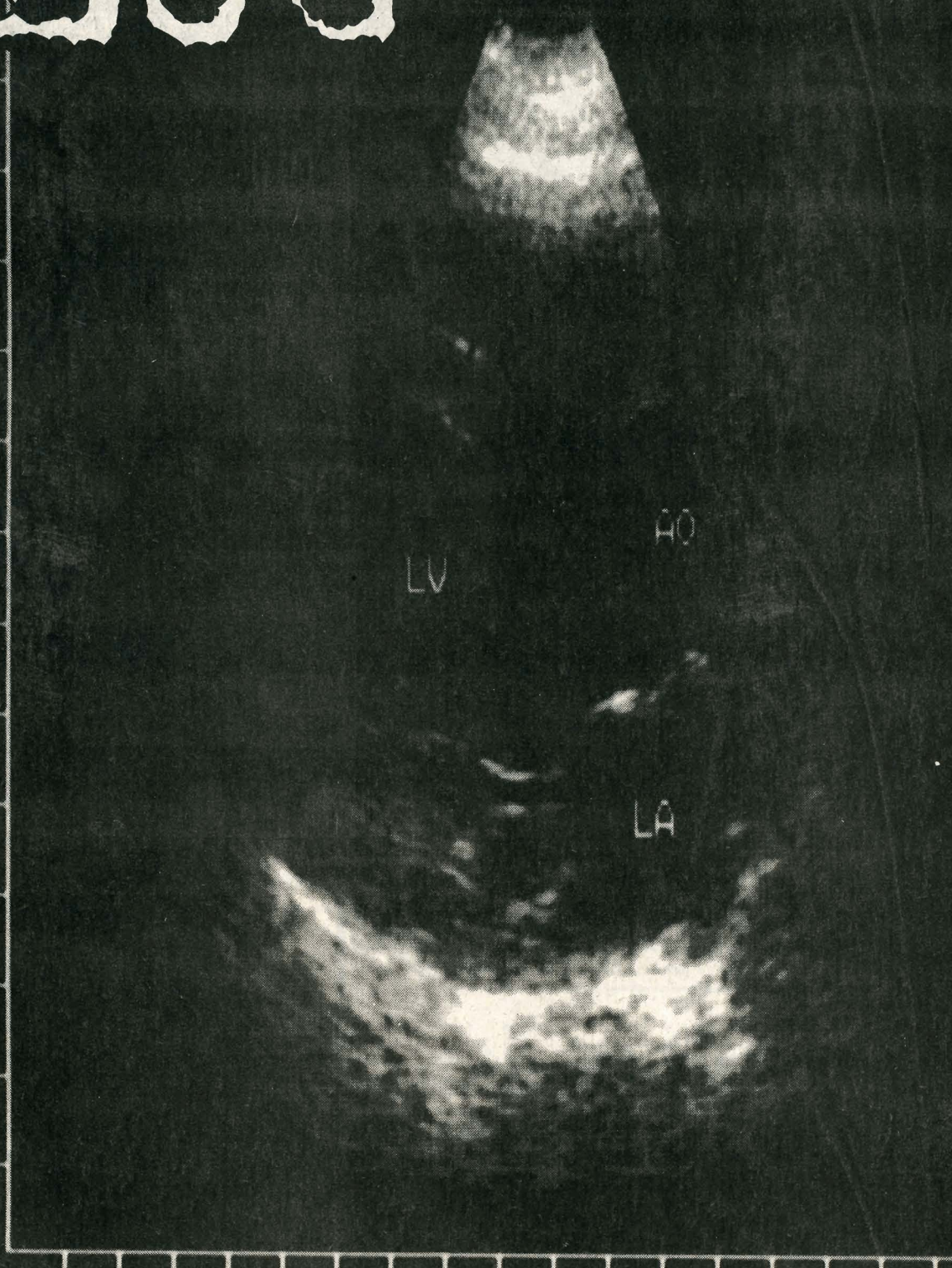
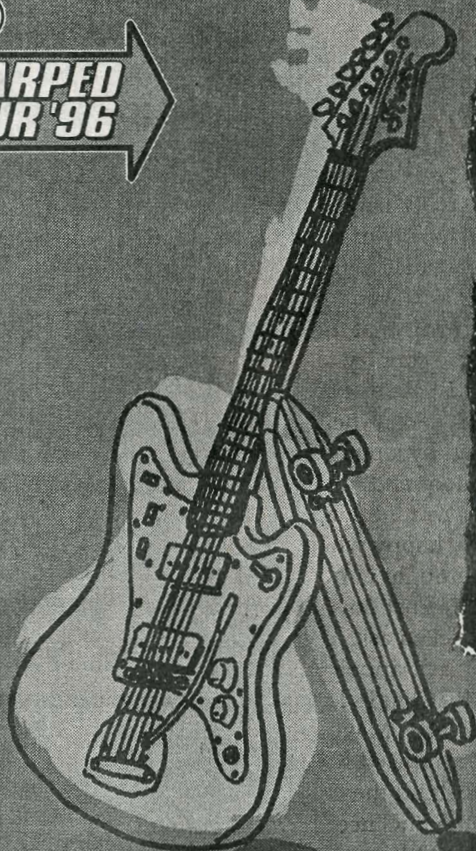
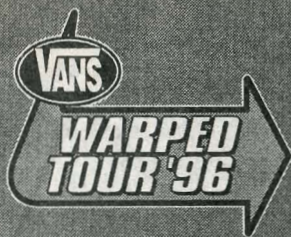


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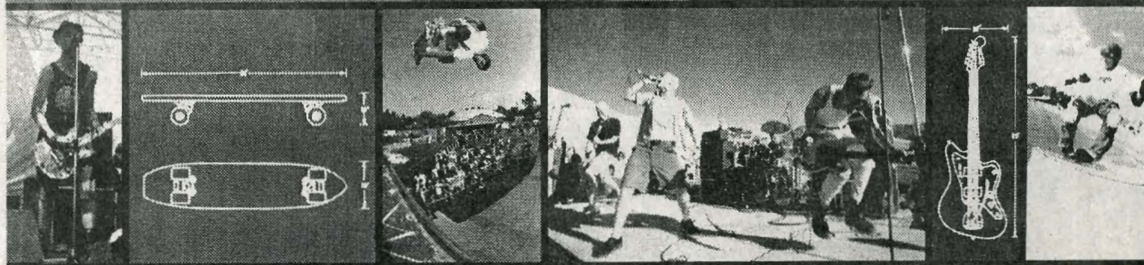
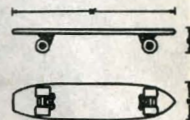
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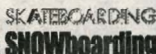
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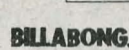
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SLUG

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dear dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

Why does your magazine (?) get its panties in a nice, tight bunge over the vastly overrated genre known as punk?

Personally, I think punk is bullshit, lest for a couple of viable bands: Rancid, Sex Pistols, Blanks 77, Ramones.

As an artform, it offers little or no creativity, intellect, musical ability, or (and I stress) integrity. You can

down this statement all y'all want, but, fuck you anyhow:

Bands like: the deftones, Nine Inch Nails, Korn, Joy Division and The Cure keep a strong

connection between lyrical content and the mood of the melodies. For example:

happy lyrics = happy riffs, sad lyrics = sad riffs, angry

lyrics = angry riffs, and so on and so forth, ya cocksuckas!

Remember, I will give any music, band or performer a

chance, but half the shit you fucks push is childish, moronic, gay; in essence: fit for cyni-

cal, psuedo-intellectual, psuedo-depressed, assholes

(myself included) who read your brand of "pulp fiction". I

like punk, don't get me wrong, but you dildos treat it

like I would treat Mozart's or Beethoven's masterpieces.

Thank you and fuck you. And what is this rockabilly shit?

And "psycho-billy"? Fuck you, fuck me, fuck my goat.

By the way, I just love your "Written in Blood" page.

Sorry to bother you, Married with Children is on and I

don't plan on missing it!!!

— Justin Ardolino, Braindead-4-Life,

Springfield, New Jersey

Dear Dickheads,

I just thought I'd drop a few lines of praise for the

Bar and Grill's show booking of late. Over the past few months, they have been bringing in the best bands of any

venue in town. They must have changed management

recently or something, because for a long time I

rarely went there, but now it seems that the best acts in

the country are playing there just about every week, instead

of DV8, where you are greeted by a body search at the

door and have to pay UP THE ASS for booze. I was especial-

ly happy when the BnG brought in my faves Girls

Against Boys. That show kicked ass, though I was just a

bit disappointed with Scott McCloud's lack of vocal pres-

ence. Maybe they should have used someone else

behind the mixer, or perhaps the BnG needs a new PA. I

don't know, but I had a blast anyway. The Frank Black

show in April was fucking great as well, and the mix

was fine for that one. The FEAR show in March was a

sentimental journey to remember, despite the atten-

dance of a few too many belligerent derelict assholes

(FEAR's attracting them was inevitable). Anyone who

missed these fine shows should keep an eye on the

BnG's schedule in the future, for hopefully this booking

trend will continue. Keep it up, Bar & Grill

till next time,

—Alphadrone

ED: Are you looking for a job at the B&G?

SlugMag,

What kind of world would it be without SLUG? CRAPPY!! Got a copy of your fine magazine but didn't see anything about my favorite group, who by the way happened to record for my shitty little label, Wooden Igloo anywhere in it. Please mention us so I can finally tell my parents that I have accomplished something in life besides masturbation. Thanks alot there friends.

Your ignorant Pal,
Brad Bugos, Bushwick Productions

Hey Dicks,

What the hell happened to Helen Wolf? She was the only funny thing in your stupid mag. Now i have no reason to pick it up.

—Chuck D.

ED: Well, I guess you won't see your fucking letter now will ya? Cuz it's REALLY funny.

Send Letters to:

Dear Dickheads @ SLUG

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all apologies

SLUG came out late this month due to a chain of family emergencies. hopefully all will be well soon. we are sorry for any inconvenience

Summer is here fellow death metal worshipping Zionites and that can only mean one thing:

major record company releases and over bloated outdoor rock and roll festivals. I know that's two things but whose counting? If heavy rock and roll is your cup of tea then the next few weeks should put you in a state of sonic euphoria. Stone Temple Pilots kicked off the release season with their third major label release "Tiny Music From the Vatican Gift Shop" last month, just in time for lead singer Scott Weiland to check into drug rehab. Check out the pin eyes and big black bags he's sporting in the totally hype, ultra retro let's be like Devo video for "Big Bang Baby". Pretty cool stuff, huh? Soundgarden was next in line releasing their fifth album "Down on the Upside" just a few weeks ago. Sixteen songs full of their signature odd-time shuffles and blinding ska, Cornell, Cameron, the bearded wah playing yoga master Thayill, and purposely weird fuck Ben Shepherd come together in a modern trib-

Bustin the Nut

-David McClellan

ute to Zeppelin's Physical Graffiti and the Beatles' White Album. Don't worry, it's still as hard as a black man's Johnson...

Yesterday was possibly the most eagerly awaited new release of the summer (and for most people of the year) Metallica's new disc: "Load". Now you don't have to be a Metallica fan to appreciate the fact that the last studio recording that Metallica released was the multi platinum Black album five years

ago in the summer of 1991. Since that time Cobain has come and gone, along with the whole Seattle grunge movement and the whole NIN acid dance techno thing. The format's of popular rock oriented FM radio stations have also changed considerably. So called

Alternative rock (sounding more and more like better produced 70's rock) is now the standard. Listen to 101 "The Bear" lately? No subtle format change overnight here! Metal as it was before the release of the Black album was still around. KBER was

KBER. Hair spray sales were still up. Punk was still the Ramones, the Meatmen, and what the Chili Pepper's did on "Uplift Mofo". So now that metal is pretty much

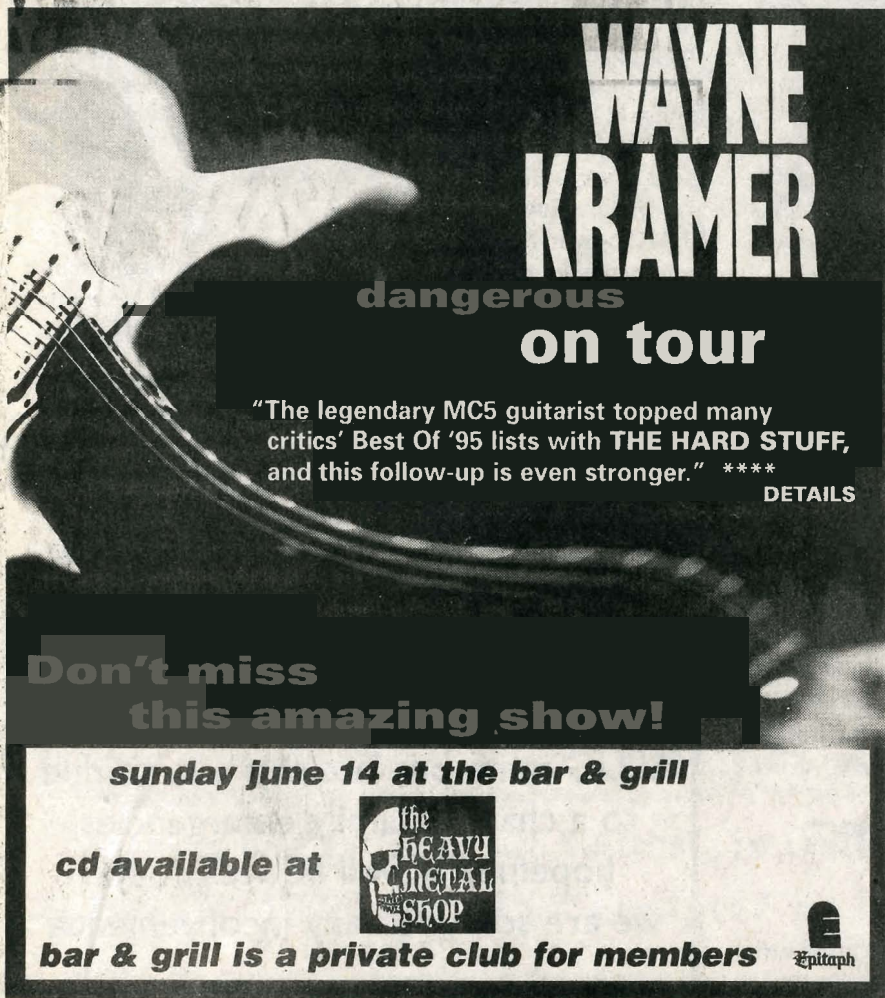
dead for the under thirty crowd, and a brief trip back to that high school kegger in your head for the rest of us, what will the corporation known as Metallica do to please the head banging public who have stopped going regularly to rock concerts and started visiting regularly their chiropractors? And furthermore what does all of this major record release crap have to do with the local music scene here in Salt Lake City anyway? Well after a good listen to each of the discs that I've mentioned (and even a few I haven't: Alice in Chains, Smashing Pumpkin's, Hootie) there is one common thread that ties all of these releases together and sticks out as a kind of barometer of current music trends that I'd like to share with all of you: there sure is a lot of boring redundant shit coming out of the old L.A.

meat grinders this season. And as far as I see it, that means that there is good news for all of the local bands trying to forge new styles and new sounds, or like Lugnut, redo alot of the old sounds that everyone has hopefully forgotten! There's always room for one more at the top and as sure as any of these big summer release bands regurgitate old styles and recording trends that they have explored in the past, the music industry still sits by waiting with baited breath for the next big new-comer to fill the hole Cobain blew open when he checked out of Vegas. Cobain wasn't that fucking original either. He just struck a nerve with his hip version of regurgitated guitar and drum oriented pap (More Than a Feeling). Sorry so short and seemingly empty this month sweethearts, but in keeping in theme with this article I gotta go to Stein's to finish mixing tracks for the debut Lugnut disc so it can collect dust in the locals only bin at Blockbuster and not get played on X-96 before the end of this summer's big release season. Personally I think Metallica's new album sounds desperate. Like they don't even have a clue what's going on anymore. Imagine the pressure! To be or not to be?!

Oh well, at least we can look forward to what Rush... I mean Tool has to offer us next month.

P.S. Fuck the Jazz.

-David McClellan




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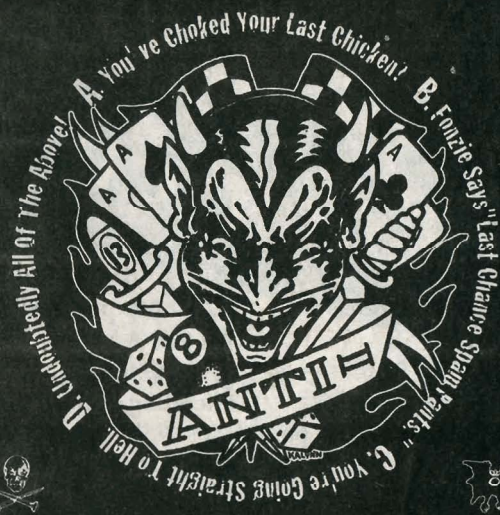
bar & grill is a private club for members 

NKOTB?

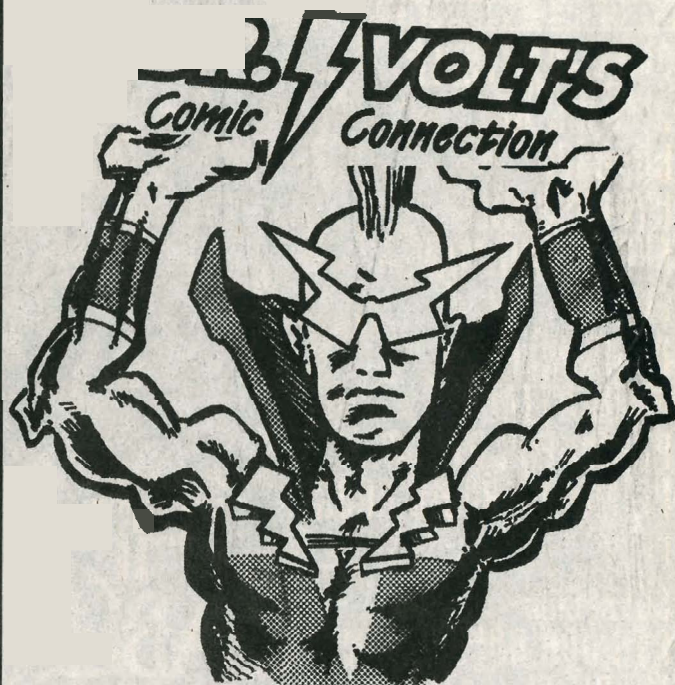
I don't get it. Maybe I'm just getting old, and I don't know what the kids are talkin about these days, but what the hell is this new NKOTB thing? I can't make heads or tails of it! What does it mean? Is it some secret code? Is it a drug? My best guess is that each letter stands for something, you know like an angigram. So here's my best guess (or 20) as to what it really means...

Nifty Kraftwerk Oven Timer, Bob!
 Not Knowing Of The Bushwacker
 Nasty Killer Ostrich Trough Bile
 Nine Kilometers Over The Bathtub
 Naked King On The Boat
 New Kind Of Thankless Bastard
 Never Kneel On Tree Bark
 Nubbing Kittens Off To Bake
 Nice Kodaks Of Topless Bettys
 Not Kinky, Or The Boot!
 Naughty Kids Off Tippy Babes
 Nine Killed Over The Bra
 No Kites On The Beach!
 Next Kill Ol' Thomas Brown
 Nirvana Kurt Opens The Brain
 ...Or...
 Nirvana Kills Off The Blondeguy
 No Knitting On The Blacktop
 Nipple King Opens Titty Bar!
 Nordic Kilt On The Bum
 Nasty Kitty Orifices Tantalize Bill!

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Before Wolf Mountain gets started the David O. McKay building (to date the hot spot for live Satanic music) will host Edgar Winter, Ambrosia, Night Ranger and the Little

enough the Scorpions released their first album in 1972. It took a few line-up changes and a few

Bluffstock and it is

Summer Concert Special

All readers have by now seen the Event rundown on summer and the United Concerts sponsored, Private Eye insert. I have one question. Is everyone in this city stupid? Don't answer, "one" need only look at the public officials elected by the majority to find the answer. Here is the boring summer line-up. Better things remain unannounced. For instance the Warped Tour on July 13 at Wolf Mountain. More rockin' bands in one place than the mind can grasp. Athletes and try-it-yourself areas too. Go ahead, call them, they won't admit it. When deciding whether or not to shell-out hard-earned cash for any of these so-called "musicians" my advice is don't.

... River Band. What exactly did you expect from the Arrow? A Motown review? Imagine the individuals attending such a "concert." Most will bring small children to torture with incredibly bad music. Next up are the Scorpions and Alice Cooper at Wolf Mountain. Talk about dinosaurs. His real name is Vincent. He is the real Godfather of metal not Ozzy and he invented Marilyn Manson to boot or in boots or in drag or... As if that weren't

... years for them to achieve stardom, but they did... a decade ago. "They" (not the Scorpions) took a more sensible approach in the late '60s. Promoters would package acts such as these for "oldies" show. With the boomers in charge there isn't the slightest hint of nostalgia. These groups are relevant? To whom?

Next is James Taylor. This man, who is identical in appearance and sound to Peter Breinholt, has survived for the last decade on the basis of greatest hits packages and repackages of greatest hits played live. Believe it or not there is even a greatest hits of the greatest hits played live. Taylor is exactly the same age as our friend Vincent. I'm picking on them because they are middle-aged right? Not so, John Lee Hooker is 79 and I'd pay good money to see him. He's evolved, these guys haven't.

Chicago put out one good album in 1968 and nothing worth mentioning since. Crosby, Stills and Nash couldn't manage that feat without Young and he isn't coming. It gets worse. The hippies take over in July and early August. Okay so it began on June 1. Hippies new and old are jamming at the Mountain. Looks like the perfect time for massive drug raids by the DEA. Without question the worst possible "concert" of the summer won't be at Wolf Mountain. Nope, this one required special permission from the army. It's called

billed as "The Tribute Concert Of The '90s." Some dinosaurs are extinct, but not forgotten. Appearing on a stage assembled near Camp Williams will be The Beatles, The Doors, Elvis - I can't remember and don't care who else. Utah is the only state in the union where such a thing could hope to succeed. They are all "tribute" bands and the "concert" will feature Ed Sullivan and Marilyn Monroe look-alikes along with at least one Osmond. It's in August and hopefully the tomatoes will ripen extremely early. Nah-nah, nah-nah-nah "b NKOTB f."

The biggest mistake of the summer was not booking Styx, Kansas, Foreigner, REO Speedwagon, Boston and Peter Frampton all together. There on one stage would be the creative impetus for punk rock. During the confusion surrounding Bluffstock someone could steal an army helicopter, some hand grenades, two or three automatic weapons and... Better yet, why not make Bluffstock a two-day affair. Add the above mentioned bands to a second day and call it Laughingstock. I know, I know, Journey is missing. Don't worry they'll reform in time for the next Summer Concert season. I thought nothing could top the pathetic nature of last year, but my hairpiece is off to United Concerts and Space Agency. If the poor middle-class are stupid enough to attend any of these "concerts" then the rich promoters deserve to get richer.

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6-7	The Weed	6-21	Loose
6-8	All Souls Avenue, Reverend	6-22	Sun Masons
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6-11	Megan Peters	6-26	Gathering Osiris
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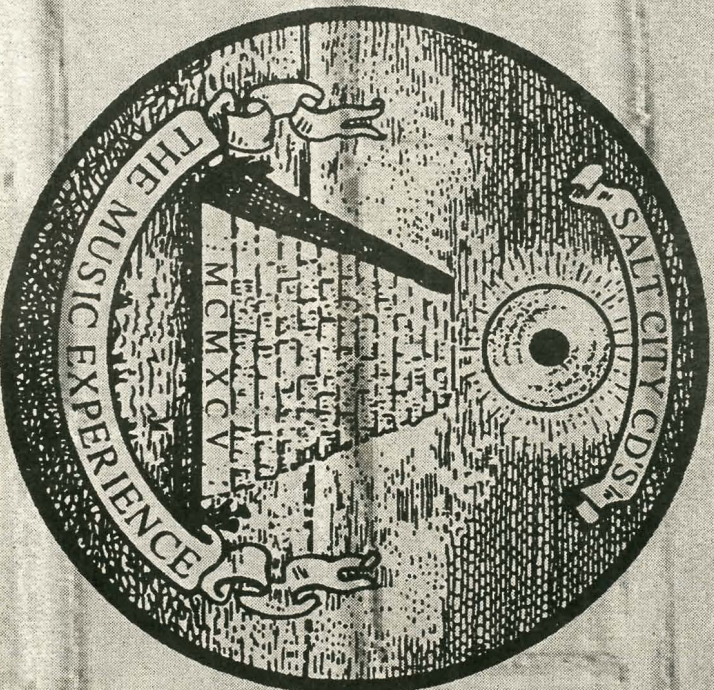
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poetry . . .

What emptiness is left for those afraid to take a chance, to sit and share a stranger's stare or even just a glance.

To find our way with faces down turning from the light, standing in the shadows waiting for the night.

We listen in the silence for sounds we understand, reaching through the darkness to hold a stronger hand.

We fill our minds with thoughts that rise and stir our souls like thunder but speak in whispers like frightened children, of all the things we wonder.

Now trying to remember how we used to feel, when we really did

believe, and hope was really real:

Before doubt and fear drove our spirit from its trembling roost, to nervous flight able only to return like the silent moon on the darkest night.

It comes in dreams to remember and to stare at the playground of its childhood, and longs to wonder there.

So while the body tired and weary seeks to find its rest, with silver wings the star of dreams lingers near its breast.

—Bones

desire is my
parasite-
a vampire
it leaves its mark
on me
i see it in
how the living
stare at me
they sense i am
in purgatory
walking between the
free
from flesh
and what i perceive
they beleive
they see
—dk

pink boys and blue girls
some outside
some inside
i stand on the threshold
of a verigated world
looking clearly
at nothing
feeling all colors
at once
black light
cold white sheets
i lie curled on my bed
like some unfinished poem
blank pages
a story half written...
—dk

GIRLS

come about?
Fleisig: We had a show coming up a while ago that Eli (Janny, bass, guitar, keyboards/vocals) played. When we actually went to play live Johnny (Temple, bass) was playing bass so Eli didn't have anything to do. For awhile he tried to come up

A phone interview combined with an actual live music experience. No I didn't go thrift store shopping or sit down to have lunch with Girls Against Boys. You see I am socially inept and poverty stricken. This magazine isn't financed by car dealers, boom box peddlers or commodity brokers. It isn't subsidized by a corporation either. Since I was busy selling last minute Mother's Day gifts to the clueless I arrived too late to view Les Thugs or Therapy?. All I saw when I entered the sweat smell of the Bar & Grill was the headliners. Call me a Frat Boy. Actually I was too cheap to buy drinks at the bar so I sat in my car in the Sears parking lot drinking Old Style until Girls Against Boys began.

The press is correct, their hair never gets messed up. It is the audience's hair that gets messed up. Fucking rhythmic noise. How could it not be rhythmic when there are two bass players and an uncompromising drummer. They played all the hit songs from their "records" and videos that are in heavy rotation on MTV and at the local "active" music, "alternative" stations. The milkman was absent, probably parked at the smelly lake, but there were photographers with perfect hair and goatees in abundance. The Bar & Grill oversold the show (hope the Fire Marshall isn't reading). It was a mess. I think a mess is what Girls Against Boys make of girls panties so it was cool. Unlike more "popular" bands (the Offspring) Girls Against Boys delivered the best album of their careers to Touch and Go before heading off to the "big

show." They also delivered on the live experience. I'm glad I saw them this time through and I hope they play a "shed" next time. I won't be there, but fuck all that (Sweet F.A.).

I had a phone conversation with the Girls Against Boys drummer Alexis Fleisig before they arrived. I am expert at talking to drummers. They are the only band members I ever talk to.

SLUG: Do you have any worst venue stories?

Fleisig: We used to play a lot of squats in Europe and those were always a lot of fun because they'd always be...sometimes they were really cool, but a lot of times they'd just be totally falling apart, lots of stray dogs running around. Plus there's speed metal playing all the time and basically a pretty terrible situation. **SLUG:** How about a favorite place to play?

Fleisig: We played a bar one time in Cologne, Germany and we got to the show and the owner didn't even know we were playing. He was excited to have us anyway, so we set up. It was such a tiny little restaurant/bar place that we set up inside a little booth. We crammed all of our stuff inside a little wood booth. We played in about a five foot square area.

SLUG: How did the idea of using two basses in the band



with a keyboard line, but then he decided that he would play the bass part also. It worked out really well. It was very cool. It sounded extra heavy and extra atmospheric. We started trying to write more songs like that. A whole bunch of new ideas came out of having two basses

BOYS



instead of just one.

SLUG: Was Eli originally the keyboard player.

Fleisig: He was originally everything. Mostly keyboards and bass. Scott (McCloud, vocals/guitar) did a lot of the guitar stuff.

SLUG: When you have an album as good as House Of GVSB how do you go about picking "Superfire" as the single?

Fleisig: It was really hard. We had to make a lot of different choices. We had to decide between a lot of different songs that we liked that we thought would make good singles. We're going to do another single I think. We'll have to do it again. We wanted to pick a song that was more indicative of what we normally sound like. That seemed like a good choice. It was a little different from what we normally sound like, but it also had a lot of the same elements.

Girls Against Boys are now signed to Geffen Records. This next question isn't one of those "sell-out" questions. It is about the current state of music retailing. Small independent stores (mom and pops) are waging battle with huge corporations selling CDs at or near cost. Consumers appear happy to spend their money in these stores and most could care less about the mom and pops. As mom and pops go

out of business independent labels and breaking bands are, in a growing number of instances, finding it more and more difficult to reach their audience. The conspiratorial nature continues because corporations are snatching up two, three, four and more radio stations in each market. I asked Fleisig what he thought.

SLUG: Possibly more frightening than the major Vs indie labels subject is the indie Vs chain store subject. Does it really matter what label you're on when retailing and the radio airplay is controlled by huge corporations.

Fleisig: They can never cut into the kind of music that the mom and pop store sell. They can't sell that kind of music because it is not profitable for them so they won't. There will always be a niche for mom and pop stores to sell really cool records that the chains just won't sell. I don't know how much something like Bush would sell in a mom and pop store anyway. I don't think that people who go to mom and pop stores really buy that kind of stuff anyway. That's my guess. It is a problem. It does matter what label you're on. If you're on an indie, it is really hard to get into the big chains. If you're on a major then little chains aren't interested in stocking your record. The big corporations are going to have more leverage to do what they do. More control over everybody.

SLUG: What would you do if you weren't in a band.

Fleisig: I don't know, I'd probably be working on houses right now.

—WA

Welcome to my new column. Each month I will clue you in to the best twelve albums of the month as well as the worst album (unlucky thirteen).

1- Woa!! You need to check out this demo by RICANSTRUCTION. It is made up of politically volatile lyrics overlaying music built around ethnic rhythms, hardcore intensity, and metal virtuosity. The complete package demands attention. The primary concern of the band seems to be increasing awareness of racial oppression and injustices present in our society. They call for those oppressed to rise above mediocrity and take a stand for what is rightfully theirs. They are pro-action and pro involvement and pro-revolution. They suggest that anyone can rise above the constraints of ignorance and bigotry. Even though their lyrics are dark and expose the ugliness of an unjust state, I still hear a sense of hope. Now that is something I really respect. (POB 205 NYC, NY 10012)

2- Like some malevolent weed, death metal has spread its spores far and wide. Its influence can be seen everywhere in heavy music but more importantly death metal itself continues to grow and change adding to its own diverse nature by always pushing the envelope and trying new things. For example just check out the "Khaoohs & Kon-fus-ion" CD by PAN-THY-MONI-UM. In addition to standard death tones and atmospheric expressions, the band incorporates lots of jazz, classical and techno electronic flavors. The album is thematic, but the theme seems to be carried by the music moreso than the lyrics or a story in the traditional sense. And oddly enough for death metal, the good in the "story" win and evil fails. One of the best efforts ever in the Relapse Underground series. (Relapse POB 251 Millersville, PA 17551)

3- CONVERGE create emotional and spiritually aware music on their "Caring and Killing" album through which they attempt to share a part of themselves. Sounds like emo-core, eh? Well most of the time it isn't. Most of the time they are a devastatingly heavy hardcore band who try and ravage your mind. In fact, if it wasn't for the person-

al notes from the band in the linear notes I would have overlooked the emotional side of their music altogether and been blinded by the sheer intensity of their delivery. I almost sold this band short but thanks to repeated listenings I think I know where they are coming from. (Lost & Found Buntweg 1 30900

sterile, and their reaction to a young girl fathered by supernatural forces. Is she the hope for the continuation of the race, or is there something else to her presence, perhaps something sinister? Buy the album and find out. I won't mince words (do I ever) about this albums quality, it is by far the best metal album I have heard this year. I absolutely insist that you buy it! (Black Mark 354 1/2 Yonge St Suite #17, Toronto, ON, M5B 1S5 Canada)

6- I gotta tell you that I love split records because they are the

The dirty

Wedemark, Germany)

4- For the last twenty years Germany has been a bastion of metal, constantly producing great bands. In this era where metal has drastically declined for example, the new "Sundown" album by CEMETARY. This disc is proof positive that having metal driven back into the underground and removed from the top of the pop charts is the best thing to happen to the genre since it discovered hardcore music. These four blokes create a hefty sound that relies as much on melody as it does on crushing heaviness. (Black Mark 354 1/2 Yonge St. Suite #17, Toronto, ON, M5B 1S5 Canada)

5- The best album I have ever heard from Black Mark is the "Crimson" album by EDGE OF SANITY. Or should I say "Crimson" song? You see, this album only has the one tune, but what a tune!!!! It is a forty minute epic that is so varied and complex that it easily manages to command my full attention for its entire length. There is no filler at all here. During the forty minutes the song mutates and evolves covering a huge range of styles, moods, and emotions. The basic sound of the album is built on tremendously heavy speed metal that brings to mind the long defunct, classic British speed act, SAB-BAT (not to be confused with the newer Japanese band of the same name). From that basis the band incorporates other styles in the song from even heavier, death-like moments to quiet and subdued, even gentle moments. The lyrics, which take up almost five pages of the CD booklet, tell the futuristic story of humanities last generation, which is

dozen

by Jeb Branin

musical version of the dominoes theory. For example, I got the ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR/ESSOASSO split sent to me a few months ago because I was an A.B. fan. Once hearing it, I fell in love with ESSOASSO and gave them a good review. So then ESSOASSO send me their latest split with LOUD PIPES, and guess what? I'm blown away by that band. Yep. You just gotta love splits. The E.A. side of this split is great. Once again I'm totally floored by the vocals which are as deranged as they come. How do people scream like that? It sounds like they dug up their vocal chords with a garden weasel. The music is fervent and raw with a slight metal edge that endows it with plenty of power. L.P. are completely insane. Their raw hardcore is fast, gritty, and over the top. They have that incessant fury that was the mark of the early-eighties D.C. hardcore bands. Combine that with their growling and screaming vocals and y'know you've got a winner here. (\$3 ppd to Jason 7121 Quail Woods Rd. Wilmington, NC 28405-7027)

7- The "This Party Is A Frat House" 7" by THE SHOTDOWNS is short, rapid-fire punk with a snotty attitude. The six songs on this are reminiscent of early eighties hardcore: Angry, obstinate, rowdy, fast, lewd, and sticking one finger in the air at all times. Remember the belligerent hate-core of NEGATIVE FX? The spirit lives on here. They're even from New England. (Lookout! POB 11374 Berkeley, CA 94712)

8- STRANGE have a new ep "Love And Other Atrocities" and a new lp "Laramie" available. Both are worth your attention. The band play a weird mix of hard rock and pop punk. Which actually works better than you might think. They are fun, lively, and very unique. They also live up to their name. Like I find it strange that they are from Laramie, Wyoming yet the vocalist seems to have a German accent. It is also strange that the band seem to have a fetish for playing in occupied public shower stalls. Not to mention how strange it is that they are on Mausoleum Records, a predominantly metal label. I salute Mausoleum on their decision to expand! I should probably mention that the lp has most of the songs from the ep, including the Bob Geldof tune "I Don't Like Mondays" which is worth the price of the CD alone. Also check out the cover art on the lp. It is one of those pictures that changes depending on what angle you look at it. Y'know like the things you get in Cracker Jacks. (Mausoleum POB 6700 FDR Station NY, NY 10150)

9- If you dig blues soaked, soul drenched, rock 'n boogie then not only do you have great taste, but you have a friend in THE FREEWHEELERS' new album "Waitin For George". Far from perfect, this band still know how to lay down the boogie woogie like few I've heard lately. Complete with organ, horns, congos, and piano, these guys' spiritual home must be Jacksonville. (American 3500 W. Olive, Suite 1550 Burbank, CA 91505)

10- THE PEECHEES are a band after my own heart. The title track of their new album "Do The Math" is about trying to get someone to help you with your math homework. The last math class I took was about a decade ago when I was a college freshman and I still have nightmares about it. I can't even balance my checkbook and considering the diminutive numbers associated with my bank balance, that is pretty sad indeed! Excuse me, I digress. Did you want to know about the music? Well imagine fusing the voice of Darby Crash onto a fast paced, melodic punk record... Now imagine quirky arrangements that are fun enough to jumpstart even the dullest of parties... Now imagine buying this CD and playing it real loud at 3:00am until

someone calls the cops! THE PEECHEES are pure fun, packaged and ready for your consumption. (Kill Rock Stars 120 NE State#418, Olympia, WA 98501)

11- It is unfortunate, but to clarify reviews and give the reader some clue of what to expect writers (myself included) tend to pigeonhole bands. If we can't think of an existing genre to tag a band with, we just invent one. That is why it is nice to get a 7" like the RELUCTANT/PRESSURE split. I don't have to strain my brain to think of a way to describe it. Both of these bands are hardcore. Pure and simple. They are both fast, angry, passionate and honest. PRESSURE are heavier with a vocalist who has that classic hardcore shout. RELUCTANT are frantic and violent. They spew venom and bile. For my money you can never get enough music like this.

(\$3ppd to Will E. Survive Records POB 2065 Northlake, IL 60164)

12- Anybody who knows me knows that two of my favorite bands in existence are SPAZZ and BRUTAL TRUTH. So imagine how I feel about the new split 7" that joins these two masters of noise and fury. Safe to say I think this is one of the greatest slabs of vinyl EVER made. This is absolute perfection! SPAZZ is in top form with tunes that feature everything from billion-note-per-minute blur to banjo solos. And, of course, there is plenty of their vicious humor. The BRUTAL TRUTH side is raw, ear shredding grind. It is a total joy to see a top flight band like this who usually has refined production (courtesy of their label Earache) take off the gloves and duke it out with an eight track tape deck for a totally raw sound that leaves all of the rough edges intact. (\$4 ppd to Bovine POB 2134 Madison, WI 53701)

Unlucky 13- If you cannot get enough generic, alternative rock, that vainly attempts to cling to the punk roots that it is so obviously rapping, then rush right out and grab the "Rocket Science" ep by 3 DAY WHEELY. This is so bad that it is destined to sell a million copies. College radio will eat this up, I'm afraid I gagged on it. It did make a good frisbee. tho'. (IRS 3520 Hayden Ave, Culver City, CA 90232)

—Jeb Branin

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The Counter Culture Connection



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Tori Amos

The Cornflake Girl with Lollapalooza lips, the girl with faeries in her head who humps the piano bench. Will she bring the piglet to suck her tit? Who knows? Tori Amos has a following in Salt Lake. The religious childhood isn't lost on the locals. Hallucinogenic mushrooms, volcano goddesses, horses to ride on, catching light sneezes, God, this chick is weird. Her music, while tossed off by some, is extremely complicated. She was a child prodigy in the classical field. She will indeed bring her harpsichord Abravanel Hall. Men

and boys are constants in Tori Amos' songs. It is fascinating to discover that she is close to the Judy Garland of the present. If a certain percentage of her male fans discovered her naked they could only sigh at the sight. Expect to see a Tori Amos on the drag queen circuit soon, if it hasn't already occurred. Little girls, queens and me. There is something about that voice, the skin, the songs and the red hair. Two shows on June 21 at Abravanel Hall.

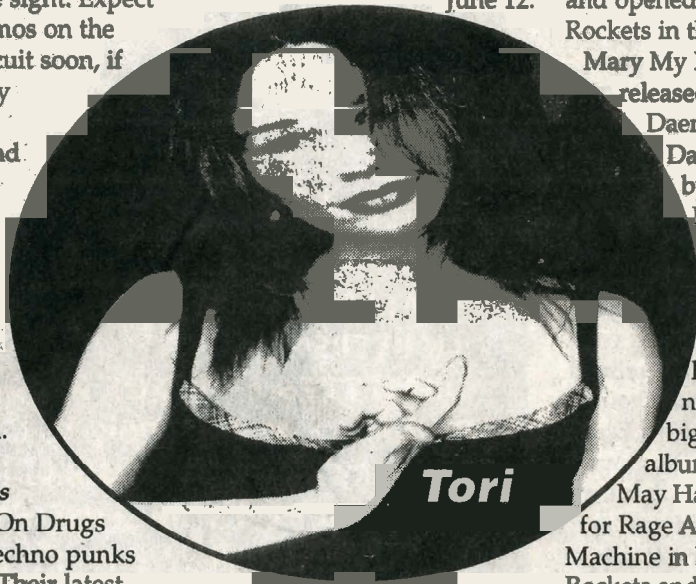
Sheep On Drugs

Sheep On Drugs is a couple of techno punks from England. Their latest disc is blatantly titled *Strapped For Cash*. It doesn't say that on the spine, but their English label dropped

them. Now they record for Invisible in America. The EP begins with a sample I can't quite place swiped from some Euro-disco band of the '80s. "Come Fly With Me" doesn't do much and neither does "Coma." "Put your arms around me, hug me til you drug me," are the sole lyrics of "Coma." Wow! It does get better. "Talk About Drugs" is

spooky techno, all bleeps, beeps and beats. I'll be damned if "Comatose" doesn't reprise "Coma." The CD is pretty good. The live show promises to be better. Back to the beginning and the punk thing. Everyone in the audience is a punter to this duo. When the singer is wearing eye shadow and a skirt audience confrontations can become interesting. Sheep On Drugs will display themselves at the Cinema Bar on

June 12.



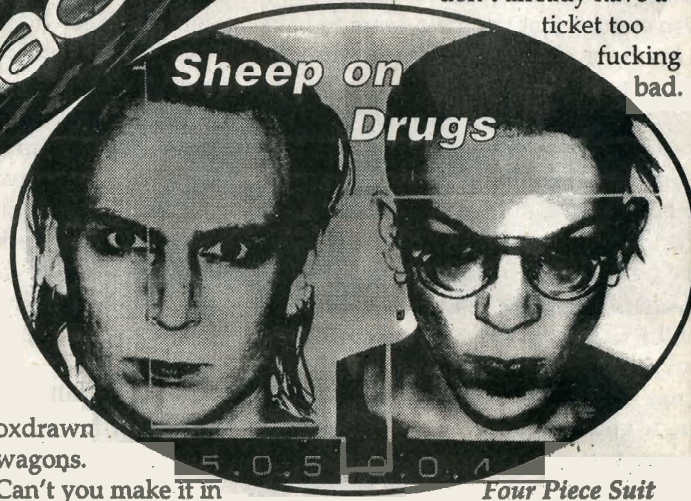
Tori

Love and Rockets

The date has been rescheduled. Love and Rockets will make another attempt to

enter the valley by way of a dangerous canyon. Look boys, your country men managed to do it with hand-carts

ences of his past and New York City punk of his youth. Salt Lake is a town of tardiness. DV8 is a club of discomfort for late arrivals. My advice is to arrive on time and see what this guy does. The rescheduled date is June 23. If you don't already have a ticket too fucking bad.



Sheep on Drugs

oxdrawn wagons. Can't you make it in a modern tour bus? The opening act is changed. Now James Hall is touring with them. Love & Rockets received all the press a few months ago. This time Hall deserves a little. He used to be in Mary My Hope. He toured around with that band and opened for Love and Rockets in the past. He left Mary My Hope and released a solo album on Daemon in 1993.

Daemon is owned by Amy Ray of the Indigo Girls. A Geffen rep bought the CD and as things happen signed him. Now he has a new album on a big label. When the album was released in May Hall was opening for Rage Against The Machine in Europe. Love and Rockets and Rage Against The Machine? James Hall puts on an intense live show. His music is steeped in New Orleans soul, the gothic influ-

Four Piece Suit

Yes here at SLUG magazine we are hip. Four Piece Suit is comprised of players from Barrence Whitfield & The Savages. That was an R&B act. All four Suits have impressive pedigrees including past experience with Bo Diddley, Don Covay, Robin Lane, Dr. John, Charles Brown, Big Mama Thornton, and Mighty Sam McClain. Most of the names play the blues. Four Piece Suit is not an R & B or a blues band. For those in touch with Vampyros Lesbos, Shots In The Dark (the Henry Mancini tribute album), the Impalas or Laika & the Cosmonauts no explanation is necessary.

For the rest - surf is only part of the explanation. Mancini, John Barry, Xavier Cugat and a variety of "world" styles are thrown into the mix resulting in "exotica" or "cocktail." Don't start thinking "lounge" like Combustible Edison or Love Jones because Four Piece Suit rock. The sax man wails, the drummer has muscle, the

bass cat is not
content to
pluck
and

The Sailor" by
the Bad
Livers
last

James Hall

the
gui-
tarist
screams. They
can calm things down if they
so desire. The Zephyr Club is
the spot to see and hear this
exciting, new all-instrumental
band as they test the bound-
aries of pop music. The date
is June 18.

Brainiac
When was the last
time anyone in Salt Lake City
heard any band on Touch &
Go played on any local com-
mercial radio station? What!
You say they played "Pee Pee

week?
Brainiac is a
Touch & Go band.
Trans Am is a Thrill Jockey
band. Tim Taylor, Brainiac
vocalist, doesn't so much sing
as scream. The band is from
Dayton, not Akron, but there
is some Devo in them. A lot of
noise, some funky, funky bass
and what promises to be a
hell of a good time at the Bar
& Grill. Brainiac, Trans Am
and...God forbid the local
noise combo Punkadelic tear
things up on June 22 at the
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MASTER:
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never previously seen before!

June 21-28

"TANTALIZING! DELIRIOUSLY ORIGINAL!"

-Kevin Thomas, LA TIMES

"A VISUAL FEAST OF GHOULISHNESS!"

-Jack Mathews, NEWSDAY

RUPERT EVERETT · FRANCOIS HADJI-LAZARO · ANNA FALCHI



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1 **9**
Spine
Decomposers
Pijamas de
Gato

4
Cherry
Peppin
Daddies
Thirsty

5
Surley

6
Shangri la R

8
Sea of
Jones
Pijamas
de Gato

11
Tripmaster
Monkey
Allen Opera

12
SHEEP ON
DRUGS
Coronation

13
CHIXDIGGIT
King
Trance

14
9 Spine
Decomposer
2 shows

15
NSC
Levenworth
Quasimoto
Pollstar

18
ZUBA
Thirsty
Alley

19
Floater
Molly
McGuire

20
Swamp
Donkeys
Shangrila

21
Berzerker
The Flye

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The
Flye

25
Coronation
Maldoror

26 **9**
Spine
The
Commons

27
Insatiable

28
Jackmormons

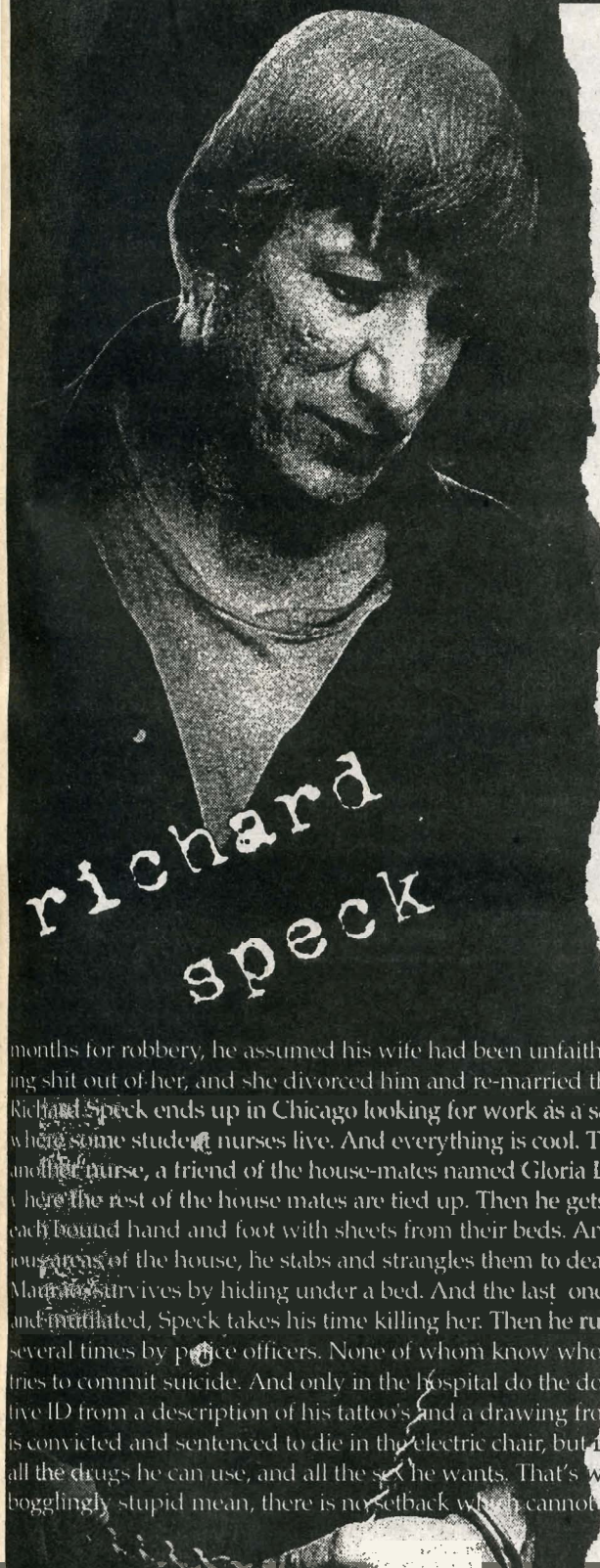
29
Junk
Reverend
Willie

Coming in July...

STICKMEN

JOLLY MON

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



Richard Speck died one day shy of his 50th birthday on December 5th 1991; ordinarily that would have been the end of the story. But in Speck's case, it was the end of an American Success story. A tremendously ugly man, Speck left the world a unnerving, twisted little valentine: a prison-style porno video and confession/interview made shortly before his death. In the video Speck is seen living as no other Serial Killer ever has in prison, at least, not in American. Speck is shown with his lover, a

younger black convict. They are shown in various rooms interviewing Speck about the murders, about life in the hole, about sex and drugs. The film also shows Speck talking about how much he likes to get fucked up the ass, and saying the actual number of times he has had sex in prison is so great that he "can't count that high." It shows Speck and his lover snorting a mountain of Cocaine - I mean at least five ounces, and smoking doobies the size of a Marley Zeppelin. Most disturbing of all - the film shows Speck wearing women's panties, and having developed feminine secondary sexual characteristics, i.e. breasts. The lanky pompodored, apparently heterosexual, definitely destitute, mass murderer of 1966 had become a transvestite, homosexual, living the life of luxury - all expenses paid.

Speck, the child, had been in the habit of getting violently knocked unconscious in different accidents. On various occasions he was knocked senseless by a hammer blow, fell from a tree onto his head - where he was discovered half an hour later foaming at the mouth and twitching, but still unconscious. Once he ran full steam into a rod which had been supporting a store-front awning - Speck sometimes pointed out a patch of lighter hair where the rod had penetrated and said half-jokingly that it must have gone strait into his brain. In his early teens he took up drinking and drugs. This was done to ward off the headaches he continually suffered. Speck the child also had a habit of carrying knives, and using them to kill and skin various house-pets he might encounter. Usually cats. He soon began to beat people up, and rob, and write bad checks. And as often as not, he would get clubbed unconscious by the police.

Speck, who was basically a total loser - he had the IQ of a 10 year old when he was mentally examined in prison - attracted the attention of a 15-year-old Shirley Annette Malone. Speck had already beat his mother up, had beaten his step-father, had been arrested 36 times for drunkenness, trespassing, and burglary; so it is not altogether unclear what Shirley Malone saw in Speck. But what Speck saw in Shirley? There is the question.

Speck suffered a Madonna-Whore complex. So when Shirley married him, she immediately became a whore to be despised and hated, and because she had sex with him, this made it a personal betrayal. (The logic doesn't work itself out, you are not confused) When Speck served fourteen

months for robbery, he assumed his wife had been unfaithful, because, of course, she had had sex with him.???. Anyway, he beat the living shit out of her, and she divorced him and re-married the next day??? So about a year later crazy, violent, sick, stupid, drug-addled Richard Speck ends up in Chicago looking for work as a sailor. Sleeping in a park near the hiring office, he decides to rob an apartment where some student nurses live. And everything is cool. The nurses are giving Speck his money, and listening to his stories, when another nurse, a friend of the house-mates named Gloria Davy knocks. Speck answers the door, and at gun point brings her upstairs where the rest of the house mates are tied up. Then he gets weird. Davy looks exactly like his ex-wife. There are nine young women, each bound hand and foot with sheets from their beds. And Richard Speck starts to lead them one by one out of the room, where in various rooms of the house, he stabs and strangles them to death. And they do nothing. Who knows why? One young woman, Corazon Marino survives by hiding under a bed. And the last one killed is Gloria Davy, the ringer for his ex. She gets the worst of it. Raped, and mutilated, Speck takes his time killing her. Then he runs away. Using the stolen money, he hires several prostitutes, and is stopped several times by police officers. None of whom know who he is. When the news of the murders hits the newspapers, Speck freaks. He tries to commit suicide. And only in the hospital do the doctors, having read the paper, realize this is the murderer. They make a positive ID from a description of his tattoo's and a drawing from Maurao's description of Speck. Speck even admits to his own name. Speck is convicted and sentenced to die in the electric chair, but instead of frying like he deserves, Speck gets an upper body sex change, and all the drugs he can use, and all the sex he wants. That's what's great about America. Even for a mass-murderer, no matter how mind-bogglingly stupid mean, there is no setback which cannot be overcome with hard work and a bit of initiative.

ARMANDO'S DEATH METAL HOROSCOPE

AQUARIUS

Jan.20 - Feb.18

Death figures prominently this month. you will most likely die. death and dying is something there will be no shortage of this month for the Aquarian death and dying and plenty of it.

TAURUS

Apr.20-May.20

Aah yes, the bull of much might. Just knowing that false metal will be punished is enough for you. This alone will always keep the mighty bull safe.

LEO

July.23-Aug.22

If you think for a moment that your heroes the Scorpions will save the day by coming here man you got another thing comin because Coroner will be waiting around every turn only to kick their asses. (and yours) false metal shall be rewarded with smite on the head and spit in the eye.

PISCES

Feb.19-March.20

Blood of the innocent has been spilt on the floor of the Pisces. Wow what a good omen for you, the moon of the fat freak of malaria has dawned on the dagger of Pisces...

GEMINI

May.21-June.20

You are asking yourself what in the name of God is that stench? and what is this contraption, and why is there a pinata attached to my genitals?

VIRGO

Aug.23-Sept.22

This month your putrid little follicles shall be pulled out one by one. The rat of ill will will be chasing you on the sweaty iron wheel of bullshit outside the cold damp walls of time. I usually don't jump ahead of my self BUT I would clear your calendar!

ARIES

Mar.21 - Apr.19

Ooooo great unholy one your greatness is supreme the month for Aries will always be filled with hate and puke for it is I who will lick your toes and buff your armpits my every breath will seem to be the fumes of burning bone when you are near. I will lay my worthless carcass before you so that your hoofs may always stay comfy

CANCER

June 21 - July 22

As fate would have it your shell of ugliness has been cracked by your own bad breath and the contents are oozing on to the floor like hot peanut butter on a block of dry ice.
Very pathetic!

LIBRA

Sept.23-Oct.22

What a sissy shit sign nuthin but fuckups here. Are you waiting for me to tell you of blue skys and pretty flowers well fuck you. It is you who will die from the blow of my battleaxe I will kill you and your village of sissy libras.

SCORPIO

Oct. 23 - Nov. 21

Happiness? no. joy? no. good luck? no as much as I hate to be the bearer of bad news you are fucked my friend your life is not going to mean shit from this moment on. you may ask... what, am I going to be a bum? no. you my friend are going to be the thing bums wipe thier ass with. unfortunately there is no refuge for you because the whole world will be disgusted at the very sight of you. dogs, cats, mice, worms, spiders everywhere you go every creature that sees you will cry in pain and run. I don't have the time and or recourses to describe what a zero your life has now become. sorry.

SAGITTARIUS

Nov. 22 - Dec. 21

Hell and damnation is before you. Your very soul is being ripped apart. All that you know is gone. The eyes of Satan are popping into your mouth, and that feeling in your bowels is some sort of spike machine mixing your guts like one of those things that scramble eggs inside the shell. Also prospects in the matters of love look promising.

CAPRICORN

Dec. 22 - Jan. 19

A struggle of good and evil are in the air, but never fear evil will prevail because evil will always prevail over good. I see a 3 prong crown waiting at the end of each torch lit hallway. Don't forget the nectar of Bitan must be sipped not once, not twice, but thrice if you want global damnation

next month...

The Hippie Horoscope

"Torcher's music occupies a sonic netherworld somewhere between violence and shimmering melancholy." - S.F. Bay Guardian

Torcher

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Swish
Super Max
Instant Mayhem

Not long ago I came across Don Flemming on the this same label and was just captivated by it. When I saw this release up at the SLUG office I just had to check it out to see if this little company has some consistency. The vote? Okay, yea, so far, consistently good releases. The first track would be quite a push as a radio release, would be one of the few things on the air worth listening to. But it's the second track that starts the best correlation with the sound explorations and simplistic approaches of Flemming's work, but there's a little more tightness. And hell, I guess I got to say it, I'm a sucker for female vocals that come off sounding like that innocent/not-so-innocent little school girl, almost Nicoesque. Klaus, my god, can you really get a sexier sounding voice than that on any other track, little like old Siouxsie but a hell of a lot better. Droning, occasionally punctuated by a high-pitch squeal and then supplanted with a gruff, Kathleen Turner grunt. Elizabeth Frazier, Bilinda Butcher, Beth Thompson, & dare I say it, Bork, take a breather. I could live on this alone. This just beats you all, hands up, hands down, hands anywhere I could get them on this voice. Check out Rockstar, some dream enhanced swaying, she even says fuck...I know that sounds childish, but you really got to hear her say it. It's like it was never said before (of course she's saying doesn't mean I really want to fuck you, but still...) Put this sexual energy on the back shelf for a minute, it's still the most impressive piece I got this month to review. It's not for everyone, no dance music on

it, no party music on it, no pumped up angst, just good dwellings to sit through and really get into. If Gianni doesn't put this on the Stiff Sheet for me then it's because of some in house politics game and a holy jihad will result to right the situation.

—JAND

Ian Brennan
Cheapskate
Toy Gun Murder Records

Like a stray bullet from random street violence, this CD will tag you right in the head & stay there. Many of their lyrics remind me of J.D. Salinger stories, simple people struggling with seemingly normal problems, but losing it (& maybe their minds) in the end. Nothing is too complex, just straight-forward rock & roll, but with a twist of honesty that hits home in the end. The Brennan family (which makes up most of a sound that can be heard in any neighborhood basement or garage around town. Neither too spectacular or outstanding, they play convincing & original bar music. Their words, however, come across like a vision of truth about the little problems that plague us all. Loneliness, depression, co-dependency & anger all rear their ugly heads alongside some occasional guitar solos that will set you back in your seat reeling. When it seems every new band is trying to push some six-string heavy or retro-punk sound, Ian Brennan decides to take their time & go for the straight with the least possible effort but biggest effect in the end.

—Billy Fish

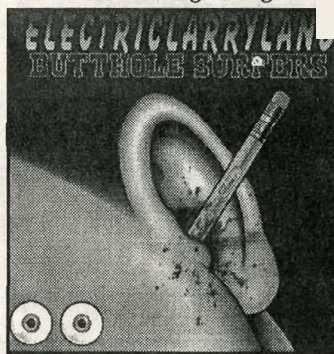
Spacemen 3
The Singles
Taang Records
I first heard this band when I was sixteen and even then

SPACEMEN 3



their records were incredibly hard to find. So Thank you to Taang for rereleasing them so I can finally have Dreamweapon on C.D. Boys, girls, circus animals this band is all about taking drugs and zoning out. In my opinion one of the best bands to have ever graced the earth. They take minimalism to a single note that repeats for over sixty minutes. And through it all never a dull moment constant tension and no release its a beautiful thing. Spacemen 3 were never bad but they never got as good as they could of. This record is made up of various singles, none of them ever destined for any type of radio airplay, it is a good sampling of what they can do but it is by no means there greatest accomplishments. As for it's stand alone basis I still say this record kicks like Cobain's little Shotgun habit.

—Sausage King



Butthole Surfers
Electriclarryland
Capitol
I'm sure you all remember the 12 inch featuring starving third world bellies on the cover and the classic "The

Shah Sleeps In Lee Harvey's Grave" in the grooves. Gibby, the poor guy, tried to sell out with P. That CD will turn up as a question in a trivia game of the future. It missed the "alternative" market Hootie, Blues Traveler and the Dave Matthews Band captured. Homogeneous is homogeneous isn't it? Forgive me.

The thing opens with "Birds" and Gibby's maniacal laughter. Gibby, why don't you go build a fire or something. The CD is commercial as hell. Next thing you know it will be on the radio and MTV. I think the hit single is "Cough Syrup" an ode to Robitussin addicts everywhere. Some guy named Paul Leary produced the mess. The next song, "Pepper," has raps, samples and martial drumming. Have they gone trip hop? A combination of U2 and Tricky? That my children is the MTV video. The Buttholes are from Austin so they've jumped on the latest "trend" — feedback drenched rockabilly/garage with "Ulcer Breakfast" The ballad is "Jingle Of A Dog's Collar" complete with nods to the lounge. Is there a trend they haven't copied — or invented? Country twang? "TV Star" is it. I threw up when I listened to "My Brother's Wife." Too much peyote I guess. "Ah Ha" reinvents the Sex Pistols. The disc is uneven. There isn't a solid thematic or musical topic anywhere to be found. In other words it is a typical Butthole Surfers record. Sorry to interrupt. I'll let you get back to the Bogmen now. "A thumb up her ass and a needle in her eye, a girl from out West with a needle in her eye and dope up her ass," are you guys crazy? The Butthole Surfers will appear live and in person at the sewer they call a tourist attraction on June 24. —Wa

Baraoh Sanders
Message From Home
erve



Another attempt to
fuck things up. Since the fuck-
er won't print country, blues
and folk shit let's see if he
prints jazz. He is after all a
Coltrane disciple and I do
believe the cat on sax had
some involvement with the
late John. Bill Laswell pro-
duced. The album isn't an
exercise in free form squawk-
ing. Sanders engages in some,
but for the most part his play-
ing is lyrical. Laswell brings
along some friends, as he usu-
ally does, but they don't inter-
fere. In case the experimental
nature of his work, or for that
matter the Sanders name, is
found to be inaccessible go to
a store and have a listen. The
name in the title is the world.
"Nozipho" is nearly ambient
enough for new age. The
squawking sax would cause
discomfort for most of that
crowd. Salsa is big locally.
"Tomoki" has the rhythm and
Sanders. Man, can this cat
blow! "Ocean" is the "contem-
porary instrumental" hit. Wait
until they take it home! Shock,
surprise, surprise. "Kumba"
takes the trip to Middle East.
"Country Mile" closes it out
with a gospel beginning, juju
guitars and the man himself
getting completely free. Jazz is
back folks and it ain't all
about Kenny G. A mother-
fucker of an album.
-Lonnie "Lisping" Jones

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Einsturzende Neubauten

Faustmusik
Mute Records

Before I begin let me say that E.N. is one of the most innovative bands of the twentieth century. Their use of any materials to create new and unique sounds is to be complimented. Their approach to music is artistic and refreshing. That's why it breaks my heart to say that I don't like this album. Two reasons, the first being that there is hardly any music on it (having said that the music on it is brilliant and moody, which is what it is trying to do). The second thing is that the entire record is filled with dialogue, German dialogue. I know the record is about Faust be it the Goethe or Marlowe Faust(us), I will never know. But then again maybe that is the point to it all, since the entire legend of Faust is based on a distrust of people who did incomprehensible things, like E.N. who are to this day still only and understood by a knowledgeable few. Maybe they sold their own souls to the devil to gain this innovation, if only I knew German.

—Sausage King



Veruca Salt
Blow It Out Your Ass It's Veruca Salt
DGC

Four song EP. filled with catchy phrasings and girly voices. The record is strong musically and

weak lyrically. I don't know much about this band, but they aren't terrible and they aren't incredible, they just are. And like you I couldn't give two pulls on a sheep dick what happens to them. If you like the rocking guitar with sing songy vocals and weak rhythm sections this is the record for you, so is Elastica and Hole and Juliana Hatfield. If you like your music to have some substance go some place else.

—Sausage King

The Raincoats
Looking in the Shadows
DGC

Never heard of em. Famous post-punk pioneers, idols of the Cobain Sonic Gordon Jet Set Etc. They reissued a bunch of stuff and in doing so sparked an interest in doing a new album and thus we have Lookin in the Shadows. Never having heard the originals, I must say that this is some pretty enjoyable stuff. Very sweetly melodic at the same time as they retain a somewhat experimental edge. They remind me of Trio in not only musical style but also singing style as well. For some reason it's reminiscent of Idiot-Savant music (Shaggs), that makes it very endearing. Like maybe they just learned how to play these instruments yesterday and they stayed up all night writing these songs, and they did it because they love you. Certainly a refreshing feminist change from the feminism currently exemplified by Jewel (an amazingly bad album) and Alanis (an amazingly bad album) even No Doubt doesn't have much beyond the one song. They girls fill an album with wide eyed joy and musical childhood. Maybe you're sitting there thinking where was I when then first came around (I was nine), but I'm just as happy to discover them now as it gives me something to go search out and get.

—Capt. America

Mission: Impossible Soundtrack
Mother Records
Fuck me gently with that chainsaw. The phenomenon of "hip" soundtracks has gotten completely out of hand. Let's say your a Bjork fan and you've just got to have every Bjork song ever frig-

gin released and you've got all the records and all the singles even the imported ones with the extra songs. The catch you can't have all the songs she's ever released for the simple reason that you've just found out she just released six new songs on different movie soundtracks. Now a good soundtrack is very important, but it seems as though if the movies are selling themselves by who has the hippest soundtrack. Some movies like Angus used the soundtrack to push the movie which still nobody saw. As for this record it's an average soundtrack for a modern film some good songs, some bad songs. My suggestion though is to use the record as a sampler to find out if you like these bands or not, but for god's sake don't buy it. Stop the Madness.

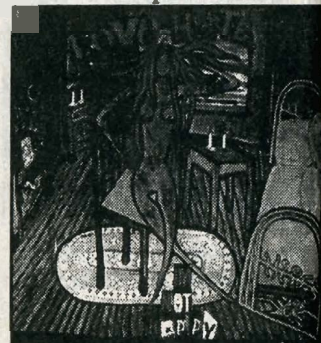
—Sausage King

Twister Soundtrack
Warner Bros

First of all this movie sucked, and there's no way of getting around that fact while you listen to this album, especially because one of the characters goes around blasting this god awful Van Halen song that starts the album, Humans Being, at the tornadoes in a plot device stolen from Apocalypse Now. There's a number of midwestern songs to go with the motif, KD Lang (shitty), Rusted Root (never heard of them, they start strong and don't go anywhere) and MarkKnopfler (Jesus he sucks). Of course my cousins who live in the midwest listen to nothing but Ozzy. Alison Krauss does a pretty good job at her entry, managing to capture the Shawn Colvin/Mary Chapin Carpenter mood. Tori Amos is swell, but that's my opinion always, Soul Asylum you've heard already. Belly is pretty mediocre, keeping with their usual quality in my opinion. Lisa Loeb is alright. Red Hot Chili Peppers are about as good as the plot of the film, which I don't recall if I've said, SUCKED SHIT. It was truly a horrifying piece of work. The Goo Goo Dolls stand out as being pretty good, but that's like Mark Eaton standing out amongst the munchkins (ps as I write this the Jazz just fucked up another year). The final song is credited to Edward

& Alex Van Halen (Isn't that Van Halen, for chrissake?) called Respect the Wind. I mean, really...fuck you Eddie. It's a new age instrumental, and it's not even bad, but..Respect the Wind? Give me a break.

—Capt. America



Love/Hate
I'm Not Happy
Mayhem Records

Bad, bad, bad, badbadbad. Tis a record that blows like moi after good party. The lyrics are childish, the music is almost bad metal. It's got no redeeming qualities and I've got nothing to say about this record. The artwork is even worse than a goateer constitutional when you've got the creeping crud. I wish I had never seen this record.

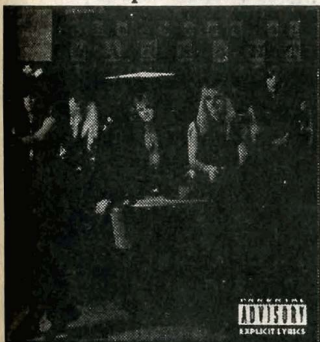
—Sausage King

Super Junky Monkey
A-I-E-T-O-H
Sony

Hardcore from Japan. Of course the rumor has it that in Japan the thrifty perv has within his meagre ability to purchase school-age girls' used panties from vending machines. The manufacturer made so much money he was on thinking about branching out to include used tampons and bottled urine. From, as I've said, vending machines. So it goes without saying that hardcore is the land of the Rising Sun take a little different meaning. I've don't know who the hell these guys are (they made it to Sony, so they've got some following here somewhere), but they know how to fuck with you. They play super fast and hard, lots of screaming (sometimes in Japanese) and crazy shit. The song sounds like Slayer crossed with Frank Zappa crossed with Tricky. That, or a locomotive carrying a stunt guitar crazed Steven Vai running over your head. L

a soundtrack to Tetsuo Iron Man, I gotta give em balls for effort if nothing else, and they don't back down once. The backup everything they give you, and that's more than you can say for most of the groups that attempt this kind of thing. This is an EP, not labelled for store sale so I don't know if you're going to be able to find it, my guess is it's a precursor to an album which should prove and worthwhile so you might want to ferret it out.

—Capt. America



Warrant

The Best Of Warrant

Legacy

Bandwagons. Fuck, I guess we should all be use to this by now. Political bandwagons, fashionable awareness shit, retro eighties, it's all hype, but hell, I fall for it too. Frankie Goes to Hollywood or Men Without Hats, fuck yea Turn the radio up. Went to this chicks dorm room once, did tequila shots with her hippie room-mate, got so drunk I walked into a wall and passed out on the sidewalk for a couple of hours. The best thing of the night? The eighties collection tape with Naked Eyes, Culture Club, and Tom Tom Club. All that cheese music flooding the stereo from my teenage years, can't get enough of it: that fluff pop with the new wave taste, but now...this.

Everybody wants to release that Great EIGHTIES Band collection piece. What the hell is this? The other side of the eighties, the metal?, the hair metal, the power ballad. Warrant! Jeez, what's next Poison or Stryper?, why not just shoot me. Why couldn't it have been Anthrax or Venom, anything else would've been a valiant attempt, but Warrant? What the hell did they ever do? Oh yea, 'Cherry Pie' Not the song, fuck that. Who needs

another power chord? I'm talking the album cover. Oh come on, you remember the chick on the cover. Of course we wouldn't let anyone know we were male pigs. We'd buy the good shit from Sam Goody (remember mall days?) and, when no one was looking, we'd check out the 'W' bin, oh yea, I'd do that But the music?, no way! So I got to listen to this to review, okay I'll be objective...naw, still sucks. Pretty boys with poof poof hair, high pitch sappy vocals, and lyrics from a horny idiot-savant, more idiot than savant.

—JAND

Fastball

Make Your Mama Proud Hollywood Records

The definition of what gets you into rotation these days is of course laughable. It's almost gotta be pop-punk three minute songs with hooks. Of course, Nirvana fit that label just fine and they managed to not only get airplay and for that matter rich and famous, but they weren't half bad at that. Fastball never strays from the field of the three minute song. Of course, if your aim is to jump in with both feet, fuck it up a little, and get the hell out in under three minutes, you're going to want to leave something to remember you by. Thus the thebry behind the hook, a thoroughly detestable term that unfortunately for all of us I use anyway. Fastball works because you always wish the song had perhaps gone on just a little longer. Not a bad feeling to have. They're smart lyricists, they play within their abilities, and they're enjoyable. In a world full of liquid shit, Fastball not only floats but they smell cinammony fresh.

—Capt. America

Nancy Boy

Deepsleepmotel Elektra

Recently on MTV news, a quick little piece ran of a notable designer showing off his more flashy wardrobes. Nancy Boy volunteered? hired? what-have-you as the living mannequin; performed a show in his shiny 60's retro suits. Bad idea? Even the Sex Pistols early on doubled as advertisement for McLaren's bondage clothing. So who

knows. The music? Well, first off it's fun. I want to hate it, I try hard to hate this stuff, say to myself it's irrelevant pop and not very provoking. They remind a bit of Space Hog and even end up getting the same reaction after a time. I end up telling my roommate, I know it's not suppose to be, but ...not bad. Damn it. The three piece sample opens up with a moody whale-song dose (much like the intro to the soundtrack of Wim Wender's *Until the End of the World*.) and then burst into a full and heavy guitar pop. Even the so obvious-should be a cliché line check me in before you check me out from the title track is forgivable. They reach an almost perfect balance between guitar exploration, pop catchiness, and energy that just ...well, it just fuckin works. Even the vocals come off as slightly influenced by the early works of Bowie (London Bye Ta-Ta, Black Country Rock, Panic in Detroit kinda thing). The deal, I think the second track Johnny Chrome and Silver should've been the song to push: Oh yea, the third track is a very well done remake of the Gary Numan classic *Are Friends Electric* I look forward to the full length album release (as of now to be called simply Nancy Boy).

—JAND

The Verve Pipe

Villains RCA

The first thing to stand up and take notice is the immediate play between the thick and heavy guitar attack against the smooth vocals. Not so much heavy in the sense of any metal derivative but along the lines of Smashing Pumpkins or (doubt this will help) Garden Variety. Not that they sound like them stylistically, you're not going to think they're a rip off band, they're just strong and loud with the guitar. Another good play is that the second track romps about, some delirious constant fit-shake, but is entitled *Drive You Mild* The band seems to let the music become the central point of the record, vocals just loud enough to be heard, but don't think it's to hide bad lyrics. I won't say they're the best lines I've heard, just that there's nothing that

would bring shame to the band.. Both Villains and Reverend Girl fool you a bit, start off as lilting arpeggiated guitar picking, but then lapse into noise drench chops. The keyboards do pop up most notably on *Cup of Tea* but even there it's quite evident that the guitars are the strong points of the band. Myself, in some strange fancy, comes off reminiscent of some later Police piece, (along with ominous Man that also has the tendency to sound a bit like Sound Garden at times) otherwise quite a distinctive band. Halfway through we finally get to slow down, relax, as the *Freshman* sums up a sexual maturation during college years, (another nice play). It's followed up by *Photograph*, the song that should be looked out for to be popping up on the airwaves, rather that stop-start approach to song writing. Unfortunately, if I was pressed to say it, the band does come off as what one would expect to hear on an alternative pop college station, but they are well worth checking out.

—JAND

The Sugarplastic

Bang, The Earth Is Round Geffen

The opening track, *Another Myself* comes on. During subtle moments of the chorus it reeks of The Beatles *Nowhere Man* at others it's funky! But the biggest bit of connection is some quirky instance to some innate dedication to silliness. Do we really need some return to *They Might Be Giants*? Answer: Fuck no! Second track—have we fallen back to some cheesy musical dialogue score from *Grease Two*? Third piece, somebody get the back up vocalist off of helium. Somebody slap me, pull me out of this mind numbness- let me find the eject button, push, a swish as the drawer opens, the sound of annoyance stops, thank god, silence.

—JAND

The Groovie Ghoulies

World Contact Day Lookout Records

This dorky CD starts off with creatures from outer space visiting earth to complain about the quality of music they've been forced to listen to that we've cre-



ated. They go on to give the earth 28 minutes to give them a reason not to kill us all. The album begins. Deliberately banal progressions atop purposefully ridiculous lyrics, the whole thing is a steaming heap. It could be the Ramones, it could be dogshit. The target audience seems to be second graders, perhaps in an effort to begin kids on punkearly. The best way of course is to beat them, if a loving postpunk family were to listen to this shit they would most likely join the church. Truly bad. Bop your head to the crazy beat! Pogo til your ankles bleed to the non-stop fun! Shove this CD next to The Monster Mash, and try and forget that music like this exists. I should say that the format is not the worst, it simply only works when the lyricist is a William Burroughs, someone who can turn your heart to a cinder block and make you laugh your ass off at the same time. When it's simply insipid and totally lacking in humor (to wit: the space aliens proclaim at the end The Groovie Ghoulies have saved thee! it's just sad.

—Capt. America

Furry Things

The Big Saturday Illusion

Trance
Aim. Lock. Phasers! Just kid-
Just had to lighten up after the reviewing of The Sugarplastic. Starts off with a bit of spacy effects and drifts into a dreamy trance. A bit like Medicine or My Bloody Valentine. Opens with Introism, predominately sound ramblings that let you basically just groove. A good piece to listen to alone, as background gathering music, or for those special quiet times with ...well, with someone or something important. And hell, that phasing in and out of feedback volumes at

the end just fuckin makes crazy in a what?, whoa, right way. Second piece really shows off that Valentine feel with dragging the tape, distorts your perception (is that the player fuckin up, am I fucked up, or is that the band), good stuff. Thumbs up so far in the first five minutes. Third piece—no disappointment yet, oh my, that recording time just slipped to really down speed, gotta hear for yourself to understand. They have really taken that Valentine experiment to extremes and still pull it off. Really worth the trip if you get off on the new acid work.

—JAND



Burnin Groove In The Gallows Incubator

I was at the SLUG office because, well, I don't even remember why, but I was bitchin that I had no ride home from work at some ungodly hour in the morning. Someone there offered to chauffeur me if, and what a big if, I reviewed this CD. Needed the ride; so I agreed. Put it in, listen, FUCK—now I know why it was passed off. It's one of those shitty CDs to review. It's not like they have absolutely no skill. Full of energy and they know how to play what they're doing. The problem, and it is a really big problem, can be summed up with, yea, so fuckin what? Every town has them, a band that does the local band scene—tough enough without saying anything, that true guarantee that they'll get laid by some ditz. The music? Hard rock with no imagination what so ever, but still executed with ability. What does that add up to? Remember the freak painter? It's a happy accident Skill with no feeling. Another lame landscape to hang in the bathroom. Connection to the band? You got it. A bar band

that does rock by the numbers. Forget this one.

—JAND

Beat Angels

Unhappy Hour With Epiphany

So they're produced by Gilby Clarke? So fuckin what? Even Albini gets the occasional band of no interest to work with. I suppose it's a fuckin job, much like reviewing shit. So-and-so! reviewed by so-and-so!, who really gives a fuck? Like Burnin Groove, just another by-the-numbers band. This time it's about that early eighties cross over California pop punk effort. They do pull off a good line once in awhile like we'd never be friends/if we never took to drinking but, all in all, we're still trying to get over rip-off punk groups in the form of Greenday and Rancid. If you haven't had your fill yet, fine, I got copy that goes for cheap. Oh, real quick, like this means anything (probably as much as their music, but) the female singer has the uncanny ability to look like a homely shag cut pre-adolescent boy in half the photos.

—JAND

Bill Ding

And The Sound Of Adventure Hefty Records

This is the experimental pop/studio/multi-instrumental music I can really get into on a regular basis. Coming out of left field to smack you in the head, It's impossible to really compare them to anyone in particular. The vocals of singer John Hughes (no relation to the director of 80's teen love films) are rough & charismatic, drawing you in like the fly to the web. His throat style & lyrics remind me of early TOM WAITS, but with a heaping helping of abstract ideas & images that are more like THEY MAY BE GIANTS. But don't expect either comparison to be the exact sound; just a similar flavor that will pop up in your head when spinning this disc. The gentle-yet-rough guitar & multi-layers of exotic woodwinds & brass blending together is misleading, since each song will roller coaster from mellow lows to angry & disturbing highs of

industrial/metal/jazz fusions. The first listen will really keep you on your toes, both lyrical & musically, wondering where the next turn in the road will lead. Much like a schizophrenic first date, this CD will take you to all levels possible, both high & low, but still leave you anxious for another listen in the end.

—Billy Fish

Buck O Nine

Water In My Head Tang!

This new EP from the ska-meisters is a blistering set of new material & covers that is req'd doing back-flips down State Street. Joined by members of AGENT ORANGE for their ska-surf version of Miserlou (old DICK DALE classic/PULP FICTION retro tune), the juicy jams are put to the test with the great degree. The standout track is the messed-up-but-lovable Dr. Kilch, which switches from the standard third-person tale of the naughty doctor & his big needle, to the doc himself talking about his favorite pastime of medical insertions of love to appropriate patients needing treatment. Twisted & subtle as a jackhammer, these boys put tongue & cheek right down the throats of the listener. Ska has always centered around energy & fun, both of which Buck O Nine are all about for certain!

—Billy Fish

Crumb

Romance is a Slowdance Quest/Warner Bros.

Why do the majors have to push these new bands on us? This is the exact reason why a major scene hasn't happened since Seattle, because most of the country's cities have mediocre bands doing the pop/alternative thing without any attempt to create an authentic sound of their own. They either listen to tired stations like X-96 or the buzz-clips of MTV, & then try to copy everything from Bush to Smashing Pumpkins in order to get an audience or record deal. Meanwhile those of us hungry for something new & original keep wading through the recycled garbage of today's music, wondering, why do I even bother?, & just continue buying used

Total Chaos

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cassette

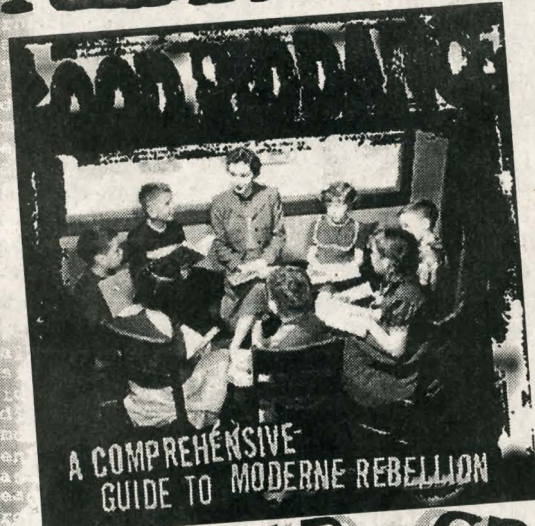


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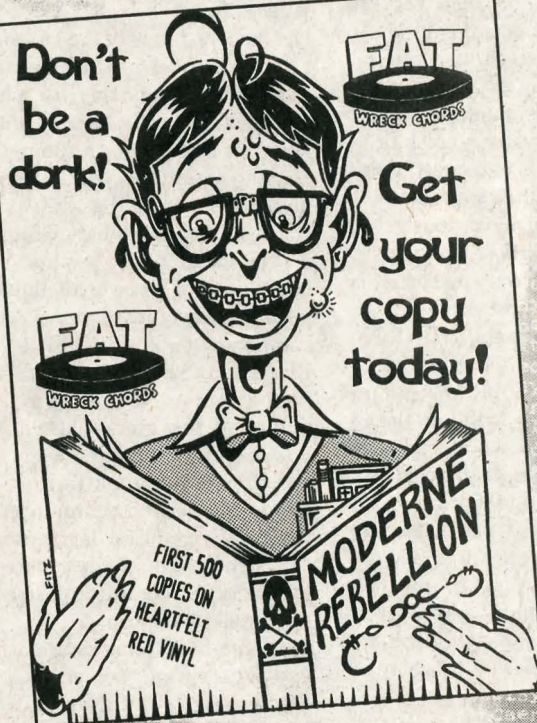
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copies of old favorites to abide the void. Enough preaching! If you like Gin Blossoms, Goo Goo Dolls, & Radiohead, this is the CD for you. A simple, repetitive style with little to offer, other than FM filler...You'll love it! In the meantime, the rest of us will keep searching for used CDs to complete back catalogs & wonder why it seems so damn hard to just be original or sound unique...Hmmm???

—Billy Fish

Eyesore(Compilation)
A Stab At the Residents
Vaccination Records

Nobody really knows who the Residents are or were, but many people were affected by their influence anyway. Straining the limits of exploration & imagination in the underground world of music, the sounds created spread far & wide to infect the minds & ears of countless bands. This compilation is a tribute by a number of fans/musicians who received absolutely no cash or recording funds to be part of this project. Only their mutual respect for this mysterious group allowed the thirty some to be involved with covering some of the Residents most eery numbers. Among others, THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282, IDIOT FLESH, & PRIMUS all put their two cents worth into the forum of wild & wonderful noise to amuse & delight all Resident fans alike. Of all the tribute albums out there, this is the one to have. Forget the tired Zep & Kiss covers(Boring!), try this new shit on & get set for a long set of disturbing tunes that will get an A+ for uniqueness & integrity, guaranteed!!!

—Billy Fish

Fitz Of Depression
Swing

SLUG 26

K Records

The punky spawn from the bowels of Olympia have finally released more fuel-injected tuneage to put the jack back in your slap. These boys are still kicking & jamming with all the energy of horny little choir boys wandering the hillsides looking for love in all the wrong places. Another band that makes their living out of the back of a van while constantly touring, they took enough time out last December to hit the studios with Northwest god producer, JACK ENDINO, to release another full-length album of young, red-hot rock & roll. Fast & still very raw, these three can tear through a set like no others, making mush of your head before they're finished with their tour de force of pure power. If these twelve new songs aren't enough to curb your craving for this punk trio, catch them on tour this summer in support of Swing. Rumors say that a few 7-inches will also be filtering out in the next few months, but until then this CD should quench the thirst for the loyal fans of the terrible three.

—Billy Fish

Geggy Tah
Sacred Cow
Warner Bros.

Disillusioned fans of the Dead(& I don't know why there aren't more!) should give this disc a listen. Full of hoppy beats & funk riffs, this is definitely a rump-shaking album that would have any rat-hair doing the white trash shuffle. But what excludes it from the hippy style is the complexity of lyrics & intelligent arrangement of instruments & sampling. It's as if SYD BARRETT & Dr. SEUSS got together on the farm to create a happy nightmare that quickly keeps you on your toes with a wide spectrum of noise & bizarre tunes. The second album from this trio, Sacred Cow is a mystical journey through the experimentation of folk music & standard styles like punk & funk/hip-hop(?) that drop on you like a spring shower. Reminiscent of WEEN or THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, these three put rhythm & tongue-in-cheek lyrics at the forefront of their music. Give it a listen & see if

you aren't tapping or grooving by the end of the first cut!

—Billy Fish

Guttermouth
Teri Yakimoto
Nitro

Riding the lifts with the cross-over skaters/boarders last season at Wolf Mountain, the conversation always turned to music in the end. Most of these kids were in high school anyway, so what the hell else are we going to talk about? Going through their lists of punk/hardcore bands of choice, Guttermouth always fell into place with extreme reverence or ecstatic enthusiasm...& for good bloody reason! Their latest piece of speed punk is just what is needed to smack the bumps & ride the powder, even with the boarding season long gone! Hitting the sound of PENNYWISE mixed with the comedic lyrics of NOFX, these young strapping lads are all that & a big gulp at your local corner convenience store! This disc is so good, I can't seem to keep my friends & roommates from constantly 'liberating' it out of my possession, which we all know can be a very 'deadly' mistake with yours truly...so keep that in mind when you try to lift my music in the future(anybody)! But with all that bitching & threats aside, the new Guttermouth is a keeper! I may even get a skateboard myself to fully enjoy this disc this summer without waiting for winter to ride the pipes again at the mighty Wolf!

—Billy Fish

J Mascis
Martin & Me
Reprise

The inside on this disc was negative before it even hit the critics desks or the local music shop. I myself was excited to hear more solo work from the master behind DINOSAUR JR., wondering which direction he was headed. I didn't need some numbskulls from Spin or Rolling Stone ruining the anticipation for an album that I felt would just prove the genius of Mascis once again. But I soon realized what the dips were talking about, but was pleasantly surprised anyway. It's live, raw, & very cool!!!

Sure, it's mainly acoustic versions of old Dinosaur favorites & some weird covers(Smiths & Skynard-wow!), but it shows the basic show that Mascis has been putting on in the Northwest for the last year, where he lives as of late. My friend in Seattle had described this set to me, & it was sweet to hear it myself. The CD catches Mascis doing the basic run through of old songs that any Dino fan will know by heart & dig all over some kickin stripped-down versions. Maybe not for the listener less familiar with the son of the BLANK GENERATION, Martin & Me is a keeper for the true connoisseur of the simple verse backed by extraordinary guitar that still sends chills down the spine.

—Billy Fish

Mineral
The Power Of Falling
Crank!

Young punks playing their own tunes & living out of a van is the sound of this band coming to a town near you soon. Do you like SEAWEED or SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE? Then this is the CD for you! Take a group of friends with a taste for fast music with a whole mess-full of angst & urgency, combined with tight rhythms & mean chords, & the ending result is this tough album that will put the 'kick' in the ass. The indie scene is becoming swamped with young & talented bands that try to pull this sound off, but Mineral puts the meat & potatoes behind every cut of this exceptional album. Fresh & mean, they sound like a band that cut their teeth on the road, playing to all-age crowds that always appreciate a voice & sound from the ranks of their own. Bands like this are why they publish MAXIMUM ROCK & ROLL! Check out this hard-working band before they come to town & end up sleeping on someone else's floor without you even knowing they were playing here!

—Billy Fish

Ovarian Trolley
Bullseye
Broken Rekids

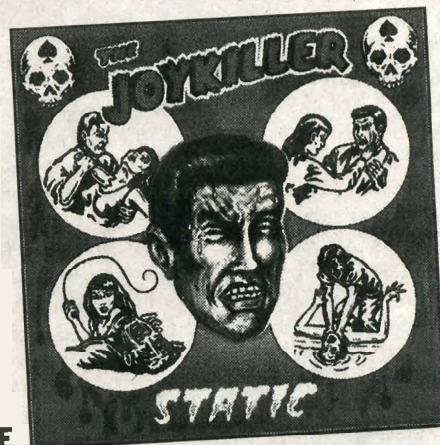
San Francisco still lets out a tasty secret from time to time, & Ovarian Trolley is something that



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needs to be shared, & quick!

This power trio with dual female vocals grows on you like a slow gin & tonic, going down easy & kicking you right in the ass later! It reminds me of old X or a female led FUGAZI, if you can believe that, & so very damn cool! The skin-playing is simply too tuff, laying out some amazing rhythms that are punched right on the head by the metal-sticky bass that leads most of the cuts. Heavy chords that break strings without much extra distortion add the final touch, making this fresh band the tightest group to come out so far this year. Creeping up on you to slip a kiss before cracking your skull wide open, Ovarian Trolley is a sure-fire choice for high-energy harmony & heavy rhythms that pick you up & sweep you away before you knew your thumb was out. A welcome surprise indeed!!!

—Billy Fish

Smegma
The Mad Excitement..
Tim Kerr

Listening to this CD is like trying to catch every piece of conversation in the rec room at the old folk's home. Sound & noise filter in & out, covering each other with a murky coating, before disappearing into the background. Take the most experimental Skinny Puppy album & neuter it, then add the sounds of the circus & a crack alley in New York for good measure, & then you're there. Very twisted & ugly, threatening with no direction, & above all just fucking unnerving! I would love to be in the studio with this bunch & see what they're eating & smoking during their sessions! The sound is more for effect than any point by far. This music could easily generate strange behavior in

humans, depending on each mood & atmosphere created. Considering that there may be a universal sound that could produce people to go mad & gouge out their own eyes, I think Smegma will be the first to eventually find & record it, making an entire album based upon that notion. If you plan on having your own brain surgery or basement abortion clinic, this is the perfect music for the waiting room.

—Billy Fish

Stiff Little Fingers
Get A Life
Taang!

I really had a hard time getting through this CD the first time, since past efforts have been so much easier. The guitar work is still urgent & crunchy, but lacks a true bite that puts you on the edge of your listening seat. I started getting deja-vu of bad ALARM & JESUS JONES tunes, & realized that the same vein was being tapped here. Ugh!!! The production might have something to do with it, being too slick & tight at times (or all the time!). The vocals especially grated on me, silky smooth in a schoolboy fashion that has been beat to death by British musicians all through the 80's pop & new wave scenes. I was pretty disappointed with this latest effort, but wondered who was more responsible: the band or the studio. In either case, the ending result is a quickly-cooling, lukewarm album with nothing more to offer than bad memories of old KJQ broadcasts & summers in the eighties. If you like that sound & time, then try it on again for size...it should fit!

—Billy Fish

V.3
Photograph Burns

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

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

—Billy Fish



Doug Powell
Ballad Of The Tin Man
Mercury

What is with this cat? He's trying to be Elton John/Billy Joel/Howard Jones/Ben Folds. In other words he's a piano man. Maybe it was the lessons, but I don't have much love for piano men. I found the voice irritating and the music tepid. The strings don't help. I'm wondering why Tammy Rogers contributed her considerable talent with a fiddle to Ballad Of The Tin Man. The target market is the Celine Dion/Maria Carey/Elton John adults. That doesn't include me. See ya Doug.

Egg Queen

Doo Rag
What We Do
Dependability

There is lo-fi and then there is Doo Rag. Doo Rag are a two-piece band combining the noise of Teengenerate with the folk of Hasil Adkins. In spite of their advanced ages they never progressed beyond the creative urges of a three-year-old set loose in a kitchen filled with pots, pans and a toy ukulele.

Thermos Malling and Bob Log III go beyond primitive. Their music reminds me of the old folk number we used to sing around the campfire after the third keg was empty. "Got My Boots On Backwards" meets "Shortin' Bread" in the back room of Junior Kimbrough's juke joint with the Shaggs and a drunken kindergarten class as the backing band. Incredible, amazing, astounding music that is similar to fingers scratching a chalkboard in time to an old 78 rpm record played at 16 rpm while autistic geniuses buck dance on a miked hardwood floor to the vocal accompaniment of an idiot savant reciting the last 30 years of #1 charting singles. They recorded the entire experience using the first tape deck Sears Roebuck sold through mail order.

Wa

Chum
Dead To The World
Century Media

Now that Forgach has stolen all my old metal contacts I can have some fun. He'll probably review Chum as well. This is the "heavy, heavy, hangover-your-poor-head" band covering Prince. Can someone stop this guy from screaming and kick him in the pants to get things moving. It is certainly heavy enough, but where's the speed? Ah, forget it, they grabbed me by the hair on the third track titled "Kindling Kind." It follows the first and second tracks and precedes the other six (hee, hee, hee). I was flinging the "hippie" locks about during the entire number.

Since I stole an advance of the CD from someplace I don't have a lyric sheet, but that "Kindling Kind" song scared me enough to hide under the bed for the rest. The "Angels In The Snow" song reminded me of "I'll Write Your Name In The Snow" from the new Chet Atkins CD. It is incredible how a young band from West Virginia incorporated that clean, Gibson country sound into their music. "Darling Nikki" rocks dude, but I'm not signing my name on any dotted line. If heavy is for you then so is Chum.

Lemmy Kravitz

THE PHOIDS

THE PHOIDS

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godheadSilo

Skyward In Triumph

Sub Pop

What if a bunch of boys walking down a straight and narrow path arrived to find Sebadoh on a stage preceded by godheadSilo? This event actually occurred in Salt Lake City on the University of Utah campus. Those with the creative logo on their chests milled about somewhat confused. They did manage to slam a bit to Sebadoh? godheadSilo has a new record out. They still haven't found anyone to play guitar so the rhythm section stands alone. Why are two-piece bands so good?

According to the press release Mike Kunka (bass, vocals) has four amps now. Remember back to the live show. The set-up had that "band-holds-a-garage-sale" look to it. In spite of the proclamation, again from the press release, that the new album focuses on the more melodic side, the disc sounds like two guys who picked up all of the instruments at the aforementioned garage sale, minus the guitar they couldn't afford and recorded an album. *Skyward In Triumph* comes off sounding like some kind of mutant cousin of the Flat Duo Jets and Doo Rag. The melodic elements cannot and should not overshadow the noise. The song dreams are made of is "Guardians Of The Threshold." A Michael Shrieve tape loop meets a live bass playing Robert Fripp. Bottle it. The show of the '90s would be Doo Rag, Flat Duo Jets and godheadSilo. Think of the six-person jam! As it stands godheadSilo will headline at the Bar & Grill with Stella Brass, Pollstar and Punkadelic on June 13. If they play "Guardians Of The Threshold" the place will empty faster than a Mountain

sponsored Earth Day Benefit at the Zephyr Club featuring the Mermen as headliners.

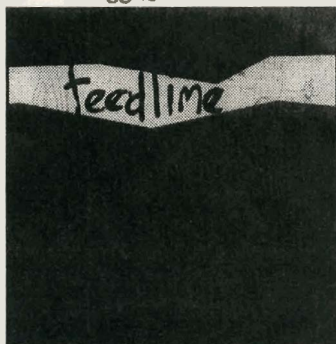
Gid Tanner

George Clinton/The P-Funk Allstars
t.a.p.o.a.f.o.m.

(the awesome power of a fully-operational mothership)

The boss said, "Keep it short, say it sucks or it doesn't." Not quite my idea of a review, but here goes. Everything from slow-motion, hypno-funk to more sped-up Cypress Hill tempo raps. Jazz funk anyone? An exceptionally cool and swinging disc from the acknowledged king. Old school from the old school. No idea when it comes out or who is in the band because it is only a disc in a black sleeve. By the way, it doesn't.

Egg Queen



Feedtime

Amphetamine Reptile

We haven't had a contest for quite some time. Name six members of the Skillet Lickers, describe their music and receive at least two, maybe more, free CDs. It all depends on what is lying about that I don't like. Hints are included in the rag. You can E-mail the answers, but "they" won't understand. I suggest the USPS method. Sorry isn't grid. We don't have a radio station to subsidize us.

What the fuck is this Beavis? I don't know dude, but they rock. Huh, huh, huh! Crank the motherfucker, it ain't on MTV. Keep it short. Back to the sixth grade and bald headed Mr. Wood. "Write an essay on the thoughts this music brings to your mind Jimmy." Well Mr. Wood...the singer reminds me of the custodian when he's the broom handle and asking me, "Jimmy, do you want some of this?" The rest of the band had

me thinking about the time my big step-brother, Bert Layne, beat my head on the toilet 'cause I told mom that he had watched the videos she made with her boyfriend Lowe Stokes.

"Vigilante Man" scared me really, really bad because the FBI and the ATF were shooting guns and lighting fires on the news when I was little. I saw tanks in Montana last night. Don't let them do it again Mr. Wood, please. Can't you make that homeless man stop banging on the 55 gallon drum of dioxin when I'm trying to do my homework? Last time I heard a throat this raw was when the city shut off the water and I smoked a bag of skunk through a dry bong. Headbangers delight, moshers bloody nose fight, they'll never play here, because the assholes are too tight.

Fate Norris

Jim Ruiz

Oh Brother Where Art Thou?
Minty Fresh

The sound of a hollow body is easy to distinguish. Before opening the CD insert I knew that music came from a big fat one. I'm not sure who reads this rag anymore, but I'm guessing that they aren't into the Legendary Jim Ruiz Group. "My Bloody Yugo" is the shameless attempt to capture the forces of the consumer dollar. Without the bizarre lyrics that reggae beat would draw them in like lemmings. There are numerous minutes remaining on the CD. I'm guessing that the ultra-hip have already discovered Jim Ruiz. Please go back to that hollow body guitar. Who plays these instruments? I'll run off a list of unfamiliar names while tossing the name of xama sumac into the mess. Barney Kessel, Chet Atkins, Deke Dickerson, Ashley Kingman, and countless others. Jazz, country, easy listening or rockabilly it is not. The legendary Jim Ruiz group borders on lounge. Nice for bedtime, or falling asleep in front of the television while reading the latest astounding corruption the Private Eye dug up. Oh Brother Where Art Thou? had me face down in the pages of the Private Eye twice. If for some reason all of this brings thoughts of Mike

Flowers to mind forget it. The combination of clean guitar, Ruiz and Stephanie Winter-Ruiz' vocals, and the tight little be-bop combo assembled to record the project lift the platter beyond any mere retro attempt.

The Jackmormons

Butte, Mont, 1879

Holladay Records

Kyle L. Wulle

Between The Cracks

Sorry fuckers. These two CDs are local. I don't expect to see this review printed in SLUG. If it appears then there are angels in the outfield. First up the Jackmormons. Everyone comes to music with preconceived notions. I came to the Jackmormons with an entire stack. Hippie bands are out of control. The greatest hippie band of all time was Moby Grape, I don't see many of the current crop flipping the bird at the "man" on their CDs. At least the Jackmormons, or Jerry Joseph, flips it every time he sings "fuck." Opening the CD is the hit - "Speedwater" is the only song Joseph didn't write. The accordion from Frank Ruffolo, the backing female chorus and the hillbilly flavor take the ditty out of the flower patch and into the smoke-filled, beer-stink of Burts. Do not fear, you won't hear it on the radio because Joseph cannot help himself. He utters the "fuck" word. From that point on things are the customary. Joseph has the hoarse voice and some talent with the words His band ably backs and they even kick out that little funk groove that is a constant of Salt Lake City music. Go back and listen to the opening of "Grateful" then tell me how many times that groove has filled the Zephyr Club floor with bad dancing. "Chinese Balls," "Back In The Hole" - read your own interpretations into the lyrics. Much, much better than expected. The Jackmormons rock! —Junior "T-Bone" Brown

Prong

Rude Awakening

Epic

Salt Lake City is the world capitol for this music. They don't make any of it here, they merely buy the hell out of it. Bleak lyrics, bleak images in the book-

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let, grinding heavy metal/industrial music for the children of repression. The fifth highest teenage suicide rate in the nation; behind closed doors the "Controller" plots more repression. "Confusion's born here everyday, spinning circles in my brain. No idea which way to go, roam around without a home. So fucking lost, invalidated. So brought down emasculated, all the joy just disappeared, another bed full of tears." A local teenager didn't write the words, they come from "Unfortunately." In case a concerned parent picks this magazine up and is curious about the grind coming from the bedroom. Steal the disc, crank the fucker up and have a lyric reading session. Then duck down because little Johnny is armed with Rage, Korn, Marilyn Manson, NIN, Biohazard, Gravity Kills, Sister Machine Gun and more. He doesn't like his life and he doesn't like you. He does like his music. So do I. Watch for Prong to light up the Soundscan numbers from Salt Lake.

Gay Reaper

Phil Cody
The Sons Of Intemperance Offering
Interscope

The name says more than I can. He is indeed related to Buffalo Bill. What kind of music would a relative of the most famous Cody make? Think about it until the attention span drifts back to MTV. Another singer-songwriter. Back into the dim past we go. Hints of the Band, country-rock from the '70s, not the '90s, and guys like John Hiatt are plain. If the disc wasn't to enjoyable from start to finish I'd predict that a formula was used to gain acceptance at AAA. I don't think I've heard a more perfect example of new music fitting a radio

format. Cody grew up in Cleveland. The images his songs bring are more rural than urban. Bare-footed children playing in dusty streets, men drinking beer in their undershirts, porch swings on hot summer afternoons, pool games in the corner bar witnessed by women with hard mouths. Songs for office workers trying to capture their blue-collar roots. It's a hell of a lot better than the music AAA's favorites actually make with their tired formulas. Phil Cody is at least honest. He threw it out, wait and see if the programmers and consumers pick up on it.

Levon Robertson

Papas Fritas
Minty Fresh

Who remembers Veruca Salt? Raise your hands. They record for Minty Fresh. Papas Fritas was unleashed upon the world in an attempt to match that success. "Passion Play" is the tune they all want to hear. I should fall all over myself praising the band because as Option Magazine said, "Passion Play stands out in a field crowded with retro punk and lo-fi fiends." I'm sure Option's "critic" is as tired of retro punk and pretend lo-fi as I am. I'm more than a little tired of indie pop as well. At least this week. It could be a mood. Boy-girl harmonies, jangly guitars, piano, "ba-ba-da," oh-oh-oh-ah-ah-ah and lightly fried pop. Desperately in search of a term to describe the music I'll use "new wave." A nifty, thrifty happy recording to jump around to like an Abominable Snowman In The Supermarket.

—Micheal "My Bell" Stoop



Nancy Boy
Sire Records

Don't let the name of the band or the cover scare you off. Things aren't always as they seem.

Nancy Boy has two famous rock star progeny in the band and neither of them are named Bowie. If the revival tour of the Monkees is real Jason's dad will appear on a local stage soon. Leach's dad has been rediscovered by Rick Rubin and he is currently recording a new album. But don't expect "Sunshine Superman" or "Pleasant Valley Sunday" from Nancy Boy. They captured the sound and the look of yet another revival. "Johnny Chrome & Silver" brings a reggae beat to glam rock. I'd like to see a few bleached blondes skankin' in platform tennis shoes. Sting should have a listen. There's a sensitive ballad complete with wavery voiced vocals. What, don't the girls like the eyeliner? Are you shy? "Sometimes" reminded me of the Moody Blues, horns, strings... "Now I'll never hear your laughter." "Sometimes" ends the filler portion of the disc. From there on out the listener is invited into a world of music from the past. Listening to "Colors" gave me a total out-of-body, near-death experience. Please compare these lyrics to those quoted from the release by Bob Dylan's son and tell me conspiracies don't exist. "Colors, I see colors going light and dark." Is it better and more authentic than Spacehog? Does Ian Hunter have any kids? Nancy Boy Slade me.

Marc Bologna

lowercase

All Destructive Urges... Seem So Perfect
AmRep

AmRep has a new publicist. She sent me a couple of discs because she is totally unaware of my reputation. I'm not worried. Next thing you know they'll hire Brian away from Cargo and send it to the P.O. Box for Sausage King or Mr. Pink to massacre. The first is lowercase. It's an advance release from May. The disc begins with acoustic guitars and lovely vocals. I was wondering if it was another bad pressing before the screaming kicked in toward the end of "As Your Mouth."

I love noise almost as much as I love... sorry I can't reveal what else I love because of contractual obligations. The guitarist has no idea how to tune, or it's an alternative tuning he

learned from Guitar Player. Maybe it's one string hooked to an old wash-tub. Whatever, the tone and the alternating scream/ballad vocals presented in "Palace Vaccine" are trademark. Three songs in and lowercase reveal themselves as anarchists. Structure, harmony, hooks? Forget that nonsense. They are probably Berkeley trained and the next thing you know they'll turn up in a metal band. Either that or the next release will be on Knitting Factory Works or Tzadik. More than enough aural stimulation to bring on a premature ejaculation from bloody eardrums.

Fate Norris

Love Nut
Bastards Of Melody
Interscope

The title gives it away. More hook-filled rock. "She Won't Do Me" is the angriest song presented. "Star" showing the Beatles influence is followed by "I'm A Loser," another Beatles influenced song. Lest anyone fail to catch on Love Nut covers the Lemon Piper's "Green Tambourine." Things go a little deeper than the Beatles and bubble gum. The rock is harder than either band. Call the harmonies Lennon/McCartneyesque. The boys of Love Nut have their way with the short pop song format and come up winners. They've cast their hat into the growing pool of thousands tired of the Seattle sound that will not go away. It's better to copy the past and attempt some growth than to copy a formula that is more tiring with each new band and each passing day.

Sid

Lounge Ax Defense and Relocation CD
Touch and Go

The CD has a song from all of the favorite bands who are currently signed to major labels or soon will be. Here's a story. A teen-aged girl approached a "clerk" in a local used CD shop. She threw down the two Epitaph Offspring CDs and asked, "Which of these is better?" Pointing at Smash she said, "This one is probably trendier." The "clerk" replied, "Yes, it is trendier." She bought it. Is there a

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problem with the school system? One totally and completely unreleased song each from the likes of Jesus Lizard, Sebadoh, Guided By Voices, Yo La Tengo, the Mekons, Superchunk, Archers Of Loaf, Seam, Tortoise, etc. fills the pits Best benefit CD I've listened to since Home Alive. More noise, discordance, lo-fi, sci-fi and sandpaper scratching than most can stand. Listen in the comfort of your own soundproofed environment. Nail thrift shop mattresses and old couch cushions to the floors, ceilings, walls and windows of your living environment and crank it until a noise complaint results. The Bad Livers are outside any reference point any SLUG reader can deliver; except those without any branches on their family trees. All proceeds from the sale of the CD go to the Lounge Ax defense or relocation fund: a worthy cause.

Lizar Picar the Retard

Les Thugs Strike Sub Pop

Les Thugs played last month at the Bar & Grill. Due to the usual fiasco called work I totally missed them live. They are the "oldest" punk rock band on the Sub Pop label. What that means is they haven't jumped ship for more lucrative contracts elsewhere. They come from France and they are called the best band in France. Name another French band.

"Allez Les Filles!" is bash and clang. "Summer" is a drone with clang and bash. "Strike" is moody, dark and moody. Set the sustain, change chords every 30 seconds or so and recite the lyrics in a gothic monotone. Peter Murphy wishes he was still this good. In France there are actual strikes. In America it's "I don't want to get

up, I close my eyes, the world is ugly." All these bands today are arguing over what is punk and what isn't punk. It reminds me of 1981 or something. Les Thugs don't argue, they just play it. Atonal punk as in "Poison Head." It lasts about three minutes. Please refer back to "Strike" when thinking of "Loving Son." Steve Albini recorded and mixed the album. Whatever he did was good because as the disc moves through "Bella Canzon," "Assezi!" and "Waiting" the spare, stark, harshness that made punk enjoyable from the beginning shines on through. If the world were less monopolistic "Waiting" sounds like something for the radio. Les Thugs have a touch of the goth in them. The punk rock they play refreshingly enough owes nothing to Southern California or the Ramones. The disc goes in the save stack along with everything I've heard from Sub Pop lately.

Simm Slot

The Pushstars Meet Me At The Fair Imago

Coming to you straight from the label famous for releasing the music of Hank Rollins and Great White are the Pushstars. The blurb on the CD is, "the most fully realized debut album since the Counting Crows first." Nothing like the Counting Crows to raise the expectations of a SLUG hack. As with most professional music journalists we are objective. You all know what this sounds like. There are bands holed up all over Salt Lake City, not to mention America, trying to duplicate this sound. I'll place it firmly in the category of "college rock." The elements are all in place. Chris Trapper is the vocalist/songwriter/guitarist. The band hails from Boston. Trapper has the voice, think Edwin McCain or Gin Blossoms. He has the talent with the words. His fellows, Ryan MacMillan (drums, percussion) and Dan McLoughlin (bass, keyboards) back him in semi-jam/mainstream fashion. The band will embark on a heavy touring schedule during the year. By this time next year, unless a backlash kicks in, they will be as famous as Darius. I

guess I skipped too many classes and frat parties because the entire genre does nothing for me. College boys with bowl cuts, pony tails and Nordstrom Gap/Banana Republic clothing are encouraged to check out the Pushstars. The other tribes can pass.

A K-Mart Shopper

Richard Davies There's Never Been A Crowd Like This Flydaddy

Brian Wilson. The Beach Boy craftsman's name is appearing more often today than it did in the '60s. Wilson, early Bee Gees, later Beatles and the Carpenters are all cited as influences for a style of music dubbed "ork-pop." Forget the category. Davies is basically a singer-songwriter. His disc is filled out with lush production, a horn, a harmonica, piano, acoustic guitar etc. etc. The sweetest, prettiest little disc the ears can handle. The flip-side of lo-fi. A recent Billboard article went to great length comparing the current state of radio to when dinosaurs walked the airwaves. Pearl Jam as Blue Oyster Cult. Can't say that I disagree, but Richard Davies isn't the answer. I'm certainly not looking forward to the return of "Massachusetts," "I Started A Joke," "We've Only Just Begun" or "Only Yesterday." The hottest thing on There's Never Been A Crowd Like This is the closer "Showtime," complete with a red-hot Dixie-land trumpet solo. It's an instrumental.

Jimmy



Silverlake What A Drag Neurotic Records

Silverlake isn't a band, it is a neighborhood. The most famous resident is Keith Morris, his band isn't on this compilation. His band doesn't exist any-

more. For more information on why please check back issues of SLUG or the personnel of Bad Religion. Eight local Silverlake bands appear. The song titles are exceptionally interesting. "Spin Cycle," "Prey For Old Men," "Where Ford Falcons Come To Die," "Rock In My Hand," "Conformist C*nt" and "I Wanna Beavis You" are most interesting. Let's take them one at a time. The first is about the laundromat, the second robbery, the third white trash society, the fourth masturbation or a riot, the third a blond sell-out bitch and the last is...well have you ever met anyone who imitates Beavis while they stroke the "Rock In My Hand"? Just like Mr. Morris' band the music leans in the Richard Speck direction. If you don't understand then I guess you've never been in prison. "Rock and roll and fuck society?" That is a clever lyric, I don't think I've ever heard it before. Have Lutfisk as the openers on the upcoming Sex Pistols reunion tour. Fuck, why don't they gather together the Dead Boys, Stiff Little Fingers and the Saints, add a few new American bands and hold a "No Future: 1984" festival. Die hippie die.



Slayer Undisputed Attitude American

There's a guy writing new release reviews for Phonolog who is an absolute genius. He hates heavy metal, and he can destroy a CD better in one paragraph than anyone I've ever encountered. Go into a shop and ask to see his work. The entire press release for the CD was one huge complaint about the current state of the punk rock nation. They still don't like the "geek" music played by "guy's we beat up in high school." Slayer believes they can do it bet-

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ter. At least the album is only thirty-two minutes long. Unlike the Phonolog guy I found Undisputed Attitude quite pleasant. Slayer were always at their best when they played as fast as they possibly could. They have no choice this time. Fourteen songs in thirty-two minutes equals just over 2 minutes per song. Call it a monster of thrash. For the most part blood, guts, Satan and the rest are left for the next record. The are enough obscenities to gain the Parental Advisory sticker. Something about "I want to fuck you in the ass." Take it for what it is. Brains aren't needed. The brainy songs are left to the Circle Jerks and Bad Religion. Slayer, despite their bad attitudes and tough guy posturing, are out to entertain the kids. It is however important to remember that Tom Araya is not about to go hang himself like Richard. He's too busy counting the money. Undisputed Attitude is a brutal blast of speed, negativity and noise, with the exception of "Gemini." Can't have a Slayer album without praising Satan. He'd call their souls home. If harmony, melody, hooks and positive thoughts are desired don't listen. Go buy Cannibal Corpse.

Lemmy Kravitz

The Magnetic Fields *The House Of Tomorrow EP* **Feel Good All Over**

The disc is billed as five loop songs. All songs are published by Gay And Loud. One can't help but hope the Magnetic Fields pick up the tempo and jump start the deal after "Young And Insane." Forget that noise, it ain't going to happen. So it's another dedication to David

Bowie. That is after all the trend. Throw in the references to '80s British pop that have Salt Lake City held in the jaws of a vice and expect it to sell millions. Except as usual no one will catch on. Steve Merritt is held responsible. He was the force behind the critically acclaimed, consumer ignored masterwork by the 6ths. The EP is actually a reissue from 1992. An ethereal piece of music that rocks along at Quaalude pace for an enjoyable 20 minutes or so. Go ahead and ignore it. I can't tell, "Are you a boy or a

Christopher Bagbins

The Specials *Today's Specials* **Virgin**

The Specials have reformed. Their disc isn't going to excite many of those in search of Orem's version of "Too Much Too Young." Stiff was a long, long time ago. The Specials slow the ska down to reggae tempo. The disc opens with a dub version of Paul Desmond's "Take Five." There isn't an original song on the album. They cover Bob Marley, Desmond Dekkar, John Holt, The Clash and others. A touch of dance-hall, some horns, female backing vocals and a former ska band masquerading as a rasta cover band. It looks like Roddy Byers and Neville Staple are the only original members. I'm thinking that the 2-Tone crowd is in for a disappointment when the Specials arrive at the Fairgrounds on June 26. Who knows maybe they'll crank it up live. The Specials will appear at the Horticulture Building on June 26.

The Wallflowers *Bringing Down The Horse* **Interscope**

Now Interscope has jumped on the bandwagon. The Wallflowers are yet another hippie band. Isn't it interesting to see the term "hippie band" used by "journalists" working for more respected papers when it was actually pioneered in the pages of SLUG. Give the Wallflowers credit; at least they have some credibilty due to one parent's history as a pioneering hippie. This Dylan kid has some talent, to date he's demonstrated

more than the Lennon offspring. For added credibility look to who produced the deal. T-Bone Burnett is behind the knobs. Continuing the list of famous names is the appearance of Burnett's "significant other," Sam Phillips, Shaun Penn's brother and some guy named Adam Duritz. For stand-out songs I'll pick "Josephine." "You're so sweet you must taste just like sugar and tangerines." The Allman Brothers inspired guitar soloing only adds to the pleasure. Boogie down boys. It's better than the Traveling Wilburys. It doesn't suck at all. "But I hear voices and I see colors." Does daddy still have the best connections? The Wallflowers will appear with another breaking band, Dogs Eye View, on June 25 at DV8.

Gid Tanner

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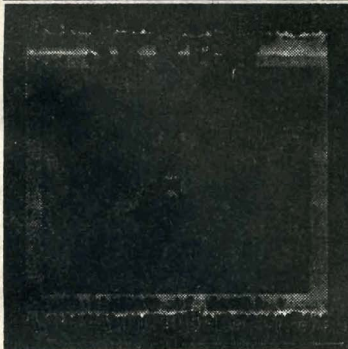
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-John Forgach



SKREW

Shadow Of Doubt *Metal Blade*

The band Skrew released *SHADOW OF DOUBT* back in April. Skrew founding member Adam Grossman was a member of the now defunct band Angkor Wat (check out *WHEN OBSCENITY BECOMES THE NORM*

...*AWAKE* - a true classic). By Angkor Wat's second album (and last), *CORPUS CHRISTI*, two original members were out, leaving all duties to the remaining three. After *CORPUS CHRISTI*, what remained of Angkor Wat (Danny Lohner and Adam Grossman), became Skrew. Their first album incorporated many outside musicians, leaving the rest to the two founding members. Danny and Adam have since parted ways, leaving Adam at the helm. Skrew has been in a state of transition since the beginning, though it seems Adam is striving for the stability of a solid lineup. The current lineup features six members, most notably Bobby Gustafson (of Overkill fame) on guitar. The song writing seems more structured and focused this time around, while the band continues on with their fusion of industrial and metal. Skrew is currently on tour with Sacred Reich in Europe. They will be back in the U.S. in a month to do a second U.S. tour. If it's up to Skrew, I wouldn't hold my breath waiting for them to play Salt Lake. Only myself and about ten other people bothered to show up the last time they came around.



PERPETUA

Irrational *Pavement*

The band Perpetua, even though from Brazil, will for the most part escape the Sepultura comparisons...but let's do it anyway, it pisses people off. Lyrically, Perpetua writes about oppression, deception, ignorance, racism, fear, - huh, sounds like Sepultura to me. Actually, other than the lyrics, the comparisons fall a little short. Perpetua is a bit heavier and a little less technical (though the boys from Sepultura are no technical madmen themselves). There also doesn't seem to be the influence of Brazilian music either. Overall, I like this band.

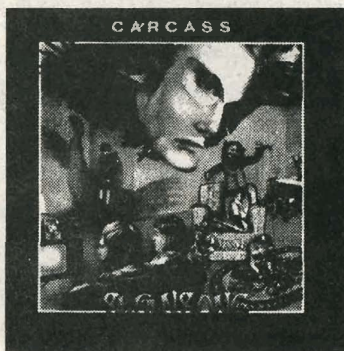
MALEVOLENT CREATION

Joe Black *Pavement*

Malevolent Creation's, JOE BLACK, is a mixture of newer material, techno/remixes, old demo stuff from 1990, and a cover of Slayer's *Raining Blood*. If for no other reason, I like this band because of the last time they played in Salt Lake. It was about a year ago that Malevolent came here to play with Forbidden. To make a long story short, the venue was changed at the last minute, and Malevolent ended up playing in what appeared to be someone's garage. Forbidden didn't show, and the night was quite a fiasco, but Malevolent played anyway.

That night showed a lot about what this band is made of. The new material is right on. The techno/remix stuff is a little hokey in

parts, but is still good. The demo stuff shows these boys rocked even in the formative years. Check it out.



CARCASS

Swansong *Earache*

What do you do when a giant falls?...You get out of the way dumb-ass! Or, in the case of the band Carcass, you check them out. That's right, we have lost another great metal band. Unfortunately, this past year we've seen the demise of the three greatest metal bands (in my opinion) of all time. Those three being Coroner, Death, and now Carcass. Apparently, Carcass was signed by Sony, recorded *SWANSONG*, and was then dropped because the recording wasn't commercial enough...DUH. The band's name IS Carcass. I just think the geniuses at Sony could have figured that out that a little sooner. Anyway, I guess the band was just sick of getting screwed, so they packed it in. Early recordings of Carcass, such as *SYM- PHONIES OF SICKNESS* and *REEK OF PUTREFACTION*, were extremely raw. The lyrics were grotesque to say the least, most dealing with some body part liquidizing, eroding, collapsing, seeping, emulsifying, or just plain being smashed, stripped, or crushed. Later recordings found the band abandoning the medical terminology influence, and writing more to fit the mainstream.

Along with the lyrics, the music became more refined. If you like *SWANSONG*, I strongly urge you to get a hold of *HEARTWORK* by the band. *SWANSONG* will be out on June 4.

EDGE OF SANITY

Crimson
BATHORY
Blood On Ice
FLESHCRAWL
Bloodsoul
NECROPHOBIC
Spawned By Evil
Black Mark Productions

I'm going to kill many a bird with one stone on this review. Black Mark Productions scours the earth in search of the blackest of black metal. Here's their latest offerings. 1.Edge Of Sanity, *CRIMSON* - Edge Of Sanity's (Sweden, I think), *CRIMSON*, has only one song. That song just happens to be forty minutes long. These guys are great. The music is surprisingly complex, alternating from clean guitar passages to 110 mph, grinding assaults. 2.Bathory, *BLOOD ON ICE* - Quorthon is one person in no need of an introduction in black metal circles around the world. Quorthon has unearthed tracks of his band Bathory, from recording sessions that took place around '88-'89. *BLOOD ON ICE*, Quorthon's eleventh release, was out on May 28. 3.Fleshcrawl, *BLOODSOUL* - Germany's Fleshcrawl released their third album, *BLOODSOUL*. The album was co-produced by Peter Tagtgren (Hypocrisy), who also appeared as a guest vocalist in spots. The final product is very full sounding. This band has two brothers on guitar - Mike and Stefan Hanus (Imagine what these boys went through growing up). 4.Necrophobic, *SPAWNED BY EVIL* - It says in the bio that the main factor standing in the way of Necrophobic's success, is the fact that they just haven't recorded enough material over the years. So what do they do? They put out an album with only four songs, three of which are covers.

—Forgach

A Short Story About Vomit

Even before turning the bronze doorknob, Vance could smell it emanating from beneath the door. He wrapped his skinny fingers around the wet knob, wondering to himself briefly whether it was covered with freshly cleansed, soapy-hand water; just fresh piss. He twisted and shouldered open the door. Immediately, a raging stench forced through the thin opening. Vance inhaled a last long breath of clean air, and thrust himself into the fly-infested restroom.

As he fumbled clumsily with his zipper, the torrid smell pushed it's way deeper into his lungs. When he could no longer hold his breath, he exhaled -- simultaneous with the beginning of a frantically yellow urine stream. "Ahhhh!" A Vance inhaled, the eager musk assaulted his nose and throat, forcing him into a violent dry-gag. While twitching from the vomit, an unsolicited spurt of hot piss trickled down both legs of his denim jeans.

Fully angered, heavily soaked and partially drained, he cinched off the uncontrolled urine. Vance was at work. He worked at a semi-professional news station, and having drenched his pants with piss, he needed a moment to collect his thoughts and clean himself. He approached an unoccupied stall and pulled at the rusted handle. His eyes were involuntarily drawn to a bloody pot of shit-stew encircling the rim of the tainted bowl. That, combined with the full flavored smell of the room again made him dry-gag. His stomach tightened as he leaned over the bowl to strain his guts. "Ack, Ack!"== nothing. Then, without warning, a flood of food and drink rushed up and out of his mouth. Vance, not really expecting to actually vomit, sprayed the chunky mixture on his hands and down the front of his shirt. This transformed into a massive puking attack. The extreme pressure bent him to his knees where he then rested his hands upon the sticky floor.

Through the flow of vomit, he could see some of the creamy shit-stew staring back at him. The sight of it triggered another spell of wheezing and upchuck. Vance emptied his entire stomach into the grungy toilet bowl, and raised to his feet. A long stream of vomit clung to his eyebrow. He depressed the flush lever of the toilet and turned for the stall door.

As he took that first step, his leather sneaker skidded upon the slippery floor. Vance flew backwards towards the toilet. Scrambling to reach anything, he locked his hands around the toilet paper dispenser seconds before the back of his head connected with the porcelain bowl. Vance's eyes faded to gray as he lost consciousness--out cold. His hair waved peacefully in the river of shit which was heavily over flooding. Fresh and stale feces alike flowed freely over his entire body. An unraveled roll of toilet paper was dispersed across his chest. Hours passed as Vance lay undiscovered by anyone. The toilet continued to flood crazily. The water level rose to nearly one foot--high enough for a passing stool to bump Vance in the nose and float past.

Three hours passed. Vance, completely soaked, began to awaken. His weary eyes opened slowly. The sudden realization of his situation induced a gasp through which a river of piss-shit-puke raced into his mouth and throat. Coughing, he managed to stand. A swollen, bloody laceration upon his head throbbed with pain. He trudged through the swamp towards the exit. Before leaving, he caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror. Pieces of shit dangled from his hair. Vance rolled his eyes in disgust and spit a small, crunchy chunk of yellow-brown turd into the sink. "Fuck,"--he muttered.

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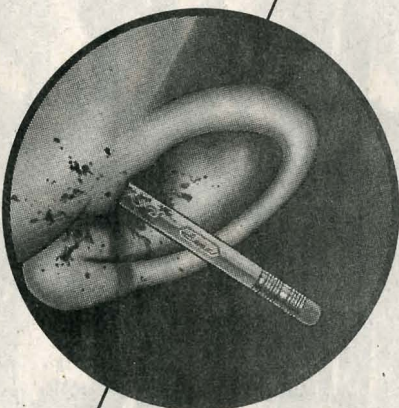
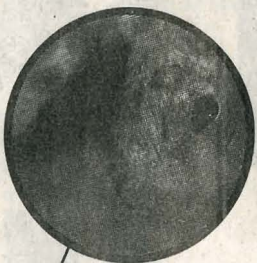
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