

SLUG

FREE

#81
SEPTEMBER
1995



RAMONES



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SLUG

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

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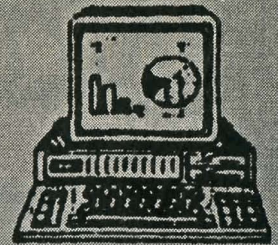
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GNEWS & GNOTES

At the top of the pathetic-loser-geek-asshole list is none other than Depeche Mode frontman David Gahan who reportedly was found by police at his LA' home with a 2 inch gash in one wrist...failed suicide attempt!!! Maybe he saw how Nirvana's record sales climbed after what's his name offed himself...or maybe he listened to an entire D.M. album. Needless to say he's no expert marksman if he missed his own wrist. Shoulda brought in a pro like O.J. ... Microsoft gazillionaires paid the Rolling Stones 12 million dollars to use the song "Start Me Up" in an ad Windows 95 software. This after turning down a similar request from Jerry Garcia's heart surgeon ... R.E.M. filed a lawsuit against Hershey Foods, charging the chocolate giant with trying to use the band to sell candy bars. Days later M&M's have filed a lawsuit against REM for candy coating every song they wrote since Murmur ... Is Pearl Jam coming to your town to play a show they screwed you out of? after giving up on their 'odd days Ticketmaster-even days ETM' idea they have set up an 800 number for pissed off fans to get refunds for tickets. Try to resist the urge of treating it as the "Call Pearl Jam and say fuck off" hotline ... "If you want somethin' to play with, go and find yourself a boy"...Well, well, well Mr. Michael what-do-I-gotta-do-to-sell-this-record Jackson apparently lied to Diane Sawyer on TV, when he said the L.A. police found no incriminating evidence in his house. According to District Attorney Tom Sneddon, who headed the child-molestation investigation of Jackson, sources say a "lewd" book with pictures of naked boys, aged 7 to 12, were found in Jackson's home including a photo of a naked little boy in a sheet. Mike, there's no Easter bunny, Santa is a phony and you are trying to tell us that you paid 25 million bucks to a kid who had nothing on you? ... Bobby Brown, who is pound for

pound the worst fighter in the music biz, was arrested for allegedly kicking a hotel security guard in the back after he asked Brown to keep the noise down from a party Bobby was holding in his Los Angeles hotel room. Brown got himself a nice little misdemeanor battery citation and a September 7th court date in Beverly Hills for his trouble. Will someone please kick the shit out of this weasel? Whitney? ... Shannon Faulkner, the first female cadet at the Citadel military academy fought for two and a half years to get admitted to a school she didn't want to go to, and then after 5 days she quit. Waaaahh! What did you think it would be like you lazy pig? For this you held up the court system that I pay for? ... And finally on a sad note, one of the last true heroes of our time died last month, and his name was Mickey Mantle.



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Dear Dickheads,

Gianni,

Gina over at Epitaph said that if I answered these questions you would put her dog on the cover of the magazine. I am hoping that you will keep up your end of the deal. Ok.

2) I think there is not enough paper to list them all, on the other hand there is many good people in the business such as Ian Mackaye, Cory Rusk, Brett and Gina at Epitaph, Alyson Careaga, Devin Sarno, etc. I wish there were more.

Well, there you go.
H. Rollins

Ed: That was a letter from Henry Rollins with his answer to question #2 of 'Famous Fuckers'. We couldn't fit it with the rest of his answers, and didn't want to edit it out. Go check out his other answers. And, yes, that's Gina's dog on the cover.

Dear Dickheads,

All right, something must be said about the bitch defending Trent Reznor in August's issue. O.K. I can't really say that I blame her, I mean if I were a stupid fuck, I would probably make an ass out of myself too. My one question is, What kind of fuck would compare a whinny basterd (sp) like Trent to the Beetles (sp) anyway? I mean O.K. it's probably some 14 year old groupie but that does not change the fact that any pale faced, boot wearin, gothic freak, would take offense to an employed person not taking time to piss on shitty music! And even if you'r (sp) not pale faced your probably not that smart anyway.

Nobody blamed the faggot for the fucking bomb anyway so what the hell are you bitching at.

"Brave and brutal examinations of the darkness" my ass! Reznor is just a whinny piece of shit who thinks the world cares about the shit on his mind. (just because 25% get to mosh to it.) Oh well it's a free country. And

it is your Constitutional Right to be a Yurk toting fuckface if you want to.

—Spencer Dyllon

p.s. If you take offense to this. You suck.

ED: Ooookaaaay, but what the hell's a Yurk?

Dear Dickheads,

This is in reference to who ever keeps bashing NIN. First I have to ask you if you are stupid or if you have any mental Problems? I've come to the conclusion that you do not have an open mind and that you have no respect or acceptance for those who like NIN. Just cuz you don't like Trent Reznor or NIN doesn't mean you have to constantly bash them. It's very annoying and you aren't going to make us come to some dumb-ass realization that you're right. You probably wonder why we like them. I do cuz I respect Trent for having the balls to express his feelings in his music and play it for the public. Believe it or not, he actually helps a lot of people with his music. Trent Reznor is a very independant (sp) individual and just for being that way doesn't mean he should be condemned (sp). So do all of us a favor and shut the fuck up. You're entitled to your own opinion, but so are we.

—Amanda Anderson

Ed: "Having the balls to express his feelings in his music and play it for the public"??? Actually, I'm pretty sure that it's cash that helps our fishnet friend bare his soul to his audience. As far as making fun of Nailheads, well this would be the first time, and you did it, not us.

Dear Dickheads,

This letter is to whoever wrote the concert previews in the July issue of SLUG about the X-Cops. In the preview they say, "We in Salt Lake City have never experienced a GWAR show." I guess the "we" were

still in elementary school back in 1990 when GWAR played at the Speedway, no not Bonneville, but Speedway Cafe 5th south and 5th west. I guess Danzig, Soundgarden, and Corrosion of Conformity didn't play at the Fairgrounds on July 31, 1990. Fugazi & Filth didn't play on June 6, 1990 at the Speedway or GBH (who?) on December 15, 1989 or NOFX on July 13, 1990 or the Dead Milkmen on July 2 1990 or how about the Circle Jerks on September 14, 1990 and last but not least Fishbone on May 6, 1989. My God those bands really have been around that long. Not to mention the one show the Dead Kennedy's played in San Francisco in the Spring of 1991. they were all great shows and it's a shame the Speedway id gone. (now a nut factory warehouse) Didn't you hear a couple of years ago DV8 scheduled GWAR, then saw their video and flaked out?

Correct me if I'm wrong but I swear to God I saw GWAR at the Speedway summer of 1990.

C. Ritchie

Ed: You're right you did. The man that wrote that column works 7 full time jobs, writes for 4 or 5 magazines, takes care of a teenager, and sells popcorn at Jazz games. He also knows more about music than anyone I know. Cut him some slack, that's one mistake in two years.

Dear Dick

The Offspring sell out 2 nights in Salt Lake City and The Ramones have less than 1000 people at their show. What the hell is wrong with this picture? I get it you're stupid. Your friends weren't going? MTV doesn't play them? Your an idiot? You don't have a brain?(of your own anyway). I'm pretty much disgusted with all of you but not surprised. And two those two guys who thought the Ramones sucked you're dumber than the people that didn't even go.

Adios Dipshits.
—Misha

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OFFICER DICK STERN

Four men playing mah jongg in the opium den called my life.

First off I would like to congratulate "the loveless" on the publication of they're claim to the status of motorcycle club. The only reason these guy are not dead and hanging on the sixth south off ramp is the sheer corn of it all.

First lets look at the name "the loveless" oh god that's good. this is right out of a 90210 episode. Now , lets run down a list of just a few motor cycle clubs, Vietnam Veterans motor cycle club , Sundowners, the Barons and the Loveless, oh God that's good they never would have gotten away if this wasn't S.L.C. and the fact that the hang out of the "Satans Helpers" is a coffee shop. If it was a seedy bar named 13th street tavern things would be a lot different. And if they would have made an announcement in iron horse or easy rider instead of Pompadour Press things would be different . Of course you would have to take new pictures, the pics of these guys in don blairs studio with that phony brick wall back

drop just wouldn't cut it , the standard biker pict is you with your toothless old lady showing some tit and flipping the bird. you should have put it in diesel and your secret would still be safe. Any hoo I have in closed an



THE LOVELESS

idea for they're rockers if its not too late.(See logo) but I had better be careful I hear they are H.A backed. and in closing on this issue I would like to say you boys have balls the size of planets or you are insane !

next, he made us laugh he made us cry he bored me to high hell, yes, Jerry Garcia.

I really don't want to seem mean but I should hope to be so big and fat and old

before I die! and I would like to make a prediction about the endless horde of deadheads who are about to discover that the skills they have are not limited to dropping acid and smoking pot and driving around the country side like sheep in a V.W van. no, one of them will be a doctor that cures aids one will be a suicide counselor that talks some one off a roof, and one will invent a way to grind espresso without coffee going everywhere. think of all these years of wasted talent.



Officer Stern displaying his 9mm "Punk Killer"

next, old people on the road— Old people should be denied drivers licenses no one should have to endure the old guy driving 15 mph in a 45 zone ! and, no one should have to endure big fat Mormon women ordering fast food at the drive up window for the shriners convention they call a family. just because they are too lazy to get they're big fat child barin, tax break geten non' worken, screemen child toten, big fat elbows and ankle sporten asses out of the Mormon assault vehicle!!!!

unt last and definitely not least , the pedestrians reunion this was one traffic accident I didn't get to see but I wanted to badly with a line up of (Burt the Michelin man) and Badly (I found the name more ironic when he he had the Rudy Sarzo hair helmet) and Jim time. has been soooo kind)Robertson and Jim (I'm the only one who didn't want to be publicly humiliated so I made up the ol' moved out of town story) Jensen 85% of you are scratching your young little chinweeds and saying who are the pedestrians well vergina, they are a band from the days when people listened to music called "heavy metal" and they played all the classics like balls to the walls, fuck like a beast, and by god, they did a version of roadhouse blues that would even make gene parsons start tapping his watch counting cel-

ing tiles and wondering if he left the iron on! and I have it on good authority that the singer from the band called "harlot"(oh god that's funny) got up and did a song.

"harlot "was this other band from almost the same time period who had to change the name of they're band from "vamp"(oh god this is so good) because now get this there was already a band called vamp. big surprise there !harlot by the way did a version of knocking on heavens door that boggled the mind. playing the same cords over annnnndddd ooovveerrrrr.it was a 45 minute minimum they set endurance records that we'll all have to salute for a long time. unfortunately the other band from this same time warp — THE BAD BOYS— always figured they were the first BAD BOYS and never wised up.

This was a small slot in time when comedy was free flowing, this really happened I don't have the imagination to make this stuff up.and if I only had the time and energy I would go into long and involved story's about The Jack and The Villains and Parallax and a fist full of high powered bands on the the fast moving cocaine train with a one way ticket to straight up they're own asshole city. maybe that will be one of those part two things next month.

Coming Storm

Barren trees on burning sand
cast their seed on dying land,
distant thunder sounding clear
the coming storm is drawing near.

The ancient sun is setting low
day will pass to evening glow,
soon we'll wonder in the night
while darkness holds the morning light.

The sword was cast into the lake
the garden given to the snake,
the time is past for turning back
the amber waves are burned and black.

But on the final battle field
a warrior who refused to yield,
stands against the darkened sky
and looks the serpent in the eye.

And until the light shines in the east
He'll stand and fight the evil beast.

-BONES

This is a
picture of
Joey
Ramone
in bed
with
Deborah
Harry...
so come
to the
Heavy
Metal
Shop and
buy lots
of cool
stuff. OK?



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THE RAMONES

The Godfathers of Punk. A Brief Overview of America's Punk Sons.

The names of Joey, DeeDee, Johnny, and Marky Ramone, bring to mind the vision of Chuck Taylor Converse, old washed out Levi's, white T-shirts and the ever present black leather jacket. Just like the names of places that The Ramones made famous. CBGB's for one. Max's Kansas City for another. Paul McCartney used to sign into hotels under the name 'Ramone', which is where Joey got the idea. When I finally caught up with Marky and Joey they were being followed across the country by two guys from Michigan who took their credit card and told their wives they were going on the road with The Ramones. "They said they had the time of their life though. I mean we just played one of those spontaneous incidents that they were possessed or something by the Ramones and they had to follow us. I don't even know if they told their wives, cause they said they're in a lot of trouble" Joey said afterwards. Twenty one years, and nineteen albums later this New York City punk band has never given up, broken up, or grown up.

1974. Joey: "Started out in 74. I guess really 74. Actually we started as the band was in a different formation than it currently is. I was on drums and I'd sing one song. DD played guitar and sang but he couldn't sing and play at the same time so when he'd sing he wouldn't play, play he wouldn't sing. John played guitar. "When we were auditioning drummers, Tommy would sit down on the drums and kind of show these drummers how to play the style we were looking for, but the ironic thing was Tommy never played drums in his life he would develop this thing. So then when we couldn't find a drummer to play the kind of style we wanted we asked Tom if he'd play drums and had it down, he was just natural"

1976. The Ramones are playing local N.Y.C. clubs and gaining a reputation as a fast cool band. Marky was in Richard Hell & the Voidoids. The original lineup releases *Ramones—1976* and *Leave Home—1977*. Joey: "Well in New York, I guess we found this club we saw, and Television were playing there and we went to check it out. It was like this slum bar on the Bowery called CBGB."

"CBGB's in the early days there used to be sawdust all over the floor and dog shit all over. Like a mine field"

The Ramones go to London. This is prior to the Sex Pistols or The Clash. They played two sold out shows, one at the Roundhouse, and one at Dingwalls.

Marky: "The Clash and the Pistols came to see the band in 76 in London. They didn't have any albums out yet, and they were in the audience watching the Ramones"



Joey: "All these kids you know they came for a sound check to tell us that we were like basically the inspiration behind them starting their bands. Those would be the Sex Pistols, the Clash. The Boomtown Rats. A lot of these bands the first show they ever played was on a bill with the Ramones. On the first big tour we did of Europe and England was in 77 and I remember like we did that tour. We had Talking Heads were on a show with us"

1978 *Rocket To Russia*

Released and The Ramones travel extensively. They were out for about two months and did all of Europe, France and Holland and England.

1978 *Road To Ruin*

Released and Marky joins the band. Marky: "John approached me in Max's Kansas City when I was with Johnny Thunders, Jerry Nolan, and Clem Burke from Blondie. So he thought I was to obvious so he took me to the side and goes you know do you want to be in the band"

"The only things Joe Strummer had in his cassette collection was Rocket to Russia and a Bob Marley tape"

"Sid Vicious idolized Dee Dee, cause he could play. Sid Vicious was a spoiled mama's boy". "They just put him in the leather jacket and safety pins and they devised this image. He worked in a clothes store. And you know they all came from middle class families. They weren't poor, it's bullshit you know"

1979 *Rock N Roll High School*

The Ramones team up with Phil Spector, for an album that expanded their fan base and notoriety, but not everyone was happy with the record.

Marky: "Well everyone thought it could have been better. John hated it. DD hated it, I didn't like it that much and Joey thought it could have been better. The song selection was good but the production was ah...you know"

End Of The Century—1980

Marky: "In 80 I didn't think we'd last another three years. I was drinking a lot, DD was doing a lot of drugs and everybody was just disenchanted with the whole spectacle"

In early 1981, The Ramones were writing songs for their next album, and the music scene had changed around them.

1981 *Pleasant Dreams*

Released and the bands like The Cars are starting to get big.

Marky: "Cars, I mean they were good for what they did. But you know, it was just acceptable pop punk. Blondie was going disco with her disco songs. The Sex Pistols were already broke up. The Clash was trying to get bigger. They started playing with at Shea Stadium and then they broke up. I became good friends with Mick Jones because we toured together in the 70's. We hung out together. So they broke up. What was left? The Ramones, Heartbreakers continued going on but they really weren't making any impact. Only maybe in the major cities, like New York, California. You know so punk was sort of like not being accepted because it was too extreme at the time"

1981 and 82 came along and things weren't too good within the band. There was a lot of fighting, a lot of drinking and a lot of finger pointing.

Marky: "Well at the time, I guess so. And its funny because when MTV was started they wanted our videos. And we gave them our videos. As



MTV grew they didn't want our videos anymore. They banned Psychotherapy and Green Day ripped it off, the hospital scene. They ripped it off, I mean its obvious"

1983 Subterranean Jungle

Released. Marky takes a four year vacation. "We just finished the Subterranean Jungle album. I didn't want to have anything to do with music business. I just wanted to have fun."

The Ramones released three records before Marky rejoined in 1987. It was kind of a hazy period in Ramones history.

Joey: "It was a weird time. Kind of a strange time in my life. I was indulging quite a bit in those days. And I think my life was kind of a darker period maybe"

Too Tough To Die—1984, Animal Boy—1986, and Halfway To Sanity—1987

Marky joined the band again in 87. He did the Pet Cemetery album in 89, which featured his first shot at songwriting "Learn to Listen"

Things picked up after Pet Cemetery. Things definitely enhanced according to the Ramones, who have outlasted even their own expectations.

Ramones Maria—1988

This sells pretty well, and still no Ramones on steady rotation on MTV. And no huge festival shows for the most famous punk band in the world.

Marky: "A bunch of fucking wimps that were afraid to play with us. Because you know the 'Old Mighty Ramones' you know, strong energetic bands, you know a lot of these bands grew up on us and they were afraid to open up for us. So thats what happened with Lalapalooza"

Brain Drain—1989

Things definitely enhanced according to the Ramones, who have outlasted even their own expectations.

Joey: "We know what makes us tick. Why were doing this in the first place, I mean we're all like big fans of rock and roll first. We didn't form a band to be

hip and trendy and get laid. But we don't hurt"

All The Stuff Vol. 1—1990

Marky: "Oh, I'll tell you what the shitty albums are *Subterranean Jungle*, I hated. I hated the *Brain Drain* album with *Pet Cemetery* on it. I hated those two the most. I didn't like the Phil Spector album that much. I like *Road to Ruin*, I like *Mondo Bizarro*, I like *Adios Amigos*, I like *Rocket to Russia* and I liked all the others"

All The Stuff Vol. 2—1991

1990 comes around. It was like the ice age came. All the dinosaurs came back. All the hair bands are gone.

Joey: "I guess it kind of started over the last couple of decades. I mean from the time the Ramones infiltrated the system more or less. Then over the years there was like *Janes Addiction* and then *Nirvana* was a great band. And then like in the 90's theres this punk resurgence happening. I guess like the high rollers are *Green Day* and *Offspring*."

Marky: "We have kids coming to our shows who are anywhere from 14 to 18 now. We have a new audience, we see it growing. Where were they before? ...the reason why is we weren't played over the radio we weren't played over MTV and punk wasn't important anymore until 92 or 93. 93 around there. Then *GreenDay* came out, *Offspring* came out. Big *Ramones* fan, named his kid *Ramona*. One of the *GreenDay* guys. I think the drummer named his kid *Ramona*"

Loco Live—1991

The Ramones make it through another decade, the decade of the yuppie. And still, no change for these New Yorkers. Some of their old cohorts weren't so lucky. Namely *Johnny Thunders*.

Joey: "Yeah, thats what happens to the best of the drug addicts. Your just left."

No trophies for drug addicts, No trophies for drug addicts, they got to get with it.

Marky: "Yeah, yuppie's got their asses kicked when the stock market went down in 87. They were greedy, showing their wealth to everybody. Now they're lucky if they get fucking jobs, a lot of them are waiters. And to me they fucking deserve it. Because they were creepy bastards. You know they look at me, okay you fucking long-hair and your sneakers. What are you some fucking asshole?"

Mondo Bizarro—1992

Marky: "Johnny Ramone is the best guitar player alive at what he does. Technically, not good at all. But you get another guitar player to do all that for an hour and 15-20 minutes up there, it can't happen"

Acid Eaters—1994

We did a show with *U2* in Spain, So I'm walking around back stage. They've got all these computers. What the fuck is all this? Then I realized their getting all this sound. The drum is hitting a symbol and you hear a drum sound instead. They're all programmed. What you hear *U2* doing half of its on computer. That's cheating the people. I hate that. I want to make sure the band is what you hear. I never like them anyway."

Adios Amigos—1995

Marky: "This new album of the Ramones now I have to say saved their asses. Because out of a one through ten I gave it a nine."

Joey: "These questions made me like had to take a piss"

So the Ramones probably are finished after this tour. At least in this form. But they left us a legacy. They did to America what no on else could do, and they didn't change one bit along the way. *Gabba Gabba Hey*.

—Madd Maxx

NEXT MONTH: THE FULL MARKY RAMONE INTERVIEW

MOTHER'S MOVIE REVIEWS

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An action film for those who lead lives of quiet desperation.

KEVIN COSTMERE WATERWORLD

Mom's Baking. Soggy Seaweed!

I thought Mel Gibson was in this!

Hey, those gills look like vulvas!

God, I need a cigarette!

Ali McGraw looks good for her age.

Float it and they will come.

This sucks!

EGO\$EGO\$ EGO\$EGO\$!

budget bombs in which piss is recycled into drinking water.

UNION UNIONS, films which should become as one: *Waterworld* and *Dune*. Two big



Dandelion is in the news because they have a gig scheduled for the Zephyr club. They will arrive in town on September 5. I slapped the disc on with some dread because I don't have press kit. I have to

figure out some comparisons completely on my own without relying on someone else's words. It wasn't too difficult. Dandelion are playing garage punk. There all the brains go a humming and they are thinking

Offspring, Green Day and Face To Face. That isn't garage punk and neither are the bands on the lower end of the food chain like SNFU, Rancid and The Joykiller.

In an attempt to offend anyone I haven't as yet, including

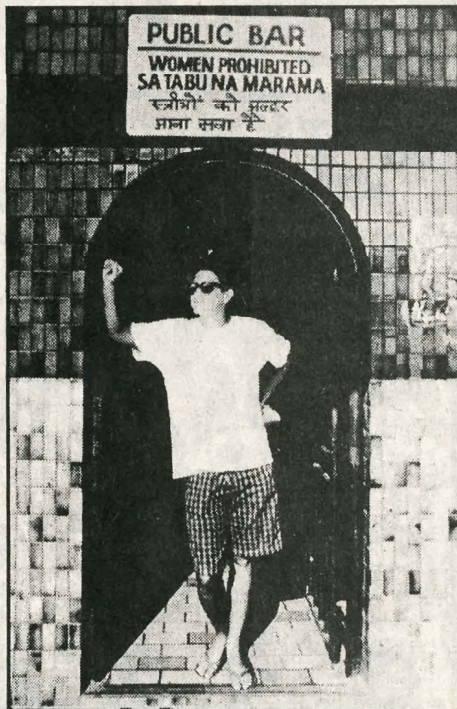
Dandelion, I'm going to peg them as a band heavily influenced by the early to mid '60s. Why else would they write a song titled "What A Drag." The garage isn't pure, Dandelion aren't by any means a "retro" band attempting to capture music that is only now influencing aliens on other planets. They include more than a taste of psychedelia into their sound and heavy metal or "grunge" are part of the blend as well as late '70s punk. The end result remains, at least for me, garage punk. If there are any doubts hit play again and listen to "Pass The Stone," or "Snow Job" and tell me that isn't the Who playing a date with Them and the Shadows of Knight covering a Chocolate Watchband or Count Five song. Remember when Thee Hypnotics walked on the Zephyr stage and took us all for a spin in their time machine? That was indeed a powerful show. It is possible that Dandelion could repeat that experience. You never know until you go.

Bob Hite

PHRANC

I referred to the "musically challenged" in another article. Phranc is an artist for the "musically challenged." We recently had the pleasure of Ani DeFranco in our lovely city. She is another artist for the "musically challenged." Melissa Etheridge and kd lang are heroines of the butch babes. Enter Phranc, a Jewish, lesbian, surfer chick who has been out for many, many years. It is time to wake you up from your slumber and tell you that the most butch of all the babes will make an appearance at the Cinema Bar on September 7. I expect to see many closet dykes and a few of the more enlightened "members" of the population in attendance.

Sexual orientation really isn't that important. Write your angry little letters and prove once again that sarcasm and irony have no place in your PC '90s world. Phranc began her musical career in the Los Angeles punk rock scene. She was a member of Nervous Gender and Catholic Discipline. Rent a copy of the *Decline of Western Civilization*. She tired of punk rock and became a folk singer. This is the girl



who convinced bands like the Circle Jerks, X, and Jeffery Lee Pierce to sing acoustic long before unplugged.

The most cherished thing she's done, at

least for me, was when she became "Hot August Phranc" and did a tour as a Neil Diamond clone singing his songs. Think of this. A full-on bull dyke dressed as Neil Diamond complete with chest hair singing "Girl You'll Be A Woman Soon" and "Cherry Cherry." To quote Hot Rod, "you just gotta love it baby." She released a couple of albums on a major label, (both out of print) and now she's taken things a step further, as if that were possible? Her latest EP, *Goofyfoot*, contains a cover of "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter," "Moon River," and "Ode To Billy Joe," along with some new songs. She is joined on the EP, in one place or another, by members (think of the irony of a member joining with Phranc) of Tattle Tale, Hole, Bikini Kill, Team Dresch and an entire all boy surf band - Satan's Pilgrims. (They join her at the Cinema Bar on September **WHATEVER**.) Phranc's taste in covers is impeccable, her original songs effectively critique her life and society and her fertile mind will no doubt produce a few surprises live. Phranc's appearance, excuse me, scheduling is another of those weird little events at the Cinema Bar. Can we repeat the RSVP of Built To Spill?

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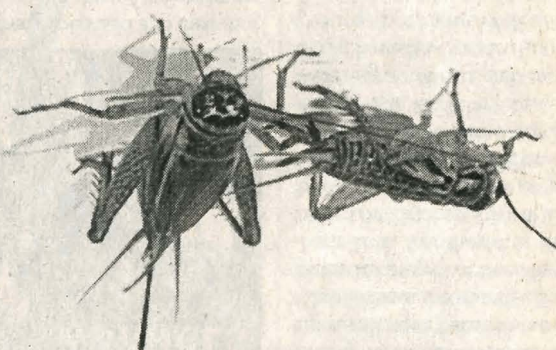
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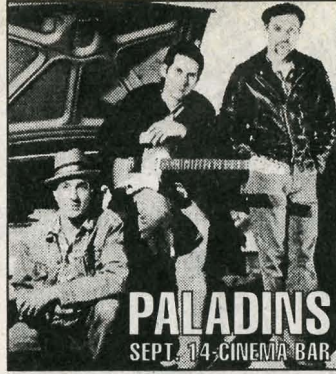
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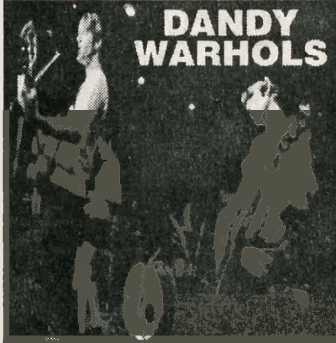
PREVIEWS



because it pays so well. If speed of playing and harmony vocals are your true love, then check out some bluegrass. It's the same as punk except it's played on acoustic instruments. September 14 will require some decision making for local music fans. I've given you a little background, now the choice is yours. Attend either show at the U and you can still make the Paladins gig.



The Dandy Warhols pay a visit to Spanky's on September 17. They owe a huge debt to the Velvet Underground; they don't try to hide it. The Cinema Bar chose to spotlight this show on their calendar. It could be the sleeper hit of the month. The month isn't over quite yet. There are a few more. 7 Seconds has



September 19 penciled into their tour book for a DV8 show. On September 20 the Vandals are at DV8. Thankfully the all-age punk rock shows continue. For those over the drinking age and with a desire for some rockabilly/roots rock/ blues/ country/ R&B the Beat Farmers are at the Zephyr with the Blasters. Along with the Juke Joint Caravan

and the Dandy Warhols this is my pick to click for the month. It's also on September 20. The next night has Mike Watt at the Zephyr. Most people didn't quite understand Watt at the lake. He will smoke them at the Zephyr. In order to increase attendance I'll start the rumor that the Foo Fighters might join him. Yea, right.

The next one is the believe it or not show of the month. Fugazi are planning to pay a visit. While negotiations aren't completed at this time it looks fairly certain. The date is September 24 and the place is the Fairgrounds Coliseum. If you have a copy of the CD look at who did the graphics. Is that our Jason Farrell?

September 26 finds Tanner at the Cinema Bar. Tanner? Yes, Tanner, they are from San Diego and they used to be called Fishwife before the vocalist left. With a little help from their friends, Drive Like Jehu, they've recorded a new CD and they

are on the road. Along with the Alice Donut/Ultra Bide show earlier in the month this promises to fulfill any need for noise. If you so desire Papa Chubby is playing right next door. Two bars in one night? I think so. Then Soul Coughing arrives. The Zephyr Club continues expanding the range of music they offer. Soul Coughing will keep all the suits out and bring the "alternative" crowd in on September 27. While inside pick up a calendar because the Zephyr Club finishes the month off with the blues. In case you missed the WARP Tour Into Another and Seaweed return on October 3. It's at DV8 and both bands will have major label "product" available by then.

Not as good as the departed calendar? The locals are absent along with any number of club shows. The clubs have ads inside. Look at the pictures (not Helen Wolf or the Blue Boutique ad) and quit reading for more information. If you want a used CD from any of the above bands please visit Disc Go Round. I always sell them promos because they pay me a buck a piece, unless it's on the Billboard Hot 200, then they pay two bucks.

more to them than most. In fact I wouldn't call them punk at all. It is pure unadulterated power pop. Pop music with powerful guitars played at high speed. According to the press release they use Rickenbacker's. Isn't a Rickenbacker more the tool of a '60s garage or pop band than a '90s punk one. Like I said earlier, this looks like one of the better shows of the month.

The blues show of the month won't be covered in the blues column of SLUG. It's called the Mississippi Juke Joint Caravan and it includes two bluesmen so far out that the person discovering them, Robert Palmer, doesn't expect blues fans to enjoy the music. Junior Kimbrough influenced some early rockabilly cats and R.L. Burnside was asked by Jon Spencer to open a few of his shows. Dave Thompson is a young blues player who sprays his strings with WD-40 to make them slicker. Two old-timers from the country and an urban youngster make it the all-ages blues extravaganza not to miss. It's at the Fine Arts Auditorium on the U of U campus on September 14. The Paladins return to town on the 14th for their first visit to Spanky's. After the Juke Joint Caravan those over 21 can continue their blues experience with some suds and rockabilly thrown in. Also on September 14 and also at the University of Utah is a show put on by the Intermountain Acoustic Music Assn. This one is at the Social Work Auditorium and it features a bluegrass band. Doyle Lawson & Quicksilver are touring behind their brand new album titled *Never Walk Away*. Yes I have listened to it. I like fast music, duh. Bluegrass music is what I love. I only write for SLUG

SLUG Magazine has become sporadic with the calendar that I always relied on to schedule my social itinerary. Due to the number of free papers in town some serious competition for promo packs has resulted in a segmentation of show updates. Here are a few recommended "concerts" during September. Call them a SLUG hack's picks.

We'll begin with September 6 since this rag won't be out before then. You've already missed *Weapon Of Choice* and the *Stanford Prison Experience* - too bad.

Wilco returns to the Zephyr club to play country rock on this night. I'm always surprised to meet individuals with Cure, Depeche Mode and New Order collections who love Wilco. On September 9 you have your choice of SNFU, *The Joykiller* and *Bracket* downstairs at DV8 or *Tilt*, *Model Citizens*, *Chubby Amigos* and *Deviance* at the Whittier Community Center. Life is all about choice. September 9 sees two Alternative Tentacles bands at the Cinema Bar. They have short profiles in these pages and *Pijamas de Gato* supposedly will open. *The Muffs*, *the Lunachicks* and *Waterdog* are playing at DV8 on September 10 - one of the better shows of the month? *Waterdog* are virtually unknown. Their first CD for a major label is due out on October 10. I was lucky enough to snag an advance copy and have a listen. *Waterdog* travel the punk circuit. They've played with *Green Day* and with *Rancid*. It's too easy to toss them into the pile of pop-punk bands. The guitars are speedy and the vocals are the usual, but there is

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ALICE DONUT **Cinema Bar - September 9th**

In a universe where the top quark remains elusive, where suburbanites crucify muskrats on their front lawns, and where supermarket bar codes tell bible-thumping farm boys to blow up the White House, tens of thousands find enlightenment in the butt-grinding grooves, multi-layered images and eclectic structures of Alice Donut's music. Since its explosive birth in New York's East Village in 1987, Alice Donut has been mesmerizing crowds from Boston to Budapest; from Vancouver to Tokyo. Their recordings and live performances have been widely hailed by critics as riveting, subversive, wildly fun, and "the best music in years." Alice Donut quickly became - and remains- a staunch favorite on independent and alternative radio play lists. Each of their past six records have achieved top ten status.

Alice Donut is surging to new levels of artistry and mayhem with its latest album, "Pure Acid Park." It's a tour de force of melodies and rhythms more infectious than an ebola virus, wildly unexpected arrangements and instrumentation. Alice Donut will kick off the North American leg of its global attack this September 9th at The Cinema Bar. Go check it out.

THE MUFFS **DV8 - September 10**

Now, just who are The Muffs anyway? Well, The Muffs were hatched sometime in early 1991 outta the combined heads of Kim Shattuck (vocals, guitar) and Ronnie Barnett (bass, backup vocals) when they realized, "Hey, Thunders is dead, The Kinks have lost their way and The Ramones don't tour enough...so let's start a band. And that they did. Armed with a virtual mountain of damn near perfect pop songs, these Muffs burst onto the near dead scene of their hometown of Los Angeles, turning heads, dropping jaws and bringing to their knees all of everyone who caught one of their all out, anything goes rock shows. After a few 7" singles and compilation appearances, The Muffs hit the shops in 1993 and collected many admirers, fans and creeps, around the world with its rock solid batch of songs. The Muffs followed up with a near endless batch of criss-crossy touring to support it. Now they have a new album (Blonder and Blonder) and a new tour, one which you can catch @ DV8 on September 10th, and find out what all the mess is about.



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CONCERT REVIEWS

The Circle Jerks

You are expecting a long review going into great detail about the stage lighting and the awesome sound along with a description of all the "hit" songs the Circle Jerks played at DV8. Not today. Go read the Salt Lake Tribune. I saw some blood, black eyes and a whole bunch of people getting tossed out of DV8. I also saw one of the "fools" standing on stage grinning at the crowd. Keith Morris, Circle Jerks lead singer, handled the situation better than any stand-up comedian addressing a heckler.

"Why don't you get your own band?" was the question he asked the "fool." Thanks for that! As for the show? All you little children wandering around in your "trendy" punk rock outfits with mohawks and chains holding your wallets in your pants should have been there. Some of you were and

you know exactly what these next words mean. **There's your punk rock sucker.** Paul Booth wanted to see his name in print with a quote so here it is, "That was the Rolling Stones of punk rock. They are my Rolling Stones." Or something similar. I didn't have a tape recorder on him.

Stacy Dean Campbell at the Westerner?

If there is a hack for any other paper in this city who attended both Los Straitjackets and Stacy Dean Campbell please write to Dear Dickheads and call me Larry Betters. Stacy Dean Campbell was sponsored by K-BULL. The bar was filled with those "hat" guys and girls wearing Wranglers. The boys all had the big buckles. I believe that if you wear a "cowboy" hat

to the Westerner you automatically become a member of the "private" club.

The experience ranks with the strangest of my life. You think punk rockers, skaters, goth hounds, industrial clones, ravers and metal heads all have a uniform? Have you checked out a country bar lately? These are cookie cutter people. The only difference between one and another is how long they've been baked - the chocolate chip recipe vs. the peanut butter or sugar cookie. I will say one thing - there are some beautiful women in country bars. They all line up on the dance floor and do strange variations on the "Hokie Pokie" to music with a bass beat so strong that it would scare the DJ from *Saturday Night Fever*. I had to hear all the hits; "Boot Scootin' Boogie," "Electric Slide," "Strokin'," "Reggae Cowboy," and most weird of all the Rednex version of "Cotton Eyed Joe." These fuckers "line dance" to techno - I'm completely lost. Country music and the accompanying "line-dancing" has now embraced rap, blues and techno; anything with a bass line, a beat and a fiddle or banjo is fodder for the "Hokey Pokey" crowd.

After what seemed like eons of listening to "modern country disco" the band finally took the stage. As soon as they appeared I realized that something was extraordinarily amiss. There stood Stacy Dean Campbell with pompadour, sideburns, black Levi's with cuffs, black shirt and black boots. The local Sony guy convinced me to attend the show and I knew I was in for some modern honky tonk. What I didn't realize was that the honky tonk would be played by a rockabilly band. Most curious of all was the presence of Los Straitjackets bass man E. Scott Esbeck playing the same God damned instrument he used to thrill a crowd of surf fiends at the Cinema Bar. And - the cat can sing. As the poster hanging in the club pointed out the background singers are the equal of the Jordainaires... Esbeck was one of them!

Stacy Dean Campbell and his band rock. There was no doubt in my mind where these

boys roots lay the instant they launched into "Why You Been Gone So Long," their opening song and a cut from their first CD. On the floor the "cowboys" did the hokey pokey to honky tonk. A few couples were sighted "swinging" and one extremely nasty pair did a little dirty dancing. The sight of a "cowgirl" on her knees giving simulated "head" while the band played on is more than enough reason to experience the Westerner, if only once. (Where are photogs Royce or DeBerry when you really need them?) Her boyfriend did the same and then they dry humped on the floor. I swear - it's true! A cowboy with a "wet spot" on his jeans below the big buckle line dancing? You tell me that isn't weird.

Had a "hot" divorcee lately? The Westerner is the place to find one and there isn't any room in those tight fittin' jeans for a "raincoat." Cowboys and girls don't get AIDS - they are tough. The ballads for me were the low point. Thankfully Stacy Dean didn't do many. He only played for an hour. The two stand-out covers were Jim Ed Brown's "Pop A Top" and Freddie Fender's "Wasted Days and Wasted Nights." For originals you might check out "Honey I Do" the closer or "Ain't Livin' Long Like This," the encore (sorry that was a cover).

I recently read Kevin Avery's diss on the stupidity of local concert audiences. Avery my boy, if you want to have some true fun go to a country bar and watch the big buckles boys and girls react to a rockabilly band playing honky tonk music. I know you don't go out much, but...as the pedal steer man told me, "This is the future." I'd have to agree. If you can't make any money playing rockabilly simply play honky tonk for a crowd that has no idea what the fuck they are listening to. Too much fun from a too good band no one in Salt Lake City caught on to - except maybe Brian Staker who wrote concert preview for the Event. Too bad you didn't see the live Mr. Staker.

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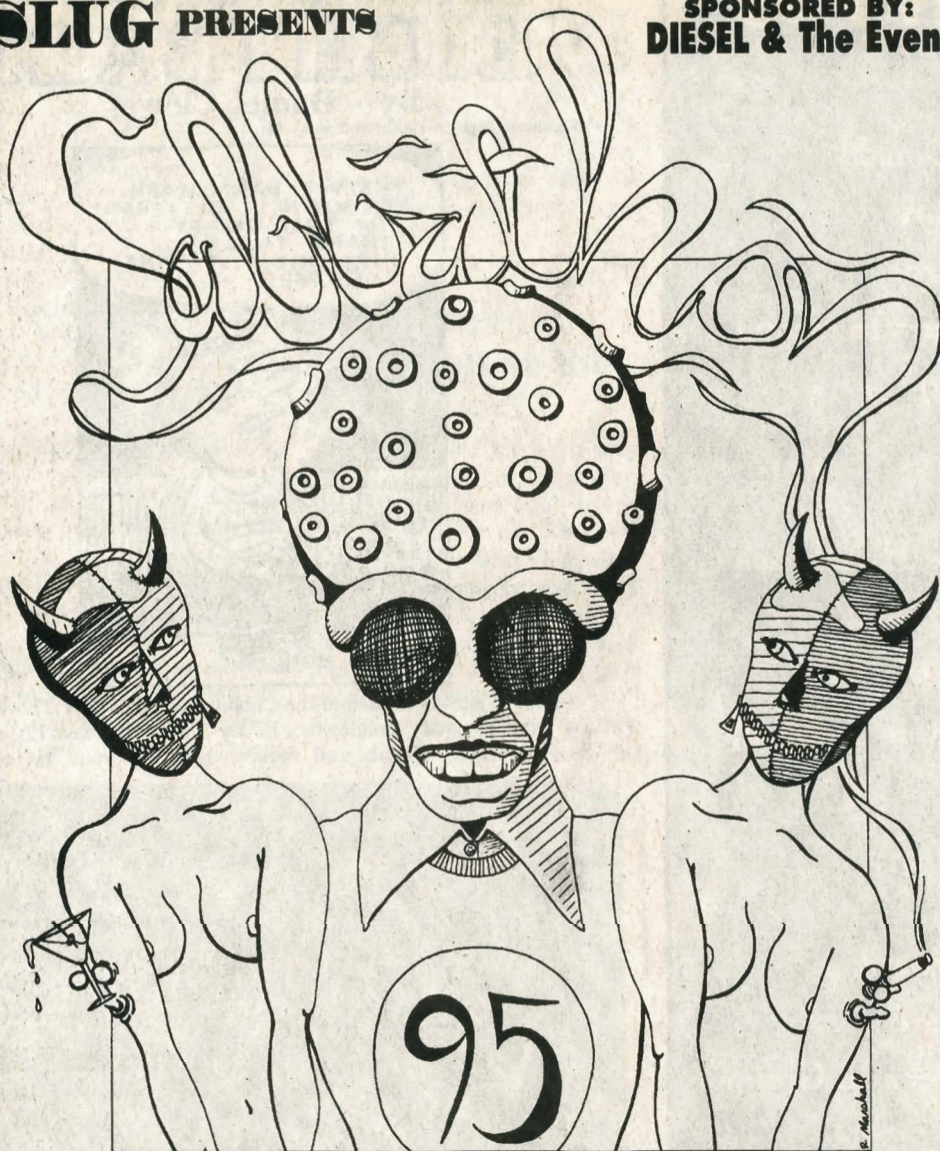
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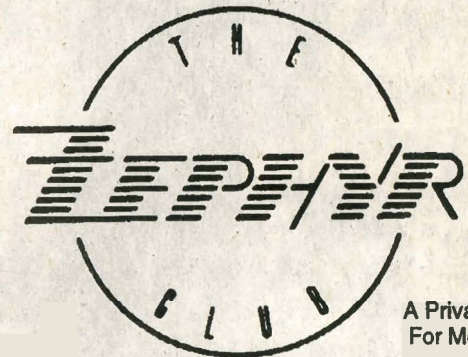
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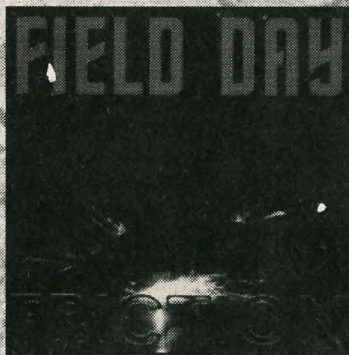


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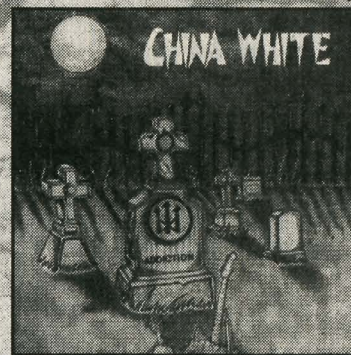
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GRATEFUL NOW? August & Anything Leftover

You're expecting the big Jerry Garcia slamfest now, aren't you? So was I about a month ago, but now I'm so sick of hearing about that dead, fat junkie that I'm fully prepared to just let him rot away and never be mentioned again. I will give him credit for lasting as long as he did, though. Let's go out on a limb here and say that the Deadheads really are the ones that killed him (well, that and the heroin, Twinkies, Whoppers, Pabst, bad guitar solos...). Keeping this walking coronary on the road was like having your Grandpa give a moustache ride to Anna Nichole Smith—we saw what happened *there*, didn't we?

I did attend the big JerryFest at the Zephyr—what a collection of LOSERS! Why, oh why didn't I get that concealed-carry permit when I had the chance? "What are we going to do without Jerry, man?" I dunno—*get a job? A bath? A fucking calendar? It's 1995! Get over it!* No one told House Of Cards that it wasn't a Hendrix tribute; missed Zion Tribe because, uh, do I need a reason?; American Mojo seemed to have invented Dead Metal; and if I never see Mr. Fabulous and Backwash again...

There were some cool people upstairs, at least. Lara Jones of the Rattlekings related the story of when she saw Slash's Snakepit a few months ago. She couldn't understand why this testosterone-fest attracted a predominantly young male audience who "kept grabbing for that fucking Axl's crotch!" First of all, the Snakepit's screecher isn't Axl, just a guy who looks and sounds exactly like Axl. Second, don't you

remember *Spinal Tap*? "The ladies are afraid of the armadillos in our trousers." Slash's album, *It's Five O'Clock Somewhere*, sounds like Nazareth with a tan—so why were you there, Lara?

The one thing funnier than that shindig was the fact that Bossman G had booked a flight into San Francisco the weekend that Garcia took the dirt-nap—a town full of mopey hippies and G right in the middle of it looking for a room: maybe

there's something to this karma thing after all. The only thing that cheered him up this month was when I informed him that Dave Gahan of Depeche Mode attempted suicide and failed—that makes it even *easier* to write shit about him, stay tuned.

While I'm rambling, what is the deal with these Calvin Klein ads? Forget the kiddie porn angle, what about that wood paneling? It's *disgusting!* If you look closely, you'll see local talk-radio god Mark Scheering in one of the ads. "Hey, if it takes posing in my underwear with semi-nude young girls to promote *My Show With Mark Scheering*, Sundays at 1pm on KTKK AM 630, then that's the sacrifice I've got to make" sez Mark. What a guy. Mark was instrumental in getting me entered in this year's state fair beauty pageant, but the fascists didn't like my swimsuit and the whole thing just got ugly after Mary Callaghan showed up—at least in *SLUG*, people love me for my brains, right?

Since this is going nowhere fast, how about a video review? If you're into Hong Kong action flicks (and who isn't?), *Naked Killer* is probably the coolest lesbian/assassin bloodbath epic, subtitled in English and Cantonese (always a plus) since *Boys On The Side*. Do not—repeat—do not make the mistake of renting *Naked Killer 2:Raped By An Angel*. Sure, the title sounds great, but it has absolutely *nothing* to do with the first masterpiece—it just flat-out SUCKS. Sort of like the difference between the first single off a Lenny Kravitz album and *therest* the CD. *Black Cat* is a decent second choice, only because it's such a complete rip-off of *La Femme Nikita*.—it makes it easier to fol-



low the story, see? On the computer scene, *Windows 95* blew the biggest hype wad since Hugh Grant on a sheep-like pubic. REM declined, so the Rolling Stones sold Microsoft a tune for 3 mil—instead of "Start Me Up", they should have bought "Cocksucker Blues" since MS had received 20,000 complaint calls by the second day of release. That's still a few shy of the number of calls that Media Play gets right after they put *SLUG* in the store. For all you Terminal Geeks who stayed up til midnight to get *Windows 95*, this technology has been available for years—it's called a MAC INTOSH!

Guitar monster Junior Brown brought out the tweed jacket/brown elbow patches, wine-and-cheese Hoj Poloy as well as a good chunk of the SLUG underground elite to the Gallivan Center late in the month. Of course, the yuppies had no clue who JB was, they were just there because it's the post thing to do. The HonkyTonk Hendrix blew away everybody anyway, leaving William Athey just standing there shaking his head and muttering "These idiots just don't get it..." like he does at the end of every show. Must leave now. I have some top secret work to finish for the Trilateral Commission and the CFI to help further the New World Order. Special thanks to *SLUG* alum Clark Stacey for emailing and pointing out that I really don't know that much about the Internet. I don't know much about anything, actually—I just know how to make it look good.

—Helen Wolf

helenwolf@aol.com

Pere Ubu

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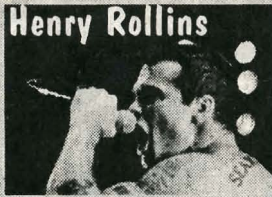
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Famous Fuckers



Henry Rollins

1) If you could sleep with anyone in the world, who would it be?

a woman i was madly in love with

2) Who is the biggest asshole in the music biz?
(See Dear Dickheads)

3) Who would you NEVER sleep with?

Roseanne Arnold

4) Who makes money selling records that shouldn't be?

U2

5) Who is the coolest person alive?

Tie: Hubert Selby & Iggy Pop

6) Best record of 1995?

Alan Vega: Dujang Prang

Marky Ramone



1) If you could sleep with anyone in the world, who would it be?

Cindy Crawford

2) Who is the biggest asshole in the music biz?
Vince Niel Motley Crue

3) Who would you NEVER sleep with?

Patti Smith

4) Who makes money selling records that shouldn't be?

Besides U2? Eric Clapton

6) Best record of 1995?

Salvation by Rancid

I don't want to grow up

The Ramones



Colby Mancasola

Knapsack

1) If you could sleep with anyone in the world, who would it be?

Kim Deal

2) Who is the biggest asshole in the music biz?
Les Scurry (Alias Records)

3) Who would you NEVER sleep with?

Alanis Morissette

4) Who makes money selling records that shouldn't be?

Hootie & the Blowfish

5) Who is the coolest person alive?

Robert DeNiro

6) Best record of 1995?

GBV 'ALIEN LANES'



Hilary Okun
Publicist
Hollywood
Records

1) If you could sleep with anyone in the world, who would it be?

Gianni Ellefsen

2) Who is the biggest asshole in the music biz?

Gianni Ellefsen

3) Who would you NEVER sleep with?

Gianni Ellefsen

4) Who makes money selling records that shouldn't be?

Gianni Ellefsen

5) Who is the coolest person alive?

Gianni Ellefsen

6) Best record of 1995?

soon to be released debut album by "Harder Than Your Husband"

THEO... LUNACHICKS



1) If you could sleep with anyone in the world, who would it be?

David Bowie circa 1973

2) Who is the biggest asshole in the music biz?

Mike Gitter -Atlantic Records

3) Who would you NEVER sleep with?

Axl Rose (also biggest asshole)

4) Who makes money selling records that shouldn't be?

Hootie & the Blowfish

5) Who is the coolest person alive?

Lars from Rancid

6) Best record of 1995?

Rancid

Blair Shehan
Knapsack



1) If you could sleep with anyone in the world, who would it be?

Janine Garrafalo (comedienne)

2) Who is the biggest asshole in the music biz?

Billy Corgan

3) Who would you NEVER sleep with?

Courtney Love

4) Who makes money selling records that shouldn't be?

LIVE

5) Who is the coolest person alive?

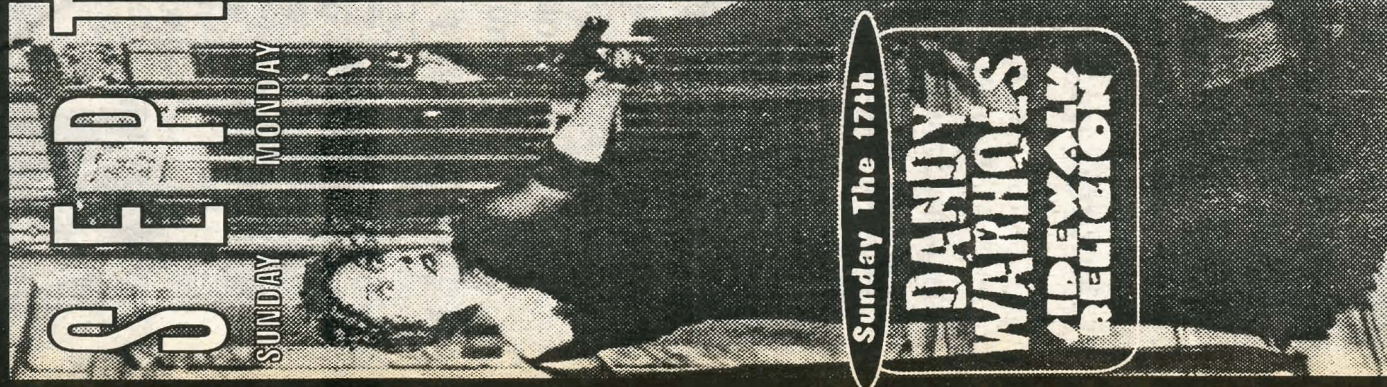
Janine Garrafalo (comedienne)

6) Best record of 1995?

Buit to Spill

"Nothing wrong with love"

SEPTEMBER



SUNDAY
MONDAY

SEPTEMBER

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

<p>① HYDE SOUP American Mojo</p>	<p>② J-BINDER PANDA</p>
<p>③ PHRANK Satan's Pilgrims QUALITONES</p>	<p>④ ALICE DONUT Ultra Bide ETHER Tickets '8</p>
<p>⑤ CURRENT</p>	<p>⑤ Sweet Loretta</p>
<p>⑥ QUADRA JETS QUALITONES</p>	<p>⑥ Pagan Love Gods DEAD KATS</p>
<p>⑦ OPEN MIC POETRY</p>	<p>⑦ DEVANCE Bloodloss</p>
<p>⑧ huge E TANNER</p>	<p>⑧ American Mojo James Stewart</p>
<p>⑨ DANDY WARHOL'S SIDEWALK RELIGION</p>	<p>⑨ Thirsty Aiey Quintron</p>
<p>⑩ THE PALADINS QUALITONES Tickets \$6</p>	<p>⑩ SKABS ON STRIKE BEGGER</p>
<p>⑪ SKABS ON STRIKE BEGGER</p>	<p>⑪ J-BINDER Minus One</p>

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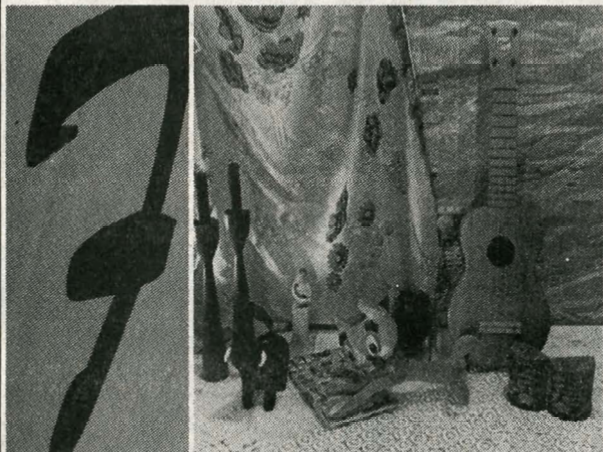
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IN-ZANE
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BY ZANE ZEIGLER

Zane is our newest writer
He's honest
He's sincere
He's seven.



BOY GEORGE
Cheapness & Beauty
Virgin

Sounds Like? I loved it. Sounds like daka daka music. Why? I don't know. Like the picture? Yugggh. I see it. I see it and I hate it. Like the singing. Yes, Yes!

Feels like dancy dancy.



LOVE JONES
Powerful Pain Relief
Zoo
Entertainment

Sounds great. Sounds like cajun music. I like it I like it and I don't know why. Like the picture? Yugggh. Like the singing? Yes! Sounds like nothing I've ever heard before. Sounds like nothing I've ever seen.

E-MAIL US AT SLUG

Slugmag@aol.com

CONCERT PREVIEW



Filter with Everclear

You know I'd really love to write something about Everclear and I have in the past. It just seems to me that they play here about once a month and if there is anyone in town who hasn't seen them yet, you must not go out very often. They are hugely popular and their presence guarantees some ticket sales. Ticket sales are what it's all about. With that out of the way how about we move on to Filter.

The coolest thing about them is the name of their album. In the old days the short buses took the kids to special schools. Today the "challenged" kids, in some cases, ride the short buses to regular schools. I know someone who claims to be "musically challenged," whatever that is. From what I can gather "musically challenged" means not knowing the difference between blues and bluegrass. I'm off the subject. Filter believes there is much to be learned from the special and different. I'll quote directly from the press release. "Difference is just that, and it is only through the vision, ambition, and drive of those with an outlook and perspective outside the norm that original thought and real change can actually occur. (Stephen J. Hawking, physicist and author of the best seller "A Brief History of Time" is such an example.) Filter believes one should strive for the beauty of the short bus and reject cattle morality and thought of the masses." Hear, Hear. I think that is exactly what we at SLUG magazine do. Is there anyone involved with this magazine who is not "special" in their own way? As sick and mean and twisted and sarcastic and bitter as it gets around here

sometimes, each and every person at SLUG magazine is about as far from the cattle morality and thought of the masses as it is possible to achieve.

I love their press release. Nowhere does it state that one of the two was a touring member of NIN. What that means boys and girls is that he has been to Salt Lake City before and it wasn't at the lake or the arena. I'll quote just one more sentence from the press release before getting on to other matters. "If a writer uses a word processor instead of a typewriter, does that make him or her any less of an author?" Hear, hear again. Guess what Filter? There are people who believe just such trash. If you don't use a typewriter to write you are not a writer. That means you guys aren't musicians because you use technology to make your music. You are phony, you are fakes, your whole life and your art is a lie. You need to die.

As for the music. It's pretty much your standard "modern" industrial with above average songwriting skills from the two main members. My kid more than loves it, he stole the CD, the minute it entered the house. All the kids love this shit in Salt Lake City. They eat it up, their parents are too busy with church duties to even care what the kids are listening to. I've heard that it is especially popular in the Provo/Orem area and in Davis County. The cars will line-up before the show and return afterwards. That means another sweaty, ugly mess at the stench we call a lake, or is it a "Pet Cemetery," with a bunch of jocks and tikes with dyed hair. They had better sell beer this time.

Wheels On The Bus

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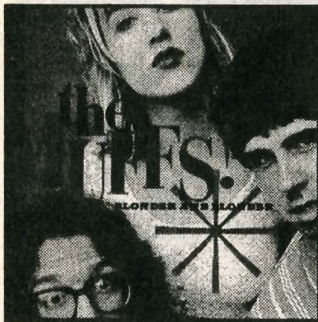


BIG SUGAR 500 POUNDS Silvertone Records

When David Letterman says "Man, oh man" it takes on a special meaning. It's better than your standard "Man, oh man" It's like Dave really wants to say "Holy shit, Man, oh man" If Dave heard the Big Sugar CD "500 Pounds" he'd probably say "Holy Shit this band is good". That's because there are some fine songs on this record, some original, some well done covers of classic tunes like "Dear Mr. Fantasy". Best songs on the album though, have to be "Wild Ox Moan" and "Sugar in my Coffee"... "I don't want no sugar in my coffee, makes me mean" I can relate to that sentiment. This is a well named band. Big sound, big guitar, big blues, big singing, Big Sugar. Make sense? Well, it's a gotta hear to understand thing. This is not so much a straight blues band as it is a Masters of Reality type blues band, and that's quite a compliment. Check this record out, it is definitely a keeper. It'll give you that 'whatever happened to that girl I used to go out with' feeling. Plus it's good Sunday morning music.

Two teaspoons every morning, without fail.

—Madd Maxx



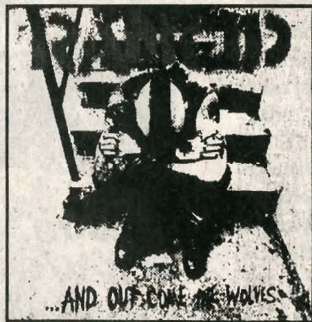
THE MUFFS BLONDER AND BLONDER Reprise

The coolest punky band that you've never heard of is back with their most defini-

tive and assured lineup and album yet, Blonder And Blonder. Kim Shattuck (vocals, guitar), Ronnie Barnett (bass, backup vocals) and Roy McDonald on drums make up the best reason to toss your Hole CDs out the door. You want a killer punk/pop band with a female singer/guitarist that doesn't suck? This is it. Comparisons to the widow of grunge are made only because Kim Shattuck is sooo much better at everything she does, all the things that Courtney is trying to do.

Blasting off with the by now trademarky Muffs anthem "Agony," this record doesn't let up for one second throughout the 14 song trek. There's plenty of rockers like "Oh Nina" but perched alongside them, are some perfect pop tunes like "Won't Come Out To Play" and "Funny Face." And when it comes to the big screamer song, "Ethyl My Love" is hard to beat. A better comparison would be early Blondie without the disco and with a slew of songs the caliber of *Hangin on the Telephone*, this record is a great listen from start to finish. This band is another in the line of bands that will hopefully save the otherwise duldrum filled generica of the mid 90's.

—MaddMaxx



RANCID ...And out come the wolves Epitaph

The only reason this record made the stiff sheet is because I am a fan of old NY. punk rock. I AM NOT a Rancid fan. Scratch that. I didn't used to be a Rancid fan. Now, unfortunately, I have to join forces with all the other hacks that are praising this band. "...And out come the wolves" is one of the better records of the year. Best punk record of the year? Abso-fucking-lutely. I must apologize to all the other punk bands that released records this year. There were many great ones, but Rancid's kicks everyone's ass. From the opening lines of 'Maxwell Murder'..." Dial 999 if you really want the truth...he ain't Jack the Ripper, he's your ordinary crook", to the semi-punk/ska "Time Bomb" Rancid stays on track and NEVER disappoints. Even when they go in & out of varied song styles, they sound fresh and listenable. This is no shit, if

you blow this record off as "another punk album" you're an idiot. 19 songs that capture every possible feeling imaginable... 'Junkie Man', 'Old Friend', 'She's Automatic' this record has it all. Need I say more? If so read this review again from the start.

—Mr. Pink

GARBAGE Almo Sounds

12 songs from a band that successfully incorporates all of the best things that are happening today musically, without any residue of the normalness of the 90's. Sounds pretty cool huh? A lot of people will talk about Butch Vig, and how he worked with Nirvana, and why that's important and that's why this record is good. Bullshit. This is a well constructed album that touches many different areas, while remaining fresh through each one. There are many effected samples and loops, which somehow don't sound fabricated, along with some headstrong guitar work from Steve Markes and Duke Erikson. The main thing here though, besides the refreshing song structure, is the voice of Shirley Manson. (what a great name) She is reminiscent of many other female vocalists, but has a weird quality that makes her voice that much more unique and appealing. She can have an affectionate whisper to a growl, in *Supervixen* to a smoky sultry moan in *Queer* and *As Heaven is Wide*. Versatility is definitely the strong point here, but it's as much with cool ideas as it is the rest of the band. For those stuck in the whiny bad attitude of female fronted bands, your ship just came in. Take out the garbage.

—Madd Maxx



TANNER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS Caroline

My nephew's name is Tanner, so it's a good thing this band doesn't suck. It would mentally screw him up for life. This band came from an early 90's San Diego band called Fishwife, which was driven by guitarist Gar Wood. Thusly Tanner is a guitar driven band, only this drive is fueled by really cool ideas, along with punchy, hard melodies. Intricate, complicated, and full of rhythmic tension, Ill Gotten Gains surges

through explosive passages, combining melody with anxiety, pushing Tanner's dynamic, edgy songwriting straight into the brain, no holds barred. Tanner tricks you into thinking they are a power pop band with their layered hooks, then bulldozes over you with power. There's some real cool songs on this album, like "Hey Jigsaw", "Wig" and "Still a Rat". And unlike most of your rehashed college guitar rock albums, you can actually listen to Ill Gotten Gains all the way through! What a novel idea.

—Madd Maxx



CHINA DRUM
Barrier EP
510 Records

Record companies like long shmoozy reviews of their records, describing in full adjectivity the songs, the style, the members and so on. Then they photocopy the reviews

from magazines like this one and send them back to people like me in lengthy bios, describing in full adjectivity the songs, the style, the members and so on. Sounds like a big waste of paper. Sorry. Oh yea, this record is less than \$10 for six of the best fucking songs I've heard in a long time I promise.

—Mr. Pink

ULTRA BIDE'
God Is God...Puke Is Puke
Alternative Tentacles

Earlier this year, Teengenerate's *Get Action!* (Crypt) almost single-chordedly wiped out the dubious rock history of Japan (Pink Lady, Loudness, the Suzuki Samurai—get the picture?). Of course, it sounded like it was recorded with a pawn shop answering machine—some other hack stole it from me, so the point is moot: Ultra Bide' are the weirdest mofos on the planet, *God Is God...Puke Is Puke* is heavier than Shannon Faulkner's thighs, and you'll have to pry this disc from my cold, dead Pioneer! Let's get the geography straight first: Hide (lead vocals/bass) fled Japan after his original Ultra Bide' split. He wound up in New York City and formed the new UB with Satoru (guitar/vocals/fellow Japanese guy) and Tada (drums/also fellow Japanese guy). The Ultra's are technically a NYC band, but we media types exist on hooks, so

let's just bleed this Orient angle dry.

UB aren't too far removed from the late, great NoMeansNo and Dead Kennedys (both also from Alternative Tentacles, home of the hits) with a few

John Zorn whiplash claims tossed in for headcheese realism. And while the music rapes your speakers with extreme prejudice, it's the lyrics that just make the whole world sing. "What The Hell": "Happiness will never come/Use your fucking gun", "Get High": "Don't worry/You are nothing/Get some dope", "Dude": "I wanna get you/You wanna fuck me/I'm gonna kill you/I'm gonna kill you/I'm gonna kill you/I'm gonna kill you", "Love Sucks": "Love Sucks/Fucking sucks", and "Destroy": "Destroy/ Destroy/ Destroy/ Destroy /Destroy/ Destroy/ Destroy/ Destroy/Fatty fatty mayor yo-yo/Loony cops yo-yo/Naked yuppie yo-yo/What a nice place here baby". I know, I've been crying my eyes out for days now.

Correct me if I'm wrong (and I'm sure you will), but no major label has ever tried to schmooze a band from Alternative Tentacles, *God Is God...Puke Is Puke* will sure as hell guarantee that that tradition continues. The world is just not that screwed up—yet. Ultra Bide': The choice of a new generation (of borderline postal workers).

—Helen Wolf

THE CRASS MENAGERIE

By Job "What'sHisname" Branin

Howzit?

Hey I actually got a letter from a SLUG reader—it said I sucked. I congratulate them on their insight. Since there was no return address and was signed with a phony name (boy that was surprising) I wanted to respond briefly to their comments here. The main complaint seemed to be that I wasn't as talented a writer or as funny as Helen Wolf. I plead "guilty as charged" but I can take comfort in the fact that nobody else who writes for SLUG is as talented and funny as Helen either.

Bands & Albums

That dang *Pessimiser* zine has, once again, joined forces with that pesky *Theologian* label to release a split 7" that's only purpose is to reduce the poor listener to a quivering blob of genetic waste. This time they combine those cretins of glacier paced noise GRIEF with everybody's favorite masters of heavy core, 16. The combination of these two powerhouses creates a record heavy enough to be used as substitute freeweights in the Power Lifting World Championships. When I slapped this on my turntable it crushed it flat. There ought to be a law. Sheesh!! (\$3.50 USA/\$5 world ppd, 200 Pier Ave. #2 Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

STRONGARM are a Florida band whose *Division 7"* is a tremendously heavy and monstrous display of brutish hardcore. The intelligent and personal lyrics are a wonderful compliment to the music that is slightly metallic yet firmly planted in the hardcore tradition. Comparisons could be made to bands like EARTH CRISIS except STRONGARM's lyrics are far superior, stressing the importance of tolerance and compassion in these hate filled times. An absolutely top notch release that you ought to track down. Clear vinyl too. (Tooth & Nail PO Box 12698 Seattle, WA 98111 or write the band at 2743 NE 18th St. Ft. Lauderdale, FL. 33305)

SHIHAD come calling from the land of kiwi's with two new releases; an orange vinyl 7" single and a full length CD called *Killjoy*. Apparently this band has been turning heads amongst their peers garnering praise and tour slots from several prominent bands, including METALLICA. I'm afraid I must be missing something. Although a very good band worth checking out (especially the 7" because the B side tune is incredible), I don't hear anything tremendously innovative or captivating that sets it head and shoulders above the rest. SHIHAD's music is a mid-paced, arty, groove core with carefully selected and controlled elements of metal. The clean vocals add a nice touch of class but they also soften the blow of some of the more rockin' numbers. The production also detracts from the albums potential by watering down the heaviness in what seems an attempt to make the band radio friendly. I'm afraid SHIHAD get in the ballpark and even manage to hit the ball but then they run the basses backwards. (Noise 8721 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood, CA 90060)

The best thing about the success of PANTERA is that they have given dozens of other bands who do the same type of thing a chance to be heard. EXTREMA are an Italian band whose debut CD *The Positive Pressure Of Injustice* is a sonic uppercut to the chops. Their combination of hard metal and hardcore is less driving than PANTERA but is far

more listenable. From the opening cut "This Toy" to the closer "Tell Me" these four gentlemen rip and tear it up as if their lives depended on it. They are not afraid to slow it down if the mood hits them, but for the most part they are in a full sprint. Most impressive indeed. (Flying 594 Broadway Suite 405 NY, NY 10012-3234)

Do I need to even take the time to tell you that the third installment of the *Death Is Just The Beginning* compilation series is a brilliant release that you need almost as much as you need air? I didn't think so. 38 of the best bands in the genre crammed onto two discs for your listening terror. Everybody you love from the Relapse and Nuclear Blast labels are here and many of these tunes are new and/or exclusive to this package. Probably the only song on the album that I don't like is from my favorite band on the CD, EXIT 13. Odd, huh? (Relapse/NBA PO Box 251 Millersville, PA 17551)

CARNAL DECIMATE's 1995 demo is called *Existence Mutilated* and is being distributed by Sutekh Productions. This two song, limited edition, hand numbered, tape is the best thing Sutekh has done. CARNAL DECIMATE play traditional style death metal with a low tuned, growling majesty that is the most intense death I've ever heard out of the city by a dead lake. It is great to see a band that isn't afraid to play what they like and trends be damned. The production on this tape is raw and primitive adding to the devastating heaviness of the whole project. Fans of underground death shouldn't consider their collections complete until *Existence Mutilated* is part of it. (\$3 ppd Sutekh PO Box 510163 SLC, UT 84151)

Those British blokes BENEDICTION are one of the premier death metal bands in the world. *The Dreams You Dread* is their latest and it almost lives up to my high expectations of the band. The mid-paced barrage of noise steers clear of speed for speed's sake and concentrates on laying down anvil heavy riffs. The strength of the album, lies primarily in the consistent and brutish power of the riffing. The lyrics are foreboding and ugly but remain a degree of class and sophistication. The opening track is especially interesting in that the lyrics consist entirely of quotes from the recently discovered diary of James Maybrick whom many feel may have been Jack The Ripper. The only drawback to the album lies in it's failure to expand the range of the band. We've heard this all before. (Relapse/NBA)

I have a lot of respect for what IRON RAINBOW are trying to do as a band by dedicating themselves to preserving the sounds of traditional Heavy Metal in the vein of the NWOBHM. I would respect it more, however, if they had produced higher quality tunes to pay homage to one of the greatest musical movements ever. Despite the bands posturing in the linear notes, they simply fail to recapture, on even a small scale, the glory and talent of their idols. For true Heavy Metal you should probably forgo IRON RAINBOW and get an album by BLISTR'D TOAD or someone else who is doing the same thing but doing it right. (PO Box 932 Middle Island, NY 11953)

MEDUSA OBLONGADA's new demo is one that you are you going to want to track down if you are a fan of industrial influenced, hard metal. In a mere three songs this band demonstrates that they have mastered their genre and indeed are redefining it through superbly crafted songs delivered with an

explosive ferocity that sounds like a sonic boom inside your skull. The tape has a definite DIY feel that adds to the credibility of this fine act. Unfortunately the tape has no contact address on it, but I'm pretty sure that you can get info on the band by writing them c/o Megalithic Records 109 Linden Ln Suite 4 Thiensville, WI 53092-1217. I will send a free CD to the first person who can give me a direct contract address on this band.

I have been a fan of MINDROT since I first heard their incredible *Endeavor 7"* a few years ago. That record was a split effort between the tiny Tempest and Angry Thoreau labels. Nowadays MINDROT has a solid recording contract with Relapse and I am no less a fan. Their first release for the Millersville crew is a three track ep called *Forlorn* and it is so hot that you could boil tar with it. Combining massively heavy riffs with distinctive melodies and atmosphere, MINDROT have crafted a sound that will set them apart from the hordes of soundalikes infesting the scene. Fans of MY DYING BRIDE or even ANETHEMA should find this album along those lines but with much more aggression and passion. Check it out. (Relapse)

The new *Human Pigs* cd from NERO CIRCUS is far more tepid than I expected. I think the problem lies in the production which is too clean and subdued for a band whose tunes and attitude are this intense. I'm not implying that the album is bad, just that what should be an album of hurricane velocity is closer to a tropical depression. N.C. play razor sharp staccato metal with shouted vocals that practically drip with hate. The sound is then augmented and enhanced by the occasional keyboard. I just wish that the production was more raspy and grating instead of this smooth. (Godhead 594 Broadway Suite 405 NY, NY 10012)

If you are into atmospheric black and/or death metal I have what may be the best album ever in that genre. *Odes* by MORDOR has 4 tracks that run for almost seventy minutes. The music is pure atmosphere: Thick, haunting, soundscapes that envelope the listener in ebony solitude and never once become anything as mundane as an actual song. Although this CD contains previously released material, odds are that if you live on this continent you have never heard any of it before. This could easily be the soundtrack of a despised and lonely soul as it wanders eternally in search of peace. Only those with truly open minds should attempt to experience this masterpiece. (Wild Rags 2207 W. Whittier Blvd. Montebello, CA 90640)

O.K. punk collectors here is the word. NOFX have released a two song, 12" of "We Ain't Shit" and "Drugs Are Good" in a limited release of only 8,300 records that they are calling *Aloha from Hawaii*. (By the way in punk terms you are mega-huge when 8,300 constitutes "only"). The cool thing is, 1,000 of those are on picture disc. The Pic disc has a skyline photo of a Hawaiian metropolis that I can't spell because it has too many vowels on one side and a picture of the band with Don Ho himself on the other. In fact for this release the band has changed it's name to HOFX. Both tunes on the record are classic NOFX with out-of-this-world hooks clashing with out-of-your-mind humor. A very cool record, even if it is for collector nerds like me. (Fat Wreck Chords PO Box 460144 San Francisco, CA 94146)

Now on occasion I have been known to overstate the quality of an album but when something excites me I have to gush. Well the new KREATOR album *Cause For Conflict* excites me. In fact I am going to boldly assert, in all capital letters, no less, that THIS IS THE BEST METAL ALBUM OF THE YEAR !!!!!!! The English language does not contain

enough adjectives for me to even begin to describe how good this is. The music is truly frantic, rarely slowing to anything less than a blur (trust me on this, the opening cut is a bit slow but it takes off after that). The lyrics are political and intelligent and Mille has retained his new hardcore shout style of vocals. The band's new members bring a renewed vigor to the melee that was sorely missing on the last album. Combine that fresh vitality with some of the most seasoned and talented players in the underground and you are bound to create something special. KREATOR has always been one of my favorite bands but *Cause For Conflict* is better than all their other albums combined, I kid you not. Just play this album in your car, full blast, while driving down an open stretch of highway, and you will understand what truly powerful music can be like. Needless to say everyone needs to buy this the day it hits the shelves. In fact camp out at your favorite record store (for days on end if need be) to ensure you get the first copy of this upon it's release. (Noise - Address elsewhere)

DAS KLOWN has a new 7" out called *HAHA-HAHAHAHA* that is a full frontal attack of pure punk. It is catchy but not pop. It is angry but not hateful. In other words it has all the ingredients expected from a good punk ep. As the scene continues to splinter into different factions and more and more bands start to align their sound within certain parameters, it will be records like this that stand as a reminder of how it should be. Boy, if that doesn't sound elitist of me... (Doctor Dream 841 W. Collins, Orange, CA 92667)

With a name like **MOURN** you just know that they are going to be a doom band. But obvious moniker choices aside, this collection of Brit metallers certainly have a lot going for them. With an overabundance of doom bands playing what sounds merely like slow death metal, it is good to hear a band who opt for a glassy smooth delivery and strong progressive sense. I found it refreshing and intriguing. Welding slow, meticulous melodies and the soaring alto vocals of Caroline Wilson onto a framework of powerful riffs, this is one doom band who have easily separated themselves from the pack. Doom as a genre suffers from lack of original ideas and fresh sounds, **MOURN** have both in abundance. Pure class. Check it out. (Rise Above - 594 Broadway Suite 405 NY, NY 10012)

The new **HFL 7"** is the first dud I have heard from Doctor Dream records. The two songs here are both rather bland and unimaginative post-punk anthems. Although executed with obvious talent, the songs themselves are a bit tired. The band are trying to do something different but have failed to really find a solid sound. (Doctor Dream)

If you are like me (and boy do I pity you if you are) then you have an affinity for bands who sing in languages other than English. I don't know what the appeal is but I really get off on international rock, especially Punk. **WIZO** are a German band who sing in their native language for the most part, only occasionally indulging in English lyrics. Their new album *Uuaarrgh!* is a definite gem that you would be well advised to seek out and conquer. They rip through their lively and fun punk with the same enthusiasm that I have when consuming a large pizza with mushrooms (for those who don't know me, that is a great deal of enthusiasm, indeed). **WIZO** have countless good points not the least of which is that they can pop and bob with the wimpiest of them and then turn around and unleash a thick, driving tune that will bloody your nose. Buy this album and then send me a thank you note. (Fat Wreck Chords)

My seven year old son took one look at the cover of the new *Better Days* album by **WELT** and declared, "That dude is having a very bad day!" and indeed he is. Bees, dog bites, mousetraps, and green skin is enough to ruin anyone's day. So next time you are having a day like that just slap the *Better Days* CD in the stereo and crank it real loud. The raw, poppy punk on this CD is bound to improve things for you. Imagine late era **DESCENDANTS** without the wackiness and you have a good idea of what to expect from this album. Vocalist Jason Cooper even sound a little bit like Milo on some of the tracks. If your idea of good music is songs about girls and life played fast, loud, and obnoxiously then I can't imagine why you wouldn't buy this record. (Doctor Dream)

Some people are just cooler than others and **Brian Goldsmith** of North Bergen, N.J. is cooler than the other side of my pillow. He also sings for a band that is cooler than most, thus making him doubly cool. I've never heard studio output from his band **ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR** but Brian sent me a tape of a recent show at CBGB's and it is so punk that I wanted to get a mohawk. A.B. have a dual vocalist approach and thick, driving music that achieves a nice blend of fun and aggression. The bands lyrics go from traditional "I'm a high school punk loser" type stuff to thought provoking poetry. Coolest of all is the dominant theme of pacifism that runs throughout much of their work. If you have preconceived notions about East coast punk being too macho, this band should quell your prejudices. (**ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR** 1520 41st St., North Bergen, NJ 07047)

Texas death lords **DEITY** have some very fine packaging and merchandise for their new release *Gallery Of The Mad*. Everything is very professional and looks sharp. Musically, however, there is room for improvement. The tunes seem a bit derivative and underdeveloped on occasion. This isn't to say

things are all bad. In fact, if you like really primitive and fierce death delivered with a passion and obvious bloodlust then you will find plenty to your liking on this tape. The band are especially sharp on the really fast tunes where the songwriting takes a back seat to the sheer brutality with which it is delivered. Fans of **FATAL CAUSE** may want to make special note here because I hear many parallels between **F.C.** and **DEITY**. (PO Box 690132 San Antonio TX 78269)

From The Soapbox

Now I've actually committed this sin myself, but do you ever get sick of punks and metalheads talking about the "good ole days"? I sure do. They sound like my relatives sitting on their porches with a glass of iced tea and nothing more in life than memories. The only thing that made those times great to those people is the fact that they were young then and the scene was fresh to them. In ten years the young punks of today will talk about how it was so much better back in '95. Perspective is everything and a seasoned perspective is as likely to be inaccurate (due to jading) as a young perspective is (due to inexperience). What really burns me up about the whole issue is the older generation who take it upon themselves to "educate" the new kids by treating them as if they are dumb. How many times have you seen an older scenester belittling a young kid because he doesn't know his punk or metal history or because he is dressed like a thrift store reject instead of a studded leather couch. Just let me remind people who may have forgotten, this scene is, and always has been, about youth. Either being young or feeling young. So it makes little sense to berate the younger crowd because you are thus attacking the very essence of why we all do this in the first place. Personally I believe that older scenesters who do this are really just upset at themselves because they now realize how foolish they seemed to the generation older than them.

RENT: LOS OVIDADOS, DAZED & CONFUSED, REEFER MADNESS

MOTHER'S MOVIE

KIDS

WARNING: YOU MAY BE SITTING NEXT TO PEOPLE WHO THINK THIS IS A TRUE STORY!

PLOT: A day in the life of amoral, drug-taking, alcoholic, violent, thieving, lying, diseased, rapacious, stupid, depraved, Manhattan teenagers. The director, Larry Clark, was an amoral, drug-taking, alcoholic, violent, thieving, lying, diseased, rapacious, stupid, depraved, teenager in the late 1960's and early 70's. Apparently "Kids" is his attempt to recapture the halcyon days of his golden youth.

Unfortunately this film doesn't suck. It's well shot, edited, and directed. The acting's good too. Too bad.

This shit wouldn't happen if we had prayer in public schools!

Mom's Rating: William Bennett on Angel Dust

It's TV's fault!

These kids must be from single-mother families.

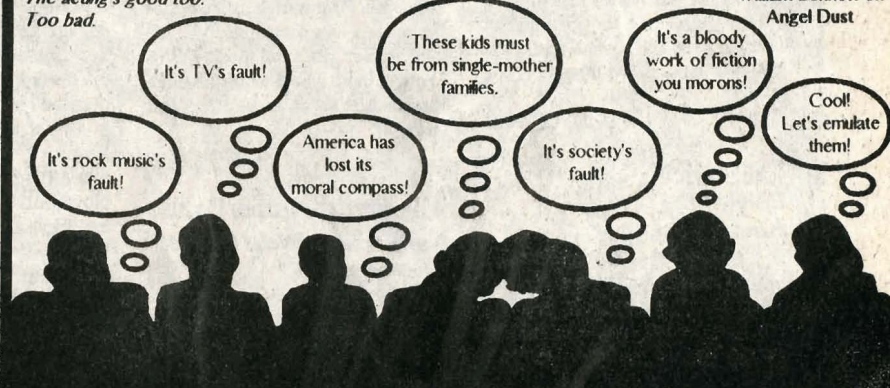
It's a bloody work of fiction you morons!

It's rock music's fault!

America has lost its moral compass!

It's society's fault!

Cool! Let's emulate them!



Unholy Union: "Kids" and "The Sound of Music". Maria gets the Von Trapp kids high and they wander, aimless and bored, around Vienna, kick the shit out of the Countess, and wait for the Anschluss to happen.

Desperado

The Soundtrack
Epic Records

I'm sure everyone has been wondering about Los Lobos, Dire Straits, the Latin Playboys and Tito & Tarantula. First off, I always believed that "Sultans Of Swing" was the best thing Dire Straits ever did. They haven't touched that song since, at least not until they recorded "Six Blade Knife" which appears on this soundtrack. If Knopfler has more of this inside him I might buy another Dire Straits album.

Los Lobos stick to their emphasis on the traditional musical form, but the Latin Playboys, who are at least partly Los Lobos, give things a new twist. Especially take note of the "lounge" style of "Forever Night Shade Mary," which combines a slow bass groove with understated electric guitar (I'd say a hollow body) a little organ and some brush work from the drummer. Swing and sway to this one. Roger & The Gypsies check in with the Booker T & The MG's influence as played by Los Bravos with a slight Ritchie Valens influence.

Tito & Tarantula? Does the name Alejandro Escovedo ring a bell with anyone? He was a member of the Los Angeles punk band the Plugz and he's gone on to make a name for himself down in Austin. Now comes another former member of the band in the person of Tito Larriva, who also played with Cruzados, and he is intent on following in Escovedo's footsteps. Let's hope Tito & Tarantula have an entire album of the instrumental madness and big beat blues inside themselves. A name to watch for on club stages and in CD bins of the future. Carlos Santana? Well, he's Carlos Santana.

Closing out the soundtrack are some more tunes from Tito & Tarantula. They do everything from the Dire Straits guitars to blues to what approaches punk rock by way of the Austin of Escovedo. There is good music all over the soundtrack - the reason to buy it is Tito & Tarantula and of course one song from Link Wray & His Ray Men - "Jack The Ripper" - bow down the guy is still alive.

Diablo Colorado

Eat Static Epsilon Planet Dog

Where's the guitar rock, I'm sick of the shit. Eat Static are a "dance" band. They are located in England and the members used to be in Ozric Tentacles, a hippie band. *Epsilon* is the first American release by a band that is the current darling of the British music press. We all know what that means. The music is "electronic." It's not the return of synth pop nor do



they sound anything like New Order. This is that techno stuff that usually requires a handful of mind altering pills before it even approaches an enjoyable home listening experience.

The opener is far too many minutes of pulsing beats and burps played at a speed only a computer can generate. The disc starts to get interesting on the second piece, "Dionysiac." There is something about "world rhythms" reproduced by electronic means that never fails to attract. Add the slightly spaced out elements and of course the female choruses (they leave out the orgasmic moans) for an enjoyable "song." "Peeow!" has an industrial feel. Remember when musical groups went into factories and recorded the whack of metal on metal? Eat Static use a "light" form of the technique to flesh out the more common pulsating rhythms. More *Outer Limits* space sounds are included to engage the listener in their vision. It seems that Eat Static are enamored of extra terrestrial landscapes. Have a look at the CD cover.

For club play they've included "Undulatioce (Uforic Remix)" with a swollen genital throb underlying the Middle Eastern melody line. That groin grabbing action should coax a few thrusters onto a polished floor. The best piece on the disc is "Lost In Time." The fully engorged throbbing of the previous selection continues, but this time Eat Static incorporate soundbites and found sounds into a composition that moves and breathes without chemical enhancement. *Epsilon* is 70-minutes long. If that seems like a long time to sit and listen to computer generated music it isn't. Think of those who listen to the entire Kansas box set in one sitting and laugh.

Captain Nemo

The Freddy Jones Band North Avenue Wake Up Call Capitulum Records

The Freddy Jones Band are deeply loved by many Salt Lake City residents. For the full report on this, their brand new CD, you will have to look elsewhere. It seems that the first track on my copy is totally fucked. My disc player won't read the pits. Maybe it's one of those tracks you play on

your computer? Due to the lack of sufficient monetary compensation I can't afford the luxury of a CD ROM so...I will never know.

On to the second track. The Freddy Jones Band are another hippie band. No wonder they are popular in Salt Lake. With gritted teeth I continued listening. Every artist deserves a fair chance - even Bobby Lynn Estes. My advance CD doesn't have a cover so I'll improvise on the instruments. They have a guy playing an acoustic guitar and I believe I hear a banjo and a mandolin in there someplace.

This band is constantly on the road. A hard working band deserves some credit for all the days traveling America's highways and bi-ways - just look at Hootie and the Blowfish. Well, I am truly sorry. Hootie and the Blowfish aren't my style, neither is the Freddy Jones Band. Go join the Horde Tour or something. *North Avenue Wake Up Call* is a good CD. I don't like it. I guess I grew out of this music sometime around 1970.

Alan Wilson



Heather Nova Oyster Sony Music

Heather Nova is the latest breaking sensation. This is the female singer you will soon pay thirty or more dollars to see. If she happens by on a club tour don't miss it. The big buzz is her voice and her beauty. She also has a charming way with a song. She reminds me of a young Mary Ann Faithful, before the whiskey huskiness set in. The first song on the disc explores the sexual theme in a blatant, engaging fashion. At first it seems non-gender specific, until one line reaches out: "And I see you in the garden, and I feel you plant the seed."

"Walk This World" is the sexy love song, "Island" is the song for when the love goes bad. Heather Nova puts the experience of abuse into the same lyrical poetry she does for early love. As the last echoes of guitar and voice fade away the CD pauses for thought before "Throwing Fire At The Sun" begins. "Throwing Fire At The Sun" is a curiosity. She is intent on making peace with someone, is that someone male or female? The blood metaphors and the line, "And you're the one who showed me how to touch myself" raise the specter

of sexuality once again. As the music progresses from song to song the realization dawns that every song is about sex and love. The girl is obsessed.

I guess if you feel the need to write an entire album's worth of songs about sex you could do it with a lot less talent than Heather Nova has. The backing music is for the most part light rock that will bring this girl to the attention of Adult Album Alternative. "Sugar," the abortion/miscarriage song, does have some pretty heavy backing music. Not enough to turn anyone hooked on the Eagles off. Nova has all the tools to surpass Sheryl Crow or Melissa Etheridge as the darling of a fading middle class. Enjoy her now and hate her after you've heard her songs one thousand too many times on the radio.

Pete Wheatstraw



John Starling Waitin' On A Southern Train Sugarhill Records

All over the United States there is increasing interest in western beat music. Here in Salt Lake City the closest we get to hearing any is Wilco on formerly "alternative" radio and when they arrive in town. John Starling is a practitioner of the western beat form. There is one slight problem. This album was originally released in 1982 as a record. Sugarhill is making their attempt to cash in on a form of music before it reaches this valley by reissuing the album on a CD.

John Starling was formerly a member of the Seldom Scene, a bluegrass band of some renown. Hints of bluegrass are present throughout the CD - for example listen to the lonesome harmonies on "Those Memories Of You" - but the music is for the most part "country." There aren't a bunch of longhairs playing electric guitars. There is a dobro, played by Mike Auldridge, a fiddle played by Blaine Sprouse on most cuts and by Sam Bush on two, a piano, played by Tony Brown, who is now president of MCA Records, and a bunch of other instruments played by other prominent musicians few reading this magazine have ever heard of.

Starling sings in a rich baritone throughout the ten songs. Barry

Continued on page 33



decide for yourself

17

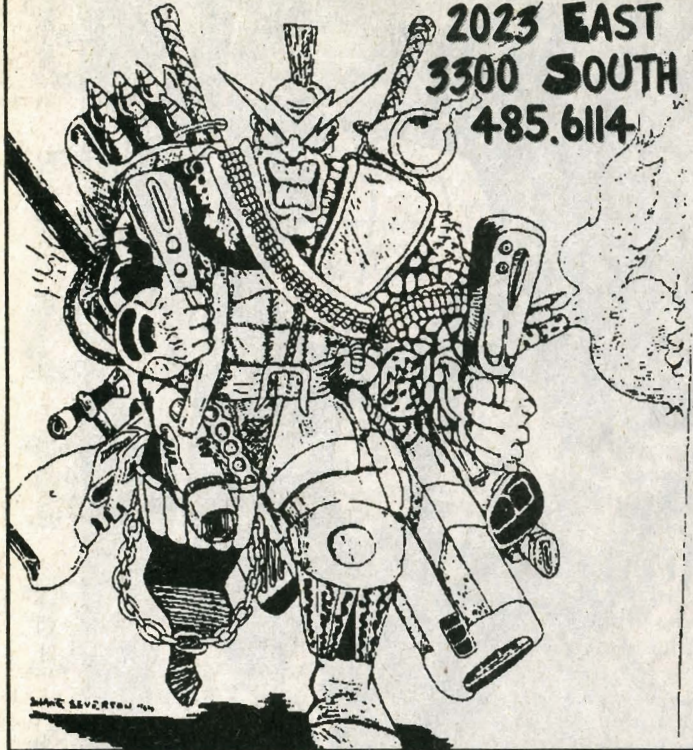
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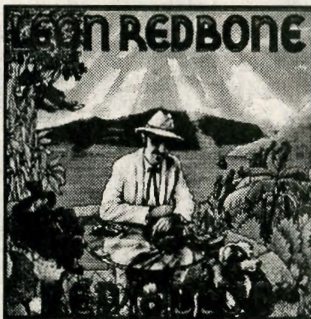


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photo by
Dave Foto '94

"Byrd" Burton formerly of the Amazing Rhythm Aces (Don't go looking for their CDs, there aren't any.) picks out the electric and acoustic leads that along with Starling's voice virtually make the album. The blending of acoustic with electric instruments is perfection to listen to. It swings in all the right places, there are a couple of honky tonk tunes included and the touch of bluegrass complements the country style. Scoot your stool up to the bar and order up that bottle before settling in for "Hey Bottle Of Whiskey" or any other song on the album. It's not dated at all, it's more like music made years ago that time has finally caught up with.

Buck Clark



**Leon Redbone
Red To Blue
Sugarhill Records**

Red To Blue was originally released in 1987 on Leon Redbone's own August Records. I'd venture to guess that this reissue is targeted to reach the ears of aging boomers tuning in to triple A radio. Making guest appearances are the Roches, David Bromberg, Dr John and Eric Weissberg - names familiar to any self-respecting boomer.

Leon Redbone could be considered a historian or an archivist. His music seems to come from a bygone era, a time before categorization separated blues, jazz and country into different sections of the record store. He takes "Lovesick Blues" and, using an arrangement based on the Emmitt Miller and his Georgia Crackers version, turns the song most associate with Hank Williams into something from a vaudeville stage. Hank Jr. adds some dialogue showing him to be more than the knuckle head familiar to millions of Monday night football fans.

A highlight of any Leon Redbone album is the clarinet. The instrument is so seldom heard today that when someone includes the sound in their music it seems alien and highly pleasing at the same time. Rather than the familiar trumpets and saxophones Redbone's band uses tuba, trombone, the previously mentioned clarinet and a coronet. Add the ragtime piano stylings of Rebennack and Terry Waldo, who shares the stool with the good Dr, some strings, minimal

drums, pedal steel and an upright bass for an eclectic recording that doesn't rock at all. Sometimes it's good to leave the rock arena for a change of pace and a little ragtime/country/blues/jazz from a too seldom recognized performer. I know the "suits" read SLUG, (I've seen them sneaking it out of record shops under their jackets) they know about Leon Redbone already. Maybe it's time all the skaters in big pants found him.

Benny Goldberg

**Mortal Kombat
Motion Picture Soundtrack
TVT Records**

How low have we sunk? This is the soundtrack to a movie based on a violent, bloody video game. My copy is another advance cassette which I'm sure will find new life as a demo tape from some local band after I've dumped it in the DI bin. Opening the tape is another re-mix of KMFD's hit record "Juke Joint Jezebel." I'm sure all remember KMFD as the band that killed "alternative" music in Salt Lake City. I can see all the 10-year-old, carpal-tunnel-syndrome sufferers waving their wrist braces in the air at the Cineplex Odeon as this song opens the movie of their dreams. I can't wait to see the Jezebel in all her celluloid glory on the big screen.

The beats are so strong on the soundtrack that I had a flashback from a sexual experience on a gravestone in Lindsey Gardens. "Fuck me harder, fuck me harder, fuck me harder" she screamed until the groundskeeper interrupted with a flashlight to my head that was longer and fatter than my dick. This soundtrack is all about sex and violence. Tell that to the censors all over town who won't let you see the nipple of a female breast while they endorse the return of the most violent sport there is, (next to rugby, whatever that shit you have to pay to watch is called and boxing) ice hockey.

E. Macaroni Burroughs



**The Mother Hips
Part-timer Goes Full
American**

What is it about this month? This is the third motherfucking hippie band I've reviewed this month. It is not the third I've listened to.

These fucking hippies are everywhere today. My life is beginning to resemble one long flashback to the late '60s early '70s. Could we have a network television series titled *Easy Rider* as a demonstration of what to do with hippies? It is about time all the '90s hippies learned what it was actually like. If you see a hippie on the street pull over the imported car and beat the shit out of them. Anyone with a Grateful Dead sticker on their car is a target for violence. Don't kill them, just beat the fuckers up. Beat the fucking piss out of anyone wearing tie-die and long hair. If they are carrying a drum make them wear it. Show them what the Marines are all about.

Out of all the hippie bands of the month I will shamelessly crown the Motherhips the best. Can you guys stop jamming long enough to smoke a doobie? (Holy shit there's another can of worms opened. When is that reunion tour booked at the arena?) They don't feel the serious need to relive a decade remembered fondly by a bunch of bald-headed men with big pot bellies. At least they inject a few uncommon influences into their pot-head music.

Here is my theory on why this music is so popular. When your boss is one of the bald-headed men with a pot (munchies) belly and you are forced to listen to the Arrow all day long with only short segments of Triple A entering your Mac-job world at infrequent intervals the music begins to seep into your pores. The boomer professors have educated you to a life of PC beliefs and after that experience you don't have a choice. Drop out, turn on and tune in was the slogan of the '60s. In the '90s a choice of lifestyle is not an option. The next thing you know the Birkenstocks, tie-die and high-fat granola (all that fiber does give you a decent shit in the morning) have become your life. A bag of weed and a bong compliment the black lite and futon of your home. The fabric (hemp) bag accompanies you to the supermarket and you pay outrageous fees to recycle glass and plastic that only piles up unsold at the recycling center - the '90s version of the city dump. Most of you can't grow a decent head of hair anyway so you walk around with scraggly attempts to emulate Moby Grape or Jerry Rubin.

Why don't all of you go shop the DI looking for the scratchy vinyl version of the Mother Hips instead of paying \$15 for a CD of the same shit the thrift stores offer for 25¢ - if you know what to look for. Too difficult? Then buy the Mother Hips and watch your backs.

Timothy McFeo

MUNG

vow of poverty

**Mung
Vow Of Poverty
Big Rig**

**Impact Unit
Boston Hardcore
Big Rig**

Coming to us straight out of Boston are these two CDs on the Mighty Mighty Bosstones label. It isn't ska nor, as the label name might imply, is it truck driving music. Both bands are playing hardcore. First Mung.

This is a classic example of old style hardcore played in modern times. The Ramones guitars, the bashing drums and the vocalist with a sore throat. All the tried and true elements defining hardcore are displayed by Mung. They include a lyric sheet which yet again contains the poetry of the disenchanted. There was no future in 1984; the world was supposed to end then. Eleven years later the youth brigade continues "singing" about lack of understanding from parents, beatings at school based on appearance, a dim future, revolution and etc. Mung do it well. A nice addition to any hardcore collection now surpassing five digits.

Impact Unit are heavier. They are also a true old school band. Their six songs were recorded in 1983. This must be a reissue of an old record. "Nightstalker" is one of those heavy, slow songs that emphasizes the sore throat and the lyrics before climaxing in speed. "Complain" is about one minute of pure thrash. They continue on what must have been the original flipside with hymns titled, "My Friends & The Pit," "I'd Eat Your Shit," "Dead Meat" and "Regular Boys Haircut." In less than 15 minutes the disc is complete. For an exceptionally raw example of what was going on in Boston during the early '80s look for it. A major label wouldn't dare release anything so fundamental today. Skip it if the polish of pop is your idea of punk.

Cheetah Blitz

**Radar Bros.
Fingerpaint Records**

The Radar Bros. are based in Los Angeles and this is an advance cas-

Continued on page 34

sette of their forthcoming EP. They don't rock at all. As the short press release informed me they are a mood-core, space-rock - heavy-mellow band. They should be playing the Cinema Bar shortly because this is just the type of thing that bar loves to showcase.

Somehow I'd expect some female involvement in the band, all that testosterone usually keeps the male population from playing anything this slow for this long. There isn't a girl in the bunch. The music has electric and acoustic guitars, bass and drums all played at a pedestrian pace and some pleasing singing with vocal harmonies. Overall I'd say it was something like the Velvet Underground meeting Neil Young when all of them were junked out and in a folk mood. You could say Engine Kid, but the Radar Bros. aren't anywhere near as experimental or as noisy.

Some might want to give them a swift kick in the pants to get things moving - I find this EP quite enjoyable. I will await their expected visit with some anticipation and the hope that I have beer money and a day off when they arrive.

Joan Zekada

**The Bogmen
Life Begins At 40 Million
Arista Records**

This Bogmen advance came with a press release and I have it here someplace. I just can't find it. Somewhere in the stacks of vinyl, 8x10's, advance cassettes, CDs and paper piled to the height of a tree that once was - in this place I call my office - is the Bogmen press release. It didn't take long to figure out what the Bogmen are up to even with a missing press release.

The second song is titled, "What's Behind Your Coat?" and there was something about the drums in the song that brought me to full consciousness. They are another hippie band! God damn it. I'm sick of these fucking hippie bands! What are we going to do now? Jerry is dead, what will happen to his kids? I guess they'll just have to pack up the buses and follow the other hippie bands around the country. Sooner or later, without the guidance of the main hippie band, they will all splinter off into cults and begin to have wars. It's Armageddon, the day of the Road Warrior is upon us.

Rather than slag the Bogmen off because of their category how about listening to the music. I know most SLUG readers aren't into Rusted Root, but I liked their record and the Bogmen kind of remind me of them. That world beat stuff is buried in the background; it is never-the-less present. The jamming is also present; the Bogman can get a groove going if

they so desire. The vocals are at times pretentious and slightly irritating, but I kind of "dig" them. The phone message preceding "Suddenly" is pretty cool. "Have a nice life baby." It seems the male of the species has lost his job and the female has one so she dumps the bum. Welcome to 1995.

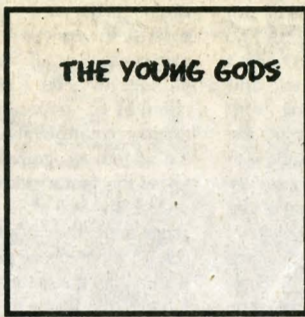
At this point it's time to reveal myself as a closet "Deadhead." I have a soundboard tape from the 1967 concert at the Union Ballroom. My dad gave it to me. How much do you bid for a copy? I'll rate the Bogmen above Blues Traveler, who I'm sure are their close friends, at least until the "Deadhead" wars begin. There isn't a fat guy playing a harmonica and they don't have a stupid name like Phish. It's "background" music for your little drumming, ingesting, pretending party. Girls put on the coveralls without a top or a bra, or better yet a long peasant dress forgetting bra and panties. Boys just wear the coveralls with nothing else and some knee high moccasins. When the spin dancing stops lift the dress, unbuckle the coveralls and find out what it's like to fuck with your moccasins on in a wet meadow. What? There aren't any wet meadows left? Blame it on James Hanson and for God's sake forget the '60s. Some guy at Billboard Magazine loves the Bogmen and you should too.

Tim O'thee Leary

**The Young Gods
Only Heaven
Interscope**

This new release comes from the controversial label that Time Warner will spin off before a bill in Congress forces them out of business. Interscope is part of a huge multinational, but for some reason the folks at Interscope have never figured out that politeness and censorship are required at multi-nationals. "We wouldn't want to offend any customers."

The Young Gods play rock music without guitars. I guess their "style" is industrial - kind of like NIN. The sticker so common to most Interscope "product" is sadly missing. What this means is that mummies and daddies can safely purchase the disc without asking some poor idiot record store clerk if the music will twist little minds into the deprogrammed openness they fear. There is a major problem. The Young Gods aren't singing songs about fucking and killing. Portions of the disc are exceptionally hard, but the trio also has an interest in "mood" music. After a hard day at the office, school, factory or fast food outlet it is important to come home and listen to "relaxing" sounds - sounds that will "heal" your frazzled nerves and your "corporate" brain. "Donnez Les Esprits" is just the ticket. Don't listen to the rest or you could



grow fangs, paint your face with clown white and dress all in black. The "goth" element rears it's blood-stained teeth when the disc spins to "Moon Revolutions." "Lontaine" is another tribute to Tangerine Dream with vocals. The rest of the album alternates between frightening and hard rockin'. The vocals are mostly done in the low key whispery voice of a smoker/drinker - the Young Gods are German, they don't have Utah moral attitudes. Rate *Only Heaven* high. An album with plenty of variety and enough of the hard edge to please the "industrial/goth" bunnies while at the same time incorporating some artful relaxation techniques to totally confound everyone.

Chris Cosey



**Stone Edge
Columbia Records**

**Songs From The Cold
Seas/ Directed By Hector Zazou
Columbia Records**

**The Grassy Knoll
Network Records**

**Caspar Brotzmann
Massakar
Home
Thirsty Ear**

**The Last Poets
Holy Terror
Rykodisc**

How about we do a whole bunch of "trance," "ambient," or experimental CDs in one sitting? The first one, *Stone Edge*, appears to have been recorded in France. One person, Sauf Titre, is responsible for the entire

recording. At least that is what I gather from the booklet. There are female vocals and possibly some live humans playing actual instruments. If they are credited I can't make it out. Most of the information in the booklet isn't written in English and I'm sure as hell not a linguist. The only foreign language I understand is Spanish profanities. The disc has all the synthesizer "washes" that are so deeply loved by dentists and crystal worshipers worldwide. It is saved by several things. Titre is smitten with world music. He programmed bagpipes into his machines and he has a love for Celtic music. There are other "world" music's represented but the Celtic element is the strongest. He combines the synths and the programmed Celtic with heavy beats, (some approaching rap status) other worldly female vocals, acoustic guitars and found sounds from nature.

Every time the music strays off into Yannu territory it is brought back to earth by a weird twist. It could be the vocals, it could be some heavy metal guitar, rapping in a foreign language or maybe someone playing a wooden flute, fiddle or lute. The flute etc. sound real, I don't think it is keyboard trickery. Most of the disc is a little too far out there for your average suburban couple. I'm sure the Breeze can find some boring track to play. When their listeners buy a copy and take it home they are in for a shock. That could be good. The next thing you know they'll be back looking for some true Celtic, African or even techno. If they have any taste at all they might discover some of Bill Laswell's work sooner or later. From there... who knows - John Zorn or Mr. Bungle - they already think Kraftwerk's TransEurope Express is a "new age" disc.

Don't be confused *Songs From The Cold Seas* is an entirely different CD. It fits the same profile as the *Stone Edge* thing except this time the instruments are mostly played by humans. This baby is a complete work of genius! Everyone from Harold Budd and John Cale to Bjork, Siouxsie, and Lone Kent make a guest appearance someplace on the disc. It would take a page to list all the guests. When shopping for it God only knows where you'll find it filed. Avant-garde is not a musical category in the '90s. As the title suggests the music is not actually avant-garde or even experimental. The songs all have a story somehow related to the disc's theme - the cold waters, lands and peoples of the Arctic. An exceptionally trippy recording, one to frighten away all involved in channeling, Rolfing, inner introspection and drum beating. Head for Blockbuster and ask for a free listen. I wouldn't pay their prices, but take advantage of their marketing

Continued on page 37

PLAYS SEPT. 8 - 14

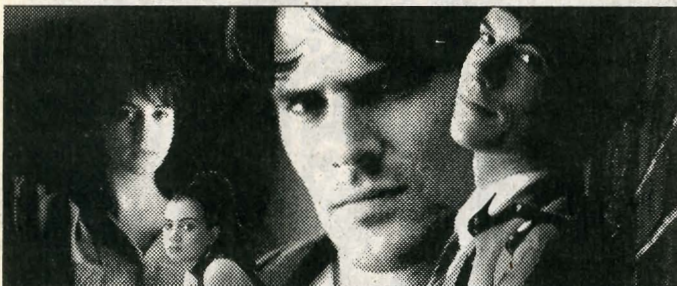
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-Caryn James, THE NEW YORK TIMES



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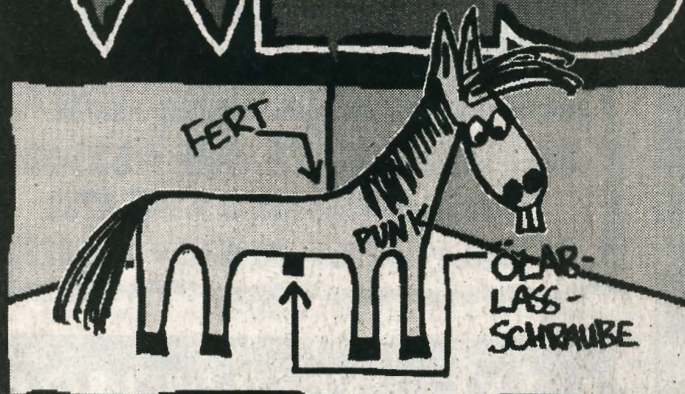
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RECORDS

and see if I'm writing about it. From the same label that brought you Sarah Mac-something and Skinny Puppy comes this bizarre work. *The Grassy Knoll* doesn't quite fit an "industrial" tag nor is the BPM count high enough to fall into a "techno" classification. With drums, saxophone, trumpet, alto & bass clarinets along with tablas listed as the instruments it could be a jazz recording except there's a DJ scratching away and a nut with a sequencer in the band. Oh. I get it. It's "acid jazz." Imagine a sax cat squawking away while the clarinet dude is ethereal and the two drummers keep the beats flowing as the DJ inserts all kinds of static noise and the bass rumbles. Forget "acid jazz," I know what this is - it's "trip-hop," yeah, that's it "trip-hop." Fuck me raw, let's categorize everything into its own little compartment. Remember that plastic thing your dad had in the garage with all those little cubicles for different nuts and screws? Does it remind you of a modern office or a record store? Take about ten hits of watered down '90s hallucinogenics or find a Texas cowpie and ingest some organically-grown mushrooms. Place this disc in the player, punch repeat and trip to your small brain's delight.

Okay so Caspar Brotzmann doesn't fit the "trance" theme. He is so far out there in never never land that I've decided to include him with the rest of the "experimental" music. The average length of a Brotzman song is around nine or ten minutes. He's a guitarist and vocalist and he is joined by a bassist and a drummer. I had a press release once upon a time but I lost it. The cat has been profiled in a couple of magazines recently but I threw them away. What now? Last month saw some "noise" bands at the Cinema Bar. My reviews of their music were scratched from the pages due to the overwhelming popularity of Jeb Branin's mindless jabbering. (This guy is a professor? Avoid his "courses" at all costs to life and pocketbook. That's right Jeb, fuck you! I'm out to start a war. Meet me in the parking lot behind Bar X and take the glasses off - punk. If I walked into a "course" you were teachin' and I heard your punk ass shit from the podium boy, I'd ask for a refund. You can't write shit. How in the fuck can you expect to gain tenure. Professor Punk Rock, kiss my white ass.) Sarcasm? Not in SLUG. I'm simply trying to stir up the natives - subscriptions, advertising and readership are down.

If Hammerhead and Love 666 do noise then what exactly do you call this mess? I'd have to venture back in my time machine to investigate the Ralph Records catalogue. Who remembers that label? (Send letters, it's okay, honest, Gianni has no idea

what the fuck I'm writing about at this point anyway, he's simply worried that the hate mail and Jeb will overwhelm the rag.) Once upon a time kiddies there was a band called MX-80 Sound. If you take that band and mix it with a little Chrome - that would be Helios Creed - then throw in some latter day Greg Ginn and stir it well with your Frippertronics spoon then enter back into modern times you have some idea. This is some jamming shit and it is highly recommended for offending all the musically closed minds in your neighborhood.

In closing I'd like to take this opportunity to totally fuck with your minds. The Last Poets were rapping in the '60s. Hello. These are some old timers whose music was never given the respect it deserved when they were young. Three of the four came together to record a new album under the watchful eye of Bill Laswell, a man who never sleeps and who is the unproclaimed king of "trance," or today I guess it's called "ambient" music. Rap music is pretty much dismissed in the pages of SLUG because all writers are white males and the utterances of the Public Enemy have been sadly absent recently. Mr. Public Enemy come on back, the SLUG needs your views.

I love rap music. The recent "gangsta" style lost me, I'm sorry but how many times can you listen to the gats, nines, bitches, and ho's cliché over and over again. The shit's boring and I don't care how good the rhythms are. The Last Poets have some messages in their lyrics and the beats are trippin'. Trippin'? Yeah, here's your trip hop from some old dudes. These cats were down with the blunts, bitches and guns before it was oh so fashionable. It's all rooted in jazz, the blues and scat singing anyway. So toss Bone Thugs and Notorious BIG. For once in your life dump the trend and catch up with history. Take a bong hit to this shit. Peace, I'm outta here. (No irony there.)

Chick Marin

STARFLYER 59
Starflyer 59

Tooth & Nail Records
The CD player that goes with my system was broken in my move to NY, so I was forced to listen to this on the portable, with my headphones, which is unfortunate in this case because it's meant to be played out loud. The band appears to be religious: there's a selection from Psalms on the inside cover of the booklet, and in a place of high visibility says, "All Praise and Glory to Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior". Now I've been to the odd warehouse now and then over the course of my meanderings, and these guys surely haven't been taking the same communion of

Wonder Bread and Tang as the good ol' brethren of the 21st Ward. I've never actually inserted a needle's worth of heroin into my vein, but were I to take the plunge this music would fit the trip. A high-cholesterol diet of big beefy guitar underlies most of the tunes here, droning on and on like you're sitting in a pool full of mercury staring at your shoes. Starflyer 69 consists of two guys with a lot of overdubs, nevertheless they're apparently on the road a lot. I can't imagine this kind of thing working live: it's too personal, it's too slow, it's too heavy, man...besides, can you dance to a song called "Stop Wasting Your Whole Life?" Especially one that actually makes you wonder whether you're wasting your whole life. Perhaps they're trying to convert me. (By the way, despite the religion in the flyer, it doesn't show up in the music at all. Don't let that talk you out of it.) The only bad thing one could say about it is that it doesn't vary much in speed, but that can also be a positive. Push the substance in and flow.

—Capt. America

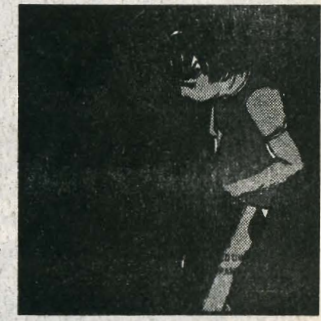


WHALE
We Care
Virgin

The last song these Swedish radio guys hit the radio with was "Hobo Humpin' Sloba Babe," which I don't remember hearing the first time around, but they included it on this album. It's not that good, for reasons that I'll get into in a minute. The first song here is destined to be heard sooner or later: "Kickin'". I would swear that I've heard it before, but covered by somebody else. It's a nice little ditty, rapping marimba type of catchiness that won't get out of your head. Then along comes "That's Where It's At" a mix of hard rock screaming and female talk-rap trancey bone bumping funky noises borrowing from the best of industrial hip-hop noise, that works when it's the talk-rap and sucks when it's the group of screaming men. This is unfortunately a formula that they fall into on too many goddamn songs. "Eurodog", "Electricity", "Hobo Humpin' Sloba Babe" - they've got a great base from which they work, and then they throw it into the toilet when all these men come in screaming heavy metal. Too bad. A lot of their

songs are pretty in your face sex, which always has a draw when it's an on the edge Eurogirl at the helm, but it just doesn't make up for it. The music does have funny moments: One song's called "Young Dumb n' Full of Cum" "Lolly lolly lolly...I wanna slap my titties across your face...lolly lolly lolly...I'll ride on your big log" (this from "I'll do ya" which is another great song that wants to raise the album out of the shithouse and give unto it the breathe of life, but I tell ya half the bands running around seem to really have no idea what the hell...they'll have great things interspersed with pure shit, like they can't even tell the difference. It should be noted that even "I'll Do Ya" has a heavy metal chorus-at-a-soccer-game-in-Bolivia chant, but in this instance, rises above it. There are some songs, in the second half of the album, that don't have the same problem, but the melody doesn't hold the same promise. Too bad the same cannot be said for the majority of the album).

—Capt. America



RUSTY
Fluke
Tag Recordings

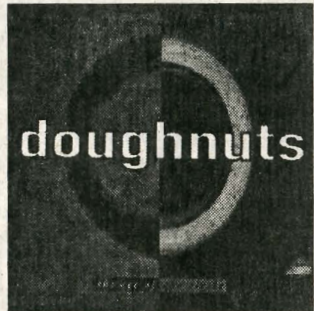
The last guy I met from Canada was in Amsterdam, in the hour we talked he smoked an eighth, I swear to god, like it was cigarettes, and he went on and on about how cool Canada was because they weren't the U.S. and they didn't care. He said, "We're second best and that's fine with us. By being second best, you get a lot more done." (Little did he know he was talking to Capt. America.) He was such a slow-witted bore that I assumed he was wrong, but if this band is any indication, perhaps the old stoney told the truth. Basically a punk band, the first single is "Wake Me", which is pretty damn good. The song "kd lang" starts out screaming "Eat meat, you dyke", which was apparently spray painted on a billboard in her hometown up north. The song is pro k.d. lang, so it ain't bigoted of 'em, don't you know, and it's a great song. The music has a raw edge to it gained by not overmixing, no reverb or any technical magic to help it along, which is just fine. Typical garage band punk downtown

Continued on page 38

**R
E
C
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S**

Portland Oregon style, but without the self-awareness that permeates so much punk these days. Could it be because they're from Canada and therefore have distance from the attitude that their historically inflated ego neighbors to the south are famous for? I don't personally care, I'd rather just press play again.

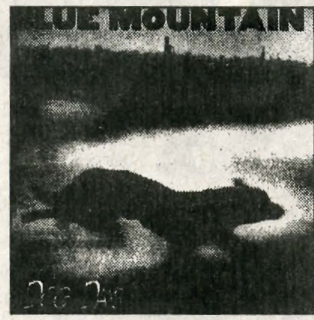
—Capt. America



DOUGHNUTS
The Age of the Circle
Victory Records

This album is currently the loudest most obnoxiously hardcore young punk CD in my house. All I can think of when I listen to this album is a bunch of thrash skaters lying in bed playing with their weenies 'cause they found this band. A) It's **HARDCORE**. B) They're **ALL WOMEN**. C) The lead singer is **SEVENTEEN**. Go nuts, boys, they're all yours.

—Capt. America



BLUE MOUNTAIN
Dog Days
Roadrunner Records

A band out of the deep south, Oxford Mississippi, this record shows it right off the bat with a shitty country and western song called Mountain Girl. Strike one. The second song tries, but doesn't quite make it, but we'll call it Ball One for the effort. Song number three is a big old Flatts and Scruggs Strike Two. Number four is a hit, but unfortunately we're going to have to call it a foul on account of the accent of the singer. Song five is "Wink", which is pretty good, but that's largely due to the fingerpicking expertly executed. Base hit. "Slow Suicide," the next song, is quite a good rock song with an almost psychedelic bent. Definitely gets a hit for that one. "A Band Called Bud," despite the sophomoric obvious reference and the

singer's accent yet again, is another hit. That loads the bases up. Enough of that. The band never completely strikes out, although the lead singer constantly hitting a hard "r" while he's singing is enough to almost keep me from listening to it entirely (it's a personal dislike). It does, however, walk a fine line through it's entirety. I think the band would like to avoid being thought of as a southern rock band, but they fall so squarely into the territory that it's hard to avoid. They've got a couple of nice things, but it's too uneven, overall. Unless southern rock is your thing, in which case what the fuck are you doing reading this magazine, you probably don't want to part with the cash.

—Capt. America



311
311
Capricorn

Metal based rap from Omaha, Nebraska. Well, that certainly doesn't sound like a winning combination, so it was quite surprising to me when I really enjoyed the hell out of this album. It's probably more succinct to say that it's metal based hip-hop, because I don't want to invoke images of NWA or something. The actual raps aren't heavy at all. In fact part of the beauty is how they work against the grain of the tone of the music, they're light and slide against the flow of the guitar. It's a nice effect which they utilize to they fullest in the almost raspiness in the lead singer's voice. Good stuff. I've heard a lot of bands try and do this style and fail, it's much to these guys credit that they pull it off. They seem very much like they know what they want, and they know how to get there. You've probably heard "All Mixed Up" on the radio. Although I think it's good, I don't think it's the best representative of the rest of the album, so don't necessarily judge them solely by that song.

—Capt. America

CAPT. AMERICA
The Capt. Sings the Grateful Dead Hits LIVE
Overdose Recordings

Over November 11th, 1986, I lost my virginity to the strains of "Truckin'" and "Sugar Magnolia". I

had met this girl I was trying to impress, sweet 16 I was, I went out and bought "What A Long Strange Trip It's Been", the Grateful Dead's greatest hits compilation. Heard she liked the band. Didn't know 'em myself. So we go to my room, I put on the album, she makes her move. Meanwhile this fucking record is playing. I've hated the band ever since. Recently she became the only person I've slept with who is dead. I've no idea whether she's grateful.

Earlier tonight, August 23rd, 1995, a man was stabbed to death in front of my Manhattan apartment (that's right, I've moved to NY, look for my NY correspondence article starting next month prob'ly). He was completely fucked up at the time on something or other, as was the person who she stabbed him. This guy was a bum, wandered around most of the time avoiding work, and died basically because of his drug habit. Sound familiar? Unfortunately, no one will be gathering in Central Park this weekend to eulogize this poor schlomo. So it goes, kids. Time to wake up out of the deadhead haze and take a shower.

—Capt. America

WATERDOG
Waterdog
Atlantic

The punk-pop fad is not down for the count! Here they come, Rhode Island's Waterdog with their self-titled debut. What's it sound like you wonder? It's upbeat, resembling Green Day (but better) and The Clash-the vocals are super and they really are a mixture of Joe Strummer and Billy Joe!

These guys are tight with a punch that'll shock you. Their music is constructed of stunning harmonies (melodic at that), biting guitars, and raw energy that makes your skin stand on end. Waterdog is the kind of band with the potential to sell a lot of records, maybe even become a huge success in just a few months-granted that they get radio/MTV support.

If they ride the road to fame, these songs are going to be their fuel; "My Life," with it's furious vocals and guitar hooks, "Instead of," having more of a pop drive with melodic vocals and good harmonies, "Youngsten Turmoil," more of a ska-Mighty-Mighty Bosstones feel, and "Good-bye Good-bye," reserved guitars, leading to a frenetic bash and angst-ridden vocals in the chorus. Don't miss your chance to have a listen to these Rhode Islanders, they're the best thing to happen to that state since the Talking Heads!

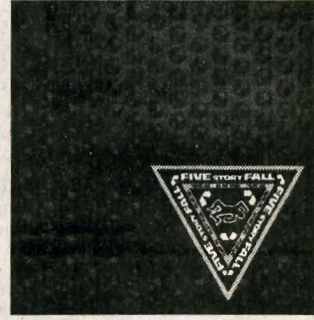
—Gary Savelson



THE RUGBURNS
Mommy I'm Sorry
Bizarre/Planet Records

I hate this CD with every fiber of my being. It is joke music. Like weird Al Yankneoff, except not funny. They try to say 'fuck' and other swear words and tell stupid stories to make up for their obvious lack of talent. I am actually urging you to go buy this record cause it will piss you off so bad, the guy who sold it to you in the CD store will turn and run when he sees you coming back for a refund.

—Mr. Pink



FIVE STORY FALL
Puppethead Records

The end of all things worthwhile begins with a woman screaming, or so it would seem. Of course this assumes that life is worthwhile, and that my mother screamed when I was born. Neither of which things I know for sure. But as far as Charlotte Webb Swenson's screaming is concerned, worthwhile is not the word to describe, at least in the circumstances of Five Story Fall, her masculine rant.

Five Story Fall is a thrash/hardcore/(moderately)industrial band from Ohio. Charlotte is the Charlotte who lent her name to Charlotte's Web, the interesting band she fronted before this newest effort. In that venture she showed an inventive knack that is altogether missing here.

It is not of a lack of talent, but lack of dynamics, and lack of tension, and a lack of invention that makes this disk so dull. I think that this band could be as interesting as Helmet, or Wurm, or Dead Kennedys, if only they had real finesse, real complaints, and some amount of wit. But rants declaiming the alarming cruelty of South Philadelphia cops against skaters just doesn't win my sympathy.

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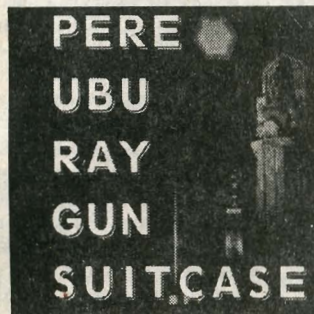


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thy. And it might be that I like variation, though I love the second Public Image Limited album, and Flowers of Romance, but it seems Charlotte follows a very narrow (nearly overgrown) path in her singing. And it must be said that she very nearly never falls off that path onto, say another note, or volume of whinny.

I'm saving this album for my children. Knowing how kids hate their parents music, they ought to love this.

—S. Felcher



PERE UBU
Ray Gun Suitcase
Tim Kerr Records

Don't Expect Art

"We printed lyrics in 1982 because we couldn't think of anything to put on the back cover of Song of the Bailing Man. Then compact discs happened and it seemed like you had to fill up those booklets. We allowed ourselves to become confused. We drifted with the herd. No more. To print lyrics is a bad thing."

Pere Ubu's band members could possibly be insane. In fact, that may be a prerequisite for joining this pack of loons. Their sound is pretty damn original in a dizzy, matter-of-fact way.

"Ubu music exists in Ubu space, a sort of musical parallel universe where anything can happen."

This is Pere Ubu's first album in almost three years. Singer David Thomas (not the same one that does the Wendy's commercials...I think) and guitar player Jim Jones, have added newcomers Michele Temple on bass, Robert Wheeler on synthesizers and drummer Scott Benedict. Original drummer Scott Krauss and cellist Garo Yellin are also on the new record.

Nothing is quite the way it seems with Ray Gun Suitcase. It plays like the soundtrack to "James Bond meets Pulp Fiction". They flow through many tunes on sheer (what's that word that means smart-ass?)...satire. The rest of the record is just Pure Ubu (get it,? pure not pere?) and that can only mean a fine CD full of non committal, unable to generalize, crossover songs from what I consider to be a wonderful bunch of lunatics.

—Mr. Pink

EVE'S PLUM

Cherry Alive

Sony/550

Well, well, well, what do we have here, another power pop release? Cherry Alive, the latest from Eve's Plum, identifies with loud guitars and brilliant vocals. Vocalist, Colleen Fitzpatrick, leads you into a field of melodic and raging guitar riffs with her brilliant singing-backed by mediocre rhythm more or less. The record sets a tone that may please Throwing Muses lovers or if I may go so far, the rockers of the Joan Jett generation.

Without Fitzpatrick, the band would be lost within the mass fog of power pop that has rolled in the last few years. Although she fires up moments of passionate vocals ("Jesus Loves You" & "Want You Bad"), she manages to compromise her angst on most of the Songs to solicit a friendlier reception (especially "Loved By You"). The title track, "Cherry Alive," is one of the better cuts with a beat to dance to, sonic guitar, and a feeling of being on the border of techno and melodic pop. If you're one that has a disposition for light punk flip to "Lipstuck" or if you just want common pop packaged for this generation, listen to "Fairly Princess" or "Dog in My Heart"-indulge yourself in hooks, harmonies, and any other 'H' words that are descriptive of these songs.

Final verdict: Eve's Plum has not reached its prime in its musical efforts. They are still in grade school and therefore receive a report card with all checks between the satisfactory/needs improvement columns!

—Gary Savelson

SEAWEED

Spanaway

Hollywood Records

Will punk ever really cross-over into the mainstream? Forget about Green Day, Offspring, and Rancid (Clash revived) all bubble gum power pop. Even Nirvana retained some composure writing melodic anthems, hurling them into the spotlight.

Tacoma, Washington's Seaweed has released Spanaway, a punk/hardrock record produced in a manner that truly captures the rawness of this breed of music. Spanaway has heavy guitars, big drums and big bass along the ranting vocals of Aaron Stauffer. Seaweed, one of many bands from the now forgotten Seattle scene, is the definition of "alternative rock" today rejuvenating the spirit of indie noise and energy with a twist of punk!

With more accessible tunes like "Defender," with its propelling drums, "Crush Us All," (nice guitar riff), and "Start With," Seaweed, at the least is heading to climb the alterna-

tive charts in sales and radio. The important question is whether or not the masses are ready to swallow the genuine nature of Seaweed and accept the band for what it really is, harsh and loud. One more thing, the fifty-four second hard-core cut "Punchy (the down)" cute guys, real cute!

—Gary Savelson



PONY RIDE

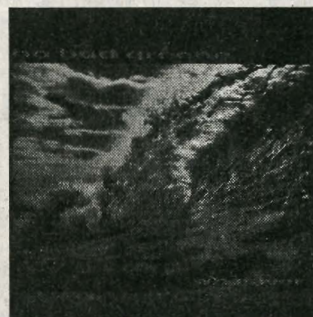
Pony Ride

Primitich Releases

Pony Ride is everything really fresh and charismatic about the anti-techno music revolution of the early nineties slowed down, drugged, and morose. I don't have any idea what their songs are about. Why should I care?

Pony Ride is a trio out of San Francisco, which is something you might overlook, because they sound strait out of the midwest. This is about the highest compliment I can think of in American pop-music. The highest being, of course, "he could have played with Zappa." There is one other compliment dealing with Jimi Hendrix, but it is never applicable, because no one is that good. So kiddies, its a beautiful sad noise. I bet Jan Curtis would have liked Pony Ride, he might even have envied them.

—S. Felcher



BO BUD GREENE

Whatever

Backyard/Scotti Bros. Records

Well, I hope that Bo Bud Greene has something up their sleeve besides their silly bio. Don't get me wrong, your average bio sucks, and this one is different, so that's good. It's supposedly written by the bass player in what is passed off to be 3rd or 4th grade handwriting, however the idea

fails miserably. Luckily for the members of Bo Bud Greene, they do have an ace in the hole. Good guitars + hooky off beat melodies = cool record. If I had to criticize this band (and I will) I would say that they reek of Chapel Hill and marijuana based song writing, and much overuse of the word "dude". (just a hunch) It's pretty obvious from the song titles and some of the lyrics. Song, Flaw, Remind, Slide, and Elliptical are some titles which have nothing to do with anything. Get the picture? Still the band is good and most of the songs are pretty cool, even when the singer starts sounding too much like Perry Farrell.

—Mr. Pink



DEAD HOT WORKSHOP

1001

Tag Recordings

If this band came out before the Counting Crows, there would be one chubby white hippie with dreadlocks out of a job. Sad girly melodies and twangville grooves aside, this band has some really good songwriters. Better by far than the aforementioned 'Band of 1994'. There are a couple of true winners here like "Lead Thoughts" and "Jesus Revisited". I was really pissed off to see that track 12 is called "F-censored- NO" C'mon guys, that's even more stupid than having "fuck" in the title. Anyway if you are into the sound of all the bands in this genre, then Dead Hot Workshop will please you, cause they are the best of the bunch.

—Maxx

FUGAZI

Red Medicine

Dischord

You'll not find a Fugazi review here, nor will you ever. You see we were told we "Couldn't get a review copy" from the woman at Dischord. She was a real bitch too. Maybe SLUG pissed them off in the past. They should get over it. Oh well, I'd like to tell you how shitty this record is, but I can't.

—BOB

Continued on page 42



GRITHER

All Smiles

MCA

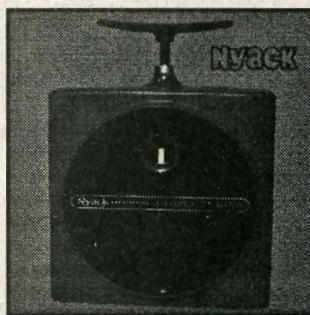
If you don't know where you're going, any road will take you there.

This sentence appears on the inside of the CD case. I think it appropriately describes this band, because they choose no particular path, and thusly create their own great one.

Grither is a Kansas City based trio who sounds like The Replacements on L.S.D. (big heavy distorted guitar) They roll through their five-song EP, *All Smiles* with raging anthems, unapologetic feedback, grinding rhythms and schizophrenic pop melodies. Grither stole their name from the monster on *Tales From the Darkside*, the one that ate children. This band eats small helpless things too, namely all other bands trying to cop this bands sound. I thought this CD kicked ass from the word go. The only complaint I have is the same one my girlfriend always has. "I just wish it was longer"

Expect a full length LP from Grither in early '96 as well as several 7" singles to be released during late '95. But between now and then, catch Grither on the road. This is a very cool band. Dig?

—Mr. Pink



NYACK

11 Track Player

Echo

DIMESTORE HOODS

Smile Now (Cry Another Day)

Dimestore Hoods

This won't take long. Nyack's *11 Track Player* was supposedly a CD-Plus (audio CD+interactive CD-ROM). Not only did it fail to work in my computer,

the damn thing nearly crashed my whole system. Unfortunately, the

audio portion plays just fine. Echo records blew alot of green packaging this floater like some indie/college/garage pop Buzz Bin blip—plastic 8-track cover, little logo takeoffs on Atari and Burger King: the whole flavor-of-the-minute American retro trip. The fact that Echo and Nyack are located in England only emphasizes how fabricated this is. As for the music, my buddy Rich summed it up best when listening to an unlabeled tape copy of *11 Track Player*: "What the hell happened? This is the worst thing Matthew Sweet has ever done!" If it were any more generic, you'd have to slap a UPC code on their limey asses.

The Dimestore Hoods 3-song cassette is so wildly generic (even by Nyack standard) that I swore they had to be locals, but the 310 (Beverly Hills) area code just proves that shit is universal. No info included, so I can only insult them based on their music—that would mean maybe listening to it again. I think I'd rather play with my new home nipple-piercing kit from QVC...

—Helen Wolf

THE BOGMEN

Life Begins at 40 Million

Arista

The adjectives zany, silly and insightful can be used to illustrate the mood *Life Begins at 40 Million* puts across, the major label debut by New York City's, The Bogmen. The record was produced by ex-Talking Heads member Jerry Harrison whose recent credits include mega-stars, Live, and the Crash Test Dummies. The record is somewhat of a frivolous musical expedition drawing from folk, calypso, funk, power pop, and unbridled howls with traces of social criticism (at times non-sensical) hammered into the lyrics. Dare I draw a comparison to fellow contemporaries of The Bogmen; how about Phish because of their witty foolishness and the Hothouse Flowers because of the similarities in rhythm and passionately, fluctuating vocals between the two bands.

Life Begins at 40 Million bombards you with an eclectic sound and it definitely takes some time to adjust to Bill Campion's (vocalist) exalting wails. The songs of The Bogmen cleverly glaze our societal dilemmas and self-destructive behavior with facetiousness, cynicism, and enthusiasm. "What's Behind Your Coat?" an upbeat textbook pop arrangement explores deception, corruption, and conspiracy among us making reference to a "suppression plan-did I mention this record is not politically neutral? In "The Doubter's Glass Is All Filled Up," led by a country guitar riff and steadfast rhythm, Campion cites, "I have not yet been bitten by the flies of pessimism," trying to

grasp the issue of hope and an optimistic future. The Bogmen's single, "Big Burn," akin to the musical style of the Red Hot Chili Peppers, indicates the bands environmental consciousness when Campion raps, "We had a pig roast with the earth"

Compared to today's pop music, The Bogmen are eccentric and tastelessly non-conformist for the most part, and for that, they do indeed deserve a chance to boast a little pride.

—Gary Savelson

NINE SPINE STICKLEBACK

Prospector

As always, let me be honest with you. Utah has a lot of local bands. There are a limited handful that happen to be very, very good and most are real shitty and need to get day jobs. I know, I've heard the rumors too, "Salt Lake could be the next Seattle," "Salt Lake is the next Austin, as far as music goes," and on and on and on. But do you know what I'm finding? The really good bands from the Wasatch Front probably are nameless and faceless to the most of you, like Nine Spine Stickleback. Enter SLUG, no bio, no info, just a disc. Nine Spine Stickleback, Prospector. Liner notes say they have an address in Kaysville. X-96 claims that their X-Mart carries all sorts of local music by local bands. I call them about the current release, Prospector by Nine Spine Stickleback. No they don't have it, no they don't carry it. Now, I think that X-96 does a pretty good job of playing local artist original music. Sometimes I think they could diversify a bit and really push the limits of local music, you know, beyond Clover and The Obvious. But, after my phone inquiry, I can't help but to think I smell the slight stench of a corporate whore...but any who, all you need to be concerned with is this: Nine Spine Stickleback is a killer local band and it's time that you take notice. Their CD, Prospector is really, really good. I can't figure out where to tell you to buy this, so write to them, P.O. Box 374, Kaysville, Ut 84037. Or E-Mail them at: Nine Spine@Aol.com. And if they are playing around town and SLUG doesn't have the information call me and tell me so we can check them out together, SLUG HQ 487-9221

—RDJ

ALICE DONUT

Pure Acid Park

Alternative Tentacles

For those of you who don't know, this is the seventh release from Alice Donut. And for those of you who do know, this is an Alice Donut with a slightly different line up. The main core is still present, with a few

minor changes from the last album. Alice Donut now is Tomas Antona-Vocals, Stephen Moses-Drums & Trombone, Michael Jung-Guitar/Keyboards & Vocals, Richard Mather Marshall IV-???, David Giffen-Guitar & Vocals and Sissy Schulmeister-Bass/Banjo and Vocals. Pure Acid Park is pure genius on the edge of insanity. Alice Donut has a very strange, eclectic approach to music. Which is a good thing in this stagnate, cookie-cutter, rip-off world in which we all live. They are truly an original band that includes various horns, wash-boards and other household items as instruments on their new album. Listening to Alice Donut is always an adventure, because you never quite know what you're going to get. They deliver the goods with intelligent song composition and biting humor. Let your CD transport find these songs and I'm sure you won't be disappointed, Lost in Place, Mummenschantz Pachinko, Freaks in Love and Big Cars & Blow Jobs.

—RDJ



NOFX

I Heard They Suck Live

Fat Wreck Chords

If you like NOFX, this is them, only live. If you don't, why the hell would you buy their live album? I think the best review I can give it, is to reprint the inside of the CD jacket.

Hello, welcome to our live album. Yeah, it's kinda cheesy to do a live album, something Aerosmith would do, but the reason we did it is small there's about 7 live bootleg CD's all over Europe, Japan, and the US and they all sound like shit. Like someone recorded it from inside a garbage can. Not only that but the fuckers are making shitloads of money while making us sound shitty. So we brought a fucking expensive (3000 bucks a day) mobile studio into a small Hollywood club which remains nameless because they wanted a bunch of money to use their name) and recorded 3 shows in a row. The first really sucked cause we were too drunk, but the next two were pretty good. This recording is a compilation of those two nights, Jan 8 and 9th 1995. We would like to thank a bunch of people, but I'm kinda busy right now, so forget it. Well, there you go.

—Mr. Pink

RECORDS



JUGHEAD'S REVENGE
Elimination
 BYO Records

I've got no Idea why BYO Records sent us this CD. As far as I can tell it was released in 1994 and it seems that since that time Jughead's Revenge has released another, more current long playing CD called 13 Kiddie Favorites. But, here at SLUG HQ I've learned the hard way. Mine is not to ask WHY, Mine is but to Do...or Die! Jughead's revenge formed in 1989 in that cesspool we all know as Lost Angeles, I mean Los Angeles. These guys were spoon fed the early 80's, L.A. Punk scene with heaping doses of Black Flag, The Germs and The Adolescents. It's because of that steady diet that Jughead's Revenge comes off as loud and harsh. Their influences shine through. The CD is

packed full of pure punk rock ditty's that get right to the point and cut to the bone. These guys have got a good sized following in L.A. and they've paid their dues. They've toured the U.S. and Europe 3 times each, and every time their audience is expanding. Radio wouldn't touch these guys with a ten foot pole, they are much too abrasive. I don't know about you, but for me that's a green light. Check out C-Biscuit, Red and Eliminator...Hard Core at it's best in 95...(and 94!)

—RDJ

SUPER DELUXE Famous

Tim Kerr Records

Famous is the debut CD from Super Deluxe and guess what else, kids?...Super Deluxe is from the great Northwest. Now, Now, Now don't let that bum you out, stick with me on this one. Super Deluxe is a great band and I know that if you gave them half a chance, you'd love Em. Sure these guys lean a little bit toward pop, but hey, it's noisy, fuzzy, dense, melodic Pop, my favorite. And if you listen real close, you will here influences from the British Invasion bands and 60's California bands. My favorite tune on the whole disc is Famous. It's strong with a great tap along melody and feel. In all reality folks, when I listen to this CD I get the

feeling these guys would be a riot to see live. They come across as a great band with a killer sense of humor. Also, check out, Johnny's Gone Fishing', Smile and Sunshine For Now.

—RDJ

WHALE We Care Virgin

The last song these Swedish radio guys hit the radio with was "Hobo Humpin' Sloba Babe," which I don't remember hearing the first time around, but they included it on this album. It's not that good, for reasons that I'll get into in a minute. The first song here is destined to be heard sooner or later: "Kickin'". I would swear that I've heard it before, but covered by somebody else. It's a nice little ditty, rapping marimba type of catchiness that won't get out of your head. Then along comes "That's Where It's At" a mix of hard rock screaming and female talk-rap trancey bone bumping funky noises borrowing from the best of industrial hip-hop noise, that works when it's the talk-rap and sucks when it's the group of screaming men. This is unfortunately a formula that they fall into on too many goddamn songs. "Eurodog", "Electricity", "Hobo

Humpin' Sloba Babe" - they've got a great base from which they work, and then they throw it into the toilet when all these men come in screaming heavy metal. Too bad. A lot of their songs are pretty in your face sex, which always has a draw when it's an on the edge Eurogirl at the helm, but it just doesn't make up for it. The music does have funny moments: One song's called "Young Dumb n' Full of Cum" "Lolly lolly lolly...I wanna slap my titties across your face...lolly lolly lolly...I'll ride on your big log" (this from "I'll do ya" which is another great song that wants to raise the album out of the shithouse and give unto it the breathe of life, but I tell ya half the bands running around seem to really have no idea what the hell..they'll have great things interspersed with pure shit, like they can't even tell the difference. It should be noted that even "I'll Do Ya" has a heavy metal chorus-at-a-soccer-game-in-Bolivia chant, but the song, in this instance, rises above it. There are some songs, in the second half of the album, that don't have the same problem, but the melody doesn't hold the same promise. Too bad the same cannot be said for the majority of the album).

—Capt. America



7SECONDS

SHADES APART

with special guests
Jack Kevorkian
 and the **Suicide**
Machines



and **BUCK O' NINE**
Club DVS

115 So. West Temple
 A Private Club For Members
7pm - Early Show

Tickets \$7 - Now Available at
 Raunch Records and Heavy Metal Shop

TUESDAY
September 19th

Coming Saturday Oct. 7 -
Naked Aggression

WRITTEN IN BLOOD...

HARD MUSIC FOR A HARD WORLD

—JOHN FORGACH

AAARRGH!! What's going on with the live shows in Salt Lake? Not that I'm keeping track or anything, but recently Grip Inc. and Morbid Angel have joined the ranks of great bands that have crapped out on their Salt Lake fans. Apparently, the drummer of Morbid Angel wasn't happy with the size of the stage at the Bar and Grill so the band decided to cancel their August 16th show. Boo Hoo. According to Chris at the bar, Grip Inc. followed suit. I didn't stay for what else went on that night, but bravo to Wicked Innocence and the other two bands for playing. At least Grip Inc. and Morbid Angel are in good company. Fleshold, Grave, The Organization, Souls At Zero, the Noize Fest, and Malevolent Creation have all canceled recent shows. Then there's Forbidden, they have gone a step further and blown their last two shows. Something has to change, because this is starting to suck!

BRUJERIA

Raza Odiada
Roadrunner Records

Mexico's Brujeria have just released their second album. RAZA ODIADA is their weapon,

which is aimed at all of their enemies around the world. Supposedly, the band has gained the respect of the Colombian Medellin Drug Cartel with their involvement in the drug underworld. The bio also boasts other outlandish claims such as the band being on the run from the FBI, and that they are in possession of the Simpson murder weapon. I guess anything's possible. Lyrics on this release deal with killing off those in their way, their involvement in political assassinations, smuggling immigrants across the Mexican border, and even one song denouncing the Menendez brothers for their parental murder spree. I had to read the bands bio to know what the subject matter of the songs were, being that all of the lyrics are sung in Spanish. I failed that class miserably in high school, so except for the word "si", I was pretty lost. The music is every bit as brutal as the lyrics. The band combines grind and death, and then adds the Brujeria touch to come up with something quite unique.

—FORGACH

SHANK 456

The Big Payback
Roadrunner Records

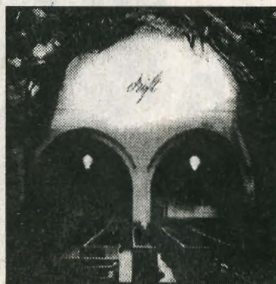
THE BIG PAYBACK is Shank 456's latest, and first offering on the Roadrunner label. Shank 456, formerly known as Creeper, were formed in 1990. THE BIG PAYBACK is filled with wall to wall guitar fueled grooves. The music is going to sit somewhere in between industrial, metal, and hardcore. Lyrically, Shank 456 has taken on the plight of the imprisoned. The bands name even comes out of prison. The word "shank" is a slang term for a crude hand-made weapon used as self defense in the slammer. Many of the songs parallel the lives of those living behind bars and others living imprisoned in their everyday life. The music is tight, heavy, and angry enough to keep up with the subject matter of the songs.

—FORGACH

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Drift
MCA

I've followed Flotsam and Jetsam's career since their 1988 release of NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE. I've been mostly a silent observer,



always bought their albums, but was never really a big fan. That is until now. DRIFT, their fifth album, is their strongest ever. Everything seems to have come together for the band. The song writing is much better, and the overall sound has improved. The singer Erick AK has, in my opinion, one of the strongest voices in metal. The voice comes from a very unlikely source. Unless he's gained weight since the last time I saw the band, the singer is about as gaunt as a scarecrow. This release is crunching and melodic. There's something on this one for the whole family. Maybe because of this release, Flotsam and Jetsam will get the recognition they so greatly deserve. Get my DRIFT?

—FORGACH

EARTH CRISIS Destroy The Machines Victory Records

Earth Crisis's latest release DESTROY THE MACHINES is filled with enough crunching riffs and tempo changes to fill two or three albums. These guys are absolute riff monsters.



Scott Crouse and Kris Wiechmann, both guitarists for the band, use the E-chord crunch to their fullest advantage. Karl Buechner (vocals) sounds like he came straight out of the Henry Rollin's school of singing. Karl's pissed-off style of yell fits nicely over the wall of rhythm provided by the rest of the band. I'm just going with a feeling on this, but it sounds to me like these guys have an origin based in hardcore. I can't be for sure on that, being that mister editor lost the bio well before it ever got into my grubby paws. Who cares anyway? I don't need no stinking bio to tell you Earth Crisis's, DESTROY THE MACHINES kicks some serious tookus.

TESTAMENT Live At The Fillmore Burnt Offerings

Testament are back following the release of their album LOW, which appeared on Atlantic Records. The band's latest, LIVE AT THE FILLMORE, was released by the band itself on their newly set up Burnt Offerings Incorporated label. The live show that was recorded features new and old songs from their ten year career. The band also added "Testament unplugged" versions of "Return to Serenity", "The Legacy", and "Trail of Tears". Testament started to lose me on their half-limp release THE RITUAL. Lead guitarist Alex Skolnick left Testament after THE RITUAL and all seemed totally lost. Then, the band acquired death metal guitar great James Murphy and things started to look up. Murphy was an original member of Death and then later went on to form his own band Disincarnate. Testament upped the octane on LOW, and will hopefully do the same on their next studio release. Until then, check out their live set on LIVE AT THE FILLMORE.

—FORGACH

mr.
fabulous

LIVE "R-n-B"

saturday.sept.1

The Zephyr
301sW.temple

a private club for members

fri.sat.sept.8-9

Green Street

trolley square•no cover

a private club for members

friday.sept.15

Ashbury Pub

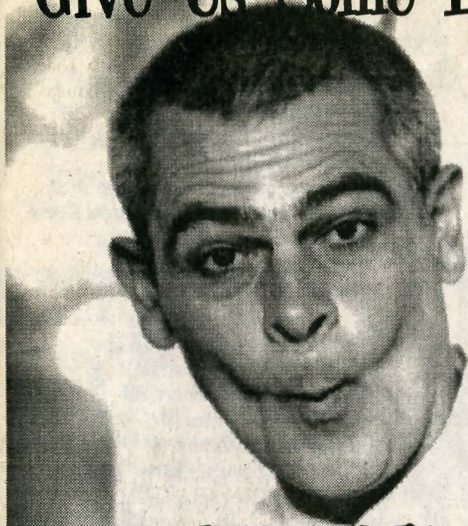
22e100s

saturday.sept.16

Burts Tiki

726 s.State • no cover

Give Us Some Lip...



Rip Black

SLUG READERS POLL!!!

Well, we could just do a bullshit story that you would hate, or we could let you do it yourselves! Here's what we want to know.

"The Best Albums of the 80's"

Tell us what you think the best or most important records of the 80's were. Try and keep it under ten titles, and if you want to explain why you think they are the best, go ahead.

All submissions will be counted, and ten of the most diverse or interesting ones will get some free shit from Planet SLUG

(like CD's T-Shirts etc)

PLANET SLUG

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Trash

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Classic
Original*

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D A I L Y C A L E N D A R



FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Backwash-Dead goat
The Pinch-Ashbury Pub
Weapon of Choice, Baby Snufkin-
Bar & Grill
Hyde Soup, American Mojo-Cinema Bar
Mr Fabulous-Zephyr

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Volunteer King-Dead Goat
Insatiable-Ashbury Pub
Agent Orange, Qualitones- Bar & Grill
J-Binder, Panda-Cinema Bar
Gamma Rays-Zephyr

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

Open-Mike Sets-Dead Goat
Gamma Rays-Zephyr

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Blue Devils Blues Revue
Kirsty MacDonald-Ashbury Pub
Tab Benoit-Zephyr

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

Kennedy Scott & The Allnighters-
Dead Goat
JamesStuart-Ashbury Pub
Hones Engine, Dandelion-Zephyr

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

10th Mountain-Dead Goat
House of Cards-Ashbury Pub
Iceburn, Myrrh, Lion-Bar & Grill
Current- Cinema Bar
Wilco-Zephyr

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

Hindu Rodeo-Dead Goat
Megan Peters In Group Therapy-
Ashbury Pub
Scarstrangled Banner-Bar & Grill
Phranc, Satans Pilgrims-Cinema Bar
Cicero's Park City Jam Band-Zephyr
House of Cards-Burts

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

Rayband-Dead Goat
Fat Paw-Ashbury Pub
Riverbed Jed,Bohemia, Milkvein-Bar & Grill
Decomposers, Sea of Jones-Cinema Bar
Left Over Salmon-Zephyr
Mr Fabulous-Green Street
Vintage Jazz Quartet-Burts

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

Megan Peters in Group Therapy-Dead Goat
Juniors Farm-Ashbury Pub
Wish, So Wut, Godbox-Bar & Grill
Alice Donut-Cinema Bar
Mr Fabulous-Green Street
Left Over Salmon-Zephyr
Pepper Lake City-Burts
★ SNFU, Joykiller, Bracket-DV8

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

Jennifer Trynin & Seven Day Diary-Zephyr
★ The Muffs, Lunachicks,Waterdog-DV8

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

Blue Monday. Jimmy Thackery & The

Drivers-Dead Goat
Sam and the Huchbacks-Ashbury Pub

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Nobody's Fault-Dead Goat
James Scott-Ashbury Pub
Terrence Simien-Zephyr

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

Big Neldon HArdfield-Dead Goat
Sun Masons-Ashbury Pub
Koko Taylor-Zephyr
★ Machines of Loving Grace-DV8

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

Sweet Loretta-Dead Goat
Megan Peters in Group Therapy-
Ashbury Pub
Bloodfish-Bar & Grill
Tha Paladins, Qualitones-Cinema Bar
David Lindley-Zephyr

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

Insatiable-Dead Goat
Mr. Fabulous-Ashbury Pub
Elbow Finn-Bar & Grill
Sweet Loretta-Cinema Bar
Strangers-Zephyr
Bluewood Moon-Burts
★ Foo Fighters, Spearhead-DV8

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Last Dance-Dead Goat
Sidewalk Religion, Insipid Brown-
Bar & Grill
Pagan Love Gods, Dead Kats-Cinema Bar
The Pinch-Ashbury Pub
Mr Fabulous-Burts Tiki
Salsa Brava-Zephyr

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

King Trance, Love East- Bar & Grill
Dandy Warhols, Sidewalk Religion-
Cinema Bar
Nicodemus-Zephyr

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead Goat

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

The Weed-Dead Goat
Clumsy Buzzard-Ashbury Pub
Ape Hangers-Bar & Grill
Quadra Jets, Qualitones-Cinema Bar
★ Seven Seconds, Shades Apart, Buck O
Nines, Jack Kevorkian & the Suicide
Machines-DV8
Colobo-Zephyr

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

AZIZ-Dead Goat
Flower Patch-Ashbury Pub
Open Mic Poetry-Cinema Bar
Blasters & the Beat Farmers-Zephyr
Pepper Lake City-Burts
★ The Vandals, Strung Out, Blink, Blue Tip-
DV8

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Tree Frogs-Dead Goat
Megan Peters in Group Therapy- Ashbury

Pub
Billy Reed, Swing Annie-Bar & Grill
Thirsty Alley, Quintron-Cinema Bar
Mike Watt-Zephyr
House of Cards-Burts

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

House of Cards-Dead Goat
Figure Head-Ashbury Pub
SABBATHON-BAR & GRILL
*Mt Friend Moses, Valdarama, Headshake,
Pagan Pompadours, Abstrak, Honest Engine*
Deviance, Bloodloss-Cinema Bar
Disco Drippers-Zephyr
Sweet Loretta-Burts

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

High-Water Pants-Dead Goat
House of Cards-Ashbury Pub
Riverbed Jed-Cinema Bar
Disco Drippers-Zephyr
Vintage Jazz Quartet-Burts
SABBATHON-BAR & GRILL
*Noveagenus, So Wut, Sweet Loretta, Sidewalk
Religion, One Eye, Elbow Finn, Wish*

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

T.J. Kirk-Zephyr
★ SABATHON-BAR & GRILLw/ Wicked
Innocense, Punkadelic, Qualitones, Ol Sol,
Decomposers, Iceburn, Bohemia, Fat Paw,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

Jim Mesi-Dead Goat

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

Flower Patch-Dead Goat
Travis Weaver-Ashbury Pub
Huge E, Tanner-Cinema Bar
Pap Chubby & Magic Slim-Zephyr

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

Rail Birds-Dead Goat
I-Roots-Ashbury Pub
Easy Street-Bar & Grill
Soul Coughing & Low-Zephyr

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

Crossroads-Dead Goat
Megan Peters In Group Therapy-Ashbury
Pub
Weird Lizard Disease, Blasting Agents-
Bar & Grill
Skabs on Strike, Begger-Cinema Bar
Buckwheat Zydeco-Zephyr

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

Rising Lion-Dead Goat
Backwash-Ashbury Pub
Abstrak, One Eye-Bar & Grill
American Mojo, James Stewart-Cinema Bar
Luther Allison-Zephyr
Bluewood Moon-Burts

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

Rising Lion-Dead Goat
Fat Pas-Ashbury Pub
Honest Engine-Bar & Grill
Minus One- Cinema Bar
Salsa Brava-Zephyr
Pepper Lake City-Burts Tiki

★ Indicates All Ages Welcome

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September 20th

THE VANDALS
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BLINK
BLUE TIP

(Ex-Swiz & Worlds Collide)

September 27th

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9/18 - UNWOUND

10/3 - INTO ANOTHER
with SEAWEEED

10/4 - QUICKSAND
with CIV

10/6 - JAWBREAKER

10/24 - FUGAZI

10//30 - SUPERCHUNK

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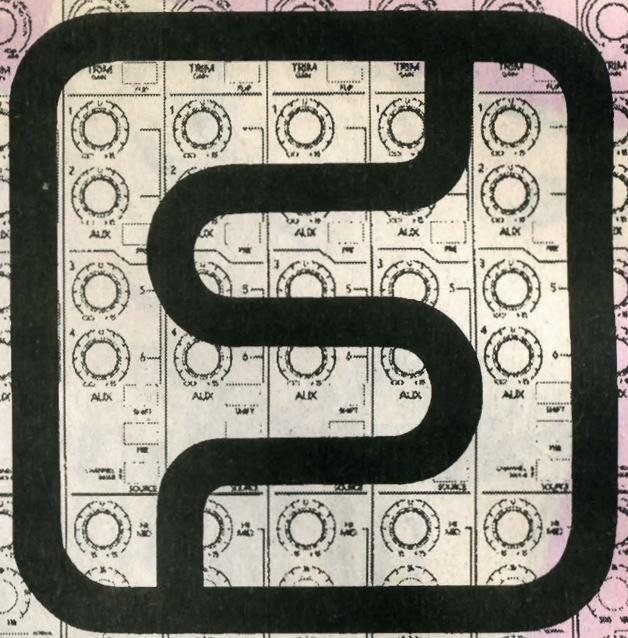
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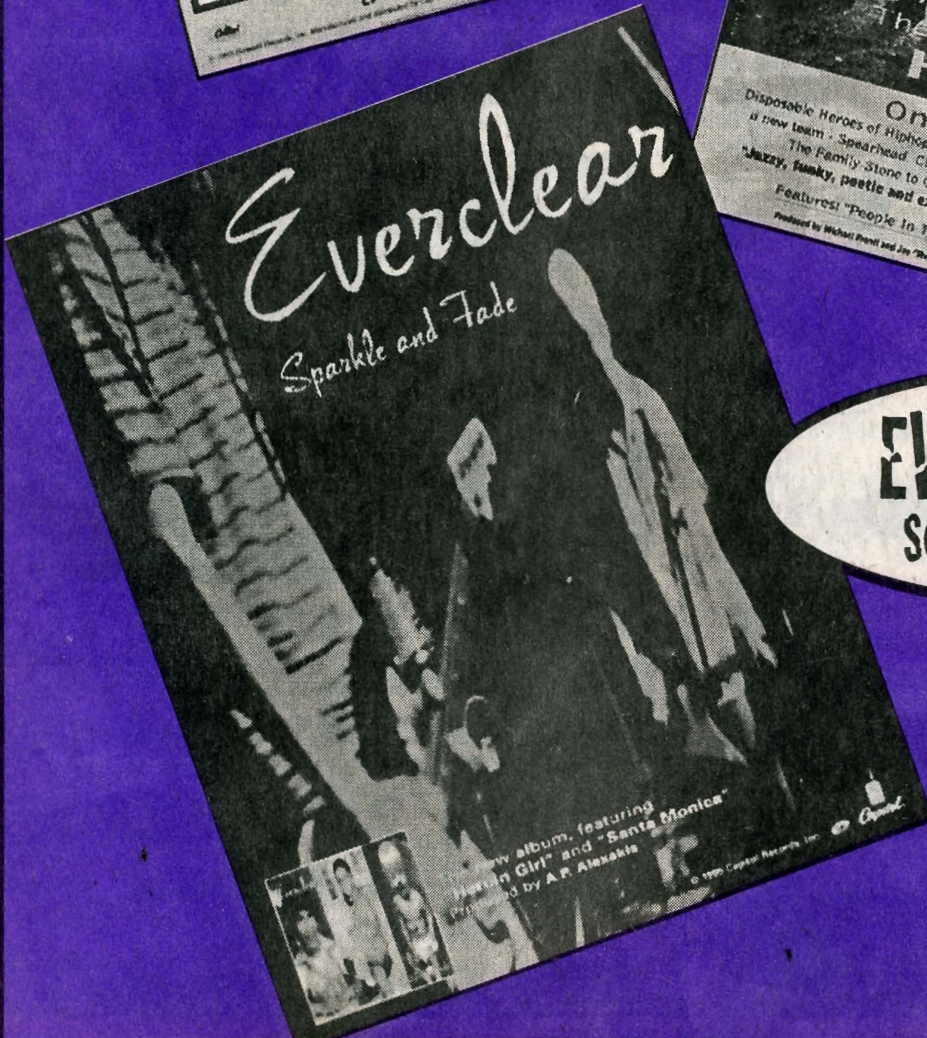
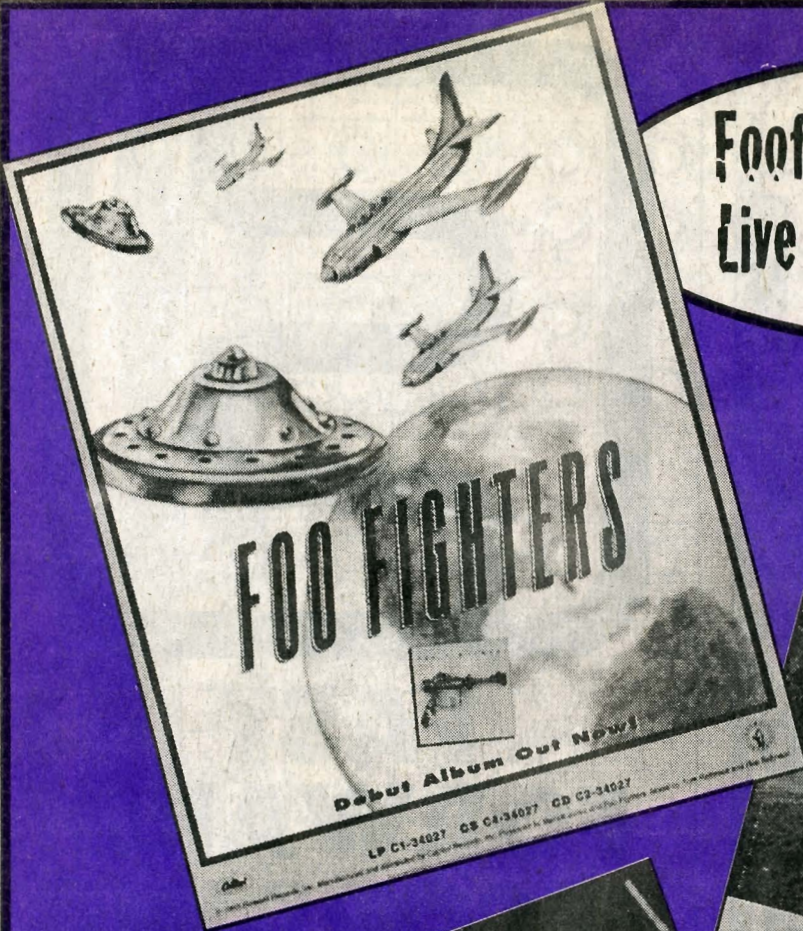
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