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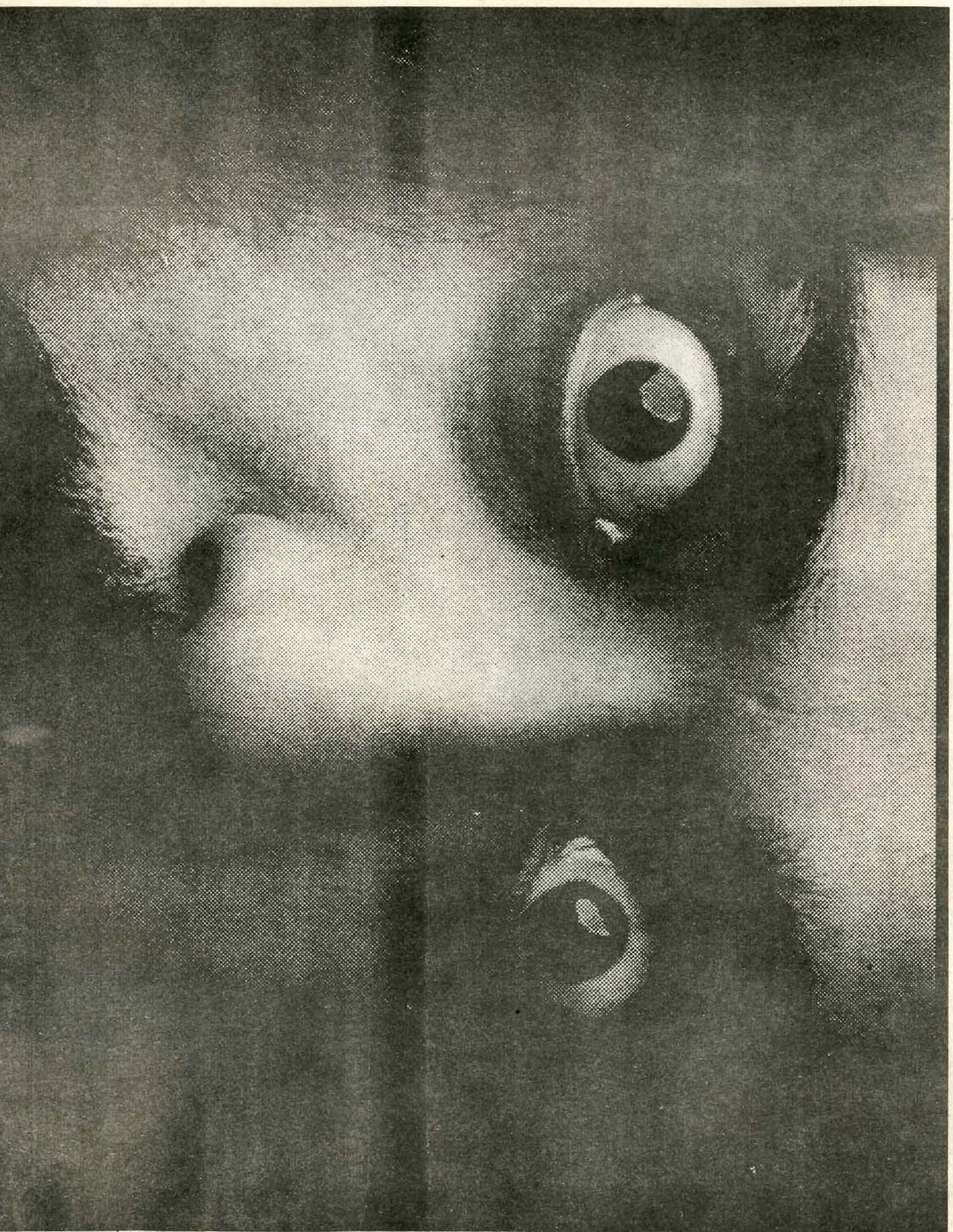
SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

MAY
1992
ISSUE 41
FREE

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THE WORD OF **ROLLINS**

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MAY 1992****PUBLISHER/EDITOR****J.R. Ruppel****EDITOR/SALES****Natalie Kaminski****CONTRIBUTING WRITERS****Eric Zsebenyi, Rick Ruppel, Matt Taylor, Dennis Christlieb, Lara Bringard
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DEAR DICKHEADS

DEAR DICKHEADS,

This letter is directed to the overly intelligent lesbian that wrote the article in the "Positively Queer" column in your April issue. I had to laugh when I read your article. It never ceases to amaze me that when someone feels the need to do something "different," they automatically assume that they deserve to be recognized as "special." You state that you were bored and offended by all the safe sex posters at the U. Then you go on to rip into the "self-righteous pricks" who were offended by your posters. Well, what the hell makes you think that just because you have a different sexual preference, it gives you the right to try and shove it on everyone else??

I am not at all prejudice against lesbians, homosexuals, or whatever the hell you want to label people with different sexual preferences; however, I do not agree at all with what you do. I am 100% heterosexual and I have never understood how homosexuals develop the sort of drives and desires that they have, but I feel that it is not my place to try and tell other people what they should do or what they should like. If you want to have sex with someone else of the same sex, good for you . . . **But don't try to tell me that what's good for the goose is good for the gander.** But in your article it would appear that the people who were offended enough to remove your posters are "**Self Righteous Pricks.**" Well go to **Hell !!** If you would just be satisfied with being a lesbian and keep it to yourself and your lovers, instead of trying to tell everyone else that you are right, then you wouldn't have to bitch and moan about **Bullshit** like lack of respect, lack of rights, etc. If the safe sex posters that were put up by the heterosexuals were so offensive to you, then why didn't you do the same thing and just take them down?

You are obviously stuck in

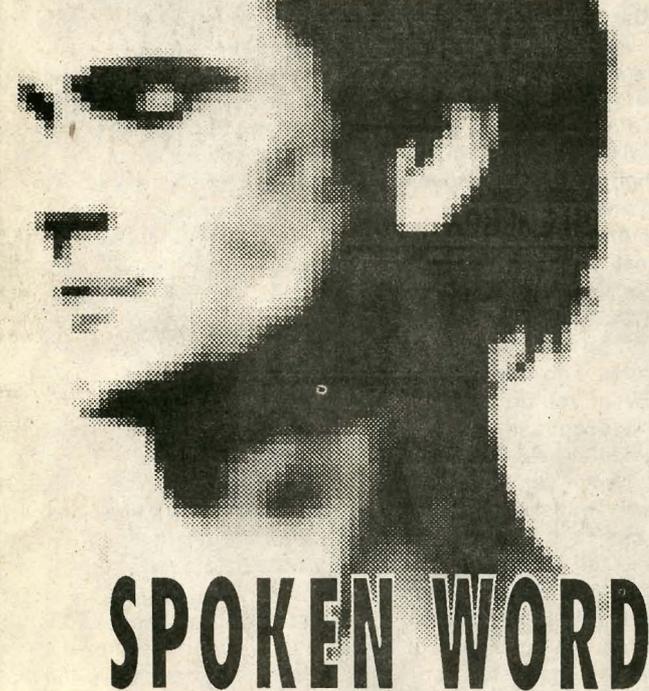
the same damn disillusioned world as the rest of your queer friends, you don't understand what all the hubbub is about??!! **Well open your eyes!** I'm sorry that the world didn't start functioning as a place where homosexuality ran rampant, but that's the way the cookie crumbles as they say. So why don't you get used to that! Your pathetic pleas for equal rights make me want to **puke!** You have equal rights as a human being, but when it comes to your sexual preferences, you are outnumbered. Maybe you are queer, and its very obvious that you are here, but **you sure as hell are not fabulous,** and I am not about to get **down** and bow to you because you like to get it on with other women. You go get it on and I'll just ignore you. Unfortunately, there are people (like the self righteous pricks at the U) who aren't going to ignore you. They are going to get offended and take down your posters. They aren't going to put up with you (as you put it) getting too uppity. What I'm getting at is that the world is not gonna change to **pamper your queer ass.** So do whatever the hell it is you want to do, but don't expect the world to accept you. And just because the "Mo Mo" Church maintains high moral standards, you don't have the right to assume that all of its members are homophobic.. I'm not homophobic, but I am not overly excited by the thought of dying from H.I.V., and I know the L.D.S. Church agrees. So back off, be yourself, and quit trying to apologize for what you are!!!

*Sincerely,
Orem, Utah*

Ed. Note: Letters submitted to the Dear Dickhead column are the opinion of those people submitting such...especially geeks like this.

**DICKHEADS @ SLUG
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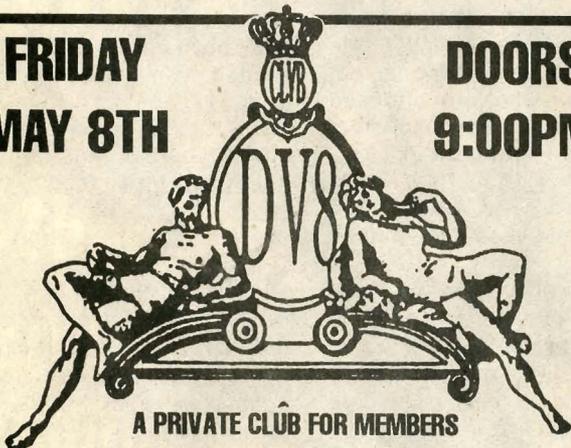
HENRY ROLLINS



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18 AND OLDER PERMITTED

RECORD REVIEWS



BAD RELIGION *Generator*

Southern California's most politically correct (and probably most intelligent) hardcore act has come back swiftly from a terrific previous album to make their best effort to date.

Led by singer Greg Graffin (a college professor) and guitarist Mr. Brett, Bad Religion crafts hook-filled and (dare I say it?) melodic punk rock that is as challenging as it is thrash-worthy. *Generator* stands out, even among the band's superb career, as a master work.

While Brett's title track crackles with anger, Graffin's "Too much to Ask" uses the southern rock jangle in a way that only the late, lamented Hüsker Dü could manage.

But as good as the two openers are, they don't hold a candle to "Atomic Garden" and "Only Entertainment," both brilliant slices of adrenalin — and intelligentsia-charged punk rock.

Generator is aptly titled; if this can't get a rise out of you and get you excited about hardcore again, you must be dead.

— *Chris Robin*

Pale Saints

In Ribbons
4AD/Warner Brothers

From the opening lines, "Don't fall too deep/don't try and sleep," Pale Saints spill out their cautious and moody music ranging from harder-edged tunes to more ethereal, quiet pieces. Always surprising and never a band to be second guessed, Pale Saints take seemingly familiar pop/rock tunes

and twist and subvert them until they are something more diverse and increasingly more beautiful.

In *Ribbons* features new versions of "Babymaker," "Hair Shoes" and "Hunted" as well as nine new songs, each one brilliantly crafted and haunting in its own rite.

This album marks the first release of the new 4AD/Warner Brothers licensing deal for the U.S. Hopefully the time is right for America to discover the world of 4AD.

Matt Taylor.

SPIRITUALIZED

Lazer Guided Melodies
Dedicated

After three promising singles, *Spiritualized* finally stops their teasing and gives us a full-fledged first album. It was well worth the wait, too. *Lazer Guided Melodies* is twelve songs divided into four parts. The songs flow from one to another with few breaks, giving the record a continuity and clarity that many bands fail to even try and achieve on their albums.

The overall tone of this CD is moody, thoughtful and reflective. It could be mistaken for a quieter Spaceman 3 project, having sonic guitar noise at a subtle background level with almost monotonous rhythms and melody lines that turn over and over in your head as you listen. Percussion is light, almost invisible, but adding a depth to the record that supplements the noisy guitars and throbbing bass guitar. Over the top comes the mellow vocals of Jason and Kate Radley. Thrown into this musical hodgepodge are a variety of instruments such as dulcimers, autoharp, flute, cello, violin, saxophones and trumpet.

Slated for release domestically towards the end of this year, *Lazer Guided Melodies* is a disc you should search out and add to your collection now. Innovative and inspiring, *Spiritualized* will undoubtedly convert you to their own religious experience.

King Ink.

PAGANISM IN UTAH

THE PAGAN BOOKSHELF

Response to last month's cover article on Paganism in Utah has been overwhelmingly positive. This month, we're reviewing several of the excellent books available on Paganism. Future columns will feature additional books as well as other pieces of interest. Contact the Gypsy Moon (521-9100) for information on availability and/or ordering.

Drawing Down the Moon (Revised)

Margot Adler

The most comprehensive study of Neo-Pagan religions in the United States ever done. Includes history and origins of various groups, traditions, and movements. Revised edition (1986) includes appendices on rituals and resources, as well as the results of a 1985 questionnaire distributed across the United States. Margot Adler is a nationally renowned journalist regularly featured on National Public Radio. This book is a must for all interested in learning about the roots of American Paganism and Witchcraft today.

The Spiral Dance (Revised)

Starhawk

A practical guide to Magic and the Craft written by a High Priestess of the Faery Tradition. Includes an excellent selection of Invocations, chants, blessings, spells, myth, and rituals, as well as many exercises relating to visualization, grounding centering, psychic development, trance induction, and more. Everything is explained clearly and succinctly. Starhawk is a scholar of Pagan history, a teacher at Holy Names College in California, a political activist, nonviolence trainer, and a founding member of Reclaiming: A Center for Feminist Spirituality and Counseling in San Francisco. Excellent workbook for beginner and long time practitioner alike.

Positive Magic

Marion Weinstein

A very good introductory book on magical working from a totally non-manipulative point of view.

Includes everything from Astrology to I Ching to Wicca. Chapter 8, "Words of Power: The Work of Self-Transformation," is so valuable, it alone is worth the price of the book. Techniques of affirmation are clear and beautifully described. Some people will find Weinstein's approach too saccharine, with almost no acknowledgement of the darker side of life, but the book is a great ethical antidote to the thousands of worthless pages published everyday promising readers power, money, love, and glory through the control of others.

Dreaming the Dark:

Magic, Sex, and Politics

Starhawk

This is an amazing book that joins the insights of the direct action non-violent peace movements with the insights of the Wicca coven. Drawing on her own experiences with groups, doing ritual, doing protest actions, spending time in jail, the book is a rich body of source material for working with groups, particularly groups that combine a spiritual and political perspective. The appendix on the history of the "Burning Times" is extraordinary, combining the insights of English labor historians such as Christopher Hill with the scholarship of feminist writers.

Jambalaya:

The Natural Woman's Book of Personal Charms and Practical Ritual
Luisah Teish

The only book by a publicly avowed American Voodoo priestess. Teish produces an extremely readable portrayal of one of the most maligned religious movements in the United States. A powerful woman, Teish lays a lot of stereotypes to rest. Lots of information on Yoruba goddesses, magic, and ritual working.

Real Magic

P.E.I. Bonewits

A no-nonsense guide to magic and psychic reality by a feisty, opinionated, knowledgeable practitioner. The only person to receive a major in magic from the University of California — and his degree is even signed by Ronnie Reagan! Witty, entertaining, with a liberal dose of arrogance.

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MISCELLANEOUS

In The Middle Of Nowhere For Peace...or How I Found The 100th Monkey And What I Did To It Afterward

"The atom bomb is the best thing to happen to man"

- Phyllis Schaffley -

The fact that the United States and the United Kingdom still conduct nuclear weapons tests in Nevada isn't a well-known fact among most people. In fact, most people probably don't know that these tests are being done on land that doesn't even belong to the United States (it actually "belongs" to the Western Shoshone nation, Newe Segobia). Moreover, most people don't know what nuclear weapons testing accomplishes. All of this is simply another example of how our government doesn't give a shit about anything but its own profits and goes to no length to inform anyone about it.

In ritualized protest, a dedicated group of approximately 500 people started on the 11th of April at an empty reservoir just outside of North Las Vegas. There, for two days, we listened to bands and speakers with their predictable and unoriginal anti-nuclear weapons testing theme. This was put on mainly for the undedicated 1,000 or so people from Las Vegas, Arizona, and California who were interested but uninformed. For me, the best part of these two days was meeting other like-minded individuals so we could boost our egos by telling each other how right we were, laughing at the stupidity of the establishment, and painting the most dire picture of the state of the world and culture.

On Monday, the 13th, the dedicated 500 set off for the Department of Energy building in Las Vegas to protest. After unsatisfyingly speaking with a D.O.E. representative, 26 people decided to get arrested for obstruction. While this went on, the bulk of the group had already set off on the walk. The walk consisted of an average of 13 miles a day for 5 days (this was a pale reflection of the truly dedicated protest march which started earlier in the year in New York and will proceed until Nevada in October).

Food Not Bombs supplied a vegan menu for all those who didn't support themselves (which turned out to be so many that by the middle of the walk, they had to resort to "dumpster diving" to feed the lot). The walk was basically a gimmick to demonstrate a strange dedication to the cause and maybe make the mass-media pay attention. Personally, I was glad that the group I was with brought our own food and vehicular support. Actually walking was boring and blistering with an occasional good conversation. The night camps around a polluting fire were perfect for fellowship and soul-searching (as it were).

Tuesday afternoon was the stage for the media-compromising incident with Rick Springer and Ronnie Reagan; compromising because the details would inherently be obscured and confused and Ronnie's head was inadvertently affected. Overall, it didn't make the masses aware of what was going on more than it simply portrayed Ronnie as a victim of Rick's emotional instability.

By Friday, we were walking within three miles of our last camp and 50 of the walkers decided to slow the freeway traffic by walking in the middle of the road. Within thirty minutes, the freeway was cleared and the 50 put away to preserve and protect... someone, somewhere. When the remainder of the walkers arrived at the entrance to the road to Mercury (the town that houses a bulk of the test site employees), tens more decided to cross the cattle-guard to get arrested. This continued through the night.

Saturday was the day for music and more arrests. Like the first weekend, the bands played on a solar powered stage and consisted of a few of the same bands. Timbuk 3 played and drew the largest crowd but a single man act by Andras Jones (of the L.A. band Mr.

Jones And The Previous) was the most interesting performance of the days presentation. By the end of the day, 125 or so people were arrested. In camp, a few of the active groups were planning some interesting actions for the early hours of the morning. After gathering food and blankets, four people hopped the barbed wire fence and threw the stuff over the fenced cage where they were temporarily holding some recent violators of imperial law. As well, in preparation for the Christian-Pagan holiday of Easter, a few had gathered roundish rocks, painted them with peace paint (as opposed to war paint), and hopped the barbed wire fence to hide them in the desert for an Easter egg hunt later in the afternoon. Three more were arrested.

Sunday was pretty much the finale. The Shoshone in charge of large asked for a consolidated effort at getting arrested and at 11 am, 200 people were systematically arrested at the cattle-guard while 50 others hopped the barbed wire fence to hunt for eggs and head for Mercury (which is four miles away from the cattle-guard). Most of the fifty actually made it to town though they were pursued all the way by cheering guards in dune buggies. In town they were casually arrested. Throughout the rest of the day, about 200 more people were arrested and cited. Monday morning, most of us left.

I don't know why most of the others went to Nevada for, but for me it was to show to myself that I can torture my body well for a good cause and still feel good about it; and maybe, just maybe I might be the "100th monkey" that the movement was looking for before it found me.

Nuclear weapons testing is still around and if it stays around much longer, the new Russia will start their testing program up again. There will be another protest again in October and maybe by then it will be a victory party for the end of nuclear weapons testing. Maybe not. But hopefully, some of you out there will start writing Georgie and other "representatives" and tell them to demand the end of nuclear weapons testing just like any sane, rational and compassionate homo sapien; or monkey, or whatever.

—Joseph Briggs

POLITICS

JAN GRAHAM FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL

"I'm a lawyer- not a politician."

-Jan Graham, Solicitor General

"None of us will be free until the last politician is strangled with the innards of the last lawyer."

-Robert Anton Wilson, *Historical Illuminatus Chronicles*

Like many of you who read your political junk mail from the Republicrats, to find out what the opposition is up to, as well as for a few laughs (Wayne Owens is my favorite- what a goof), I recently received an invitation to the state capital for Jan Graham's announcement that she will seek the office of State Attorney General (as Paul Van Dam is not re-running). Graham, current Solicitor General,



is a dedicated servant of the people — when asked by Van Dam to leave her high-paying position with the law firm of Jones, Waldo, Holbrook and McDonough, and join the Attorney General's office, Jan selflessly took the job (with it's "dramatic" drop in pay), and has (in her words), "fought hard to rebuild the Attorney General's office."

Jan is the top female office-holder in Utah, and has commented on the lack of women holding public office in the state, saying, "Utah's pretty bad in that area. It's abysmal." To what does she attribute her success within the Mormon Patriarchy? "They [men] have taken me in," she has stated. In fact, in addition to Van Dam's endorsement, former governor Calvin L. Rampton is her campaign chairperson, and her husband, Buzz Hunt, is Salt Lake City Treasurer.

I decided to take Jan up on her invitation, and headed to the steps of the Utah Supreme Court, to "take part in the excitement." Her speech, though she said very little of substance, was a well-written crowd-pleaser (conservative crowd here, folks — except, of course, yours truly), which went over well with supporters and the (mainstream) media, alike.

In addressing the abortion and school-prayer issues, Jan said that the Attorney General's office "handled them both as lawyers, not political panderers," and that they would not "bow to political correctness." She continued by saying, "In the eye of the political storm that has raged, that steadfast adherence to legal principles has not always been easy — but it has always been right." (Reminds one of George Bush's Wilfred Brimley impersonation, "It's the right thing to do.") Considering that, as any lawyer knows, there are legal principles to justify virtually any course of litigation (especially in as potentially-explosive a case as Church/State separation), what exactly does Jan mean?

It was for this reason, Jan's lack of clarity in discussing issues of vital importance to her constituency, that prompted me to ask her for an interview.

After her speech, I introduced myself as a SLUG-writer (and received a somewhat horrific expression, in return). "Just a minute," said Jan, who proceeded to dis me for the next half hour. Since there were refreshments, I made the best of it, and decided that, even though she had time for the Trib, a private interview would probably be best, in my case.

I came back for the interview, and sat in one of the plush chairs in the AG's office, reading the latest issue of *Governing* magazine, until Jan was ready for me.

My first question to the Solicitor General was about sex. I asked her if she felt that a woman has the right to have sex without producing offspring. She replied, "It would be unethical of me to reveal my opinion on abortion, as it's bound to come up before me in court."

It's funny how she refused to answer my first (extremely controversial) question, on ethical grounds, while she had no problem with my next (politically correct) question, about the environment. Jan strongly feels that we need "more and tougher laws" to penalize those who pollute and destroy the environment.

I next asked if she felt that the War on Drugs will be won with "more and tougher laws," also, or if she considers decriminalization a possibility to cut down on drug-related violence, and the needless litigation of victimless crimes. She said, "I wouldn't be surprised if certain substances [namely marijuana] are eventually decriminalized, but I don't see Martinez [the Bush Administration's current 'drug czar'] headed in that direction, at all." I asked her if she would consider decriminalization of "certain substances," in Utah. "I'm not a lawmaker," she replied, "I simply enforce the law." As Solicitor General, however, part of Jan's job is to direct legal policy on major issues in Utah. She sounds like a politician to me.

I continued by asking Jan if she was familiar with the Hemp Movement, and the myriad uses, including medicine, paper, textiles, renewable energy and food, that can be derived from nature's most versatile plant, and which demonstrate that hemp should, in fact, be legalized to help save the planet (in addition to its status as a relatively benign recreational/creative aid). "No, I wasn't," was her reply.

I wasn't surprised that she wasn't hip on hemp, so I passed on some literature from the Business Alliance for Commerce in Hemp (BACH).

My final question was concerning Jan's feelings on the Fully Informed Jury Act (FIJA). Bear in mind: Jan has, in her career, served as Professor of Trial Advocacy (at the U of U Law School), Commissioner of the Utah State Bar, President of the U of U Law School Board of Trustees, and as a member of the Utah Commission on Justice in the 21st Century. Her answer was "Isn't that [FIJA]

where the jury can disregard the law?" "No," said I, "It's where the jury can acquit a defendant if they find the law unjust according to the individual's circumstances."

"I don't know enough about it to answer your question," she said, while scribbling a note to herself, "but I will find out more." I passed on some FIJA literature, as I happened to have some handy, and went on to explain that, in accordance with the constitutional guarantee of a trial by a jury of one's peers, the jurors are supposed to be impartial (they don't have a stake in the case, as the prosecuting and defense attorneys do, and, unlike the judge, in her ivory tower, they have a more realistic view of the defendant's motives and of the justness of the law) and must, necessarily vote as their conscience dictates in rendering a verdict.

Jan apparently didn't seem to agree, however, saying, "I don't think it'll ever pass." By "ever," I think Jan means in her lifetime. That's okay — I'm much younger than Solicitor General Jan Graham. And I believe that the power of justice is already in the hands of the people. And more of us realize this everyday.

Michael Coombs is the Libertarian party candidate for Attorney General.

Eric M Zsebenyi

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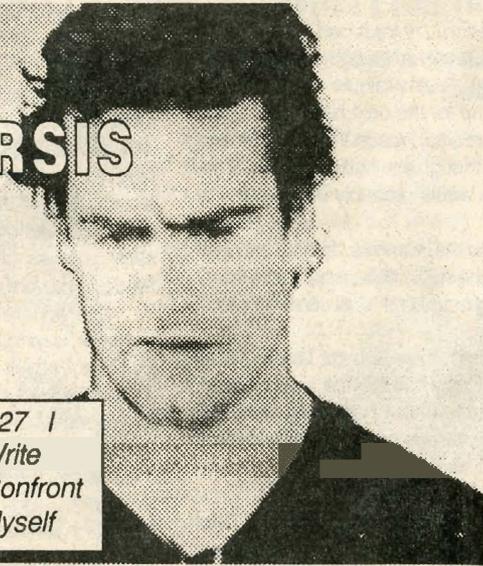
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COVER STORY

HENRY ROLLINS:

THE CATHARSIS OF ANGER



#26	#27
Write	Write
To Avoid	To Confront
Myself	Myself

Henry Rollins has long been recognized as a major force in the American musical subculture, but of late he has been gaining notoriety as a prolific author and a powerful purveyor of the spoken word. With twelve books under his belt so far, his own publishing company 2.13.61 and four spoken word recordings to date, Rollins should be re-named the busiest man in rock

'n' roll, a post-script to his title as "the angriest man."

While anger is an underlying theme in his spoken word performances and his writings, it is only one of many driving forces for the *persona*. His works are laden with humor, sorrow, joy, rage, terror and a sense of confronting and conquering the despair of being alive. Rollins emerges trium-

phant at the end of all his work, showing his own progress as he strives through this oral and written purging process to come to grips with his own humanity. Along the way he takes his audience through the same process, purifying them with showers of anger and laughter; confronting our own fears and desires as Rollins faces his own. In the words of Rollins, *Love and hate exist/On both sides of a/One sided coin*. This coin could be the talisman that Rollins carries in his proverbial pocket; love and hate being the forces underlying Rollins' writing, solo performances and his work within the parameters of Rollins Band.

Strip away the tattoos, the black clothing and the fierce expressions that indelibly cloud Rollin's face, and you're left with one of the loudest, most unique

and conscientious voices of the 1990's.

"Punk's poet laureate"

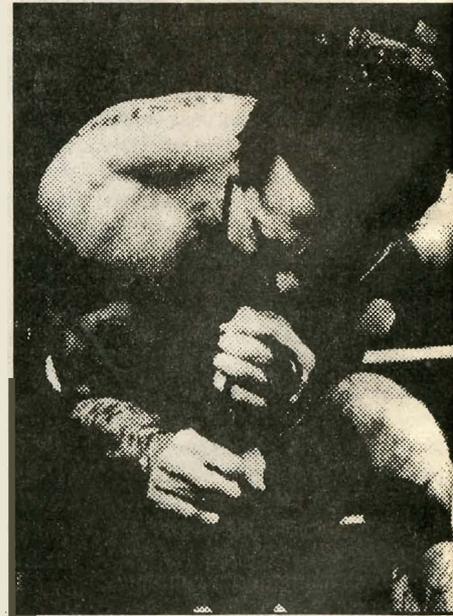
may seem a lofty title for a man on a quest in search of himself, but there is a side of his work that has universal appeal. In addition, Rollins exercises a responsibility to his audience and to himself, carefully choosing words and scenarios to get his message across; to the listener/reader, or to himself.

According to Dean Kuipers, in the introduction to the spoken word tape, *Our Fathers Who Aren't In Heaven*: "Henry's stories are mostly acts of painful self-effacement, peeling back his defenses to expose his own often hilarious moments of enlightenment..." These are the subtle truths which Rollins chooses to share with all of those who would pay attention and learn from them or rejoice in them.

There is a truly meaningful quality to be discovered in Rollin's non-musical ventures, whether it's a glimpse of yourself or an opportunity for personal growth, or just a chance to enjoy the perspective of another human being commenting on the pleasure, indignity and frustration of living, from day to day.

All this from a man synonymous with the word "angry?" Participate in the experience for yourself as Rollins performs in Salt Lake this month on his spoken word tour, just a single man and his microphone, laying himself bare for your scrutiny and benefit. You may find his "anger" to be profitable for your own soul; a way of exorcising demons and making room for the person meant to inhabit your brain and body.

PHOTO BY STEV HINDLEY



I found a new home. I moved into a room much better than in England. I moved into a better neighborhood. I moved into my head. That's my planet, that's my neighborhood, I'm at the point where I can sit in a room alone and be perfectly content in my own company.

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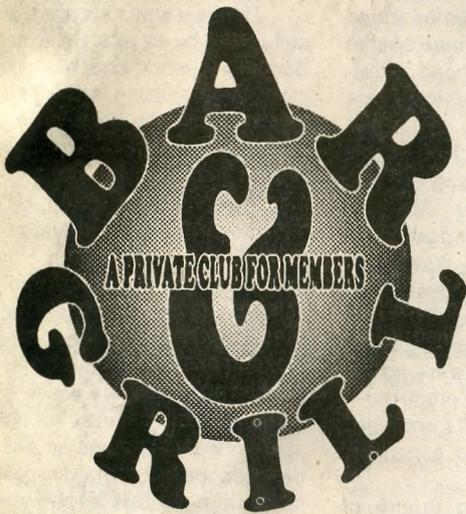
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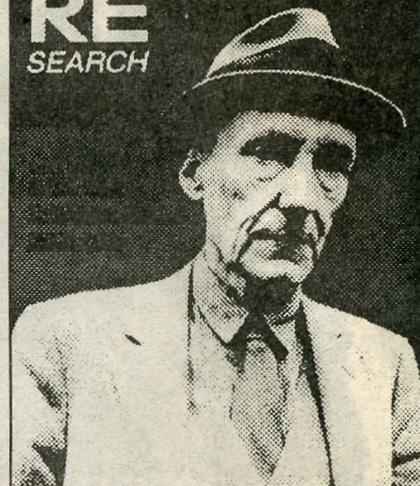
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BOOK REVIEWS

RE
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RE
SEARCH



ReSearch #4/5

(Part One)

William S. Burroughs

ReSearch Publications

Ten years after ReSearch first chronicled the works and wisdom of William S. Burroughs, the man seems to be fostering more and more interest and import in at least the worlds of film and literature. Reprints of Burroughs' books are popping up everywhere as are movie adaptations of his novels, such as *Naked Lunch*.. What is it about this man that has made his work so longstanding and increasingly relevant for the 90's and beyond?

Part of the answer lies in the first section of this ReSearch book. ReSearch has taken excerpts from Burroughs' writing and has added an interview with the man so that the reader gets first-hand knowledge of what's happening inside his head.

Starting off with the thought-provoking, yet disturbing *The Revised Boy Scout Manual*, Burroughs lays down plans for a successful revolution, drawing on the mistakes made by Bolivar and Garibaldi and then outlining what should be done. He also goes in depth on weapons of war—home-made and industrially produced—as well as the benefits and ease with which one could engage in germ warfare.

This underlying theme of paranoia and the responsibility of survival being ultimately that of the individual seems to be a thread through Burroughs' works and his personal philosophy. In an existential world where your life could be terminated at any point by a stray bullet or a carefully placed explosive device, who's to say that Burroughs doesn't have a point? Can one really be too careful when dealing with one's fellow "human

beings?" These are questions that Burroughs seems to be throwing in our faces. True, his manner of awakening us to the possibilities of untimely death may be frightening or even shocking, but once that initial overload has passed, it leaves us with the likely probability that we are all potential victims, of ourselves, of our society and of other people.

The best way to prepare oneself would be to pick up some of Burroughs' work and examine it closely, scrutinizing for the hidden meanings that lie behind his text and making sense of them for one's own world.

The state of the world has only degenerated since the first publication of Burroughs' writing. Herein is the longevity of his work and the timeliness/timelessness of what he has said and what he continues to proffer to those who will listen. Burroughs is still very active, having released several recorded spoken word offerings as well as being documented in video compilations and such. What began with ReSearch Publications documentation of Burroughs has become an introduction to past and present activities of this man's lifework.

Many of Burroughs' reprinted novels are available at *Waking Owl Books*. *ReSearch #4/5* is available at *Rhino Nest* or by special order through *Rauch Records*. Or write directly to *ReSearch* for a catalogue of all their publications, videos and t-shirts at 20 *Romolo #B*, San Francisco, CA. 94133.

Matt Taylor.

COMIC REVIEWS

Autobiographical comics are nothing new. Essentially begun by Robert Crumb's stinging self-portrait of a loser and continued by Harvey Pekar's controversial and much debated self-examination, this comics genre is experiencing a Renaissance.

Among the brightest of the new crop of narcissistic cartoonists are:

LOWLIFE (Caliber)

Initially (and unfairly) compared to the superb Canadian Chester Brown, Ed Brubaker has already surpassed his earliest material, much of it printed in mini-comics format. Now, Brubaker has his own "semi-regular" book featuring original creations and thinly veiled details of his own sordid existence.

Issue No. 1 features "Mondo Lowlife," another in a series featuring his "Tommy" character; the extremely funny "You're a Good Man, Chester Brown" and "The Last Night Tommy Went to a Niteclub." The latter, especially boded well for Brubaker's career.

No. 2, the "True Crime Issue," fully realizes that promise, with the full-length "A Life of Crime," a sometimes funny/sometimes chilling semi-autobiographical tale reiterating the old cliché about crime not paying. Brubaker's artistic and storytelling skills have progressed dramatically. If No. 2 is any indication, he is a talent worth watching. (B&W, \$2.50)

— Chris Robin

PEEPSHOW

(Drawn & Quarterly)

Robert Crumb disciple Joe Matt has successfully made the transition from small-screen to big screen — in a way.

While Matt's pungent one-pagers featured tiny, tiny panels, he has expanded his scope to mid-sized, detailed panels ad full-length self-jabs. The result is highly satisfying, at least so far.

Issue No. 1, the only issue

to yet appear, features Matt himself in a tale of unrequited lust for his girlfriend's co-worker. Where Matt thrives is the fact that he shows his life, warts and all (including masturbatory sequences), but without making them seem obligatorily or offensive.

Best of all, his art has improved significantly, and his cast of characters (including "Yummy Fur's" Chester Brown) are quirky enough to enable one to get past your momentary loathing of Matt. Excquisite. (B&W, \$2.50)

— Chris Robin

Also worth checking out:

"Hate" #8 (Fantagraphics), "Cerebus" #156 (Aardvark-Vanaheim) and the repellent "Eightball" #8 (Fantagraphics).

BETTY PAGE

From out of the anus of Dirk Vermin slithers BETTY PAGE.

Based on the fictional exploits of 50s "good girl" model Betty Page (whose timeless allure frankly baffles me), the comic features several stories dealing with sexual escapades and lame excuses for revealing the supposedly erotic rendering of the nude Page.

The art is actually passable, but nothing a ten year old would be incapable of doing with trace paper, drawing implements, and black and white photos (which I suspect Vermin employed).

The stories, if that term could be applied to this odious product, are an entirely different matter, however. Vermin (why would he employ a pseudonym I wonder?) shows a distinct and pronounced lack of writing fundamentals, as the tales meander, blather, and pander, without even the saving grace of a sense of humor. Worse, the drawings aren't even strung together in a cohesive, sequential order.

To Vermin's credit, it must be said that he sent his comic to SLUG to be reviewed — pretty generous for a \$3.95 outlay. The



to get them to take it off his hands.

If I were Vermin and I produced this kind of work, I'd slit my wrists. This is the kind of comic that gives comic books a bad name.

(\$3.95, B&W)

— Scott Vice

Afterword —

Brad Collins has recently informed us that he'll be ordering more comic books, so if you want to see Raunch carry a wide selection of comics, make sure you shop there and tell him what kind of material you'd like to see.

Art Spiegelman's MAUS recently won a Pulitzer Prize. It's nice to see comics finally get a fair shake. Who says comics aren't a legitimate art form?

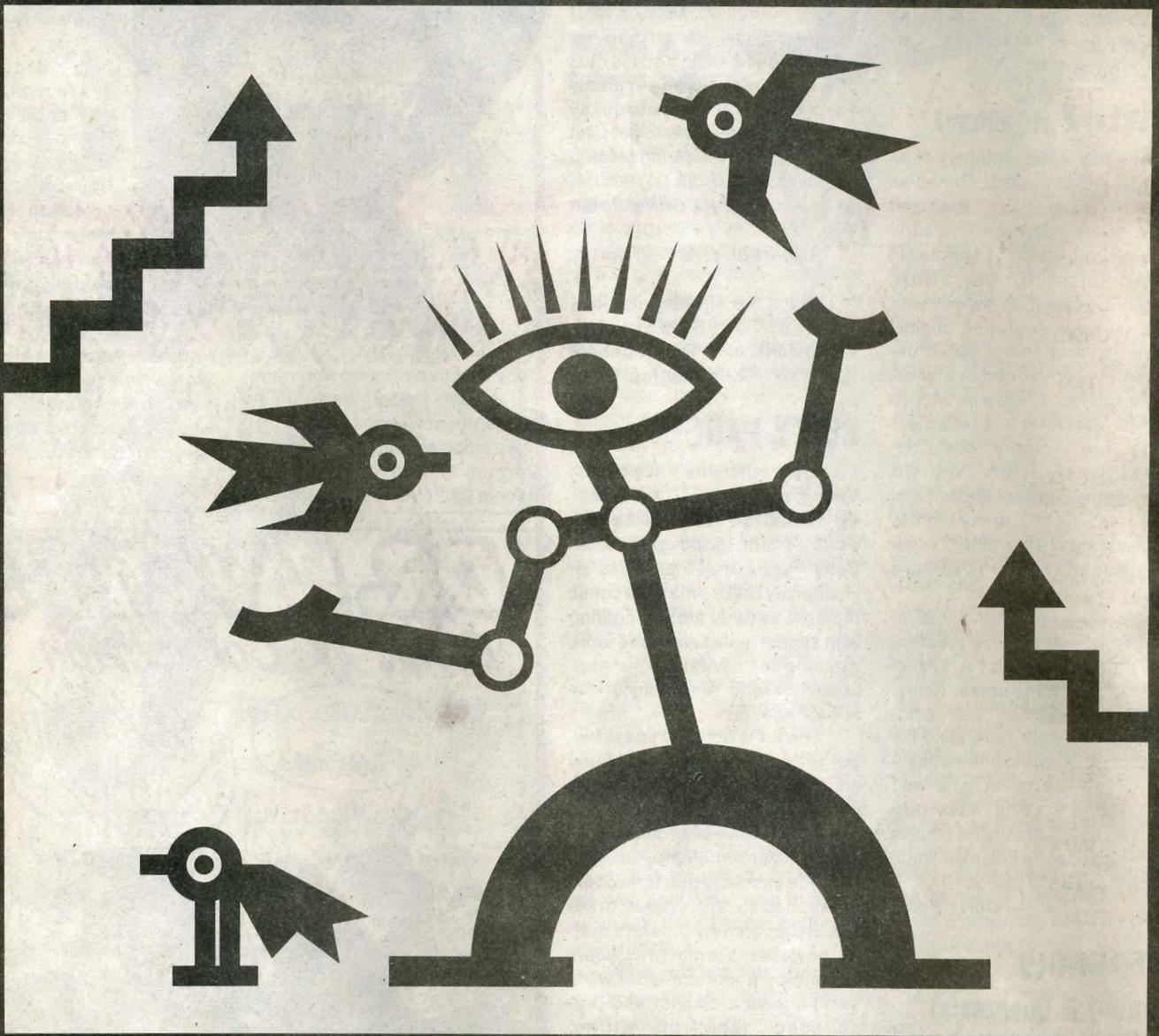
— Scott Vice

copy was even signed and numbered, and the printing quality ad paper are impressive. For this particular magazine, though, Vermin should have to pay people \$3.95 AND sexual favors



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 4:30
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SHOW**
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TREEPEOPLE



IVO PAPASOV



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MAY 14TH**

Noon
GOSPEL
 1:00
**MARIACHI BY
THE DAWNS**
 1:30
**SALSA
ESPRESSO**
 2:30
HEE B G BEES
 3:00
IVO PAPASOV
 4:00
**MEXICAN
FOLKLORIC
DANCE**
 4:30
**THE
SKELETONS**
 5:10
**INTER TRIBAL
POW WOW**
 5:40
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RIDE

7:00
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PRODUCTIONS
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SHOW**
 7:10
**SKANKIN'
PICKLE**
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INNER CIRCLE

**FRIDAY
MAY 15TH**

Noon
**THE
COTTONWOOD
GANG**
 1:00
NAIRA
 1:30
SKIN-N-BONES
 2:30
**SALT CITY
SAINTS**
 3:00
DECOMPOSERS
 4:00
**MODERN
DANCE**
 4:30
BIG DRILL CAR
 5:30
**GIANT TWISTER
GAME**
 6:00
THE FLUID
 7:30
RIDE

This year's Mayfest will be emceed by X96 and KRCL personalities. All dates and times are subject to change. Music is free and open to the public, however, alcohol is prohibited on the University of Utah campus. Be there Wed & Thurs and get a chance to win free ALICE DONUT tickets for Thursday, May 14th at the Bar & Grill. Mayfest 92 is brought to you by the ASUU.



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CONCERTS



VIOLENT FEMMES

Kingsbury Hall
April 13, 1992

Trading the immediacy of general admission for the Private Idaho of one's very own stub seat—Milwaukee's FEMMES nonetheless made the Kingsbury less regal with their cathartic punk/folk that, like spring, returns every year to stroke teeny-something hormones and horny sarcasm.

All the classics were in earshot: "Kiss Off," "Add It Up," "Blister In The Sun,"—yet, most of the sold-out crowd probably listened to their parents' Neil Diamond when those youth-culture anthems first surfaced. I was one of the few of my advanced age-group without a "real job" to wake up to in the morning, expounding the virtues of that new Grateful Dead recyclable to your boss, the same day. Yes, the FEMMES' early core of fans has evolved to higher planes, leaving the bare facts and impulses to "the kids." Why, I was even asked by some zit-eating cringer, "are you security or just some weasely reviewer-type"—how's that for fitting in?

Speaking of security—can the yellowjackets please carry something more substantial than penlights to harass the masses with? If those are penis-substitutes, it undermines the whole Fascist-power ideal. (Just a suggestion. Don't hit me.) The crowd WAS boisterous, but certainly not into bum-rush or pogo on their seats. Though, one look at the 3 Stooges: DeLorenzo THXed his hair like a Fugazi disciple, Ritchie fresh from

his gig with Gary Busy Good Time Rock 'n' Roll Band, and Gano, who looked like a marginal Don Ho experimenter and, the potential for fruit-throwing or chandelier-swinging was ripe if not practically void.

Perhaps, the FEMMES red/blue lighting schemes fit their 26-song set best, for the VIOLENT FEMMES make ice and fire into pure moonshine.

D. S. Christlieb

LUSH

FLAMING LIPS

April 20th at DV8

Long time rockers FLAMING LIPS opened up this show at DV8 with an incredible show of guitar noise and grungy feedback. Performing more tricks on guitars than you could ever dream up at home, FLAMING LIPS built their own wall of sound and energy that set the audience in motion and, hopefully, built some long standing and well deserved interest in this band. Making the break to the majors, having recently signed to Warner Brothers, FLAMING LIPS debuted songs from their latest single and their forthcoming album (due out at the end of this month). Everyone would certainly want to live forever if they could enjoy the FLAMING LIPS more often.

One of the few bands that could follow such an intense opening act is England's own LUSH. Lead by Miki Bereni and Emma Andersen on guitars and vocals, these women break down all the stereotypes of rock queens, with none of the pretensions, and play straight ahead, ethereal rock 'n' roll.

Live, LUSH seems to generate even more energy than bursts out of their records. Using a variety of guitar and vocal effects, the live performance has all the distinction and unique qualities of their studio recordings plus the added attraction of seeing the band play their fabulous music on stage in the midst of a frenzy of lights and movement.

LUSH's cool aloofness comes across as well, as Miki shook her head in disgust to cat-calls from male audience members and their

shouts of "I want you." It might work for Lita Ford boys, but LUSH is out to make innovative and long-lasting music, their mark on the industry which has inspired countless other female musicians.

No glitzy, gimmicky performances here . . . just a heavenly performance by a band to be reckoned with.

M.

SWANS

MACHINES OF LOVING GRACE

April 27, 1992 at Bar & Grill

Tucson's MACHINES OF LOVING GRACE opened the billing, coming off as a cross between Nine-Inch Nails and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. What separated them—aside from one of the most cramped stage shows ever (5 in all)—was these boys played their instruments. All the bass parts were slapped, the keyboards and guitars plugged-in but not programmed. Enticing a mostly male mainfloor audience to bond/slam their cool and furious "Rite of Shiva," almost made me look past the lead vocalist, Scott's, ten-days-in-the-desert stagger and apostolic facade—part Morrison, part Christ, part . . . sickening. For the night's packed, socially in-step crowd, it had the perfect Faith No More punch—regurgitated junk-pop covered in a glossy sheen of keyboards and rockcandy-hard guitars.

As for N.Y.'s SWANS, a friend's description of them as "a slo-motivational wave" truly hit the mark. Honestly, only die-hard fans could discern the incessant hammering from the RELENTLESS, INCES-SANT HAMMERING. I picked out "Love Of Life" and "Identity" from the newest sampler—but other than that, beer and blast made it difficult to pander to subtler forms of intrigue. And, as if to confirm my hypocritical suspicions, Gira seethed with rage saying "Shut the fuck up" and "fuck you" to some (mostly all) of the people murmuring like hens above a more peaceful—and obviously for Gira—heartfelt selection.

The quintet defies odds of attention, both theirs and yours. Only



Jarboe's keyboards occasionally deviated from the mechanical rhythm—leaving one asking how a musician could take on a percussionist's burden of repetition? Taking the guilt of Christianity and turning it into aural self-flagellation, Swans do find a redemption—earned and bloody. Ten songs of ecstasy and anguish.

Pat, the reluctant spawn of Satan

HARM FARM

Bar & Grill

April 23, 1992

Funny how an instrument can shape a person. The violinist/fiddler classically rigid and statuesque; the drummer thick in the middle; the bassist, back arched from flat fingers digging into his stringed belly; the lead guitarist confidently leaped forward.

Within the ordinariness of the stereotypes lies HARM FARM's appeal. Bassist Brad Pedinoff goes beyond mopey "Punk Rock Girl"-like sentiments, with clever and cunning pieces like "Jersey Devil" and "Sex with A Siamese Twin" that thoughtfully connect humor and pathos. Furthermore, guitarist T. Hallenbeck is the pragmatist to Pedinoff's leftist funk groove—huskily bridging the gap between the country and free-form elements within the group with straight, unabashed treatments like "Lucy Ann." Also, the fiddler doesn't try too hard to be a violinist, playing rhythm and forsaking the snobbish instrumental arias.

As if to confound any thought of pigeonholing S. F.'s HARM FARM in a Timbuk 3 mode, their encore included a surprisingly pristine metal cover of Metallica's "Enter the Sandman." Funny how a person can shape an instrument.

D. S. Christlieb

NEW BANDS



ATHLETES BUTT and the FRIENDLY NOBODIES

After hearing about these guys and seeing them play only once a year ago, I decided it was time to look into this ATHLETES BUTT.

The band literally picked up their instruments a year ago and started a band. With no previous playing experience at all, the band has developed their sound by practicing and performing together. The

tape I received had only two songs, and I was quite surprised when they said they had only been doing it for a short time.

The band consists of Ian Sorenson, Vocals; Andrea Castle, Guitar; Jaime Goble, Bass; and Leonard Curtis, Drums. I first met

Leonard last Christmas when he was struggling to put together a 12-band, all-day, benefit for toys for tots. He had very little support from anyone except bands and Seth at Perseus but he did it anyway with a lot of success.

I got a pre-release of the upcoming BIG MOUNTAIN compilation which features at least one of their songs, I am not sure what it was called but I found it to be one of the best songs on the record. Check them out May 14th @ Bar & Grill when they will be playing with Alice Donut.

RUBIN AND ED

Filmed entirely in Salt Lake City and Hanksville Utah

starring

CRISPIN GLOVER, HOWARD
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Written and Directed by

TRENT HARRIS



RUBEN AND ED is a twisted tale of success, toupees and a frozen cat badly in need of burial. Rubin is a shut-in with fondness for Mahler, a squeaky rubber mouse, and a pair of potentially lethal platform shoes. Ed is a passive aggressive salesman with a relentless wardrobe and a toupee. Fate unites these two misfits and they set off into the uncharted desert of southern Utah. Their mission is to bury Rubin's frozen, but rapidly defrosting cat. Quickly, however, the scope of their quest becomes much more than that. A hysterically funny, definitely bent, somewhat bizarre, kinda goofy comedy, featuring incredibly beautiful cinematography. By Utah's own Trent Harris ("Best Director" - 1992 Private Eye Reader's Poll). Probable PG-13, color, 35mm, 82 minutes.

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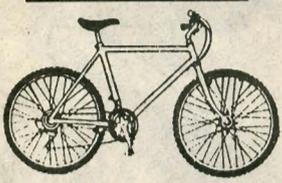
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Sticks and stones may break my bones, But it's words that really hurt me.

As a child, words were used as weapons to oppress and punish me for being different. I don't know how, but the other children knew and understood at some deep level that I was a Fag-Boy. Words like Sissy, Homo, Fairy, Pansy and Queer were thrown at me like so many daggers. And it was very painful. But I was carefully taught by (hetero) family, (hetero) church, and (hetero) state that I deserved that pain. So this queer peg spent much of my life trying to fit into a straight hole.

And now I am angry. Outraged and enraged at a homophobic, patriarchal, capitalist society which has either denied the realities of my existence or has bashed me when I dared speak out of this awful silence.

Outraged and enraged at a world which hates me simply because I exist. So I take these words from my childhood, shred them up, then speak/spew them and redefine and empower them and thus empower myself. I proudly bear the title "Queer" because it is raw, beautiful, a little short, sassy, in your face, and out of (hetero) control. I relish this word that faaabulicly describes my Otherness.

So now I swish and prance about town in my t-shirt emblazoned with "Queer as Fuck" in electric, suck-me-til-I-cum-in rubber pink letters and if you like it, you can go fuck yourself. However, if you do like it, come and tell me so — but remember I'm Mister Faggot to you.

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of Judy Garland*

Sister Rococo O'Shea

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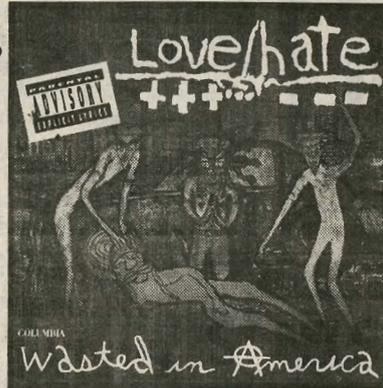
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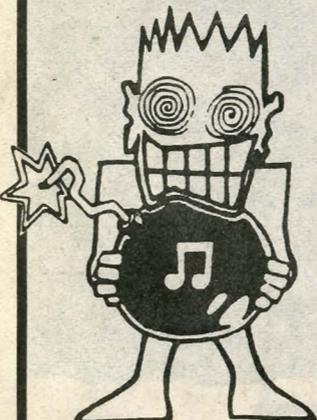
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HOROSCOPES

After reading last issue of SLUG I couldn't help but to feel like a triptych; including a killer, a hooker and an eskimo who had for some reason landed among headhunters in search of the Marx Brothers, only to realize that they had found Karl Marx and proceeded to eat the Communist Manifesto, I was overjoyed to feel this way, it had been so long. My benevolent readers, here are your horoscopes, may you not feel like a German psychologist trying to expose an underground cult in New Jersey or an alien-monster gladiator.

from your congenial psychic
Nevis Invictus

LEO: (July 23-Aug 22)

As a Ghoul you will help. Obnoxious, singing friends in the swing-set. This month you will feel like an ex-Czech star who is down on his/her luck, never fear, Jerry Lewis will put your babbling roommate's dreams into a cartoon strip involving the Easter parade special. Boris and Natasha from the Rocky & Bulwinkle show will be your confidants. Eat cheese.

VIRGO: (Aug 23-Sept 22)

This month the toaster, the blender, and other items within the cabinet will come to life. Be their friends and hope for a trip to Oklahoma. You have heard the story of the three New York intellectuals who can't find friends at a funeral, don't become the fourth. If the fan starts to spin and talk about the Devil, disregard this and keep to the color green and look at cars that start with the letter "V."

LIBRA: (Sep 23-Oct 22)

If you haven't had a bowel movement in years you need to discuss this terrible problem because she is an expert with the affliction. Beware of a horse that will lead yuppies to sex-object parts, or sex-phone operators. Don't sniff people's sweaty sneakers to get a high. Drugs are out of the question so go to the dump and enjoy the most raw nasal ecstasy that will ever enter your high times.

SCORPIO: (Oct 23-Nov 21)

Is your heart full of lead? That special someone is nearby but you can't touch him/her until you have seen the movie "California Casanova" which will turn you into the most unsexual being to participate in the Utah consensus. Stay in tune with music you like. If you are a girl: Don't be afraid to flatulate in public, if you are a guy, don't worry about women. You will soon realize that cows can be inspirational.

SAGITTARIUS: (Nov 22-Dec. 21)

Does it sometimes feel like you're

in a silent movie and everything you see comes out the "Roger Rabbit" flick? Don't feel bad, things happen this way and that is why I can offer no more solace to your horoscope this month.

CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

The cosmos bids me to tell you that the trials you have faced at work or school will pay off in your life. Stay close to cats, they really know what they're talking about. This month will seem awkward as your super-computer will try to mate with its creator's wife. Not all the time is it possible to find Morphine on top of a Spanish galleon.

AQUARIUS: (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Someone is in love with you. The most deep passionate love that can be expressed. The person who loves you is aware of your want to do can non-palls into oddly shaped pools. If you could be any color, be green. Have you been having strange dreams about escapades of a pre-Civil War minstrel? This is due to the fact you have not eaten the right foods. Cap'n Crunch, or PopTarts are acceptable. Find a pastel looking suburb that is a haven from freaky guys that have fetishes for feet and have a one-word vocabulary, "Hey," which can only be muttered at high screeching pitches.

PISCES: (Feb. 19-March 20)

Does it seem to be that you're an ex-convict trying to save an abducted friend? This sometimes happens to people who have had too much gelatin in their diet. Eat 100% Bran. Not only will this keep you the life of the party, but it might mean the death as well. Though love is in a far away place, it is still in your favor. Is it possible that you know the right things to do but are kind of scared to do them? Saunter through a park sometime in the near future, bring a friend.

ARIES: (March 21-April 19)

The mighty Aries has good luck this month, though you have been tested and have been accepted as average, soon you come to a bright ectomorph type fairy who will tell you of the letters "Z" and "Q" which will be a guide not only scholastically but at work and at play. Love is the new thing these days, so don't be afraid to tell someone out there you do. Of course make sure that you take no part of the quasi-federal agents in search of a psychic father and a pyro daughter type relationship. Love cats. Hate dogs.

TAURUS: (April 20-May 20)

In the future you will have a dream about a radio announcer who helps a Havana woman rid herself of a haunted mansion holding the keys to a nuclear-toxic sea-monster. This might seem to give you a new perspective on life, but beware of a mad scientist who rebuilds his girlfriend with bicycle parts and aluminum foil calling his creation "trisomy 21," of course, not that sticky chromosomes count these days. Purple is the color for you.

GEMLINI: (May 21-June 21)

Why does Lassie always seem to come home? This is your month to find out. But, if that doesn't work for you, take a peek at the neighbors when they least expect it. I recently saw a movie about Rural Texas cannibals waylaid yuppied motorists, and I was inspired to tell you to call your teachers or peers by their first names. This might really get them to break the ice at parties and be apt to absorb things that only fish can see. Talk to Pisces.

CANCER: (June 22-July 22)

Do you see obnoxious creatures in your swiss appair when ever you go foreign? Boy, I do. You should look more carefully at licorice and see what it really unfolds to be. My cousin once said, "Eat the stickers that feed you, my name is Joe." This is paramount advice and might bring love, juice or gynecologists into your abode offering toxic schemes. Play with little kids, they are the best things to come into the world. Love will come next month.

Dearest Horoscope Readers,

I have foreseen the following occurrences within the zodiac, if you have any complaints or suggestions please send them to SLUG in care of my name, should I start selling "PSY-CHICNEVIST-shirts?" Anyway, until J.F.K. can be resurrected to tell who shot him, I remain your benevolent Psychic,

—NEVIS INVICTUS

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