

Zen Guerrilla

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

Invisible "Liftee" Pad/Gap-Tooth Clown is the CD currently under consideration and it isn't a review at all because the band will visit Salt Lake City in March. What is it about an Alternative Tentacles CD that pushes me to the very brink? It could be their motto - "Giving Art A Bad Name Since 1979." Zen Guerrilla opens their blast with a dance number - "Chicken Scratch." The next ditty is feedback and screeching. What follows is a cover of the old gospel number "This Little Light." Zen Guerrilla call it "Wee Wee Hours," but it is still "This Little Light" to me. I grabbed the mega-

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

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

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

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

Meeshack Abindigo, the only surviving Three Nephite

Zen Guerrilla Retraction

The preview piece I did on Zen Guerrilla last month was taken the wrong way by a number of people including Zen Guerrilla themselves and Jennifer Fisher, the Alternative Tentacles publicist. Jennifer called on the phone and after telling me what an idiot I am she asked for a retraction. There are very few people in this world who command enough respect for me to comply with such a request. Alternative Tentacles, Jello Biafra, Jennifer Fisher and Zen Guerrilla all do. My words were an idiotic attempt to play on some violence that has visited Jello Biafra in the past and also an idiotic attempt to compare Alternative Tentacles to some major corporate giant of the record industry. This stupidity closed with a review of the Zen Guerrilla disc. After Jennifer had finished telling me how my words had made her and Zen Guerrilla feel I was indeed shamed. First of all Zen Guerrilla's CD, *Invisible "Liftee" Pad/Gap-Tooth Clown*, is excellent. Secondly their live performance was easily the best thing I've seen so far in '97, and it was easily among the best I've seen in my entire lifetime and I've seen who knows how many bands. Thirdly, certain Dead Kennedy's songs have shaped my very existence and my entire attitude on life. Every time I get the flu I think of Jello Biafra's lyrics to "Government Flu," every time I'm "Too Drunk To Fuck" there is Jello. When the landlord demands the rent it's "Let's Lynch The Landlord" time and when I walk down the streets of downtown Salt Lake City I can't help but remember "Kill The Poor." "Holiday In Cambodia" needs no explanation, just look at your boss. Jello Biafra called the shots for the '90s in the '80s. If I ever had to select the heroes in my life Jello Biafra would be one of them and I'm not bull-shitting to kiss the ass of any

record label people. The words I wrote were intended to be sarcastic. They were not. Jennifer Fisher humbled me and caused me to realize that the words I write can sometimes carry farther than ever expected and that they can cause pain to those I never meant to hurt. This could well be the only time I will ever write these next words in SLUG Magazine. I apologize to the entire Alternative Tentacles staff and especially to Jello Biafra and Zen Guerrilla. I also send thanks to Jennifer because most publicists wouldn't bother to call, express their displeasure and tell me what an idiot I am, they'd simply say "fuck you dumb ass, I'm not dealing with you anymore." If I ever see music from Alternative Tentacles again believe me I will think twice about the words I write and remember that the people at the label care deeply about the music, just like I do, and that they are fucking real; they aren't just putting in their time and picking up a paycheck! Jello should be proud of the people he's hired to work for him, especially Jennifer Fisher and Jennifer should feel lucky that she can work for a company not run by middle-aged male idiots like I do, and that does not mean the Evil SLUG boss or the meager sum I earn writing for this rag! Hopefully those at Alternative Tentacles and anyone else reading this will also understand that my method for eliminating the frustration and stress brought on by employment in the corporate side of the music world is to sit down at this keyboard and let the hatred flow. I'm sorry that the hatred wound up directed in the wrong direction. Shop independent record stores, support "true" independent labels and local musicians or drown in shit!

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ZEN GUERRILLA

