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SLUG


SALT LAKE UNDERGROUND

JUNE
1992
ISSUE 42
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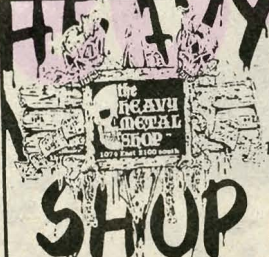
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SLUG

ISSUE #42
JUNE 1992

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I am a heterosexual female, and I think that the asshole who wrote the "Sincerely, Orem Utah" pissed me off so fucking bad. I have a lot of homosexual friends.

I was one of the people who took down one of the posters off of the U of U. I put it in my bedroom, over my bed. I see nothing wrong with the posters.

As far as I am concerned, the L.D.S. church is so fucked up. They have so much control over Utah. Especially Salt Lake City.

As far as I am concerned they are just as good in bed as heterosexual guy. I know first hand.

So fuck off all you "hetero-fuckheads." You should treat people all the same. No matter what their sexual preference is!

*Sincerely,
Holly Wood
Salt Lake City*

Dear Dickheads,

This letter is for "geeks like this" who wrote about a lesbian's editorial to say that "pathetic pleas for equal rights make him want to puke"...we (the world) aren't "going to change to pamper your queer ass." Sir, I believe you. I know you won't pamper my ass. Which is why I'd like to powder yours—with a shotgun.

Don't despair of people who are willing to dialogue endlessly with morons like yourself for "equal rights"—as if that were a privilege you somehow owned and should be encouraged to dispense generously. I, Sir, am not one of those people.

I am of the rational, educated, level-headed, queer or queer-supportive individuals which believe one less bigot in the world can't be a bad thing. And likely as not I am carrying a baseball bat—or firearm in my car—to back up this thinking. I am not tolerant and patient. Equal rights make you puke? I would like to lay your head down in that puke for the last time.

LA is not the only city burning. Salt Lake is a hotbed of anger. You find my pleas pathetic? I was born in Utah. I have a friend who came out to his Bishop in church of Families Are Forever. His Bishop told him to kill himself. He tried. I know

a boy, gay and 14, who succeeded. I have a friend who coming out of a lesbian bar was raped by eight men and with a broken beer bottle, left for dead—that's been a few years ago, but maybe you remember it. You don't, do you? Of course not, because there's a rape every minute—what makes one distinguishable from the next? Just another news story. But she remembers it. This isn't polemic. It's not a lecture. It's the first signs of fire. We are smoldering.

Orem, Utah letter-writer, you will be the first one we torch in bed.

You wonder why I hate you? You wonder why blacks pull whites out of their cars into the streets and beat them to death? Why, poor baby, what have you ever done? Because this world works for you. You may not have made it—but this world of rape and murder, it was made to work for you and your kind. Me and my kind, we will make it.

*Sincerely,
Fishbone Shadow*

EDITORS NOTE:

You know I can deal with the fact that SLUG doesn't make money. I can also deal with the fact that people like Shame X9 think it should be used as toilet paper. But, I am really sick of Salt Lake's general apathy. We have set up SLUG as an open forum for you to voice your opinions. I guess the Gay community is the only group of people that feel their rights are fucked. Hey don't politics Suck? Aren't liquor laws fucked, or don't you people really give a shit? It's time for you fucks to get off your lazy asses and do something. We want to print your opinions. We are not writers here—we're just publishers. We have great staff writers and the best fuckin advertisers in the world, who support what we do, but your opinions are vital. So why don't you sit down sometime and write us a letter. Ah, fuck it... I think I'll just go work for the bridge, at least they give a shit

J. R. Ruppel

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RECORD REVIEWS



PLAYGROUND photo: Ryan Workman

PLAYGROUND

Bow and Arrow

Independent

Throughout their short-lived, but well-received, existence, Playground proved that you don't have to be loud to have a powerful sound. Thus is shown in this thirteen song cassette, that captures every bit of

their musical ability.

Beginning with the cheerful *Turns*, the album proceeds through a near-perfect sequence of diversity, with many musical styles mixed in, ranging from the jazzy *Storm* to the classical ethnic sounds of the cello laced *Argentina*, to the alternative-rock finale *Asterisk*.

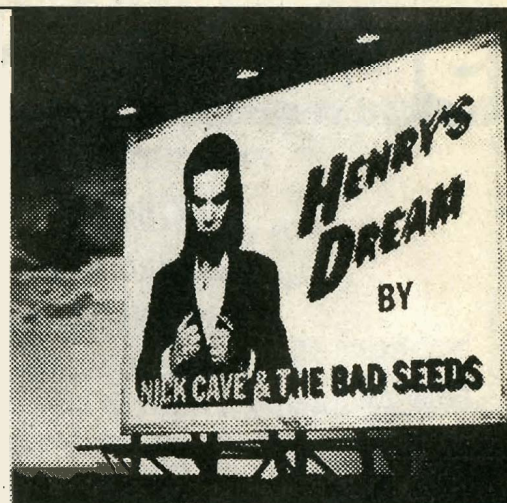
Recorded at Ken's World's

Best Studios, this effort was finely produced, doing Playground's sound a lot of justice. Julie Stutznegger's vocal abilities, in my opinion, are unsurpassable, and probably the best Salt Lake has to offer. Backed by three creative and talented musicians (Adam Allen on bass, Brad Butterfield on drums, and Steve Rose on guitar), Julie's singing style stands out the most. Her style varies greatly through the tape, from the ethereal crooning on *This Time* to the harmonious sing-along *Mimmick* to the hauntingly beautiful a capella aura of *River*. Incredible!

My favorites? Check out *Dry Well*, with its sultry vocals, mixed in with a jamming Smiths-style, complete with acoustic fills. And *All Over Me* with its uplifting melody and steady drumbeat.

The tape will be available this month, and, all in all, is an outstanding release from this danceable, guitar-oriented, (dare I say "pop") band, with a hell of a lot of originality and talent.

Ryan W.



ern blues/rock and religious imagery, Cave's songs are dark and dreary, yet moving, full of depth and emotion that is missing from many artists' releases.

Henry's Dream pulls no punches and packs a wallop, delivering powerful images held together by instrumentation and Cave's distinct vocal style. Grab a copy of *Henry's Dream* as told by Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds. You may just wake up to a new world.

Matt Taylor

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NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS

Henry's Dream

Mute/Elektra

Henry's Dream is the strongest release from ex-Birthday Party frontman Nick Cave and his cast of Bad Seeds. Vibrant and energetic, the album takes all the moods of Cave and raises them to new heights.

Cave's narrative abilities have always been his strongest songwriting quality and lyrically, this album stretches his limits to new-found potential. Captured in songs like *Papa Won't Leave You*, *Henry*, *I Had A Dream*, *Joe*, *When I First Came To Town* and *John Finns' Wife*, Cave spins yarns, develops characters and brings them to life through his words and music.

Heavily influenced by South-

DISCO INFERNO

In Debt

Che

In Debt is a compilation CD from Disco Inferno and the first CD release from Che records in London. At first listen it's hard to overlook the Joy Division influences but on closer scrutiny this compilation has more depth and less drear than the Joy Division records. Wistful and ethereal, *Disco Inferno* moves from more melodic song to the droning "death rock" influenced tunes, stretching the genre and adding more soulful influences.

This is more a record for relaxing than a soundtrack for a suicide. While it ventures into gray areas of sound and lyrics, it doesn't get so absorbed and indulgent.

If you like your music dark and moody then this is a band worth checking out. If you're already depressed and on the verge of self-annihilation then maybe you should try something a little more upbeat and happy. Say...Paula Abdul.

King In

r.u. dead music

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POLITICS

THE RODNEY KING SHOW

"The court system has worked, and what's needed now is calm and respect for the law until the appeals process takes place."

—George Bush

"Sometimes police work is brutal. That's just a fact of life."

—Sergeant Koon,

testifying in defense of his actions in the King incident.

"They're policemen, they're not angels. They're out there to do a low-down, dirty job."

—Koon's lawyer, and 10 year vet of the LAPD.

What we saw on TV of the beating administered to Rodney King at the hands of the LAPD was, in fact, an isolated incident. It was one of the few times that the mainstream public has had an opportunity to witness "business as usual" between the working and lower class community and the law enforcement officers who are hired to keep us in our place. The only unusual circumstance was that the event was widely broadcast to a general public which feels thusly about America's dysfunctional cities, and ultimately, of our "supply-side" economics which favors corporations and further disenfranchises an already alienated and enslaved majority: I DON'T CARE.

We mustn't blame the jury that handed down the acquittal for refusing to believe the evidence of their senses in watching the obviously criminal actions of LA's finest in action. First of all, the grand jury which indicted Sergeant Koon, Officers Powell and Brisneo, and ex-Officer Wind (who was in training at the time of the beating (!) and, because he lacked tenure with the force, was "dismissed" by soon-to-be-ex-Chief Darryl Gates) decided not to indict the other 19 Officers who were present that night, 10 of whom were later "punished" by the department. That's right—there were 23 officers of the law at the scene. But still, though King was zapped twice with a taser, and suffered several broken facial bones and a broken leg, he was (in the words of one juror) "in full control" of the situation. He also gave "every

indication" of being high on PCP, except that none was found in his system.

An acquittal was ensured when the 2nd District Court of Appeals granted a venue change from LA County to the overwhelmingly rich, white, conservative "police community" of Simi Valley, in Ventura County. A "fair" trial is in the eye of the beholder, at the whim of the Establishment.

The Court's instructions to the jury as to how they should narrowly and prejudicially view the video was sufficient to absolve them of all responsibility to humanity and decency. The defense pictured the four cops as "part of the line between society and chaos," who are protecting US from "the likes of Rodney King."

What the Court of Law told us, the people, is that 4 (let alone 23) able-bodied, supposedly highly trained "peace officers" couldn't restrain King and were forced to beat him 56 times with nightsticks and feet.

In Powell's case (he's the one with the hung jury), his lawyer argued as follows:

"You don't see an example of uncontrolled police brutality [on the video]. You see a controlled application of baton strikes for the very obvious reason of getting this man into custody."

Sergeant Koon's lawyer was quoted as saying, "A little pain is a great incentive."

And, as stated by the defense in reference to the frames of the tape which show Officer Brisneo (the cop who testified, to some degree, against his fellow Officers) with his foot pressing on the back of King's neck, while the others continue their assault: "much as it might appear otherwise, Brisneo isn't really attacking King. He's keeping him down for his own good."

Brisneo testified that he was afraid his "exhausted" accomplices would shoot King for refusing to comply with the Officer's instructions. His lawyer told the jury that Brisneo may have saved King's life.

"We'd rather pay for riot squads than pump the ghetto back to life."

We let your schools decay on purpose to BUILD A GREAT WALL



Here we see Brisneo **NOT** attacking King, Samaritan that he is.

AROUND OUR POWER."

—Dead Kennedys,
Bedtime for Democracy

"Poverty is the worst form of violence."

—Mahatma Gandhi

The long-suffering people of South Central LA, and indeed, all of us who are sickened by the economic depravation and authoritarian oppression which leads, inevitably, to rebellion, watched, incredulous and helpless, as the criminal-justice system told us to eat shit. The nonsense delivered as testimony to an already dubious jury made it quite clear which verdict was to be rendered. I'm surprised most by the hung jury in Powell's case.

Though the acquittal was contrived, and it was well-known that an acquittal would produce large-scale protests and rioting (as stated by Chief Gates), police commanders, allegedly "worried about overtime," let 1,000 officers off duty, about an hour before the jury rendered its decision. Gates, himself, was at an fundraiser aimed at blocking a police reform initiative when the riots broke out, and could not be reached until 9 pm.

At the courthouse, in rich Simi Valley, as protestors demonstrated indignant, vehement opposition to the verdict, police presence was strong. In South Central LA, however, it was nonexistent. Protestors trashed City Hall and Police Headquarters, and, meeting no opposition downtown, erupted into the orgy of looting and arson and general displays of dissatisfaction with the status quo that were so widely publicized on the TV. Afflu-

ent areas were left almost unscathed. The authorities did everything they could to encourage rioting in SCLA, not even ordering mobilization of the cops until 7:30 that night, a full 2 hours after the riot began.

Why would the police encourage rioting? After the Watts riots of the 60's, research (by the Kerner Commission) stated that economic and educational factors, rather than race are, ultimately, the cause of "race riots." Our leaders know what causes riots, but are unwilling (as they've demonstrated most vividly) to undertake the sweeping changes described by the Kerner Commission, as well as countless other studies, as necessary to eliminate racial divisiveness and economic stratification. Perpetuating poverty and inadequate education among the masses is how our leaders retain dominance; police brutality, overflowing prisons, rampant crime and rioting are status quo.

It comes down to this: The rich and powerful have no intention of treating those less well-connected with any compassion or humanitarianism because they like things just the way they are. Republican political strategists agree that, at least as a campaign issue this Fall, calls for law and order, fueled by racial fear invigorated by the riot, will be more potent than liberal demands for social justice and egalitarianism.

And yet Bush, our regal plutocrat who graduated from Yale and doesn't seem to know that an acquittal cannot be appealed, comes on the TV and acts astounded that a group of (minority) people could be so devoid of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

POSITIVELY QUEER

In the past, I have been deeply envious of Lesbians for one simple reason: they have the Island of Lesbos - actual space which they can dream of and (re)create and hope toward. The only space that us Queer Boys have is the infamous hamlet of Sodom. And even though I have been a Sodomite for a several years, I used to reject that noun/town. I used to think it was a terrible place to be from because of the common judeo-christian belief that Sodom was destroyed for being full of depraved, psychotic Queer Boys. But then I carefully read the story in the book of genesis and guess what - that's not what happened at all. You and I have been lied to by the (hetero) religions for all these years! Sodom, according to the Hebrew scriptures, was destroyed by that one god (I forget his name), because the

men and WOMEN of the town wanted to gang-rape two angels of unspecific gender. So that's where I get confused - how does female and male gang rape of two ungendered angels relate to modern, consensual Queer love? Go figure.

Now I take that old myth and speak it anew. I think we Queer Boys should reclaim Sodom all for our very own. I want Sodom to be Queer Space— and really, it's ours whether we want it or not. So I take it, claim it, speak it, own it; enough Queer blood has been spilled over the centuries in its name to warrant ownership of the Landscape several million times over. And all because that nasty, white, hetero-male god hates us Queer Boys— would rather kill us than look at us. So what's new? What else could you expect from a god that has been made in the im-

age of the power-hungry, jealous, white, bourgeois, strait, able-bodied male?

Let Sodom be the symbol of what heterosexism and homophobia to do us Queers, like the holocaust has become the symbol of anti-Semitism for the Jewish people. It's an interesting coincidence that "Sodom" and "holocaust" are literally synonyms—they both mean "burnt" in Hebrew and Greek respectively. Burned, burns, will burn, all us little faggots in the fiery flames of god's wrath—our burning flesh is but sweet incense to his nostrils. The power-hungry, jealous, white, bourgeois, strait, able-bodied male god lives to burn me up, and that burns me up! Incenses me! All just because we don't fit in with that (god) awful plan. All because we would rather "dress and keep the garden" by being interior decorators, artists, faaabulous drag queens, musicians, dancers, pagan faeries with our faggot-wands burning bright, lighting up the darkness

of the hetero-world, casting shadows, spells, and reflections in the mirror for the heteros to see their own horror—all because we aren't multiplying and replenishing the earth like we're just a bunch of ambulatory inseminators.

I am beginning to love Sodom now. I feel comfortable having it as my hometown. Of course that one god destroyed it. That's what strait men like him do. And now Sodom is all ours. Nobody else dares step foot/body/soul into that space. So I take it back and encourage my Queer brothers to rebuild there. Let the desert of Sodom blossom as the rose. The heteros always give us wasteland and we always turn it into music and gardens, full of our passions, desires, beauties. In that space I can stand my ground. In that space I can speak and dance and love and fuck without fear.

Yours in the gospel of Judy Garland,

Sister Rococo O'Sodom

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JUNE COVER STORY

DECOMPOSERS

"Adding Humor to the Intensity of Life"

You know, trying to sum up what a band is about in a fixed amount of space or time is a real pain in the ass. And after much thought on the matter, I have decided that in order to learn anything about DECOMPOSERS, you'll have to hang out at Kelly's house after a gig for a while. I guess if I were an overpaid Rolling Stone reporter I could do it. However, I am not, but after knowing these guys for a year and a 4-hour informal interview, I think I can tell you a thing or two about these boys.

When I set up the interview with the band I decided that it should be some type of formal thing. After about five minutes in the room with these guys, I soon found that formality was highly improbable. I did, however, finally get the spelling of their names and a few straight answers.

Leading the band on vocals is ex-Sadhana and Starving Artists Aaron Anderson, a soft-spoken lad who seems to come alive on stage. The first time I saw him sing about four years ago, he was a whiney teen-ager who could have doubled for Bobby Sherman in the mid-sixties. Now his voice and lyrical content have matured to the point where he has become one of the best vocalists in town.

The rhythm section consists of Kelly Mounteer (bass) and Jeff Moyer (drums). Both of these guys started playing when they started the band and have improved considerably over the past two years. Kelly is by far the extrovert of the band. He is the one who played Mayfest with electrical tape on his nipples. Jeff just takes all the shit from the rest of the band.

The guitarists are by far the biggest part of the talent in the band. It seems that the structure of most of the songs fall on the guitars. Dave Griffiths has the



DECOMPOSERS (L to R): Curt Barker, Jeff Moyer, Kelly Mounteer, Aaron Anderson, Dave Griffiths photo by Rick Egan

most experience. He helped the newer musicians along while they learned to play. Curt Barker plays both rhythm and lead guitar and says he bought his guitar and amp so he could have the same rig as Johnny Thunder. He also developed his interest in playing from the same; it shows in his style.

The only way to describe the music is straight up rock & roll played after listening to punk rock for ten years. I hate to make comparisons, but it sounds like Social Distortion with balls. Their lack of years of experience has given them an energy and simplicity that makes their music easy to listen to. Because they all learned to play together, they write music that progressively gets better every time I hear them play.

I saw them play a year or so

ago and they sucked; their amps and guitars were shitty and they were not very well rehearsed. When a band works as hard as these guys have, they naturally progress, but these guys have paid the price and it shows when they play and write. During this past year they have bought new gear and rehearsed enough to become quite solid. Good enough to be chosen to open for the Cramps and get a great spot on Mayfest before Big Drill Car and The Fluid.

The thing I like most about these guys is their complete lack of pretension. They play what they like and they always, always, have a great time doing it. If you haven't had a chance to pick up their new four-song demo, you should. It is really good. I guess the band's seriousness took me

by surprise because they take everything besides their music so lightly. And when they showed up one night with new gear, promo pictures and talk of a tour I knew that if these guys stuck with it long enough, people would understand what they are up to.

DECOMPOSERS will hopefully have a 7" available this year from Flatline records. This should be quite a move for Brad Barker because most of the stuff he has pressed has leaned more towards the more metal-sounding straight-edge type of music. Decomposers' music has more of a punk edge to it and the band doesn't have the same clean image as most of the other Flatline bands. However, the music is good and it could be a big seller, especially with the way the alternative music market has fused with mainstream record sales. I guess the mainstream has finally caught on to what the alternative music listeners have been screaming about for the past umpteen years.

In any case, it is time you checked out one of Salt Lake's better bands. Leave your criticism at home and show up with plans to have a great time. Find out which category of fan you are:

A. As soon as the band starts, lift your nose and get your pompous ass out the door as soon as possible, because they don't play Violent Femmes covers.

B. Stay in your seat, 'cause you really do like them, but you don't want your friends to know you actually do like this type of music.

C. Stagger to the dance floor with a beer in each hand and dance like a motherfucker, 'cause you won't remember what a great time you had the next morning. Join us up front and bring money for beer—or just come loaded.

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14 BLITZPEER and DECOMPOSERS	16 THE CUT	17 THE ENDORPHINS	18 CHAINSAW KITTENS DRATMOBILE HEAVENS TO BETSY	19 JOHN BAYLEY	20 JOHN BAYLEY
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29 PHILE 13	30 100 CROWNS	SUNDAYS—ALL AGES WELCOME—8:00PM FOLLOWED BY INDUSTRIAL MUSIC			

BOOK REVIEWS

SKINNY LEGS AND ALL

Tom Robbins

Bantam Books

Ever wonder what the long-prophesied "end of the world" will be like (provided that idea isn't just a fiction foisted on us by the Christians)? Maverick author Tom Robbins has, and his postulations on just what the portents pointing to "the Apocalypse" really mean are contained in his latest masterpiece, *Skinny Legs And All*.

The tale begins with a prelude set in a mythical room where the human race started and moves on to the life of the merely human Ellen Cherry Charles (an artist from Colonial Pines, Virginia) and her husband, welder Boomer Petway. From there, the book unravels slowly at first, then with alarming speed, leaving the reader breathless.

It seems that Ellen Cherry and Boomer are en route from Seattle in a motor home-cum-tur-



key to New York to begin her art career. But, just like real life, things don't turn out as planned. Along the way, the pair leave behind a silver dessert spoon, a dirty sock, and a can of pork and beans. But lest you think this mere niggling detail, the trio of objects soon achieve animation (I'll leave the reader to discover just how) and become the novel's most charming characters.

While this may seem outlandish, Robbins lends the ideas credibility with his immense verbal skills. One gets the feeling the tale may even have surprised Robbins, but the result is a figurative gold mine.

Robbins combines the disparate threads of his narrative into a wonderful package that pokes fun at and/or savages religion, the difference between the sexes, marriage, the art world, politics, and tension in the Middle East. All that sounds dull, but it isn't. The writer throttles these subjects, but does so in a light-hearted manner that encourages the reader.

Moreover, the novel throws some education in with its humor and introspection. The true story of the wrongly defamed Jezebel, the origins of the problems in Israel, the existence of Pales (the original god/goddess of Palestine), and worship of the goddess are all encompassed and expounded.

The title of the work, of course, comes from the famous attributes of biblical dancer Salome and alludes to the "Dance of the Seven

Veils," which features prominently in the plot. Robbins posits that the dance was intended to reveal the "seven veils" which obscure the true nature of our existence, and the build-up to the dance is more than half the fun.

Honestly, the master of characterization, dialogue, and intent displayed by Robbins is amazing. Robbins is one of those rare male authors who can create a well-fleshed and admirable female protagonist, and the messily-coiffed Ellen Cherry is no exception. And Robbins could scarcely have chosen a better vehicle for delivering his message.

It may sound as if the novel is fluffy or pretentious, but such is hardly the case. Indeed, the diabolical Robbins weaves all these ideas and characters into a spell-binding tapestry of wonder and joy. The audacity and invention create an experience that is akin to ecstasy. And if the conclusion is less than devastating, then the reader has missed the whole point. The joy of the book (and of life itself) is in the ride itself.

With *Skinny Legs And All*, Robbins has affirmed himself as one of the triumvirate of truly great American novelists (along with Kurt Vonnegut and John Irving). You owe it to yourself to read this book. You won't regret it.

Scott Vice

ReSearch #4/5

(Part Two) Bryon Gysin

ReSearch Publications

Bryon Gysin is probably most infamous for his plans for and production of the Dreamachine, a device used to induce a dream-like state without the use of drugs or other outside influences; "the drugless turn-on." Although it is still a little-known and used machine, it has seen a recent recurrence of interest, most notably with the Hafler Trio's CD/Dreamachine release.

An innovator and pioneer in many fields, Gysin is still relatively unknown for his achievements and is a prime target for this expose in ReSearch #4/5. The section on Gysin deals mainly with three aspects of his work: the Dreamachine, his literary works and his development of the "cut-up" process of writing, on which



he worked with William S. Burroughs.

The "cut-up" process is one of the most fascinating literary techniques to come out of this century. Taking any written piece, one can cut it into sections and rearrange them, the end result often having the same meaning or the work becoming one of new meaning and import. Gysin's process shows the ambiguity of words and their placement within a text. Meaning becomes relative as words are shifted and reformed into new groups of sentences and paragraphs. Gysin's process has intrigued and alarmed many prominent writers, including Beat poet Alan Ginsberg, who "resisted and resented" the process while at the same time conceding to the "serious technical point" made by the process. In short, it has brought about a new way of thinking about the act of writing that threatens the very existence of authors.

Gysin has shown the validity of the process, most notably through collaborations with Burroughs and through Burroughs' willingness to embrace the idea of the "cut-up" and incorporate it in his writing such as *Naked Lunch*.

A talented self-taught artist, Gysin has explored many areas of art and creativity, leaving his mark on each expressive medium in the process.



ReSearch #4/5 is available at Rhino's Nestor by special order through Raunch 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.

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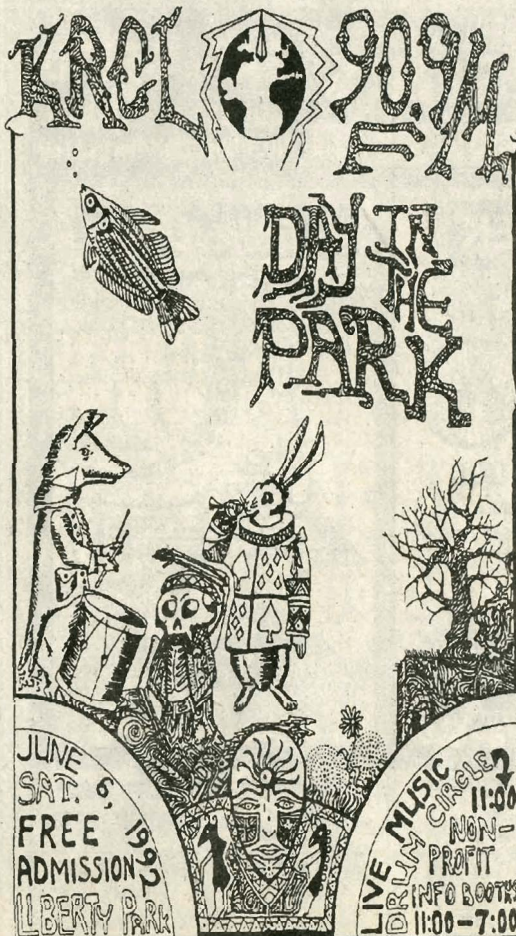
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LA CLAVE

MOVIES/VIDEO



Rubin and Ed Has Risen from the Grave

You remember me, don't you folks? I'm the official howdy-dooey spokesman for *Rubin and Ed*. It's been a year since I profaned these pages last. Since then there's been a lot of Jordan River under

the 4th South Bridge; and *Rubin and Ed* has floated in pre-existent limbo while its several proponents wrangled over the matter of distribution. I take it that all of that has been

solved now because — guess what — *Rubin and Ed* is re-premiering at the Tower Theatre this upcoming month of May. Yes, springtime heralds the mass march of dead cats, the ominous re-emergence of tackily-dressed nerds, the sudden blooming of get-rich-quick seminars, middle-aged failures who darken the bathroom walls of their parents' homes dreaming of success and a life, if not a night at least with the alluring and elusive Rula—or, better yet, Karen Black.

Before I get into the meat of the matter, what is everybody's favorite "gag" in *Rubin and Ed*? Well, gosh, you'd had to have been there at the grand gala premiere last spring at the Tower. Those of you who saw it may recall the scene in which Rubin (a.k.a. Crispin Glover) drinks the "water" from a cooler contaminated by the carcass of a cat.

That is because *Rubin and Ed* is a love story, the special love that only a nerd and his cat can share; and the primary characters are out in the desert, in the heat of the day, and there is no water save what is in the cooler with the dead cat.

Remember how much fun we had at the original premiere? Prizes were handed out, Gyll Huff appeared in another outlandish costume, and there was Crispin Glover in a black tux with tails. Remember how blottoed we got at the post-premiere bacchanal, especially me. Talk about a morning after. Whew!

It's all gonna happen again; and maybe again and again and again. I don't see why the re-premiering of *Rubin and Ed* can't become a yearly event, a festival, an excuse for drunken stupidity and cheap jokes. *Rubin and Ed* might become a local institution as, say, swallows are to Capistrano, earthquakes to San Francisco, gang violence to Hellay.

The making of *Rubin and Ed* marks a watershed, or something, in the chronicling of Utah Film History, a not altogether bleak record when you think back to a mere few weeks ago, when all it took was another religious looney-tune with a loaded semi-automatic to make work for a lot of otherwise idle extras. Yep, as cattle calls go, it's been quite a roundup.

That's national TV, national interests backed by "big" money, managed by a school of conspirators whose goal it is to make Utahns look more foolish than they actually do, and ninety-nine percent of the hired help were from out of town.

But *Rubin and Ed* is the work of a local boy, director Trent Harris. He used a lot of local people, and managed to get things done despite the fact that ninety-nine point nine nine nine percent of the local population neither knows nor would give a darn one way or the other.

Speaking of gangs, shortly after the last big ballyhoo over *Rubin and Ed*, last year, last spring, Trent Harris and Paul Webster, director and producer respectively, the "gang of two," went west to Hollywood, and either rented, bought, or just moved into a vacant, dilapidated bungalow on the old and tired side of town. Apparently, though, it is not a quiet neighborhood; it's even livelier than mine. One visitor to the premises explains how she got caught up in one of the many random gun-blazings, and had to duck down behind the seat of her car while bullets buzzed like yellow-jackets all over the place. She was just leaving, she said. Hooray for Hollywood, I suppose.

I don't know why these guys had to move to Hollywood. Why would anyone want to live there now that all the tinsel's been ripped down? It ain't "screwy ballyhoocy" anymore. It's screwed. I have suggested this before. I have told Trent that he and Paul should set up shop right here in little old Salt Lake. I figure they could accomplish at least as much as they have this past year over "there." Crispin has often betrayed his desire to live in these hyar mountains, but feels compelled to reside in the diseased heart of Hollywood instead so that he may conveniently take meetings and finagle deals.

C'mon fellers. Move to the Land of the Saints. It's not impossible. Save your money, rob your piggy banks. Heck, there's all that unused equipment lying around in Park City, courtesy of the *Boyz of Twilight*. And if you can't meet your heating bills this winter, burn the scripts in the old wood stove. I hear there's a mountain of discarded scripts up there littering the floors. If you soak them in bacon grease, they burn all the hotter.

These guys never listen to me. But maybe YOU folks will. Don't forget. *Rubin and Ed* this May at the Tower Theatre. It stars Crispin Glover, Howard Hesseman and Karen Black, produced by Paul Webster for Working Title Films, and written and directed by Trent Harris. Greg Tanner will fill you in on the details.

—Dee Wolfe

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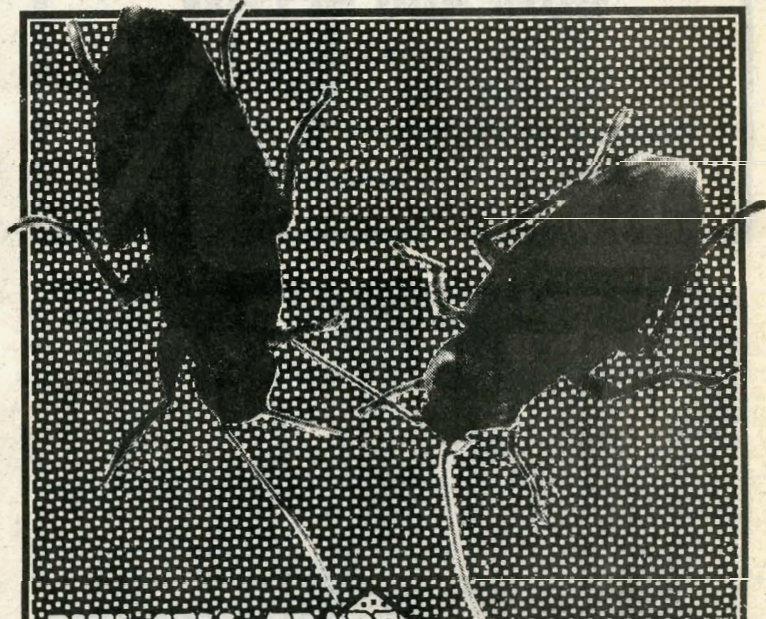


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COMIC REVIEWS

PIRATE CORP\$!

After a delay of nearly a year, PIRATE CORP\$! #4 (created by the tortured genius behind MILK & CHEESE, Evan Dorkin) is finally here, and it was well worth the wait.

For those of you monkeys who still haven't gotten a clue, PIRATE CORP\$! is Dorkin's first love, and it shows. Set in the future, the storyline revolves around the so-called "Pirate Corp\$" crews of spaceships which are basically mercenary in nature. In particular, PC\$! features the cast of THE NEW JERSEY DEVIL. In a wise move, Dorkin has the crew stranded on Earth, leading to more mundane, less spectacular tales. And, unsurprisingly, the book has improved from its merely superb past.

The latest issue, #4, is titled *Singles Going Steady* and features a collection of tales about the DEVIL crew, in particular, Dorkin's counterpart in the book, Halby. In the well-crafted *Skyway* the reader learns just how Halby encountered and fell for Elsie LeGrande. It doesn't sound like much, but read it for yourself. Filled with humor and feeling, it packs an emotional wallop.

Other contents include a page devoted to your reviewer's favorite character, Fibby, and *Dollar\$ To Doughnuts* (which features another PIRATE CORP\$! group, Vroom Socko and the Screaming Retina Gang, in a frankly hilarious ode to doughnut shops). Plus, there's even another one-page MILK & CHEESE detour.

The glory that is PIRATE CORP\$! has to be experienced first-hand. Evan manages to combine ska, some of the best-drawn aliens in comics, humor, science fiction (a little), hockey, and personal relationships into a seamless whole that is startling. The maturity wielded by Dorkin in fusing all these elements into affecting stories is to his credit, and coupled with his talented (and growing) rendering, the results are very pleasing. Top all of this off with personal comments, music reviews, and a lively letters page, and one discovers a largely un-

discovered comics gem in a market flooded with garbage.

Unfortunately, only one local comics store has bothered to order PIRATE CORP\$!, so it's recommended that those intrigued with the book either demand that the shops order PC\$! or order it directly from Slave Labor Graphics at 983 S. Bascom Ave., San Jose, CA. 95128 for \$2.50 + \$1.00 for postage. And while you're at it, check out Dorkin's work in Marvel's BILL & TED comic, Slave Labor's MILK & CHEESE, and the U.K.'s hippest magazine, *Deadline*. You've been warned. (B & W, \$2.50)



MADMAN

For those with a twisted interest in B-movies, super-heroes, and (just maybe) some thoughtful exploration on the human condition, Tundra Press has released MADMAN.

Created by the underrated and overlooked M. Dalton Allred, MADMAN focuses on the adventures of the Spook, a costumed hero trying to discover his true identity. It seems that the only person who knows who the Spook is and how he got to be the way he is, Dr. Boiffard, is cryogenically frozen and only one man, Dr. Flem, can save him. So the Spook sets out to find Flem and there his adventures begin.

#2 (in a three-part series) sees the Spook discover Dr. Flem, only to end up having to save Flem from the results of a cloning experiment gone badly wrong. It turns out that Flem's clones are badly mutated monsters and...well, you'll just have to read it for yourself. Suffice it to say that

the good guys win and the reader is in for an enjoyable, campy ride.

Allred's artwork is among the best in comics, with an astounding range from cartooniness to realism, excellent anatomy, and superior facial expressions. Coupling this with his developing writing strength, Allred shows signs of becoming one of the comics fields brightest young creators, along with the aforementioned Evan Dorkin and Rhutabaga Comics mastermind Tom Kade.

It is perhaps the little touches Allred employs which set his work above many others. Besides the merely fun elements, some questioning of existential matters and humanity are employed. Plus Allred "throws in" the addition of "flip action covers" which (when properly used) reveal the Spook dancing and posing a la body builders.

Yes, at \$3.95, MADMAN is kind of expensive, but given the quality production, including blue tones added to the standard black and white, and given the quality of the product, that money seems a pittance.

In addition, Brave New Words has a collection of Allred's masterful CITIZEN NOCTURNE storyline from his earlier work, and most shops should carry back issues of GRAPHIQUE MUSIQUE/ GRAFIK MUSIK, Allred's finest creation. They're worth hunting down.

(B & W & Blue, \$3.95)

THE EYEBALL KID

Once more Dark Horse Comics is publishing forays by Eddie Campbell, speculating on what the Greco-Roman gods would be like in the modern world, with the repackaging of THE EYEBALL KID (from the overpriced CHEVAL NOIR).

The "Eyeball Kid" for whom this three-part series is named is the grandson of Argus of the Thousand Eyes (look up Argus in your mythology texts. What do I look like? A fucking encyclopedia?), who slew Zeus and stole his power, destroying Mt. Olympus in the process.

Sadly, however, the kid has fallen on hard times, having had the power in turn stolen by the Telchines (usurpers of Hades' power as well) with the aid of the



Stygian Leech (all of this is chronicled in Dark Horse's DEADFACE: IMMORTALITY ISN'T FOREVER collection, which is strongly recommended). Now the kid is looking for some meaning in life while the Telchines have more devious plans in mind for humanity.

Ablly abetting Campbell in this ambitious effort is artist Ed "Ilya" Hillyer, whose artwork takes the sparkling story away. While decidedly unflashy, Hillyer not only translates the story into reality of sorts, but adds to it with little details and embellishments. However, Dark Horse has to be taken to task for the reproduction which occasionally obscures lines and for allowing the art to be tampered with, sometimes leading to unsatisfactory results.

Campbell's sprightly plotting and script make the story, though. From the kid's fractured dialogues to the sly parody of capitalism engendered in the Telchines' goals, to the commentary on humanity, and, yes!, the fun "lessons" on mythology, THE EYEBALL KID is a sheer delight.

The good news, though, is that the postulation on the lives of gods in the real world isn't over. Besides the aforementioned DEADFACE collection and the earlier DEADFACE: DOING THE ISLANDS WITH BACCHUS, Dark Horse has announced plans for the new DEADFACE: EARTH, WATER, FIRE, & AIR series. And while Campbell himself is doing the art, the comic should be a joy to behold, nonetheless. (B & W, \$2.50)

Scott Vice

CONCERTS

CHUCKLES AT THE BAR & GRILL?

The Speedway's gone (old news), the Pompadour's gone (not so old news), and the bitching begins. "There's no shows." "There's no place to hang out." "My band has no place to play." "Boo, hoo, hoo, sob, sob, sob," yeah, you know what I mean. You've heard it (or said it) too. It's ironic how people treat venues so poorly and then can't whine enough when they're shut down, because of money (or lack of), or violence and vandalism.

Well I hope this is over 'cause new doors have opened to embrace our weary little scene. Yes, the Bar & Grill has been hoppin'. Yes, a dark little bar with a dancefloor and stage at the back. I would have never guessed shows could be so fun there, but they are. Every Thursday night bands I'm sure most S.L.U.G. readers could enjoy rock on that little stage in a big way. And most of these shows are only \$5—"Killer!"



GAS HUFFER photo: Robert DeBerry

The first show I saw was **Decomposers**, **Supersuckers** and **Gas Huffer**. The Decomposers kicked. These guys have improved ten-fold in the last year. You should really check 'em out if you've not experienced them. Next up were Washington's **Supersuckers**. Holy shit! these guys were so good.

Fast, powerful, tight as fuck thrashers. Their speedpop tunes had me nearly doing a little jig on my chair (yes, I was sitting with drink in hand as usual, but, Christ, I hate slam dancing.) Next up, also from Washington, **Gas Huffer**. Gas Huffer was a lot like the **Supersuckers** but add a little Southern twang to it and YeeeHaaw! you got some hot shit goin'.

Anyway, I really enjoyed the **Super Suckers** best but, honestly, the majority of the crowd went apeshit for **Gas Huffer**. I guess Utahns just love some twang in their Punk Rock. Why doesn't that surprise me?

The next Thursday, back at the "Grill..." This time around **Alice Donut** (New Jersey's finest five-piece), **Athlete's Butt** and **Blowtorch Piniata**. **Blowtorch Piniata** started kinda bad, sloppy and nervous looking, but by the third song was grooving and winning the crowd over by leaps and bounds. A strange band, kind of rhythmic, like a cross between **Butthole Surfers** and **Big Black**. I have high hopes for these guys. Next, **Athlete's Butt**. You know, I like these guys. They're not the best musicians, but I've never thought you needed to be to be a good, entertaining band. And they are entertaining. However, I'd like them a bunch better if their guitar and bass were in tune with each other. I've heard they weren't intentionally, but it's still annoying to listen to. Come on guys!!! Oh! Yes! Then **Alice Donut**. What power! What rhythm! What silliness! You've gotta love 'em. Hard, twisted tunes, with the vocals of a man singing like a little retarded girl. Strange but it works. Their albums are also great, in particular, *Mule*. You should check 'em out and weep if you missed this show!

Next show! **Tool**, **Gravel Weed** and **Makeshift**. But this show was on Sunday, and all ages to boot. I know a lot was riding on this show. If attendance was good, then they could do more all ages things and that would be good. O.K. **Makeshift** played first. Heavy heavy groove, not unlike **Iceburn**, but not really as crazy. Jim's vocals are



ALICE DONUT AT THE BAR & GRILL photo: Robert DeBerry

also a little more melodic. Loads of good things could come from **Makeshift** in time. I hope they stick together for a long while. I'm serious! That guitarist is killer! Second up were **Gravel Weed**. This band, made up of two-thirds of **The Stench** (Terrance and Pat) along with a new bassist (Grég), have pulled together something kind of unexpected for this trio. I expected

to the last throaty, screaming vocal—rage! I don't think anyone who witnessed **Tool** were disappointed.

I don't think anyone was disappointed with any of the aforementioned shows.

Yes, the Bar & Grill is cool and it needs support. So show up to the shows, don't fight or break shit and show some support so we can have a place for shows for a long while to come.

Chuckles.

HENRY ROLLINS

Friday, May 28 CLUB DV8

Henry Rollins came to town. Said basically the same stuff he's been saying for years. Work hard. People are generally fucked. Take care of yourself. Nobody else will. Work hard. Why should I give you the time of day just because you get in my face? Drinking is stupid. Getting fucked up on drugs is stupid. Reality CAN be stupid. So work hard. Get rid of your attitude. There is nothing good about bullshit. When you assume things you get into trouble. Fucked up shit is fucked up shit, no matter who does it or who it's done to. Reality can be stupid but it's what you have, so work hard, stay alive. It's good stuff.

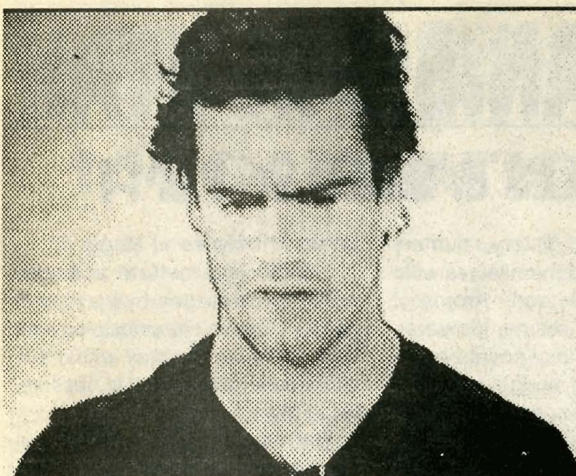
Rollins had Don Bejama with him. Bejama spoke first, a couple of recent items and a couple of selections from *Boy In The Air*. That book is a good read—well done moral tales.

The best and worst part of the night was the crowd. It is excellent that DV8 made provisions for a (mostly) all-ages show. Rollins said he'd be back in July with his



TOOL photo: Robert DeBerry

something like **The Stench** but it's not. It's much slower, more acoustic and mellow. It's good but I don't know how well **Hard Core** fans will like it. But I bet it will probably do real well with the college radio crowd. Maybe that's what they're looking for. Headlining was **Tool** from Simi Valley, California. Imagine **Soundgarden**, **Pearl Jam**, **Prong** and **Ministry** all rolled into one hard-ass, rockin', power band; tight, pounding and aggressive. Quite a vision and these guys live up to it. From the first power chord



HENRY ROLLINS photo: Steve Midgley

Henry Rollins? Sure. But I haven't the slightest idea what I'd say in 30 seconds, or less, that would be worth the effort. Would I like to have a conversation with Henry Rollins? Sure. But a club show isn't the place. It's just

band and will again be playing for an all ages crowd at DV8. In my experience an all ages show means people show up for the music. "Legal" shows (21 years plus) seem to draw people who want to talk too much about the past, something that's not there anymore, where ever it was (if it was), and sure the fuck isn't here and now. They have a fantasy and that is what they came for. In the process everybody stands the chance of being subjected to their fantasy. Youth at least has the advantage that it hasn't built up enough shit inside so that it spews it out its mouth. Not that no experience is a good thing. Experience is knowledge, that's why I went to hear Henry Rollins. I wanted to see and hear what he is now.

Though he said basically the same stuff he has said before, he has changed. He related how his best friend got blown away right next to him recently in L.A. and how he got shit from the L.A. cops, as if he was the problem. He looks haggard. He acts a bit more cautious.

The crowd was interesting. Those guys who, while Bejama spoke, would stare long and moon-faced at Rollins, then make a slow pan back to Bejama, as if in a trance. I suspect they were in a trance. The several guys who came up to Rollins with incredible hesitation, fake deference and a mind possessed by some kind of self-induced mis-presence. They virtually begged to be kicked. And when whatever they thought should happen, didn't, they'd crawl away. It was painful to watch, also hilarious.

Would I have like to talk to

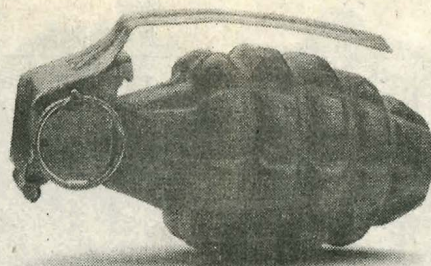
stupid to think you could talk meaningfully for any length of time in a club with any performer in as much demand as Rollins is.

Rollins was abrupt with most of the curs. One got a better reception. He had a solid reason to come forward, delivered his message and gave Rollins a tape. He got decent reply and went on. The difference is purpose and intent. Do what you do for a reason. Think about what you do. Be intense when you do it.

Bejama reads well, and people didn't know what to expect. The story about the boy and the dog was great story telling. I was surprised that his story telling of what I had read before came over with the sexual innuendo that the crowd seemed amused by; it didn't read like that in the book. Rollins' stuff went on and on. Some great descriptions of the LA riots made me think that Rollins is probably one of the few practicing anarchists I've ever met. Principled detachment and individual responsibility sound great but aren't always easy to accept, much less do, in practice. A good show, not great, but okay.

As for the drunkards upstairs, many of whom I know (and yeah, I drink too). They differed from the worst moon-faced starrer downstairs only by the added hazy-active-stupor poured over them by the booze. The word disgusting comes to mind.

So what would I have said to Henry Rollins if I had talked to him? I'd have asked him—"Hey Henry—so do you, ...like ...think you're Frank Sinatra of our time?...I mean ...uhh ...you know, all those love songs..." They are love songs, folks. I like Henry Rollins.



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PAGANISM IN UTAH

SPELLS & SMELLS: Part I

Throughout history, human have surrounded themselves with things that smell good. Aromatic herbs, woods, resins, flowers, mosses, and animal scents have been prized and sought after for their many uses and powerful physiological, psychological, and spiritual effects on the individual and his or her relations with others.

The first perfumes were sweet smelling woods, grasses, berries, and resins thrown on the fire to release a sweet-scented smoke. Prehistoric shamans or sorcerers in charge of making fire were probably the first perfumers. In fact, the word "perfume" originates from the Old Italian for "through smoke."

Modern science indicates that olfaction, or smell, is unique among the five senses in that olfactory information is processed through the emotional center of the brain rather than first through the cerebral cortex, which is the cognitive processing center where all other sensory information is processed first. Thus, smells often evoke powerful emotional memories much more readily than information obtained through the other four senses, making it ideal for use in magic.

This two-part series will discuss the use of smells for spellcraft. This month's edition will look at magic in general, and Part II will examine more specifically the use of essential oils and resins for magical purposes.

Magic is the art of causing change by means commonly supposed to be supernatural. The methods of magic are varied, each catering to a certain climate or level of intellectual development or imagination. Simple or ceremonial, all magical practices have survived because of one basic reason: they work.

Magic is, despite claims to the contrary, a very natural art. It is the use of powers that reside within us and the natural objects of our world to cause change. The following is a condensation of magical thought into simple, universal ideas:

Basic Principles of Magic

1. **Magic is a natural science**, with known avenues, by-ways, and borders, as well as principles and laws. It is well to stay within the explored territories and to observe these laws.
2. **Harm none.** It is an old Wiccan tradition that whatever one does will be returned to them three-fold, "three times ill or three times good." Thus, harmful magic extracts a very high price. This rule applies to one's self as well. Don't do anything (magically speaking) that will harm you.
3. **Magic requires effort.** You will get out of it precisely what you put into it — in terms of time, energy and attention to ritual.
4. **Magic is not instantaneous.** Some rituals produce quick results, but most work over a period of time.
5. **Magic should never be performed for pay**, for money tempts the magician to use the art for evil or frivolous means.
6. **Magic should never be used to play up one's vanity or pride.** When magic becomes an ego-trip, it will soon lose its effectiveness.
7. **Magic can be used for your own gains**, but only if you are certain that this will not harm others.
8. **Magic deserves a sound investment.** This means purchasing high quality tools and ingredients.
9. **Magic is a divine art**, and so the magician and all tools should be clean and pure.
10. **Magic is not always serious or solemn.** It is a joyous celebration and merging with the life-force.
11. **Magic is intent.** The most important factor in magic-making is the intent. You must firmly visualize in your mind's eye the thing you wish to have happen.
12. **Magic is faith.**
13. **Magic is love.**

Next month: Basic principles of spellcraft using essential oils and other natural ingredients.

MORMON UPDATE

101 DAMNATIONS

My poor, pitiful brothers and sisters, I stand before you this day to bear you my solemn witness that damnation for you is nigh at hand. The Lord o' the Most High has borne witness unto his most highly esteemed (and profitable) earthly leader that many of you are in danger of those scorching flames of the Lowly One. You may think to yourselves, "What can I be doing that is worthy of such condemnation? Do I not have a quite a litter of tax deductions? Have I not forked over their inheritance for the building of Zion? Do I not scorn my non-member neighbors on a regular basis?" Well, you may be doing all that and more, but that can never offset the amassing amount of evil works the angels are chalking up in your accounts payable file.

Are you now in the depths of despair? Do you feel that you are eternally not enough? Does your whole temporal existence seem like a feeble attempt to pay a compounding celestial mortgage? GOOD! If you truly feel ultimately unworthy to be alive, than I have the thing for you.

My latest and most condescending works to date, are now available in hardback copy. I've chosen to call it "101 Damnations".

Although there are an infinite number of ways to the bad place, I thought that naming it after a cute little G movie would make it dearer

to the hearts of children. What better way to send those little spir-its to bed, than with a solemn reminder of their lowliness in the presence of the Almighty.

Anyway, this volume is an absolute must-have. For within its 5,389 pages, I have so graciously reviewed 101 of the most grievous sins found in your little Babylon today. The Omniscient One has seen fit to show me the awful tragedies that are leading your lives to outer darkness. And although it's all sin in the eyes of the Lord, it's good to know some special ones to look out for (even though you probably do not have the fortitude to avoid them).

I know that you're already tucking in your garments and heading for Deseret Book, but wait just a minute. The big C.E.O. in the sky & I have made it easier than that. This month, on your budget statement, you will notice a nominal increase. But fear not little flock, for in your meetings this week you all will receive a new copy of this jewel of wisdom. Just think! You can be reviewing your meager existence, while we at the office can be gloating over the positive cash flow on this month's balance sheet!

See, the Big Guy isn't always so vengeful.

*Until Next Month,
Uncle Ezra*

if you really hate those bastards

VOTE

CLUB DV8 PRESENTS

JUNE 19
SOUP DRAGONS

with CATHERINE WHEEL



JUNE 21
IAN McCULLOCH

with guests TBA



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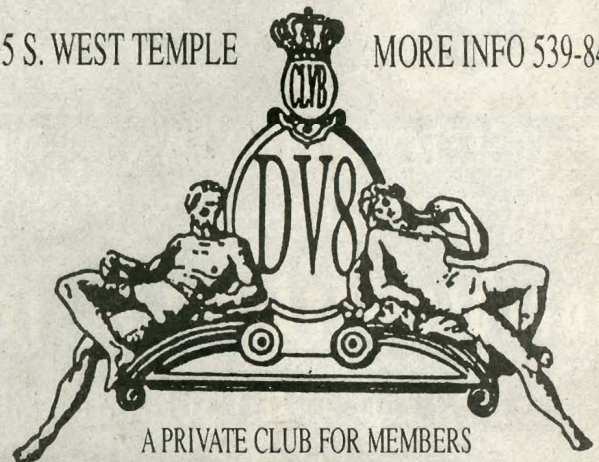
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COLLECTABLES

INDUSTRIAL NOTES

Corporate rock's latest assault is into the Industrial/Techno area. Fifteen or so years after the fact the big companies are realizing that there's money to be made from this ever popular genre of music. One of the hardest hit indie labels seems to be Chicago's Wax Trax! After losing Ministry, Front 242, Revolting Cocks and rumours of My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, you have to wonder what's up for the future of Wax Trax! Never fear! Wax Trax! is about to unleash a new assault in the form of New York's SISTER MACHINE GUN. The first taste of this band is a promotional release of *Why Not*, from the band's upcoming debut album. With hot, throbbing techno beats and overlays of crunching guitars from Al Jourgensen, SISTER MACHINE GUN seems to be an incredibly promising band. At 91 bpm this release is destined to be a dancefloor hit. Watch out for it... Speaking of 242, CBS has started reissuing the band's catalogue. The first two reissues are *Geography* with the *Body To Body EP* and *Front By Front* with the *Never Stop EP* included. Out this month are *No Comment*, *Back Catalogue* and *Official Version*, all with extra tracks that were previously available as singles or not at all. Nothing really new or interesting but if you're missing pieces of your 242 catalogue then here's your chance to fill in the gaps... William Tucker of REVCO, PIGFACE and THRILL KILL infamy has a new project out on Nettwerk. It's the FINAL CUT and the CD is called *Consumed*. The disc ranges from straight-ahead Techno/Industrial madness to some more funky, beat oriented cuts. Guest vocalist/songwriter Chris Connelly adds to the confusion making this one of my favorite new releases this year. Now available from Nettwerk mail order is the new TEARGARDEN record. Haven't heard it yet but expectations are high for this LEGENDARY PINK DOTS/SKINNY PUPPY collaboration... Ex-KMFDMer and (never even heard of) FOETUS collaborator, Raymond Watts, has released his third record as PIG and invites you to take *A Stroll In The Pork* with him. OK, so there are only a handful of "new" songs on this release, but it still has all that PIG madness (a la J.G. Thirwell) that made his first two records so damn cool. There's also two versions of *Hello Hooray* from the Alice Cooper Group. These alone make the record worth picking up... Now out on Elektra's continually amazing Mute Grey Area reissue campaign is CABARET VOLTAIRE

1974-76. Ten collectable tracks from Industrial pioneers CABARET VOLTAIRE, guaranteed to peel your paint. Here is also a new CABARET VOLTAIRE single with remixes of *I Want You* and *Kino*. Watch for future releases from ZOVIE FRANCE, MONTE CAZAZZA, NON and EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN on the Grey Area deal. Also on Mute/Elektra is *Kapital*, the long-awaited new release from LAIBACH. It's techno and funky, with German samples and rapping and it's a dance record to kill for. With this album, LAIBACH may have invented their own genre of Goose-step Hip-Hop. So pull on your leder hosen and get busy. The LAIBACHians also have put together a book of artwork and documentation on the NEUE SLOWENISCHE KUNST, the art school that spawned LAIBACH, et al. It's big and beautiful and available at an outrageous price from finer booksellers... New on Antler Subway is the first full-length release (that I've seen) from FATAL MORGANA, *The Destructive Solution*. Leading off with the classically influenced *Overture*, this album goes off into deadly dance rhythms with socio-political overtones. Call it Industrial consciousness raising or just great music to move to... DIGITAL POODLE has just released a remix CD called *Work Terminal*. It's fast and furious and damn good... After a long vacation and releases from side projects INTERMIX and CYBERAKTIF, Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber are back with a brand new FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY, *Tactical Neural Implant*. It's alot more diverse than earlier FLA releases. Looks like their time away has done FLA some good. Check out track #2, *The Blade*, if you need any more proof... If you're into darker and/or harder dance music then get out and buy these new releases: CHRISTIAN DEATH's *The Iron Mask*, SISTERS OF MERCY's *Temple Of Love* (1992) with Ofra Haza, COP SHOOT COP's *Consumer Revolt* (Can I do some SONIC YOUTH now?), DRUNKS WITH GUNS *Second Verses* and the incredible PSYCHOPOMPS with their *Assassins DK United*, definately a hair-curler... Watch for my triumphal return as DJ Evil takes on the Bar & Grill Sunday nights starting June 7th from 10 pm to 1 am, for all ages. For more info listen to KJQ's Industrial show with DJ Christopher Allen on Monday nights. See you this month on Sunday Nights at the Bar & Grill.

Don't hate me because I'm evil

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MISCELLANEOUS

EXPOSED: THE SECOND ANNUAL UTAH GAY AND LESBIAN FILM FESTIVAL

In a recent press release, the dates and featured films have been announced for June's second annual Utah Gay and Lesbian Film Festival, titled *Exposed*. The festival will run on Friday and Saturday, June 12-13 and June 26-27 at the Salt Lake Art Center. It is being held in conjunction with Gay and Lesbian Pride Week Celebrations and features an expanded program and dates from last year's festival.

The schedule of films is as follows:

Friday, June 12th: *Salut Viktor!* and *Fighting Chance*.

Saturday, June 13th: *Before Stonewall* and *DiAna's Hair Ego: AIDS Info Up Front*.

Friday, June 26th: *Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit*.

Saturday, June 27th: *Le A*

Coeur A Decouvert (The Heart Exposed).

All shows are scheduled to start at 7pm. Tickets are available in advance for \$5.00 at the Utah Stonewall Center, (call 539-8800 for more info), or for \$6.00 at the door. All performances will be held at the Salt Lake Art Center, 20 South West Temple.

For an all around satisfying experience into the world of alternative and underground film, attend the Utah Gay and Lesbian Film Festival. Get *Exposed*.

The Second Annual Utah Gay and Lesbian Film Festival is being presented by the Pride Committee of the Gay and Lesbian Community Council of Utah.

M.

EMERGENCY! THIS IS NOT A TEST... JOIN THE TOOEE TOXIC WEEKEND JUNE 12 13 & 14 CONTACT 534-3322



The fascist warlords are currently building a toxic/hazardous waste incinerator. Biological weapons testing occurs at Dugway. Kennecott, Geneva and others have been polluting and plundering with impunity for years. Let's stop the ecocidal capitalist gangsters before they destroy the planet!

Join the Toxic Weekend camping-protest excursion which will meet at the Federal Building (1st So. State St.) at 4:30, Fri., June 12th, march to the Capital, and head to Tooele around 7:30 for what promises to be a "raging shindig against air, water and land pollution."

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SLAUGHTERCHRIST

21+

GODTHING



SUNDAY, JUNE 7

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ALL AGES

SMELL

SUNDAY, JUNE 14

ALL AGES

BLITZPEER

DECOMPOSERS

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