazi Attack on rap music and violent movies. Sen. Dole thinks this is the most dangerous threat to American families that there is. No, asshole YOU are the most dangerous thing I can think of, well next to Rush Limbaugh (are there no reruns of Zippy the Pinhead to take this fat slob's time slot?) ... If it seems like I am picking on her, it's because I am, but my favorite Mother/Hole, Courtney Love was hospitalized in Seattle due to a reaction to so called 'prescription medication', taken before, and during, a flight from New York, where she was pursuing her acting career??? She must have stretch marks on her mouth the size of David Geffen's office ... Former 2 Live Crew (2 Live Who?) leader Luther Campbell filed a chapter 11 bankruptcy, after losing a \$1.6 million dollar lawsuit with another rap singer. Oh damn, another musical genius on unemployment ... Convict/Rapper Tupac Shakur who's serving an 18 month to 4 year sentence for sexual abuse was put in lock down when his urine tested positive for marijuana. Subsequently, 2Pac is only let out of his cell for one hour of exercise a day, leaving him 23 hours to masturbate and write songs. Tsk, tsk, tsk ... The asshole formerly known as Prince, will finally release his "Gold Experience" album this summer, on Warner Brothers. WB's delay in releasing the album forced Prince to scrawl the word "Slave" on his cheek last year. Oh you little pansy, I want to kick your ass now more than ever ... Irish Singer/Catholic groupie Skinhead O'Connor was filmed attacking two Israeli photographers near a church in Jerusalem, breaking their cameras and tearing off one man's shirt, screaming "How dare you follow me around the church?" Give her a break, she was probably looking for an 8 x 10 glossy of the Pope. To the delight of bystanders, she left holding a plastic bag over her head ... Ku Klux Klan members staged a rally in Wheaton, Illinois, last month, but forgot to alert fellow biggots. The Klan had 15 members show up for the event. Unfortunately they were far outnumbered by over 100 local police officers and anti-Klan groups. One of which was a Mariachi band. HA HA HA! Oh boy are you guys going to be laughed at by your piers. Chased off by Merudo! ... On a serious note, blues guitar legend Rory Gallagher died at the age of 47 in a London hospital. If you haven't listened to his playing, you are missing out. He played with blues greats such as Howlin Wolf and Muddy Waters. He will be sorely missed.

*The 1st Amendment to the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES is the best-known provision of the BILL OF RIGHTS. It prohibits Congress from making any laws that abridge or restrict FREEDOM OF RELIGION, FREEDOM OF SPEECH, FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, or the right to assemble peaceably and to petition the government for redress of grievances.

Sucked Innocence

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"TALKIN BOUT MY GENERATION"

Well, after seeing one more pseudo-punk rocker, one more wanna be hippie chick hangin out on 9th & 9th trying to play guitar, and one more kid who thought Kurt Cobain wrote "The Man Who Sold The World", I decided to lower the boom on your generation. Kind of a slap in the face piece...ya know, go get a job you punks...get off my lawn, that type of thing. So to make it simple so's you 'Generation Echs' can understand, I simplified it into categories. The 60's, 70's, and 80's (Good Stuff) equivalent to what we now have in the 90's... (Bad Stuff).

That oughta learn ya.

When I grew up we had real Actors...not little girl scout rich kids that can't handle their beer. For example.

- 60's...we had Rod Steiger, Sydney Poitier
- 70's...we had Jack Nicholson, Marlon Brando
- 80's...we had Dustin Hoffman, Robert DeNiro, Al Pacino
- 90's...you get Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Keanu Reeves...?

Of course, we had the advantage of real actors starring in real Movies, unlike the garbage you see today.

- 60's...we had In The Heat of the Night, Midnight Cowboy, True Grit
- 70's...we had One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, The Godfather
- 80's...we had Raging Bull, Amadeus, Moonstruck
- 90's...you get Reality Bites, Sleepless in Seattle, Beverly Hillbillies...?

Let's not forget Fabulous Babes. The prior decades were famous for great women, but now?

- 60's...we had Sophia Loren, Marilyn Monroe
- 70's...we had Jane Fonda, Janis Joplin
- 80's...we had Tina Turner, Steffi Graf
- 90's...you get Sharon Stone, Courtney Love...?

Musician? Is this even necessary to go into? Aw, why not.

- 60's...we had Jimi Hendrix, The Beatles, Coltrane
- 70's...we had Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, Miles Davis
- 80's...we had Frank Zappa, Stevie Ray Vaughan
- 90's...you get Hoje, Green Day, Snoop Doggy Dogg...?

Growing up during these era's we also had real Sports Heroes, not overpaid wussy crybabies.

- 60's...we had Mickey Mantle, Wilt Chamberlain
- 70's...we had Hank Aaron, Muhammad Ali
- 80's...we had Pete Rose, Joe Montana
- 90's...you get Shaquille O'Neal, ...?

Since we're talking sports, how about Great Moments in

Sports?

60's...we had

Wilt Chamberlain scores 100 points in a single game

70's...we had

Hank Aaron hits 715th home run

80's...we had

Pete Rose gets hit # 4,191

90's...you get

NFC beats AFC by 40 in Super Bowl (90 thru 95)

And what about Macho Tough Guys? Truly breed from today's weasels.

60's...we had

John Wayne

70's...we had

Mean Joe Green, George C. Scott

80's...we had

Clint Eastwood, Sylvester Stallone

90's...you get

Fabio...?

Sunday mornings, before we discovered coffee, we would always read The Funnies. Now, I really don't know how you kids get out of bed.

60's...we had

Dick Tracy

70's...we had

Doonesbury, B.C.

80's...we had

The Far Side, Garfield

90's...you get

Where's Waldo, Between Friends...?

If American culture is famous for anything, it is Muscle Cars, hot rods man, heaters!

60's...we had

Mustang, Corvette

70's...we had

GTO, Camaro, Firebird

80's...we had

Porsche, Ferrari

90's...you get

The Astro Mini Van...?

TV? You know, before MTV, there was RealTV. Famous TV Shows

60's...we had

Lost in Space, Outer Limits

70's...we had

All in the Family, Welcome Back Kotter

80's...we had

Cheers, Cosby Show

90's...you get

Beverly Hills 90210...?

The other thing that is lacking in the role model area, is Super Heroes

60's...we had

Superman, The Hulk

70's...we had

Spiderman, The Thing

80's...we had

Ghost Rider, X-Men

90's...you get

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers...?

Well, I think the point is sufficiently driven into the ground by now. Not that I wouldn't love to go on about the way you dress, the stupid ideas you have, your total lack of originality, and the idiotic shit spewed forth by the nowhere generation, but I'm not paid to educate, but irritate.

Till Next Month Remember,

It is a far better thing I do for myself, than I shall ever do for you.

—J.T. & THE FATMAN

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CD: \$14.00



Torcher
"The Beautiful Sounds
Of"

CD: \$14.00



Richard Hell
"Go Now"

CD: \$9.00
Picture Disc: \$11.00



Various Artists
"Hairball Sampler"

CD: \$14.00



Michael Stirling
"Flying Snake Brain"

CD: \$14.00



It's hard to believe X has been around for almost 20 years. Even though X started out as one of the premier LA punk bands, the members are true artists in the strictest sense of the word. Collectively they form X, individually they are authors of books, spoken word performers, actors, and collaborators. They have written and played punk, rockabilly, love ballads, and country music. Through their lives, they refuse to be categorized.

X has just released "Unclogged." It's a broad brush stroke of songs from the X library performed acoustic and live. Once again they've proven why their music is so enduring.

SLUG: Looking back on X's career, is it amazing to you that the music has lasted this long? Or did you know going into it, hey this is something really special, this is going to be great.

DJ: I didn't know. Your living in the moment and your playing. I mean you know, you think the band has potential otherwise you wouldn't play with them. But you never know how its really going to work out. When we released Los Angeles I actually had an inkling that something is happening because we played the Whiskey I think three nights and we had a whole new audience. It was sold out and it just seemed like something was happening. But you always keep a certain amount of humility cause you expect the next show to be empty. You always have that feeling, no one's going to show up. Cause you don't think you're that great. As far as the records go, you never know. You don't think about how the record is, if it's going to last forever, if people are going to listen to it in 20 years or a thousand years.

SLUG: Its got to be cool for you to look back on some of these books being published now about the early punk scene, the early punk years and to have X mentioned in that.

DJ: Yeah, its kind of nice. But on the other hand it sometimes, you know, I think the obsession with the scene is sometimes a little, you know goes over board. But of course its because people who weren't there are interested in it and I've lived through it so I don't care as much. I see people obsessed with Darby Crash of the Germs and that's great. But part of me thinks...he committed suicide. He died. Who cares? He blew it. Your kind of mad at him. With all these other people who have been struggling all these years and their doing great things. You know its not easy living. You have all those feelings. But I can't say its bad having people write about you **you** being in

books. Its not something everyone has.

SLUG: So how's it going now?

DJ: Its going pretty good. We're getting ready to go on the road in a few weeks.

SLUG: How long are you going to be on the road for?

DJ: I guess it's probably about five ore six weeks. Mid-July to the end of August. We're just doing a circle around the United

States.

SLUG: Yeah, its got to be kind of rough. So you going out to actually just do the Unclogged tour, is that it?

DJ: Yeah its going to be interesting, because we've never done anything like that before. I'm just looking forward to it. To see how it develops. Playing it every night.

SLUG: Now when you actually recorded Unclogged, was it over a two day period or three?

DJ: It was over two day period. Just one show a night. We played two shows.

SLUG: Did you actually do more material than what's on Unclogged?

DJ: Yeah, we did. I would guess we

played about between 20 and 22 songs and we picked out the ones that sounded the best. **SLUG:** Now on something like that, How do you pick your audience? Did tickets actually go on sale? Or were they friends of the band or friends

of the company? How did you work that?

DJ: We put the tickets on sale, you know as a regular show. In fact it paid for the recording.

SLUG: That was nice.

DJ: Yeah, that was one reason we were able to put it out on our own label. You know cause there weren't a lot of expenses.

SLUG: Yeah, that worked out really well then. I really liked the recording. I think the production is clean. I think it sounds good and I think everything is mixed in really well. I like it. When did X form?

DJ: X formed in '76 or '77, but I wasn't in the original line-up.

SLUG: you were on the Los Angeles album correct? I mean you're on all the recordings.

DJ: I'm on all the recordings including the Danger House single. That was the first record we did. It was Adult Books and We're Desperate. Yeah, we recorded that and we actually did a tour in 1978 to New York. We drove all the way to New York and played some clubs. There's CBGB's and I think it was called the Nashville and something else.

SLUG: When you look back on it, did X categorize X as a punk band, or did you just think oh, we just play music and the type of music we like is this aggressive, fast stuff.

DJ: Yeah, well in a way its almost both answers. Because of the time we called ourselves punks to distinguish ourselves from everything else that was going on. The industry bands. We definitely weren't, we knew we weren't like them. But we also knew we were a little different from some of the other punk bands. I think that's the reason I joined them. I was in another punk band

called the Eyes and I joined X because they had a little more depth.

SLUG: Substance?

DJ: Yeah, the Eyes are really good too, but they had more depth. What's the word, they had different feels, it wasn't you know the straight punk beat. They had more variety and I found it more interesting musically. So in a way we were kind of an odd ball band. We weren't easy to categorize.

SLUG: Let me ask you about The Knitters, were The Knitters actually all the members of X, just playing original country music under a different name? or did that project involve different people?

DJ: It was 3/4 of X. It was John and Excene and myself.

SLUG: And Billy Zoom didn't do it?

DJ: See he didn't want to do it. I think we wanted to do something as X like that but he didn't want to do it. So they got Dave Alvin and then Johnny Ray played bass. Yeah it was just an excuse to put out more country type music and just a variety of things and play acoustic. I know that I like to play different types of music. Otherwise I get bored. The same reason I joined X from the Eyes because I wanted more variety. I don't feel like I'm stuck to one thing. Maybe that's one reason that X has survived so long is we try out different things. Cause if your bored there is no desire to play. It has to be fresh and exciting. I'm really happy we decided to do this and a tour. It makes it different. Its not like we're just going on the road, we're going to do our same old thing. Which is still exciting, but this is better. This is more fun. We don't really know what's going to happen.

The Unclogged Tour will stop in Zion for on night only on August 9th at the University of Utah. Make plans now to attend. This tour will go down in the history books, this show will sell out and it will be one of the best shows of '95. Trust me on this one.

—Royce

PGD and Catherine Wheel want to know one reason why you are having a Happy Day This Summer. Call us at **1-800-274-7957** ext. #1743 and tell us. When you call you will receive a free 7" record featuring "Waydown" with a new version of "Black Metallic." And don't forget to check out Catherine Wheel's new release "Happy Days" available at **Modified Alternative Music** located at **918 E. and 900 S.**



CONCERT PREVIEWS

Primus and Mike Watt

Opening this show is Mike Watt. Watt disbanded the Minutemen after the death of guitarist D. Boon. FIREHOSE was born from tragedy. FIREHOSE was a critical success and a basic commercial failure. Today Watt has begun his solo career. If you would like to see one of the innovators of punk rock bass (and I've born personal witness to his prowess) don't drink in the parking lot until Primus comes on. Oh Yeah. I almost forgot. The headline at this show is one of the weirdest bands to come out of the Bay Area. These guys are goons, they are nerds, they are the people all you muscle bound football players like to bully in pits and on the streets.

While daddy and mommy (divorced of course) were down at the CD shop buying the ill-fated Pink Floyd release all the children of the boomers were listening to "Wynona's Big Brown Beaver" on the radio and spending their McDonalds wages on the disc. One-bedroom college dorms, rented trailer homes and shabby inner city apartments are all filed with the noise of Primus. Primus and Mike Watt are at the lake.



Pennywise Etc.

I don't work for Diesel and Epitaph doesn't send materials to "freelancers." The music of the opening band was probably given to a more deserving SLUG hack. DFL? I don't know what they sound like. I managed to finagle free copies of the latest Pennywise disc and the Joykiller one through connections totally unrelated to this rag. I got press kits, photos and all that rot as well.

Pennywise is out with their third and arguably best CD for Epitaph. Their press kit tells all about their early days as a band "white power" Nazis were attracted to. "Thugs" attended their concerts. The lead singer left the band at one point because of the beer fests at their rehearsals and the violence at their shows. The "thugs" moved on, the rest of the band became serious about their music and Jim

Lindberg is back in the band. The band plays that melodic, power-punk rock that everyone loves and they do it very well.

The Joykiller is an entirely different story. Their leader was an original member of the True Sounds Of Liberty or TSOL. Jack Grisham is the singer, on the record at least is another TSOL alumnus. Ron Emory won't be here to thrill with his licks, but he makes the album. The Joykiller don't stick with the formula. Theirs is not an album of thrash. It's still melodic punk, but they add a piano player and even a few tempo changes. The headline should read Jack Is Back because if you missed TSOL in the '80s The Joykiller are the next best thing.

Who else will pay a visit to Salt Lake City and vicinity in July? You were warned about this in last month's SLUG. That Summer Concert rag lying on the floor beside SLUG is for recycling. Take as many as you want and bundle them with old newspapers. The price of newsprint is at a high right now, so don't delay your trip to the recycling center.

Live, PJ Harvey and Verucca Salt

Wolf Mountain left the Live, PJ Harvey and Verucca Salt date out of their paper. The thought of seeing PJ Harvey wail out "Long Snake Moan" is almost enough to coax me into another experience with the chaos that is Wolf Mountain. The shows are a preview of what will occur when the Winter Olympics hit town. Traffic is a mess, parking is ridiculous and leaving the place could take hours. The best bet is to pawn something expensive to buy a ticket and a condo for the night.



Bad Brains

At about the same time this issue of SLUG hits the newsstands the Bad Brains will be at Club DV8. Praising Jah and the pit depending on the song these guys are reported to be one of the most exciting live acts currently existing in America. Their sixth album is titled *God Of Love* and it brings the voice of HR back to the band. Reggae, funk and hardcore are all presented to masses of people who don't even know about the Bad Brains. Ric Ocasek (The Cars) produced the album for Madonna's Maverick record label. Madonna, Ocasek and the Bad Brains all together? Weirder things

have happened. There once was a time when slam dancing was a more violent form of skanking, not a big fist fight. Another of the reformed originators of punk rock and an excellent reggae band as well will demonstrate how it should be done on July 9.



The Psyclone Rangers and Sugar Ray

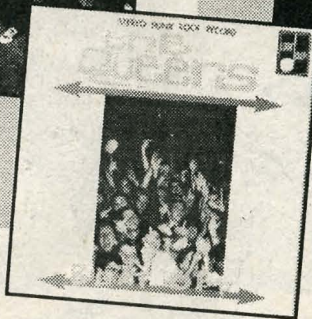
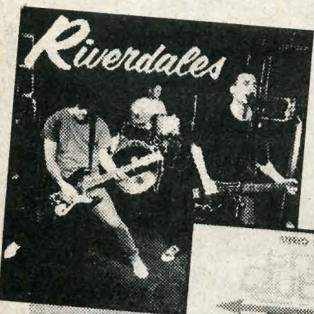
Later in the month, the 21st to be exact, the neighboring Zephyr and Cinema Bar will compete for an audience. The Psyclone Rangers are booked at Spanky's and Sugar Ray is over at the Zephyr. The Psyclone Rangers are a band celebrating trash culture. From the cover of their latest CD to the music contained on it they are one part garage, another part punk, possibly a dash of rockabilly and a pure piece of American entertainment. Sugar Ray is another story all together. They are a punk/funk/hip hop band. They called DJ Lethal from House Of Pain in to produced their first major label effort. It was reviewed in a past issue of SLUG. I'm sure you all save your back issues so go read the review. The selling point of this appearance is a contest. No it isn't a coloring contest. Sugar Ray are giving away a 1968 Coupe DeVille to the person who gives the best "streaking" performance. It's that old '70s nostalgia thing rearing up. I think the Disco Drippers should do it while singing "Macho Man."

X-Cops

Then there is the guy from Denver who has started booking shows. He's bringing the X-Cops. Does living in Salt Lake City ever feel like a cloistered nunnery to you? Have we all taken the vows or all we simply emulating Brother's Brigham and Joseph and the sexual exploits and debauchery they engaged in before the "church" came to be ruled by old men after prostrate cancer? The promoter has decided to go up against the "Big Boys" in town. To date I've heard he's lost a pile of money trying to figure out the tastes of Salt Lake City

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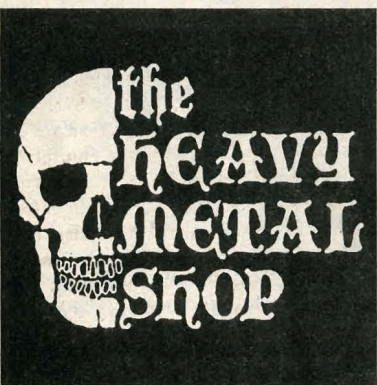


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2002?

OK, OK; So I'm sure everyone knows by now... Salt Lake City is getting the 2002 Winter Games. There really isn't much use in complaining about it. SO I'm not going to.

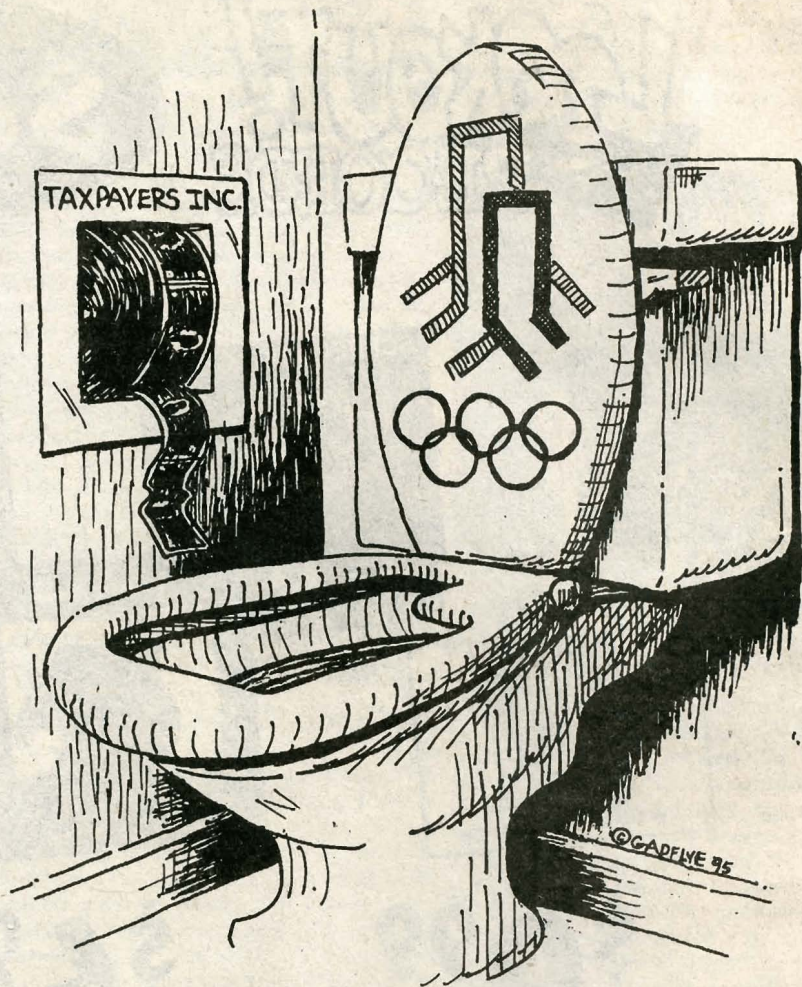
Anyway, on Friday morning June 16, 1995, I got my ass out of bed, dressed, and out of the house by 8:00 am. (which was no small feat considering that it was the beginning of Summer break). I drove down to the City and County building to check out the show. My plan was hopefully to be able to photograph the disappointment of our not winning the bid. I got great parking about a block away, one of things I love about Salt Lake - you can still get parking within a few blocks of anything. With camera on shoulder, I went to investigate the happenings.

To say it was a media circus would be an understatement, but I should say I noticed - I was hit - struck - bombarded - advertisement everywhere. All the banners, streamers, and balloons had a tail from some sponsor. The news channels were on everything. Actually they had all the really good parking, outlining the entire block. Across from the main entrance to the City building Channel 5 had set up a giant screen, not only could I be at the party - I could watch myself be at the party - then I could watch myself watch myself... enough of that.

There were food booths, the standard T-shirt sales, mock Olympic events (such as a cross country skiing course set up on real dirty snow) and all those banners. You know those sales banners, if I wasn't used to the complete commercialization of things, I might of thought this was a party for Coke. Though, it wasn't just Coke, everyone and their cousin had their name advertised somewhere on something connecting them to 2002.

There were kids everywhere; in lines, running around, skiing, I had to watch my feet at all times to make sure I wasn't going to step on any of them monkeys. Then I caught on to what was going on, it was all part of the show. There was an Olympic torch lighting ceremony that came down State Street from the Gallavin Center. This is what the kids were for... press photo opportunities, the route of the parade had been lined with kids from invited schools and camps. This is the United States at its' best... we show our patriotism by putting our children out front - so they can get a better look at what the sponsors are selling.

After the parade was the Mormon Choirs' turn at our heart strings, if the children couldn't make us buy... maybe religion could. Then came our local newscaster



celebrities, who introduced Steve Young (quarterback for the 49ers) to raise the excitement even higher. He spent his mic time leading the crowd in cheers, telling us that "maturity" was what we needed to win - the second time around (stuff) would be the charm... you know the routine.

I spent this time thinking about how amazing it would be if after all this, all the kids - religion - celebrities - big bands, we didn't win. I was caught up alright, how could I not be. I was now interested in seeing where this giant hot air balloon was going to land. As the announcement came, the crowd went silent, the guy next to me that had been hitting on me for the last half hour moved closer, and I actually cared about what they were about to say. As they said that Salt Lake City had won the bid, and the crowd went crazy, and the balloons and streamers flew, my head fell into my hands and I screamed "Nooooo".

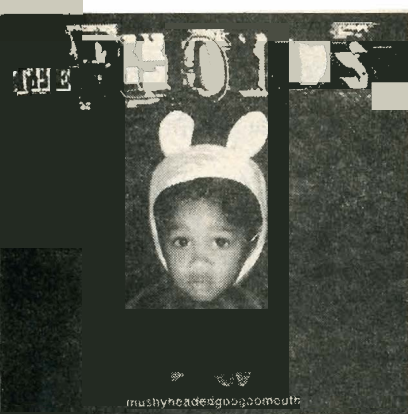
Not because of the Olympics, but because the consumerism. The Olympics are not about athletes, competition, and sportsmanship. There about sponsorships, commercials, and logos. Because we're patriotic, we will buy Coke and Nike products blind-

ly. That to me was what that entire Olympic party was about, selling stuff to us suckers that were patriotic enough to buy into the whole thing.

Now, there really is no reason to complain about the Olympics coming here, because they are coming. Maybe with their arrival we will see a change in the policies about alcohol and smoking, these are big consumer products. But really what I think we should be paying attention to is the fact that all this patriotism and hoopla is being aimed at the children, and unless somebody says something they're just going to be taught to follow blindly.

Now anyone who has thrown a party knows you wake up and feel like shit. With half of your CDs gone, there is a cigarette-butt in every glass, and your cat has been trapped in the cupboard above the sink all night. Someone has had sex in your bed, and your feet are sticking to the floor. You think to yourself "all this so I didn't have to drive". Hold that thought until 2002! Keep it in mind as you go to the poles to vote your tax money to support this party.

—Romy B.



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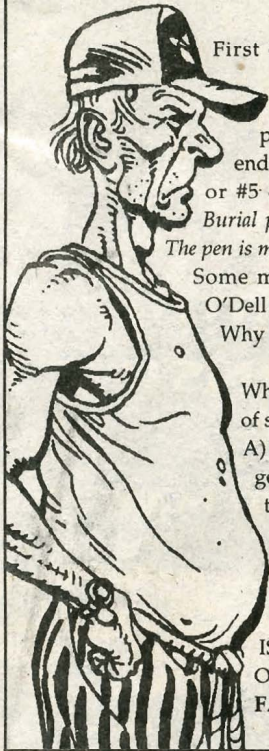
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First of all, Matt Groening — "life in hell" Dig if you will, 1989 December life in hell, A list of the phrases we should not have to endure in the 90s I believe it was #4 or #5 on the list anything from hell. *Burial plans anyone? Ladies and Gentlemen The pen is mightier than the boing sound.*

Some may ask (and have) why doesn't O'Dell leave town?

Why would a leech leave the back of a bleeding pig?

Why would maggots leave a big pile of shit?

A) We are all in our element. Don't get me wrong I do hate S.L.C. But then again I hate all things everywhere! I love to hate. So if you see what I mean, I would be just as happy living anywhere. And the topic of my hate this month IS.....The arts festival.

Or as I affectionately refer to as the FARCE FESTIVAL Why? Because

its not about art at all nuuuu it is about hawking \$5 thimbles of beer. it is about Joe and Sally Utah having their one day a year swilling beer OUTSIDE meanwhile jr. is at the finger painting hut . and as they wander around stroking their chins at water color landscapes and spout off with an occasional "hmmm, I see where he's going with this."

Somewhere in SLC there is a real artist that is not even aware that any of this is going on. there is usually a dark side to most of the real talent I've ever seen . and that wont do. why? Because the bottom line is profit margin we cant risk some freak in here displaying some perverse monstrosity And offending Jim and Laura lunch pale!

they drop \$400 every time they come in. what if they don't come back?

If this was a jazz festival Miles Davis (if he were alive) would be warming up and Kenny g would come busting out at the end of the night with his goofy fucking hair and blowing his little tin whistle. anyone who knows any thing about jazz knows the score and the rest well we can find them back at the Farce Fest wandering around watching some guy spin bowls or stop at the tye dye t-shirt booth and on to the burkenstock wholesale booth to see some more art.aaaaa yes, a nice non threatening atmosphere. God forbid Mike and June Megabux be exposed to something real

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IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America
The Declaration of Independence

BLUE BOUTIQUE

In Congress, July 4, 1776. The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America.

[THE PREAMBLE]

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.—

[A DECLARATION OF RIGHTS]

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.— That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,—

That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers, as to them shall seem most likely to promote their Safety and Happiness. Prudence

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- Thursday 6 - Megan Jonsin**
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- Saturday 8 - Junlor's Farm**
- Monday 10 - The Lovely Lads**
- Tuesday 11 - My Dod Vodka**
- Wednesday 12 - The Rythemites**
- Thursday 13 - Tempo Timers**
- Friday 14 - The Pinch**
- Saturday 15 - MaryMonique & The Trip**
- Monday 17 - Chimares (From Arizona)**
- Tuesday 18 - Shane Smith**
- Wednesday 19 - Bent**
- Thursday 20 - Megan Jonsin**
- Friday 21 - TBA**
- Saturday 22 - Rhythm Fish**
- Monday 24 - Woody Woodard & The G Strings**
- Tuesday 25 - Kirsty Macdonald**
- Wednesday 26 - The Lovely Lads**
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HEY, MICHAEL! THE KING AND QUEEN OF POP GET MAD

Well, MTV gave the proverbial blowjob to Michael Jackson all last month. MTV premiered Michael's new "Scream" video all month long, and since his new album "History" came out later in June, they "turned the station over to Michael". They even called it MJTV. It was truly sickening. Meanwhile, MJ thought it might be good to do a little career salvaging, while in the process ruining the career of Diane Sawyer.



○ In June, Jackson and wife Lisa-Marie Presley gave a live interview to ABC-TV's Diane Sawyer. Michael vehemently denied ever having sex with 12 year olds, or molesting any children, but didn't seem to want to discuss the reported multi-million dollar out of court settlement he coughed up to his accuser. And Miss Dumb America Lisa-Marie swore up and down that they have sex. She didn't get into specifics, like who wears the dress, and who wears the bag, but she did say that "He re-sculpted himself, he's an artist" probably referring to his face, but who knows? When Sawyer asked MJ about his face, he said "I think it creates itself, nature" No, I think it's more likely the 30+ cosmetic surgeries, the skin color acid bath, and the sandblasting.

In response to direct questions about sleepovers with children, MJ replied "If you're talking about sex, that's not me. Go to the guy down the street, because that's not me, that's not Michael Jackson" Who is this guy down the street? Does he wear the glove?

Sawyer also asked the King of Pop about alleged anti-Semitic lyrics in his new song "They Don't Care About Us" in which the lyrical genius says "Jew me, sue me, everybody, do me, kick me, kike me, don't you black or white me". Jackson goes on to explain that he is incapable of being a racist, and he is talking about himself being the victim! Oh yeah, Mike Jackson the victim. What torture you've been put through with the millions of dollars and Demi-God status America hurled at you. YOU FUCKING WHINER. And by the way, his accountants and lawyers are Jewish. Well, replace the word 'Jewish' with the word 'Negro' and if I say what he said, people would say that I'M A RACIST! What a bunch of bullshit. He then goes on to explain more crap about how he doesn't think he's God, everyone fell into his trap, he wanted everyone's attention, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

Can anyone see through this bullshit besides me? MJ is trying to sell more albums, and he's afraid that he tarnished his reputation by letting this underage pajama party thing get out in public. The real question is, why did the police department let Michael Jackson go away so easily? Why didn't they go on the same vehement lynching like they did with Mike Tyson and O.J.?

—B. Banner

SHORT STORY

SLEEP TIGHT

I had just moved here from California. I got a job at a deli. I found a room in a weekly hotel on Temple Street. The room was small and infested. I had to share a bathroom with the woman next door.

I couldn't tell her age. She could have been anywhere from thirty to fifty. She was short and squatty with long stringy hair. The skin hung where it should have shaped a face. She was pale and wrinkled, her eyes dull, her breasts empty. She was plainly a lifelong drunk. Sometimes I'd see weird men come and go from her room, but most of the time she was by herself. I knew she was pretty lonely.

My job was depressing and I didn't know anyone. I didn't feel like going out. I worked ten-hour days, and spent my nights and weekends in my room except when I had to run errands. Sometimes I read. Sometimes I played with the cockroaches. Sometimes I didn't do anything. At night the movies came on, and I looked forward to that. The rooms had TV's that were connected to a VCR at the front desk. The desk manager would show two or three movies a night, with lots of repeats. Most of it was mundane Hollywood stuff, but now and then he'd pick a winner. He showed a lot of James Bond. That's ok with me.

After work I'd stop at the Albertsons on the way home and buy beer. A six-pack, maybe two. A pack of Camels, sometimes two. There was a pretty young checker I looked forward to Sunday and Monday nights. Waiting in her line, I would watch her secretly. She had beautiful eyes, and in them I could see she was happy. I thought it would be nice to be inside them, and part of her: Just let me kiss you, I'd wish, just one kiss, and you'd know I was good. Many times I wanted to smile and say hi, but I never did. I just wanted to get back home, watch movies and drink.

Sometimes when I came home I'd run into the lady next door. I tried to keep it to a minimum, coming and going quietly and avoiding the bathroom. But this presented a challenge. She was home most of the time, and left her door open a lot. I had to pass by her room to get to mine.

I discovered soon after I moved in that she wanted me. Once she padded right up to me as I was hassling with my keys. She asked me to kiss her. I said politely that I had a girlfriend, and she slinked away back into her room. I knew that she listened for me sometimes, so she could catch me in the hallway or in the bathroom.

Running into her now and then was inevitable, though. I'm not much for small talk and chit chat, and she was pretty fucked up most of the time, so we didn't say much. And I too had a good buzz going most of the time I was home and didn't really give a shit about what happened outside my cell. But I kind of looked forward to bumping into her once in a while. She made me smile. She was so ugly. She looked like a sack of lumpy mayonnaise shaped into a person. I named her Sigmund, because she reminds me of a dopey sea monster from a Seventies kid's show. She was like a pale, sickly human version.

About a month after she tried to kiss me I got up in the middle of the night to piss those last few beers. I slept naked and when I got up for the usual trip to the bathroom I was still buzzing enough not to be bothered with finding something to put on. On this night, like every night at so late an hour, I figured I was safe if I tiptoed into the bathroom and didn't use the light. I'd piss carefully along the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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INTERNET SET

Hack Hard With A Vengeance Forever Part 2

Sorry fans, due to a printing error you only got half the story last month (kinda like reading the *Tribune*, actually). And since my active lifestyle has been over-cafeinated this month, we're going to run the lost portion plus a couple of updates on "hot spots" of the Internet and you're going to like it,

capeesh? Certain people and corporations only noticed the picture, anyway—like the megamart chain store (Media Play, that is) that has no problem with selling R-rated videos, explicit lyrics-tagged CDs, trashy sex novels and swimsuit calendars, but freak completely at the sight of a (censored) bare breast. All the more reason to patronize stores like Smokey's (while you can), Randy's, Salt City and others where they actually know about what the fuck they're selling and aren't hypocritical pussies!

Thanks to photog/writer/media manipulator Royce for the ride to the White Zombie/Babes In Toyland/Melvins show at Saltair. I'm sure he's doing a full-blown review, so here's my short form version: Melvins—missed 'em, but Buzz is a cool bastard anyway; Babes In Toyland—went over much better than I would ever have expected. Met Kat Bjelland backstage, she's about 4'10" and her roots are growing out—no wonder she's pissed; White Zombie—you'd think Kiss or Siegfried & Roy were in town with the monster stage show that Zombie brought in. The B-movie clips, flashpots, fog, serious hair-flinging, strobe lights and Rob's WWF dance steps can't make up for the fact that these guys (+ gal) are a complete studio fabrication—Quiet Riot with goatees, maybe.

And now, back to our story:

• **KROQ Weenie Roast**, America Online (June 17, 1995): This little shindig/concert took place in LA during our big Olympic Weekend. Alterarock FM station KROQ put on a joint deal with AOL to upload concert pix and have live chatrooms with the Stars and fans alike during the fest—I can exchange quips with Matthew Sweet? Ooh, pinch me! I logged into the room and instantaneously got into a flame-war (that's an online catfight to you laymen) with some dope signed on as PUNK ROCK 1. This idiot just kept begging for Rancid and calling everybody else in the room "preppie sellouts"—when was the last time you heard that insult? It went a little like this: PR1: "Where's Rancid? I want to talk to Rancid, man!" HW: "Sorry, they cancelled. Ran out of hair gel and stolen chord progressions." PR1: "Hey fuck you! Nobody's punker than Rancid you sellout bitch!" HW: "Real punks don't have computers, Sid." PR1: "Fuck off! I'm using the one at my work!" HW: "Real punks don't have jobs." PR1: "I hate you fucking preppies!" AOL: "You have been warned about using inappropriate language on this service. Your account has been terminated." HW: "Dumb fucker. Hahahahahaha!"

• **Codpiece Forum**, World Wide Web (<http://www.teleport.com/~codpiece/index.html>): I did not make this up: The Washington State University professor who set up this Web page sez "Women's breasts have been manipulated, pushed, prodded, cosseted—you name it, the whole thing." Just like working for SLUG. Meanwhile, men's clothes have stayed kinda sexless. Her plan? "Bring back the codpiece!" You remember those, right? Those manly dick shields that Gene Simmons

and the guy from Cameo used to wear? Ever since Rafter's shut down, you don't see 'em much anymore. While I can understand her feminine indignation, I just can't support the codpiece.

• **FOXTalk**, Delphi (go ENTFOX): Get the latest on all your favorite shows on the FOX network, which should take all of 15 seconds. Since these rat-bastards cancelled *Models Inc* I just don't care anymore, although they do have a new show coming up next season called *Space*, which I'm guessing is all about models in space. Episode summary from *Beverly Hills*, 90210: "Brandon gives thanks that Dylan is still alive to sweat with him." Now we're carrying the whole sexual tension thing just a bit too far. America Online has *ABC Online* and *NBC Online* so you can argue with other couch spuds about whether or not Ellen Degeneres really likes men or download a photo of *Frasier*'s dog (there are more requests than you would believe). CBS apparently offers no online service, so I still can't fill the *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman* message board with my "COWBOYS AND INDIANS WERE NEVER THIS FUCKING POLITICALLY CORRECT, YOU LIBERAL HACKS!!!" tirade.

• **Religion Forum**, Compuserve (go RELIGION); **Twisted Tales** (jump TWISTED TALES) and **Out Of Our Minds** (jump OOOM), Prodigy: Redundant? Redundant.

• **Newsgroups** (various), Usenet: This is a huge network of about a gazillion little discussion groups on every subject imaginable; except, of course, Mudhoney (did I mention that I really, really, really like Mudhoney? Just checking). A partial listing of the Brain Trust on the Internet: *alt.sex.watersports/beastiality/masturbation/pantyhose/etc*—pic trading and highbrow discourse about pissing on your lover, giving Spot head, typing with one hand, taupe vs. ivory, and endless varieties of other sexual activities. Big surprise that nearly all Netheads are men, right? Just don't talk about putting hose on your dog and having him lift leg on you while you get off—that would just be sick; *alt.support.depression*—this comes in handy when you realize that you're paying to hang out with these losers; *alt.tv.twin-peaks*—either about the dead cult TV series or the new Mrs. Tommy Lee of *Baywatch*; *alt.music.canada*—Canadian music scene yak. This is the country that gave us Triumph, April Wine, Bob & Doug and a host of others even worse—what the hell have they got to talk about? Why we haven't seen fit to nuke them off the planet? A recent post adarantly



claimed that French-Canadian rock was superior to regular Canadian rock—uh-huh, all I can think of when I hear "French Canadian" is "Perfumed moose"; *alt.fan.pearl-jam*—find out where everyone's favorite millionaire flannelboys are cancelling next and discuss the odds of thier next album being even worse than the last two—at this rate EdVed won't have to deal with those big arenas anymore; *rec.arts.startrek.fandom*—it had to be in here somewhere. There are about as many of these as there are Courtney Love posts, but the phrase "THE BITCH MUST DIE!!!" doesn't seem to pop up as much, go figure; *info.jethro-tull*—this was traced back to an account under the name Athey, so let me be the one to say "THE BITCH MUST DIE!!!"; *alt.mcdonalds*—an ongoing warzone between the Veganazis and big-assed white trash who just want the new *Die Already 3* (or whatever Bruce Willis' latest action-filler is called) collector cups; and *info.slug*—sorry folks, it's just a bunch of multi-level marketing scams and...wait a minute! Where did G. get the long green to buy out JR? NOTE: Due to overwhelming demand, I have a new email address—the one listed last time overloaded and no longer exists. Learn it, know it, live it: HelenWolf@aol.com

—Helen Wolf

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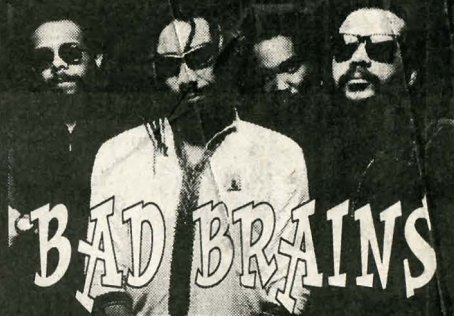
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THE BEST DAY OF MY WHOLE LIFE

Well, today was the big day. I had been counting the days all month, and the day was finally here...The Best Day of My Whole Life. So, when my posse (Kevin, Kelly and Charlie) pulled up to my door in Kevin's red T-Bird (my limo for the day) I walked out on the porch, took a deep breath, and said "This is it! This could be The Best Day of My Whole Life" My chariot awaits. After a couple of quick stops for cigarettes and booze, we were off. We drove to the fairgrounds, listening to Cheap Trick and scopin babes on State Street, except for Kelly

(he's 7) When we arrived we told the parking lady we were with the band. "Right this way" she said. Wow, I thought...The Best Day of My Whole Life is here! THE KISS CONVENTION!!! Twelve hours of Kiss stuff, Kiss music, Kiss people, and the real KISS! Standing in line was fun. We were by these guys who sold their kids bikes to get in, or put the tickets on their Mom's credit card. Guys who had 'Alive 2' blaring on the 8-track in their camaro while they pulled out their handmade cheesy 70's velvet Kiss paintings from the trunk. What a scene. Probably going to go down in history as The Best Day of My Whole Life. While we were in line, one guy says to his buddy "I bet the Vegas show will be cool" His pal sternly corrected him "Any place Kiss is at, is the coolest place to be" So finally after a cavity search (on my request) they gave us


our laminated passes,(not bad for a hundred bucks) and we got in and went up to the convention floor. Kisseria everywhere! Old Kiss costumes on mannequins, old Kiss flyers, old Kiss band photos, old Kiss members, Oh, they're still in the band, sorry. Everybody stood around for an hour or so, until they had the first of the day's events...The Drum & Guitar clinics! So a bunch of wanna be musicians (including one guy in full Gene Simmons costume) huddled around Kiss' drummer and guitarist to pick up 'tips' from rock icons. As if these two are the cream of the musicians crop. They play for Kiss, for Chrissake! After more boredom and me thanking God I didn't pay to get in, out came Kiss. Can you say self deification? Well, nobody there could. Was this a Star Trek convention? During the little Question and answer period some guy even asked if Peter Criss' wink on his last Kiss album signified he was leaving the band. Are you for real? Get on with your life! Where's William Shatner? Then Kiss played 'Unplugged'. Didn't really understand the theory there but they were pretty good. It was funny when they played old songs, because Bruce Kulick (newest guitarist) was looking at them trying to figure out what they were doing. After this mini concert, came the autograph signing. Every record, CD, picture, sock, underwear, anything that reminded these sheep of Kiss was brought out for a chance to be signed by the Kiss Gods. Fat girls had their ass signed. The Gene guy brought his bass to be signed. Ace Frehly got his W2 form signed. I wanted to get my ass signed but it's too hairy. This guy next to Kevin got his Kiss album signed and said in



total sincerity..."This is The Best Day of My Whole Life!" And he meant it. Kevin said if this is the best day of your whole life, you should probably kill yourself. After that mess, we had to leave. Even Kelly was ready to go. I asked him if he was tired, and he said "No, I'm just tired of these guys" So we collected our stuff, and piled in the T-Bird, which Charlie nicknamed "The Red Shark" (it was The Best Day of His Whole Life Too) As we drove away, just around the corner two cops pulled over to this drunk guy, rolling around on the sidewalk in his own urine. I wondered if it was the best day of his whole life too.

P.S. I didn't find a big bag of money, no one offered me a better job, and I didn't get a blowjob. So I don't think it ranks up there with the best days of my life. It was a day off though.

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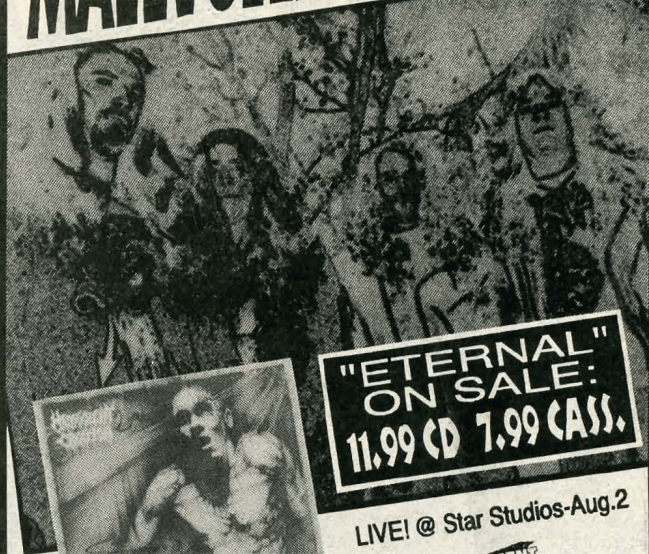
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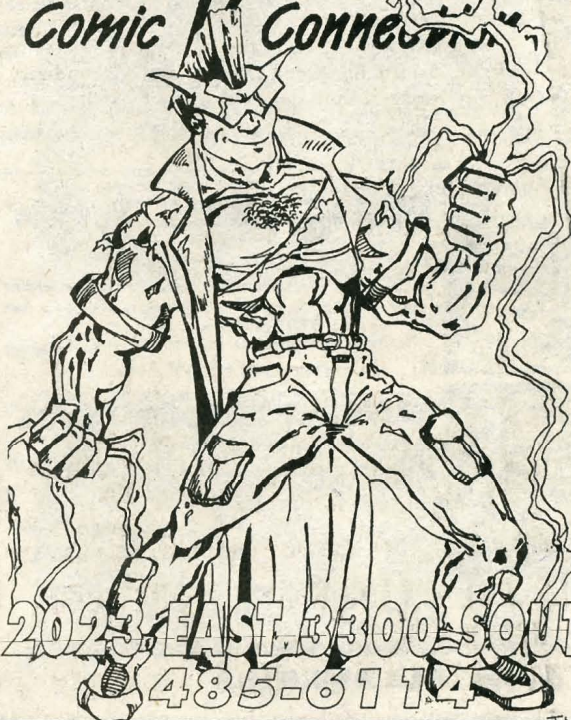
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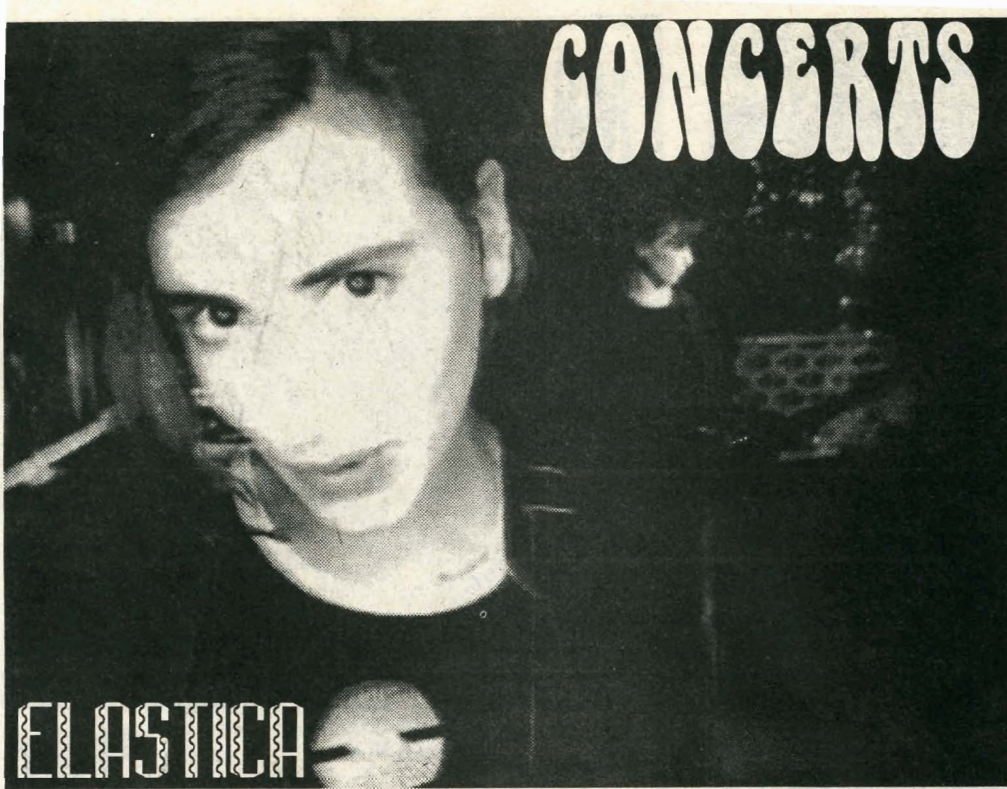
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CONCERTS



ELASTICA

(Club DVA)
BILLYGOAT
 (Zephyr)
 June 13, 1995

Anybody remember *New Wave Theater*, a late 70's/early 80's punkoid feature on USA cable's *Night Flight*? No? Nevermind, that was back in the days when rock n' roll wasn't on the tube 24 hours a day, 40 channels a remote. It was actually kind of a wierd event to see a cool band

on TV. Elastica's stop at DV8 brought back that New Wave cool, even if it was only for about 45 minutes (do the math, crybabies: Elastica's songs are 3 min tops, to play an average-length show they'd have to crank out about 75 tunes—K-Tel Hell!).

Back to that New Wave cool thing. Justine Frischmann (lead vocals & guitar—the brunette with the elliptical SuperCut), decked out in tight black *everything*, teased and pleased the sweaty, packed room of wavers,

ravers and no-neck jocks (the usuals with those duckbill caps sewn permanently to thier heads). Aside from the crowd-surfers who would start a pit at Yanni if MTV told 'em to, the sampled intro to "Connection", and the requisite 90's punched-up bass mix (supplied by Annie Holland—feathered haircut straight from the Runaways '77 tour—yeah!), it was 1979 all over again (or 1984, Utah mean time). Rezenhofer from the *Tribune* somehow managed to decode Justine's stage patter through that Brit accent: he even made out lyrics in his 3-day late review—I didn't understand a damn word she said/sang. Maybe that's why he gets the Big \$ and I just get grief for using sexy photos, man.

The remainder of Elastica, guitarist Donna Matthews and drummer Justin Welch (both sporting monochrome buzzcuts, thank you), strapped the wire-frame interplay on tighter than latex pants. During the encore "Vaseline", Justine & Co. donned and shared neon 3-D glasses with the crowd, then abruptly committed *punkus interruptus* and vacated the scene. As far as I know, the SLUG photog never showed, so you'll have to vizz it yourself. Opening act Baby Chaos went on

too early for me, but they did give me a cool sticker, so I'll say they were great. Oh yeah, smooches to the weasels at Geffen for all thier "help"—I got in anyway.

It was an early night, so I walked down to the Zephyr because I love to pay far more than I should to get a buzz. What's half-black, half-white, 1/6 female and funkier than the bottom shelf of your refrigerator? Why hell, it's Billygoat! Sorry, this whole Batman/Riddler thing is getting to me. Anyway, this sextet from parts unknown was pure white-trash Funkadelic—heavy on groove, light on actual songs and damn eager to put on a show in the old barn. The singer/percussionist even soloed at length on what seemed to be a paint can and a chamois rag (you had to be there). But the main attraction had to be the lithe female dancer and sometime backup singer (if a mic was nearby) who did a bizarre gumbo of modern dance, ballet, yoga, method acting and possible epilepsy for nearly 2 1/2 hours without a break. If I had that kind of stamina, maybe I could have lasted through that White Zombie show...

Props galore also played a sizeable role in the Billygoat revue—the encore the stage looked like an Oklahoma City garage sale. Tunewise, the memorable moments included an original with the best line all night: "I'd rather be a janitor in outer space/Than be a millionaire in this fucked up place" (Amen, brother!) as well as a pair of tight covers from P/Funk and Sly & The Family Stone. For the first finale, all six members grabbed something to bang on (why not Charlie's big ol' head?) and formed a loony conga line that left the stage, circled the club and returned about 5 minutes later. Final observations: 1. Whenever the Beastie Boy dropout on the B-3 started dropping lines (or rapping, if you will), Zephyr patrons became noticeably uptight—afraid of that heathen street music? 2. Men, is it some kind of tribal custom that whenever you see a woman dancing on a stage that you try to stuff money into her pants? This could be a whole new funding concept for Ririe-Woodbury!

—Helen Wolf

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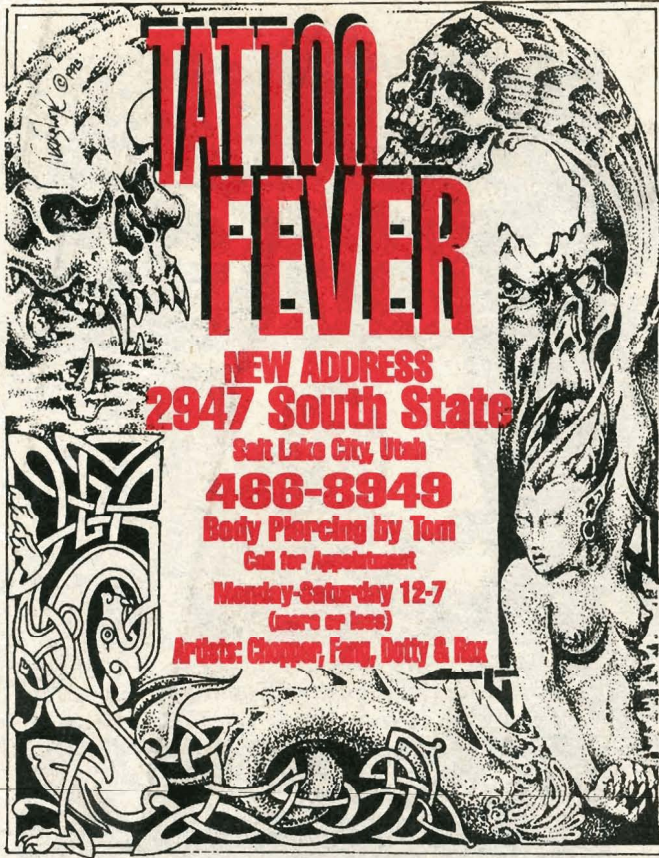
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BY ZANE ZEIGLER

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FLEDGLING
 TVT Records

Perfect, wonderful, perfect (dancing furiously)...(Sounds like?)... Cajun, rockabilly & blues. (Like the singing?)...Yes, and I like the music too. (Makes you feel?)...All jumpy & excited. (soft

part comes up) This is stinky! (fast part returns) I like to dance to it. The picture stinks, I don't want to look at it. (slams it down) Track 3: a sucker, stupid, dumb, stupid...80 stupid, Track 4: Stinky, stinky. All together...Surfact

AJAX

EX-JUNKIE

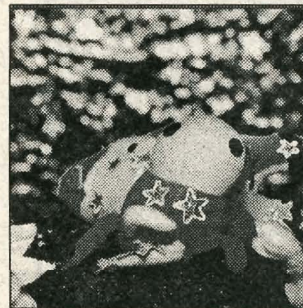
Zoo Entertainment/PNG

Good to shake your fish to...(vocals start) Stinky, stinky! (why?) Cause I hate the talking noise. Makes me feel like I want to throw up, make a fart & make a b.m. in my underwear all at the same time. The picture is sucky (slams it down) Turn it off quick, I hate it.

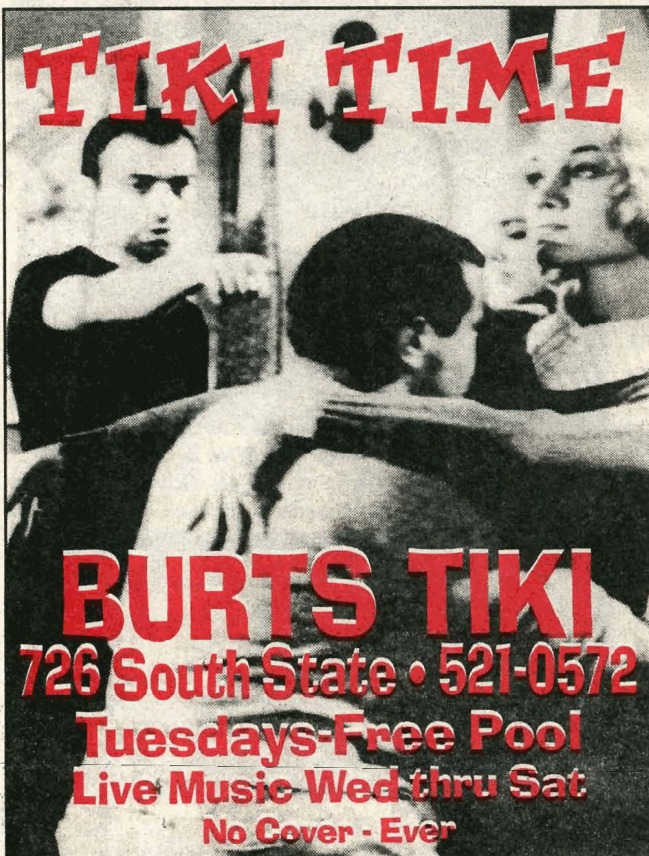


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THE STIFF SHEET...



TERRELL ANGRY SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

Virgin/Pointblank

Four years ago, my friend Mark introduced me to Terrell's first LP *On The Wings of Dirty Angels*. Ever since then, no matter what cool stuff I do, he always says "Yea, but who hipped you to Terrell?" Well, he was right, that is one of my all time favorite records. So it was with great vainglory and fervor that I called him last week to say "Guess what I'm listening to?...NEW TERRELL!" Angry Southern Gentleman is already one of the best albums of the year, and only confirms my theory that the best talents in the music industry are hidden away on the back burner. Terrell is easily one of the best singer/songwriters out there. The album is full of great stories, told over music that makes you feel like you just walked into the coolest, smokiest bar in New Orleans. Of the dozen outstanding tracks on this CD, best picks would have to be "Dreamed I Was the Devil", "Let's Go For a Ride", and "Piece of Time". Too many cool songs to list here though, as the whole record makes you harder than Georgia asphalt. Now me and Mark are finally even.



X UNCLOGGED

Infidelity Records

This is probably the best live acoustic album I've ever heard. It destroys any "Unplugged" albums that may pop to mind.

Probably because MTV wasn't involved. More credit though, is due to another fact, that "Unclogged" is full of good starting material. All of the songs and I mean all of them are well written. "I Must Not Think Bad Thoughts" and "True Love" from the LP *More Fun in the New World*, are standouts along with "White Girl" and "See How We Are". There are also two new songs... "Lying in the Road" and "Stage" both are good, however, "Lying in the Road" is beyond good.

The acoustic renditions of these X classics strip the songs to the bare bone to reveal the stuff that makes them great in the first place. Diversity, melody and substance. X proves once again to be truly one of the most gifted bands of our time.

PRIMUS TALES FROM THE PUNCHBOWL

Interscope/Atlantic

Les Claypool and the boys do it again. Bigtime. Five stars, Blah Blah. Rant and Rave. It's not just the beaver song. Primus shows why they are batting cleanup in the music lineup of the 90's. And they are batting .1000. What a cool fucking album.



GWEN MARS MAGNOSHEEN

Hollywood Records

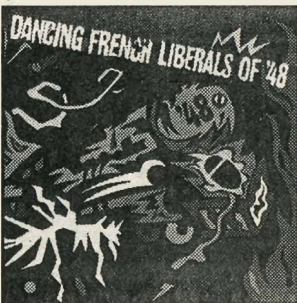
Some people are just meant to be in bands. So goes the singer of *Gwen Mars*, Mike Thrasher. This is a strong rock band bordering on pop psychedelia. Very good guitar parts interestingly laid over patented muscular rhythms. His voice moves from Mack Lanegan to Alice Cooper to someone impossible to compare to. That is probably what Mike would like to hear, rather than the standard comparisons. The album is full of some catchy, some trippy tunes, all of which hit home at some point or other. This is a really good first attempt from a band that met six months ago. The demo tape and the album are almost the same with few excep-

tions. A definite 'must see live'. Magnosheen will go on standard rotation in the Maxx cave.

FIG DISH THAT'S WHAT LOVE SONGS OFTEN DO

A&M Records

Melt in your mouth, not in your hand pop/rock that fails to disappoint. Too cool to overexplain. If you don't like this album, go get Journey's greatest hits, or Barry Manilow, your choice.



DANCING FRENCH LIBERALS OF '48

POWERLINE

Broken Rekids/Revenge Records

Ex Seattle faves "The Gits" whose lead singer Mia Zapata died in 1993. This band sounds like a 90's Clash mixed with the Dwarves.

Produced by Thee Slayer Hippy and Ben London (Alcohol Funnycar), "Powerline" is thirteen crushing songs that build of the Liberals' collective past while raking the band to new punk rock heights. The record also offers a hidden surprise: Joan Jett in a duet with Andy on "In a Past Life."

Jett's involvement with the liberals will continue later this year when they present *Evil Stig* (try spelling it backwards), a Gits tribute album featuring the Liberals and Jett (singing Mia's lead parts), the proceeds of which will continue to fund the investigation into Mia's death. Meanwhile, America's Most Wanted will feature Mia's case this coming July, while her friends continue to raise money and awareness in an attempt to find justice. (Over \$50,000 has already been raised via concerts and art openings in Boston, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco and Seattle, with the help of Exene Cervenka, 7 Year Bitch, Tad, Love Battery, Steel Pole Bathub, Nirvana and many others).

SILVERCHAIR FROGSTOMP

Epic/Murmur

This is probably the hardest CD I've ever reviewed. This is a fantastic band with amazing potential to heave themselves on top of the hard rock heap. I hate them because they

are all 18 years old or 16 or some damn age. But they sound killer! The songs sound like a well oiled veteran band. They are a trio from Australia with very strong hard driving guitar/vocal lines. Unfortunately they sound way too much like Soundgarden and the closed minded idiots in rock media will hang them for it. Maybe they'll survive the comparison, if they do, expect big things from these Aussie monsters. Did I mention they were little fuckers?



**hHEAD
JERK
I.R.S.**

After seeing the cover of Jerk many times, I wanted to scream "Heed move that huge melon of yours" in my best Scottish Mike Myers imitation. But alas hHead is a Canadian band and pro-

nounce their name "Head". Oh well I laughed until I put the disc on. Good stuff. Some of the lyrics are potent and sarcastic while the guitars hook away over that sweet rhythm into angst ridden power pop.

They are not Green Day with intelligence as some moron wrote in a review that made the bio (believe it or not). They are better than that. Don't be fooled. It isn't the Beatles, but face it, it's the music direction of the '90's. Deal with it.

SLINKY

Stone Garden Records

When I first looked at this CD, I noticed that they covered Lou Reed's classic "Satellite of Love". I was bound and determined to hate it. Luckily for Slinky, I started drinking before I listened to this one. Mwaaah! They didn't ruin it! They did it really well, even though their version is only 3:05 long. Anyway, it was cool and so is the rest of this 7 song EP? of this trio from Lala land. When you listen to a CD and want to listen to it again, it has accomplished

it's task. Slinky did it, and did it right. If they can produce a full length with all the meat and integrity of this first Stone Garden release, it'll be an outstanding album, so keep your fingers crossed.

**SUPER CHUNK
INCIDENTAL MUSIC
1991-95**

Merge Records

Well hello Mr. fancy pants! Finally Merge sends us product. This is a good day. Superchunk is a very cool band. I'd already heard the CD but was glad to review it. This is the CD you put on when you have 7 people at your house playing poker and inevitably they all ask at different times "Who is this?" You tell them, and they say "It's good. I like it" well, go get it. It's a collection of songs that were recorded and released at different

times since 1991's "Tossing Seeds" Eighteen songs including "Home at Dawn" and "Connecticut" (Jim Wilbur's vocal debut) and one of my all time cool as shit songs, (I'll tell you later) plus more rare faves from Superchunk.

—MaddMaxx



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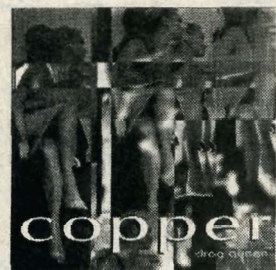
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COLLEGE TOP 50 Albums You Might Want to Check Out (or stay away from)

- #1 PRIMUS - Tales From The Punchbowl (*Interscope*)
- #2 YO LA TENGO - Electr-O-Pura (*Matador*)
- #3 PAVEMENT - Wowee Zowee (*Matador*)
- #4 MUFFS - Blonder and Blonder (*Reprise*)
- #5 CHRIS KNOX - Songs Of You and Me (*Caroline*)
- #6 STEEL POLE BATHTUB - Scars From Falling Down (*Slash/London*)
- #7 CATHERINE WHEEL - Happy Days (*Fontana/Mercury*)
- #8 THURSTON MOORE - Psychic Hearts (*DGC*)
- #9 KENDRA SMITH - Five Ways Of Disappearing (*4AD*)
- #10 ALL - Pummel (*Interscope*)
- #11 MOONPOOLS & CATERPILLARS - Lucky Dumping
- #12 EVERCLEAR - Sparkle and Fade (*Tim Kerr/Capitol*)
- #13 GWEN MARS - Magnosheen (*Hollywood*)
- #14 BOREDOMS - Chocolate Synthesizer (*Reprise*)
- #15 UNWOUND - The Future Of What (*Kill Rock Stars*)
- #16 RADIOHEAD - The Bends (*Capitol*)
- #17 BABES IN TOYLAND - Nemesisters (*Reprise*)
- #18 BAD BRAINS - God Of Love (*Maverick*)
- #19 ELVIS COSTELLO - Kojack Variety (*Warner Bros.*)
- #20 DRUGSTORE - Drugstore (*Honey-Gol/London*)
- #21 FILTER - Short Bus (*Reprise*)
- #22 GUIDED BY VOICES - Alien Lanes (*Matador*)
- #23 MORPHINE - Yes (*Rykodisc*)
- #24 JULIANA HATFIELD - Only
- #25 PELL MELL - Interstate (*DGC*)
- #26 TRICKY - Maxinquaye (*Island*)
- #27 SUPERGRASS - I Should Coco (*Capitol*)
- #28 18TH DYE - Tribute To a Bus (*Matador*)
- #29 GENE - Olympian (*Atlas/A&M*)
- #30 WILCO - A.M. (*Sire/Reprise*)
- #31 ESQUIVEL! - Music From A Sparkling Planet (*Bar/None*)
- #32 APPLES IN STEREO - Fun Trick Noisemaker (*spinART*)
- #33 MATTHEW SWEET - 100% Fun (*Zoo*)
- #34 HUM - You'd Prefer An Astronaut (*RCA*)
- #35 SLANT 6 - Inzombia (*Dischord*)
- #36 THE FALL - Cerebral Caustic
- #37 BJORK - Post (*Elektra/EEG*)
- #38 BRACKET - 4-Wheel Vibe (*Caroline*)
- #39 PJ HARVEY - To Bring You My Love (*Island*)
- #40 ELASTICA - Elastica (*DGC*)
- #41 CLOUDS - Thunderhead (*Elektra/EEG*)
- #42 HECTOR ZAZOU - Songs From The Cold Seas (*Columbia*)
- #43 RED KRAYOLA - Amor And Language (*Drag City*)
- #44 TILT - 'Til It Kills (*Fat Wreck Chords*)
- #45 THE VERVE - "This Is Music" 5" (*Hut UK*)
- #46 PETER MURPHY - Cascade (*Beggars Banquet/Atlantic*)
- #47 HELIUM - The Dirt of Luck (*Matador*)
- #48 CHRIS ISAAK - Forever Blue (*Reprise*)
- #49 LOW - Long Division (*Vernon Yard*)
- #50 DENTISTS - Deep Six (*EastWest/EEG*)

LOOK AT RELIGION

As the bones of desert animals bleach in the dead of summer's heat by the grand salty lake more aptly recognized as a dead sea, one might ponder across fractured synapses of decaying brain cells: "Why Death?"

But this is the season of cold beer & festivals & camping trips, hikes & swims, of outdoor music & sweaty sex & vine ripe juicy fruit. Why trouble one's soul with the questions of disintegration when abundance abounds. Why may you ask, am I dipping my stick in that ole tar pit? Because whether one likes it or not, the termination of life is integral to its entire swing.

Ask a squashed bug on the wind-shield. Inquire to the moon waning from sight. Ask a virgin forest it's key to longevity. Question an old grandfather clock how the tic shifts from the toc. The ingredients of life include so many complex variables and our experience seems to require a framework, a constant, a definitive punctuation. Death could actual serve evolution for if all of God's creature were able to bypass the Deep Sleep, what would be their motivation to cultivate survival.

Oh but it seems so hard to die. Lord Master Jesus Christ Almighty, Mother of Saints, I'll try, I will try, I just don't want to get killed. Must my body rot into the earth? I beseech the Heavens, let my spirit be for my human weakness is to cleave to life with every last breath I take, to step on the heads of the dying below me and struggle to fight again, to taste of life familiar to my birth.

Insects on the other hand are masters of death. They don't grovel or petition in their time of demise. Hell, some of them are only here for a few days anyhow, why should they fret about a couple of minutes. When that blood thirsty mosquito comes diving down for that lousy suck, it don't matter if it be whaloped to smithereens in the process. It's the plunge that counts, the gorging of the appetite, the swell of satisfaction.

And Mr. Young say every junkie's like the setting sun but whether you're an archbishop presiding over a high funeral mass or a mountain lion got hounds on its heels, we all end up on the same biological equation at our moment of death. We all cease to exist in the same physical form. When the French have exquisite sex, it is called: "Petit Morte" or "Little Death". For the frogs are juicy lovers and when their ego enters such consuming exhilaration, all previous cognition

is gone, fully engulfed by the moment's saturation of pleasure.

Maybe that's why sex and emotion are kinda scary for a lot of Americans, for example. Our Nation is often afraid of change. Many citizens will not risk making that jump until it is knee jerk and mechanical.

Aye but the beauty of death is that see-saw pivot between I AM & I WAS. Dead presidents are pictured upon our dollar currency, but you can't buy Andy Jackson an Irish whiskey next Friday night. Religion might proclaim a better world a-waitin', yet only living voices can sing the heavenly hymn. Pioneer statues speak silent volumes of past glories, while the world turning relies on the grease of love painstakingly administered by the breathing compassion.

Don't get me wrong, every time I move my bowels I honor the dead. I believe my digestion relies upon the sanctity of my ancestors. The food of their souls supports the ability of my gut, my instincts and feelings. Life, pulsing through the blood, must transcend individuality. History has many splendid examples of that necessity. Still our own insight walks that fine balance between LIFE & DEATH.

When life gets a little too safe, there are those rock-ability artist ready to ride the devil's hotrod for a vintage drive through highway hell. As the world becomes overtly bizarre, there are those roll-ability artist willing to extend a bit of homebaked concern. Take your pick sisters and brothers but remember what you don't use you lose. Death is one mother of a teacher and the one thing that death does teach us is to make the decision. Assess quantities, feel qualities and decide.

There are too many options in this wide open existence to allow pain and loss to mess with your choices. Please mourn and give honor to those loved ones who have gone before us, but pray beyond the church upon the very landscape where rivers flow from the steep Wasatch Range only to reach the ocean puddle known as the Great Salt Lake. On its shores many dying buffalo may have breathed their last, while over and over and over the humidity of this high desert sea feeds the mountain snows, allows a remarkably vital dimate in this exteme western horizon.

AMORE,
—PADRE BEELZEBUB

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**AMERICAN STANDARD
PISS AND VINEGAR**
Another Planet Records

Previous to this album, the only time I'd heard the words "piss and vinegar" was when I was being turned down to rent an apartment around the corner from Cosmic Aeroplane (the real one), because I looked like I was still too full of both. I would like to move in above the landlady and put this album on, very loud, and prove to her that she was right. A couple of brothers (Bill and Matt Dolan) playing on the softer edge of hardcore, without the preteen mentality that a lot of punk suffers from. Simple songs, nothing that strays too far from the old rock formula, but that's just fine because they do a good job of it. An added bonus is the fact that the CD itself looks beautiful. There's a cranky old bum on the front cover that just begs to be listened to, and behind where the CD goes there's a guy who looks like Dwight from This Boy's Life, both reeking of piss and vinegar. You know neither of these guys would ever listen to this, but they still somehow embody the feel. It's an album to be played loud, at a party, in a good mood.

—Capt. America

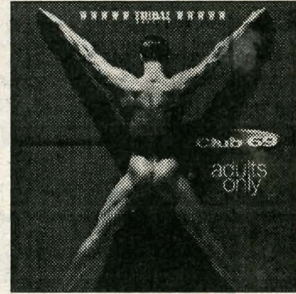


SNFU
Most Likely To Succeed
Epitaph records

Yea this has been out for awhile and Yea I'm a little late. Sorry. The word on the street is

this is a hot one and one those of you that know, have my permission to jump onto the next CD review. If you don't know, stick with me. Once again the people at Epitaph have put out a great "Punk Rock" CD. The production is really, really good, (what did you expect from Epitaph?) And SNFU is in fine form. Tight and very headstrong. Thirteen songs to make your head spin and your feet happy. Some people in the "know" call this the best SNFU release yet, go find out for yourself.

-RDJ



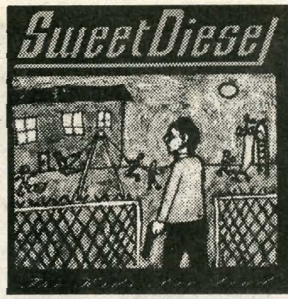
**CLUB 69
ADULTS ONLY**

Tribal America
- Club 69 comes from Austria, and it was while I was backpacking through Vienna last year that I first saw the ad for this album.

It was plastered everywhere ten feet high. It shows a naked muscle man from the back, spread eagled with his arms out on top, and I thought "Never in America would this poster be legal to hang." Well, the album made it to these shores, but I have yet to spot the poster anywhere. The Tribal label specializes in club music, their target demographic is DJ's who need music to spin.

This is definitely club music, unfortunately however it's of the absolute lowest common denominator: tired old beats, silly synth sounds, and a smoky female sounding (who knows?) voice droning pretentious monologues (How do you spell DIVA? / How do you spell DIVA? / How do you spell DIVA? / I'm a DIVA! / I'm a DIVA! etc. etc., really nauseating stuff). One of the song titles is "Let Me Be Your Underwear", which is really appropriate, especially if you need to take a big shit.

—Capt. America



**SWEET DIESEL
THE KIDS ARE DEAD**
Engine Records

The cover of this CD shows a gunman walking onto a school playground. Inside there is another drawing of a school bus going off a cliff. Given the title of the album, I have to wonder...Deep seeded mental problems? Probably. Sick sense of humor?...I hope so. Killer four piece hard crashing band? Definitely. Any Questions?

—Mr. Pink



**DAS KLOWN
LAUGHING STALK
GLU GUN**
JUST GLU IT!
Posh Boy Records

Well, punk is alive and well in L.A. and I don't mean Green Day, I mean punk rock ala Dead Kennedys *Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables*. With the aid of punk pioneers Posh Boy Records, bands such as Das Klown and Glu Gun are making a healthy attempt at resurrecting true punk with an unhealthy disregard for mainstream consciousness. Das Klown is in the 2:00 to 3:00 minute song genre, with some songs coming in at under 2:00. Harder and faster, harder and faster, with great old style punk guitar lines. Best songs are 'Jobless', 'Buried Treasure' and 'Open 'em Up'. Probably the best fix available for those in search of good hardcore to combat the onslaught of psuedo punk that is all over the place.

Glu Gun has a more textured style than Das Klown, but they are just as good. They do a cover of 'Bloodstains', a classic punk anthem from way back, with Mike Palm (Agent Orange) making a guest appearance. It was Palm who told Posh Boy to check out Glu Gun, and thusly got them signed. Best songs on 'Just Glu It!' are 'Eva's Got a Mowhawk' 'L.A.P.D.' and 'Six Pack of Blondes' but the rest are worthy of the sonic overload of these Posh Boy releases. Both cool. Both true punk. Both worth checking out. Besides you can trade your 'Dookie' CD in while you can still get good money for it.

—Rector

**BOB EVANS
THE BRADLEY SUITE**
EastWest/Skene Records

Bob Evans —don't know who he might be, less'n he might be the cartoony picture of the janitor / night watchman on the cover, looking soulfully out the window, but I'll give him credit for inspiring some good old tunes. Drums, bass, and a guitar, who said a band ever needed more than that? This is what grunge is supposed to be. Sounds like it was recorded in the drummer's garage, and you can tell they do a killer live show. Love to be there. Sort of reminds me of the days when I was in a band I don't know how we sounded, probably like shit but we felt like we sounded like this. The music of all the lights off and sweating and thrashing and bouncing around. Play it in the middle of a crowd near you, unannouncedly start up moshing. Good stuff, folks. I'd especially watch for them if they come in concert, they would definitely be a show to check out.

—Capt. America

**TRICK BABYS
PLAYER**
GoKart Records

If you gave Frankie Avalon and Fabian a hit of acid, stuck them in a room with James Kill Williamson, or any guitarist for Iggy Pop...they would listen to this album all night long and form a band that's not quite as good as 'Trick Babys'. The true meaning of Trash/Garage rock. Period.

—Mr. Pink

Continued on page 33

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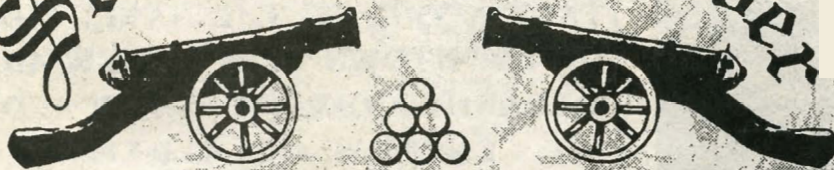


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JEZUS RIDES A RIK'SHA

TUNA SAFE DOLPHIN
This is probably the best local CD I've heard since Bohemia's ep. That says something. First, it says our locals are getting better, and the standard by which all are judged is getting higher. Second, Jezus Rides a Rik'Sha jumps on no bandwagons, like some of the other college radio pumped bands I could mention who have shitty CD's out. In the 'cool pool' of locals only, I'll take *Tuna Safe Dolphin* hands down.



Discovery Records

If all you had was the promo material on this album (which, thankfully, you the reader don't have to sift through) you'd come away thinking to yourself: what an asshole the lyricist (Dave Grundle) must be. He's described as a loner poet, introspective and shy to the point of declining interviews, walking on the edges of society's outcasts: that kind of mumbo-jumbo. He's from a small town in Ireland, and therefore brings a wide eyed naiveté to his blahblahblah, so what. I imagine he's enjoying a nice double mocha cappuccino somewhere in a quiet corner with parchment, quill and ink, and good for him. The music, however, does have it's moments. It's certainly pop music, and really light pop music at that, nothing heavy at all going on here. It floats around on a cloud of guitar and soft melodies, so if you're in the mood for some lighter listening it might be right up your alley. One of the bigger drawbacks, on the other hand, is the new age quality to the lyrics, which sort of drags on me after about five seconds, so I can't pay too close attention to them while I listen. Also the lead singer's

voice has a slight nasality to it that gets old through a whole album, but he counterbalances this by singing duet with his keyboardist (Alice Lemon) and when they're both singing it's not a problem. Look for "Cotton Dress" to hit the radio sooner or later, "Jesus Superman" is the low point on the album and should be avoided by all except those particularly fond of patchouli and their chakra bowls.

—Capt. America



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Outback Records



UNCLE JOE'S BIG OL' DRIVER CHICK ROCK

Headhunter/Cargo Records

If you like your music stripped down to the basics and sometimes loud with killer melodies check out either one of these CD's... or both. No techno, no voice changers, no samples, no weird mood synthesizers sounds, no grunge, no clap beat, no tender love ballads just good 'old rock and roll... and I like it!!! Both of these CD's will make you realize you've been wasting your time and maybe your money on things that just really don't matter.

-RDJ

SPIRITUALIZED PURE

Dedicated/Arista

"Every day I wake up and I take my medication." A truly

great lyric to kick off an album of trancey lying around the apartment stoned at 4 or 5 a.m. music. Jason Pierce is the guy's name, and by God does he know what he's doing when it comes to getting down on it in the studio. Almost no drums are heard on this thing, the beat is so far down on the list of priorities much of the time that the music is allowed to just flow through you unimpeded. The band has gotten some positive reviews in Details and *Raygun* and the like, so look for them to make it big soon. Deservedly so, I would say. This is really a very good album, right up there with Portishead and Morphine on my list of spiritual funky symphonic trance tightly put together serendipity music. Buy it, buy it, buy it.

—Capt. America

BARNYARD BALLERS ROCK OUT WITH YER COCK OUT

Insane Records

Far as I can tell, this CD is about having sex with farm animals, and killing things. Still trying to figure out why I liked it so much.

—Mr. Pink



TALKING RAIN

Tim Kerr Records

"Spoken Word & Music from the Pacific Northwest" reads the byline of this compilation album of just that. A bunch of poets, writers, kooks and speakers from up in coffeetown, (actually the majority are from Portland) have gotten together and made recordings of their best stuff. Each person is represented by one or two pieces, in all cases but one, the author reads their own work. It's a pretty good mix for a change of pace. It's quite interesting to listen to, because it's not something you can put on the CD player and then do something else: it demands your attention, so

you're best to find something to stare at while you listen to it. It should be pointed out that it certainly beats sitting around watching television, the great mind number, or many of the other things you could give your time to. Poets tend to be a strange sort, especially those who get into reading their own stuff out loud, if you've ever been to an open mike night somewhere you might know what I mean. So this collection is full of some interesting personalities shooting their own shit.

There's nothing here that's without merit, although some are more bizarre than others. Gus van Sant shows up on a track, as does good old Ken Kesey (doing a completely trippy version of 'Jimmy Crack Corn') and Adam Parfrey (whose book 'Apocalypse Culture' is a great fucking read for anybody interested in the various insanities going on as the human race winds down the twentieth century). Recommending this album is like telling you to go to a particular play. It's a night's entertainment as opposed to something you listen to in the car. My favorite line: "Oh to be young / indisputably hung / preaching revolution door to door."

—Capt. America



LUNACHICKS JERK OF ALL TRADES

Go Kart Records

If you can get past the silly cover art of Jerk of All Trades, the new full length by the Lunachicks, you'll find a hardcore punk rock CD that will take your breath away. These N.Y. chicks make Green Day and the Offspring sound like a child's soundtrack from Romper Room and they know more about style, attitude and hardcore than anything you'll hear on the radio today. Rude, crude and lude the lyrics deal with about every con-

Continued on page 34

cievable subject and the sound is raw and in your face. Push the limits of your previous definition of Punk Rock and check out the Lunachicks, you won't be sorry.

—RDJ

HAWKWIND

Undisclosed Files Addendum

Griffin Music

PIL

Happy?

Griffin Music

Griffin Music out of Carol Stream Illinois specializes in reissues of, as far as I can tell, pretty obscure stuff. If I were you, (which I'm glad I'm not,) write to these guys & gals and get a catalog. Griffin Music, P.O. Box 87587, Carol Stream, IL 60188-7587. Hawkwind was one of the original stoner bands in the mid 70's. Great guitar solo's and killer epic songs. This particular CD is un-released stuff. I love this CD...very trippy. And I'm sure most of you are familiar with Johnny Lydon's band, PIL. If not, where's your sense of history? *Happy?* has been out of print for a while, but thanks to Griffin Music, you can now add it to your personal collection. Seriously folks, the catalog is worth looking at, especially if you're into 70's and early to mid 80's bands.

—RDJ

SHEER TERROR

LOVE SONGS FOR THE UNLOVED

Blackout/MCA

"In a world where the same people who used to make fun of the Plasmatics are now getting nose rings and practicing stage dives, Sheer Terror remains as ugly as ever—if not even more so, by comparison". Although countless bands pay lip service to punk rock these days, that is not the case with this four piece NY hardcore/terrorist group. This is as scary as you can get, and still be good, if that translates to paper. They are cocky, loud, drunk, arrogant, congested, (snotty) and true to form as they sail through 13 attitude filled thrasher tunes on *Love Songs for the Unloved*. I can't stop laughing and thinking how cool they were. Like older guys who came to your house in high school, drank your beer, and took off with your girlfriend.

—Larry H

RIKK AGNEW/ VARIOUS ARTIST SMASH DEMOS VOL II

Posh Boy

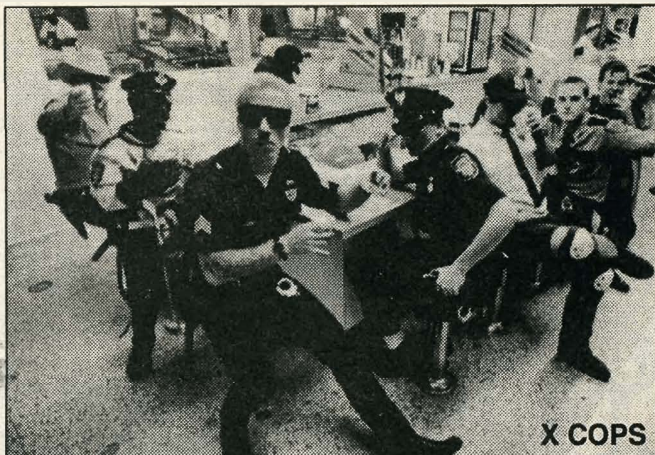
Listening to Rikk Agnew's compilation of new and up-coming punk/garage bands takes me back many moons ago to when I was a teenage lad growing up in Southern California. It sound alot like Rodney on the eRoq (KROQ) Compilation albums. 22 bands, 22 songs over an hour of ear-splitting, heart- palpitating demos. Cutting edge stuff that will be the popular underground stuff in 18 to 24 months. This is a really good find, so have Raunch or the Heavy Metal Shop order it for you. And by the way, Rikk Agnew knows his shit, he was the guitar player for The Adoloscents and many other rippin' So. Cal. bands.

—RDJ



ONE EYE BAD DREAM

When One Eye played their first gig at the Bar & Grill, they opened for a band I was in. They went on, played about an hour of killer heavy grunge induced tunes and then we went on...wearing dresses. True story. This bands strongest point is that they play the same style now as they did then, they're just better at it. And it shows on their debut CD release 'Bad Dream'. It is full of standard issue One Eye moshers that separate them from other bands in the same vein. Shane gets a great guitar sound with help from Tony K. and the rest of the band follows suit. My only complaint is, that in his typical quiet fashion, Rusty doesn't show off enough. Unfortunate, since he is one of the best, most innovative bass players around. One Eye has played their dues, done all the free gigs, and still managed to stay together. Go, buy their CD. They deserve it.



teenagers. He might have landed on Park Place with this X-Cops show.

We in Salt Lake City have never experienced a GWAR show. The controllers of public morality would throw fits if they ever realized that GWAR was coming to town. Thank the triumvirate of the Godhead that they don't even know what a GWAR show is all about. GWAR isn't coming, they probably never will. In their absence is a substitute team of GWAR members. The X-Cops are GWAR. It's the all-male version – the patriarchy with penises of the band. They sing songs about the male dominated world and the power that having a penis dangling between your legs gives you. Rape and violence against women are subjects of X-Cops songs. But, guess what? This band is ruled by women. The songs are sung in jest. If you don't get it stay the fuck away. If you do by all means pay your money to see bondage attire, men in uniform and a critique of "our world" on July 9th at the decrepit Fairgrounds. If only Miss Julie – Jackie Nokes were still in charge all the Romper Room fans could show her what low wages and high taxes have created.

Peter Murphy

Next on this promoters list of shows is the appearance of Peter Murphy. Unlike some of his fellows from the early English scene he hasn't resorted to playing disco. He now lives in Turkey with his wife and two children. That should come as a shock to a bunch of vampires around town. This prophet of darkness is just a normal man who makes music. His latest is filled with imagery, and it isn't of bats, Bela Lugosi and horror. The images are more peaceful for this matured artist. Peter Murphy believes in giving the audience its money's worth when he performs. The chance to see a living icon is exciting. Opening for him is a question mark named Jewel. She's been on Regis and Kathie Lee, like anyone watches that and she's opened for Bob Dylan and Liz Phair. All of that means she'll make a perfect opener for Peter Murphy.

The Phantom Rockers

Ha, Ha, Ha. Let's see if they've improved the Stray Cats covers any since the last debacle at the Zephyr.

Chocolate USA

Chocolate USA are playing the Cinema Bar early in the month. Check with the club for the exact date. They are some kind of nomad group with a bunch of electric and acoustic instruments as well as a television and videos to play on it. They have that blend of noise and pretty pop that is impossible to describe with words. I guess you'd better go.

Mother Hips

A jamming hippie band that is reported to mix rockabilly and blues in with some kind of reference to Moby Grape. Their CD is over three years old and the music it contains can't be relied on for any good idea of what they currently sound like. They could be either very good or very, very bad. Take your chances, it will only cost \$5 or so.



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DIESELHEAD
TRUCKSTOP
LOVE

18
RITUAL
DEVICE
6-HEAD

19
MARMALADE HILL
FLOWERPATCH

20
PAPA
KEGA
OTHER
HALF

21
PSYCLONE
RANGERS
Qualitones

22
ONE EYE
OPEN
SKABS ON
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23
MR.
FABULOUS

24
THINKING
FELLERS
UNION
LOCAL 101

25
TREE
FROGS

26
JAMES
STEWART
ZAC LEE

27
6-HEAD
HUGE E

28
GOODBYE
HARRY
DEVIANCE
COKLEO

29
SLUG
FEST
LOLLALOOZA
GIVE AWAY

lethal (lē'thəl) *adj.* [L *letalis, lethalis* < *lethum*, death: see **LET**] causing or capable of causing death; fatal or deadly—**SYN. PUNK**—(See also: **HARDCORE**)



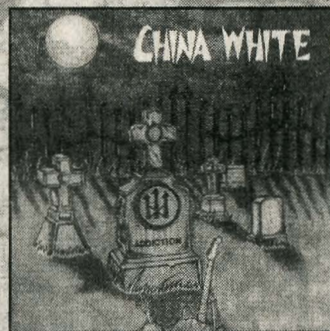
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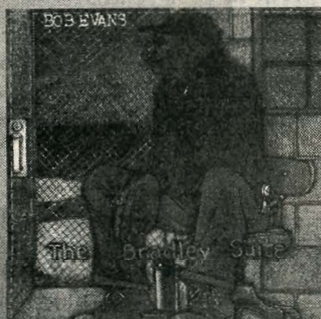
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Another month and another stack of little records has appeared on my doorstep. This month starts out with a couple from the most fav label on the planet - Estrus. The Tikimen - "The Good Life," "Farfield Fiasco"/"Theme From The Unknown," That's The Way It Goes" - Estrus Records. As all good Estrus bands must The Tikimen play variations on the tried and true garage, surf, dragster theme.



Bring that reverb into play boys, use that vibrato, throw in a sample of a revving motorcycle engine, a siren and a few screams. "The Good Life" sounds just like something off a Del-Fi reissue. They follow up with a classic from a 1960's biker flick - except it is 1995. Flip it over for a cover. Hugo Montenegro meets Davie Allan. To close they get where the action is and the go go girls are frugging around the pool. We are off to a good start this month!

Famous Monsters - "Monster Girls Are Go!," "Blood Of Frankenstein"/"Monsters Over Tokyo," "The Werewolf Wiggle" - Estrus Records. Pull out that copy of the Marketts doing the Batman theme and review the music. Famous Monsters appear to be from that school of instrumental music. They can play, but what makes the record good is the girls carrying on into the vocal mikes as they kick out the rockin' good music. Trashy music from a girl on bass, a girl on guitar and Frankenstein on drums. The experience is like watching a porno video starring the casts of the Munsters, the Adams Family and the Batman television series doing it with the Brady Bunch. Boris Karloff, Vincent Price and Alfred Hitchcock direct the video. Ever hear a duo of hoarse females screaming "do the werewolf wiggle"? I think not! Trashy music at its best.

I'm earning my SLUG wages for

the next three records. Wallyeye/Damnation - "Split 7" - "Fuzzyhead"/"In The Flesh" - Jade Tree Records. It's time to re-enter the present and have a listen to some heavy metal punk rock. I think this record is defective, there are some huge pops all through both sides, but that's the joy of vinyl isn't it? Wallyeye reminds the listener of the crazies all over the streets. (Venture into downtown Salt Lake City to view

few.) The music is your average everyday rawk; the pops and crackles are completely out of sync with the drums and bass. Can we fix that next time? The heavier of the two is Damnation. This is where the neurosis and c.o.c. references from the typewritten note come into play. They are evil



boys from the D.C. area. Michael McTernan, vocals needs to gargle. "In The Flesh" is a love song. "I'm your drug/I'm what you need to survive/abuse me, when your done throw me aside." (The spelling is correct) That's what I call self-esteem. Let's continue our exploration of the Jade Tree output. Edsel - "No. 5 Recitative"/"Laugh Here To Scorn." Edsel is extremely heavy at 33 1/3. If you are buying this record try it at the wrong speed first. At 45 they emerge as a pop band with a couple of ear charming songs. The A side is the uptempo number, the B is the ballad. The ballad is the more interesting of the two - it has prettiness mixed with noise which climaxes in admirable crash and burn fashion. I could use an extension of the crash and burn climax.

Rear Admiral - "Drive Me Crazy," "Fix It Boy"/"One Man Riot," "(You're So Square) Baby I Don't Care" - AHOY Records. OK, Estrus hasn't won yet. Rear Admiral

shocked me to my senses with their tasty little EP. It is the first of the batch to have a big hole and these boys are from the garage! No it isn't more '60s garage. This one is inhabited by an entire army of past ghosts with energy and three chord knowledge. Everyone from Johnny Burnett through the Astronauts to the Dolls and even God forbid the leather-lunged Lemmy are paid homage to by Rear Admirable. It rises to the top of my heap because I love the Old School. The one cover song doesn't hurt either.

After all this 7" nonsense how about we move on to a big 10". I picked this one up over at Raunch, the only store in town where any of these records might be available. (Write the check Brad or I'm cutting out the free advertising.) The Cowslingers -



"That's Truckdrivin' - Sympathy For The Record Industry. They bill the record as country music and dedicate it to "the men who keep the Big Rigs Rollin' - and to the girls in their lives." That's a good one because the only truck drivers this record will appeal to are driving corporate rock busses back and forth across the country or...they're in a band listening to a Ford Econoline cassette stereo system. I've given up trying to categorize the shit by now. It ain't country, it ain't punk and it ain't rockabilly - the only term that fits is garage. The Cowslingers have a CD out which demonstrates their talents with the thrashabilly form. The only song demonstrating that side of their persona is the final cut on side 2. "One Cup Of Coffee" is the token tune for greasers. The rest of the record brings forth an entirely new side (or two) of the Cowslingers. The songs address the trials and tribulations faced by Big Rig drivers all over America. The music is filled with nasty, dirty guitar and vocals relying heavily on reverb. They touch down in the country every now and then and totally destroy the image Commander Cody has worked 20 years to perfect when they cover "Truck Drivin' Man" in complete thrashing garage fashion. Holy Cow!... is a bar I avoid. The term sums up the record. The Cowslingers win this month!

WRITTEN IN BLOOD...

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

—JOHN FORGACH

It seems more shows were canceled for the month of July than are actually taking place. The biggest news is that Noize Fest '95 won't be coming Salt Lake. Apparently some of the bands have crapped out and the tour ended. Don't miss the band Coalesce playing at DV8 on July 5th. Coalesce was recently signed to Earache records. The band is currently on tour in support of their soon to be released CD. I've been told Coalesce is ultra extreme hardcore, and really something to experience live. On July 23, The Organization and Bad Seed will be appearing at Star Studios. I'm sure by now I don't have to tell you The Organization used to be the young metal prodigies known as Death Angel. When Death Angel's first release, THE ULTRA VIOLENCE came out in the 1980's, no one in the band was older than 16. I think the drummer was even 12. On August 2, Malevolent Creation will be returning to Salt Lake to play at Star Studios. Remember, if you don't go to these shows they will stop. Support the scene.

EMPEROR

IN THE NIGHTSIDE ECLIPSE

Century Black

Here's another gem for all you black metal enthusiasts. I'm talking about IN THE NIGHTSIDE ECLIPSE, the first full length release by the band Emperor. Don't worry, I bowed when I said that. This band is quite similar to the band Darkthrone, which appeared in last months issue. Emperor, like Darkthrone, is from Norway. Another similarity is the way crime has riddled the very fabric that makes up each band. Three - fourths of the members of Emperor are up on charges ranging from murder and assault to arson. Actually, I think they have Darkthrone beat. As a black metal band, Emperor has it all. The band comes equipped with members named Ihsahn, Samoth, Tehort, and Faust. What do you think their mothers were thinking? The band even use words like thou, hath, and nor. So get off of thou ass and goeth downeth to your CD store and geteth Emperor, IN THE NIGHTSIDE ECLIPSE. Oh, by the way - If Darkthrone's number one fan has a problem with the information I've given to you on either band, don't call us, call their publicist. Haven't you ever heard of a bio sheet? Or, at least have the decency and guts to write in so I can chew your ass for real. Man, your just jealous your not a count.

EXPERIMENT FEAR

ASSUMING THE GODFORM

Massacre Records

It's speedy, it's grindcore.....it's speedcore! It's also pretty damn intense. I'm talking about the new release by Experiment Fear, ASSUMING THE GODFORM. When I first received the CD I thought damn they look young. These boy's can't be much more than a year or two out of high school. Then, I read some of the lyrics and thought huh, Deicide Jr.. The lyrics would definitely please the Devil himself, maybe not quit as much as a Deicide lyric sheet, but I think they have God-hating down. The production is nice and fat. It really sounds good. Over-all, these guys sound really pissed off about something. I think we'll be able to waive the anger modification training though, as

long as they agree to keep taking it out on their instruments.

FEAR FACTORY

DEMANUFACTURE

Roadrunner

Fear Factory are back three years after the release of their first full - length album. The latest creation by F.F. is entitled DEMANUFACTURE. If you liked their first release SOUL OF A NEW MACHINE, you'll like this one even more. The songs are tighter and have more crunch than a box of cereal with a picture of the captain on the front of it. I talked to Dino Cazares, heavy duty scarifier or guitarist for the band, and he attributed it to having more experience in the studio. In the first eight days, DEMANUFACTURE sold 4,300 copies. If you go ahead and get this release now, you may not be the first kid on the block to have it, but at least you have one of the hottest new albums out. Fear Factory will be road testing this one with Korn and Megadeth. Unfortunately, since Megadeth already played Salt Lake, the tour probably won't hit this town. Feel robbed?

FLESHOLD

PATHETIC

Massacre Records

The Chicago based band Fleshold have recently released their debut album PATHETIC. Formed in 1990, Fleshold (Insert bio information here.)..... PATHETIC is pretty much a winner right from the start. The cover depicts a person sitting in a chair, wrapped up in cellophane and barbed wire. I don't know about you, but that's how I usually opt to spending the better part of my weekends. Musically, Fleshold comes on strong. Their music is more of a free - form thrash/grind, as opposed to the hyper tight riffings of bands like Fear Factory or Coroner. I hear a lot of jazz influence on this this release. Fleshold was supposed to play Star Studios at the end of June, but the show was canceled. I was told they will return in September. See you there.

FORBIDDEN

Massacre Records

I told you back in April this one would be good and hah, it is. Forbidden have come back into our lives with another sure classic. DISTORTION is Forbidden's long awaited release. It's been five years since their last album, TWISTED INTO FORM. To think, these days some band's entire careers don't last five years. Since their departure from the scene, Forbidden was dropped by their label, came close to signing with RCA, lost drummer Paul Bostaph to Slayer, released guitarist Craig Locicero (though still a member of Forbidden) to play with Death during their European tour, added drummer Steve Jacobs, and most recently were signed by Massacre Records. Whew, well my tiny brain is just a spinning. I was glad to see the line-up remain the same except for of course the drummer change. Come to think of it, it's been pretty much the same band members since around 1987. Forbidden must offer a great benefits package to keep their employees happy. Hopefully, they will make their way to Utah. They've canceled their last two Salt Lake appearances. Forbidden, dammit - YOU OWE US BIG!!

HOSEBUSH

IT'S HARD

Independent release

It's hard....no, no, no....IT'S HARD is the latest release by Philadelphia hardcore band Hosebush. Phillycore at it's finest.

Hosebush was formed early in 1994. Members include long-time bandmates Bryan Bobel, Steve Calloway, Roger Johnson, and newly acquired guitarist Ron King. Hosebush is the transformation of the East coast thrash legend Total Irrelevance, which Bryan, Steve, and Roger were all members. T.I. rid itself of dead weight, picked up Ron on guitar, and are now known in the tri-state area as Hosebush. The band incorporates influences ranging from thrash to traditional hardcore, creating a sound which is nothing short of inspiring. IT'S HARD was released and is being distributed independently by the band itself. Hosebush is currently shopping labels for better distribution channels.

Hosebush 511 Oak Lane. Dover, Delaware 19901

THE SPUDMONSTERS

NO GUARANTEES

Massacre Records

The Spudmonsters have released their third album NO GUARANTEES on Massacre Records. Hopefully, you saw this hardcore/thrash band live when they were in town with Overdose and Skrew. If you didn't, shame on you. These guys didn't stop moving the entire show. I swear this band had more energy on stage than I have in a week. NO GUARANTEES is filled with fourteen songs that will let you see life through the eyes of a member of The Spudmonsters. Unfortunately, it's the way life really is. Poverty, exploitation, violence, etc. are all topics. Musically, the band reminds me of a cross between THRASH - ZONE era D.R.I. (..and that's a good thing for those of you that don't know) and Biohazard. Check out NO GUARANTEES, and if you don't, the band may very well find you and "Dot Yer Eye."

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THE JOYKILLER

THE REAL SHIT

Come here, I want to tell you a secret. No closer...I want to whisper it in your ear. Yea, that's it...now listen and listen close. On April 18th of this year The Joykiller released their debut on Epitaph records. If you've got it, good for you. You know how strong the line up is and how good the CD is. If you don't I want you to pass GO, do not collect 100 dollars and go directly to your favorite CD shop and BUY IT!!!

Check out this line up, The Joykiller is Jack Grisham-vocals, (TSOL and Tender Fury), Chris Lagerborg-Drums, (Vandals, Adolescents, Cadillac Tramps and Greg Ginn), Billy Persons-Bass (The Gun Club, The Weirdos), Ronnie King-Piano, Fuzz box, (claims he did nothing until he met Jack!), and Mark Phillips-Guitar, (Down By Law and That's It.)

For all you old timers out there, Jack Grisham from the original TSOL is at it again, this time stronger than ever. Not only does it sound good, it feels great! And for all you young skate-rats, The Joykiller is a band not to be missed: The Joykiller is going to be in SLC on July 17th with Pennywise and DFL. Jack Grisham and the kind people at Epitaph allowed me to ask Jack a few questions. It was comfortable and very humorous.

It was really strange for me though, because TSOL is a band I spent the most part of the early 80's listening to. And then, here I was joking around with the mad man behind the lyrics of "Code Blue", "Dance With Me", and my personal favorite, "I'm Tired of Life", some fourteen years later.

JACK: I used to love Salt Lake City man.

SLUG: Really

JACK: Yeah, we used to play there. When I was in TSOL I played there all the time.

SLUG: I was going to ask you about that.

JACK: I think we went through there at least 3 or 4 times. There wasn't really anywhere to play. One time I think we played in one of the Massacre Guys' basement of their house...that was the show. It was a blast. That's where the famous fire extinguisher incident took place, in S.L.C.

SLUG: What happened there?

JACK: Well, it was when Frank Agnew was playing in TSOL, and we were playing in this auditorium. It was like a high school auditorium kind of thing. There was one door to get in, and then a big building, and then a stage, and then a door to get out behind the stage. That was it, two fucking doors in the whole place. The place was packed, and it was our

last show, so I grabbed this fire extinguisher to douse everybody. It turned out it was some nasty chemical shit. It wasn't CO2 or anything, it was like this yellow sawdusty shit. So I squirted it and it got Frank Agnew in the face, and he passed out on the spot, during the set. He just fell down. And then the fire extinguisher flooded the place so bad, you couldn't even breathe. The show was over. That was the last show. Bloody noses and shit, really bad. That was it, we didn't get paid and we had to split right away.

SLUG: Tell me something, there's something that has always confused me. On TSOL's first EP, it credits Jack Gregors' mouth and other organs. Your pseudo name?

JACK: Yea, on every one of them

SLUG: And Alex Morgan on Dance With Me?

JACK: Me again.

SLUG: You again. What the hell is going on there?

JACK: Yeah and then Jack LaDellga on the one after that and that was the street I lived on LaDellga. It was a joke. And the joke was, see the whole deal when that TSOL thing, and its the way I still feel now. Its like playing music is the same as picking up garbage. You know what I'm saying. These people

think that because you play in a band you're happy and these people their heads get all fucked up. You know what I mean. They start getting into this rock power trip.

SLUG: Oh definitely, yeah. I talk about this all the time but yeah go on.

JACK: Yeah and it's no different. The joke is that some of these people are playing like punk rock but their heads still think like journey. You know and they got that you know that whole crap.

SLUG: Ant they're thinking to themselves if we could only make it to the arena show.

JACK: Right and then they act like that like music is a happening thing. So the joke was, is that we didn't care. We were like totally anti-hero. So we'll just be different people on each record.

SLUG: On every album?

JACK: Yeah Fuck em, and it's funny cause people would write reviews how the new singer wrecked the band. I'm glad they got this guy cause the other guy was an asshole.

SLUG: And its the same singer. Too funny.

JACK: I think this might be one of the first times I've used my real name. Anyway so that's the reason. That's why, just that whole anti-hero rock star trip.

SLUG: And I think if you want to term it punk rock or alternative, whatever the hell you want call it. that's always been the main push behind it. Just do it yourself.

JACK: If people still think about it, cause there's company's that are big that are still cool. It's the attitude. Do you know what I mean. It's like those guys at Epitaph. They've been so cool to me you wouldn't fucking believe it man. They sent us to Texas to do a show and I told them, We can't afford it, we don't take money from anybody. We do what we do. So anyway I told them that I would go work in the warehouse to pay for the trip. So anyway Brett (from Epitaph) called me up and said look man you guys gave me this record. You gave me a gift. I work for you. So shut up and let us help you out and don't worry about it. You don't got to pay us back, Fuck it. And it's up to us not to take advantage of that. We take care of ourselves and they help us when we need help.

SLUG: How many shows has the Joykiller played?

JACK: 11 maybe 12 not that many.

SLUG: How's it feel to you?

JACK: Feels good. Actually its funny I've had people come up to me and say that it just freaked them out. It's just like saying, fuck I felt like I was 15 again man. I've had that alot. One of the guys in Fluff came up to me and said that's what TSOL should have sounded like. It felt good.

SLUG: It comes from the same source so it's very close.

JACK: And the way the band is it just feels like it.

SLUG: I was going to bring this up later, but since we're kind of touching on the subject, I think one of the strongest songs on the album is "Show Me The System". That could very easily have been a TSOL song.

JACK: Yeah, well and also it's kind of like well sort of like part two of "I'm Tired".

SLUG: Yeah well my favorite song on the whole album.

JACK: Well that's part 2. That's the deal. Like if you listen to the end of I'm Tired were it says because of the process, because of the system. You know that deal. So this is like part two, actually where nothings changed since then.

SLUG: Are you going to play old TSOL stuff when you go out?

JACK: You know we have played some. We've done "I'M Tired", "Code Blue" and "Dance With Me".

Well there you have it on July 17. The Joykiller will destroy your sense of perception and your hearing along with Pennywise and DFL at the Fowl Friends Building for some summertime tribal release and a whole lotta fun, I'll see you at the show.

—Royce

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HEY YOU!

KNAPSACK

Trying To Kick The World's Ass

Well, I could spend a whole hour telling you why this band is cool, why their album 'Silver Sweepstakes' is one of my new favorites, and why I hate bands that are this young and this good. I won't. I called Wendy at Alias and she hooked me up with their drummer, Colby Mancasola, so he could give you the story. After we talked, I decided the best reason to like them is that they almost kicked Eddie Vedder's ass.

SLUG: You went to UC Davis and you were a DJ on the college station?

CM: Yeah and I music director.

SLUG: What station was it?

CM: KDVS. (Davis Cal)

SLUG: How did you guys get the other two members of your band.

CM: We tried to put up want ad type things and that didn't work out we just got a bunch of freak calling and heavy metal guys and stuff. That was like a waste of time. We finally found a guy, friend of a friend, that was playing bass. But then he couldn't go on tour. So at the last minute we knew Rod from playing in his old band and we asked him to play bass and then he brought Jason along to play guitar and they went on tour with us. They learned the songs in like a week, two weeks. They went on tour with us and then their other band broke up after a month or two and all of a sudden we were a band.

SLUG: Why did you guys call your band Knapsack?

CM: No real reason. Just thought it sounded cool and didn't mean anything.

SLUG: Who did you just get off tour with?

CM: We were on tour with the Archers of Loaf for a little bit and then we were also by ourselves for a little bit.

SLUG: And then when you go to CMJ what's the deal?

CM: That's still tentative we don't know how that's going to work out. We could go by ourselves, we could go with a larger band. We're hoping to find a larger band to go over with.

SLUG: Led Zeppelin?

CM: Yeah, probably Plant and Page.

SLUG: How old are you guys?

CM: We're between, I guess the range is 22 to 26. I'm 23.

SLUG: Who's the oldest?

CM: Jason I think (the second guitarist) But it could be Rod the bass player. I always get confused which one is 25 and which one is 26.



SLUG: Do they pull rank on you guys?

CM: No never. We'll have music discussions and it's funny because things that came out when they were in high school came out when we were two, three years younger. It was like sixth or seventh grade and they were listening to all these great records. They always tease us about that.

SLUG: Like who?

CM: Like we were talking about the Clash on 'Train in Vain' and Jason remembers it being on FM radio in his area. And I just discovered that song maybe five, six years ago. And so he was teasing me about that.

SLUG: What does Knapsack listen to? What kind of music do you like?

CM: It ranges quite a bit. The one thing that I always think is funny is that I don't listen to any of the bands that our reviews always compare us to.

SLUG: Like?

CM: Like we get compared to Sunny Day Real Estate. That's not a band I listen to.

SLUG: What about the comparisons between Perry Farrell and your singer?

CM: That took us by surprise the first couple of times we heard it but now we're used to that one.

SLUG: So the writing is done mostly by?

CM: Blair. He usually just writes songs on his acoustic guitar and then brings them to practice and we add our parts and I'm involved in the arranging but I don't know notes at all. I leave those guys up to that. But everybody writes their own parts on top of the song and sort of guide them in a certain way.

SLUG: It sounds like there's a quiet clean track underneath the underlying loud guitar.

CM: Yeah, that's probably Jason or its probably, exactly that. Could be either one, I don't know. I got bored of being in the studio and stopped watching that towards the end. I did the drum parts and I stuck around for most of the guitar stuff. But those guys are pretty picky about it and I can't even usually tell the difference.

SLUG: Who were your heroes?

CM: Oh, I love Chris Mars, who basically was in the tradition of sort of... a Ringo Starr type guy. The Replacements is always great. I like a lot of the straight forward hitters. And also Keith Moon I think it great. And he is completely over the top. Sort of like a bipolar thing.

SLUG: So when you were young the Replacements were a big influence?

CM: I think on all of us. I think we're all pretty big Replacements fans.

SLUG: So if Knapsack had to be another band what band would it be?

CM: Other than Knapsack?

SLUG: Yeah, if you had to be another band. If there was one band that Knapsack had to be. Who is it?

CM: I'd probably pick The Replacements in '87 or REM in '84.

SLUG: So REM prior to their huge success.

CM: Yeah, I've pretty much hated the last three REM records. But as far as REM in general I pretty much consider them my favorite band of all time. The early stuff is still magic to me.

SLUG: REM's not a bad call.

CM: Yeah, I don't know. I sort of think of bands like bands in their peak. I like there's always a greatest rock and roll band in the world. It's sort of fun to figure out, or at least in my opinion, at any given year who is like right now I would tell you the Guided By Voices. I would spend hundreds and hundreds of dollars on the fact that Guided By Voices is the best rock and roll band in the world right now. Or where Pavement was two years ago or REM at a certain time or the Pixies were at a certain time. So I'd pick any of those bands in their prime.

SLUG: Well let me ask you about some bands that are famous now and you tell me what you think about them. Primus?

CM: Not a fan. I think the new video is sort of entertaining but I'm growing tired of it.

SLUG: Hole?

CM: I don't know about best record of last year but I think that last one was pretty good. That song Violet I think is really neat. And I admire her ability to get press.

And if that's a back handed compliment I'm sorry.

SLUG: Well that's well put. We pick on her quite a bit. So don't feel bad.

SLUG: Pearl Jam?

CM: Not a fan. But we did run into Eddie Vedder at a Taco Bell up in Montana about a week and a half ago. Believe it or not.

SLUG: And...

CM: He wasn't real familiar with the Taco Bell menu. Which to me, how do you not know? He wanted something halfway in between the seven layer burrito and the

regular burrito. He wanted a regular burrito with rice and something else or the seven layer burrito minus a bunch of shit. And the poor girl that was working the register knew exactly who he was and her face was bright red. And he was like with two thugs and they finally had to help the whole situation out. "Here's what Eddie wants"

SLUG: Two thugs?

CM: He was with two like thug looking guys. Like big road manager guys, with like a bunch of like guitar tools on their belt. Those type guys. It was funny. And then he sort of wandered around for a while outside and then came back by the time his food was ready and ate and by that time we were gone.

SLUG: So you guys didn't say "hey we're in Knapsack"?

CM: No we didn't. I have to admit I was outside I had already had a couple of items and I went in to order a large coke just to stand behind him in line and see what he was up to. I have to admit I was that interested. The one thing that our bass player thought of and would have been really funny to say, and I wish I would of, is going up to him and saying, "Aren't you that guy in the Stone Temple Pilots?"

SLUG: That would have been funny.

CM: But I don't know. I wish when we run into guys like that, we're going to beat them up to see if we can get on MTV news for fun. Always be known as the guy that beat up Eddie Vedder, but we always chicken out. We ran into Dave Perner in New York, but we couldn't get the energy up to beat him up either. So I guess we'll never beat any of those guys up.

SLUG: So Knapsack's not as tough as they want to

be?

CM: No, not half as tough as we want to be.

SLUG: Any other bands that you like?

CM: Oh, I thought Nirvana was an incredible band all the way to the end. I thought In Utero was an amazing record.

SLUG: No SoundGarden, nothing like that?

CM: No, I've never like SoundGarden. See my dad is sort of a classic rock guy and so he digs most of that stuff more than I do. Like Sound Garden or anything that's sort of Zeppelinesk, that's a way bigger turn on for him. And you know you're not supposed to like the same rock and roll that your dad likes. That's taboo.

SLUG: No that's bad news. That's bad news cause then he can't tell you to turn that shit off.

CM: Right.

SLUG: Is he a fan of you guys?

CM: Yeah, he's real proud. All the dads are real proud. They're funny. All the moms are real proud too, but the dads are funnier about it. It's sort of a "That's my boy type of thing."

SLUG: So they're no longer bragging about you being doctors and lawyers. Rock stars make a lot more money.

CM: Yeah, who knows. We have a good time.

SLUG: Well hopefully you're not in it for the money.

CM: No. We would have quit by now. I think about three quarters into the last tour we probably would have hung it up. Right about when we ran into Eddie Vedder if we were doing it for money we probably would have hung up the towel.

THURSDAY, JULY 20TH



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WEDNESDAY, JULY 5

Fender Benders- Ashbury Pub
Blind Dog Smokin- Dead Goat
Idiocracy- Green Guinea
Pile Up, Cokleo- Cinema Bar

THURSDAY, JULY 6

Sad I'Leia-Bar & Grill
Megan Jonesin- Ashbury Pub
Festus w/ Soil- Green Guinea
I Roots- Dead Goat

The Woggles, Cooliotones-
Cinema Bar

The Hatters-Zephyr

FRIDAY, JULY 7

Backwash- Ashbury Pub
Wish- Green Guinea
Stonefox Deviance Pijamas De Gato-
Cinema Bar
Sidewalk Religion, So Wut-
Bar & Grill

Commander Cody -Dead Goat

Disco Dridders-Zephyr

Freedom Slave, Jezus Rides a Rik-
Sha-Starr Studios

SATURDAY, JULY 8

Juniors Farm- Ashbury Pub
Jezus Rides a Rik-Sha- Green Guinea
Ex Cops, Brutal Justice-Cinema Bar
Elbo Finn Sad I'Leia- Bar & Grill
Freedom Slave, Wildflower-
Starr Studios

Commander Cody - Dead Goat

SUNDAY, JULY 9

Acoustic Jam- Dead Goat
Dean Evans- Cinema Bar
Check Cal-Bar & Grill
Phunk Junkee-Zephyr
Bad Brains, Deftones, Rogueish
Armorment-DV8

MONDAY, JULY 10

Blue Devil's Blues Review-
Dead Goat
The Lovely Lads- Ashbury Pub
The Caufields, Clover-Bar & Grill
EEK-Zephyr

TUESDAY, JULY 11

Bohemia- Bar & Grill
Aziz- Dead Goat
My Dog Vodka- Ashbury Pub
One Way Only, Idiocracy-
Cinema Bar
Blues Runner-Zephyr

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12

Big Tree- Bar & Grill
Snake & the Fat Man Dead Goat
Rythemites- Ashbury Pub
Mud-Green Guinea
American Mojo Red Hot Blues-
Cinema Bar

The Mother Hips-Zephyr

THURSDAY, JULY 13

Merle Saunders-Zephyr
King Trance, Free Bar & Grill
Volunteer King- Dead Goat
Megan Jonesin- Ashbury Pub
Anger Overload w/ Nova Genus-
Green Guinea

Chocolate USA, Baby Fat-
Cinema Bar

FRIDAY, JULY 14

Blister'd Toad, Storm Haven-
Starr Studios

Mr Fabulous- Bar & Grill
The 8750-Band- Dead Goat

The Pinch- Ashbury Pub
Splatter Feeld w/Blasting Agents-
Green Guinea

Insatiable, Thirsty Alley, James
Stuart-Cinema, Bar

Merle Saunders-Zephyr
Sextacy Ball Lords of Acid-DV8

SATURDAY, JULY 15

Blister'd Toad Storm Haven-
Starr Studios
Honest Engine, Headshake-
Bar & Grill

The 8759 Band- Dead Goat

Mary Monique & The Trip-
Ashbury Pub

Splatter Feeld w/Blasting Agents-
Green Guinea

Abstrak, J Binder- Cinema Bar

Sleepy LaBeef-Zephyr

SUNDAY, JULY 16

Acoustic Jam- Dead Goat
My Friend Moses-Bar & Grill

Culture-Zephyr

Blackfoot Loud Silence-Starr Studios

MONDAY, JULY 17

Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead Goat
Chimares- Ashbury Pub
Diesel Head, Truck Stop Love-
Cinema Bar

My Friend Moses-Bar & Grill

Idiocracy-Bar & Grill

Sonia Dada-Zephyr

Blackfoot, Loud Silence-
Starr Studios

Primus w/Mike Watt- Saltair

TUESDAY, JULY 18

Idiocracy-Bar & Grill
Chimares- Dead Goat

Shane Smith-Ashbury Pub

Ritual, 6-Head- Cinema Bar

Marmalade Hill-Bar & Grill

Ingold Allen-Zephyr

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19

Marmalade Hill-Bar & Grill

The Persuader-Dead Goat

Bent- Ashbury Pub

Scabs On Strike w/Big Tree- Green

Guinea
Marmalade Hill-Cinema Bar

Elbo Finn-Bar & Grill

10th Mountain-Zephyr

THURSDAY, JULY 20

Wish, Uncle Irving- Bar & Grill

Crossroads- Dead Goat

Megan Jonesin- Ashbury Pub

Lunch- Green Guinea

Elbo Finn-Bar & Grill

Papa Kega, Other Half- Cinema Bar

Insatiable-Zephyr

FRIDAY, JULY 21

Fat Paw-Zephyr

Megan Jonesin- Dead Goat

Bohemia w/Clowns- Green Guinea

Mr. Fabulous- Cinema Bar

Wish, Uncle Irving- Bar & Grill

SATURDAY, JULY 22

The Back Doors-Zephyr

The Organization, Bad Seed-
Starr Studios

Insatiables- Dead Goat

The Rythm Fish- Ashbury Pub

Pedestrians w/Clowns-Green Guinea

A Band And His Dog- Cinema Bar

Wish, Uncle Irving- Bar & Grill

SUNDAY, JULY 23

Mr Fabulous-Cinema Bar

Acoustic Jam-Dead Goat

Pagan Love Gods-Zephyr

MONDAY, JULY 24

Blue Devils Blues Review-
Dead Goat

Thinking Fellers Union Local 101-
Cinema Bar

Woody Woodland & The G Strings-
Ashbury Pub

Tree Frogs-Cinema Bar

Foetus inc-Zephyr

Rail Birds- Dead Goat

Kirst MacDonald- Ashbury Pub

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26

OJ Ekemode-Zephyr

Harry Lee & Back Alley Blues-
Dead Goat

James Stuart Zac Lee- Cinema Bar

The Lovely Lads- Ashbury Pub

AZIZ- Green Guinea

THURSDAY, JULY 27

House of Cards-Zephyr

Collective Soul, Rusty-Fairgrounds

High Water Pants- Bar & Grill

Blue Heeler-Dead Goat

6-Head-Huge E-Cinema Bar

Megan Jonesin- Ashbury Pub

Sir Knobbie Hassle & Swamp Dogs-
Green Guinea

FRIDAY, JULY 28

Salsa Brava-Zephyr

Goodbye Harry, Devience Cokleo-
Cinema Bar

Everclear, Hagfish, Bricket-Bar &
Grill

Fat Paw- Dead Goat

Backwash- Ashbury Pub

Daughters of the Nile- Green Guinea

SATURDAY, JULY 29

Reaction w/Idiocracy-Green Guinea

The Tempo Timers-Ashbury Pub

Common Ground-Bar & Grill

SLUGFEST-LOLLAPALLOOZA

GIVEAWAY-Cinema Bar

Nick Gravesites & Animal Mind-
Dead Goat

Disco Dridders-Zephyr

Mr.
fabulous



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curve of the porcelain so there would be no splash. Normally I didn't flush. Too much noise. But on this night I did, without thinking. And I didn't notice the sound of her sneaky fat feet. I shook myself and turned toward the door, stark and naked.

There she was.

Before I knew it I was pinned against the wall, her mouth an inch from mine. The thing opened and the two words that came out smelled like hot, moldy corn and beans in a hot bowl of whiskey.

"Kiss me" she slurred. The combined reek of her body and her breathe was disgusting, if not fascinating. She tried to look deep into my eyes, but her own started to roll back as one of her clammy hands cupped my crotch she told me to kiss her again. She moaned and her head fell back. And a faint light from the moon through the window I could see fresh semen on her chin and neck. I heard a bottle tip over in her room and a man's thick, chunky cough. I peeled myself away without a word and locked my door behind me. Sometimes I'd get bored. Sometimes I'd put myself in a weird situation just to get off on it. To not know what will happen. So once, not long after the bathroom thing, I paid her a visit. With a six pack in my hand, around midnight, I knocked on her door.

She opened the door slowly. She didn't say anything right away because she was still trying to focus her eyes on me. There was plenty of light.

".....oh.....oh, hi." She finally realized I was that guy next door. "Want a beer?" I asked and held up the brown bottles. She opened the door wider and stepped aside.

We sat and drank for awhile. Her little room was just like mine but cluttered and grimy. It was evident that she had been here a long time. It was musty and stinky in there. I amused myself with trying to identi-

fy each distinct odor. I was sitting in a battered comfy chair that I discovered a crusty, toe-cheese stained pair of sock hanging on the chair by my shoulder. As cool as Omar Sharif, I took them by the cleanest end and tossed them a few feet away.

She sat opposite me to the bed. My chair was two feet away against the wall. We didn't have much to say to each other. And I don't remember now what we talked about. She had nothing interesting to say and wasn't very coherent. Her brain was rotten from alcohol. She was old and wasted. I couldn't picture her as a little girl on a swing.

When the beer was almost gone I was feeling ready to go back to my room. I told her I was getting tired. She told me she was getting sleepy too. She flopped herself backward on the bed and spread her arms and legs a bit. She appeared to have passed out. She moaned a couple of times. The room was dim and, apart from the smell, a little cozier than mine. It was a warm summer night and the windows were open. From outside came a surf-like hush of the sparse late-night traffic on Temple Street. It was a potentially romantic moment. When she noticed that I had not moved from my chair, she peeked. I was still. I wanted to see what she would do next. I revealed nothing in my expression.

She sat up. Her head rolled on her shoulders. She scrunched her eyes to try and bring me into focus.

"I'm so drunk....." she mumbled. The words were as always slow and dull.

I sat there with my legs crossed, and flicked an ash. She threw herself down again, spreading her arms wide and sighing helplessly. Her breasts hung down each side

like gravity in thin plastic bags. Her stained, tattered nightgown revealed more than I would have liked. When she noticed I hadn't moved she peeked again, snorted in frustration, then lay still. Giving me more time to think about it I guess. She decided to drop a bigger hint. One of her hands crawled over and pulled down a shoulder strap. She cracked her eyes and squirmed a little.

"Ooooooh..... don't you love my body....." she groaned. She wasn't asking, and I was glad it wasn't a direct question.

"Mmmmmmm....." she continued hopefully, "...don't you love this beautiful body....." she looked like a dead seal in an old soiled Sear's nightie. She stroked her breasts slowly. I lit another cigarette.

She sat up, leaned heavily on her knees, and glared at me. She was frustrated, almost angry. She frowned and her eyes narrowed accusingly.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" she blurted out. "Are you some kind of faggot or something?" The hostile flavor of her words was a refreshing relief from her usual walking-dead monotone. She looked at the carpet and shook her head slowly back and forth. I said nothing.

"...A fucking faggot..." she said finally, disgusted. Then she fell back and passed out for good. I opened the last beer and drank it slowly. I had another cigarette. I looked at her for a while, and smiled a little.

Closing my door behind me, I was alone in my little room again. A tiny cot of a bed against the wall. Empty bottles on the night stand, the floor, everywhere. The stale smell of cigarettes. An alley outside my window.

I got into bed and lay there awhile, staring at the ceiling. Then I rolled over and stared at the wall. I felt the first twitch of a hard-on.

the end

—Cava Gray

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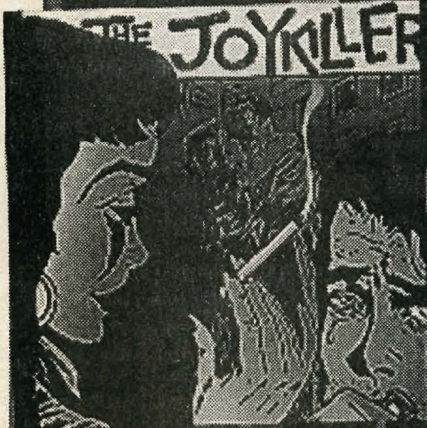
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