

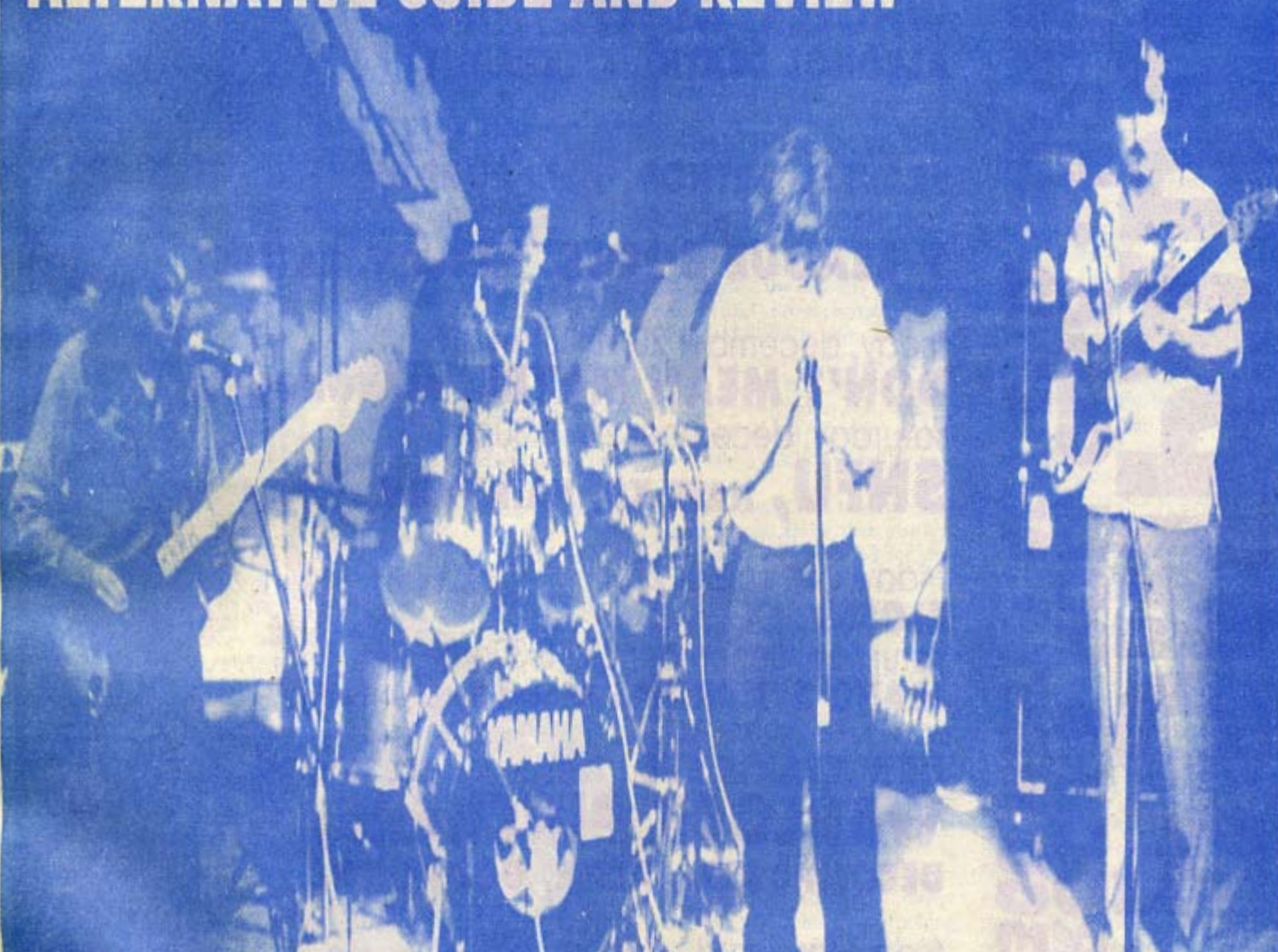
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SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

ALTERNATIVE GUIDE AND REVIEW

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DECEMBER 1991



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SLUG

DECEMBER 1991

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DICKHEADS @ SLUG

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Dear Dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

Nazism (national socialism), apartheid, imperialism, fascism, slavery, and all forms of oppression are wrong and destined to failure. If any of our racist peers would open a history book they would find this to be true. But if you have ever heard them rant, they would deny the validity of any conventional historical fact in favor of some revisionist myth, such as their disbelief in the fact that six million Jews were butchered during Hitler's Germany. They call anyone who doesn't subscribe to their backwards ideology a "race" traitor, using fear and intimidation to spread their word. They claim to care about white America so long as they lose their individuality and follow them blindly. I don't need an undereducated, ignorant, Aryan yahoo telling me what is right and wrong!!!

My relatives fought bravely against the Nazis during World War II. My ancestral homeland was invaded and oppressed by the Nazis! Everytime I see some goose-stepping puppet boy I can only feel anger and disgust knowing how many freedom loving men, women, and children of all races and religion died fighting against Nazism, allowing these overprivileged brats to have the freedom to be racist assholes! What a waste of freedom. How can I face my relatives who risked their lives fighting against fascism if I don't do my part to make sure it doesn't happen again? How can the Neo-Nazi youth face their relatives? I'm sure some of their grandparents fought against Hitler's war machine. If this is the case, then the neo-nazis are true traitors, they are traitors to their families, traitors to all those who died fighting against oppression, traitors to the human race!! If we are ever to progress as a civilization we need "academy and solidarity," not ignorance and separation! Thanks to the Warlock Pinchers, Public Enemy, the S.H.A.R.P.s, the ADL, the Southern Poverty Law Center, and all who

do their part in attacking the problem of racism in the U.S. and abroad.

*Sincerely,**A third-generation anti-fascist***Dear Dickheads,**

I will come to appreciate the day I won't have to write a fucking letter to this section.

Sledge, you are a geek. I guess anyone can figure out that the abbreviation for your name is straight edge. That's really nifty, dude. After harping on Bluster, you turn around and sprout rhetoric from a SHEER TERROR song for your defence. Considering that the collective I.Q. of that band is somewhere around your age, which I assume is about 14 and a half, I don't take your line of bullshit seriously.

However, you are severely wrong if you think that punk is dead, fucko. If it weren't for that entire revolution, you wouldn't have the cerebral masturbation your shitty Victory records provide. The very spirit of your entire "scene" was birthed by what you regard as stupid.

Continuing to piss in your Wheaties, I'll have you know that the "stupidity" is coming back strong. New bands are lining up throughout Milkland that are going to bring the punk movement back, much to your absolute horror. Here's another thing; I'd rather hang out with a bunch of fucking hippies than some pack of anal retentive blowhards who get their jollies from colored vinyl. Furthermore, your twisted ethics on defending kids in their oversized Garanimal gear leads me to this conclusion: you need an enema. Problem is, they don't know what end spews more shit, your mouth or your ass. Punk's not dead and never will be. It's going to rejoice your scene's demise sooner than you think.

*This Letter's Hard, Harder**Than You**Charlee In-Effect*

P.S. Don't forget the chaos.

Dear Dickheads,

In regards to The Rev. Chris Robins open-mouth-insert-butt commentary on KJQ. I think you are being just a little picky and ridiculous. I am not the biggest KJQ fan, but have you listened to much of Salt Lake's fine radio broadcasting lately? KJQ at least has the guts to claim to be alternative. Remember, there is no underground, and alternative isn't alternative anymore-it's the trendy norm. KJQ is just on for the ride. Check out their local show some time, not even KRCL, our "community" radio gives the locals much of a rotation. No other radio stations would do a concert update either, it is nice to know that if you are in a band, doing a show, they will announce it...who else does that? I agree having a fancy cassette player would be nice but when you are stuck with nothin' but a shitty radio there aren't many choices.

But don't get me wrong I still hate that goddamn milkbeast. I would just like to see KJQ spend more time playing a wider range of songs and less time on their hits. Hey if you don't like the music on the radio, turn it off.

*All My Love,
Ness Lessman***Dear Dickheads,**

I read your article on "My Sister Jane" in October. So I went to see them at the Bar & Grill last weekend. Sorry! They Suck! Mr. Smyers is obviously...A) full of shit; B) trying to sleep with one of them; or C) has never been to a real city and seen a real female band. The only thing worse than their butchering of Zeppelin songs was their attempt at original material. Get a life, I thought the sixties were over.

Why doesn't SLUG do a story on a real band, Okay? Now I will shut up. I feel much better.

*Mr. Snooty**P.S. Fuck the neo-nazi youth.*

Dickheads @ SLUG
P.O. Box 1061
SLC, Utah 84110-1061

Records & Tapes...



4AD Recording Artists **His Name Is Alive**

HIS NAME IS ALIVE

Home Is In Your Head

4AD

Livonia, Michigan's HIS NAME IS ALIVE delivers their second album on 4AD, and shows that they weren't just a one shot deal. The second record takes all the innovation of the first and expands upon it, making a new album that is even more intricate and alive than the first. HIS NAME IS ALIVE was formed from remnants of punk-a-billy's ELVIS HITLER, with some of the guitar roughness kept intact, but blended over female vocal harmonies and quiet guitar chimings. The record has a certain schizophrenic quality, in that there are noisy, fast guitar riffs thrown in the middle of the softer patches. Overall, there is a fluidity that carries the record from beginning to end. And the surprise riffs keep you guessing as to what direction the band will go in next.

Home Is In Your Head is made up of twenty-three "songs," some of which amount to thirty second spots of harmony or noise. These shorter pieces add variety to the record as well as serving as shifts in mood. Some of the most interesting songs are those such as *The Well*, that

are just vocal, guitar and bass. The simplicity of the music is a nice complement to the more intricate pieces such as *Dreams Are Of The Body* and *Are We Still Married?*

So put your finger in your eye and get a copy of *Home Is In Your Head*. You'll find that you're not as far from home as you might have thought.

Matt.

HEIDI BERRY

Love

4AD

After two successful solo albums on Creation Records, Heidi Berry releases her latest record on 4AD. Admittedly, it's taken me a while to like this album, but now I find myself listening to it every day.

Berry's music seems fairly conventional at first. What really grabs your ears is Berry's delicate voice, which rises like a whisper over the acoustic guitars and piano that form the basis of the songs. Whether it's the sweetness of voice or the soft melodies that rise from the stereo, this record pulls you in and lulls you into a state of child-like ecstasy. Berry does elegant

harmonies with her own lead vocals that add depth and charm to the record.

Hidden behind the joy is also an element of angst. Berry sings out lines like: *Some of us live too fast/Some of us die too young/And some are destroyed/By all they might have done*. She also asks the profundity: *How much misery can one soul take/Trying to fly away could have been your first mistake*. The harshness of ponderings like these is softened by their delivery and become musings on the human condition rather than explosions of anger.

Love is one of those records that becomes more meaningful on each listening. The job of the listener is to remain patient, soaking in the feelings Berry portrays and letting them fill the ears until they find refuge in one's head and heart.



Heidi Berry

speed against a likable Toy Dollsian mob-rules splendor. Unimposing at less than 30 minutes, but hardly the kind of thing you'd want sleeping in your bed or borrowing your toothbrush.

DOWN BY LAW

Down By Law

Epitaph Records

Matt.

While two of Epitaph's artists (bought by the label's alternative punk kingpins, BAD RELIGION—DOWN BY LAW) visited the church named after a hairstyling phenomenon, *we* (yes, me and the Epitaph exec who paid me to write this junk, who I shall refer to as "Deep Throat") decided that late is better than never for a few notes pulled straight from bio sheets.

NOFX

Ribbed

Epitaph Records

Cruising to be LA punk's answer to King Missile, this gem has enough unkemptitude and "life from the Armpit Hotel" diatribes to send the listener to the shower, scouring the skin with scalding water and steel wool, believing it possible that athlete's foot and crabs could be transmitted from these mutt's hands and loins to your CD (especially if Epitaph is experiencing any double-duty financial difficulties). Songs like "New Boobs" and "Together On The Sand" take punk's lyrical insurgency and twist it to bedpan humor. RIBBED is rockabilly at 78 speed taking a beefy guitar riff and hanging on for dear life as it beats your resistance to

ALL-descendant, Dave Smalley, carries DOWN BY LAW's debut to dim-witted corners already exposed by other artless vocal tweedlers—from DINOSAUR JR. to FIREHOSE. Yet, bassist Ed Ulrik and drummer Dave Nazworthy (both ex-CHEMICAL PEOPLE) take Smalley's incongruous peace'n'punk warble and pack it tight into a gelatinous slab of musical headcheese, serving it up with a surprisingly adroit array of balance and ingenuity. "Dreams Away" and "The One" defiantly drop Smalley's hope for tomorrow into a vat of spare fat parts where it belongs. Thankfully, DOWN BY LAW no longer cling to punk partylines of anarchy and antagonism—feeding the clash with fluidity that comes with maturity and trodden causes.

PENNYWISE

Pennywise

Epitaph Records

The youngsters of Epitaph, these California surfers claim to sport quite a following—it's easy to hear why—faster, harder and more musically carnal than their labelmates...PENNYWISE are the perfect companions to power saws. However, take a look at the lyrics

and the love affair looks like Tyne Daly. Succumbing to metalistic, paranoid impressionism—PENNYWISE could be ANTHRAX—with a little more leather and a 15 ft. dildo. Named for Stephen King's sinister, centuries old clown in "IT". PENNYWISE have a lot of explaining to do that simply gets generalized in straight-edged reality...really, no excuse for the mundane. This album is at best, uninspired punk party music, that, nonetheless, can leave you as defenseless as a Depends-wearer, with no protection, on a golfcourse.

Corn and Peanut Tracer

Pearl Jam

Ten

Epic/Associated Records

Well, I think I've found my "Best Album of the Year" winner. "Why?" you ask. Well, because *Ten*, the debut release from Seattle's powerful PEARL JAM, has everything you have ever wanted in an album. Ranging from bluesy strumming, to tight metal, along with beautiful, harmonious lyrics, this album opens the mind and lets your soul dance in celebration. Excellent production has gone into this effort as well as mixing rockin' sounds with large overtones of cello and acoustic guitar. A piano can even be heard here and there.

Wimpy is certainly not a word in my vocabulary when describing the energy radiated from this collection of songs that are written straight from the heart. The end result is an LP that keeps the momentum of contemplation going and makes you feel good at the same time. Do you want love songs? You want childhood memories? You want anger? Are you looking for answers to life's little quirks? Then PEARL JAM is what you need to hear.

Ryan Workman

TOM PURDUE DARKEST AMERICA

Ximen Recording

Having seen this young man get up on stage and dance with a mannequin, I just had to pick up a copy of his debut cassette, *Darkest*

America. Expecting to be mildly amused and entertained, the cover photo of Mr. Clean-cut drumming on a steel-belted radial did nothing to dissuade my expectations. Once in my tape deck, however, *Darkest America* amazed me with its dark lyrics, dancy backbeats, and interesting samples. If this is a debut effort, bring on the sequels!

Especially intriguing on this 8-song cassette are its lyrics. Although naive by some standards ("Feeling like some acting mime / She takes up more than half your time / Don't care cause she's worth more / What are those girls for?"), Purdue's vocals convey an innocence which make the lyrics convincing and portray a range of emotions from suicidal despair ("Heaven's Open Wide") to mourning innocence lost ("Felt Good").

The production quality and musicianship of *Darkest America* are also noteworthy. Although not mentioned on the package, the sound quality makes it apparent that *Darkest America* was not produced in somebody's basement using amateur equipment. Essentially a one-person effort, Purdue's proficiency with vocals, synthesizer and percussion practically force listeners to their feet, even if to disco dance.

The best number on the cassette also features Sean Young on guitar. "Felt Good" sounds like nothing I have ever heard before, and is both totally predictable and touchingly familiar at the same time. Upbeat, bizarre tempo, strange vocals and downright wierd lyrics ("Scarlet sky turned a sickly yellow / The ghost of my being was dead") makes me want to hear this song, and, indeed, the entire tape over and over again.

Darkest America is possibly the best debut effort from a local band in a long time. It's a nifty little package with professional production and great music. I suggest that you head for your favorite indy outlet and get one of your own real soon!

- Madame X -

See Tom Purdue with *Fractal Method* at the Pompadour, Friday, December 13th.

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NOTES FROM THE INDUSTRIAL UNDERGROUND

Looking for a cure for that nasty problem of having Foetus on your breath? The answer will be at the Pompadour Club on December 6th in the form of one J.G. Thirwell, madman and mastermind behind FOETUS INC., among other musical assaults. Thirwell comes under the guise of Clint Ruin, one of many aliases, with support from Algis Kizys, Norman Westberg, Vinnie Signorelli, all former members of Swans, as well as Dave Oulmet (ex-Cop Shoot Cop) and Eric Hubbel. This show promises to be the most wild and horrific since the Ministry crew graced our fine, backwards state.

Thirwell does not come empty handed either. he is touring in support of a new single with Lydia Lunch (*Don't Fear The Reaper*) and some upcoming E.P.s from side projects Steroid Maximus, an instrumental project and the homicidal Wiseblood, which delevered sing-a-long favorites *Motor Slug*, *Stumbo* and *Fudge Punch*. *Pedal To The Metal* has four new Wiseblood songs like the title track, "Hey Bop A Ree Bop," "Stop Trying To Tie Me" and "Grease Nipples." If you need some schooling in the ways of Foetus then steal a copy of *Sink*, a compilation of singles on WAX TRAX! or the incredible *Butterfly Potion* single with the maniacal anthem *Free James Brown* (*So He Can Run Me Down*). Get your tickets now cause you won't want to be standing out in the cold when hell breaks loose...More on the Elektra re-issue front...Two new CD's out this month are Non (aka Boyd Rice) with *Easy Listening For Iron Youth* and a compilation CD, *Vhuteamas Archetypi*, which features the likes of Laibach, S.P.K. and Lustmord. A noise lovers taste treat all on two CD's...If you're really into the Skinny Puppy thing then you may want to research two other bands: X Marks The Pedwalk and Leatherstrip. Both bands have heavy Puppy influence and



J.G. Thirwell aka Clint Ruin of FOETUS Inc.

evoke that same feeling of terror that makes Skinny Puppy such a loveable bunch of guys...Now out on KK Records through Cargo are three releases. First is the long awaited CD release of Cat Rapes Dog's *Banzai Beats*. We might expect a little more from a band with such a great name but this is overall a great record. Also available are *My Chromosomal Friend* from 2nd Communication and a new single, *New Funk*, from Force Dimension...Finally, a full length release of Hard Beat hits from Lords Of Acid, which features previous favorites *I Sit On Acid* and *Hey Ho!* plus new hits, *Take Control* and *I Must Improve My Bust*. This one will get you on your feet-and it's nasty too, so get it!...New on WAX TRAX! this month is a single from Excessive Force, a collaboration of Sasha from KMFDM and Buzz from Thrill Kill Kult. "Conquer Your House" is a funky House track with disco grooves and female back-ups and harsh vocals from Sasha. The B-side, "To Death,"

is much heavier but still beat oriented. Excessive Force has a full-length album out next month as well...Two new vinyl releases distributed by MORDAM records are a single from Babyland and an LP from Tit Wrench. Babyland is a disjointed, Throbbing Gristle sounding band from Southern California with a three-track single: "Reality," "Under" and "Smrow-Tow." Tit Wrench is a wacky industrial flavored project with heavy noise elements and one particularly great track, "LSD Me." And with songs like "Life Sucks, Do Me" how could you not like this record?...Swamp Terrorists have a full-length out soon on Noise/BMG called *Grow-Speed-Injection*. It's grungy a la Ministry, but with dancier beats. Check this one out when it hits the stores.

Advice for the young: get your ass to Foetus. I promise it will be one of the great shows of 1991 for Salt Lake.

Until next month... places to go, people to kill!

D.J. Evil

Pompadour Industrial Night Top Twenty

1. THRILL KILL KULT
'Coz It's Hot
2. REVOLTING COCKS
Beers, Steers and Queers
3. DOUBTING THOMAS
Father Don't Cry
4. KMFDM
Crazy Horses
5. NINE INCH NAILS
Get Down, Make Love
6. SKINNY PUPPY
Spasmolytic Remix
7. MINISTRY
Jesus Built My Hotrod
8. CYBERAKTIF
Acid Cripple
- 9.. THRILL KILL KULT
Sex On Wheels
10. KMFDM
Godlike
11. COIL
The Snow
12. 1,000 HOMO DJ'S
Supernaut
13. MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO
Now
14. CYBERAKTIF
Nothing Stays
15. KLINIK
Black Leather
16. SKINNY PUPPY
Morpheus Laughing
17. EINSTURZENDE
NEUBAUTEN
ZNS
18. CHRISTIAN DEATH
Malus Amor
19. COIL
Windowpane
20. ALIEN SEX FIEND
Now I'm Feeling Zombified

Mormon Update...

More Children For Jesus



Hello Brothers and Sisters, and welcome once again to Uncle Ezra's emporium. Abstinence. Just what does that word mean to a *real* Christian? Let a *real* Christian tell you. Spiritual subjection of one's innate evil desires to gain pleasure from sexual indulgence. As you all know, or should know, the act of copulation serves mankind only one acceptable purpose- to provide physical bodies for the myriad of God's spirit children awaiting their chance to be shown their unworthiness in this temporal existence.

I for one feel copulation is a grim burden cast upon me by the Lord, Jesus Christ. But just as Jehovah did, I must take up my cross to show my absolute unconditional obedience. Hear me well, fellow Saints. Any semblance of pleasure amidst the act is a grievous sin second only to murder. Like my buddy Marion says, "If you can't control it, cut it off." What a cut up.

Of course the Almighty has a scourge awaiting those who give in to worldly pleasures of the sexual nature. It is called sexually transmittable diseases. He told me his personal favorite is AIDS.

Now on to more festive pursuits. Just yesterday as I, Uncle Ezra, my lovely eternal mate Sariah, and our ten perfect offspring were feasting upon the flesh of many plump fowls, I couldn't help reflecting once again on the providence that was shone upon

our great white forefathers. Even though it was the lowly pagan Lamanites who aided the superior white newcomers, it was all part of the great eternal plan. For the Lord God has chosen his people to prosper in this land of milk and honey, and fallen people shall not stand in their way. Little did those early dark skinned savages know that by helping the pilgrims, they were only fulfilling prophecy. For in their lascivious state, they were not capable of doing any good of their own will. Just as we had to tame, conquer, and subject this wild land to our bidding, so we had to do to those Godless heathens (because they would not bow before the superior White man and his God. Now that we have nearly driven them out of our country and back to their own, we can rejoice in the full exploitation of this land of plenty. Now there's something to be thankful for!!

I have a bone to pick, no pun intended, with the man who devised the word Christmas. I whole-heartedly believe that this word should be changed to something more appropriate, such as Christfest. The last three letters in Christmas refer to the gathering of the Catholic church, the great whore of all the Earth. And then there are those Jewish Gentiles. I guess the Christian holiday just wasn't good enough for them. Or maybe they just didn't want to spring for any gifts. They just sit around on their

own Jewish new year and chant to the Horned one while they consume liquor and flavorless crackers.

This is a truly joyous time for we Saints in God's only true Church as we get to let those under our control (on our gift list) know just how far they have strayed from the iron rod. Which reminds me. Everyone's favorite Uncle, me, has devised a brilliant way to increase our flock. It is called TOYS FOR CELESTIAL TOTS. In order for needy and otherwise cursed children to receive even the cheapest Christmas contraband, they must recognize their absolute dependence and helplessness in the hands of God and his

profitable organization by allowing a holder of God's mighty Priesthood power to immerse them in the blessed waters of baptism. Now that's not asking to much, is it? No more than the required 10% will be asked until age 12, when they should fully produce the funds required to achieve Zionism.

This time of year is the time to rejoice in Jesus' name by providing new homes for his spirit children, so that they may help aid in the overpopulation of this soon to be translated (destroyed) planet. With all of the benefits of this splendid holiday, we should strive to celebrate it year round. Remember; COPULATE TO POPULATE, and Zion will be here quicker than Santa himself. *Wishing you a sinless holiday season*

Uncle Ezra



Concert Review...



THE TOASTERS / SWIM HERSCHEL SWIM Tuesday, November 19 • The Bar & Grill

Salt Lake's best concert of 1991 occurred November 19. Surprisingly, it turns out that concert was an all too rare ska show featuring SWIM HERSCHEL SWIM and THE TOASTERS, brought about by the Bar & Grill.

As usual for the Bar & Grill, the opening act started right on time and Provo's SHS blasted on to the stage with a lively set. Debuting two new members, Matt Kirby (drums), and Matt Corey (trombone), SHS blew away the crowd and unfounded criticism of the group as a "cover band." As a matter of fact, the only cover by Herschel was a high-energy rendition of Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" which showcased the talent of the group.

Numbers like "General's Eyes," "Bohemian," and "Suzy Q" left the crowd breathless and wanting more. SHS's stand-out horn section of Sam Reisner and newcomer Corey shined like their pseudo-doormans uniforms.

But vocalist/2nd trombone, Rod Middleton, capped the performance, with his growling, beseeching voice pleading with the audience for understanding, peace love—all the good stuff, without becoming preachy. Especially notable was "When They Beat-Up Bob," recounting the attack on local favorite "Ska Bob" by Nazi Skinheads.

Unfortunately, though, much of the crowd skanking to Herschel left after they departed and were

replaced by a new crowd which thrilled to New York's THE TOASTERS.

Any misgivings about this band's past as Joe Jackson's back up band was blown away by a tempestuous set that included songs from all four of the Toaster's musical releases and included two encores.

This concert was also a debut of sorts for The Toasters as a new trumpet and trombone player was frankly incredible.

The 22-song set started with "Frankenska" and progressed to favorites like "One-Track Mind," "Shocker," and "Go Girl." Surprisingly, knowledgeable fans made the "sing-along" on "Thrill Me Up" energetic and fun.

Cashew Myles, the band's dreadlocked lead vocalist exhorted the dancing mob to levels of frenzy incredible for Utah. In addition, the musicianship of the group was flawless, threatening to force even barflies to dance. Bar & Grill regulars have probably never had it so good as when the band launched into the "Batman" and "Hawaii Five-0" themes.

Perhaps if more shows like this one take place, Salt Lake's ska scene can equal Provo's...in the meantime, it was nice to see a little musical diversity pay off for discriminating concert-goers.

Scott Vice

J.R. BESS

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HOUSE OF CARDS



Just what is 'making it' in the local bar scene and why would anybody even try in the first place? SLUG and Al James (lead guitar/vocals House Of Cards) sat down one stormy Sunday afternoon to talk about it.

House Of Cards has been an ever evolving effort for a few years now, in different incarnations. First as The Backyardbirds and then The Vipers (a much more acoustic act). Then in late '88 came H.O.C. They played as openers for tour acts like Fugazi at the now defunct Speedway Cafe. They also played a few dates at the Bar and Grill including opening for Universal Congress Of and they played Mayfest at the University in '89. Back then they didn't get much recognition by local publications. One

exception was a write-up in the Daily Utah Chronicle at the University. House Of Cards was surprised to hear that they got a rave review for a show they had played at the B & G. The commentary on H.O.C. was especially surprising because it was one of the only bright spots in a review that dissed some other original locals.

First let's get the vitals out of the way. H.O.C. is Al James' most recent blues project. Al has played in numerous bands over the past ten odd years. He's been playing blues guitar

since 1976. H.O.C. Al's priority project for now and he plans on making it work. H.O.C. has been playing a lot around town lately and have already had their fair share of ups and downs. We'll get to that a little later. Locals may remember the bands Al has played with over the years. At this point who they were and when they played, he feels, is a muddled memory and not really significant any more.

Lance Weaver (drums, vocals) is considered the co-founder of H.O.C.. Like his guitar counterpart, he also goes back in the SL scene and has been playing with Al for six years. He and Al can be considered the core of H.O.C..

George Ayers (bass) is the oldest member of the band. He has played with Liz Draper and

LZ5 and also with the acoustic Angle band. Angle included Ron Miller and Paul Maritsas. They released a 10" in 1978. Of all the bands he has played with H.O.C. suits George's musical style best.

Evan Williams (blues-harp) has played with Al in all of his blues concepts through the years, including the Vipers and Backyardbirds. His harp adds another voice to the band which used to be played by Phil Miller (saxophone). Miller is working on a lot of other projects and hasn't played with H.O.C. lately.

People might also recall that Al left Salt Lake in '89 to play guitar for Poison Idea of Portland. They were out on the road nationally and supposed to go on a European tour but surprise it fell through. Of that time in



his life Al says: "...it's okay. I mean it was fun we were in the cover of Flipside and I got to meet a lot of really cool people. When it came down to the money it really wasn't paying off that much and it wasn't all it's cracked up to be. And how long can you stay angry, any way?" After awhile, Al decided that he'd rather be home and playing his own songs so he moved back to Salt Lake.

An interesting side note: at a point when Al wasn't sure if he wanted to stick with Poison Idea he met up with Dave Grohl (formerly of Scream) in San Francisco. Scream was breaking up and Grohl wanted to keep it going he asked Al if he wanted to join his band. Al turned down the offer and moved back to Salt Lake. Dave went on to luck into joining the latest lineup of Nirvana.

Since Al has come back to Salt Lake, the current version of H.O.C. is getting more recognition than ever before. They have felt the ups and downs of the industry. On one hand, playing weeknights locally is difficult. You can promote the hell out of show and maybe fifty people will show up. On the other hand, just when things look bleak, something inspiring will happen.

One such instance was in October, when H.O.C. opened

for the Palladins at the B & G. The Palladins thanked H.O.C. over and over throughout their set (reminiscent of when H.O.C. opened for U.C.O. at the B & G and Joe Baiza/guitar, U.C.O. invited Al onto the stage to play with them on a couple of songs). Dave Gonzalez (guitar, The Palladins) and Al talked for a long time after the show. Their conversation covered a broad range of topics from guitars and amps to The Golden Bear, a well known L.A. venue. Gonzalez told Al he used to go there (before it was a punk-rock club). He said that going to see bands like Albert King and Buddy Guy and Junior Wells changed his life. For Gonzalez to give H.O.C. his vote of confidence was a real boost.

Another exciting break for H.O.C. came to them after the Palladins show. The owner of the Grey Moose Pub in Ogden gave them a warm invitation to play his club. H.O.C. played a show there on short notice once already and were very received by the Ogden audience. The Grey Moose management is promising them a future week-end date and Al thinks they could develop a good following in the Ogden area. Could it be easier to break the ice in Ogden than in Salt Lake?

H.O.C. also is very grateful to KRCL and happy about the

fact that they were invited to play at the annual Day In The Park celebration at Liberty park. "They have been very helpful and H.O.C. thanks them."

H.O.C. does have a demo but it no longer represents their sound. They used to be quieter and more acoustic, that was when they recorded last. Since then, H.O.C.'s sound is more electric, with a harder edge. They hope to record something that better represents their new sound soon.

It seems preferable to mature as a musician or a band in the way great blues musicians like B.B. King have, than to maintain a hard core mentality toward music. That answers the question some may be asking... "why would Al rather be in a blues band when he could play hard-core?" For now experimenting with other genres like blues is more challenging than the hard core thing, which is fun but easy to master. Since all five members of H.O.C. play guitar, three play banjo and George rips it up on the lap-steel drums as well he plays bass, don't be surprised if you hear of an acoustic cards playing coffee shops.

As far as other future possibilities...it would be great if they could tour as an opener for a national blues act. Here at home, H.O.C. would be happy if they could develop a consistent following in Salt Lake and other cities, regionally. Playing the ski resorts in the winter and the bars could provide a modest but adequate income. Playing music for a living now that can be considered making it.

Some day some corporate big-wig will be here in town and hear H.O.C. in some local bar. The guy will call up his industry buddies and say: "...hey, you'll never believe this, I'm in the middle of nowheresville Salt Lake City, and I heard this great band and..." Blah, blah, blah. H.O.C., like every other band in this country are waiting to be that hot new band. The thing of it is, they are already.

Ziba Marashi

photos by Steve Midgley



Al James



George Ayers



Lance Weavers



Evan Williams

Feature...

SANTA CHRIST IS COMING TO TOWN:

The Psychological Implications of Christmas

Of course there's no Santa Claus, as we're told when we're young. But when there was a jolly, fat, bringer of presents, as our parents and the television would tell us, the winter solstice truly was the "season to be jolly." Not only do many of us have fond memories of the "winter wonderland", Christmas vacation and presents under the tree, but the pervasive, underlying theme of Santa Claus-as-a-Christian, possibly Christ himself, can cause considerable consternation upon future examination of the Christian myth.

Santa Claus is a Christianic tradition, derived, at least in part from Saint Nicholas, patron saint of children.

Once Christmas became a multi-billion dollar industry, the media-advertising

blitz, concentrating not on the Christian population, but on a nation of consumers, firmly embedded Santa Claus in our psyche as the embodiment of the spirit of Christmas. (The incompatibility of capitalism and Christianity is obvious: The bible tells us not to have a "love of capital," and to avoid the sin of greed. There is much hypocrisy where religion is concerned.)

"Santa Claus is watching," our parents would threateningly say to us; in fact, most adults are in on the Great Lie Told to Small Children. That's right, while the kids are learning about their environment, at impressionably young ages, virtually everyone is lying to them. Perhaps this is part of the reason why some children and teenagers don't obey their parents: why should the kids trust them, in the light of such lies? (It's primarily Santa and the Easter Bunny, for Christians, while the Tooth Fairy seems monotheistic.)

Santa Claus and the others, do exist, however, to the children that believe in him- their own senses prove this to them. Santa lives at the North Pole, with his wife, who prepares his meals, and his elves, who make all of the toys that he distributes on December 25th. His method of delivery is, of

course, nothing short of miraculous, illustrating religious overtones.

When the kids begin to perceive information indicating that the Santa Claus they meet at the mall is an imposter, however, and that their parents just tell them that the presents found on Christmas are from Santa, their entire belief system is shaken (Mommy and Daddy and everybody lied to me!) and Santa Claus ceases to exist as anything more than a marketing strategy. This is often the first exposure children have to "lying for your own good," but, if used properly, it can help them to realize that any belief, no matter how deep and cherished, can be altered by further examination, i.e., new information.

If you do "bad" things as a child, Santa is watching. When you grow up, the Lord, Jesus Christ presumably, takes over. As the children grow up, instead of worrying about "getting coal in their stocking" for Christmas if they were "bad", their actions now determine the eternal fate of their mortal soul.

"Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain." Oz, from The Wizard of Oz, was clearly a fake, but how do we know that the Christian religion isn't a put-on, just like Santa? Perhaps the story of Jesus was just a parable to show someone's perception of humanity, in it's perfect state. In fact, the story of Christmas in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John vary considerably and present irreconcilable contradictions, such as the star that guided the wisemen, the nature of virgin birth, and King Herod's alleged purge of

newborns. The spirit of Christmas, itself, has been exploited by big business, invoking greed in gift-receivers and the pressure of obligation in gift-givers. It's become the time of year when "peace on earth and good-will toward men" is in vogue, devaluing the spirit of brotherly love, which should be displayed all year long. Of course, any act of kindness to fellow human beings is admirable, but, to quote a bumper sticker that a friend of mine saw uptown, "When I give food to the poor, they call me a saint. When I ask why the poor have no food, they



call me a communist." So, you may want to think about it this year, while you're hanging your Christmas lights to stave off the exess darkness (and teratological molecules) created as a result of the earth's angle of rotation around the sun at this time of year: Christianity is folklore and the Christian holiday is pagan idolatry.

Next Month:
The Truth About Bush

Eric M. Zsebenyi



Why Do
Chicks
Like This
Hang Out
At
GUITAR
GALLERY...

Because
We Got
The
Good Stuff!



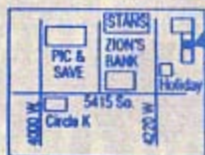
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Concert Review

THE ORB

November 6th

BLUR

November 11th

MEAT PUPPETS

BEST KISSERS IN THE WORLD

November 20th

CLUB DV8

It's been a busy month at DV8. In addition to these shows there have been appearances by POI DOG PONDING, MARY'S DANISH and ELEVEN. Next month sees PEARL JAM and DIE WARZAU visiting the club, among others.

The ORB worked the audience hard, playing their mixture of ambience, House and Rave music to a club full of dancing fans. Starting the show and getting the audience in the groove, D.J. Alex spun twenty minutes of his favorite dance records, mixing sonic beats with all the energy necessary to his profession as D.J. in several London clubs. Not to be outdone, co-ORB member and programmer, Thrash, danced in the wings and through the dancefloor until he took his place on stage for the show.

The music/ambience was non-stop as songs mixed into songs with moody bridges of noise and samples before adding those dangerous beats that got the crowd moving again. Add to this the incredible psychedelic light show and the film clips that ranged from Star Trek to moon landings and you have one hell of a show, both aurally and visually.

With the ORB, the music comes first, the band taking a back seat to the grooves pumped out of the P.A. Lights, sound and video took over, but Thrash and D.J. Alex looked as though they were having at least as much fun as the audience, if not more. If only the 3-D Orb glasses would have shown up...

BLUR, England's most shaggy band, took the stage at DV8 and took over the minds of the audience who were left to shake their heads and

move their feet to the Rave-O-Rama. Damon Albarn, lead vocalist and songwriter, took to the microphone with a bullhorn, alternating between singing and shouting out lyrics to the audience, while pulling antics onstage with his bandmates.

BLUR has all the energy of youth and might remind one of English schoolboys on holiday, trying desperately to relieve the pent-up frustrations of sitting still for days at a time. The band probably spent more time rolling around on the floor, smashing into one another and climbing on the stage props than they did on their feet. Still, they didn't miss a note as they played faves like *She's So High* and *There's No Other Way*.

Live, BLUR is more funk-up and groovy than on the record, causing one audience member to remark, "It's just more Inspiral Carpets shit," but these four boys put on a show, complete with Acid lighting and a cardboard cut-out of Elvis (the King) to back up the music.

BLUR is riding high on the second wave of Rave, catching it all the way to American popularity and making it a household genre of music here in the states. So sink or swim...

I've never seen a more diverse concert crowd than the one that showed up for the legendary MEAT PUPPETS. From hair-flipping Sub Pop types to Yuppies to KJQ new wavers, all factions of the Salt Lake Underground braved the rain and were in attendance at the gig. Which shows the diversity and broad appeal of the Puppets.

Opening for MEAT PUPPETS was the new Sub Pop power pop band, BEST KISSERS IN THE WORLD, whose new EP was released the day before the show. Besides being a great band, Best Kissers have a great sense of humour which they were all too willing to try on the audience. The lead singer/guitarist quipped lines like "I smell bad" and "Utah's the damndest thing. I know that you know what I mean..." As well as opening their countrified rock ballad *Hungover Together* with the admonition, "This is the part where you grab anyone you want and hold 'em close, but still lean against the wall."

Concert Review Continued

Working through songs off the EP like *Goldfish Bowl*, *Vicodine* and the aforementioned *Hungover Together*, Best Kissers delivered a great set and show a lot of promise as a new Sub Pop Band.

Meat Puppets played fast and tight. This incredible SST three-piece band has wowed audiences for years and have built up a large following in Salt Lake, and it's no wonder. Flanked by life size panels of Meat Puppet art, the band played foot stomping cow-punk made even more intriguing by vocal harmonies and shifting rhythms, executed with precision, never missing a beat or a note.

The energy level was so high the sweat was condensing on the ceiling and dropping down on the floor again. Lead guitarist Curt Kirkwood played in a frenzy, almost letting his guitar get away from him at times but still keeping enough control that his leads were in perfect synch with Cris Kirkwood's Bass and Derrick Bostrom's drumming.

If you missed these shows, it's time to get out of the house and get into the clubs for some great music performed by some incredible bands.

Thanks to the management and staff of DV8!

M.

COMMONPLACE
SWING BIKE
THURSDAY BUREAU
November 16th
GODTHING
FOUNDATION
November 22nd
— The Pompadour

I love to see COMMONPLACE live. There's not much better in Salt Lake than watching Scott Bringard hunched over his guitar, ripping out riffs, or Lara Bringard forcing out her rough vocals over the wall of sound created by the entire band.

But this show was one of the strongest yet by the band, perhaps due

to time off for recording and refining their music. COMMONPLACE played a great set of songs ranging from the older *Try As I might* to newer, more diverse material like the instrumental *Smokie* and the melodic, acoustic *Again*, which is a great showcase for Lara's voice and her ability to cover a whole range of emotions with her voice.

Smokie is a hard driving tune that rivals the best of the English guitar noise bands like Lush, Swervedriver, Slowdive and Chapterhouse. With steady bass and drums, the guitars of Scott and Colin lay down heavy melodies that make noise into music, turning feedback and scratching guitar sounds into a melody line.

COMMONPLACE built up the energy throughout their nine song set, finding the crowd wanting more, not content to be left hanging.

Opening for COMMONPLACE were Thursday Bureau, mixing guitars with violin and male and female vocals for a softer pop sound that is still very appealing. The band has widened it's musical territory since the first show I saw them, exploring new styles within their genre.

Sandwiched in between were SWING BIKE, a new band in the Salt Lake scene made up of some former members of DA NEIGHBORS.

New band night at the Pompadour found a large crowd in anticipation of debut performances by GODTHING and FOUNDATION.

I've heard rumours of GODTHING but was not prepared for the all out assault on my ears by this incredible band, based in Provo. Reminiscent of early Swans, Godflesh, Christian Death and with some definite tribal influences, the only word to describe this four-piece is *Heavy*. Apparently too heavy for some as, unfortunately, the crowd thinned a bit during their performance.

Fronted by guitarist/vocalist/sometimes bassist and percussionist Kevin Kiggins, GODTHING took off with a grinding roar that didn't stop until the band finished. Mixed in were harmonies and vocals by keyboardist MisHell, throbbing bass and guitar trade-offs from Matt Call, and the steady pounding of Eli Morrison on drums and whatever else he could bang on.

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CONCERT REVIEWS Continued

made so much noise in such an appealing manner. It's great to have some new talent in the scene.

And if you ever go see FOUNDATION, don't forget to wear a silly hat. That was my mistake!

King Ink.

BUZZCOCKS VANDALS

November 23
Bar and Grill

The Bar and Grill was packed with fans ranging from those barely twenty-one to those well over the legal drinking age. And all were in anticipation of the reunion of one of the early eighties great power pop bands, the BUZZCOCKS. After nine years of silence from the band, with only some solo work from leader, Pete Shelley, the BUZZCOCKS are back. Older, true. But they still have all the energy and excitement that made them so popular during the post punk apocalypse.

Opening for the BUZZCOCKS

Did, *Girls Turn 18 Every Day* and their spoof of *Summer Loving* from Grease, with lines like: *Tell me more, tell me more/Did you get in her pants?* VANDALS also through in their staple crowd pleasers like *Urban Struggle*, *Pat Brown*, *Ladykiller* and *Anarchy Burger*. These guys can "stomp around like a bunch of goons" and incite the audience to join them in their frivolity.

As the BUZZCOCKS took the stage the excitement level mounted. Pete Shelley is looking a lot like Davey Jones these days with his Beatlesque haircut, white turtleneck and sixties jacket, which was the outfit for the band, sort of like those sixties pop groups that all dressed alike. But BUZZCOCKS played at least at 120 m.p.h. working the crowd into a frenzy with songs like *Eter Fallen In Love*, *Everyone Is Happy Nowadays* and an unforgettable encore of *Boredom*, *Fast Cars* and their most well known song, *Orgasm Addict*.

BUZZCOCKS also played some new material from their recent British E.P. They still have the gusto to rock hard, playing driving songs with pop harmony, but without all the



The Vandals photo: Chad Johnson

were the VANDALS, straight from behind the Orange Curtain. With a new album out, *Fear Of A Punk Planet*, the VANDALS have taken to the road again, playing old favorites as well as new songs.

VANDALS still have their wacky sense of humor, tearing through new stuff like *Pizza Tran*, about "a Vietnamese girl that delivers pizza in Orange County, *The Day Farmah Farocett*

teen angst that was so appealing in the aftermath of punk rock. The boys are shopping around for an American record contract with new drummer Mike Joyce (ex-Smiths). So hopefully we'll be hearing more from them, if not seeing more of them.

Some band reunions are unwelcome (I think you can all think of at least one band that you wish had stayed broken up), but the

BUZZCOCKS still show all the promise they had before their untimely demise. If they'd only stuck it out...

Dead Joe.

on my ass. The crowd that turned out this fateful Friday was the best bunch of kids I've met in ages. However an audience alone does not make a gig.

The show itself was absolutely incredible. The opening set by



Bad Yodelers photo: Rick Egan

BAD YODELERS TRUSTY

November 8th, 1991
The Pompadour

Having been quite some time since I have made a Special Guest appearance at any of Salt Lake's premiere gigs, I decided to drag my ugly ass out for a night of complete entertainment. Of course it would take quite a bit of beer for me to even consider showing up for one of these fucking things, especially after the BRAINSTORM reunion fiasco. Luckily, I found one Ream's store that was more than willing to contribute to my delinquency, and at a helluva discount.

Right. So here I come ripped out of my gourd for one BAD YODELERS show. I'd never even heard these guys, but I'd been made aware of the blond Yod God Terrence and his cronies. I figured it would be quite the spectacular event to watch long-haired, straight-edge art fags be entertained by local superstars.

My pre-conceived notions regarding said bands were quickly diminished by the enthusiastic crowd that literally impressed the hell out of me. In complete rapture, I found myself slamming and stage diving amongst this wonderful crowd that more than once helped me to my feet after landing

TRUSTY (Little Rock Arkansas) was a complete shock, featuring a dual guitar assault that was unlike any other. Their energetic performance was highlighted by a frenzied audience that thoroughly enjoyed their original songs. Okay, great fucking set. What comes next? Complete cranial destruction courtesy of the BAD YODELERS. It's about time that a band in Utah lives up to it's rep as one of the city's finest.

Gentry's guitar work is absolutely astounding, and I get the impression that he's finally in a band worthy of his talent. Though the drummer's name eludes me, he displayed an abundance of talent. Consistent, solid and razor sharp, Rob Sunderledge is an incredible bassist. The unfortunate announcement that this show would be his last will leave an unpaved road for his successor to follow. Perhaps the biggest surprise was the legitimate talent of Terrence D.H. I have always been skeptical of his abilities and was soundly proved wrong.

General synopsis: proof that there still is a scene and that the kids still care. The turnout was impressive, and the morale of the populace present was at an all time high. In addition to strong band performances, the air of the event was positive and gave me faith that Salt Lake still has hope.

Charlee J.

It's That Time Again!



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FILM & VIDEO...

Cape Fear



Cape Fear starring Robert DeNiro, Jessica Lange, and Nick Nolte

Martin Scorsese's psychological thriller, in which he directs Robert DeNiro as a vengeful ex-convict, is full of allegory and metaphor, presenting contemporary problems in the stark, intimate reality of individual experience. Max Cady (DeNiro) was imprisoned for fourteen years for rape and battery, largely due to the actions of Sam Bowden (Nick Nolte), his public defender and his own illiteracy.

As the film opens, the heavily tattooed Cady informs Sam that he's learned to read in prison, and that Sam's going to "learn about loss." He begins to harass the

Bowden family, creating tension and fear, prompting Sam to visit the local sheriff (Gregory Peck), who speaks of the system's numerous avenues for "leaning on undesirables."

Cady then seduces and batters a young clerk who works with and is trying to initiate a romance with Sam. She knows that if she testifies, then she will be on trial, crucified in cross examination about her socio-sexual conduct and her relationship with Sam.

To further put the screws to Sam, Cady goes after his 15 year old daughter, Danielle, with whom he perceives a connection. While

smoking a joint with her, he draws a fundamental distinction between himself and her father, pointing out that she doesn't judge him for smoking pot, but her parents got very angry with her for doing it (even though Sam appears to disagree with marijuana prohibition.) "They're punishing you for a crime that isn't even a crime," Max tells her, because, "They don't want you to achieve adulthood." Max explains that they punished her for their sins and skillfully plays on Dani's desire for freedom, further driving a wedge into their parent/child relationship by seducing her in a kind of psychological statutory rape.

DeNiro's character evolved in prison to an ultra-violent, highly intelligent, Christian zealot, well versed in criminal law and existential thought, whose education is as dangerous as his physical strength, both of which he honed during his 14 year stretch. His mission: "to become more-than-human."

With examples like the irrational persecution of marijuana smokers, the criminal-justice system is portrayed as an inadequate instrument of crime deterrence. Considering the clumsiness, contradiction and favoritism of the judiciary bureaucracy and the hellish, inhumane condition of prison life, we can see why Max Cady was not "rehabilitated." The lack of separation between Church and State is also alluded to.

Unable to quell Cady legally, Sam hires a tough private investigator (Joe Don Baker), who understands the "pathetic" nature of the criminal-justice system. But, as Cady threatens to hurt the Bowden family "in the worst way", Sam goes against his own ethics, with vigilante justice, only to have his plans backfire. Cady proclaims, "I can out-learn you, I can out-read you, I can out-think you, and I can out-philosophize you. And, I'm gonna out-last you."

When Max and the Bowden's finally arrive at Cape Fear is when the real fun begins.

Like all of Martin Scorsese's

films, Cape Fear contains messages of cultural significance, questioning our beliefs and priorities by showing us life is really like. Max Cady is a multi-faceted icon, at once epitomizing the egocentric, misogynistic, violent, white, Christian, male and the societal misfit, transformed under the authoritarianistic bigotry and repression to which he was subject.

All of the performances in Cape Fear are outstanding, and this is certainly a magnum opus for the Scorsese/DeNiro team.

Be forewarned: Don't get too caught up in the portrayal of our brutally violent society to miss the messages, so eloquently conveyed.

Eric M. Zsebenyi

CITY OF HOPE

John Sayles' relatively short but productive movie career has spanned a vast array of topics from sports history (EIGHT MEN OUT) to quirky neo-science fiction (THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET). With his latest work, CITY OF HOPE, though, Sayles has created a masterpiece which may finally get him the attention he deserves, even if the movie-going masses remain ignorant.

CITY OF HOPE opens with a building construction site and a disenchanting worker, Nick (Vincent Spano). Seems his father (Tony Lo Bianco) is in charge of the project and got him the east job. Nevertheless, Nick is bored and listless, preferring to blow money on sports betting, drugs, and his loser friends.

But, although the focus of the movie remains primarily on Nick, a variety of other stories are explored a la some of TV's more creative ensembles series like HILL STREET BLUES. featured characters include an idealistic African city councilman (Joe Morton), corrupt cops, decent cops, self-interested citizens, dirty politicians, and most notably, two young kids who go from victims of police to persecutors as they beat up an innocent college "urban relations" professor then make up an intricate tale wherein the professor attempted to molest them, all done in order to protect themselves.

CONTINUED

But there is far more to this urban tale than is possible to describe adequately in review. Indeed, the scope of the story, set in the fictional New Jersey city of Hudson, reminds one of some of the more ambitious city dramas of the 50's, updated for 90's sensibilities and with more attention paid to racial tension and union graft.

Simplistic synopsis may make the film sound boring and preachy, but the experience is anything but. The skill with which the narrative weaves is so flawless, that the viewer is carried along and transported. Also, the characters and their stories are so engaging and well-realized that detachment is impossible.

In addition, the acting is top-notch. Spano, Lo Bianco, and Moron are all outstanding. But, the supporting cast is also flawless with Sayles' regulars Kevin Tighe and Michael A. Mantel appearing and David Strathairn playing an unusual performance as a homeless, insane man who is at once comic and tragic.

But the movie and its magic is primarily to the credit of writer-director-producer-editor Sayles. From the opening credits, which roll by like a freight-train, starting

and stopping, to the closing scene of hopelessness, the production is first-class. In pursuing his most mature work yet, Sayles allows the story to move at its own pace, akin to a modern-day Dickensian tale. The camera work, the sound, the music, etc. all provide a power and realism rarely achieved in movies. The topping to all this is Sayles' confidence, which allows him to cast himself as the sinister garage owner-arranger Carl. Unsurprisingly, Sayles even succeeds here.

The conclusion to the movie is at once promising and downbeat, with the hope of a change in city politics but personal tragedy. Both of Salt Lake's mayoral candidates should have been forced to view this film in order to see the dirty dealings of city politics-exposed, as should those few who actually voted. The movie is rewarding personally and philosophically.

Although CITY OF HOPE will undoubtedly be ignored come Oscar time and financial reward will probably be lame, Sayles and his accomplices in the effort deserve hearty praise. Filmgoers deserving of a memorable movie experience deserve CITY OF HOPE.

Carrie Hall



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BOOKS & LITERATURE



IMAJICA

Clive Barker

Harper Collins Publishers

Imajica is Barker's most profound and richly imaginative book since the publication of *Weaveworld*. As Barker's catalogue of literature and screenplays has grown, he has attempted broader, more challenging work, presented to his fans in this book as well as his last novel, *The Great and Secret Show*. His work has become longer, more involved and more mature, writing not necessarily of blood and guts horror, but terrors that occur everyday and plague individuals as well as the masses. *Imajica* also finds Barker indirectly addressing social issues such as feminism, the role of God in society, ambiguities of sexuality, as well as male dominance in society.

Using modern England as a jumping off point, Barker weaves reality with an alternate reality; four other spheres that make up a complete realm known as the *Imajica*. Barker is able to use each of these worlds as background for conflicts and horrors brought on unsuspecting innocents as well as the well informed protagonists and antagonists.

Through the main female character, Jude, Barker displays the power and prowess of women. Jude is only one of many strong female types in the book, the others being "common" women and goddesses. Barker portrays woman with strength as well as vulnerability. Women have control,

limited only by their own inhibitions and self-esteem. Ultimately, the saving of the new worlds belongs to a woman.

Barker also does some in depth looks at sexuality, taking the controversy out of the realm of reality and personifying it in the shape of one Pie Oh Pah, whose sex is determined by its lover: male, female or otherwise. Sex is no longer confined to male/female or same sex relations, but takes on a fantastic quality as Pie becomes whoever or whatever it's lover wants it to be. This is the ultimate sexual fantasy, where there are no limits and the mind is the main sexual organ.

There is also a new Kama Sutra for these other worlds where lovers take each other into themselves, consuming one another wholly in the ultimate act of sexual bonding and love. Pleasure is more encompassing than just through the genitals. It is a total body experience, rooted in unselfishness and giving one's soul completely to another person.

Barker also looks closely at the individual in this work. Using the literary craft of the doppelganger, he is able to separate the good and evil in people by showing them as two halves of the same whole. This magnifies the characteristics of the good and the evil, making them easier to point out and understand.

Human nature becomes less obscure, more easily recognizable as characters battle evil that is their own, monsters from the depths of their souls.

Imajica combines magic and fear of the unknown, monsters and human beings who are at times difficult to tell apart, and reality and fantasy into an epic tale of a struggle for power over a realm full of mystical dynasties, ruled by a castrated God whose only real power left is to destroy. As man strives in fear to tear down, it is woman who seeks to create and save humanity from its imminent destruction.

Join Barker as he takes you on a trip to worlds filled with new creatures and old problems. This fantastic journey through the realms of the *Imajica* is one not to be missed and may in fact be inspiring to its reader.

Matt Taylor.

HOCUS POCUS

Kurt Vonnegut

The ruined promise of America has finally succeeded in bringing down eternal optimism-ator Kurt Vonnegut. Indeed, Vonnegut's latest effort, *HOCUS POCUS*, is perhaps his most negative work—and one of his finest novels.

HOCUS POCUS concerns itself with the unified reminiscences of Eugene Debs Hartke, named after one of America's greatest unrecognized patriots, Eugene V. Debs (look him up—that's what encyclopedias are for). Seems Hartke is staring at a prison sentence for a crime he didn't commit. But rather than focusing on the crime, the story fixes on Hartke's life and times, dissecting the persona of 20th Century America all the while.

The flow of the story may at first disconcert less attentive readers as Vonnegut's protagonist writes his tale on slips of paper he finds in his surroundings, a former university library. As it so hap-

pens, this device works fabulously, allowing tremendous characterization and familiarity without resorting to more ham-fisted techniques. The resulting atmosphere draws the reader into the story and makes the feelings much more poignant.

Indeed, the indictments against America society may leave many immature people angry, especially coming from as likeable a character as Harke. But this novel deserves to be read by right-wing and conservative ideologues who feel they "understand" America. Hartke is hardly ordinary, but he serves as an ideal "everyman," living through American traditions like Vietnam, adultery, insanity, death, advancement through cheating, etc.

Along the way, Vonnegut pokes fun at conservative talk show hosts and experts, Malcolm Forbes, the education of the wealthy, the sale of American institutions to foreign investors, and more. If handled in a clumsier manner obscured, but doled out in snippets, they are at once funny and observant.

But Vonnegut is never heavy-handed and even resorts to parodying himself with references to some of his less successful work, including the abysmal *HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE*.

There are many moments of splendor to be found in *HOCUS POCUS*, but they are best left up to interested readers to discover. Dealings with subjects like Vietnam may lead people to believe that the novel is a pessimistic experience, but handled by a master like Vonnegut, the reading is meaningful if not uplifting. As long as we as Americans have honest observers like Vonnegut to tell it like it is, there is always hope. In the meantime, everyone should be reminded of the words of the books incidental character, Jack S. Patton: "I had to laugh like hell."

Scott Vice

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Rhutabaga Comics

If you haven't picked up a copy of Rhutabaga Comics yet then it is

high time you did. This is one of the first well-done, local comic publication I have seen in Salt Lake.

This 32 page collection of local artist's work is good from cover to cover. The cartoons range from surreal to ridiculous and production is spectacular, especially with their budget which seems to be all provided by personal funds.

The issue I saw was #2 and I would kill to see a copy of the first issue. If you are interested in taking a look at one

of the finer Salt Lake publications you should write to these folks and have them send you a copy if they are any still available.

Vagabond Press — P.O. Box 2624
Salt Lake City, Utah 84110-2624



City Art Benefit

On Saturday, December 7th City Art is holding a benefit at the Perseus Opera House. The Perseus Opera House, which houses many of the underground benefits, is located at 222 South Main Street. All proceeds will be used for the City Art weekly poetry series.

This benefit will be featuring local bands SKOZEY FETISCH and EUTAIKO. SKOZEY FETISCH features local performance artist Mark C. Jackman who has performed every where from The Arts Festival to The Pompadour. He and Matt Monson are performing experimental music with synthesizers, percussion, poetry and both performance and visual art. They will also be reading their written work before the show.

EUTAIKO has been organized by Robert Mitchell and will be featuring seven drummers and ketboards. They will be performing both original music they have written and free-form drumming.

City Art has been working hard to promote local art and talent and they can use support now like never before. The show will begin at 9:00 pm and the doors will open at 8:30 pm. The donation is only \$3.00 per person and \$5.00 per couple. Come out and support this event.

Also coming up at The Perseus Opera House (the new home of City Art) will be: Dec. 5- Harold Carr (Poetry), Barry Scholl (Fiction), Steve Flygare, Harold Carr (Music), and Jennifer Keahey (Art Exhibit); Dec. 12- Peggy Warren (Fiction), Miriam Murphy (Poetry), Ron Miller (Music); Dec 19- Paul Banham (Iprovisational Media). The shows begin at 8:00 pm and are all followed by open readings.

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Comics

Seattle, Washington's FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS has been putting out some of the best comics material since the early 1980's. While their shameless self-promotion and infantile criticism of other comics companies are grating, kudos must go to the company for standing behind quality. Below are reviewed some of the best titles offered by FANTAGRAPHICS.

Scott Vice



HATE

Spun off from Peter Bagge's late 1980's masterful magazine, NEAT STUFF, HATE features the exploits of Buddy Bradley, a former "loser" teen. It seems that now Buddy is a "loser" "twenty-something" bum, working for a book company and living with equally pathetic roommates George and Leonard ("Stinky"). Buddy's also found a girlfriend in the similarly aimless and neurotic Valerie.

But lest you get the wrong idea, HATE isn't a pathetic mopey whine-rag. Instead, it's probably the most entertainingly honest and funny comic being published. Through trials like meeting Valerie's parents or seeing Buddy's annoying little (now huge) brother, the reader can't fail but identify with the uncontrollable events that occur.

Bagge uses reader identification with great effect, poking fun at men, women, snobbishness, boorishness, and more. Even more impressive is the fact that Bagge never resorts to pandering and is to offend any part of the audience to make a point, be the offended party young, old, conservative, liberal, or what.

Bagge's art style may not be for everyone, since it is truly cartoonish, but it is refined and developed to such

an art that it suits the stories perfectly.

There's more to like about HATE, including the amusing reader contests and back-up stories, but those interested should be encouraged to explore HATE for themselves. Bagge fans are also advised to check out Bagge's NEAT STUFF collections, including STUPID COMICS, JUNIOR & OTHER LOSERS, and THE BRADLEYS (B&W, \$2.25)

EIGHTBALL

Like Bagge, EIGHTBALL's Daniel Clowes previously produced a magazine for Fantagraphics, LLOYD LLEWELLYN. But L.L. could hardly have prepared comics readers for Clowes' recent efforts.

EIGHTBALL is headlined by "Like A Velvet Glove Cast In Iron," Clowes' opus starring "everyman" Clay Lowdermilk. Through seven episodes, Clay has been beaten-up by the police, manipulated, followed, taken advantage of, and urged to "shave the dog." Happily, less attentive readers who felt the story was aimless have been drawing together towards an inexorable, if bizarre end.

The most recent issue, #7, also includes back-up stories like "Art School Confidential," in which Clowes ridicules America's "blue-collar paradise," and a one-page tale so obnoxious and disgusting as to offend the sensibilities of readers of this family publication.

Like Bagge, Clowes is a true cartoonist with a distinctive and superb art style. In addition, Clowes also uses incisive and probing wit to expose social flaws, but he never resorts to ham-fisted techniques. Clowes also ridicules the comics industry with its obsession with spandex heroes in occasional feature "Young Dan Pussey."



EIGHTBALL probably isn't accessible to every comics reader in that it demands patience and intelligence. But, it is a rewarding experience. In addition, Fantagraphics also has collections of Clowes' past material, including the upcoming LOUT RAMPAGE? (B&W, \$2.50)



Scott Russ's JIZZ

The prospect of reading work by a whiney, self-loathing Jewish cartoonist may leave many folks squirming, but comics readers should be encouraged to pick up the aptly-titled Scott Russo's JIZZ.

Surprisingly, Russo and his work appeared on the comics horizon with very little fanfare and attention. Then again, the average comic book buyer isn't exactly noted for maturity of taste.

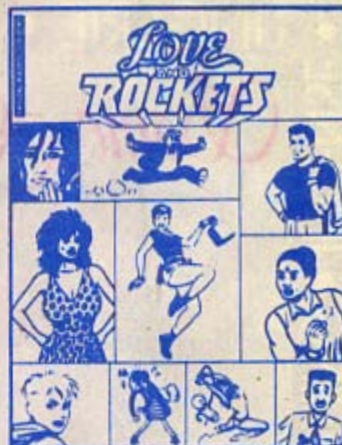
Nevertheless, Russo perseveres with his own brand of humor, which defies description with its honesty and tactlessness. While the whining reminds one of Woody Allen, the brash insensitivity to "political correctness" is akin to Andrew Dice Clay. Russo doesn't particularly care who becomes offended by the material, and this results in a much funnier product.

Indeed, Russo aims his wit at a variety of targets, from the Catholic Church and its conservative views to political hypocrites like Mario Cuomo, with irreverent jabs at Nazi skinheads, gun owners, and even his own publisher. All of this is illustrated with photo collages, reproductions of documents, and Russo's simplistic but effective art style.

Frankly, less-than-tolerant comics purveyors may find a lot of offensive material in JIZZ, mainly because the humor pokes fun at everything. But in so doing, JIZZ is refreshingly different and may open up a reader's eye to his/her own intolerance. Besides, the bogus personals ads in the back of the comics are more than worth the cover price. (B&W, \$2.25)

LOVE AND ROCKETS

The name LOVE AND ROCKETS was not made up through the creative



thinking of one whiny English pop band. In fact, it was swiped, as brothers Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez would gladly tell you, from their comic book, which started as a self-published effort in 1982.

The brothers write and draw separate stories for their comic book. Jaime's main characters are Maggie and Hopey, as well as Izzy, Penny, and an odd array of others. Depending on where you begin your reading, you'll be reading a completely unique storyline as well as the same but everchanging characters. Yet Hopey and Maggie refrain a charming sameness throughout. Both are definitely short, terribly cute, and are constantly growing out haircuts and dye jobs they've given each other. These two loyal friends enjoy beer instead of working, combat boots, shaven heads, "Gorilla Sex" (a local band) and causing just a wee bit of commotion among their friends. The best place to start reading is the LOVE AND ROCKETS graphic novel, which contains the perfect introductory story to Jaime's characters, entitled "100 Rooms."

The latest issue of L&R is #36, which continues Gilbert Hernandez's story of Luba. Gilbert tends to be more sexually aggressive in his stories and artwork. Luba's plight in the continuing "Poison River" story may be a bit depressing, but Gilbert makes it interesting as well as funny.

Also in this issue, the search for Hopey continues. Her picture appeared on a milk carton. Izzy has wallpapered her room in. "Have you seen me?" cut outs of Hopey and no one knows where she is.

L&R issues are bigger and a little more expensive than most comics. They are also in black & white and would lose something if they were otherwise.

L&R is not a "t & a" comic or a "wimmen's comic," either. All the subjects covered are adult as handled humorously. Wherever Los Hermanos Hernandez aim their stones, there's always a dark reality just over a cloud of craziness, robots, and pro wrestlers. And there's not one pansy-assed band from England. (B&W, \$2.25)

Scott Vice

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interview...

Alex Paterson aka Dr. Alex

THE ORB



SLUG: How long have you been touring in the states now?

Alex: A week.

SLUG: How many dates do you have here?

Alex: Fifteen, I think.

SLUG: Is this your first time touring in the States?

Alex: Yeah. Not my first time here though.

SLUG: Did you tour with another band?

Alex: I never toured with another band. I worked as a roadie.

SLUG: With Killing Joke?

Alex: Yeah, that's right. Back in 1986. I was Paul Ferguson's roadie.

SLUG: How long have you been playing in bands?

Alex: I was in bands when I was little, and then I made the decision when I was twenty-one that I was either going to do roading or a band, and I'd done the roading with Killing Joke, and it was very enjoyable.

Plus, I was getting to see parts of the world that I'd never see before. It was good experience working with a band with that kind of a...to know what you do need and if you're going to do it, you've got to do it properly. It taught me a lot of things.

SLUG: So how long ago

did you put together The Orb?

Alex: It started in 1988 with Jimmy from the KLF. Then Jimmy left us after we decide to put The Orb into big life. He went to KLF and basically split off because The Orb goes through What About Us!, which is a small record label in London. It was a bit of a conflict of interest for Jimmy because he owned KLF Communications, and then, suddenly, the press started to get involved, the media were very interested in The Orb, and Jimmy was going, "They shouldn't really be on What About Us! They should be on KLF now."

Good luck to him in KLF though. It's brilliant.

SLUG: But you've still done some work with the KLF. They use a lot of sampling and DJing you did on Chill Out!

Alex: Yeah. I compiled the What Time Is Love story album which came out a couple of years ago. There's all these different versions coming out in Belgium and Germany. I also worked at EG Records which is Jimmy's publishing company.

SLUG: Eno's label?

Alex: That's right. Hence

the ambient connection, which we're very interested in. But that's when I was working with Killing Joke, who signed to EG in 1980. We used to go and bag loads of records out of the record company get all these records for free and go home and listen to them. That's how we discovered Eno. I thought, "This is brilliant!"

SLUG: There's some great stuff on the label.

Alex: Yeah. Totally original and innovative. I worked there for four years until April this year.

SLUG: You did A & R for them?

Alex: Uh-huh.

SLUG: And you decided to do The Orb full-time?

Alex: It was a case of it was getting too much, otherwise I would have run into a forty-eight hour day or something. And we were running at different parallels. EG was still treading water. They were still not willing to sign things.

SLUG: So this is your first full-length album?

Alex: It's a double album. That's how we put it out in England. The American label said they couldn't sell a double album by a band such as ours.

SLUG: It's very relaxing.

Alex: Well, in England we have what is called "House" music. I used to be a punk. I'd go see The Clash when I was sixteen years old; I was really into it. That lasted for two years—the energy—it just fizzled out...commercialized. But with House, it's taking a lot of roots from Reggae and other areas, and it is there to relax people. After four years of heavy clubbing, there's not many people making music fit the time of day like Pink Floyd used to do. You just put on your music at the end of the day and make love, blah, blah, blah...that's what I like to feel I can actually give to people with my type of music.

SLUG: How long have you been working with Thrash?

Alex: About a year now since January. He engineered on the last album. He's good at beats, good at getting rhythms together. We've already written a new album. We're going to take time off when we're having holidays at Christmas and go on out to India and stay.

SLUG: Will there be a lot

of Middle Eastern influence?

Alex: I think there's a lot of Middle Eastern influence in The Orb already. I spent some time in Morocco just sampling Moroccan music, picking up some brilliant guitar stuff which we've used in two remixes already for Wire.

SLUG: It has to be pretty gratifying to see your album take off like it has.

Alex: The amusing thing is that I did it all for fun. There's a certain amount of humor involved, you'll see in the gig tonight there's a lot of American samples in there which we didn't do deliberately. We've been playing all through Europe all through England, but it's only made sense here in America. It's very peculiar. There's one sample of these people being pulled over by a

lawman, the classic, "Hey, boy, what's the matter with you boy." In England they can't relate to it as much as they can here. And we've got that space...talking about various space missions. It's just a tape of a documentary. There's a lot going on.

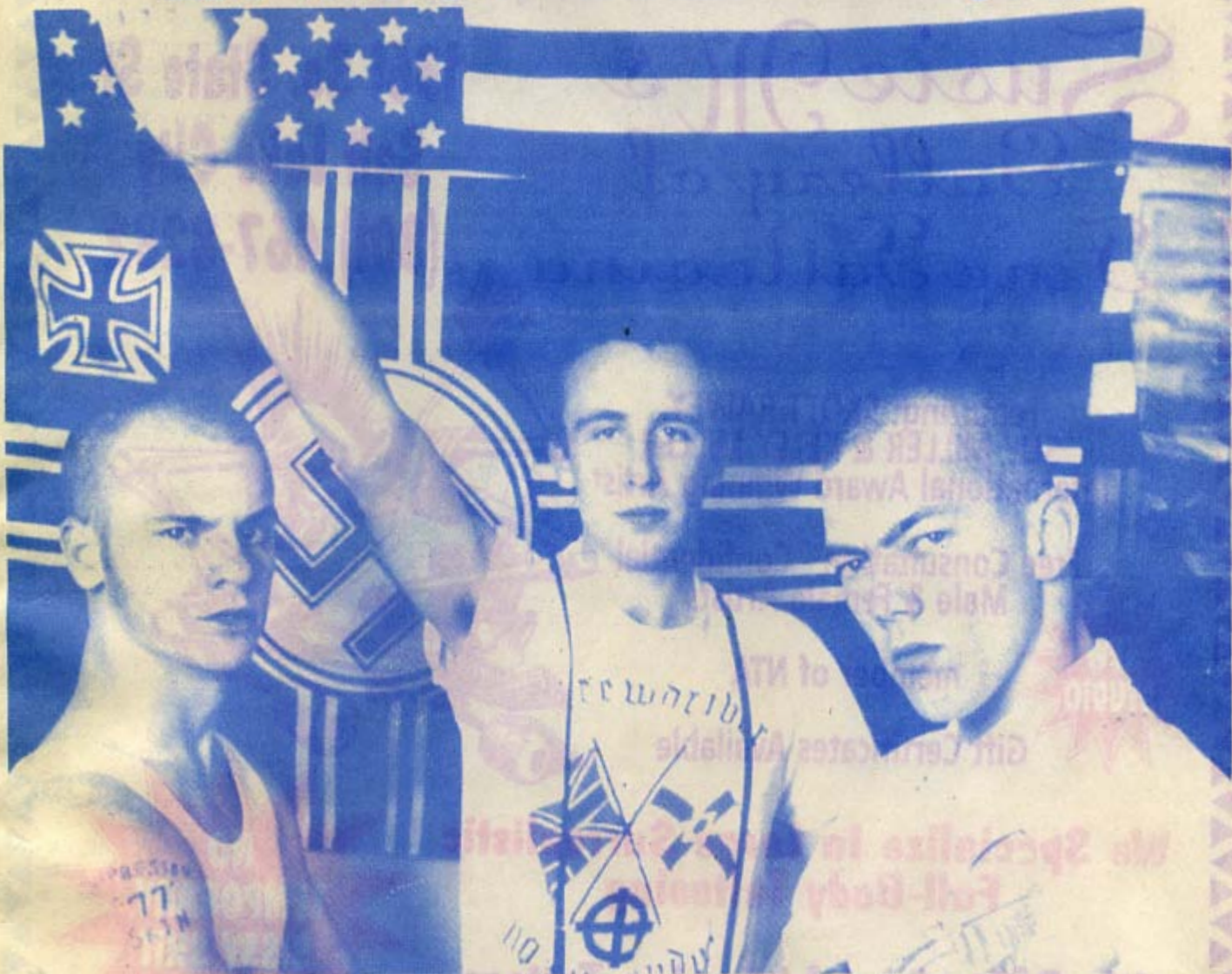
SLUG: So what's coming up for The Orb?

Alex: Well, in England we're going to release the next album in April. We'll pull a single off it at the same time. We're going to maybe release Little Fluffy Clouds in England in January just to keep it alive. And then we'll just carry on from there.

You can hear more of Dr. Alex's work on another of his projects, System 7, with avant-garde guitarist Steve Hillage. Thrash's band Fortran 5 has a new album out this month on Mute/Elektra as well. And The Orb also has done a wide variety of remixes for the likes of Wire, Front 242, Art of Noise and Paradise 10.

D.J. Evil.

NOT ALL NAZIS ARE LIVING IN SOUTH AMERICA.



They're living in places like Hayden Lake, Idaho, where an organization called the Aryan Nations maintains its 20-acre, whites-only compound.

A compound that is the site of an annual national congress for hate groups from around the country, and that has a church where the "minister" preaches that Jews are "children of Satan."

They're in places like Fallbrook, California, where an organization called the White Aryan Resistance is headquartered.

Headed by a former Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, the organization recruits high school students to become neo-Nazi "skinheads" and publishes a newspaper which recently ran this headline: "Happy Birthday Uncle Adolf."

And they're in places like Costa Mesa, California, where an organization called the Institute for Historical Review is dedicated to promoting the incredible notion that the Holocaust never occurred.

It hosts conventions, and publishes articles and books which claim, for example, that *The Diary of Anne Frank* is a hoax, and that the photographs of concentration camps have been falsified.

Fortunately, there is an organization dedicated to working against these groups: The Anti-Defamation League.

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