

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

SLUG

ALTERNATIVE GUIDE AND REVIEW

FREE
OCTOBER
1991 #34



MY SISTER IANE

Story by Dorey Fontana

A Look At What Is Really Going On In Town....Plus
Books ■ Movies ■ Comics ■ Concert Reviews ■ F-Dude ■ Calendars
Morman Update ■ Smashing Pumpkins ■ Re Search ■ Horoscopes

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 FROM THE GRIP
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Saturday, November 2
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 gone fishin'
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SLUG

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SLUG is a free publication to the public. All writing within is contributed by writers like yourself who take advantage of the fact that we rely on their opinions. All submissions must be received by the 25th of the month. SLUG is printed monthly and is available by the 5th. Please feel free to submit your opinions, letters, reviews, etc to

DICKHEADS @ SLUG
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The opinions expressed in this Newspaper are those of the contributing writers and are not necessarily those of the publishers.

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INFORMATION

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DEAR DICKHEADS...

Dear Salt Lake Ultimate Garbage,

Yeah, yeah, we know how wonderful our scene is here in good ol' Utah, and how much we should appreciate what we have. Nothing like going to a show with 20 straight edgers jumping around in clothes 10 times too big for them with facial expressions like gorilla's in heat, not to mention the New York wanna be tough guy macho stud attitudes that goes along with it (and I don't give a fuck if you SLUG writers are from New York.) Hardcore to Salt Lake is a fashion show, individuality isn't present, feelings and views aren't expressed, nobody cares about any thing except themselves and fitting in with the popular crowd, it's all shit, your scene is on a level of a high school.

Hardcore is dead, your claims of it's existence is a lie! You're brainwashed by society's materialistic, selfish, self righteous ways. Take your close minded insincere minds and cleanse them with reality! If you can't use your mind without permission, than next time we'll use crayons and lots of pretty pictures.

*Sincerity at it's worst?
Bluster of Hate Crew*

P.S. Mr. concerned observer of June's issue, Here's a nifty line by S.F.A. "Keep your love and shove it up your ass!" Negativity is reality, your positive youth outlook is fastly becoming more visible that you're a fake! Be for Real!

Dear SLUG,

I wish to extend my thanks for the opportunity to work with you at the ROCK AGAINST RACISM Concert. It was a worthwhile venture and I was happy to have been a part of this positive effort.

Thank you for contributing your ticket sales to the Anti-Defamation League. It will allow us to further our efforts in the community and schools to combat prejudice and discrimination.

Sincerely,
Cynthia Esty
ADL "AWOD"
Project Coordinator

Dear Dickheads,
RE: Ringleader Chris Robin

Your "Cool" column has elevated your celebrity social status from mere "Cultural icon" to the "Definitive Diety of All Things Progressive"...way to go, testicle head.

Thank "Bob" Yerself
Charlee Times Nine
P.S. The Warlock Pinchers are SHIT!

The Following is a letter we felt should be printed, nothing has been changed in the letter (including the fine spelling and grammar) you can base your own opinion. You know that these opinions are definitely not ours.

Dear Anti-Racist Dickheads,

I'm writing on behalf of the neo-nazis. I read the ADL article in septembers issue. And the only reason the neo-nazi group known as "the order" had to do the robberies, and counterfeiting was because the black man got the job over them, because they had to fill the Quota of imigrants. I'm getting a really tired of people persecuting us for our beliefs when black,

hispanics, and other minorities are as prejudice towards us as we are to them. And they get away with it because they don't shave thier heads bald. Another thing I don't understand is why the white people who want to purify america get charged with hate crimes when a gang member that does the same thing doesn't, and I know I have made people really mad but I'm just trying to open americas eyes. Not all neo-nazi organizations are violent, but the ones that are give other organizations like ours a bad name. If you could please print this because we care about white america.

from the members of
Neo Nazi Youth

Gee Sport, my eyes are open, and even though you believe you are trying to make America better for us "whites," no thanks.

F-DUDE

AND JACK SHIT IN
THE LED BLIMP
PART 3: VAN HAGAR
THE STORY SO FAR:
THE DUDE AND
THE SHIT WON AN
MOV CONTEST TO
MEET THE LEGENDARY
ROCK GROUP IEE BLME
THEY ARE BEING
DRIVEN TO THE PLANE
BY THE NOT-QUITE-SO-
LEGENDARY ROCKER'S
VAN HAGAR

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RECORD & TAPE REVIEWS...



Mr. Bungle
photo: Naomi Peterson

MR. BUNGLE

Warner Bros.

You say you were lookin' for something different, never been done before, completely original, zany looney music stuff? Well, look no further, MR. BUNGLE has arrived.

MR. BUNGLE originated in Northern California, and have been around since 1985. They released 4 demos before hitting the bigtime. One thing you must know, is that Michael Patton, vocalist for FAITH NO MORE, is the vocalist for MR. BUNGLE as well. Don't let the name "Vlad Drac" fool you.

So what do they sound like, you ask? Let me put it to you this way—if you like jazz, funk, metal, listening to a guy take a dump, elevator, or carnival music, you'll

like MR. BUNGLE. If you like lyrics sicker than 2 LIVE CREW (*The Girls of Porn*, *Squeeze Me Macaroni*), you'll like MR. BUNGLE.

Some crazy effects are added to this extremely well produced album (it sounds darn good), which gives it a little extra push that the demos (at least the one I heard) didn't have. *Squeeze Me Macaroni* is even crazier, with lots of extra effects thrown in. *My Ass is on Fire* and *The Girls of Porn* are pleasing as well.

Oh, this is some crazy stuff, so be prepared before you have a listen. One never knows how MR. BUNGLE will affect you—you may be needing therapy for the rest of your life.

SOUNDGARDEN

Badmotorfinger

A&M Records

YES. Yes, yes, yes! Oh praise the almighty, life does have meaning!

SOUNDGARDEN'S *Badmotorfinger* is a step above anything they've ever done before. Period. Maybe it was the new bass player, Hunter (Ben) Shepherd, who made the difference. Or maybe it was Kim Thayil's first attempt at writing lyrics that made the difference. Or maybe it's just the fact that these guys are getting better. Whatever the cause may be, *Badmotorfinger* will definitely have an affect on people—I know it.

As a whole, the songs are

stronger than older Soundgarden—lyrically and musically. I'm not quite sure what exactly it is; if the riffs are better, or if the melodies are more complicated. *Something* about *Badmotorfinger* is strangely intriguing.

Rusty Cage starts it all off, followed by *Outshined*. These two songs are most brilliant, especially lyrically. And that's only the beginning. Also included is *Jesus Christ Pose* ("That was written about Matt's drumming"). BUT, *Searching With My Good Eye Closed* has got to be the best song—"This is my good eye..." Oh yeah! And was it, perhaps, written about a book by Orson Scott Card?

Another fine tune is *Holy Water*—"Holy water on my brain, and I'm losing sleep..." This one has a great melody line, as well as cool lyrics. All these songs are superbly written—this album is excellent. What makes it so great are Chris' excellent vocals and Kim's great guitar work. It's all beautifully tied together.

Yes, I have seen the light. *Badmotorfinger* is so much more than I'd expected—or even hoped for. SOUNDGARDEN continues to grow musically; it's such a relief to see a band getting better instead of worse. *Badmotorfinger* is a great addition to my collection, and it'd better be for yours!



SOUNDGARDEN

PALE SAINTS

Flesh Balloon

4AD

This 4-song EP is the latest offering from England's PALE SAINTS and only enhances their growing catalogue of music. The EP opens with the moody melancholy song "Hunted."

Ian's vocals sound as if he's on the brink of tears, holding them back long enough to make his way to the final verse of the song. Emotion pours from the stereo speakers backed by a PALE SAINTS soundtrack.

"Porpoise" is an instrumental track with a wide variety of guitar sounds and leads unique to PALE SAINTS. Combing more electric guitar rhythm with overlays of ringing, melodic guitars that carry the song. The music gives one the feeling of watching a porpoise skinning through the ocean, occasionally leaping into the air in unexplained ecstasy.

"Kinky Love," PALE SAINTS expands its sounds with vocals by ex-Lusher, Meriel. her vocals are akin to Ian's, mellow, with just enough melancholy to turn "Kinky Love" from a sordid love song into a child-like refrain.

The "Hair Shoes" demo is a more experimental track, alien to "The Colour of the Sky" or "Mother, Might." Instrumentation is almost a hum in the background, more of a landscape for Ian's voice to float over than actual melody.

Again, PALE SAINTS have concocted some intriguing and noteworthy guitar pop, leading the way in the 90's.

M—



THE STENCH

Four Before

Flatline Records

Ah, yes! Finally, something to ease the pain caused by the disbanding of our hometown trio of wisdom and wonder, THE STENCH. This effort will be a treat for those who missed out on the



RECORDS & TAPES CONTINUED

pre-Crazy Moon release, 13 1/2 song demo, which these for songs appeared originally. Now they have been re-recorded with more energy than ever. Pretty purple packaging, this purple platter will please the darkest of souls.

Believe me, this 7" will tide you over until the next (and Last Stench LP is released in the near future. Advice...BUY IT NOW!!!

Ryan Workman

Bum deal for us all. Maybe next time...we hope.

Ryan Workman



WOLFGANG PRESS

Queer
4AD

"May I bring you up to date; we are living in the twentieth century, not in the eighteenth.

May I bring you up to date; we are not alive at all..."

This one's for the dark corners of the dance floor and the shadowy areas of your listening space. Once again the Wolfgang Press has delivered a striking LP, sure to excite your senses and get your feet moving to the upbeat rhythms.

If you're surprised at the overall funkiness of this new album then you've been out of touch with the Press. From the earlier "hits" *Sweatbox* and *Respect* to later works like *Big Sex* and *Birdwood Cage*, the Press has been shifting their emphasis and influences towards black music, making more rhythmic, danceable tunes that transcend the dance genre and afford great listening pleasure as well.

Queer is their biggest step forward in this direction to date. The Press has taken their moody, stylized music and put it to a rave beat, remaking Three Dog Night's *Mania Told Me Not To Come* as well as adding original songs like *Question of Time*, *Louis XIV*, *Riders On The Heart* and *Fakes & Liars*. You won't feel trapped into the same beat as those "pop" ravers that are jamming the radio waves with rehashed mixes of what seems like the same song over and over eternally. The Press has a variety of drum patterns tucked in their sleeves and

pulls them out magically, one by one, leaving you wondering from where the next song will take off.

And just when you feel comfortable with the LP they throw in some surprises, like the pathetically humorous *Birdie Song*, with its drunken female narrative about a night of self discovery and sensuality in the midst of the ocean.

The LP ends with incredible energy, building from the mellower *Birmingham* to the hard hitting climax of *Sucker* and *Mother Valentine*. Every time this LP ends I feel cheated, like there isn't enough music on it to satisfy my craving for the Wolfgang Press. So I wait patiently for future releases, knowing that nothing will stop the Press.

Matt.

THE WAIT

Screaming Voiceless

This is the debut release from Arizona's trio, The Wait, a six-song EP building on influences from early Cure material, (not the "pop-star" era Cure, but the dark origins, ala *Seventeen Seconds* and *Faith*. You know, the glory years), and bringing that feel into the nineties.

Lead by the vocal and guitar talents of Greg Axe, The Wait makes fairly straightforward music that lifts the listener into a mass of dark storm clouds, promising a torrent but held back by the control of the band. This abated torrent is supplemented by the bass lines of Michael Baden and the drum and keyboard wizardry of Axe's wife and third collaborator, Kayre (pronounced "care").

If Robert Smith was the king of moodiness in the early eighties, he long since relinquished his crown. Taking it upon themselves, The Wait makes beautiful and melancholic music without the pretense (and, hopefully, the make-up).

Screaming Voiceless begins with the track *Voiceless*, with a steady flowing of the guitar set to a steady drum and bass beat. Axe's vocals then take charge as he sings the refrain "Walk on by." This is one of the more energetic songs on the tape, which shifts tempo throughout as the band cruises through their other originals: *Deceit*, *Seventeen Cents*, *Human Condition*, *Grey*

Breath and finish with the climactic *Morning After*.

Admittedly, I've lost track of the Cure, especially as of late (do they still exist?) But The Wait has captured everything that was good about the band and reworked it to make it their own style.

Copies of *Screaming Voiceless* and info on The Wait are available from Mike Baden, 3130 E. Topeka Dr., Phoenix AZ. 85024.

Matt.



NEOMORT

BIG MONEY RECORDS

Unfortunately, I didn't get to see this band live at their gig at The Pompadour on September 6th. But the 7" single I've got on my turntable (THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE / KILLER INSTINCT) is very cool indeed.

Though NEOMORT's sound is reminiscent of THE MELVINS meets CELTIC FROST, it's truly unique. Throbbing, nasty bass is nicely complemented by simple power percussion and heavy-riff, grinding guitar. Boulder sized gravelly vocals express nihilistic themes ("I hate my job, my friends, my family, and myself"). Not your typical adolescent heavy metal, NEOMORT is not too fast, not too slow, and extremely dark.

On clear yellow vinyl, with red lipstick blot on real toilet paper slipped onto the front cover, the package and sound fit the name. This effort really makes me want to hear NEOMORT's debut album, XOXOX.

Blaster Master



Guitar Gallery



**PRESENT
A CLINIC WITH**

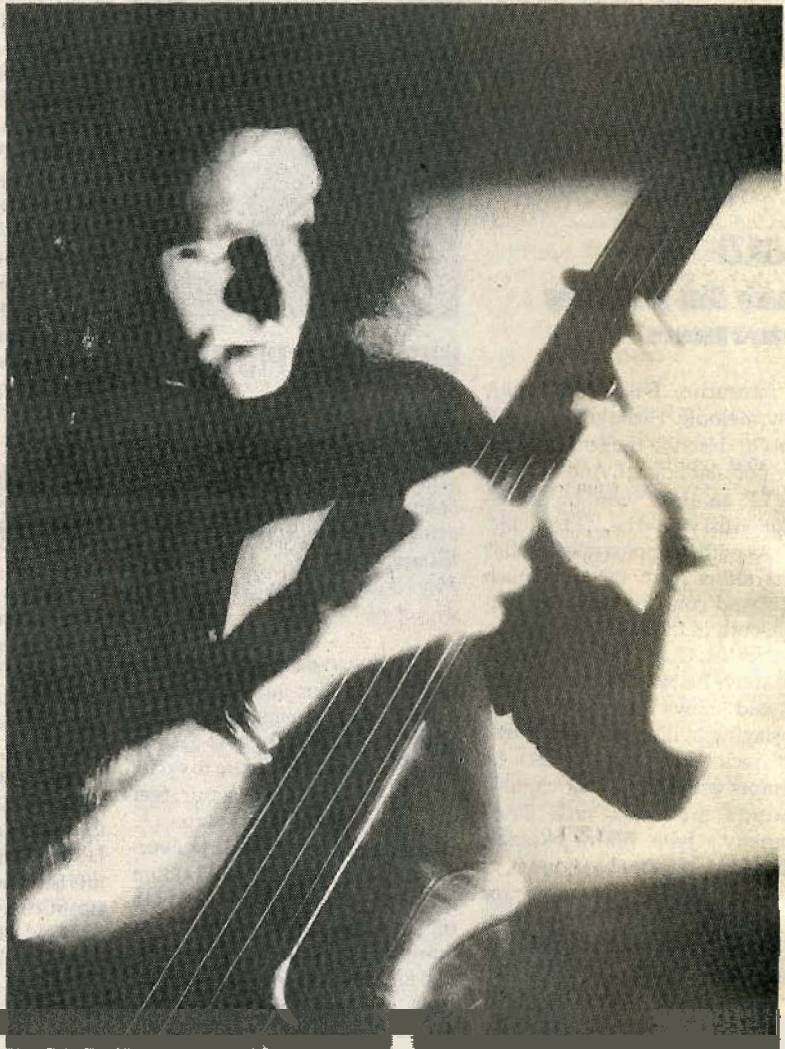
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Guitar Gallery

"Where The
Party

I've been across the country and out of it, following a strange little monkey named "UNIT," who told me to start dressing pts like people. Since the creation of man I have never been approached by a mythical monkey. Naturally, I agreed and amused the little ape that I would do my best, but after fixing a vest for my cat it was plain as day as to why monuments fall, nations perish, and civilizations become extinct. Since that experience I have had an unknown complex which makes me cringe at the words, "Doily," "moist-towlette," or "placenta." One must ask him/herself, "Would I follow a mythical apparition of a Monkey, if it appeared to me?" Oh benevolent reader, out of admiration for the number Seven, I hope so.

from your congenial psychic *Nevis Invictus*

HOROSCOPE

LEO: (July 23-Aug 22)

You are about to advance throughout planetary shift as the opportunity arises to fasten your pants without using the means of a button/zipper. Do not shrink from the chance of obtaining a pair of hand cuffs. Remember that those entertaining but yet strange echos coming from the radiator are part of your examination on earth to see if you'll be able to cultivate belly button hair in the after life. Rejoice at the re-release of Erasure Head. Admit to friends that you particularly enjoy biting your toe nails, bare naked, on the front porch, during the conclusion of General Hospital. (This will sort out who actually is your friend.)

VIRGO: (Aug 23-Sept 22)

Venus is out of phase, Virgo, reminding all romantic liaisons to stop using candles and move straight to using Bar-B-Q's. Thus enabling you to achieve the ultimate high score in bowling under the disguised name of "Normon." Carrying that extra beach ball downtown causes people to goggle. If you're still wearing underwear daily, limit yourself to Fridays only or until the sensation of "free balling" occurs. Avoid Taxi's labelled "Le Chic," and know when to palpate your left nostril.

LIBRA: (Sept 23-Oct 22)

That full bodied span-dex outfit you've been craving for so long will soon be yours. This is your month Libra, all year financial and career pressures have been giving you headaches, possibly heartaches. My admonition for you is to consume all the chocolate PopTarts that you can ingest within a 24hr. period. Have you been having dreams about receiving prizes for the purchase of ball-point pens? This means you're experiencing sexual frustrations due to the solar movement of saturn. Beware of Ducks Quacking for bread.

SCORPIO: (Oct 23-Nov 21)

\$\$\$\$\$ is all that's on your mind lately, to remove those thoughts, you must do the following: plug your nose while playing the recorder, and/or inhabit a tree and perceive what it really like to be a squirrel. How many times have you thought about joining the fish awareness club? Fall's new direction tells me that you're headed towards a clothing binge, your days of merely wearing hats and shoes are coming to a close as you become more conscious of your exposed epidermis about the house.

SAGITTARIUS:

(Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

You have set yourself on a collision course that could have been changed if only you alluded to your true love for spaghetti. After last month's era of darkness, a new race of light and enjoyment will be arriving in the form of a petite midget or gnome. Don't forget to feed him and let him scrutinize Dallas re-runs. Your finding that it is feasible to relax in jello. Use glucose as a surrogate for water and bathroom talk/poddy mouth, is permissible at your nearest Radio Shack. Don't fumble around for light fixtures, you just find one.

CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22-Jan. 18)

Nothing that man has ever built has lasted, but don't let that intimidate you from Legos or Lincoln Logs. This month however, there is a new zing in your Zodiac. The letter "Q" should extricate you. Avoid diet drinks and cooking with Teflon pans. Food might be an issue, but when it arrives back from your stomach to inform you the Cosby show is on, your worries should begin. Take it upon yourself to inform fellow subordinates about the number seven. Apply avocado to your armpits, it will make you feel more attractive.

AQUARIUS: (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Love has given new meaning to the word "trombone." Has the mighty Ram "Aries" been on your mind? This might be a possibility for the lifelong "fling" you've been anticipating. Though you are a symbol of water, don't go mixing yourself up with flour or salt. Then you'll be an atrocious pulp that sticks to cardboard boxes and is dreadful to get off your hands. Last month an enema was in question? YES! You grasp it's the ethical thing to do. ...mes will you be tormented Kids on the Block? Well, you already know the answer, just walk out and obliterate the posters! Take Cap'n Crunch on for your role-model.



PISCES: (Feb. 18-March 20)

For Pisces, finding yourself equivalent to a pelican may not seem peculiar this month. Your urge to dig holes and find small pebbles will place you as a social leper. You'll find that your insecurities are due to the late night readings of Cosmopolitan or various muscle fitness magazines. Don't blame others when it was you that in fact farted. How can you go on befriending small plantlife in your back yard? I can only give you the solace from a poem by Andrew Eldritch, "There's acid on the floor, so we'll walk on the ceiling."

ARIES: (March 21-April 19)

Aquarius is your amorous challenge this month, but beware of taking any advice from Pisces, this is Pisces month to be another denotation to the word "drip." Be bold to go to the fridge and use the margarine. Split, and the whole saliva scene may be provocative in your life, but heed to converse phonetic French. Placing the vacuum on your body to form hickies is just not tractable.

TAURUS: (April 20-May 20)

Since the declaration of Michael Jackson being "Bad" you are convinced there is a famine at hand. Don't eat peppermint objects it might cause an unwanted nausea bursting you into a multi-colored rash. You should be aware that you are not alone, many dissimilar entities reside in your closet space. Invite old friends to join you in your search for the Smurfs. Be warned that if you lie this month, like Pinocchio, something will grow. No guarantees that it will be your nose.

GEMINI: (May 21-June 21)

A long run of disillusionment has left you parched for a keg of Kool Aid.

No doubt from permeating in that goo, last month, most of your brain potential has been restored. Visits from an extra terrestrial salamander type character will abduct plaid objects throughout the house. Keep from seeing the movie "Return to the Blue Lagoon," ask yourself, "was the first one any good?" Accept the fact that Gummy Bears will never change their name.

CANCER: (June 22-July 22)

The cosmic dust will settle this month and it's a good chance that when it does you'll yearn to be in a sleeping bag, naked, near the Crossroads shopping center. I believe it was Edward KaSpel who mentioned something about fifteen flies in the marmalade. Do you theorize that in your past life you were one of those fifteen? This is the month to prepare for Duran, the fellow mentioned last month, he is well educated in mimicking bodily noises. Treat him like a kinsman but don't touch his bum. Do you feel your nose hair growing?

*Dearest Horoscope Readers,
I have foreseen the following occurrences within the Zodiac. I hope that after reading you will dare to pinch your friend's ear lobes. May the forces of Evil get confused while journeying to your house and inhale Pat Sajack. I remain your benevolent psychic,*

NEVIS INVICTUS

OCTOBER'S FEATURE BAND

MY

Who The Hell

SISTER

Do These Women

JANE

Think They Are?

Who the hell do these women think they are? In this land of patriarchy, My Sister Jane have, ahem, the balls to write an anti-large family anthem called "Pain in the Middle." Other times, they mock the gospel ("Begat, Be-gone") and even suggest the floundering of the god protected American dream ("In America"). This is the land of Zion. By all that is righteous, these five gals ought to be cooking meals for all the male rock bands in town, not trashing Adam and Eve and the emptying of the soul pool. What is

going on with these women? Well, it's all a part of the wild and unexpected world of My Sister Jane, a hodgepodge of grad school humor, rigorous and sometimes silly individualism and a lot of musical diversity, not to mention talent. Slowly, over the course of two and a half interesting years, My Sister Jane have earned themselves the spot of Salt Lake City's premier alternative band. Although some might argue such is like distinguishing the biggest cow chip in the pasture, it's hard to knock the perseverance, humor and dedication of these five Salt Lake PER-SONS. By both passively accepting the notice which comes with being a novelty, all female band and naively standing by Salt Lake as a decent rock community, My Sister Jane keep moving in a positive direction.

"Caprice [cigarettes] are for sissies, faggots and women," says guitarist Trace Wiren, trying to explain to bassist Sally Shaum why the local convenience store didn't carry Shaum's brand. "They had Buckhorn and Marlboros," laments Wiren. Sally shrugs, content with the off brand she'll have to smoke prior to tonight's gig at the Dead Goat Saloon. "These will be really awful and I'll have to quit."

The banter between the two is just a polite form of concert jitters. Tonight's is the first in a



long weekend of shows at the Goat, the first after a summer vacation spent recording and relaxing. "It's like coming back to work," says Shaum. It is prove it or lose it time for My Sister Jane. After two and a half years spent building a solid local following and the release of a long awaited debut cassette (self-titled), all five sisters of Jane seem ready to move forward. Like it or not, the rather unventilated back room of the Dead Goat is where this trek to better musical days will begin.

Drummer Julie Leuders and percussionist Shelley White work at setting up their portion of the stage. White looks like a confused den mother, while Leuders is the band's strong, silent type. Her stoic nature is only reinforced by her country western background and commentary upon the likes of Gram

Parsons and Lyle Lovett. "I don't like any of those men," she says, cracking a slight smile. Multi instrumentalist Martha Bourne, who once the show starts will prove to be the catalyst for the band, sits in the back eating Hunan. Wiren and Shaum mill around, sitting and then standing, nervous energy spent unpacking harmonicas and all sorts of odd instruments.

The five women of My Sister Jane are an odd bunch, brought together by a haphazard series of events, and who now seem more perplexed than anyone as to what kind of music they play. Wiren and Bourne were involved in a North Carolina group called Blues In Your Shoes. During 1988's Great Peace March, White met Wiren and both became members of Wild Women for Peace. Once back in Salt Lake, White, Shaum,



FEATURE CONTINUED...

Bourne and Wiren ended up in a band called Cowgirls Kinda. After a few more changes (like the decision to lose their drum machine), Leuders was recruited and My Sister Jane was formed.

It is an eclectic mix of personalities which is reflected in the music and the band's choice of cover material, which ranges from Led Zeppelin to Patsy Cline. The group's debut cassette features elements of blues, folk, soul, funk, even gospel harmonizing and jazz like tempo changes. On the tape, there is no foundation, no common denominator or focal point. It is as if Wiren, Shaum and Bourne (who write the majority of the songs) are still mining influences, unsure themselves of what the hell they're doing, but still happy with the result.

My Sister Jane's tape is a mix of some great ideas performed professionally and others which are at best half baked. One of the tape's best tracks is

"Three," which offers one of Shaum's best bass lines and some very nice guitar work. It is also one of the tape's most propulsive numbers with Bourne's sax spurring while Wiren sings about "headaches and heartaches in all shades of blue." When it all clicks, roady songwriting, emotional singing and the willingness to let the rhythm section really hang loose, My Sister Jane succeed on a grand scale. Other times, however, when the band's inherent silliness gets the best of them, the arrangements (such as the vocal overdub on "Bogat Begone"), can be as irritating as the Andrew Sisters even though the educated mayhem of the Roches was more the intent.

More often than not, though, the tape works, possibly because of its lack of focus. I mean it isn't easy faulting a band whose best song, "Pain in the Middle," is a hilarious diatribe on Utah's infamous number of children per household.

While the music chugs away in an odd bluegrass/rock mode, Shaum belts out, "Save us from large families!"

The members of My Sister Jane are themselves rather confused on what they think of their own music. All seem to agree that the tape is a little too mellow, falling into a "lite" rock category which hardly suits the band's exuberance. "The hardest thing for me is reconciling our music versus other people's music," says Shaum. "Each member is interested in different sounds," she says summing up the group's wonderment over exactly what they're trying to do. In order to present both sides (My Sister Jane ARE somewhat mellow) the group plans to hit the studio as soon as possible to record another cassette of their more aggressive numbers.

On stage at the Dead Goat, it's a sloppy first few songs with Bourne declaring, "This is our sound check." The band sput-

ters a bit but by the time they tackle Hendrix's "Manic Depression," all is well in the land of eclectic. The music has an edge missing from the tape and the band shows a willingness to stretch out, coming across like a mutant child of Jerry Garcia and Joni Mitchell.

It is Bourne who really shines on stage, her Jerry "the beaver" Mathers persona clashing with her obvious talent and smart ass wit. If anyone leads My Sister Jane, it is her, playing guitar, sax, mandolin and flute, attempting to galvanize the diverse players. When she does, which at this point is a little over half the time, My Sister Jane earn their recognition. When it all works, these five rather fashionless PERSONS are capable of becoming more than simply Salt Lake's best local band.

by Darryl Smyers

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8 DEAD CATS	9	10 KAO RISSE FRACAL METHOD	11 THE CHANGE	12 LIVE & DIRECT	13 IMPROV COMEDY & ACOUSTIC MUSIC
15 INSATIABLE	16	17 FAR CRY	18 GAMMA RAYS	19	20 FOGHAT
22 MÄNTYR	23	24 THE CHANGE	25 HOUSE OF CARDS & VISION HOUSE	26	27 IMPROV COMEDY & ACOUSTIC MUSIC
29 BLACK WALL	30 SWIM HERSCHEL SWIM	31 HALLOWEEN PARTY	coming next month... MY SISTER JANE THE PALLADINS		



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SLACKER

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

The Road To God Knows Where

Filmed in glorious black and white, *The Road To God Knows Where* is more for the longtime Nick Cave fan than those unfamiliar with this dark Orpheus. Definitely a treat for his worshippers, the video is an intimate look "behind the scenes" at a man whose reputation has reached epic proportions in the world of underground music. The film spans the length of the *Tender Prey* tour as Cave, accompanied by his bandmates The Bad Seeds, takes on the American music scene, leaving a trail of disembodied spirits in his wake.

The film is a series of clips of the long bus rides, frustrating soundchecks, backstage shenanigans and live performances mixed with long looks at Cave, the man, disrobed of his mysticism and appearing startlingly human and vulnerable to his fans. The monotony of tour life shines through as well as the thrill of performing and building up more appreciation for this less well-known musical troupe.

The camera captures Cave, alone at the piano, working out songs that have since appeared on *The Good Son* LP. There are also long pieces where Cave talks to interviewers and opens up about his musical influences and personal feelings about his music, relating his fascination for the "Southern white-trash" character that appears so often in his songs and in his recent book. The soundchecks also provide insight into Cave's influences as he works his way through versions of *Fever* and his own immortal version of *By The Time I Get To Phoenix*.

The black and white cinematography gives the feeling that the ghosts of Cave's many characters are lurking in the shadows, home at last in their native America, and, possibly, at peace with themselves at long last.

By the end of the film you can feel the anticipation for the time when the band is done with their stint in America and can return home to a short break before they re-enter the studio. A tired-looking Cave with his worn-out Bad Seeds bids farewell to America and lays to rest a well played series of shows.

Added to the film are videos of Cave performing such songs as *In The Ghetto*, *The Mercy Seat* and *The Singer*.

After traveling down "the road to god knows where" with Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, I'm feeling better acquainted with one of my personal musical heroes, having taken part in his journey and also having seen the actual tour a couple of years ago.

Long live King Ink!
M.



"A patron of the "neurotic cafe".

SLACKER (slak'er), noun 1. a person who evades duties and responsibilities; 2. a new generation of young people, primarily centered around college campuses, that rejects the values of the generation before them, but hasn't come up with anything much better; 3, the title of a film directed by Richard Linklater.

Are you a slacker? Would you like to be a slacker, but have too many responsibilities? Do you dislike slackers, feeling that they are just lazy weirdos? If you answered "yes" (or "no") to any of these questions, you obviously care enough about the subject to at least check out Richard Linklater's singularly charming film.

Slacker begins with a monologue by Linklater as a new arrival, right off the bus, to Austin, Texas. He explains, to a (seemingly) disinterested cabbie what is, in essence, a crash course in the *many worlds interpretation of quantum physics*, which states that everything that we do spontaneously splits into a myriad (some say infinite) number of parallel "universes", but we only experience one perspective because "we're kind of trapped in this one reality restriction type of thing."

Ambiguity abounds with extreme and subtle degrees of comedy, drama

and satire. It's up to the viewer, however, to decide what is serious and what is not in this strange and wonderful film.

For example: an interestingly enigmatic fellow overhears that this guy's friend is "missing" and matter-of-factly offers his explanation - "It's all perfectly obvious." The conspiracy behind the government is deceiving the general public about our space program and the greenhouse effect scientists who are disappearing and "mysteriously" dying are being recruited and ordinary people

"people just like you and me" are being abducted and lobotomized to assist mindlessly in the government's secret plot. He just thought the guy had the right to know.

A cast of friends, musicians, people off the street, and a handful of professional actors portray the neurotics, losers, philosophers and other casualties of modern life, loosely termed as slackers, who are the next generation of hippies and yuppies; the antithesis of the preppie/yuppie culture; the neo-

beatniks.

The different opinions of what's going on in the world, dramatized/parodied through the eyes of anarchists, apathists and conformists. Freemasonry, Kennedy assassination theories, political and social deriding, hot cars, movies, television, modern art, music and Madonna's pap smear are among the diverse subject matters covered in the course of the film, which, in ninety-seven minutes, spans a twenty four hour period.

Slacker is a "study of communication," says writer, director, producer Richard Linklater. Human beings with their different perspectives of the condition of life, expressing themselves, involved in discourse, bullshitting and theorizing - "Elvis is still alive... and if the guy's half-assed cool, he's like, an Elvis impersonator." Endurance of life is stressed; suffering and surviving and actualizing personal growth through the strangeness of daily life.

Linklater's cinematography conveys the feel of consciousness - it's not "neat", with the symmetrical syntax typical of mainstream movies. There are no central characters, no central plot, other than the theme of slackers slacking. "I think everyone does want to connect," concludes Linklater, twenty eight year old college drop out and self taught filmmaker, about his nineteen ninety nine release, which has received accolades at several international, independent film festivals.

This highly provocative, intelligent creation is an enjoyable experience, kind of like hanging out with your friends, especially if they happen to be slackers.

Eric M. Zsebenyi



"Bumming a light, after bumming a smoke (or two.) This guy says, of his lifestyle, in an impromptu interview, "To hell with the kind of work you have to do to earn a living. Hey, look at me... I'm making it. I may live badly, but at least I don't have to work to do it."

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OPINIONS...

Someday

The current state of our world is at the point of an emotional and humanitarian breakdown. With the increase in racial hatred, and rightist groups sprouting up, one begins to feel that a safe and painless answer is to crawl inside a shell and bask in its comforts. If individuals are not personally affected by certain types of oppression, they tend to pass it off as not their problem. By proclaiming ignorance towards racism, one adds fuel. We must desire that flame through social awareness and education.

Throughout the world we see the apathetic pathway humanity is now leading down, from segregation in South Africa, to the women's right of choice over their own bodies. In one form or another, certain segments of humanity feel they hold a superior status over the lives of others, that they take on the role of "mouthpiece for God" making the decision of what race, sex, or morals are acceptable in their own warped sense of reality. For example, Hitler's dream of a master-race where every institution—educational, social, industrial, cultural, political, and religious—would be "harmonized" or "coordinated" into every aspect of a totalitarian state, the creed of German National Socialism, and Hitler's insane hatred for everything Jewish is what brought about the Holocaust.

From the words of Martin Luther King permeates the need of awareness between all races. As stated in his speech where he focused attention on black demands for civil rights, *"The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the negro community must not lead us to the distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidence of their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. This offense we share mandated to storm the battlements of injustice must be carried forth by a biracial (multiracial) army. We cannot walk alone."*

By looking at the ideas presented in King's civil rights speech one can begin to see the importance of racial equality, to stand by and let racism breed and fester into the marrow of society is, in effect, leaving the disease untreated. The cancer must be extracted if we are to achieve a true

sense of multiracial unity. Through the process of educating ourselves and our children, we can smash the burden of racism we have carried for all too long. Freedom and Liberty should be shared by all races and all walks of life, not to be chained down by the ignorance of a select few.

At the rise of Nazi Germany, hundreds and thousands of Jews were taken from their homes, while the majority of the German populace sat back as their friends and neighbors were carted away. Statements such as, "I'm not a Jew, therefore I is none of my business" might have been uttered during this time period. It is not a black and white question of separate races, we are all of one race, "the human race."

There is a wide variety of oppression and hate still prominent in today's society, from the recent police brutality to the oppressive role of the government dealing with the woman's right to privacy over their bodies. People are falling back into the state of mind that was shared at the height of the Nazi regime, finding it all too easy just to say, "it doesn't affect me, therefore I'll mind my own business." Creating a "dog eats dog" scenario that will envelope the existence of our world, maybe even stretching into the breeches of the universe.

At the pinnacle of Hitler's Nazi regime a pastor who subscribed to the belief that we should stick by "our own kind" and not rock the boat, was later imprisoned for finally speaking out against Hitler's atrocities. He formed one of the first major oppositions to the chancellor of the Third Reich, and his opposition earned him Hitler's undying enmity. A statement that he clung to as he later spoke of his experiences, was one of regret and the belief that we must all stick together, one that should be recognized today and put into the proper context with all of oppression and hatred that surrounds us today, or the horror of the Third Reich might come back to haunt us.

"First they came for the socialists, and I did not speak out—because I was not a socialist."

Then they came for the trade unionists, and I did not speak out—because I was not a trade unionist."

Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out—because I was not a Jew."

Then they came for me, and there was no one left to speak out for me."

Martin Niemöller

Kaj Valentin

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CONCERT REVIEW...

MONKS OF DOOM SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS SKIN N' BONES Bar & Grill—September 26

First of all, it seems funny for a 'zine that once panned CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN to now sing that bands' praises. But hey, I'll do anything once.

If you're like me, though, you'll agree that singer David Lowery wasn't always CVB's saving grace—instead, the band's superb musicianship and instrumentals were among the best in ethno-rock history.

From that sturdy foundations come the MONKS OF DOOM. Former CVB guitarist Greg Lisher, bassist Victor and drummer Chris Pedersen joined with ophelias leader Davis Immergluck for an interesting side project. Now that their respective bands are gone, though, these guys have gotten serious.

Playing the Bar & Grill, the quartet has toughened up its psychedelic ethno-rock. Though many numbers sounded like latter-period Camper Van Beethoven, that's probably because Krummenacher and Lisher had so much to do with CVB's songwriting.

One thing CVB didn't allow for is Krummenacher's singing, which recalls CVB frontman David Lowery. His vocals shined on "Silver Reflection" during which Lisher's guitar lines and Immergluck's mandolin provided sharp counterpoints. These guys kicked ass. The biggest surprise of the night, though, was No. Carolina's

SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS. This trio helped put the fun back in Southern rock.

Singer Rick Miller introduced most songs in a frightening Gomer Pyle imitation, but there was no resisting two-chord, punched-up

numbers like "She's My Little Bisquit-Eater" and a cover of "Viva La Santa," a hymn to those horrid Mexican wrestling/horror movies from the '50's.

Also, most songs drew from rockabilly, hillbilly rock, '50s blues and the same '60s

kitchy rock pilfered by early B-52s songs. Shame on you if you missed this one, and it looks like many did. I expect big things out of both bands before too long. Opening the show was local band SKIN N BONES. What else is new?

Chris Robin

J.R. BESS

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CONCERT REVIEW... SMASHING PUMPKINS

BOHEMIA PLAYGROUND POMPADOUR AUG. 23

Locals **PLAYGROUND** opened with a 30 minute set that visually begs for granola-ish comparisons to **EDIE BRICKELL**. Unjustified. The band has memorable hooks that, nonetheless, are loosely drawn together due to last year's creative cohesion. Once they purge their tendency to rush through a song, the potential for an *Au Pairs*-like groove of rhythm and straight forward feminism could be quite an enticement. The ideas are there, yet the skill to bring their musical vision to fruition seems to be amiss, apparent in some awkward arrangement and pace. A good showing from an improving quartet.

Seems like Russ and company do gigs for their fans only—"yeah, but you should hear **BOHEMIA'S** tape" has become the catch-phrase and legacy of their live performance. While Van Christensen again spit it out like fire-breathing and bassist, Blair Sutherland provided some articulate yet aggressive play, vocalist/guitarist Russ Easterland moans like a flagellant sinner...that's probably the point, however, where's the religious irony and twist if the mix is too power-trio potent? **Bohemia** are truly a player's band, yet their audience rapport comes close to condescensions. No longer able to endure the eye-rolling instrumental gymnastics, I finally chose to listen outside. Too bad I don't have the tape.

Looking like a Warholian reproduction of "the united colors of Benetton;" Chicago's **SMASHING PUMPKINS** assaulted a moderate gathering



Smashing Pumpkins

L to R: D'Arcy, Billy Corgan,
James Iha, Jimmy Chamberlain

with a neo-Swans' persistence of blinding beat, as bassist D'Arcy Wretki and drummer Jimmy Chamberlain held fast to their instruments while vocalist/lead guitarist Billy Corgan wailed away like a Sonic Youth disciple. Performing songs from their Caroline Records *Gish*, the Pumpkins played about an hour to some adulation and a lot of between silence. Corgan and rhythm guitarist James Iha prodded the audience with lethargic pleas for audience and jeers to someone yelling for an already played request. Corgan's guitar looked like it was headed for the kid's toybox after the show, as he pounded out distortion and contorted riffs as familiar with Neil Young as Jane's Addiction. "I Am One," "Rhinoceros," and "Snail," to name three of about a dozen songs they played, demonstrate a penchant for the overblown finale and crammed melodies distorted but still identifiable. This show caught many by surprise—somehow I doubt that could ever happen again with this charismatic group.

Hitler's Missing Tes

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FREAKS: We Who Are Not As Others

by Daniel P. Mannix

Research Publications

Written in a very personal and warm manner, Mannix's *Freaks* is more a tribute to the greatest freaks the world has ever known than a voyeur's guide to human oddity. Plan to be enthralled and possibly recognize parts of yourself in these people, or even fall in love with their personalities and their quirks. Mannix recounts with total sincerity the triumphs and tragedies of this misunderstood cross-section of humanity. Many of these freaks were friends of the author or friends of friends, whose stories are told first or second hand so that the reader knows of their authenticity.

Mannix places himself somewhat in the "freak" category, having been exceptionally tall at an early age and growing to a height not normally accepted as average. His own feelings dot the narrative and give it a bare-bones honesty that an "outsider" to the world of freaks could not.

Dividing the book into sections on types of freaks, Mannix looks at the problems of being a midget or dwarf, a giant, a siamese twin, an androgenous being, a fat person, an extremely thin person or one of the "wild people." Mixed into these categories are tales of people with alligator skin, bearded women and extra limbs or no limbs at all. How these people cope with society and come to terms with their "unnatural" qualities is the basis of this book. Not all the stories are glorious though. Mannix also tells of freaks who never find the ability to cope with their "oddities" or who are institutionalized

or otherwise hidden away from and ostracized by "polite" society. The "out of sight, out of mind" ethic prevails in many cases as freaks are banned from living any sort of productive life simply by nature of their outward appearance which offends "decent" people.

There is also some interesting insight from the infamous Anton LeVey, founder of the Church of Satan, who grew up around sideshows and knew many freaks intimately. Many freaks are associated with LeVey's church, finding comfort in the arms of the fallen god, the one who was cast out of God's presence as they have been cast out of the presence of "normalcy." The Church of Satan is a haven to freaks, a place where they feel total and unequivocal acceptance.

Freaks raises some interesting questions beyond the text. What is the criterion for being considered a freak? Where is the status quo that proscribes normalcy vs. unacceptable oddity? Who among us is not a freak in one way or another? Where do freaks find safety and comfort now that freakshows have been shut down because some feel them to be "degrading" and "offensive?" And, finally, what can be done to integrate these so called "freaks" into "normal" life, building tolerance, if not acceptance of the strange and unusual?

Mannix doesn't provide answers but, instead, gives life stories and real experiences, focusing on the freaks who have overcome their peculiarities and lead successful lives; some accumulating great fortunes or opening their own businesses.

So, if you fall into the category of one of those "who are not as others," remember that there's a whole world of freaks out there to keep you company.

Matt Taylor

HOLY BLOOD, HOLY GRAIL

Michael Baigent
Richard Leigh
Henry Lincoln
Dell Books

Leaving aside arguments whether he really existed, is it possible that Jesus

did not die on the cross? Further, could it be that Jesus married and raised a family? Is there a conspiracy to keep these and other facts about Jesus from most people? These questions and others form the central idea behind the

controversial non-fiction novel, *HOLY BLOOD, HOLY GRAIL*.

What started for co-author Henry Lincoln as an investigation of the shadowy history of the Knights Templar quickly evolved into a much darker and more interesting mystery. Bringing in co-authors Michael Baigent and Richard Leigh, Lincoln gradually uncovered an astonishing body of information that led to the tiny French village of Rennes-le-Chateau and beyond.

The telling of the story behind this investigation is often as fascinating as the outlandish (?) premise. At times, it is remarked upon by the authors that it seems as if some person or persons were deliberately leaking information and leading them deeper and deeper into an unbelievable mystery.

Unfortunately, while the writers might have felt led along, the reader will probably feel exactly the same. While the documentation that is uncovered and revealed is incredible, at times the authors are obliged to make a leap of logic in supporting their central



he/she is being manipulated.

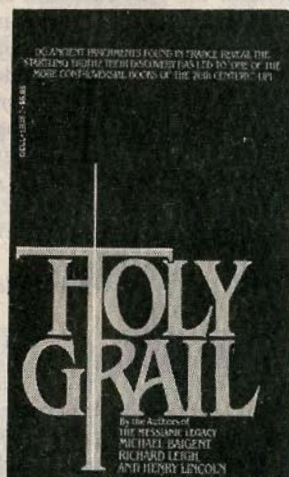
Certainly the information provided by the book is mind-boggling. If only for the brief history of the Cathars and the Albigensian Crusade plus a proposed "true history" of the Knights Templar, the book is worthwhile. But in attempting to tie these disparate events together to support the alternative history of Jesus posited, the logic is often flawed.

However, unsupported or not, the story the authors tell is nonetheless compelling. If Lincoln, Leigh, and Baigent are to be believed, the Prieure de Sion, a secret society that was really behind the Knights Templar, has (for centuries) zealously guarded the secret that Jesus's bloodline still exists and that many of the European monarchs, the so-called "Merovingian dynasty" were Jesus' progeny. If true, many of the closely-held and cherished beliefs of millions of Christians are seriously flawed. For this reason, it's easy to understand why the novel caused such an uproar upon publication in Europe.

But still... the reader will come away feeling ultimately cheated because these suppositions, while bolstered by remarkable documentation, rely on the flimsiest of logic. The work is accessible because the material is presented in a very knowledgeable manner, never falling into dry, scholarly recitation. Ultimately, though, the book calls for too much faith from the reader.

As the inspiration for Robert Anton Wilson's current "Historical Illuminatus Chronicles," *HOLY BLOOD, HOLY GRAIL* deserves to be applauded. As a believable argument to be wielded against fanatical Christians, though, the novel falls far short. Perhaps the sequel, *THE MESSIANIC LEGACY* is more... convincing.

Scott Vice



ideas and the reader may be left skeptical. Sometimes the connections between information that Lincoln and the others find likely seem forced and may lead the reader to the conclusion that

COMICS

-TANK GIRL-



CEREBUS

The longest running "independent" comic, **CEREBUS**, continues to appear through 149+ issues. And discriminating readers who haven't picked up this title should be admonished - this is probably the finest comic book being produced.

This series features the trials and tribulations of **CEREBUS**, a gray anthromorphic aardvark. However, unlike other "funny animal" books, **CEREBUS** focusses on more than just parody. In the 14+ years the chronicles have so far encompassed, **CEREBUS** the character has gone from being a **CONAN** satire to a statesman, to Pope of a dominant religion, to a shell-shocked survivor of a religious upheaval.

The issues the comic has detailed include the ridiculousness of

political campaigns, the role of secret societies on history, the influence of puritanical religions on individual freedom, and more. **CEREBUS**, himself, has been pushed and pulled by everyone so far in a grand design neither the reader nor the character can comprehend.

The current storyline, **MELMOTH**, has **Cerebus** more of an observer as the declining health of Oscar Wilde (a transplanted supporting character in the fictional world of **Estarcion**) is depicted.

The sheer drama and power of the story must be experienced in order to be truly appreciated. Writer/artist Dave Sim captures human emotion in a manner no other comics creator can approach. Sim is more than matched by co-artist Gerhard, though, the opulence of the surroundings provide a contrast to physical decline of the Wilde character that is stunning.

No amount of raving can truly describe **CEREBUS** to the uninitiated. Fortunately, past exploits of the gray aardvark are available in bi-weekly reprints and telephone book-sized compilations. While Sim's personal tirades in his editorials may leave one pissed-off and the letters page continues to be a morass of whining wankers, the story pages of **CEREBUS** continue to provide a near mystical experience. (B&W \$2.25)

Scott Vice

TANK GIRL

In keeping with its recent tradition of reprinting quality British comics creations for an American audience, Dark Horse has launched this four-issue series.

Ripped from the pages of

-CEREBUS-

DEADLINE, TANK GIRL details the exploits of the 23-year old title character along with Booga (a kangaroo), Stevie (an aborigine), Camp Koala (a cuddly toy), and occasional cohorts Jet Girl and Sub Girl.

The primary attraction of the series is Tank Girl herself, though. This nearly-bald babe smokes, drinks to excess, swears, scrogs, and drives a tank (hence the name)—everything good girls shouldn't do. Traversing the Australian outback, the characters maim and ridicule society and its mores.

The stories, written by Alan Martin, are a joyous, if nihilistic, celebration of life, emphasizing the truly important aspects of day-to-day survival. Martin is exceeded by artist James Hewlett, though. Hewlett's vibrant drawings convey the humor and happiness with an ease that should leave most comic artists green with envy.

Fans of this character shouldn't mourn the last issue of this series, though. Tank Girl will be appearing in Dark Horse's new **DEADLINE** U.S.A. anthology as well as occasional cropping up in the aforementioned **DEADLINE** (along with the fun-favorite **MILK & CHEESE**). (B&W \$2.25)

Scott Vice

DEADFACE DOING THE ISLANDS WITH BACCHUS

With this three-issue limited series, Dark Horse Comics is reprinting past appearances of Eddie Campbell's popular character "Bacchus," all in preparation for a new **DEADFACE** series in 1992.

For those unfamiliar with the

character, Bacchus is the Greco-Roman deity of pleasure, debauchery and (most importantly) wine. Artist/writer Campbell has brought the character, along with several other Roman Gods, into the current world. It seems these beings weren't as immortal as they thought—first they exhibit the characteristics "dreadface" or gruesomely aged appearance. But while the other gods sought to settle ancient scores, Bacchus is still his laid-back self.

In these tales, Bacchus and his literate chum Simpson tour the Greek islands in the company of young thrill-seekers. Along the way, the reader is entertained with Bacchus' stories of goings-on in Olympus, the true location of Atlantis, etc.

Unfortunately, Campbell's artwork has gotten progressively sloppier and while it does have simple charm, the splotchiness is occasionally irritating. Campbell's co-creator on past **DEADFACE** material, Ed (Ilya) Millyer has a far more fluid and expressive style and hopefully, an artist of Millyer's caliber will illustrate the future material.

Nevertheless, the charm of this series lies in Campbell's writing which is both educational and entertaining, the entire premise of our dated gods existing in the modern world serves to exhibit just how jaded and "sophisticated" society has become.

If any of this sparks an interest readers are encouraged to hunt down this series, as well as the related adventures of **EYEBALL KING** in **CHEVAL NOIR** and Dark Horse's graphic novel compilation of past "Bacchus/deadface" material, **DEADFACE: IMMORTAL ISN'T FOREVER**. (B&W \$2.95)

Scott Vice



CLASSY SHIT FOR CLASSY PEOPLE



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NOTES FROM THE INDUSTRIAL UNDERGROUND...

Every once in a while something extraordinary passes through my hot, hellish hands. And here's something every Industrial lover should know about: the debut four-song cassette release from Arizona's CHRISTUS CHRISTUS, entitled *The Opium Den*. With obvious influences from the legendary LEGENDARY PINK DOTS, plus the added psychosis of CLICK CLICK, CHRISTUS CHRISTUS blends Eastern ambience with electronic soundscapes and rhythms with rich vocals by one S. Murray Solida. Limited to two hundred, this cassette only release comes in incredible packaging, complete with an Oriental flavored print on handmade paper. It's as beautiful to look at as it is to listen to. So get your own personal copy now (that's an order from the Evil One himself) at Crandall Audio in Orem or directly from CHRISTUS CHRISTUS at P.O. Box 2209, Scottsdale AZ, 85252. Speaking of the LEGENDARY PINK DOTS, Play It Again Sam and Caroline Records have recently re-issued two early titles from the band on CD: *The Legendary Pink Box* and *The Lovers*. They are both great perspectives of a legendary band as well as cool showcases of Ka-Spel's unique and distinct voice. Other LPD titles are also available now domestically from Caroline. Ka-Spel has also been busy with a new, forthcoming solo LP in his *China Doll* series as well as with a project entitled MIMIR. The MIMIR disc is very ambient with lots of noises blended together to form instrumental extravagance and tons of listening pleasure to fill your horned heads...PIG has a new one out on Concrete Productions. Working with Mr. Jim "FOETUS" Thirwell, the album has all that madcap fun of a FOETUS record blended with pieces of PIG's earlier work in KMFDM plus all the raunchy lyrics you'd expect from Industrial music's nastiest artist. Get *Praise The Lord*

before it gets you!...It's finally here! The long awaited first single from two-thirds of SKINNY PUPPY (missing Ogre) under the name of DOUBTING THOMAS. *Father Don't Cry* starts out with melodic keyboards and builds to a thumping, gut-wrenching climax before fading back into it's mellow origins. Layered with sampling instead of vocals, this one's sure to be a hit. The B-sides include *Turn A New Leaf* and *Xcrement*. Another new WAX TRAX! release is *Fred*, you know, that guy from PSYCHIC TV and the SICKMOB part of CARESS AND SICKMOB. This one was a real surprise for me. It's not the disco/rave stuff that PTV has been pumping out lately. The first track could actually rival MINISTRY for grunge and all around heaviness. The EP makes its way into a more experimental ending but is pretty well balanced overall...Don't miss the new Alternative Press with disco demons THRILL KILL KULT on the cover. Marc Verhaeghen's (of KLINIK and NOISE UNIT fame) new project X10 has a full length disc out now, on Antler Subway through Caroline. Working with Marc Icks of A SPLIT SECOND and a female vocalist Niki Mono, Verhaeghen puts out dance floor delights as well as eerie instrumentals...Another new Antler Subway band is THE OVERLORDS with their CD *Organic?* With a ripping techno version of *Holiday In Cambodia*, this one will turn your pointed ears upside down and make your canines flat again. Some new stuff from Canada's NETTWERK label: SKINNY PUPPY's *Addiction* reissued on CD single for years of listening pleasure. Put away your vinyl and add this to your collection; SINGLE GUN THEORY has a new full-length called *Like Stars In My Hands*. Not quite as worked up as *Exorcise This Wasteland* but great all the same; MC 900 FT JESUS has a

promo single out from his forthcoming second album *Welcome To My Dream* called *The Killer Inside Me*. Heavy on the scratchin', rappin', and rhythm guitars, it also has a sexy sax solo. It may be too groovy for you "deep, dark" Industrial types, but then you've probably skipped down anyways; also on the funky, noister side is CONSOLIDATED's *Brutal Equation* remixes. It has all the socially and politically correct views one could ever hope to achieve set to that funk-out CONSOLIDATED beat; and, also a CD reissue, is MOEV's *Dusk and Desire*. If you liked SPK's NETTWERK LP then you'll love this one. It's pre-Yeah Whatever MOEV when Michela Arrichello sang with the band...LUMB has a new single: three mixes of *Bliss* and one of *Stiff*. These guys are hard as hell and deserve more appreciation for some head-splitting music...Probably the spookiest new Industrial record is DOMINATOR's *Forbidden Pleasures*. It's a scary send-up to *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and there's plenty of dialogue from the movie to keep your skin crawling (if you're wearing your own skin)...DIE WARZAU has a new single, *Funkopolis*. I guess it's all downhill from *Strike To The Body*. Need I say more?...And finally, it's the ALIEN SEX FIEND box, with five singles (one's an eleven inch and one's a ten inch) t-shirt, *Friendzine* and cool simulated dogshit. All in an attractive box designed by Lord Fiend and the band. Smells like Alien Sex Fun!!! Watch for new one's from BORIS MIKULIK, EXCESSIVE FORCE (En Esch of KMFDM and PIGFACE) a full-length DOUBTING THOMAS, full-length LORDS OF ACID, a new single from LEAD INTO GOLD (Paul Barker of MINISTRY) and a whole load of A SPLIT SECOND CD singles.

POMPADOUR INDUSTRIAL NIGHT TOP TWENTY

1. Beers, Steers and Queers
REVOLTING COCKS
2. Nothing Stays
CYBERAKTIF
3. ZNS
EINSTEURZENDE
NEUBAUTEN
4. Godlike
KMFDM
5. 'Cuz It's Hot
THRILL KILL KULT
6. Supernaut
1,000 HOMO DJ'S
7. Windowpane
COIL
8. Sex On Wheels
THRILL KILL KULT
9. Get Down, Make Love
NINE INCH NAILS
10. Morpheus Laughing
SKINNY PUPPY
11. Acid Cripple
CYBERAKTIF
12. Crazy Horses
KMFDM
13. Possessed
KODE IV
14. Agitate
NOISE UNIT
15. Black Leather
KLINIK
16. Spasmolytic Remix
SKINNY PUPPY
17. Ruptured Freaks
CYBERAKTIF
18. Hey Ho!
LORDS OF ACID
19. Split
KMFDM
20. Time
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FRACTAL METHOD

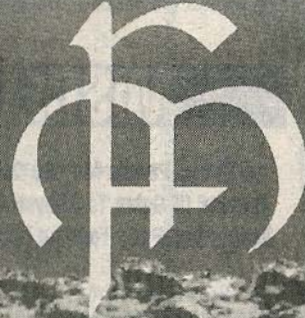


STRANGE
ATTRACTOR

FRACTAL METHOD



CHAOS



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MORMON UPDATE...

Hooray! Finally, someone took a stand for righteousness. As your spiritual leader, I advise you to applaud the actions of Brother Worthington, in his attempt to gain some sense of retribution for the demonic surgical techniques applied to his wife. Yes, my flock, "tubal ligation" (the concept conceived of by Nazi doctors who wanted to lure morally irresponsible women into the total depopulation of the western hemisphere).

Although he might have carried his actions too far, he at least stood up for his beliefs. For what other means did he possess to populate his celestial planet if not by impregnating his wife?

And let us not forget to feel pity for his wife who was led so far astray by the spiritually corrupt liberals who are trying to infiltrate this Happy Valley. From what I have been able to ascertain about the period before her fall, she was brainwashed to the point of actually considering castrating her husband with tinfoil. Yes! Tinfoil! Oh, what a sad day it is when a good wife forgets the primary reason for her existence -- breeding.

As far as the unfortunate who was slain, I think that that she is in God's (Mr. Pro-I you) kingdom and is privileged to have been able to serve a martyr. For she can be looked upon by other wives who might be thinking about this dreadful thing. For she is a symbol of the consequences of one woman's attempt to break away from her master plan.

I think it prudent to touch upon President Bush's latest address to this great nation. Just the thought of the proposed "peace" division seems ludicrous at this juncture. A strong national defense is obviously in our country's best interest. The New World Order can succeed in bringing the Gentile nations to their sinful knees. The Lord can't possibly see how a peaceful end could help that cause. Give thumbs up to King George for again deciding what is best for us.

I've said it before, and I'll say it again until the second coming of Jehovah. Send your boys to war. Pray for war. Reproduce. War is Peace.

Until Next Month
Uncle

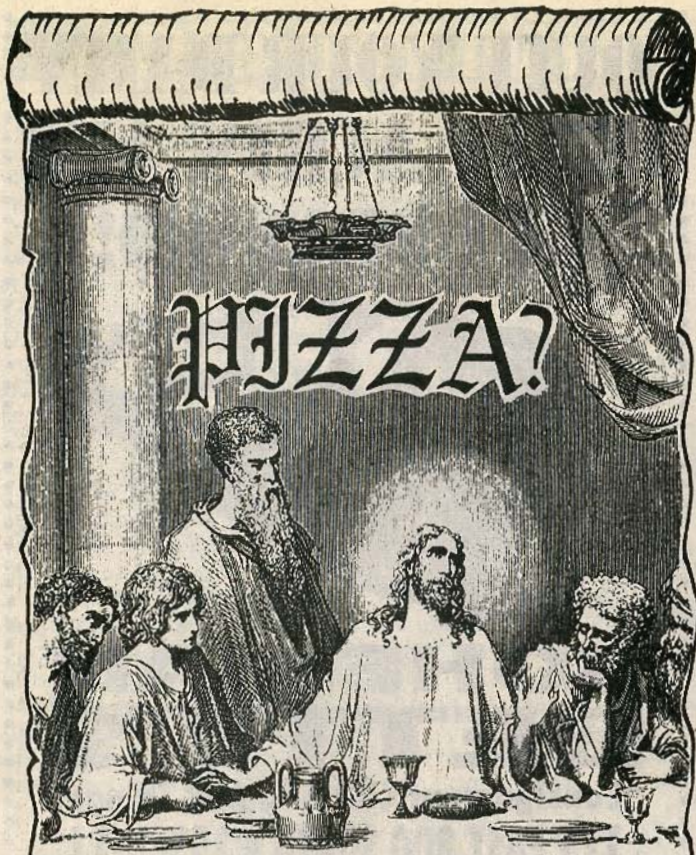
MISCELLANEOUS...

15 Things People May Be Doing Instead Of Going To Shows And Supporting Poor Touring Bands!

- 1) Staying home watching Gilligan's Island reruns
- 2) Going dumpster diving looking for weird photos
- 3) Hanging out at the mall—either in Orem or Salt Lake
- 4) Getting all their buddies together and watching Gorilla Biscuits videos
- 5) Throwing paper airplanes off of tall buildings
- 6) Getting drunk because there really is nothing better to do
- 7) Moping around because the scene really sucks around here
- 8) Going to high school night at The Palace in Provo and hitting on all the 13 year olds whose parents let them stay out 'til 11
- 9) Going to The Bay to disco and be gothic for a night

- 10) Cruising up and down the street in Salt Lake
- 11) Throwing water balloons at helpless freshmen who are around on BYU campus
- 12) Playing naked in someone else's sprinklers
- 13) Walking around Smith's looking for the best deals
- 14) Sitting on the floor trying to think of something to do
- 15) Taking photos of their next-door neighbor who likes to get dressed in front of the window when the shades are up

Okay, you get my point, and if money's a problem, it's quite easy to panhandle Salt Lake—after a few hours you should have enough to get a show! C'mon everyone, things alive out here, I know out there!



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ROCKABILLY:NEWS, BLUESAND REVIEWS...

Well, well, well, I'll be damned if it isn't time for another month of all the happenin' Rockabilly news. Yes, that's right, it's me again, your old Uncle PK here to tell you what's hot and what's not. I guess I'll start this month's article with what's hot.

Did y'all get a chance to catch that swell skinhead march through Salt Lake this month? Well, if you missed it, you missed out on one of the funniest things I've ever seen. If you did catch it, I have one question: "What where those idiots trying to accomplish?" Beats me. Three cheers for everyone who made it out to protest those Nazi assholes. Personally, I'm getting sick and tired of all this neo-Nazi racist crap that's going on. My theory is that those idiots couldn't piss on their pants if they were on fire. Well, enough about that, I've got some great news for you Salt Lake cats n' kittens for a great rockabilly show to hit town. Are you ready for this? Hold on to your duck tails, cuz the mighty PALADINS are making their way back to Salt Lake in November. To anyone who actually bothers to read this article, I've got one thing to say: "DO NOT MISS THIS SHOW!" The Paladins are the greatest rock n' roll band in the history of the world, and they put on one hell of a show. I'm not sure of the exact date yet, but word has it that they'll be playin' the Bar & Grill private club in Salt Lake, so keep your eyes peeled for more news.

New in my juke box

this month are some very happenin' new albums that are sure to unfasten your belts and get you boppin'. My first offering is a brand new compilation album from the FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS entitled *The Essential Fabulous Thunderbirds Collection*. This album is a collection of the greatest hits off the T-Birds now-rare first four albums. This album is white hot, and features some of the smokin'est guitar work that Jimmy Vaughan ever layed down on wax. This is Texas swing, boogie woogie, blues, rockabilly at it's finest. It's the next best thing to down to Antoine's in Austin in person. My favorite tracks are, "The Crawl," "She's Tuff," and "How do You Spell Love." Check it out!

The next new offering I have for y'all is another rockin' release from the soon to be my favorite record label, Rhino Records. The release is actually two CD's entitled *Legends of Guitar-Rock the 50's volumes #1 and #2*. Like the T-Birds album, this is one smokin' collection of great rockabilly guitar playing. What you got here is a library of the hottest rock n' roll guitar players from the 50's. You got Paul Burlison from the Johnny Burnette trio, you got Roland James playin' with Billy Riley and his Little Green Men. You got Larry Collins from the Collins Kids, and you got the legendary James Burton layin' down licks behind Ricky Nelson. The list goes on and on. These albums are the best compilations of hot

50's guitar playin' that I've ever layed ears on. This is a four star recommendation, so check it out!

Finally, I'm headin' back home to San Francisco for a nice vacation away from Utah, and to dig up some hot new albums, so hopefully next

month will be a banner month for new records in my juke box. Look for some new stuff in the future from BUCK NAKED, REV. HORTON HEAT, and a compilation album featuring the KINGPINS and the BONESHAVERS. Well,

'til next time, keep that D.A. greasy, and your pompadour high, cuz I'm outta here Daddy-O!

PK

(Ed. Note: The Paladins will be at The Bar & Grill, Thursday, November 7.)



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The Illigitimati vs. The Illiterati

There is a document published by Harper and Row which discusses different aspects of the U.S. government, indoctrinating innocent, young school children into the nightmare of history. One passage, in particular is about the *legitimacy* of the U.S. government. The passage quotes Max Weber, eminent sociologist: "The government is the institution in society that has a legitimate monopoly over force."

Legitimate, as defined in the American Heritage dictionary, is; 1. In compliance with the law; 2. In accordance with traditional or established patterns and standards; 3. Based on logical reasoning; reasonable. Of course we see the inherent paradox in the very definition of the concept of legitimacy; relating lawful practice to reasonable process is not only nefarious, but impractical and dogmatically

stupid.

The aforementioned document does, however, provide us with their definition of what is meant by "the legitimacy of government" which is "that the people accept the exercise of force as right and proper." The author goes on to give an example relating to everyday experience. A parent beating their child is an example of the use of legitimate force, while a stranger beating the child is not. Therefore, violence under state authority is "right and proper" just as a mother beating her child is "right and proper".

The government is *legitimately responsible* to hire and arm a police force, to build and fill prisons and to punish wrongdoers by taking away their rights. (Of course we see that our government is only accepted as legitimate insofar as it can threaten, sanction, imprison,

and liquidate it's opposition. The American Civil War is a prime example of the ruthless attitude which has been our nation's guiding light in establishing itself as a world power. Nixon, Reagan, and Bush are contemporary examples of gangster/warlords who will stop at nothing to keep their "fragile seat at number one" (quote from Fugazi.) In short, politics (U.S. and world) is based on violence and the threat of violence. As Ghandi said, "Poverty is the worst form of violence." Without violence, politics as we know it would virtually collapse. So, let's stop fighting, love one another and let the politic go the way of the dinosaur.)

Do you accept the use of force by the government (or any group or individual) as being "right and proper"?

Do you feel that the government is adequately serving you?

Do you feel satisfied being represented and governed by lawyers and politicians?

If not, then change it!

Yes, you can.

Voice your opinion. Accept what you can't change, *change what you can't accept*. After all, you get what you settle for. Take a few minutes out of your day to do something about anything you find unacceptable. There are many avenues available to change things. Free communication is not illegal, yet.

As Jello Biafra has said, "Don't hate the media, become the media!" A cop can't bash your head if he knows it'll be on prime time. A politician can't give a bullshit run-around to an informed electorate.

A good way to begin to affect positive change is to join a group committed to accomplishing at least some of the things you'd like to see done. The Anti-Defamation League, the Libertarian or Socialist parties, or any group you like-or, start your own group, such as Free Utahns Committed to Killing Every Republican (F.U.C.K.E.R.) (-his is just a joke-I do not advocate violence, as much as I'd like to see the Republicans "choke" on the negative public opinion I've seen running rampant. It's interesting to note, as a sideline, the casual manner in which a national newscaster mentioned, recently while discussing Israel's impatience with Bush

over this loan-thing, that they (intimating all of us) would have to put up with Bush for another five years. The ninety-two election's over a year away and it already seems like it's in the bag for Huge Berserk Rebel Warthog. Say it isn't so!)

Or you could join such esoteric groups as the Church of the Sub-Genus, or the Fundamentalist Christians, and just sit back, waiting patiently for imminent Armageddon, praise God; praise Bob. (And remember-every twenty-six seconds another wanna be Christian "takes the plunge" and every .026 seconds, another wanna be Sub-Genius sends in his/her twenty dollar membership.)

By now it should be painfully obvious to each and every one of us that our government is nothing more than the gang with the most guns of all. What're you going to do about it? Continue paying taxes and debts to the local monopolies and bitching about your impotence at effecting change? That doesn't sound wise to me. Contact organizations that are struggling to fight the capitalist dictators. They need your support. And not just your money. Your vote, your presence, your opinion. If you like to smoke pot, join N.O.R.M.L., write your "elected representatives." Tell them that their time in office is up; that we, the people, who salary these Demorepublicats who are fostering the conditions of industrialized capitalism that we are enduring are out of a job, come November.

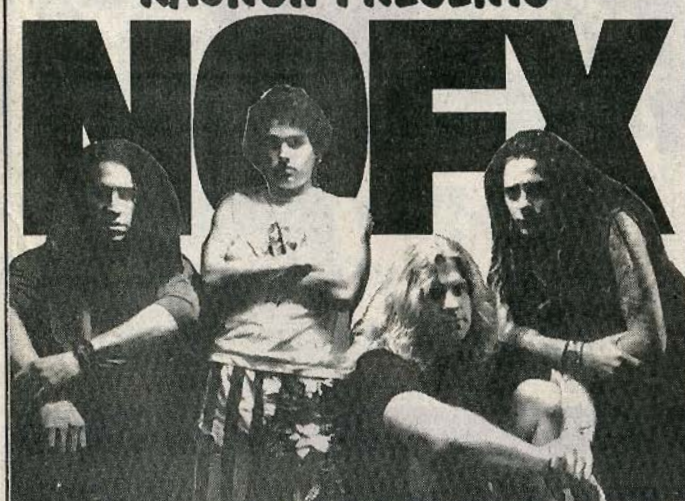
It's time to think for ourselves, to use our HEAD, to get RICH, and to SMI(2)LE.

Adam Weishaupt

Next month: Sex and Drugs- Is there enough of it around?

(note-place) Adam Weishaupt is the leader of the Bavarian "Washington's" picture Illuminati, who is alleged to have died some two centuries ago. He believes that the time is ripe for the immanization of the eshaton and feels that S.L.I.G. is the only publication in the valley that he can trust to print his transmissions without editing or running subversive, subliminal pro-Bush propaganda.

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CONCERT REVIEW...

FRACTAL METHOD

TOM PURDUE LILY'S REMAINS

The Pompadour - September 14th

The atmosphere of the Pompadour was electric as the audience anticipated the return of Fractal Method to regular performing in Salt Lake. Although Fractal has produced two tapes (STRANGE ATTRACTOR and CHAOS) in the past year, their performances have been few and far between. Their appearance at last month's Sabbathon was witnessed by too few, and the last full-production show before that was last February, with Tom Purdue at the Perseus Opera, a venue of dubious acoustics.

Lily's Remains, Ogden-based boy wonders, opened the show with a gothic-tinged set.

Tom Purdue's set was an opportunity to view his surprising showmanship and hear his mellow brand of industrial. "Heaven's Open Wide" and "America" were the best numbers of the set, but Tom's mannequin dance is certainly something to be seen. Joined by Shaun on guitar and a member of Bandle-Coix on backup vocals and keyboards, Purdue's haunting songwriting and lyrics produce a mesmerizing effect. I look forward to hearing more from Tom Purdue when he makes the move from Brigham City to Salt Lake later this month.

Fractal Method played a spectacular set, complemented by a better-than-usual light and fog show and intense visuals on TV monitors. The overall effect was dazzling, and the wait between shows proved to be well worth it. Grover's costumes, vocals, and antics on such tunes as "Die Monster Die," "Ghouls" and "Passage" added to the visual effect. The musical highlights of the set were "LCD," "Deadly Complication," "Grimoire" and "Getting With the Devil," all cuts off the CHAOS EP, but my personal favorite was an entirely live version of "Dissonance," which, incidentally, proves that Fractal Method can survive nicely without sequences.

All in all, a great show from three great bands. If you didn't get to see them this time, catch 'em on the next opportunity!

--Ness Lessman

FRACTAL METHOD



STRANGE ATTRACTOR

Although the musicianship seemed awkward at points, they were brave enough to attempt an entirely innovative sound. Given a little time to mature their performance, these guys will be impressive, indeed.

CONCERT REVIEW...

ICEBURN, GLADBIRDS, STONEFACE

Johnny B's Backstage

September 2, 1991

Stoneface was the surprise of this evening. Added to the bill at the last minute, I'm assuming, these boys from Payson(?) are aspiring mini-Yodelers. Heavy, flowing guitars provided the base which they built their music on. While not as complex as the Yod Gods, these boys are in the early stages of their band and have some time to perfect their music. Definitely a promising new band. Catch them in October at the Pompadour.

Gladbirds are one of my favorite local bands these days: Super 70's rock for the nineties. Starting their set with a jazzy number, their energy built to a high as they worked their way through their music. Imagine King Crimson teaming up with Soundgarden and you have some idea of where they're coming from. Gladbirds play tight together and are well-polished musicians.

ICEBURN



Gentry—ICEBURN
photo: Rick Egon

Unfortunately, the audience didn't seem to be there to enjoy the bands but to have a good time in spite of the bands. Welcome to Provo...

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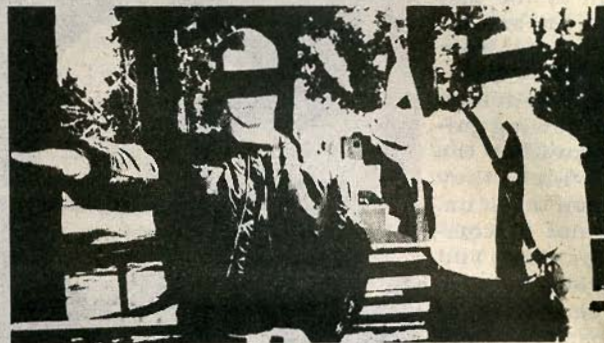
GUITAR GALLERY

17TH SOUTH MAIN



Page 26 SLUG September

IN 1941, AMERICA DECLARED WAR ON THE NAZIS. IT'S TIME TO DO IT AGAIN.



Adolf Hitler died in a bunker in Berlin over 40 years ago.

Today in America, however, his ideas are very much alive.

In 1984, members of a neo-Nazi group known as The Order assassinated Denver radio personality Alan Berg. Because he spoke out against racism. And because he was a Jew.

In 1987, neo-Nazi youths rampaged through Chicago's north side, smashing windows and painting swastikas on synagogues and Jewish-owned businesses. This occurred on the anniversary of Kristallnacht, the night in 1938 when Nazis destroyed Jewish-owned businesses and synagogues throughout Germany and Austria.

In 1982, a member of a neo-Nazi organization killed two Blacks and a man he believed to be Jewish with a pistol concealed in a hollowed out copy of *Mein Kampf*. He claimed his goal was to kill as many Blacks and Jews as he could: "One thousand, one million, the more the better."

These incidents are not aberrations. They are part of a very scary trend: neo-Nazis resorting to radical acts to accomplish their goals.

The Anti-Defamation League is dedicated to fighting Nazism, criminal bigotry, and all forms of racism.

We track the activities of racist organizations. We work with lawmakers to enact legislation which makes it harder for them to operate. And with law enforcement officials to apprehend them when they break those laws.

Please give us your support.

It's time all of us took action against these groups.

Because, as you've seen, they're certainly not afraid to take action against us.


Anti-Defamation League
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Yes, I want to help the ADL fight neo-Nazi violence. I have enclosed my tax deductible contribution of:

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For regularly updated information about current neo-Nazi activities and ADL's fight against them, call **1-900-860-3235**. There is a charge of \$3 per minute per call, and a portion of the charges will be used to support and strengthen the work of the ADL.

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