

JUNE
1994
ISSUE
#66

SLUG

Helen Wolf
Letters • Stimboy
Chainsaw Kittens

Tool • All Souls Avenue

Local Records • Religion

Movies • B-Videos • Comics • Concerts

Daily Live Music Calendar

free

SPECIAL
COLLECTIONS

SLUG

JUNE 1994
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SLUG is published by the 1st of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing in the paper is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of the people who put it together. The topics included are also contributed. If you don't agree with what is said, or you feel something is missing then you should do something about it... write. All submissions must be received no later than the 20th of the preceding month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask that you keep your writing short and to the point. This gives us more room for more people's writing. We thank you for your continued support and hope we can do this for a very long time.

Thank You
SLUG Staff

Send Us Your Stuff

SLUG STAFF

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ON THE COVER



This month's cover was done by Anthony Oliver. He is a photographer and a computer generated slide, multi media wizard. He works for Lone Peak Productions where he spends his days messing around with computers and pictures, like the one on the cover... "Totally Hair Barbie" It's a slide digitized by a Nikon Coolscan into a Macintosh then edited in Photoshop. I don't know what any of that means, but it's cool and he's one helluva harp player, so there you go.

If you are interested in submitting a cover, do so. The art work must fit into a 8" x 10.5" and must be reproducible. We will accept any kind of submissions. If you are drawing the design, draw a new logo. If you want to use a second color, do the overlay yourself. If you have any questions call 468-6294.

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D A L T N N D A P S N O S L E N P K C L
U E E C R K C U A K T P L A I C P Y O T
R L W A R R A N T S H H R M G M E L D A
A I G F H S D F L Q E Z M W N M L C R E
N Z M C H S M G K J R J Z H E P F H I M
D Z D L M E A Y E T O T O Z R U E A P B
U Y E S L A Q O G F M X D A F H D J P K
R B S J R R R B S V A N I L L A I C E T
A O A E R J R R C V N M M S L S I E R O
N R V U N R J E R V T V I E X I Y C S I
R D A R K I K V G Y I M V T Z A J Z F R
B O T O A S W O Z E C Z R I Y O E X K T
Q N A P S N T L T C S Y O B R E V O L E
O T G E Q G O Y I B O N B O N J O V I I
E I E L C U L T U R E C L U B A F L O U
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L Y X E H C S T Y X R A M D R A H C I R

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Dear Dickheads

Dear SLUG,

I recently attended the Suspension of Disbelief record release party at Playschool because I had never heard the band before, and I had heard that they were good. I was disturbed when a pair of women's underwear and a bra were thrown on stage by a male friend of the band. The singer picked up the bra, twirled it around, hung it on the microphone, and later hung it around his neck. The bra and underwear had been bought earlier by the singer in anticipation of the show as a joke. That is one pathetic joke. Does this band have that little respect for women? I am growing very tired if the sexist cock-rock attitudes that are displayed at some of the shows in Salt Lake. Excusing sexism as a joke about hessian glam-rock just doesn't cut it. Maybe this band should be on tour with Bon Jovi rather than playing shows in an underground scene that is working towards social change. If alienating women was this band's goal, they have accomplished it.

Amber Heaton

Dear Dickheads,

I am writing this letter to that FUCKING IDIOT Darrell Hewitt. Your piece on "The Mosh" was a fucking piece of shit!! You knew the first thing about "moshing" you would have put a bullet in your Skull for putting your name to such a stupid, uninformed article. You are the dumb fuck who is missing the point. You will not understand what I am about to explain to you!

First of all, if you are spending all week conforming to the world and hiding your true self, you should not be "moshing" anyway. Faggots like you should be home fist fucking yourself, now that is an expression of aggression. What the hell do you think aggression means? Ever heard of a dictionary? Webster's Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language states, and I quote, "aggression (ag're shen), n. 1. an unprovoked offensive attack. 2. the practice of mak-

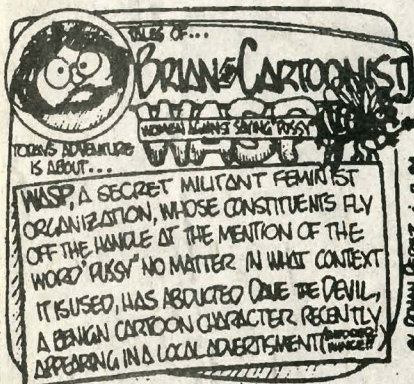
ing assaults or attacks." Aggression sounds a lot like violence to me. Next time you use a word, learn what it means, before you use it, you fucking lipshit.

If slam dancing "wasn't aggressive (violent) enough for today's needs, then what are you doing crying about your more aggressive (violent) "moshing"? You can take your fucking etiquette and shove it up your fucking ass!

Head walking and stage diving are done at your own risk, but so is slam dancing. If you are going to get in the pit, you better be ready to pay the price. If you cannot take the violence (aggression) then get the fuck out! I slam to hurt people and to get hurt, and if I ever see your tear stained eyes, in the pit, I will be happy to wipe them for you with my fist. Derrell Hewitt...GO GET FUCKED!

—I Don't Mosh FUCKFACE

ONE MORE TIME....
DEAR DICKHEADS
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HELEN WOLF

MULTIPLEX SUMMER

Hot Flix 4 Cool Teens

I hate music. I'm sick of rock. It's got to be hack burnout. In the past few weeks I've found myself talking back to infomercials ("Anthony Robbins rules!", "Maybe I DO need a HealthRider."), building a Jackie O shrine, and actually agreeing with Ben Fulton's Private Eye gnashings. (Twice! Fuck!)—I need a break. But I can't let down my fan club (both of you), so I'll set my sights this month on the one thing lower on the food chain than music bizzers—movie industry weasles. Here are some previews of what The Man is serving up this summer.

THE CROW: "Killer, CD dude—I heard they made a movie too!" Brandon Lee stars as a dead rocker (hmm), and his actually being real-life dead has kicked up sales (hmm). Dark, violent and smelly save yourself 5 bucks and just take a midnight stroll through Pioneer Park.

PCU: Man, I really miss those mid-80's titties n' beer flicks. While PCU lacks the *je ne sais quoi* of Porky's 2 and the *tableau vivant* of Hot Dog: The Movie, it does have smirk-king

David Spade and Mudhoney on the soundtrack—two oversights that would have made Schindler's List just THAT MUCH better.

THE FLINTSTONES: With the right PR push and some merchandising, this thing could do some business. As it is, The Flintstones is hopelessly underadvertised and doomed to Tower Theater obscurity—the studio just dropped the ball (rock?) on this one. Helen's Hint: Next time try a remake of Land Of The Lost ("Kids! Get your Sleestack Happy Meal today!").

BEVERLY HILLS COP 3: Does anyone remember Cop 2? Or anything Eddie Murphy has done since Cop 1? Me neither. Eddie's next "project" is filling that Hollywood Square between Joe Piscopo and the sound-effects guy from Police Academy.

RENAISSANCE MAN: So derivative, they even lifted the fucking THEME SONG from Stripes! Chock full of that Danny DeVito magic that makes you want to squeegie your tongue.

THE COWBOY WAY: Two rednecks (Woody Harrelson, Kiefer Sutherland) mosey to New York to fulfill their dreams of becoming breakdancers and/or male prostitutes—I can't quite remember.



CITY SLICKERS 2—THE LEGEND OF CURLY'S GOLD: If it's got a numeral after the title or came from Touchstone Studios, rinse and disinfect thoroughly.

SPEED: Keanu Reeves as a SWAT stud rescuing passengers from a bomb on an L.A. bus. We tried this with a UTA bus, but since no one actually rides the things, the tension just wasn't there.

GETTING EVEN WITH DAD: What could be more repellant than Ted Danson and Macaulay Culkin in the same movie? Throw in Madonna, Burt Reynolds and a ringing endo sement NMBLA—now we're talking!

WOLF: Apparently an unauthorized bio of my amazing life (style)

and skyrocketing career starring Michelle Pfeiffer and Jack "Nine Iron" Nicholson. Also featuring Luke Perry as JR and Mickey Rourke as evil rockabilly kingpin Wheels.

THE LION KING: Merchandise, Merchandise, Merchandise!

WYATT EARP: Three hours-plus of the worst actor this side of Larry H. (Hammerlock) Miller—Kevin Costner. Three fucking hours?! Who wants to do ANYTHING for three hours? (Do NOT send any mail, you sick bastards)

BLOWN AWAY: Not to be confused with the straight-to-video soft porn snoozer of the same name, in which Baywatch/Charles In Charge lovelorn Nicole Eggert becomes the only actress in film to do the naked mambo with both Corey Haim AND Corey Feldman. Blech...

BABY'S DAY OUT: John Hughes flick about a baby and some kidnappers. Attach your own punchline, I'm stumped.

TRUE LIES: Scharzenegger, violence, action, \$100 million budget. Hell, might as well be a new Guns N' Roses video.

AIRHEADS: Adam Sandler and Brenden Fraser star as a lame metal band that takes a radio station hostage to get their tunes on the air. Based on true events and originally titled The KBER Story.

—Helen Wolf

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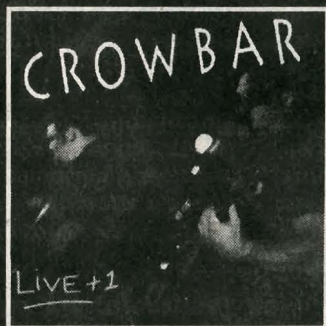
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UNMITIGATED RAMBLING

Now that Kurt Cobain has kicked the bucket, going out in a twisted self-help Over Eaters Anonymous way that prevents Jenny Craig from getting any real sleep at night, I think it's time we all got to see what really happens on the other side of the Great Beyond. For this junkie I enlisted the services of reclusive spiritualist to the stars, Betty White. First, though, I had to drag her out of the sleazy bar she was ensconced in, a seedy little dive within Iron Fortress Beverly Hills. Only those in-the-know, or with a snazzy, zoot capri SLUG press I.D. are allowed into it's dark underbelly where taverns like this one survive for washed up old nobodies from Hollywood's fringe to hunker down and throw back a few hundred dirty glasses of Wild Turkey with cough syrup sidecars to chase away the blues and eradicate any brain cells imprinted with the information of what abject losers and apathetic cankersores they are. She had run up an astronomical tab, and the gorilla stuffed into the Ishtar t-shirt behind the bar wasn't about to let the old whore go so easily. He wanted her to do some cheap magic tricks that apparently she had been slurring about for the last couple of days. Obviously an easy ploy to get a few more drinks out of the bar and into her diseased body. She was far too wasted to be pulling any animals out of her crotch, let alone her purse she had been vomiting into for the past month, and I pointed this out to the talking primate.

William E. Coyote: Look pal, the lady here's had one too many, why don't you ease up?

Gorilla in the alcohol mist: Hey man, the bitch's been flappin' her gums for days now about some magic tricks she learned from David Copperfield, and I wanna' see em'.

W.E.C.: What the fuck are you talking about? She doesn't know David Copperfield. From Herve Villachez. You think she could do some stupid trick? Look at her, she is so far gone I'll be lucky if I can get her to blow a few Iranian cab drivers to defer the cost of this expedition.

Betty: I do sho know David Hasselhauf! Godamnint, I helped heal thinks between him and KITT! **W.E.C.:** (Pushing Betty's face back into bar) See? She's so fucked up I'm gonna' have to change her Depends

myself, and I hate what cherry flavored cough syrup does to a person's insides, especially one whose body is as ravaged as hers. So why don't you cut me some slack, what do you say?

G.M.: (Pointing to a smiling Don King hugging an obese Ken Wahl, near life-size behind the counter, a sloppy "Best Wishes Barney" scrawled along the bottom) You see that? I can make that kind of shit happen. All right, this sow has been drinkin' up our booze, goin' on about these fuckin' tricks of hers, and runnin' up a big bill. Now the boss ain't gonna' be so happy when he hears about this shit, cause she promised him she'd do a few tricks on his show if he kept her bill open. Now what am I gonna do about that?

Betty: (Pushes stool out from under her and falls to the floor) Jush let me show you!

W.E.C.: (Kicks Betty on side of head, knocking her unconscious) Look godamnint, I haven got time for this shit. Let me see her bill.

G.M.: (Eyeing me warily as he fumbles around with some papers, finally extracting one and handing it to me) Here, but I gotta' call the boss.

W.E.C.: Fine. Let me see...What the fuck is this shit?! There's almost two cases of Wild Turkey here! And if she drank that much cough syrup her liver'd explode! This is a sham!

G.M.: (Speaking hurriedly into a telephone)

W.E.C.: (Picks up Betty, throws her over shoulder and heads for the door) Fuck this place man, you guys are running a real scam here. I won't pay for this crap!

I head for the door, but before I can get there, a bellow from across the room stops me in my tracks. Slowly I turn around, and there, making his way over to me, a shiny new Easton baseball bat in his furry left paw, is the big purple dinosaur himself, Barney. The gorilla nimbly jumps over the counter, tearing his Ishtar t-shirt. I notice for the first time that it is signed by Dustin Hoffman. At least I think it is.

Barney: Where the fuck do you think you're going asshole?

W.E.C.: (Thinking this is becoming way too Jobian a task for a shitty little rag like SLUG Ummm, hey, can we all get along? (Grins)

Barney: (Breathing heavily and threatening me with baseball bat) listen you little cocksucker, that

washed up piece of trash drank a lot of my booze, and she was supposed to appear on my show. The kids were really looking forward to seeing her, even though the little pukes never heard of her. Now I figure either you or her owe me a lot of money and an apology to the kids. What re you going to do about it fuckhead?

W.E.C.: (Quickly flashes aforementioned SLUG I.D. and smacks it on nearby table) Here, either of you guys, er, animals, heard of J.R. Ruppel? Well, believe you me, the guy's big, way up there on the Mormon Council of Twelve, get me? Here's my card, just give J.R. a call, and he'll have the money helicoptered out to you in a snap. But I gotta run, I've got a story to write and a deadline to keep (little do they know just how deep the lies have now become.) so if you'll excuse me...Barn's, say hi to the kiddies for me, and keep up the good work.

We push past Gallagher who was watching the door. He screamed something about did we want to see him smash a watermelon, but I jammed a five-spot in his face and sprinted for the rental God LA's a fucked up town. We made it to the pink Beverly Palms Hotel (nothing's too good for SLUG hacks), I force fed Betty some uppers, washed her off in the shower, then slapped her around 'til she woke up. She at first thought I was her son, God forbid, but she pulled out of it enough to recognize me from my typical, never changing columns. I told her what I was there for, and after having me call down to room service for some pimento cheese logs, we finally got underway. We held hands, chanted and after about two days of sleep and food deprived trances, were able to contact the Great Beyond. A switchboard operator put us in touch with the Kurtster, and as luck would have it, he was there with Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and Mama Cass. This is what they had to say.

Hello, Kurt, are you there? Can you hear us?

Kurt Cobain: Yeah, of course I can hear you, we all can hear you.

Betty: Oh, there are more of you there? Can you tell us who else is there with you?

K.C.: Jesus, some fuckin' medium you are. It's Jimi, Mama and Janis, man.

W.E.C.: Holy shit, it's the whole club! What a scoop! I should get a bonus for this one!

Jimi Hendrix: Yeah, we're all here, though some of us look a little better than others.

K.C.: What the fuck are you talking about man?

J.H.: Hey, at least we went out with drugs, we didn't go blowin' our brains

all over the place.

K.C.: Yeah? What about the pig then? She choked on a fuckin' sandwich, man!

Janis Joplin: Hey, can you cats keep it down, I've got one killer headache, alright?

K.C.: Jesus Christ, it about time you woke up, you drank all mu fuckin' vodka man.

J.J.: Hey, cool out, I'll get some more. Is there any beer around here?

J.H.: Yeah, and you know, at least we went out at the top of our careers. You hadn't even reached the top of yours.

K.C.: Fuck off fuzzball you don know shit. Hey, Janis, you stay out of my beer that's from a microbrewery back in Seattle man, some kids put it in my coffin.

Mama Cass: Any of youf guysh shee da mayfo?

K.C.: Wipe your fuckin' mouth and quit talkin' with your mouth full you pig.

J.H.: Yeah, and what did you call your music anyway?

K.C.: Hey, I'm a fuckin' artist man, I don't put any labels on anything or anyone, except the fags of course.

J.H.: Yeah sure, what ever you say, but what was it called?

K.C.: Grunge man, it's called grunge, can you get that through your nappy head, man?

J.H.: By the way you were an artist, now you're dead.

J.J.: Wow, this is really good beer man, tastes like raspberries.

K.C.: You fuckin' lush! I told you to stay out of those!

W.E.C.: Hey, do you mind? This is costing me a bundle in pimento cheese logs. I just have a couple of questions for you a then we'll leave you alone. Now, Kurt, why did you really kill yourself?

Didn't you guys get my note dude? I thought that would have explained it all...

W.E.C.: Yeah, we all saw it, but I want the real story, come on Kurt. Alright, your superior investigative journalistic skills drew it out of me. The real reason that I killed myself was because just then Betty's carotid artery blew out of her neck and started gushing all over the place like a fire hose. Of course since I was the only EMT in the room the onus of calling 911 fell to me. What fucking luck. Oh well, at least I got some cool pictures of Betty shooting blood out of her neck like the Exorcist, and quick thinking on my part enabled me to blame the disaster on the pimento cheese logs the hotel served up so the room was comp'ed. Oh, and Helen Wolf, wherever you are, don't go changin' babe!

—Chris Salisbury

One Week Only!**PREMIERING June 17-23****NAUGHTY, OUTRAGEOUS, RIBALD!**

- Rene Rodriguez, MIAMI HERALD

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- Rick Marin, MADEMOISELLE Magazine

**ALMODÓVAR'S****KIKA****One Week Only!****PREMIERING June 17-23****jackie chan in****Crime story****"AS FAST AND FURIOUS AS ACTION PICTURES GET...ONE EXCITING SEQUENCE AFTER ANOTHER!" - L.A. Times.**

Jackie Chan is Hong Kong cinema's leading actor. Highly versatile, he plays comedy and drama equally well. As a martial artist, he is without peer. This time he takes on dark-edged drama with CRIME STORY. Based on a recently hushed-up case, CRIME STORY has Chan as a member of Hong Kong's Special Crimes Squad recently disgraced by a botched shootout. He's assigned to protect a millionaire real estate developer threatened by a powerful combo of terrorist groups. When the millionaire is kidnapped, it begins to look like the crime was aided from inside the department. Chan watches as the certainties of his profession collapse. Director Kirk Wong has created a gun-metal-blue, neo-noir look for the film that is both eye-catching and appropriate; the menace of this dark urban landscape has a gleaming high-tech edge. CRIME STORY doesn't look or feel like any other Jackie Chan film; it's a clear step forward in his ongoing effort to mature gracefully as a movie star.

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LOCAL RECORDS

DOGHOUSE

Vague & Thumpy

Vicious Ferret

Words & Music, That's what it's all about. Throughout this tape, one of the two always seems to stand out. Don't get me wrong, sometimes the words are pretentious (who's aren't), but mostly they are exactly what I like; words that you should think about, or make you do so. And delivered very strongly by Brenda's unique mixture of art & soul with an occasional flirtation with Teri Nunn (Berlin), but more often than not her great voice makes the song.

The music for the most part is extremely cool and interesting because it's a mosh of guitar antics over very smooth and subtle rhythms with good groove from bass & drums. Isn't that the way it should be? Well it works for Doghouse & alot of bands make the mistake of not going with what works.

I suppose if I had to bitch about something, it would be the drum sound.

I've heard them live & the drums sounded good, but on the tape they're a little sketchy in a few spots. Overall the mix is quite good. I like "Vague & Thumpy" and I'm not sure why, but it has something to do with words & music. Plus I loved Bill's little masturbation piece at the end of side one.

One more thing (young bands take notice), song selection (order) is really important! It gives (or kills) something called "flow". This tapes "flow" is perfect.

ALL SOULS AVENUE

Shallow Sea Music

Independent

Ever heard the expression 'more than meets the eye'? That should be the title of this release from ASA. Call me a sucker for cool guitar work, especially when it revolves around cool melody hooks. The first thing I noticed about this tape is, it is engineered very well. Kudos to Mr. Nyk Fry.

Anyway, back to the guitar work. Jeff Alleman separates himself (and thusly the band) from the generalization of 'hairball rock band' by pulling out some very neat mixes of old tricks and great ideas for guitar melody lines. Especially in "Zoe Bae", arguably the strongest song on the tape, (at least my favorite) This is an exceptional band, perhaps mislabeled by the alternative crowd. Everything is solid and well thought out. The vocals are exacting to the music and the rhythm section is right in the pocket.

This is not grunge, alternative, punk or thrash. This is a really good, hard rock band, and should be listened to as such.



THE DOLLYMOPS

Bended/Bent

Mono Media

This circular piece of plastic has a big hole. I like the ones with big holes. Especially when they spin at 45 RPM. That way I don't have to deal with any troublesome fractions. It's pastel blue with little waves of white. Looking at the record reminds me of a light show put on by Five Fingers On Your Hand. The cover has a trashy drawing similar to those gracing the covers of many garage-band records. You know the ones, the bands who sit around watching B movies and then try to write the theme song.

The record has been out for quite a while. By now the limited edition 1,000 copies have probably been snagged by old Massacre Guys' fans after getting the legendary Jon Shuman's autograph. I always heard that 45 RPM gave the maximum fidelity on a DJ turntable. You'd never know it from the racket coming out of my Salvation Army speakers. Fidelity be damned.

"Bent"...hold on a minute, I think this fucker's scratched...Ok, I'm back. That's how it's supposed to sound. "Bent" bludgeons its way through however many minutes and seconds it lasts. Now for the true SLUG rundown. Dude, this shit rules, man I can't believe how much I love the Dollymops, dude-man Shuman is sooo cool.

I can't understand what in the hell he's singing about; it sounds like some bitch. He's probably heavily into rap after all these years spent watching Steve-O and Karl make the big bucks while he's stuck in the projects. Oh, I'm sorry, it's something about masturbation - he's "bent." While the band grinds away Shuman alternates his screams with little spoken word pieces. The vertiginous, (just call me Lester Bangs) guitar, drums and bass swirl and dance around his vocals. The droning bass and heavy drums of the rhythm section will eat their way through your eardrums and into your subconsciousness. You'll wake-up at four a.m. screaming "you're bent." On the B-side is "Bended." I can see them now; Shuman kneeling in front of the amps, coaxing the feedback out. El hermano de ello is holding

himself back desperately trying to keep time as Hansen does the old swinging arm thing on the bass. Then Shuman leaps to the mike to speak; "Where are you? Did you get lost on the trip? Did you get trapped in memory? Did you forget? What did you do? You brought your old mind games with you. Dreary old paranoias. You had to make it a bad trip." I'm back at the Terrace Ballroom searching for that lost hit of purple microdot while the carpet moves in time to Vanilla Fudge.

I recommend finding any remaining copies of the single immediately. Could you guys please do an entire album of this shit? I want mine on the same colored vinyl.

by Wa

DEVIANCE

'93/'94 Demos

This tape was passed along to me by someone who felt that I might gain more enjoyment from it. Recorded on one side of a 54 minute Sony the second side of the tape gives insight into the influences. The Misfits "Walk Among Us," The Ramones "Live," The Primitives "Pure," and Helmet "Live" are recorded on side two.

Sunshine is the vocalist, Dave, Greg, and Charlee all play guitar, Jesse and Charlee play bass and Charlee drums. The '93 recordings are all pure, awe-inspiring, thrashing punk rock. Separating Deviance from the countless thousands of other punk bands are Sunshine's vocals. It's a good thing the recording included the Primitives because it makes my job far easier. Yes, she has a definite Tracy Tracy debt to pay off. Throw in very early Debbie Harry, say from Blondie's first album on Private Stock, and Siouxsie Sioux for the full effect. Sunshine doesn't mimic any of the aforementioned girls, she has her own style - part little girl, part banshee and part angry maturity.

The '93 stuff is pretty clear, the sound on remainder of the tape is muddy. That is to be expected from a demo tape. In spite of the muddy sound the power of the music comes through. I opened with a description of this music as thrashing punk rock. Punk rock to most means that Orange County sound of the early '80s. Deviance seems to know that punk rock began well before the Orange County scene. The Ramones are ever present, as side two of the tape demonstrates. Blondie began life at CBGBs; with Television, Talking Heads and Richard Hell; and ended it as a disco band. From Detroit came the Stooges, preceding CBGBs were the Dolls, and Patty Smith belongs in there someplace. Then there were the legendary Sonics from the Pacific Northwest, the original Deviants and untold numbers of '60s punks.

The best example of garage sci-fi meeting Debbie Harry is the '93 song "Invasion From Mars." Harry's "Call Me" vocals are used by Sunshine wishing for a trip to Mars. The break features waves of heavy metal guitar soloing from whoever is taking the lead on this song. Sticking with the sci-fi theme is "V," the last song from the '93 sessions. "Inside my happy world there's a computer to make me high."

chorus repeated over and over to guitar, bass and drums which lash out and beg for a pit.

The '94 demos are more varied. They open with "Faint," a song taking the funky lead bass of the oldie "Fever" and mixing blues lead guitar with grind as it progresses. "Word Of Greg" is darker. This song has heavy-handed bass over Hendrix, minimal drums and the ever present Sunshine. "Alone" is Sunshine doing Joey as Deviance imitates the Ramones. "Space Age Monstrosity" continues the 1, 2, 3, 4 four Ramones four chord rock and it is another trash culture, sci-fi, garage tune. Sunshine is pissed off on "End Of Greg," she spews the vocals - a very harsh and angry song. She continues the mood for the remaining two songs. All the '94 material is short. I doubt anything goes over three minutes.

The man I hold responsible for the tape is Charlee Johnson. He wrote all the songs, and he is the only one with a last name. Deviance doesn't sound like Salt Lake. This garage stuff is more popular in the Northwest and in the East than it is here. Call Deviance an updated garage band, but they don't excavate the past. They take what they need, add their own vision and produce some pretty nice rock and roll. I hope to hear more from this band in the future.

By Wa

LUNCHBOX

Intro To Lies/Life Is Shit

Tooth Records

All the way from Wellsville comes this seven inch with a small hole. I guess in Wellsville they think small holes are better. Anyway, about the only place to buy one of those plastic things to stick in the big holes is Radio Shack. Maybe they don't have one in Wellsville. The record plays at 33 1/3, fidelity isn't important in Wellsville either and my copy is black. How boring.

I could discuss the cover, but the truck driving hacks at the new paper have already complained about it. I kind of like the drawing and the way they've set the type. Those other hacks need to use a spell checker more, there are more misspelled words in that rag than this one.

So get to the music fool. Hey, I'm just trying to fill the space. In good old SLC record reviews are used to fill space when there isn't enough advertising. Or is it when there is too much advertising. Christ, I can't remember. Simply add it to the list of reasons why the locals don't send "product" to the alternative mainstream media around town.

"Intro To Lies" is just that, a long intro. Muddy, heavy guitars, bass and drums rattle windows for at least 60 seconds before we get to the real thing. Lunchbox starts to rock, the tempo picks up and the lead vocalist kicks in with his tale of lies. Great voice on the dude, the song has that anthemic feel which is sure to make it a staple on Salt Lake radio. The bass break is an interesting and seldom used trick. Nice job. On the B side is "Life Is Shit." The song is very similar to "Intro

To Lies," with different words. What do you expect man, it's the same band. It even has the same bass break. Ok so they wrote one good song and they repeated it.

The guitarist is no longer a resident of Utah. They'll have to find a new one. With a new guitarist on board they can probably add more variety and come up with some other, different sounding songs. What they've done here is excellent. As with most local releases it compares favorably with the vast majority of national discs, the ones the postman didn't steal, which turn up in my mailbox.

by Wa

SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF

Thoughts From A Troubled Mind
Salt Flat Records

"Thoughts From A Troubled Mind"? Come on, aren't there any pleasant, happy people in this town? The CD was recorded and mixed at Audio Visions Studio. The band helped produce it. The only reason I mention the studio is because of the crystal clear sound. Lane McNees did the mix, and from listening to this one that name is one other local bands might want to think about when heading for the studio.

Suspension Of Disbelief leans more in the direction of '70s metal than the common post-punk local band. "October Soon" is the ballad. There is some surprisingly melodic guitar backing Trent Falcone's vocals. The mania on the drums, Greg Baker, and Scott Bell, bass, keep things heavy. For an unquestionable Black Sabbath influence have a listen to "Time Again." Jake Emery keeps the thing from complete depression with some more of his guitar melody.

The opening song of the five presented, "Remember," is a hair flinger until they get to the instrumental break and slow down the tempo. Falcone vents all his anger with tried and true punk rock screaming. "Sleep Under Roses," a song of death, has surging, twisting guitar, processed backing vocals, a touch of popping and the trademark heavy-handed ming. "More Than You Find" opens with the bass pop and Falcone spits his angry call for open minds rapid fire.

The members of Suspension Of belief obviously know their way around their instruments. The playing on the album is impressive. The lyrics could use some work, but they do get the messages across. The CD convinced me that this is a local band to watch for live. I'll turn up in the near future for the visual as well as audio experience.

by Wa

VOODOO SWING

Well, Okay Then!
Cool Cat Productions

As the Europeans go cat wild over Voodoo Swing's first album, "We're Usin' Code Names," lucky residents of Salt Lake have the opportunity to listen to the second. At this time the album is only an

advance cassette - it could be the hottest bootleg in town. The boys are shopping it around to American labels and hoping for a deal. They could easily release it across the ocean, but they want the folks at home to have a chance too. If the labels don't respond soon it will be pressed up on the Cool Cat imprint and sold through the same outlets as the first.

Sophomore jinx? I don't think so. Did they use up all the good songs on the first one? The answer to that is also no. "Well, Okay Then!" is the same as the first, if not better. It is filled with songs about cars and girls. Listening to an entire album of songs about cars and girls gets tiring so they added a new element - bikes. Right there in the center of the album is a song titled "Girls Cars 'n' Bikes."

What exactly do you expect? Voodoo Swing plays "big beat" rockabilly. There isn't any socially redeeming value to this music. There aren't any deep thoughts. Voodoo Swing told the story on the first album with one of their most requested songs "American White Trash." On this new album they contemplate another curiosity of current popular culture. "Hillbilly Disco" takes on the disco revival. They steal the chorus from A Taste Of Honey's disco classic "Boogie Oogie Oogie" making it their own and creating a song that equals "American White Trash."

Voodoo Swing has played countless live dates by now. They've honed their sound to a fine edge. I've heard the disc that the boys are posers lately. Let me set the record straight. The rhythm section makes this band. The obvious star is Shorty with his devastating on electric guitar, but that "big beat" has to come from someplace. Leeroy is the guy most people forget. He sits at his kit and swings like hell. Listen to the beats he lays down in back of that big fat guitar sound on "Git On Down," "Hillbilly Rock 'N' Roll," and "Bad, Bad Love." As Shorty says to open "Honky Tonkin," the album's fifth song, "make it swing." I believe Leeroy does.

Junior, listed on the album as the man behind the doghouse bass, slaps the thing silly on the only non-original song on the album; the cover of the Collins Kid's "Rock Boppin' Baby." He's the vox behind the soon-to-be white trash classics, "Git On Down," "Bad, Bad, Love" and "Hillbilly Disco," the one with the ear-splitting shrieks and the harmony vocals with Shorty on the rest.

The advance cassette doesn't say who does Jerry Lee/Moon Mullican on the Collin's Kids cover, but whoever it is they are a welcome addition. As I said earlier the guitar sound on this album is big and fat. Make a list of all the rockabilly guitar greats, the same guys behind the biggest country and western hits of the fifties and sixties, Grady Martin, Chet Atkins, Joe Maphis, Hank Garland and Merle Travis - Shorty is their equal. This cat can play. I kind of like his vocals too.

Voodoo Swing is back with the follow-up to their first. As the Rockhouse Records newsletter from Holland says, "highly recommended." They are talking about "We're Usin' Code Names," I'll agree with them on that and add my recommendation for "Well Okay Then." Buy the first and call your favorite record company to sign these guys up and release the second in the U.S.A.

By Wa

V E N E T I A N
P A R A D I S E
G R E E D
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MISCELLANEOUS

WHITE TRASH EATIN'

COLONARY Q-ZINE AS COOKED UP BY O'DELL WISH-HEN AT HIS 18 X 80 DOUBLE WIDE

This Month's Recipe:
Pork Odds w/Pasta served in Yellow & Red Sauce

- Ingredients: Magna brand hot dogs (package of 6)
- Smith's brand macaroni & cheese
- Smith's brand ketchup

First, pour a box of mac & cheese into a pot of water, turn the

electric stove to high & walk away. By the time you hear the water hit the burner, it's got to be ready. Now slap the dogs in the microwave (NO WATER!)

Bring your weenies to a pre-explosion state. When random spots on the franks are puffed up like an aggravated tumor waiting to explode...boy the time is right! Remove the dogs and chop into 1/2 inch chunks. Pour said chunks into a pan.

Take package of yellow sauce & dump contents into pot. Never using butter, clumps are the essence of this dish. Stir rapidly until pork chunks are nicely glazed, now swirl the red sauce on Vertigo style or Puddle style. (an enormous heap in the middle)

Now garnish with five pieces of Smith's white bread. Serve with that Big Gulp you have been letting breathe since breakfast. Stab your fork into that bowl & enjoy!

—O'Dell Wish-Hen

PSYCHO CORNER

First, last month's letters...

Oh, the pageantry! Michael S., you're a pussy! Don't write us any more letters until you grow some cajones! By the way, what makes you think we're not gay?

Winky... I want you to tie me up and treat me like your dog, J.T. however, just wants to smack you around a little. But let's talk about what you want. You want the sausage sandwich, right? Meet us in the empty lot across from the State Capital, we'll play "guess what's in the box", I'll bring my mom.

WHAT MEN SAY & WHAT THEY REALLY MEAN

(A guide for naive women)

- "It was really nice to meet you" — I'd like to see your breasts the next time I see you
- "You have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen" — I want to have sex with you
- "We should go have coffee sometime" —

I want to have sex with you

- "I've missed you, how have you been?" — I haven't had a blowjob for two weeks
- "I've been real busy this week" — Someone else is giving me blowjobs
- "You're different from the other women I know" — I want to have sex with you, but I don't think you'll let me.
- "I'm not ready for a commitment" — I want to have sex with you, but if it's not good I'm outta here.
- "Of course I care about you, I just don't want to get serious" — I had sex with you & I didn't like it very much
- "I don't feel too good, I'm going to bed" — If we're not going to have sex I'm sick of talking to you
- "you're one of the coolest people I've ever met" — I want to have sex with you, will you do my laundry?

Well, there you have it, now you won't be confused when your man tells you he's never loved anyone the way he loves you (from behind with a sock in your mouth)

Till next month, remember all men are pigs, they just walk upright.

—by J.T. & The Fatman



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CONCERT REVIEWS

The Freddy Jones Band
May 28, 1994 -
The Zephyr Club

As I walked into the *Freddy Jones Band's* tour bus, their spot came on the radio for the show that night (May 26th, 1994) at the Zephyr. "Hey, turn that up!" Wayne Healy (vocals, electric guitar) hollered. Since I was closest, I twisted the dial. Marty Lloyd (vocals, acoustic guitar), Rob Bonaccorsi (vocals, electric & slide guitar), Simon Horrocks (drums), Jim Bonaccorsi (bass), and Wayne grinned at each other through the promo as if they shared a private joke or some secret. Later, that connection I witnessed on the bus electrified the packed dance floor for over two hours, leaving almost



photo
Anthony

everyone in the club sweaty and exhausted, grinning at each other like first time lovers. We all learned their secret: these boys play tight, hard, and hot together.

The first few songs were all clean and strong original cuts off their latest disc *Waiting For The Night*. As they warmed up, Marty and Rob started playing off each other, head to head, weaving guitar riffs as intricate as lace panties. But Jim had warned me on the bus that these guys can bust out at anytime. "You never know where

those two are gonna take their jams... They just start ripping it together!" Shooting into the R.G. Ford classic blues tune *Crosscut Saw*, Rob snapped a string. As Marty was about to pick-off the lead, Rob just shook his head, licking his way into a dark blue slide solo as smooth and silvery as the B-string dangling off his Gibson. From then on, they hit the groove, leading the crowd through each of their original tunes like everyone knew them as old favorites. From the modern sounds of *In A Daydream*, *Take the Time*, and *One World* to the soulful haunting blues of *Crossing* and *Night To Day*, they define in themselves a sound conceived in the blues clubs of Chicago, soulfully seasoned with rock and jazz, spiced slightly Caribbean. Its no wonder these guys have a wide following. I asked a few club goers what they thought of the band. One said they reminded him of *Credence Clearwater Revival*, while another argued for *Crowded House*. Some of the people I asked compared them to "The Grateful Dead, but better!" (These, of course, were the 'nouveau-pseudo-Dead-Heads' that seem to pervade the clubs of

Salt Lake these days. To them, no greater compliment could be given.) Laden with the burden of the blues, yet clean with the energy of modern rock dancing with the devil south of the border, I believe no single pigeon-holed definition can do *The Freddy Jones Band* justice. If you missed this show, try their disc. It's as hot and clean as it gets, just this side of being there.

—Anthony

TOOL FAILURE FLAMING LIPS May 28 - Saltair

I will not go into how bad Saltair smells. It smells like hell, that's all. The first two bands were very cool, although Flaming Lips made me wait too long for TOOL, and I missed Seinfeld and Frazier. Oh well. The frenzy in the pit was as should be expected waiting for Maynard & the boys to take the stage, and he was in rare form as

Concerts Continued
 On Page 34

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STIMBOY Says

STIMBOY, HOTELIER TO THE STARS!

Get out your number two pencils because it's time for a Stimboy pop quiz! Besides being variously referred to as "spokesmen of their generation", what do Jello Biafra, Henry Rollins and Ian McKaye all have in common? Is it tattoos? No. Is it the haircuts? Hardly. Is it humorless, rambling, self-righteous spoken word "performances"? Possibly, but no. It's not even being on the cover of Details magazine. For those of you who haven't guessed, the thing that sets these three deep thinkin' alterna-icons apart from the pack is the fact that they have all been house guests at on time or another of yours truly.

The home of Stimboy and PooPeeDee has frequently been a haven for wayward punkers looking to shave a few bucks off their travel expenses and we have always been more than happy to oblige. If there was a compilation album featuring a song from every band who has slept on our sofas and floors, it would be a punk rock version of "We Are The World". It would include tunes from such notables as Minor Threat, TSOL, Husker Du, Black Flag, The Vandals, The SubHuMans, and many more bands than can be mentioned or indeed remembered by your humble scribe. While any schmuck with a boombox and a couple of Sonic Youth cassettes can opine about whether these bands' music will stand the test of time, the important thing to me in the long run is, how did they rate as house guests, and, how do the manners of today's rising young stars compare with those of the golden age of American punk? So, without further delay, Stimboy's top ten most memorable guests from worst

to best.

10. **BLACK FLAG.** This was a tight race, they barely inched out my number nine selection but won in a tiebreaker due to the bitchy antics of the Bo Gritz of punk, H e n r y Garfield, oops, I mean Rollins. Notable conversation:

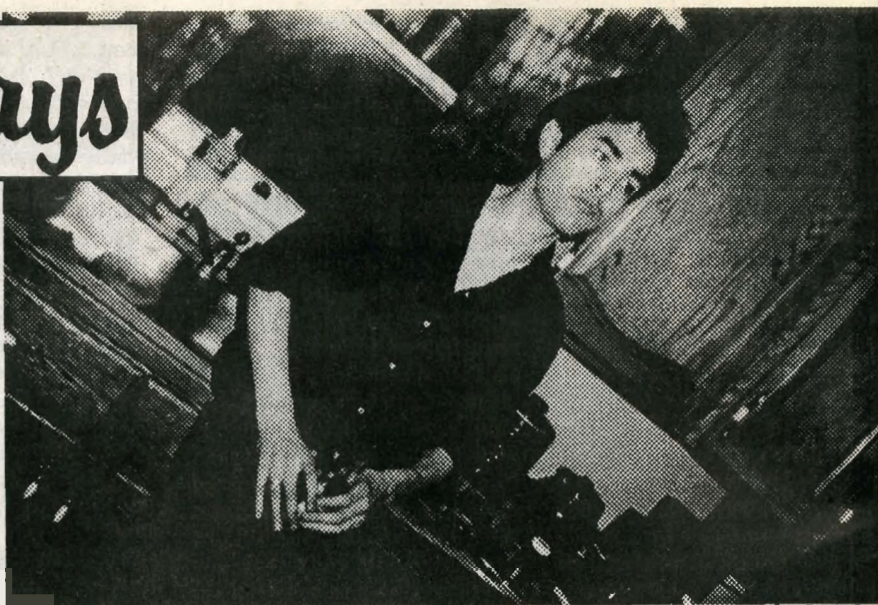
Chuck Daniels, oops, I mean Dukowski, informed me that when Greg Ginn said they were going to get a singer from Washington DC to replace Dez Cadena, he thought Ginn was referring to Ian McKaye. Dukowski quit the band soon afterward.

9. **MULE.** Mule is best known for their Gun Club meets Jesus Lizard brand of Midwestern rock and the fact that bassist Preston used to be in the Laughing Hyenas but I will always remember them for their snivelling, whining and complaining. The food's too cold, the beer's too warm, the sofa's too soft, the floor's too hard. Hey! It's fucking free ain't it? You'd almost swear they were English. Notable conversation: None.

8. **AGGRESSION.** Nice guys, good band. Does anybody know what happened to them? Notable conversation: I have no idea, we spent most of the time drinking beer and skateboarding.

7. **GODBULLIES.** Stimboy and Poopee give them two thumbs sideways. A quiet bunch, I was pleasantly surprised to find that they had left a couple of 7" singles on the coffee table before they left. Notable conversation: It turns out that their guitar player is just as obsessed with Quisp breakfast cereal as we are.

6. **JELLO BIAFRA.** Although I



The Man, The Myth, The Legend...Jon Spencer in my kitchen!
photo by Stimboy

had known Jello for quite a while, I never actually saw him when he stayed at the house. Poopee and I had been in Denver for the weekend and when we returned there was a note on Poopee's pillow with a big smiley face which read, "guess who's been sleeping in your bed?" And signed "Biafra" on the bottom. It turns out he had been flying to San Francisco when bad weather forced an 18 hour layover in Salt Lake. As we were the only people in town that he knew, he somehow convinced my mom into picking him up at the airport and letting him into our apartment. I wonder if he stole anything...

5. **HUSKER DU.** The first time Husker Du played in Salt Lake their van broke down and by the time they arrived, there were only about fifteen people left in an abandoned west side garage to see one of the greatest shows I have ever witnessed. After the show, they took their whopping \$25 and bought an enormous pizza at the Pie and a case of Old Milwaukee. They had two days off between shows and spent the majority of it sitting on our sofa watching TV and chain-smoking Camels. Their metabolism was such that it allowed them to survive on little more than beer and nicotine. My kind of people!

4. **THE JON SPENCER BLUES**

EXPLOSION. After putting on the best show this year, (last March at the Cinema Bar with Dollymops and Swimpigs) the Blues Explosion adjourned to La Casa de Stimboy for a quiet evening of video viewing, singles listening and PoopeeDee's home-made chicken soup. Due to some confusion over the door money after the show, Mr. Spencer and Co. actually made up the difference out of their own pocket, giving the opening bands a modest but well appreciated extra 20 bucks or so. Best part of the evening; Drummer Russell being generally surly while shaking off a couple of swarming groupies. Kind of like Karl Malone shaking off Muggsy Bogues in the paint.

3. **POND.** These kids from Portland, by way of Alaska are just about the only good thing Sub Pop has left these days. Just a basically nice, unpretentious trio of fellows who, not only write great songs and pull it off live, but shoot a mean game of pool as well. Upon walking through the gated walls of PoopeeDee estates, I sadly informed them that the fridge was empty and I could not offer them a beer. "Oh?" They said, "Don't worry about that, we have a whole box of it in the van." They then proceeded to load a case of Anchor Steam and Heineken

into the refrigerator and forced me to accept a free Pond t-shirt and a couple of rare singles to boot in exchange for floor space. Notable conversation: Their road manager asked if we had dogs and when I said yes he replied, "Good, I expect to be awakened by dogs in the morning."

2. MINOR THREAT. Yes, Minor Threat actually did play in Salt Lake City. In the packed basement of a frat house no less. Everything you've read about Ian McKaye is true. He's a thoughtful, intelligent, passionate guy who treats even assholes like me with dignity and respect. And contrary to popular belief, he was (and is) not some self righteous, straight edge missionary saint. Notable conversation: Ian told me the whole impetus for the straight edge "movement" was purely local, based on the fact that he and his friends were tired of every hall in DC that booked punk rock type music being shut down because of drunken rock jocks trashing the bathrooms and picking fights with the kids. He was also dismayed that the same individuals he was railing against were now shaving their heads and adopting the straight edge philosophy as an excuse to trash bathrooms and beat up kids who did drink. He hinted that Minor Threat would not tour again. Two years later Fugazi was born. Oh yeah, he also gave me five bucks for some long distance phone calls he had made and told me to spend the change on "a case of Coca Cola." And you know what? I did.

And finally, the number one house guests of all time. . . 1. TSOL. These folks were such good friends for so long that it breaks my heart when I think of the travesty they became in later years, parading under the TSOL banner with no original members and contrived Hollywood posturings. The band I knew and remember best was one of the true punk bands in the sense that, any time you attended one of their shows, there was always a sense of the unpredictable, of the possibility of complete and utter mayhem occurring at any mo-

ment, in other words, to use a hackneyed phrase, the potential for anarchy. TSOL were guests at our house more times than I distinctly remember and various members of the band returned the favor whenever I was in Los Angeles. Most memorable experience: The second time they played Salt Lake, the only place to have shows was the same garage where Husker Du had played a couple months earlier. Knowing that the demand for tickets would exceed the space, TSOL agreed to play a second show, a private, invite only party at five bucks a head in my mother's basement on Salt Lake's east bench. The Boards played, the Massacre Guys played and then TSOL. Punk Fuckin' Rock! Chester broke his leg, Brad Collins drank beer, Fightmaster threw up, T-Roy slam danced, the police came, the police left, an ambulance came, the police came back, the neighbors moved and the sun exploded. Everyone got laid and no one went to jail. Those were the days.

—Stimboy

HEADQUARTERS



Dupree's Diamond News
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All artists wishing to participate (including bands) must submit applications to the Cinema Bar, Raunch, Burts, Trash or send to the SLUG P.O. Box by JUNE 25th (No Exceptions). Bands must provide demo tape or CD (any quality). Artists should provide some type of example of work (photo is fine). There may be a small fee for booth rental. Questions call 468-6294. Applications available at above listed locations. Local artists only please! All artists welcome to participate, please do!

MORE DETAILS NEXT MONTH!



LOCAL ARTIST

Bill Robbins

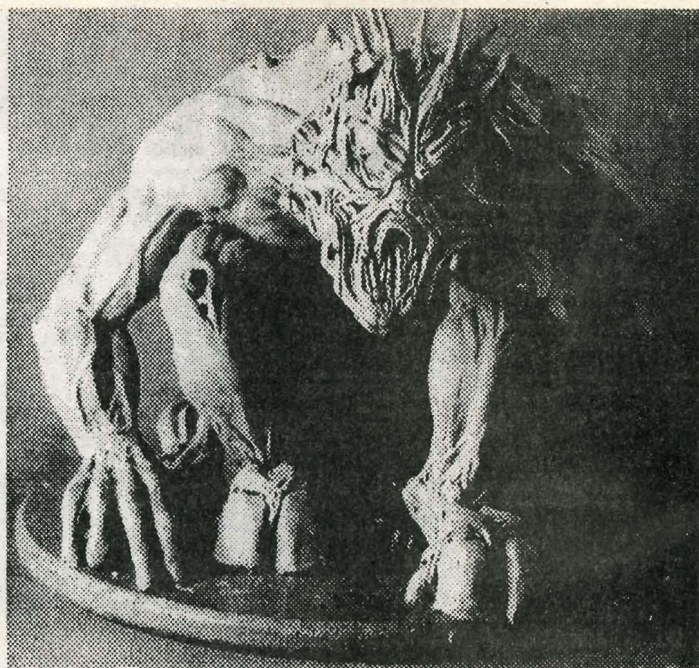
Sculptor/Artist

Bill walked into Burt's last month & handed Jr. a cover which we used, but couldn't find him afterwards to do a story on him. So here we are, a day late, but not a dollar short.

Bill Robbins is a 24 year old artist hailing from Pittsburgh, where he attended The Art Institute of Pittsburgh, which he was less than impressed with, "All they taught me was how to get screwed, basically I was self taught". Although he actually started sculpting at the ripe old age of ten, his work speaks of someone beyond his years. The obvious detailing in his work shows in the piece shown here; "Joe" which is almost gargoyle like, is hand sculpted in wax and covered in plasticine. This piece is one of my

favorites because it's almost frightening, while remaining very cerebral and passionate at the same time. You look at it and wonder what's on the little beast's mind. "Sally", (not shown) is actually a very intricate pencil sharpener. The jaws are wired along with the eyes so that when it's used, they open and close while you hone your best #2 pencil. She's made of plaster, chicken wire and plastic, and covered in latex. What a cool piece. Wish I could've seen the original. Bill uses all kinds of materials, counting nothing out, but he prefers 'Super Sculpy' which has the same properties as clay but is much easier to work with.

Bill has done several commissioned works and still does, he's just particular about what he will work on. "I'd hate for someone to hand me a picture of thier dad and want me to sculpt it." Anything else he stays away from?... "NO UNICORNS, NO WIZARDS, NO RAINBOWS!"



When he's not working for the man, he's collecting horror models and born again christian comics (feel free to send him some). But mostly he's involved with his art in whatever free time he has.

Luckily for the rest of us, he's planning on staying in Zion, for a while at least. Bill will be in a booth at the

Alternative Arts Festival on July 16th & 17th, so do yourself a favor and don't miss it. His work is great and the pictures don't do them the justice they deserve. If you want to get in touch with him in the meantime, write to the SLUG P.O. box and we'll forward it to him.

—Madd Maxx



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INTERVIEW

SUBDUDES

If you missed them at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage festival, then you definitely didn't want to miss the Subdudes at the Zephyr. You could almost smell the boudin on the grill with those Mardi Gras rhythms. John Magnee's accordion hinted at the "two step" while Steve Amadee's infamous tamborine insisted we must, at all cost, rock! The crowd at the Zephyr will attest to this. The band that I once thought a well kept secret has gained popularity over the course of their last three albums. Relentless touring schedules keep the Subdudes on the road more often than they'd like. But if practice makes perfect, then this band has honed their skill.

The Subdudes were born out of New Orleans when the three Louisiana natives (Johnny Ray Allen, Tommy Mallone, and Steve Amadee) joined forces with trans-

planted John Magnee. The band soon opted to relocate to the Rockies. It's not surprising that the band would find success touring the resort towns. Aside from being an undeniably lively band to dance to, they have a flavor that is akin to mountain music, and a down home disposition that is readily accepted into any folk scene. Now after seven years of hard work, the band has found a place in a variety of established festivals as well as appearing on Austin City Limits after their second album's release. I think the appeal of this band is more than just being a great dance band. There is a certain mysteriousness that lies somewhere between the sweet vocal harmonies of Mallone, Magnee and Amadee and the driving rhythms from bassist Johnny Ray Allen, and percussionist Steve Amadee. There is an underlying feeling of Gospel in their music. The soul of Tommy Mallone's rich vocals have a wisdom more commonly found in someone more accustomed to the streets. In



an interview at Cafe Trang, I asked the band where this spirituality comes from. Collectively, the band tried to explain. As I siphon through my recorder I find that someone says, "It's the fish sauce on the side". The waitress said you just have to either let it drip slowly or push down on it if you want it real strong. Wait, that was the Vietnamese coffee. Very faintly I hear some words of reason, "It's a questioning in our music unlike certain religious beliefs to be followed in gospel, it's a search-

ing". The elder of the band has spoken. I don't know, maybe I'm overly obsessed with the mystique of this band, and where their soul comes from. The addition of Willie "Bootsy" Williams on electric guitar may serve as a clue. He, like Tommy, Steve and Johnny Ray, comes from the same home town of Edgard, Louisiana. I say, "It's close enough to New Orleans and that's heaven enough for me."

—T.C. Fischer

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DOGHOUSE THE CHANGE SO WHAT WOODCOCK SWING THE SCOPPED CATAPULTS SPLIT IMAGE

COMIC BOOK REVIEWS

A lot of comics have been piling up in my little burrow, waiting for review, so it's a diverse crop under the microscope this month...

ZOMBIE BOY RISES AGAIN

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY MARK STOKES

PUBLISHED BY TIMBUKTU GRAPHIX

A lot of comics lived and died in 1989, and among the casualties was Mark Stokes' ZOMBIE BOY. After two issues, ZOMBIE BOY disappeared into the ether while Stokes moved on to a ZOMBIE BOY film and established an animation studio: After this hiatus, Stokes' brainchild has returned in ZOMBIE BOY RISES AGAIN.

Actually a compilation of the two earlier issues, ZOMBIE BOY RISES AGAIN chronicles the life of 11-year old Morgan McCorkindale, who returns from a vacation on Voodoo Island as a zombie. Aided by a servant (Ubu) and his cat Judas, Morgan manages to puncture the stuffy society blowhards who populate the world of his parents, Senator and Mrs. Beulah McCorkindale.

The issue is composed of a number of tales of varying quality, from mildly amusing to deviously satirical and whether the reader likes the material or not depends on his/her sense of humor. The best tales are probably "The Curse of Rigby the Pygmy" (In which Morgan must contend with an obnoxious Pygmy delivered to the McCorkindale residence by mistake) and "Sticks and Bones"

(wherein Morgan faces an evil shade he's created and a new nanny/housekeeper.) All of this is light-hearted fluff in the manner of Charles

Addams. There's no real

substance here other than contempt for high society mingled with a fascination with ghouliness, but somehow it all works.

Stokes manages to move his stories along at a fairly rapid pace, which keeps the reader's interest from slipping into ennui. Even when formula gets a trifle thin, there is an odd moment of irony or amusement to keep things going (a good example is the preserved cave-man in the Las Brisas Tar Pits in "Thicker than Water," which produced a pretty good chuckle.) No, the stories aren't very demanding, but they're hardly the brainless garbage to be had in most super-hero comics. It's doubtful whether the charm of the material could continue in a regular comic book, but as a one-shot, the tales work pretty well.

Stokes' art is simplistic à la Charles Addams, too. This is actually one of the strengths in these stories, as detailed artwork would have clashed with the simple plots. The cartoony, sort of sophisticated lines and design capture an austere feeling which clashes with Morgan's supernatural practices.

The amusing thing in all this is that while Morgan's zombie practices may not be authentic (they're more stereotype), they are presented as more valid and substantial than the affluent circles in which his parents participate. In other words, it's always nice to see pretension being skewered, and Stokes does a reasonable job of this.

No, ZOMBIE BOY RISES AGAIN isn't going to change any lives. And the comic really isn't very substantive. But it is a pleasant diversion and you could spend your

money on worse things. Anything with a gallery by artists like Kyle Baker and Chester Brown can't be all bad... (B&W, \$2.50) Grade: B

SIN COMICS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY JAY STEPHENS

PUBLISHED BY BLACK EYE PRODUCTIONS

When Canada's Tragedy Strikes Press went under last year, a lot of quality material also disappeared (like CHEESEHEADS and PICKLE.) Jay Stephens' SIN was one of the victims, so the emergence of Black Eye Publications and subsequent resurfacing of SIN COMICS is a source of cheer for tasteful comic fans.

Issue #2 gives the reader a variety of tales all somehow integrally tied, despite the disparity of the material. It all begins with "The Lap of Luxury," in which a scientist unveils the robotic sex toy, Cog. The focus then moves on to the super-hero Big Bang and his cohort, Adam. The two float in Big Bang's seemingly endless power. The opportunity soon arises, as Big Bang discovers that Cog has gone berserk and killed his master. Big Bang decides to travel back in time to stop Cog's rampage, but the results aren't quite what he expected...Or are they?

Along for the ride and interwoven are such Stephens creations as "The Land of Nod" (featuring Merv and Dave) and "Space Ape number 8." Like the aforementioned PICKLE, SIN COMICS manages to be a comic-within-a-comic, and while the results are less successful, Stephens does create a pretty worthy effort.

Part of the success is due to the skillful blending of wildly different creations with no apparent ties. Because each world is so variant, it takes some focus to avoid confusing the reader. To some extent, this is achieved through just having interesting characters. Each is distinct and engaging in his/her own way. The result is bewildering, but amusingly so.

Likewise, Stephens makes each world distinctive by employing different art styles. So while Big Bang's "Atomic City Tales" is neo-realistic, "Space Ape Number 8" is cartoony, and "The Land of Nod" is simplistic, but it all works for each location shift.

There are a lot of hidden delights in SIN COMICS #2, but I'll leave it up to those interested few to discover them on their own. But any comic with a line like, "Everybody knows that apes are hilarious!" Has to have merit.

The only sad note to all this is that Stephens is cancelling SIN COMICS to concentrate on a new title, ATOMIC CITY TALES (which will focus on Big Bang and Adam and other new characters while eschewing the funny animal characters.) Since the highlight to issue #2 was "Space Ape Number 8," I can't help but be a little apprehensive, but one assumes that Stephens knows what he's doing. If it's anything like SIN COMICS, it will be worth the time and effort to find it. (B&W, \$3.50) Grade: A-

—Scott Vice

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MOVIE REVIEWS

THE CROW

It's probably a true statement that a good film has never been made from lousy parent material. So given that caveat, one can probably guess what this reviewer will say about "The Crow."

For those of you culturally challenged, this film is based (loosely) on a limited-run comic book by Jim O'Barr which achieved some notoriety due to O'Barr's art work and the charisma of the pseudo-Goth anti-hero. That said, the comic book wasn't particularly impressive, being rather weak on pilot character development, etc. (all the fundamentals that make a story notable). So why make it into a film?

Unfortunately, the makers of "The Crow" (funded by Miramax) have expanded the simple revenge tale and made it even worse. The only redeeming quality to O'Barr's senselessly violent morality play was the humanity injected in flashback scenes. Some of these are included in the film, but they lack the power and focus.

So what's this mess all about? Well, the audience is deposited in a seething, brooding metropolis of here, and a young girl predicts the return of a dead spirit. Lo and behold, a slain rock musician, Eric Draven (played the late Brandon Lee), his earlier, returns to wreak vengeance on a nasty group of thugs who murdered him and his girlfriend.

In true cinematic vigilante fashion, Draven assumes a clown-faced guise and proceeds to off these putzes in gruesome and ironic fashions. As he does so, he attracts the attentions of a sympathetic cop (Ernie Hudson) and the aforementioned young girl, a street urchin.

Draven's revenge also catches the eye of a particularly nasty crime boss, Top Dollar (impressively portrayed by Michael Wincott), who concocts a scheme designed to render the seemingly impervious Draven human. In a ridiculously drawn-out finale, Draven, the cop, and the girl take on Top Dollar and his henchpeople in true cinematic cliché fashion...

It all sounds tedious and tiresome in this description, and it frequently is. The problem, as mentioned before, is that the plot is rather rapid. Screenwriters David Schow

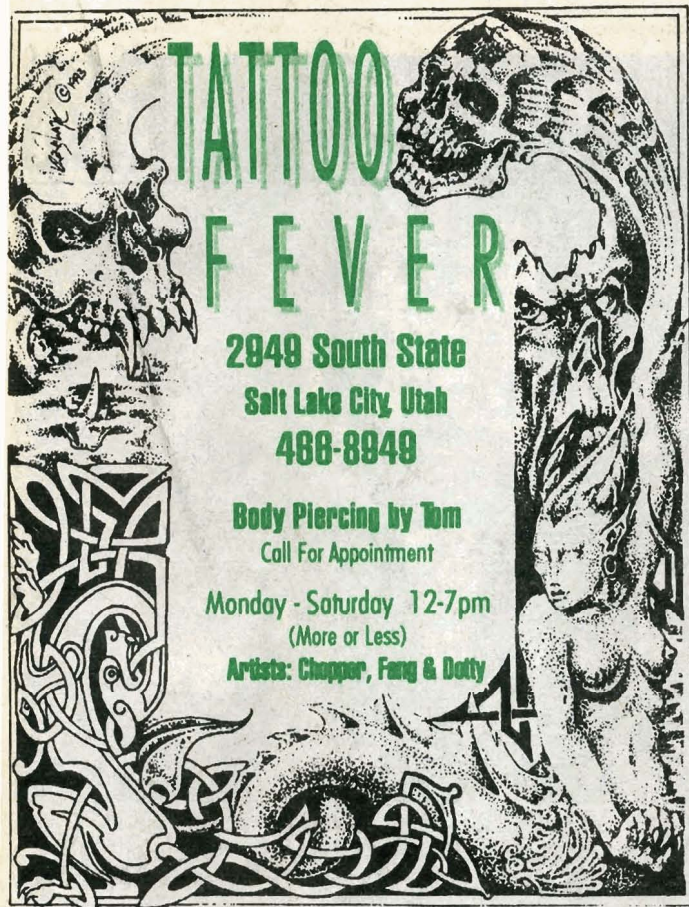


and John Shirley have opted for a rather straightforward and unimaginative flow of events that expands the situations in O'Barr's story without adding to the impact. The whole Devil's Night scenario, the finale showdown, and even Top Dollar's role have been extrapolated, as is Draven's existence as a rock musician. The latter, in particular, seems to be a mere attempt to make the movie hip and justify its trendy sound track (with songs by the Cure and Nine Inch Nails among others).

Who knows? It's possible that the biggest flaw in the film (its lack of redeeming human values) would have been less noticeable had Brandon Lee not died during production (since it's purported that flashback sequences were among the scarves yet to be shot when Lee died). But it's doubtful whether these additions would have made the movie much better.

Actually, the whole justification in making "The Crow" seems to have been crass commercialization (by capitalizing on the popularity of other comic book-to-movie adaptations like "Batman") and the attempt to make Brandon Lee a bigger star. If it is just another in this string of films in this oeuvre, then it succeeds by

Concerts Continued
On Page 21



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Salt Lake may not be a glimmer in the corporate eye of the major-label record industry, nor a city familiar to the international rock circuit. It is, however, a town with a strong, local music scene comprised of talented and determined musicians.

Among Salt Lake's most determined and amazingly talented emerges All Souls Avenue with James Woods as vocalist, David Briggs on bass, Jeff Alleman mastering guitar, and Tracy Nielson on drums, each contributing his own individuality and uniqueness to the chemistry that ignites All Souls Avenue.

In a day and age where hard rock is in a recession and alternative (or anything similar to the proverbial Seattle sound) is in full force, ASA bypasses conforming and delivers incredible rock-n-roll full of powerful, melodic, and aggressive songs. Even though ASA does not conform to musical trends by letting their artistic attitude prevail, acceptance of their music is not without obstacles. One obstacle they try to overcome is being labeled a "metal" band or a "rock-n-

roll bar" band.

"We'd rather be known as musicians. More than anything, we would like to have people say 'they're good musicians' rather than 'Oh, they're a good rock band'. We're a good band... if people can just get past the labels," said James. He further explained, "You can't understand a band until you've listened to what they've done."

Music is music. If anybody didn't like us it would be because they didn't like the [type of] music."

Once you experience ASA live, you will be able to see and hear exactly what James is talking about. Their set boasts 10 originals and 1 cover that showcase the musicianship of ASA, with frontman Woods mesmerizing the crowd with his spirited and emotional on-stage demeanor complemented by the rest of the band laying down a rock-solid musical foundation. From the powerful, hard-driven sound of "Silhouettes" to the unrelenting musical honesty of "Zoe Bae," this show produces heavy, thoughtful, and eminently listenable collec-

tion of songs that plays on the heart, the mind and the soul.

"The lyrics in a song can tell a story, they can make you laugh, they can make you cry. If we reach one person with our lyrics or with our songs, then we've accomplished everything that we've wanted to accomplish," said James.

Trying to reach someone through lyrics or trying to move someone with song may seem like a simple goal to set; however, accomplishing that goal is not always easy. ASA overcomes this difficulty with their songwriting, in which a song is created for everyone. Although they try to avoid topics characteristic of politics, environmental concerns and love relationships (they agree these are genuine topics to be concerned with, they just choose not to necessarily write about them), ASA delivers songs with substance through personal experiences and/or thoughts that can affect anyone's emotions.

Take for instance, "Children of Glass." "Children of Glass" describes the inherent difficulties society is placing on children today

and the consequences that will follow if stability is not provided for them. While, "When I Touch the Face" describes a subject that everyone will eventually have to deal with--death. The lyrics illustrate James's point of view: "The song is saying I won't give up on my life until I have touched the face of God. I am going to live my life and do whatever I want...but when I touch the face of God then I know it's over...and I go on."

Despite that tidbit of lyrical information, ASA would prefer that you devise your own interpretation of their songs.

"Everybody has their own interpretation of what a song is about, and if the songwriter or the band gives that away, then automatically it blows [the listener's] perception of the song," explained James. "Let them come up with [the meaning] in their own mind...why would you ever want to ruin that interpretation for them? You wouldn't!"

ASA will be playing the Bar & Grill on June 16. They also frequent the Holy Cow and Rafter's.

— Sharee Sorenson

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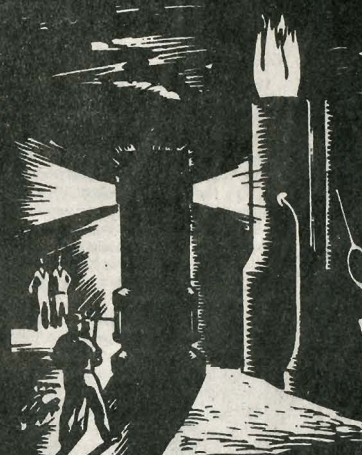


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DAILY CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY JUNE 1ST

- Bar & Grill-Madder Rose, Clover
- Zephyr-Soul Hat and Queen Sarah Saturday
- Cinema Bar-Flat Stanley
- Ashbury Pub-Ashbury Sessions Pro Blues Jam

THURSDAY JUNE 2ND

- Burts Tiki Lounge-Voodoo Swing
- Ashbury Pub-Megan Peters & Big Leg
- Cinema Bar-Envelope, Horeey
- Zephyr-Rick Derringer
- Dead Goat - House of Cards

FRIDAY JUNE 3RD

- Dead Goat-Backwash
- Zephyr-C.C. Adcock, Voodoo Swing
- Cinema Bar-River Bed Jed, Abstrak
- Ashbury Pub-House of Cards
- Burts Tiki Lounge-Broken Hearts
- Bar & Grill-Paw, One Eye, Honest Engine

SATURDAY JUNE 4TH

- Zephyr-C.C. Adcock, Leon Russell
- Cinema Bar-7 Year Bitch, Loudspeaker, The Obvious
- Ashbury Pub-House of Cards

Spanky's Cinema Bar - June 4



7 YEAR BITCH

Put aside the long faces and disappointment, 7 Year Bitch is truly scheduled for a Salt Lake City visit. This all-girl punk rock band from Seattle has wowed crowds all over the United States and Europe since they formed three years ago. Backing such as the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Cypress Hill, Rage Against The Machine and L7 they've built up a loyal and devoted fan base at the grass roots level. Previous rumors of a Salt Lake appearance have always proved unfounded.

Now with their new album, "Viva Zapata!" on C/Z Records in the stores, and touring in support of it they will play a set or two at Spanky's Cinema Bar on June 4. The album is dedicated to Mia Zapata, vocalist for friends and label mates The Gits, who was murdered this past winter and Stefanie Sargent, a founding member of 7 Year Bitch and casualty of the Seattle rock scene.

Filled with all the passion and anger the band is known for it is only slightly more polished than their first. The bass and drums are hypnotic. Roisin Dunne takes over where Sargent left off on guitar, no posturing and lengthy soloing from her, just gut wrenching rock and roll. Selene Vigil's vocals and lyrics are as stinging and caustic as ever. They've signed to Atlantic Records, the album fulfills their contract with C/Z. Better catch them now because who knows what the future will bring. Opening bands will be locals The Obvious and Loudspeaker, a New York by way of San Francisco band with a new album out on Sympathy For The Record Industry.

By William Athey

- Bar & Grill-Honest Engine, Blind Justice, Petting Zoo
- Dead Goat-Backwash

SUNDAY JUNE 5TH

- Dead Goat-Acoustic Goat
- Zephyr-Ingold Allen
- Cinema Bar-Poetry

MONDAY JUNE 6TH

- Cinema Bar-Crowbar, Varga
- Lazy Moon-Kyle Willie
- Dead Goat-Johnny Dyer Band (Blue Devils Blues Review)
- Zephyr-The Scoffed, Pistol Pete & The Fine Line Bandits

TUESDAY JUNE 7TH

- Lazy Moon-Sarcomeres
- Bar & Grill-Road House Rockers, Broken Hearts
- Dead Goat-Clover
- Zephyr-Material Issue
- Cinema Bar-Bleeding Soul, They
- Lazy Moon-Sarcomere
- ★ Club DVB - Sheryl Crow w/ Devils
- ★ Playschool - Prodlron, Quartersloth, Unbound

WEDNESDAY JUNE 8TH

- Bar & Grill-Clover, Under belly
- Dead Goat-Stanford Prison, Experiment w/ Mind @ Large
- Zephyr-Charlie Musselwhite
- Cinema Bar-The Voluptuous, Horror of Karen Black, Wovoka
- Ashbury Pub-Ashbury Sessions Pro Blues Jam
- ★ Night Flight Comics (Cottonwood Mall) - Dave Sim

THURSDAY JUNE 9TH

- Dead Goat-Crossroads
- Zephyr-Geno Delafosse Zydeco
- Cinema Bar-Kittens for Christians, The Colour Theory
- Ashbury Pub-Megan Peters & Big Leg
- ★ DVB (basement)-The Obvious, Far, Mayberry
- Burts Tiki - House Of Cards

FRIDAY JUNE 10TH

- Zephyr-Crazy Diamond (Pink Floyd tribute)
- Cinema Bar-My Sister Jane (Last Show)
- Ashbury Pub-Back Alley Blues Jam
- Burts Tiki Lounge-Broken Hearts
- ★ Playschool-River Bed Jed, Far, Petting Zoo

Bar & Grill - June 9



CADILLAC TRAMPS

The release date for the album is June 1, but it might take some time to reach the shores of the Great Salt Lake. We are known for pedestrian ways here. "It's Alright" is the Cadillac Tramps third release for Dr. Dream. Just nine days after the release Salt Lake City has the chance to see them live.

They reside in Orange County, when they're not on the road. The roots are all punk; check-out "Should I..." on the new release. The chorus, "should I burn down the government, pray for the people who are heaven sent, I just want to pay my rent," pretty much says it all. There is one problem; the song is hard, boogie-blues. The roots are punk the music is a different story. "No Reason" is thrash, so is "All I Wanted." Then for a complete change of direction the advance cassette contains a little ditty titled "Wreckage." It is California soft rock with a Roger McGuinn guitar solo. "Hale" strays into ska territory with Roger Daltry vocals. That is just a preview, The Cadillac Tramps release good albums, they are at their best live. This is one of the widest, craziest bands in existence when they hit a stage. It's on a Thursday night, but who cares you can always get through a Friday at work with little sleep. Voodoo Swing will open. After their brand of rockabilly the crowd won't just be warmed, they'll be red hot and ready.

By William Athey

SATURDAY JUNE 11TH

- Cinema Bar-House of Cards
- Ashbury Pub-The Extenders
- ★ Playschool-Daley Gray, Anger Overload, Voodoo Swing, Chopper & the Decomposers
- Bar & Grill-Surgery, Trailer Park, Alcohol Death
- Dead Goat-Not Necessarily
- Zephyr-My Sister Jane

SUNDAY JUNE 12TH

- Dead Goat-Acoustic Goat
- Cinema Bar-Phantom Bride

MONDAY JUNE 13TH

- Lazy Moon-J. Nelson Ramey
- Dead Goat-Blue Devils Blues Review
- Zephyr-Voodoo Swing
- Cinema Bar-Tenderloin
- Club DVB - Beck

TUESDAY JUNE 14TH

- Bar & Grill-The Pinch
- Dead Goat-In The Culture
- Zephyr-Careers of Steel (Rush tribute)
- Cinema Bar-Seratonin Flow
- Ashbury Pub-The Strays
- Lazy Moon-Alan Michael Trio

WEDNESDAY JUNE 15TH

- Dead Goat-A Band & His Dog

- Zephyr-Wolfetone
- Cinema Bar-Devience
- Ashbury Pub-Ashbury Sessions
Pro Blues Jam
- Bar & Grill-Abstrak

THURSDAY JUNE 16TH

- Zephyr-Crossroads
- Cinema Bar-Mouth Breather
- Ashbury Pub-Harder than Your Husband
- Burts Tiki Lounge-Voodoo Swing
- Bar & Grill-All Soule Avenue, Dirty Movies
- Dead Goat-Reverend Willie
- ★ Club Confetti-Bleeding Soul, They

FRIDAY JUNE 17TH

- Cinema Bar-Kid Logic
- Ashbury Pub-Back to Fillmore, Tongue & Groove, Tempo Timers
- Burts Tiki Lounge-Broken Hearts
- Bar & Grill-Reverend Willie, The Obvious
- Dead Goat-M.U.-330
- Zephyr-Charlie Duarte

SATURDAY JUNE 18TH

- Bar & Grill-Gamma Rays
- Dead Goat-M.U.-330
- Cinema Bar-House of Cards, Reverend Willie (Benefit for Food not Bombs)
- Zephyr-Charlie Duarte

SUNDAY JUNE 19TH

- Dead Goat-Acoustic Goat
- Zephyr-Ben Harper
- Cinema Bar-Poetry

Spanky's Cinema Bar - June 21



DRIVE LIKE JEHU

Rocket From The Crypt is a favorite around these parts. I've even heard their music on the radio. Of course, it was to promote their last visit and it came from their major label debut, not the Cargo/Headhunter version. Drive Like Jahu shares a guitarist with Rocket From The Crypt. John Reis plays for both bands; how long that can last is open to debate.

Drive Like Jahu has a new album out on Interscope. Like all good San Diego DIY bands they previously recorded for Headhunter. Their visit is timed to promote the new one, "Yank Crimes." The vocals from Eric Froberg are scarily, shrieking and virtually unlistenable. The guitars are abrasive and disjointed. The bass drums along and the drums from Mark Trombino are the only thing holding the entire mess together. Everything from two minute pop (if you can call it that) songs to extended free form jams is present on the album. Live they should be at the very least - interesting. June 21, Spanky's Cinema Bar.

By William Athey

MONDAY JUNE 20TH

- Zephyr-Cool Cat Rockabilly
- Lazy Moon-Doug Wintch
- Dead Goat-Blue Devil Blue Review

TUESDAY JUNE 21ST

- Cinema Bar-Drive Like Jahu
- Ashbury Pub-The Strays
- Lazy Moon-Tempo Timers
- Bar & Grill-Dead Kate
- Dead Goat-Flat Stanley
- Zephyr-Mind @ Large

WEDNESDAY JUNE 22ND

- Ashbury Pub-Ashbury Sessions
Pro Blues Jam
- Bar & Grill-Petting Zoo, So Wut
- Dead Goat-Rezin
- Zephyr-Inseparable
- Cinema Bar-Cannibal Corps

THURSDAY JUNE 23RD

- Burts Tiki - House Of Cards
- Bar & Grill-Flower, Phantom Bride
- Dead Goat-Monkey Siren
- Zephyr-Megan Peters & Big Leg
- Cinema Bar-Shadow Play
- Ashbury Pub- Megan Peters & Big Leg

FRIDAY JUNE 24TH

- Zephyr-Arto Guthrie
- Cinema Bar-Some Kind of Cream, Rubber Neck
- Ashbury Pub-Dead Reckoning
- Burts Tiki Lounge-Broken Hearts
- Bar & Grill-Disco Drippers
- ★ Fair Park Fowl Friends Bldg.-Offspring, Total Chaos
- ★ Playechool-The Obvious, Shadow Play

SATURDAY JUNE 25TH

- Cinema Bar-Dumpster Juice
- Ashbury Pub-Torpedos
- Bar & Grill-Disco Drippers
- Zephyr-Salsa Brava

SUNDAY JUNE 26TH

- Dead Goat-Acoustic Goat
- Zephyr-Tish Hinojosa
- Cinema Bar-Poetry

MONDAY JUNE 27TH

- Cinema Bar-Flat Stanley
- Lazy Moon-Blue Ruin
- Dead Goat-Lloyd Jones (Blue Devil, Live KRCL Broadcast)

TUESDAY JUNE 28TH

- Lazy moon-Alan Michael Trio
- Bar & Grill-Honest Engine
- Dead Goat-Full Spectrum
- Zephyr-Scott Hamilton
- Cinema Bar-Shiv

WEDNESDAY JUNE 29TH

- Bar & Grill-Headshake, Swim Pigs

Dead Goat Salmon - June 8



STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT

The Dead Goat is not known as the place to see out-of-town punk rock bands. They usually stick with the locals and the blues. On June 8 that all changes with the scheduled appearance of the Stanford Prison Experiment. The story behind the name is important for a minimal grasp of the music. In the 1970s a group of Stanford students conducted an experiment in human behavior. Half of the students took the role of prisoners, the other half took the role of guards. Needless to say the guards became sadistic and drunk with power. The prisoners became victims. The experiment was aborted, things became too ugly.

Now comes a band named after the experiment. The music of either Cannibal Corps or Drive Like Jahu is more abrasive and brutal. The Stanford Prison Experiment didn't take that route. They record for World Domination, a label formed by; ex-Gang of Four and Shriekback, current member of Low Pop Suicide; Dave Allen. So they play on the dark, rhythmic side of the street. Clanging, banging guitars, a deep, heavy rhythm section and a singer more in the English punk/lunk tradition than the US trash scene. With one of the bluest covers ever gracing their album, they'll be here to do it live on June 8. Remember, the show is at the Dead Goat.

By William Athey

- Dead Goat-Fender Benders
- Zephyr-Dah-veed
- Cinema Bar-Cabaret
- Ashbury Pub-Ashbury Sessions
Blues Jam

THURSDAY JUNE 30

- Dead Goat-L.A. Jones & the Blue Messengers
- Zephyr-Beat Farmers
- Cinema Bar-M.K. Ultra
- Ashbury Pub-Megan Peters & Big Leg
- Burts Tiki Lounge-Voodoo Swing
- Bar & Grill-The Obvious, De Flowers

Gee, I own a bar, but

nobody comes to my shows. Maybe it's because I didn't pick up the phone and give my calendar to SLUG so they would put it in their daily calendar for FREE! Well, that would be pretty simple, now wouldn't it?

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32
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Mother I saw her today
 Walking down the aisle
 Didn't seem real to me
 Then she killed me with
 a smile
 What kind of man will I
 be?
 Will she be there when I
 cry?
 I can't stop this and I'm
 scared
 Will this hurt when i die
 Never to forget that
 subtle look
 I always smell it when I
 sleep
 Like the lilacs in our yard
 Like the comfort you
 gave me
 Mother I chased her to-
 day
 I just had to say some-
 thing sweet
 Like you taught me to
 say
 When you believe in fate
 And you feel things
 more deeply
 And you wish it all away
 But I know this all too
 well
 Though I've never seen
 it before
 Never a moon so cold
 or a dusk so bright
 As this one watching us
 tonight
 Or a wind so warm as it
 wraps us
 In it's dark embrace
 Mother I saw her today
 AND I FELT LIKE A
 THIEF, BREATHLESS...
 STEALING MY WAY TO
 HEAVEN

—TLP

B-REVIEW

B-Horror Movies reviewed by B-Zilla of B-Lame



The Brood (1979)

This old Cronenberg tale is about a mad psychologist (Oliver Reed), who brings out extreme emotions in people as a psychotherapy. He has learned how to control "The Shape of Rage", and one of his patients (Samantha Eggar) is so insane already that the "Rage" therapy begins to create evil children with creepy eyes, and yellow hooded jacket, who do Samantha's evil bidding by killing her mean old mom & pops. The whole film tends to drag, and the brood don't do enough damage to keep things going nice and violently. The final scene of Samantha giving birth to one of the brood from a womb on the outside of her body is the most gruesome scene in the show, but it just doesn't matter cause by the end you're bored of the brood.

Dead And Buri ed

(1981)

Many people are being savagely murdered in the small town of Potter's Bluff. They are then turning up seemingly alive, and walking around as though nothing had happened. The Sheriff James Farentino can't seem to figure out

what's going on because none of the goings on make any sense. After watching for a while I couldn't guess what was going on either. The mystery deepens as the suspects become less suspect. The film slows at some points, but this fine story keeps you curious as to what happens next. The performances are good enough and the effects by Stan Winston are perfect. Such as the human roasting and the very cool syringe in the eye-

ball trick. The end of the film has a cool plot twist, and all in all the film feels like a great episode from "Tales from the Twilight Cryptside."

Forbidden World (1982)

Not of course to be confused with the 1956 classic Forbidden Planet, but it could be, and is a confused Alien rip-off. If you enjoy Roger Corman's cheapo style you'll enjoy this one too (I read some place that this film was made from parts of two or three other Corman films). The story starts as trouble shooter Mike Colby (Jesse Vint) awakens from suspended animation to battle some space aliens. Colby then is assigned to the planet Xanbia to take care of a problem. When he arrives he finds that the genetic research scientists at the lab have created a new life form, while trying to make a new and highly productive food source. The new life form starts morph'in, and slaughters several people in between nude love scenes. This space flick exploits gore, violence, and sex with good results. The two leading ladies add a lot of beauty to contrast the extreme blood and gore. The best gore example is when Colby performs surgery on the sick doctor, and removes his cancerous



Trouble-Shooter, Mike Colby
 Forbidden Planet

growth, open chest surgery without anesthetic. There are many boring scenes however that are simply the crew wandering around the space lab. The cast gives good performances, and keeps the obvious plot interesting, while the effects team keeps the gore pumping.

MISCELLANEOUS

Randy spanked his vein to attention and it swelled with blood like a cock. He quickly began fishing around for the vein's urethra with an old point he'd just sharpened on a matchbook. Soon pulling up blood, he pressed the brown juice against gravity and relaxed.

Nodding off, he caught a sense of his imminent stardom.

Sinking into the couch, he reminded himself it was all just a temporary experiment, a phase, a right of passage he needed to take just to help him stay sane and survive in a world greedy capitalists had fucked up. Junkies defied the status quo... The needle dangling from his arm equated waving a middle finger at those bastards in Washington and at power-hungry cops on the street.

Randy smiled and made a low, guttural sound. He would write about it all later, when he got good at playing the guitar he didn't take out of the closet very often. He'd sing the way Burroughs spoke, detached and raunchy. With Cobain gone, somebody had to take over the mantle—why shouldn't it be him. Most everyone else, even Veder, had sold out. So why shouldn't it be him? After a few more months of education in this street school of hard knocks, he too would be able to speak in cloven tongues of fire and cut through the bullshit.

Floating along on apathetic clouds, Randy rubbed his nose raw and mumbled, "Kurt! Fuck, man...Kurt."

Ever since Salt Lake's premier investigative journal, the *Private Eye*, published Ben Fulton's superfluous article about local junkies a few months ago, the coffee shops and brew pubs of this fair valley have been a-buzz with talk about these young, green-skinned dope zombies. Having earned my Ph.D. in Primatology back at Harvard in "odd six" and taught budding young lads about Australopithecines for over 40 years, I consider myself well qualified to now extend my perusing eye at the curious hominid sub-species known popularly as "The Junkie."

While discussing "The Junkie," people often debate over cranial and cerebral anomalies, behavioral dysfunction, similarities with the phenomena known popularly as "Idiot Savant," emotional atrophy, adolescent aspirations towards the rock and roll junkie cliché, and etc.

Undeniably, these and other characteristics may help an investigator dig under The Junkies' skin. But, I thought to myself one early A.M. in a deep Socratic trance, I have seen this all before. . . As synapses opened and closed, it hit me, The Junkie closely parallels a phenomena all too familiar to native Utahns—The Mormon.

Although I am sure this will not surprise many of you, some readers—esp. Junkies and Mormons—may initially resist such comparisons. In defense of my position, I simply ask critics to think for a moment about how easily and frequently ex-Mormons become Junkies as if already familiar with a territory which, on the surface, seems to exist in stark contrast with the safe, padded rooms of Mormon life. (Hold onto this thought lustily, as if it were a sexual organ in your hand, and read on.)

As a scientist, allow me to compare and contrast these two categories. First, in a binary list:

✓ **The Mormons:** Have "holier than thou" attitudes

Δ **The Junkie:** have "holier than thou" attitudes

✓ **The Mormons:** Believe they possess privileged spiritual knowledge and practices

Δ **The Junkie:** Consider themselves street smart like MTV gangsta rappers

✓ **The Mormon:** Set themselves apart from others

Δ **The Junkie:** Set themselves apart from others

✓ **The Mormon:** Often bring converts (esp. boy friends and girl friends) into "the fold"

Δ **The Junkie:** Often bring converts (esp. boy friends and girl friends) into "the fold"

✓ **The Mormon:** New converts especially zealous

Δ **The Junkie:** New converts especially zealous

✓ **The Mormon:** Ex-Mormons often become extremely bitter and preachy

Δ **The Junkie:** Ex-Junkies often become extremely bitter and preachy

✓ **The Mormon:** Often conform to Mormon socio-cultural clichés while quoting from Frost's poem, "The Road Less Traveled"

Δ **The Junkie:** Often fulfill Junkie socio-cultural clichés while touting "individuality" and quoting punk rock lyrics

✓ **The Mormon:** Adherents willing

sacrifice autonomy to "higher power"—GOD

Δ **The Junkie:** Adherents willing sacrifice autonomy to "higher power"—SMACK

✓ **The Mormon:** Participants regularly partake of a sacrament—bread (symbolizes body of Christ) and water (symbolizes blood of Christ); ceremoniously eaten from trays in silence

Δ **The Junkie:** Participants regularly partake of a sacrament—smack; ceremoniously "cooked" with water in a spoon, drawn up through a cotton filter (for purification) into a syringe and inserted into a vein; the user draws a small spurt of blood into the rig and presses the liquid into blood stream towards brain to attain religious ecstasy.

As a scientist, I find myself often amazed at how thoroughly members from each group seek to adhere to stereotype. It must be remembered though, that some diversity exists even among Mormons and Junkies. Some Mormons don't go to General Conference. Some Junkies don't go to Pioneer Park. Some Mormons don't get married in the temple. Some Junkies don't whore themselves for dope. Some Mormons don't obey their "Word of Wisdom." Some Junkies don't do speed balls. Some Mormons don't go on missions. Some Junkies don't get themselves lstrung-out (for you youngsters just learning the lingo from your first Burroughs book, or Cobain epitaphs, lstrung-out refers to physiological addiction).

Far from complex, both groups have analogous roles, gestures, and slang. Let's compare just a few: What Mormons refer to as "special," Junkies call "fucked up." Mormons ask each other, during moments of illumination, "can you feel it?" (Holy Ghost), and Junkies, at similar moments, ask, "can you feel it?" (smack). When Mormons choose to dedicate themselves fully to their cause, they announce, "I'm going on a mission," and Junkies, as they realize the depth of their commitment to heroin, will sometimes announce, "I think I'm getting strung out." Finally, Mormons give away 1/8st offerings and tithing. Junkies share the "wash" from their cottons as well as their (bleached?) needles with those in need. Although both groups offer little to a conversation, both can be pleasant and occasionally even generous.

Both groups have also developed ways to rationalize their behavior through denial. For Mormons, premarital intercourse is bad, but blow jobs are forgivable if you're in love; for Junkies, screwing over your buddies is bad, but sneaking a bigger chunk of the dope for yourself is forgivable if you lopped it. Mormon men often say,

"just one more blow job, honey, and then that's it," or, "we'll get married soon"; Junkies (of either sex, less sexist) often say, "just one more shot, honey," or, "we'll quit soon."

Both groups seem to attract only knaves and the desperate. That is, only knaves and the desperate get themselves strung out, or join the Mormon church, or go on Mormon missions. Although human beings, in general, are curious creatures who want to experiment, learn about new and strange things, and occasionally try to destroy themselves, only some have the capacity to defy common sense for extended periods of time. That is, while most of us drank Drano as children, sniffed glue during adolescence, and attended some religious service or banged a few speed balls in our early twenties, few choose to dedicate themselves to any one thing monomaniacally. Experimentation is all just part of growing up—like learning to drive, or that first kiss. Curiously, though, some folks end up getting caught up in such activities on a full time basis and dedicate themselves to the Mormon religion as a convert, or missionary—sticking the Book of Mormon in their faces daily—and other folks obsess over Heroin and poke themselves with needles.

Rather than criticize either choice, let's instead recognize the pursuit of both phenomena as the evidence of a white, middle class pathology wherein adherents to either extreme sense an emptiness in their lives that MTV alone cannot satisfy. A lucky few discover exploratory masturbation, homosexuality, and/or alcohol, but the rest seek escape from middle class mayonnaise mediocrity either through Mormonism (zealously seeking to bleach their already pale souls until they feel like Scandinavians), or heroin (attempting to "darken" their souls with "Mexican brown" until they feel like Home Boys, Fly Girls, and suave Cholos, or die trying).

Do either group threaten the fabric of our great land? Rarely do members of either group mean others harm. Mormons have staying power, and often remain Mormons throughout their entire lives. The guilt seems to leach away at one's willpower much slower, and yet more thoroughly than any narcotic. Like methadone, Mormonism isn't water soluble, and both seem to absorb into one's very bones.

And Junkies? In spite of the possibility that Junkies might rip you off, puke on you, or die in your apartment, more often than not they'll just sit complacently on your couch, or a public sidewalk, and scratch themselves. Through either death, boredom, or maturity, they'll eventually move on to something else.

LOOK AT RELIGION

Greetings brothers and sisters of the spirit, of body trust, of basic lust, let me hear you say YO and to hell with heaven and some other place, we gonna tear down for real the bloody gates of JUDGEMENT. Let us all rejoice in differences of opinion, in vital signs of controversy. May hard core contradictions serve to uplift and entertain in this ever expanding and always condensing universe we call home.

As a renegade priest my study takes me everywhere. Sometimes it takes me into the quagmire of wage earning manual labor. Once I was working as a service boy at a HABIT FOR SUBURBOS dwelling South Salt Lake. Two coats of latex paint on every wall and ceiling, around the ugly furniture for crissake. owed to do my very best, but got a bit bored so I checked out the bathroom reading in the lazy hours after lunch. Come across on ENSIGN article featuring Spence Kimball denouncing worldly attractions, a modern form of idolatry he claimed.

See the grand momo'bishop was preaching deliverance by telling folks to back off from the "riches of this earth," to worship the Almighty rather than mere material goods. Which basically speaking is a boho rap. Lusting for possessions can not compare with the essential spark of life. Accumulation can't hold a candle to streamlining through living experience. So how come so many religious people are socially committed to superficial status via their job, house, car, children, and neighborhood? They suck it up like babies to bad candy.

Does the depth of spirituality fall more directly into the hands and minds of the hardcore freaks and gypsy voyagers and the psycho-challenged? Certainly drug addicts and

street walkers are less attached to material want than Spencer Kimball's job secured kin.

How 'bout Kurt Cobain? Crazy bastard was making money hand-over-fist and couldn't care less about it. Jammed most of it up his arm and met the all-caring almighty deep in his horse trail dreams. Finally killed his self cause he had nothing more to give away. The fathomless abyss of Mr. Nirvana's present residence shall serve him with a judgement call. Still, we of the flesh might learn from such examples to share and give away ourselves in ways not yet invented.

Long before Cobain strutted about the Northwest turf, it was a traditional practice among tribes from Southern Alaska to the Washington coast to demonstrate power and prestige through the practice of POTLATCH. Big Chief and his crew would lay out a gut stuffin' feast along with large quantities of valuable gifts for a rival band to grab for the taking. If the host chief felt particularly spirited in the course of the give away, he would torch his own house in a festive bonfire. (Perhaps Kurt oughta have used a military blowtorch instead of that messy shotgun.)

The ancient American idea of Potlatch was a favorable choice among various primitive societies around the globe. Where a ruling class was not secured by the mathematics of money, the stimulation of these party animal give-aways provided a ceaseless flow of prestige and valuables moving in opposite directions.

Now that's my kind a spirituality, where rich folks make themselves bigger by giving it out to the poor folk. Imagine the Aloha Spirit as practiced on remote Pacific Rim Islands within a mainland urban scene. If a sister or a brother, an auntie or an uncle were in shoddy shape, why anybody in a right

mind would twist up a big fatty and smoke it together, would offer a large tug on the jug. The haves and the havenots would shuffle back and forth like a card deck at a Polish Pinacle Party. Elitism would be reserved for the severely dispossessed.

But the poisonous programs of the supposedly free enterprise system of the Capitalist Religion can cloud the highest intellects. Gut reactions are not used favorably to express the intentions of the soul, but are tough skinned volleys fueled by fabricated tension in the monetary pursuit of prestige.

You want to clean your insides of false idolatry, go sleep in a ghetto alley, get lost in grizzly territory, take a swim two miles out at sea. Do something that pulls you directly into the network of the food chain. A popular form of monetary networking these days is product sales by pyramid scheme. New Age elixirs, soap products, health cures, even secret wealth prayers are hawked by means of this trickle-down, feel good

system of propaganda that is always pushing higher the hypocrites on top. Often times they scam the dumb sheep added to their hive by proclaiming a belief and allegiance to the spirituality of abundance. Well my friends, I too believe in abundanza. Sure there's plenty for everybody, but not through the equation of greed and personal accumulation. Chrissakes, there's enough heaven and hell to go around, that's for sure. Maybe the Momos deserve their seventh heaven. Perhaps Kurt is lolrin' his place in hell. Rather than judge, I just as soon subscribe to suicide by living. Rather rub elbows with dimwits and mad professors both. Rather make lusty sweet love to Eve in the cushy garden grass and feel that serpentine apple juice slither and ooze, juicy enough to squirt an impish baby Cain out in this world who can do as much as a smilin' pope crappin' in the woods to fertilize the human experience. Amen.

*Amore,
Padre Beelzebub*

BLUES NEWS

Possibly the most famous of all corners in the country, is the corner of Haight & Ashbury in San Francisco. The free love generation, hippies, drugs and perhaps the birth of "alternative music" in this part of the world. It was also the origin of an underlying blues scene that today is a huge portion of the city's music world, "the open mike blues jam"

The problem with most (not all) blues jams is that they are a showpiece for your local hot shot attitude players who want to boost thier ego. Go figure. Psst. Here's a little known secret...The Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam! Every wednesday night at the Ashbury Pub, John & Eric (Backwash), Mike & Dan (Tempo Timers) and a host of other guests take the blues jam back to it's basics. Back to where players came to play out of love for the music, not self worship. And it's

really cool because anyone can come up & sit in without feeling pressure to outdo someone else. And Harry Lee is always quick with a bad joke & a hot harp to make you feel comfortable. I suppose the thing I like most, is the feel of the whole setup. It reminds me of 'Blues Alley' in S.F. Underground, old brick building, blue neon sign out front. Makes you feel like you're leaving the rest of the world outside, and they don't know what they're missing. Somehow that's O.K. So go check it out before the legislature makes a law banning it. The food is great, the wings are the best I've tasted in Zion, and the beer is a little treat unto itself. The perfect mid week break. So go have some fun drink some beer and listen to some great blues, maybe you won't mind calling in sick on Thursday.

—Madd Maxx

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8TH



STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT

with MIND @ LARGE

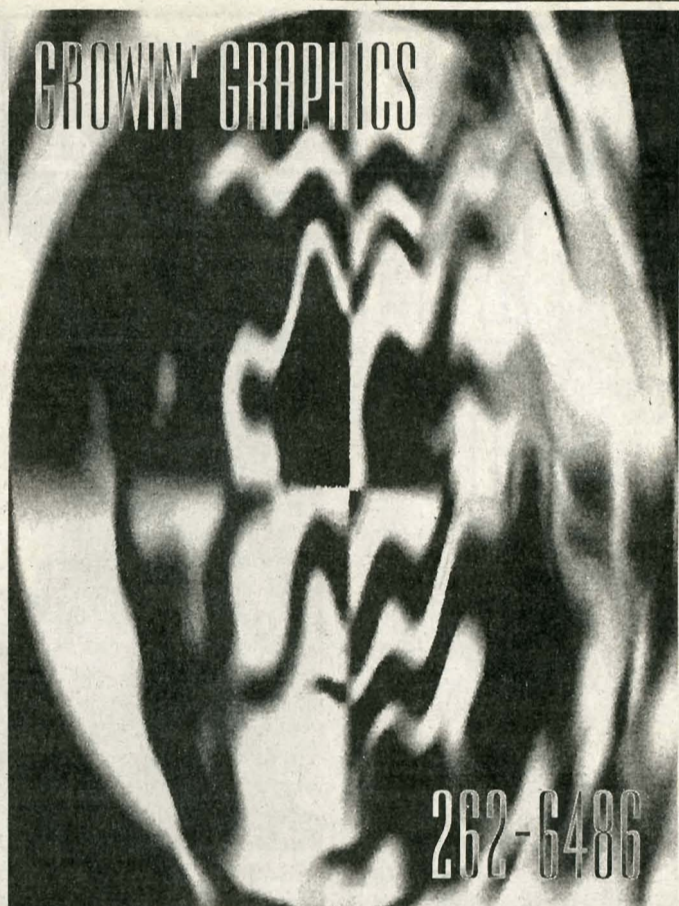
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JUNE

TUESDAY

**LIVE
MUSIC**

7 **ROCKABLY
ROAD HOUSE
ROCKERS**
w/ Broken Hearts

14 **The
Pinch**

21 **ROCKABLY
Dead
Kats**

28 **Honest Engine
The Obvious**

WEDNESDAY

1 **MYDDER
ROSE**
w/Clover

8 **Clover**
Under Belly

15 **Abstrak**

22 **Petting Zoo
So Wat**

29 **Headshake
Swine Pigs**

THURSDAY

2 **TBA**

9 **ROCKABLY
CADILLAC
TRAMPS**
w/Hedee Soley

16 **All Souls
Avenue
Dirty Movies**

23 **FLOWER
Phantom Bride**

30 **The Obvious
De Flowers**

FRIDAY

3 **PAW**
One Eye
Honest Engine

10 **One Eye
7 Color Fly
Indivision**

17 **CD Release
River Bed Jed
The Obvious**

24 **DISCO DRIPPERS**

1 **ROCKABLY
HIFI AND THE
ROADBURNERS**
VOODOO SWING & THE SCOFFED

SATURDAY

4 **Honest Engine
Blind Justice
Petting Zoo**

11 **SURGERY**
Trailer Park
Alcohol Death

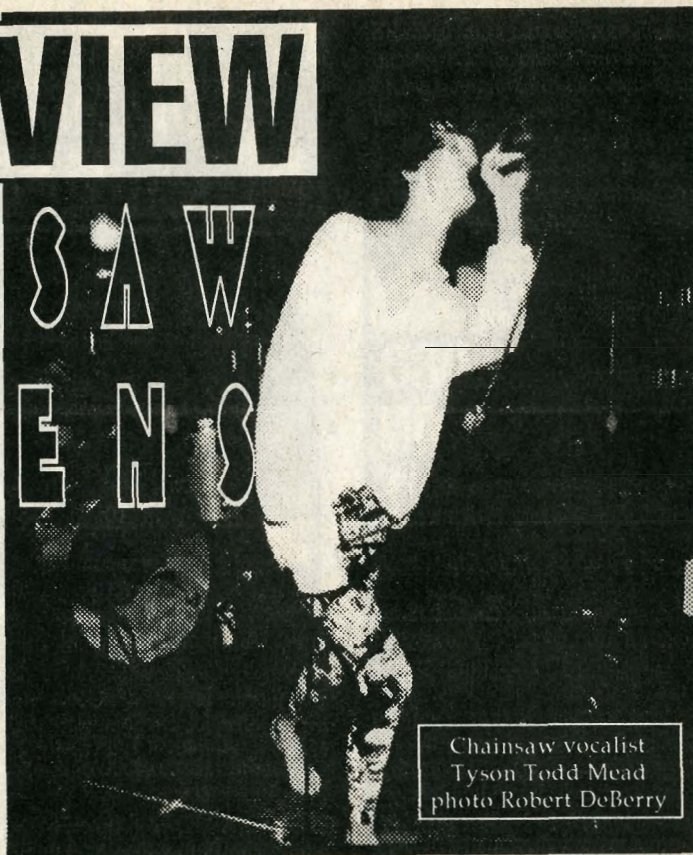
18 **Gamma
Rays**

25 **DISCO DRIPPERS**

2 **ROCKABLY
HIFI AND THE
ROADBURNERS**
VOODOO SWING & THE SCOFFED

INTERVIEW

CHAINSAW KITTENS



Chainsaw vocalist
Tyson Todd Mead
photo Robert DeBerry

I've been a fan of the Chainsaw Kittens ever since I flipped out over their *Flipped Out* in Singapore album back in 1991. Two albums and three visits to Salt Lake later, I finally got a chance to sit down with the boys and discuss the evolution of the Kittens and touring with Iggy among other topics. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the Chainsaw Kittens I can tell you they combine the best elements of glam and punk to create a unique and powerful concoction of rock and roll that could only have been brewed in the dustbowl college town of Norman Oklahoma. That and the fact that they were smokin hot opening for Iggy and his Stooges cover band last month at DV8. Suprisingly, these Kris Kristoferson fans were patient enough to endure my inane chatter for a half hour or so and the result is this interview which took place after the Iggy show. Present for the occasion were gui-

tarist Trent Bell, drummer Eric Harmon and singer/guitarist Tyson Todd Mead.

SLUG: You've had some line-up changes and you're playing guitar again.

TYSON: Well it just made more sense. We've got a lot better people to play now and to hang out with too.

SLUG: So how is touring with the Godfather of punk?

TRENT: So far it's been cool just being able to watch him play every

night. And if we have a good show it makes it that much better just to sit back and watch him play.

SLUG: So do you hang out and swap stories about partying with Bowie in the glory days?

TRENT: We haven't really hung out with him much but we've talked to him a few times and he's been nice. I mean, this is only the third show but we're definitely happy about doing the tour with him.

SLUG: How many more dates do you have?

ERIC: Seventeen or something like that.

SLUG: You guys have a different drummer and bass player now. What prompted the personnel changes?

TRENT: Well, Aaron, our old bass player was into a lot of bad heavy metal and stuff that didn't really work for us. Now, we all like a lot of different music but we can also agree on what sounds good. I mean I think everyone has pretty decent taste now.

ERIC: It also comes from Tyson having such a vast knowledge of music being able to associate with people who can reel off music from other eras and that's what I'm here for and Matt because it's not just a one dimensional type of music. We all can create together.

SLUG: That's interesting because I notice a kind of 70's influence to your songs but it's more like the Dolls or Sweet rather than Seals and Crofts or Jim Croce or the popular commercial music of the time.

TRENT: Don't forget Iggy.

TYSON: I've gotten into the whole Iggy thing now. Iggy is like the Godfather of punk or alternative or whatever. The Rolling Stones had Chuck Berry and the Beatles had little Richard but all the bands today have Iggy. I mean, a couple of nights ago he was playing "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and Trent said that it sounded like Sonic Youth. And it was true.

SLUG: Especially the way Iggy plays guitar.

TYSON: But even in 1969 it sounded that way. Also Sonic Youth does a live version of that song on *Confusion is Sex*.

SLUG: Everyone knows about Butch Vig because of Nirvana and Smashing Pumpkins. But he also produced albums by Killdozer, Fluid and Chainsaw Kittens to name a few. How was working with Butch?

TRENT: He was really a nice guy.

TYSON: He was really nice, like he knows how to make a record fast. If you want to make a record in ten days, he can do it. He doesn't really mess around.

ERIC: Just speaking as an outsider, I didn't play on that album, but the new one has much more punch and alot more going on.

TRENT: Yeah, we got to really spend some time recording it.

TYSON: We really hit it off with John and got a really good sound on the new one.

SLUG: Where did you find Matt, the new bass player?

TYSON: He's been around for a long time, we called him up out of the blue and said we'd lost our bass player and he said "I know your songs, I want to be in your band." And he came up and knew the songs.

TRENT: He knew more of our songs than we did.


ERIC: He still does.

SLUG: Any last comments?

TRENT: I just hope people realize how cool and important it was to see Iggy in that small of a fucking club. It was a document in history and he may not tour again so I hope the people who were there got their fucking rocks off.

—Jon Shuman

The New Album is called *Pop Heiress* on Mammoth Records produced by John Agnello



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How many of you attended Dick Dale's one night stand at the Zephyr? No it wasn't another dreaded rockabilly show, although Voodoo Swing burned as the opening act. If you are like the writers at the Salt Lake Tribune you missed it because you thought it was just another blues band playing the Zephyr. I opened the Friday, May 20, Entertainment section of the Tribune positive that there would be a cover story on Dick Dale. Instead there was a story on the ParkWest appearance of Traffic, who have seen better days and only have two of the original members. I didn't go. Glory be to God, dinosaurs roam the Earth, they aren't extinct after all.

Searching for any word at all on the "King of the Surf Guitar" actually stopping in this pitiful berg I found the one liner in the club listings - "Dick Dale - blues." Yea, and "pianist Sonny Rollins" is headlining the Snowbird Blues and Jazz Festival. I'm watching for a cover story on the doo-wop of the Beach Boys next, after all they did cover the Del Vikings. The Private Eye chose to spotlight Medicine who played next door. I can't complain, at least Spanky's had a mention and I wouldn't expect Fulton to go retro on us.

Dick Dale is in his fifties, but he is a long way from finished. His fire can't be extinguished - the guy's guitar smokes. Anyone in attendance at this show walked out of the place in total awe. Along with surf guitar, (What needs to be said about his ability with surf; he invented it.) played upside down and left-handed, (Gosh, I wonder who inspired Jimi Hendrix?) came a few blues licks. I am convinced the man can do anything with a guitar. He chorded the bass of his sidekick with drumsticks, he helped out the drummer on thundering solos and he even sang a little. The night ranks with the best live music experiences I've ever had. Tell me watching tired, burned-out "classic rock" dudes on a grassy slope with thousands will be as good. Will they melt guitar picks on the strings (it's true he actually does melt guitar picks,

I saw it with my own eyes.) and keep an audience completely mesmerized for close to two hours with only a guitar, drums and bass? Somehow, I don't think so. The "King Of The Surf Guitar" came and left, only the SLUG hacks noticed. Where was Ms. Wolf?

Enough on surf music, where's the 'billy. It's coming but first check out who's appearing at #2 "boomer heaven," - the Utah Arts Festival (#1 is the ParkWest Summer concert series). Jimmy Dale Gilmore will be here touring in support of his CD-5 with Mudhoney. Pick that one up for the twang you love to hate version of "Blinding Sun" and go rub elbows with the privileged throngs for the live experience. Wear a "Lucky Jeans" T-shirt and Guess shorts, you'll fit right in.

The Zephyr is hosting live rockabilly on Monday nights through June. What? Yes, it's true. Along with seedy taverns, weddings and bar mitzvahs the Broken Hearts and Voodoo Swing will play "real" clubs. The Broken Hearts will also play DB Coopers on Sunday nights through June. I'd like to give a warning to patrons of the club. There are JDs roaming this town dressed in black leather and motorcycle boots. They have tattoos and greasy hair. Watch out that they don't stomp on you as you try to dance to music you'll never understand. If you get in the way of the lovely female swing dancers who follow the Broken Hearts everywhere, they might just send you flying - with a smile on their faces.

On the recorded music scene is an advance cassette of the good Reverend's major label debut. The Reverend Horton Heat has hit the bigs. He's still into the booze, the

new disc is titled "Liquor In The Front." Unlike "ourtown" the folks in the Reverend's home town appreciate the 'billy. He won four awards in the Dallas Music poll, including "Songwriter Of The Year." Now, if only the guy would spend more time writing songs and practicing instead of touring, drinking and whining about lack of recognition. Watch for the shiny platter in late June. It's the fastest, craziest shit he's put out yet, but that's not all - he throws in some Tex-Mex, honky-tonk and even a smidgen of traditional rockabilly.

Next to that cassette the best things I've heard are; some cat out of Canada named Ray Condo who records for the English Fury label; (you can pick it up at Smokeys) the locals; the Broken Hearts, sure Lara has the voice, but there is a band

backing her, and Voodoo Swing's advance, which should prove that these guys are real ass kicking 'billy. The Europeans wish they could do it - this good. The Cadillac Tramps advance on one of my favorite record labels, Dr. Dream, also kicks and a band on the Estrus label completely blew my speakers with their down and dirty blues.

White boys can't play the blues, just listen to the Fab T-Birds scheduled for the saddest concert of the year; next to the up-coming Livestock affair with whatever has been "classic rock" radio has signed up this year; the Southern rock Fuck You We're Broke tour sponsored by Skoal. Keep chewing boys and your lip will look as bad as my voice sounds. Why not add George Thorogood? I guess Salt Lake City residents have some taste after all because this concert was cancelled due to poor ticket sales.

Jack O' Fire is blues as you've always wanted it. File next to the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion; who the boys in Jack O' Fire don't care

for; Billy Childish, Elmore James, Howlin' Wolf, The Gun Club and the Gibson Brothers. Beg BC to get it in or order by mail for \$12.

Southern Culture On The Skids has a big 10 inch out. It comes to us courtesy of the folks at Sympathy For The Record Industry and is part 'billy, part surf and part ass kicking hillbilly. Too bad the damn thing is pressed on black vinyl. The Cruddy Record Dealership in Seattle sent a handful of 45s. The one from the Picketts is all swinging instrumentals. They sure can pick it, but I miss Christy McWilson's vocals. P.O. Box 95364, Seattle, Washington 98145-2364. Finally comes a bizarre disc from Neurotic Bop. The company usually sticks with vinyl, but they've compiled some of it on a disc titled "B-Movie Brain." There is all kinds of weird shit on this disc, all of it is dedicated to trashy movies. For minimal rockabilly and honky-tonk, or maximum garage, surf and spy movie type music look into this company. P.O. Box 1009, Royal Oak, MI 48068.

Comments overheard at clubs around town. A hair flinging Beavis and Butthead addict on the twangin' Broken Hearts, "Why don't they go swallow another cat?" A bald yup-yup-yuppie trying to pick up a lesbian at the Zephyr Broken Hearts show, "Get ready to dance, they're going to play some more rockabilly." A white shirt and tie clad downtown bizman on Voodoo Swing, "I wish they'd play more covers."

Recommended live music scheduled for early June includes; C. C. Adcock at the Zephyr June 3 and 4; Cadillac Tramps at the Bar & Grill on June 9; Roadhouse Rockers at the Bar & Grill on June 7 and of course the nightly appearances of local and national acts, both good and bad, at selected clubs around town.

In the rumor mill are the returns of Big Sandy and the Reverend Horton Heat. The dream show would have them playing together. On my wish list are, the Dave and Deke Combo, Ronnie Dawson, the Belmont Playboys, Hot Rod Lincoln, Jimmy Roy and His 5 Star Hillbillies, Ray Condo and the all-girl rockabilly band I've heard about but never listened to - yet.

*Yakety, yak don't talk back.
by Wheels*

REVEREND HORTON HEAT





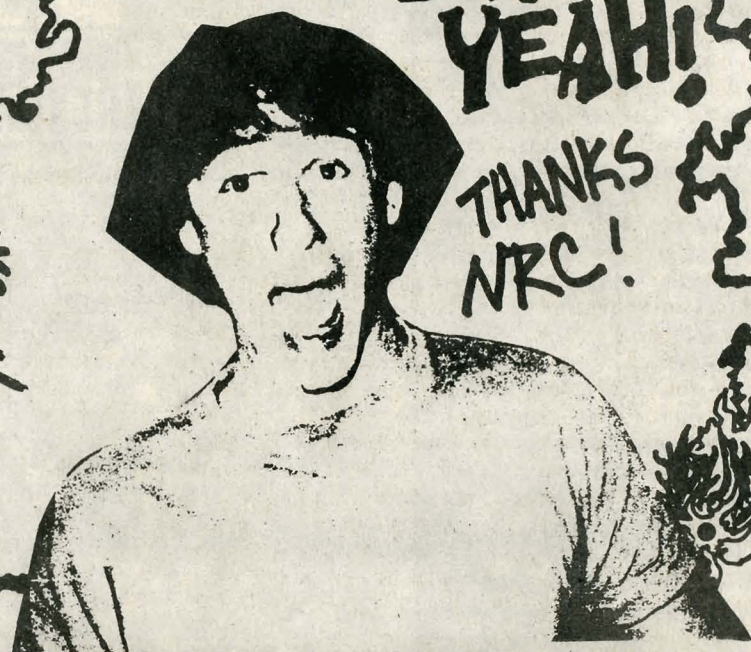
→ Wow!
There is sure some neat
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MOVIE REVIEWS

CONTINUED

being just another mediocre movie with numerous plot holes, tired gimmicks, and similar settings.

The fact that the movie is rather derivative is unsurprising, giving the backgrounds of the movie's principles. Director Alex Proyas is a former music video director, and visually stimulating, but it doesn't make any real impact. Where's the pathos, tension, drama? It's interesting to speculate whether Proyas could have carried off some staged emotion had the writers given him off some staged emotion had the writers given him something to work with. Hand-in-hand with Proyas is the film's production designer, Alex McDowell. Like Proyas, McDowell manages to uncreatively follow his predecessors. The setting of the film manages to combine pseudo-punk

sensibility with the look of "Batman's" Gotham City - it has the virtue of having been done before and better. While it's pretty to look at in its own ugly way, it lacks originality.

That's not to say that everything about the movie is stinky. Brandon Lee, as the protagonist, manages to turn in a surprisingly good performance that is understated. Lee's Draven passes from chilling, single-minded violence to quiet reflection very naturally—It's just a shame the story didn't give him a better range of opportunities. Given Lee's past work, it can be thought that Lee was finally showing some potential beyond his other martial arts material. Likewise, Michael Wincott, as the netarious Top Dollar, is silently menacing despite his character's one-dimensional basis. Ernie Hudson also manages to milk some sympathy out of a thankless role, but it's not enough, especially with the sabotage wrought by the annoying young street girl (Tony Todd). At times, the audience may find themselves wishing the villains would off her just to spare themselves from her pitiful attempts at acting. Worse, David Patrick Kelly is wasted in an undemanding bit part as one of the gang that killed Draven.

But, as noted before, the big flaw in the movie is its lack of humanity. While the violence may be mitigated to some extent (as when Draven briefly remembers his dead girlfriend or reaches out to the girl and the cop), it just isn't enough. Violence is an ugly, dehumanizing thing, and while censorship is an ugly thing, it's sad to think that this film's artless portrayal of killings is being seen by so many. Call me preachy, but I would have preferred to see Draven lose his precious humanity as he became inextricably drawn into the world of physical violence. Anybody capable of killing somebody in the manner in which Draven dispatches his victims could hardly be human.

The film has its moments (whether it's an artfully framed shot or an actor rising above the material), but mostly it's just an exercise in killing time that would be better spent hunting down the good films that seem to be passing by the tower lately.

—Scott Vice

guitar solo going into song 69 at the end of "Undertow". But the highlight of the show was by far thier bone grinding version of "Opiate". Old Tool fans know this is thier best song. They brought up a guest guitarist, and it was incredible to feel the undulating power of that song. This band wrote the book on bottom end low, raw power. If you saw the show, your bowels are probably still shaking. If you missed it you probably saw Seinfeld.

—Madd Maxx



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CONCERT REVIEWS

CONTINUED

he announced "Apparently we're Tool, and you're Salt Lake" As they broke into "Intolerance", the building shook to the rafters and I thought for sure the top floor was going to fall. Maynard showed once again the difference between people who think they're strange and people who really are. I wish I could have got a picture of the faces in the front row, as he pulled his pants down to his knees with his penis tucked between his legs (like all little boys used to do) as he rubbed the microphone on his crotch. There was also a scream when I thought his head would explode and a goat's head was coming out of his brain. The guy's demented, but incredibly personable at the same time. They did great, stirring versions of "Prison Sex", "Swamp Song" and "Sober" and a killer



PENNYWISE

photo by
Robert DeBerry

Pennywise
Pothole
Anger Overload
May 15th @ DVS

Anger Overload took the stage first. Boy, do these guys rock bigtime. First off, Barker (the lead singer) has been in a lot of other bands, but it's finally nice to see him teamed up with guys that can play as hard as he does. Thier music is full of power and comes on strong, no slowing down here, from beginning to end.

Next up was Pothole. They were actually quite a good band with some very good songwriting and a great bass player. I thoroughly enjoyed my beer while watching these guys.

Finally we are on to Pennywise. Well I really don't care too much for this band, even though I have thier new release and it's pretty good. Live, this band really got the club going out of control, so far as I could count, the few people that were there were really going at it. Utah has waited a long time for Pennywise, and we finally got the chance... it was well worth the cash.

All in all this benefit for the Utah Snowboard Association turned out pretty good. Hopefully these bands will be back soon, so stay tuned...

—RMD

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