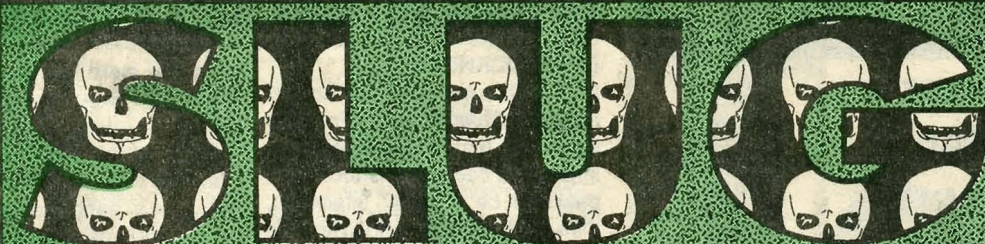


MUSIC • ART • POLITICS



JULY
1992
ISSUE 43
FREE

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND



NEW TRIBALISM

COVER ART: KELLY MOUNTEER PHOTOS: STEVE MIDGLEY

SLUG

ISSUE #43
JULY 1992

PUBLISHER/EDITOR

J.R. Ruppel

EDITOR/SALES

Natalie Kaminski

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

**Eric Zsibonyi, Joseph Briggs, Matt Taylor, Dennis Christlieb, Lara Bringard
Chris Robin, Scott Vice, Todd, Less Nessman, Ryan Workman**

COPY EDITOR: Jo Yaffe

**PHOTOGRAPHS: Steve Midgley, Rick Egan, Robert DeBerry
F-UDE & ILLUSTRATIONS: Ryan Wayment**

Special thanks to Jo Yaffe, Matt Taylor and Kris Johnson without whom this publication would not be possible

SLUG IS: A monthly News and Entertainment Guide that is printed by the 5th of each month and can be found at over 100 locations. All writing is contributed by local writers. All material printed in SLUG is the opinion of the writers and not necessarily those of the editorial staff. All submissions, advertising, letters, pictures, poems and art work must be received by the 20th of the month to be printed in the next issue.

Please Send to: **SLUG MAGAZINE**

P.O. BOX 1081

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84110-1081

or Call **467-4742**



© 1992 SLUG PRODUCTIONS

SUBSCRIBE

NOW!

GET THIS TRASH SENT
RIGHT TO YOUR HOUSE
ONE YEAR \$12

Send Check or Money Order for \$12.00 To:
SLUG • P.O. Box 1081 • Salt Lake City, Utah • 84110-1081
Fill This Out and Send With Check (Please Print)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DEAR DICKHEADS

DEAR DICKHEADS,

I am both impressed and scared shitless as I read Fishbone Shadow's editorial in June's SLUG. I say I am impressed because Fishbone appears to be a really intelligent, thinking individual—and every one knows we need more people like that. It is definitely time for people everywhere to shout out and make the world see how diverse it is, and to see the importance of diversity. And sticking up for the beliefs of the Mormon church, my church, we believe in a person's right to do as he pleases.

But as I said before, I am also scared. No, I'm not some pussy who fears for my own safety. I fear for Fishbone Shadow, and people like him. Fishbone hates people like me, because the world works for us. What I don't think he realizes is that violent actions cause the world to go one step further to work against him.

Fishbone: Please catch on to what the world is gradually realizing. Violence is no answer. Keep screaming as loud as you can, no matter how badly you piss me off; but never let your muscles shut down your brain.

Idahoan Idiot

DEAR DICKHEADS,

First of all, let me state that I greatly admire you and everyone else involved with SLUG. It obviously takes a lot of hard work and dedication. However, I would like to respond to your tirade about the lack of support you get in the way of contributions. I have an idea as to something that contributes to that other than just apathy. That "something" is the fact that SLUG often comes across as a closed, aloof collection of blabber from a select group of somewhat self-important individuals. Combine this with the fact that much of the subject matter contained within recent issues is just plain uninteresting. I have been a faithful reader of SLUG since issue #5 and I have witnessed a shift in focus away from what I considered the heart and soul of your rag (punk and aggressive underground music) to rather bland topics with even less widespread appeal than punk. For example, tattooing or paganism. Sure they

may be more legitimate topics of discussion but they certainly aren't as fun as music. And, like it or not, the main motivating force in the underground scene is fun. Sure, you can expand to other areas, but it has got to be negatively affecting you that you seem to be distancing yourself from punk. Even the reviews of albums lately have been mostly college rock bologna that has little in common with anything truly alternative. Now, I know that you are going to want to blame this on us, the readers, because we are supposed to be the contributors, but again I refer to my earlier comment that SLUG comes across as pretty much a closed party. Objectively, look over your last dozen or so issues and I bet you will see what I mean.

I suggest re-evaluating SLUG's commitments and maybe having a special issue dedicated to music. I bet you a dollar it goes over better than any recent issue, especially if you have several features on several bands.

Take Care

John Edward Branim, Logan

DEAR DICKHEADS,

I've read your magazine with interest for the last few months because I too have felt the need for an alternative publication here in this culturally deprived region. Oddly enough, JR comments in the June issue on apathy here in the area, and the Queer Nation as being the only group to voice their lack of rights. These two issues (apathy and the Gay Community) and the attitudes that seem to prevail tend to be a couple of the more explosive concerns which I would like to address in this letter.

I find the voice of your publication and most of those who choose to participate to be negative, destructive, violent, and ill-at-ease with themselves. This does not delegate an alternative point of view, and the apathy that you perceive can only be because most people are tired of listening to the rantings and ravings of the few who offer up nothing but negativism and destruction.

I'm not homophobic, I'm not LDS, and I'm not from Utah. I'm not one to be categorized incor-

DEAR DICKHEADS

rectly into a moronic generalization of an attitude like so many of your indolent readers are so fond of doing. As is so often the case, the person/persons screaming about their own togetherness tend to be the least together. The worst homophobic I know is homosexual. I find your insecurities and your blinded-eye towards your own faults, screaming as loud as those whom you accuse.

Where is the balance? You don't even allow the same freedoms you expect to be given.

Well, I'm not sure that even a portion of your readers would be willing to stop and think long enough to assess the consequences of reactionary behavior. It happens on both sides of the fence, and it's still wrong—either side!

Be who and what you are, but be secure enough (and smart enough) to realize you can't expect validation from the whole world. And most of all—just quit your damn

whining!

Mr. Live and Let Live

EDITORS NOTE:

Thank you to everybody who responded to my plea for response. I do need to say a few things however. I never complained about lack of support. We get a lot of support from some really great people. I was complaining about the apathy that exists. We apologize if we couldn't fit your letter or other contribution in this time. If it is fitting and it isn't too long, we will try to fit them in sometime in the near future.

We don't ever mean to come across too negative but, sometimes when things are shitty...things are shitty. Keep those letters coming

JR

DICKHEADS @ SLUG
P.O. BOX 1061, SLC UTAH
84110-1061



HEY YOU DANCIN MOTHERFUCKERS

SLUG
Productions
ALTERNATIVE
ENTERTAINMENT
SOURCE



PRESENTS

THURSDAYS

2—

SKABS ON STRIKE

9—

FAT TUESDAY

AMPHOUSE MOTHER

16—

GNAWING SUSPICION

NSC & GODTHING

23—

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY
BossTones

MALIGNANT YOUTH

30—

BEATS THE HELL

OUT OF ME &

DECOMPOSERS

AUG 6—

PRIMITIVE

PAINTERS

COMMONPLACE

SUNDAYS 9pm

5—

LAST PRAYER

COLOUR THEORY

12—

LEVELORS

UNCLE GREEN

19—

INDUSTRIAL DANCE

FRACTAL MEHOD

& DJ EVIL

26—

HELMET &

QUICKSAND

SORRY, NO MORE
INDUSTRIAL MUSIC
ON SUNDAYS
EXCEPT THE 19TH

BAR
GRILL
A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

60 East 800 South

533-0340

or 467-4742

RECORD REVIEWS

SUPERCHUNK

Matador Records

The first time I heard SUPERCHUNK was on a Firehose album a friend passed my way, their latest *Live Totem Pole* E.P. Amongst this fine collection of songs was a number called "Slack Motherfucker." I couldn't recall placing it amongst the Firehose collection, so I figured it to be from the Minutemen days, seeing as how it was perfectly "Hosey."

Sometime later I purchased my first CD in months by this band called SUPERCHUNK. I'd been reading good propaganda about the band and decided to make the investment one day after spying this incredibly ugly album cover "hiding in the racks with said moniker gracing the top.

Lo and behold, the album struck a chord within me immediately with its aggressive onslaught of primitive chortling, which you could say I really get into. Midway through the album was "Slack Motherfucker." Up to that point I felt SUPERCHUNK sounded a bit like a souped-up Firehose, but this song set my mind straight. Okay, they're doing a cover song, just like all emerging bands do on their debut album. As I probed further, however, the whole theory fell apart. "Slack Motherfucker" is a SUPERCHUNK original, it's on this, their third album, and Firehose was covering it!

I guess this doesn't mean a damn thing, but I thought it rather intriguing. So why would the mighty Hose be covering this song? Well, because it kicks ass and carries an attitude. Someday the whole album will be cover material for cool bands because it's great shit.

Apparently SUPERCHUNK are at the fore of a new scene breaking from North Carolina, originating from the band's own Merge label. Now that they're on the New York-based Matador label, they are starting to creep across the nation and kick people in the ass.

Said influences aside, SUPERCHUNK are creating their own good sound. I'd call it "pseudo melodic grunge" because it can drive at that steady throbbing pace we all know and love, but often

breaks away into neat little licks and musical muses. Heavy on the guitar and fronted by vocals that are just on the verge of being off-key and sloppy, SUPERCHUNK never takes a dive.

The combination can be extremely uplifting, but sobering all the same because of the angst within the lyrics. Yes, I'd love to hear this package live, singing songs like "Sick to Move" and "Seed Toss."

After a few spins, I had to have more of this three guy, one gal stimulant. It took a trip to Seattle to find their previous albums, "Tossing Seeds" and "No Pocky for Kitty," and it was well worth it. Both serve as an excellent introduction into the progression of a pleasing new noise. I hope you can check them out.

— Ivar John Zeile

ALL PERCOLATOR Cruz

Sometimes I wonder if ALL will ever change. Though they've been doing the same happy stuff for years, they just keep getting better.

Percolator contains the typical well-rounded mix of catchy love songs and, well, catchy sad songs. ALL can never seem to get out of that love/live a happy life mode, and that's fine with me. What started with Descendents has carried into ALL and will probably never die. *Percolator* is an immensely uplifting effort that will be as unobtrusive yet wholly enjoyable as their previous recordings.

— M. Hell

FAT TUESDAY

Califuneral
Red Decibel

An accessible grab bag of musical endeavors, FAT TUESDAY's first full-length LP is a promising effort that is somewhat overshadowed by the press kit's tendency to categorize FAT TUESDAY's sound as every band except for their own.

This Minneapolis quartet is indeed a product of their environment, displaying much of the same

intensity the Replacements did when they made their drunken lambada onto that scene in the late 70's. If FAT TUESDAY can avoid the pratfalls of future categorization, the chances of establishment for them on the basis of their own credibility might be possible.

Though somewhat nondescript, *Califuneral* is a likeable effort that would be enjoyable if it didn't lack a distinctive identity. FAT TUESDAY's ability to cover a variety of musical styles would allow them a chance to become an entity of their own.

— Charlee Johnson

BUFFALO TOM LET ME COME OVER RCA/Beggars Banquet

Despite the fact of the nearly-overplayed radio status of the song "Taillights Fade," Boston's BUFFALO TOM is slowly becoming a more prominent name in the "alternative rock" market. Switching from the growing indie label SST to Beggars Banquet brought on a bigger listening audience with the band's 1990 release *Birdbrain*. Their style is tight, upbeat, grungy, and melodic, not unlike fellow North Easterners DINOSAUR JR. But vocalist/guitarist Tom Maginnis has a style that is quite clean sounding, mixed in with that certain musical mayhem. *Birdbrain* was an album full of angst, weird lyrics, and that grungy-noisy pop feel that has become quite popular in the recent past. But in terms of the band's progression, think of *Birdbrain* in the adolescent stage, and *Let Me Come Over* as the post-puberty stage.

In this release, the melodies are more audible, the fuzz is turned down slightly, and acoustics are more dominating than before. Mostly. The extent of the band's diverse writing style is shown on the tracks "Frozen Lake," and "Mineral," which shroud with a mellow style of emotional overtones. But don't think that the album is boring by the slowed-down style the band has evolved to. Songs like "Saving Grace," and "Velvet Roof" are extremely reminiscent of their earlier material, complete with grunge and catchy lyrics, giving more of a full spectrum of sound, throughout the course of the entire album. It's

worth buying, I promise.

— Ryan Workman

UNCLE TUPELO STILL FEEL GONE

Rockville/Dutch East Trading

I always assumed that any music related to country-western style had ties to excessive twang and hick-shit attitudes. UNCLE TUPELO is one of the few exceptions to the rule. Yeah, they use lots of acoustic guitars, and an occasional banjo and harmonica here and there. But what was surprising was how they could take these stereotyped KKAT ballads of "drinkin' in bars, and losin' their true luvs" (amongst other redneck sob stories), and fuck them up to a point where even the grungiest "Seattle" fan could crack a smile. Take, for instance, the song "Postcard," a tune that jumps out in a tight, noisy fashion, then relaxes into a strummin' sing-along harmony, and then sporadically gets the grunge a'goin' again, without missing a beat. The influence of country on these guys hasn't by any means ruined their sound, for in its own odd way, it all fits together, very tightly knit and very musically inclined. The extent of "twang" on this album is only comparable to bands like Firehose and the earlier-era REM sound, so I personally didn't find anything annoying on the album.

Faves of mine were "Looking For a Way Out" and their tribute "D. Boon" (speaking of the Firehose connection), which is quite catchy in its upbeat essence, and steady rockin' progression. This album is by no means a country-western work. Personally, I think of it as a pissed off, home-down rock band, who is proud of taking CW music and twisting it out of the norm and into something that pleases people with real taste in music.

— Ryan Workman

NEXT MONTH:

All Locals
Send em in!

P.O. Box 1061
Salt Lake City, Utah
84110-1061

YOU'RE SCARING ME

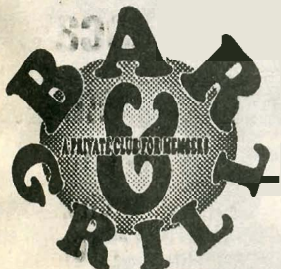


TRASH

in the back!
1640 SOUTH MAIN
DOC'S • TEES • CLOTHES • JEWELRY



Wolfgang Press



Saturday, July 18

Tickets \$10 Advance

Doors 8:00pm

80 E 800 S • 533-0340

A Private Club For Members



BLUE BOUTIQUE

*Salt Lake's Best
 Selection of
 Lingerie*

- *Fashion Victim*
- *Lip Service*
- *Future Vision*
- *LTC Leather*
- *Futons & Frames*
- *Hippie Threads*
and a lot of
Nasty Things



2100 South 1100 East

SLC, Utah

485-2072

POLITICS

THE MYTH OF PROGRESS

And Other Regressive Delusions

"If you're not saying 'no' to fascism, you're saying 'yes.'"

—Consolidated

"This is America, Home of the Free. 'Free' means you don't have to pay."

— Abbie Hoffman

For a human being, as for any living organism, the simple though incomprehensible process of life occurs quite easily under the proper conditions. A human will generally live and learn and grow according to its environmentally imposed limitations, capitalizing on its inherent capabilities.

Naturally.

We humans however have been tricked into allowing our natural functioning to be manipulated, restricted and finally abandoned altogether for the sake of "progress." A narrow, arbitrary interpretation of the world formulated by rich, paranoid men has become the established myth which encompasses and enslaves us all.

Heads of state, political and economic theorists, and industrial pioneers had, by the 1800's, defined "objective reality" in such a way that they were compelled to conclude that each nation, each tribe, must compete with the others for the material resources of our planet. This doctrine is affirmed by Charles Darwin's axiom of "survival of the fittest," which has been used to explain away the massively unequal financial opportunities available to members of different "classes" throughout the world.

(It's curious to note that Christianity, our country's official state religion, is the complete opposite of free market, "survival of the fittest," capitalism, teaching us to cooperate and treat our fellow human beings as we, ourselves, would be treated. For me the greatness of the Bible is its flexibility of interpretation. It teaches

"thou shall not kill," while other passages are used to justify and even sanctify murder. How could a nation so intolerant and war-happy as the United States purport to be a Christian nation? Hypocrisy or blasphemy? Sure the meek are going to inherit the Earth — after the greedy have left it uninhabitable.)

Anyway: The absolute need to mercilessly compete against other life forms for bare survival has certainly produced some astonishing technological achievements for us humans, but only at the cost of incalculable suffering and untold tragedy for millions. Yet still each generation by and large accepts the necessity of our king-of-the-jungle political, economic and social attitudes, dehumanizing, cruel, and ultimately unsuccessful as they may be.

What the fuck is wrong with us?

And how much of it is our own doing?

RITUALIZED INSTITUTIONALISM

"If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem," I'm often heard to say. Most people, however, take the opposite view, reasoning, "If I'm not part of the problem, I must be part of the solution." These people, unfortunately, don't realize how much a part of the problem they are just by sheepishly perpetuating the status quo, nor indeed, even the extent of the "problem" which afflicts them. They figure that because they, themselves, have never enslaved anyone, or participated in a genocide, they're OK.

It occurs to me that the primary corrupters and ruiners of humankind are, ironically, the very same institutions which humans have established in order to serve them and improve their lives. Humans seem to believe that any progress is good and desirable, though 99% of the time, newly instituted facilities, products and services create



increased demand, rather than satisfying existing needs. They can put a man (or woman, or almost any damn thing they please) on the moon, but some 30 million men, women and children die each year of the most preventable disease on Earth: starvation. (Think about that for a minute.)

And virtually all of us suffer from some pathology, whether physical dysfunction or mental aberration, caused by our primitive child-rearing techniques and our brutal cultural order. The majority of us know what it is to want and remain unfulfilled.

Politicians and technocrats promise to improve our lives, but all we get is more of the same.

THE MYTH OF CHOICE

When asking yourself what your share is in the world's confusion and malignancy, keep in mind the following:

From our births under institutionalized medical conditions, to our indoctrination in school, to a lifetime in a workforce of thankless, creatively-devoid labor, to the mandatory disposal of our corpses, we are force-fed a steady diet of morals, customs, laws, fashions, ideals, and so on. We are the consumers of an ideology of fear, hatred and abdication of responsibility; to ourselves or to anyone or anything else. All of the choices on major issues that we make in our lives — our diet, our vocation, our religion, our leisure

— are prescribed before we are even born, mandated by "popular opinion," forced by economic and political directives, and perpetuated as status quo.

For example: As we all know, the hidden curriculum behind compulsory schooling is to instill conformity and submission to the establishment. And yet, if all of us would agree that children need to go to school to receive formal instruction about how to live in our society, and also to receive certification attesting to "Schooling" has become synonymous with "intelligence," and this is obviously not the case.

Because most of what is considered education in school is mere repetition

of endless facts, students receive grades based on their ability to memorize data and satisfy particular requirements rather than on their ability to be effective human beings and function successfully in the "real world."

Schools create and recreate a consumer society not only because they teach reliance on experts, but because they teach increased institutionalism, increased technology and increased productivity are enough in themselves to improve humanity.

Another monolithic institution, one which is more identifiable as a run-amok arm of the people, is the military. Schools and the military are trained as necessary to the sustenance of our way of life, though both are essentially anti-life because they quantify human worth into counts which deny individuality.

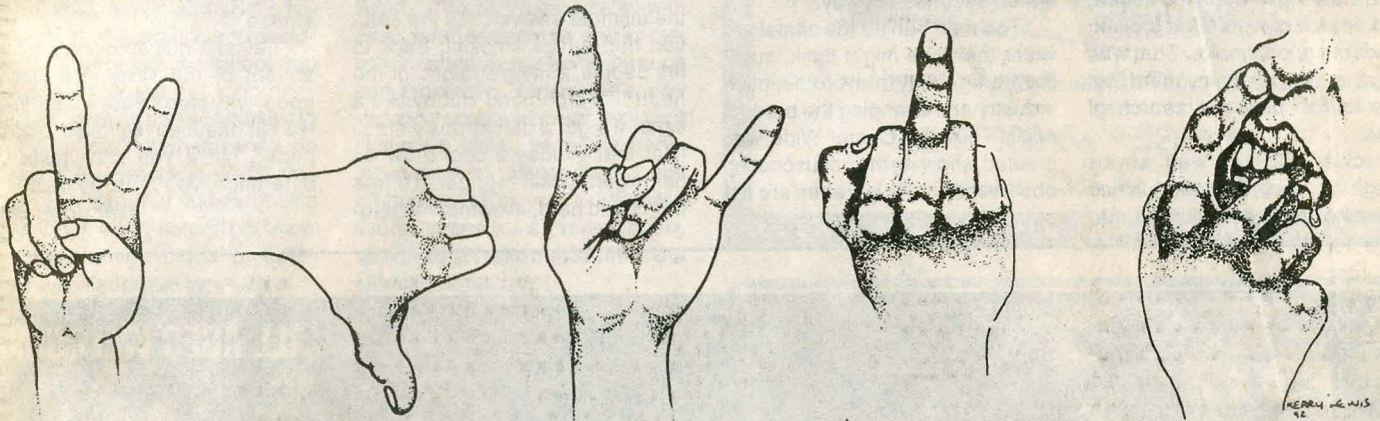
The fundamental problem of the human species is that in our interrelationships, we tend to often than not, view and treat others as things, rather than persons deserving of respect, as all are. The reason that we do this is because we live in a constant state of war: we are inextricably tied to the local, regional and global competition for the control of Earth's resources.

The Pentagon and Wall Street control your lives! Resist the oppressors!

— Eric M. Ze

NEXT MONTH: HOW TO IMPROVE EVERYTHING (only \$19.95)

SOMETIMES WORDS JUST AIN'T ENOUGH



THE HEAVY METAL SHOP

1074 EAST 2100 SOUTH

467-7071

MISCELLANEOUS

CIGARETTE REVIEW CAMEL WIDES

Camel Cigarettes have always represented established class to me. But, I've had trouble dealing with their marketing strategy as of late. I enjoy the classic logo on the package, in fact, I'll admit that the only reason I smoke 'em is because they're the one decent package on the market.

All of a sudden they come up with this assinine campaign with these highbrow, Joe-Slick guys. The subliminal message of the classic camel was not in the phallic representations but in the image of a man crawling through the desert, not in search of water, but looking for a damn good smoke. That was always in the back of my mind, not some loutish pricks in search of babes.

Luckily, Camel was smart enough to keep the established packaging, and conduct their me-



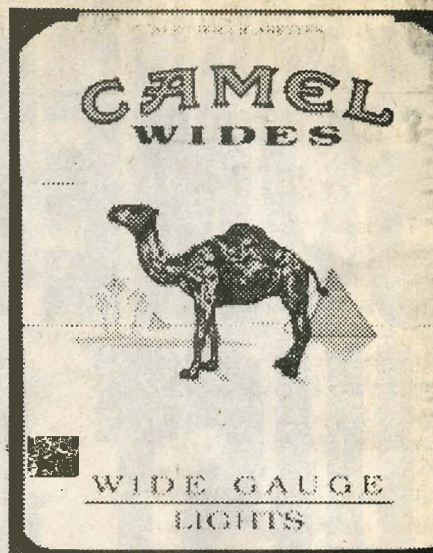
dia blitz with the stupid crew. Who cares since all cigarette advertising will be vanquished in about fifteen seconds anyway.

The men behind the camel are wiser than one might think, sucking the ingenuity from brother brew industry and changing the product itself. Thus the Camel Wide was created, showing the unsuspecting observer that all cigarettes are not equal.

Shit, what direction can a cigarette really go? We've already seen the wave of elongated cigarettes, produced by pansy-ass companies for pansy-ass fools. If anyone you know still smokes these oh so elegant thin sticks, kick them in the ass! They are the truly stupid.

Even if you're trying to quit, the stress involved in smoking these derelict cigs is enough to make you break out the Marlboro Reds the second your pansy ass friends leave the room. No, slim and long is not the answer; it makes a mockery of the smoker.

The Camel Wide, however, is the ultimate answer. It's the splution that brings smoking back to the people, aiming straight for the heart. It's broad and stubby like a cigar. It's got a dangerously small filter that exudes a cool draw as flame gets closer to finger. It burns bright and hard, allowing the natu-



ral smoke mystique to come to fore. Yeah, it's bad because smoking is bad and only bad people smoke.

I almost quit smoking until the advent of the Wide. It's just good, why stop? Sure it's still just a wad of dried leaves rolled in soft paper, but if you can't taste the difference, you must be nuts!

Ivar John Ze

ALL AGES WELCOME

Fractal Method

APPEARING LIVE

INDUSTRIAL NIGHT
Sunday, July 19th
BAR & GRILL 9pm
with DJ Evil \$4

A Private Club For Members

NOT-A-PALOOZA
Wednesday, July 22
Classic Skating 6:30pm
with Idaho Syndrome, Ali Ali Oxen Free
Blonde Eugene & Eyeball Balloonerism
9151 S 255 W, Sandy \$5

PAGANISM IN UTAH

SPELLS & SMELLS:

PART II

This is the second in a two-part series on spellcraft using things that smell good. Now that you've been made aware of some of the basic protocols around magic and spellcraft, we'll move on to some of the more creative aspects of working with your nose to change your consciousness.

First of all, forget much of what I told you last month. Magic is an intuitive process, and I, as well as most pagans I know, make it up as I go along. What's most important to remember is the rule of three: whatever you put out there comes back to you three times; and so it's important that you carefully and clearly ponder your objectives before you begin your process.

Another thing that's important to keep in mind is that whatever you do affects the universe in which you live. For me, that means being careful to use only natural botanical essences; never those products which are made from synthetic substances. Most synthetic fragrances are derived from petroleum; I neither want to put them on my body nor to encourage such misuse of Earth's resources. While natural essential oils do tend to be more expensive than the cheap shit you can buy at the local bath shop, they are readily available at such places as Gypsy Moon and New Frontiers, and one sniff will tell you that whatever the price, it's worth it.

Many pagans develop a system of correspondences to help them figure out which smells to use for which kinds of purposes. My own system is based on the four elemental energies, Earth, Air, Fire and Water. Each of these elementals is associated with certain directions, colors, energies, and scents. Depending on the desired effects, I then utilize scents associated with these elemental qualities. My system is my personal system; what has meaning for me may or may not have meaning for you. However, it is useful as an illustration of how such a system can be developed.

Earth is generally associated with North. The colors associated with this element are green and

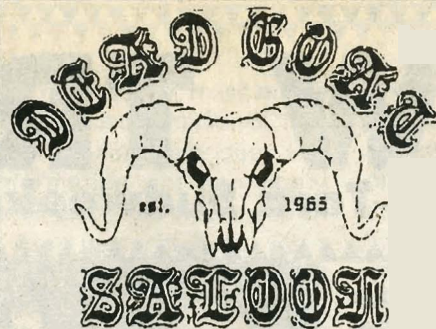
brown. For me, Earth energies produce the sense of being grounded on the earth, are related to the material plane. Scents such as vetiver, patchouli, deer's tongue and oak moss are associated with Earth. I utilize these scents to feel more grounded as well as to help me realize my ideas and dreams into physical reality.

Air is generally associated with East. The colors associated with this element are yellow and white. For me, the intellect is associated with Air. Sandalwood, lavender, clary sage, copal and cedar are all associated with Air within my own system, and I use these scents to help clarify my thinking.

Fire is generally associated with South. The colors associated with Fire are red and orange, and for me, this element is related to passion and excitement. I associate a wide variety of scents with Fire, including cinnamon, clove, carnation, frankincense, neroli (orange flower), and all manner of citrus. I use these scents to give me an energy boost, as well as to make myself feel more sexually attractive.

Water is generally associated with West. For me, this element is associated with matters of the heart and renewal. Many of the more common flower scents are associated with water, including jasmine, rose, and ylang-ylang, as well as some roots, like orris root. I utilize these scents when I am depressed to help process my sadness, and also when I want to feel romantic or sentimental.

Again, my associations may or may not work for you. What's important is that you develop a set of meaningful associations for yourself and then experiment to find what works best for your own purpose. The way I got started was to acquire a number of high quality essential oils and smell them in a controlled environment to determine how they worked for me. It is important to work with only a few oils at a time; the nose soon loses sensitivity if it is exposed to too many scents at once. It is also important that you experience the freedom to innovate; I often combine scents from more than one element at a time, depending on what I want to achieve. Remember, the nose knows!



**BEER
LIVE MUSIC
POOL
FOOD**

**Arrow Press
Square**

A ROCKIN' LI'L ROADHOUSE

168 SOUTH WEST TEMPLE • PHONE 328-GOAT

EARTH SPIRITUALITY • FOLKLORE GODDESSES

LUNAR LORE • FANTASY • FAIRY TALES • MYTHOLOGY • SHAKESPEARE



Ancient Age Books & Magical Supplies

861 E. 900 So. 521-9100

Upstairs Call for Hours

CELTIC & ARTHURIAN LEGENDS • ARCHETYPES

MODified

**ALTERNATIVE MUSIC
RECORDS • TAPES • CDs**

POSTCARDS

STICKERS

POSTERS

TEE-SHIRTS

BOX SETS

RARE VINYL

SPECIAL ORDERS

NEW

and

USED

IMPORTS

OUT OF PRINT

857 East 900 South, SLC, Upstairs • 355-1770

**LOCALS! BRING IN YOUR STUFF
WE SELL IT!**

NEW TRIBALISM

by Tara Sudweeks & The MDFW Tribe

Tribe has been around for a long time. It is the oldest social structure that we can identify, and certainly the most enduring. So what do we mean when we say New Tribalism?

First, some introductions are in order. By we, I mean the MDFW Tribe. **Clint**, 20, is an anthropology student at the U. and works as a part-time janitor. **Katie**, 27, has a B.A. in English and works part-time as a data entry operator. **Dave**, 21, is a student pursuing work in the field of social sciences. **Tara**, 23, is studying the human condition through experience, and works full time.

Look around you. Is there a group of people that you do almost everything with? People that share the same interests or that give you support? That is a tribe. The New Tribalism is something you don't have to be born into. It is something you create. This is the same sort of social structure that has been used for centuries, but with a new twist. You can't choose your family (love 'em or leave 'em); but you can choose your Tribe.

Clint: New Tribalism to me means a voluntary family. We choose our tribe to be a support system of resources and contacts, and emotional support.

Katie: Most of the people who are interested in tribalism tend to gravitate toward ecstatic experiences, activities as opposed to material objects.

Clint: A tribe is separate, a closed unit that gives us a sovereign identity; apart from the masses.

Dave: The new tribalism is the application and adaptation



PHOTO BY MART L. COOK

COVER PHOTOS: STEVE MIDGLEY

of ancient tribal structures to modern problems.

Clint: It's not an attempt to go back to primitive living, it's just the realization of tribal nature in our society.

Katie: We couldn't go back, we're the children of T.V.

So why is tribalism coming back? We are not all products of the stereotypical "broken home;" some of our parents are still married, some are not. In talking, we discovered that people in tribes come from a wide variety of family situations and backgrounds. There are common factors, however. Increasingly prevalent is the feeling of alienation from the "status quo" of our parents and grandparents. The same high expectations are present — get a college degree, marry, buy a house, have a family, etc., but in a radically different social climate these things can be next

to impossible to achieve. A college degree is no longer a guarantee of a good job, and even if one is found, there is no guarantee that it can be kept. Many graduates are forced into low-paying, low-status jobs with the accompanying subsistence lifestyle.

The turning-away from the established system is not an egotistical move for the most part, it is simply an answer to the forced poverty we have encountered. Tribalism is an opportunity to create our own status systems. A multi-cultural outlook enables us to find other ways of dealing with each other, and creates a more positive way to live.

Clint: We have evolved socially, but we are biologically programmed for the smaller group structure

Dave: Our world is changing so quickly that we are unable

to adapt fast enough. Tribalism gives us a stable structure to hold on to in the face of rapid change.

Katie: The security within that structure gives us security within ourselves.

Some of the earliest examples of the new tribalism come from the homosexual community in America. There was much earlier parental and societal rejection and repression, so the development of a tribal community came as a way to cope with those things. There were, and still are, entire apartment complexes, bars, shops, etc., that cater almost exclusively to this community.

Another example is the feminist movement, which developed a tribal society in reaction to the patriarchal traditional society. This had some profound effects on American culture, to say the least. Among them were the Equal Rights Amendment and the now-threatened Roe vs. Wade decision. A new aesthetic of femininity was set, redefining the way women perceived their own attractiveness. These can be loosely defined as tribal markings; the short hair, unshaven legs or armpits, lack of smothering makeup, as an example.

Tribe is not limited or limiting.

Katie: I feel connected to humanity through tribal experience. When I go to a performance or gathering, I feel like I can leave my purse in a corner and not have to worry about whether it will be there when I return. There's that much trust.

We see the older views as being simpler, fairer, and more

realistic. A lot of the misconceptions of our present culture are not present in people who are tribally oriented. The non-domination of Nature plays a big part — we feel like we are included in the world, and we feel the cycles of change more strongly. The concern over the environment as played up in the media is more fallacy than fact. We are concerned in a very different manner — environmentalism as survival. If we don't change, we die, or our children die.

The youth culture of the sixties was polarized by a few big issues; the war, civil rights, women's liberation, freedom to "be yourself," etc. The times were too revolutionary to attempt to pin down in a few words. However, we can see that the rebellion was voluntary; back then you chose whether or not you got a job or went to school. Being a hippie

was something you were expected to grow out of. There was a vast idealism that they could change the world, and a great amount of optimism to support that idealism.

This is not the sixties. We are not hippies. There is no mass youth culture (unless you count the Deadheads) and the war is in our home streets. There are so many issues to divide our attention that any rebellion becomes more amorphous and involuntary than in the sixties. You can't grow out of economic repression. The illusion that America is a safe place is shattered. This is where the notion of tribes comes in. The concept of changing the world is in some ways still there. It has become more introspective, more of a personal goal. Through a stable tribal structure we can change ourselves, and have a positive effect on our environment and commu-

nity.

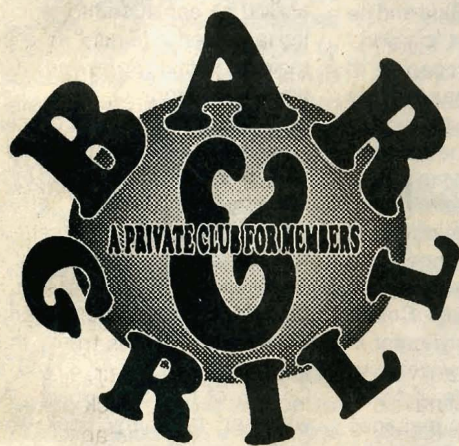
The distrust of mass media has led to the formation of "network" tribes, where ideas and information not commonly available can be exchanged on a more personal level. Even though we may have never met the people we are in the network with, the information is trusted more than if it came through conventional channels. The Crash Network is an excellent example of this. It brings together people with apartments or houses with people traveling and needing a place to crash for a night or two. The network covers most of America and a few foreign countries, and works on the honor system.

Warring tribes, more commonly known as gangs, are the most extreme examples of all the facets of tribalism. They are territorial, with all the tribal markings of clothing, language, inside information, etc. There

are extreme bonds of loyalty, and strong support systems in place. Even though these support systems can be used toward negative ends, they are still a valid example of a tribal society. Gangs were formed under the most repressive of circumstances, the poorest of inner-city neighborhoods, where they represent survival.

As for the future of the new tribalism, we feel that the use of tribal structure will increase while the established structure prevails. With the disappearance of the middle class, there will be more poor or "poverty-level" families and single people who will form their own support systems into more cohesive tribal systems.

Katie: Tribe gives credence to the individual. Anything that says "You're okay" is going to win more votes. Tribes can be anything to anyone. You may be in one right now.



A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

60 EAST 800 SOUTH

B&G HOTLINE

533-0340

JULY

SUNDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EVERY DAMN THURSDAY & SUNDAY		1 RIVER & LOST	2 SCABS ON STRIKE	3 THE CHANGE	4 THE ENDORPHINS
5 LAST PRAYER and COMMONPLACE	7 US AT MIDNIGHT	8 THE OBVIOUS	9 FAT TUESDAY AND AMPHOUSE MOTHER	10 GAMMA RAYS	11 GAMMA RAYS and DHARMA BUMS
12 THE LEVELERS AND UNCLE GREEN	14 LOIN GROOVE AND PRODIGAL OF SMILES	15 STONE PONY AND SEX GANG CHILDREN	18 GNAWING SUSPICION and N.S.C. and GODTHING	17 VISION HOUSE	18 WOLFGANG PRESS
18 FRACTAL METHOD	21 ATOMIC 61	22 DEAD KATS	23 BOSSTONES with MALIGNANT YOUTH	24 DIRT	25 JOHN BAYLEY
26 HELMET and QUICKSAND	28 CLUB ZERO	29 SEXTANTS	30 BEATS THE HELL OUT OF ME	31 GAMMA RAYS	1 GAMMA RAYS

Free Wheeler Pizza



LARGE 16" PIZZA

(ANY TWO ITEMS)

\$9.99

EXPIRES
8/14/92

FREE DELIVERY

INCLUDES
ONE
DOZEN
GARLIC
ROLLS OR
TWO 16oz
SODAS

TWO LOCATIONS DOWNTOWN 322-FREE

Located in the ZEPHYR Club - 301 S. West Temple

SUGARHOUSE 486-3748

NEW ADDRESS - 1624 S. 1100 E.

BOOK REVIEWS

IN THE BLOOD

Nancy A. Collins

Roc Books

For those of you anxious for a new vampire novel but unwilling to wait for Anne Rice, Roc Books has released *IN THE BLOOD*, the latest in author Nancy A. Collins' three book (so far) series.

Cantered on the exploits of reluctant bloodsucker Sonja Blue, *IN THE BLOOD* begins with the recruitment of detective William Calumet Palmer (a hard-boiled character much in the style of Bruce Willis' classic *MOONLIGHTING* persona, David Addison) to discover the whereabouts of Ms. Blue.

But all is not as it would seem in this situation. The employer, one Dr. Pangloss, is himself a vampire. In fact, Pangloss is a powerful member of that "fraternity" and has some information for Blue and a mission of sorts. Even the choice of Palmer has a deeper motive: it seems he has acute psi ability.

Before long, the investigator has discovered Sonja Blue and he becomes involved in that "mission," which concerns the progenitor of Blue herself, Lord Morgan, and his plans to develop a master race of vampires. Some of the vampire elite see a threat in Morgan's blueprint and seek to eliminate Morgan, a purpose which nearly dovetails with Sonja's thirst for vengeance.

All of this sounds preposterous and hokey and it often is. Collins employs a "no frills" style that is skimpy with literary devices and cuts straight to the tale at hand. Unfortunately, she also manages to use every shortcut and cliché available to authors. Most of the events are either obvious before they occur or are "telegraphed" far in advance.

Even worse is Collins' use of cardboard or "stock" characters, with the only exceptions being Sonja Blue and William Palmer, though. Only in these two is there some semblance of "life": Sonja with her duality of spirit between the human side and the vampiric "Other," and Palmer with his awakening psychic awareness and discovery of a Mayan past life.



"IMAGINATIVE,
DYNAMIC,
AND HIGHLY
ENTERTAINING."
—CLIVE BARKER

It seems there should be good material here for an exploration of the "shades of gray" involved in the battle of "good vs. evil," but everything is "painted" with such heavy-handed and broad "strokes" that any point becomes obscured.

In all fairness, however, there is some merit to the book. It never lapses into overt melodrama, as many works in this genre are wont to do. And it is a fairly quick and entertaining read. Plus, Collins should be applauded for employing a powerful female as a protagonist, something lacking in most works of horror.

Additional high points include Collins' evident scholarship in magic and myth, indicated by her inclusion of demons, afreeti, elementals, trolls, and other creatures among the denizens of the underworld. There are also numerous in-jokes and references for the truly hip, especially in regard to *TWIN PEAKS* and the Church of the SubGenius. And who can hate any book which names one of the ruling vampire lords Dr. Benway?

But even in the denouement Collins cheats the reader. While it is admirable that *IN THE BLOOD*, although a sequel to the earlier *AFTER DARK* and *TEMPTER*, may be read and understood without those earlier books, the shortcomings of Collins (who is also the writer on DC Comics' *SWAMPTHING*) make the novel a massive disappointment. Unless you're one of those folks who "lives" vampires...

— Scott Vice

COMIC REVIEWS

DEADLINE

Britain's coolest comics magazine, **DEADLINE**, continues into its fourth year. And while the quality and brashness of the material have faltered a bit, it's still one of those titles that elevates a market glutted with "fanboy" junk.

Begun by British comics artists Steve Dillon and Brett Ewins as an alternative to the often juvenile 2000 A.D., **DEADLINE** features cutting edge work by top cartoonists and hip music news.

The latest entry, #39, is highlighted by the return of favorite alum "Tank Girl" in an ode to Beat writer Jack Kerouac. Unfortunately, this loving tribute is probably lost on most of the ilk who make *Tank Girl* so popular. (Writer Alan Martin and artist Jamie Hewlett have both expressed a desire to kill the character off, but fan support keeps bringing her back.) Despite this limitation, though it's actually a pretty clever and amusing satire.

Similarly, enjoyment can be derived from "Underworld," part 7 of Nick Abadzis' masterful "Hugo Tale" saga about Hugo's unpleasant trek across America along with the sadistic Spooner. The more close-minded comics reader may be turned off by Abadzis' rough rendering style, but it is employed with maximum effect. And frankly, the unflattering portrayal of the good old U. S. of A. by a foreigner is stunning and powerful.

Also, this issue sees not one, but two installments of Evan Dorkin's wonderful "Milk & Cheese." Any comic strip which includes dialogue like "Go unconscious for the Lord!!" has to have some value.

But, as with any anthology, there are low lights. These include Jan Beeston's "Bubble Up and the Side-show Freak" and Alan Martin's "... And It Looks Like We've Made It Once Again" and "Circle Sky — It Looks Like We've Made It to The End." While all are drawn by spectacular artists (Beeston himself, Philip Bond, and Glyn Dillon, respectively), the tales are pointless and ineffectual. Likewise, the once amusing Shaky Kane continues his descent into mediocrity.

But the worst part of the magazine, as usual, is the music news and interviews, conducted in a condescending and vapid manner by the staff. While that kind of cleverness may be big in the U. K., here it appears merely annoying.

Plus... there's a free tape of 9 "up-and-coming" U. K. bands which left this reviewer alternately frustrated and bored.

Despite all these negatives, though, **DEADLINE** is still a worthy product. The promise of the return of D'Israeli's "Fatal Charm," Peter Milligan's "Johnny Nemo," and possible inclusion of short "Pirate Corp\$!" look very bright indeed. (B&W/color, \$4.95)

(Aside: There is also an odious creation circulating in comics shops entitled **DEADLINE U. S. A.** Published by Dark Horse Comics, this noxious comic reprints some hard-to-find material from early issues of **DEADLINE** along with some new material.

The only real reason to buy **DEADLINE U. S. A.** is the occasional "Weird World" by Philip Bond, "Timulo" by D'Israeli, and "Milk & Cheese" by Evan Dorkin.

There is also the mystifying but empty "Thirteen O'Clock" by the usually reliable Richard Sala and some truly pathetic work by Alec Stevens and Ho Che Anderson.

But the worst content is the amateurish "Gwar" strip. Honestly, my grandmother could do better.

To be kind, Dark Horse did at least lower the price of this comic from \$9.95 to the exorbitant \$3.95. But even that cost is over-inflated.

Look, but don't touch.)

TABOO

The title means just what it says in the case of Spider Baby Graphix's **TABOO** anthology.

Created by horror artists Steve Bissette and John Totleben, **TABOO** acts as sort of a clearinghouse for ideas by comics creators and horror authors that other publishers might consider... taboo.

And, with issue #5, this comic appears to be achieving an admirable identity.

The fiendishness opens with Tom Marnick and Dennis Elletson's "39th and North," a dissection of the infamous (and nefarious) case of "The Black Dahlia." While this piece is largely inconsequential, it serves as a good appetizer for the material to follow.

And those contents are often stunning.

At the top of the list is Jeff Nicholson's "Through the Habitails." The three segments of this larger work-in-progress

contained within reveal a bewildering and evocative look at life and work for a corporate entity. Depicted in symbolic fashion, the story is amusing but also depressing, as the company siphons off the employees' creativity and drives those same employees to maddening extremes. Honestly, Nicholson wields an incisive mentality which makes "Habitails" astounding.

But no less incredible are two chapters in ongoing stories by Alan Moore, "The Lost Girls" and "From Hell." The first, remarkably illustrated by "underground" cartoonist Melinda Gebbie, is billed as "enriching pornography" and dwells on the foibles of Lady Fairchild and her mirror. The loneliness and despondency evoked by this simple tale leave one aching for more.

It is with "From Hell" that Moore achieves true perfection, though. Assisted by artist Eddie Campbell, Moore's ambitious intellect probes the history and mythology of the "Jack the Ripper" murders. But... Moore peers beneath the surface of those events and explores just what kind of mentality could have perpetrated such a hideous series of mutilations. Accepting author Stephen Knight's premise, Moore weaves together a fascinating tapestry involving conspiracy, mysticism, and madness.

Chapter 4 of this magnum opus sees Queen Victoria summon Dr. William Withy Gull to handle a matter of some delicacy and Gull lures coachman Netley into the evolving and sinister deeds, with a coach ride around the magickal haunts of London. All this is rendered by the sloppy but talented Mr. Campbell.

Frankly, all else in this comic pales in comparison to these works. There is a lightweight piece by the extraordinary Matt Howarth and an adaptation of a Ramsey Campbell short story by consummate illustrator Michael Zulli, but these are merely added pluses.

Those eager to rush out and buy **TABOO** should be warned that it is pricey at \$14.95 for 130 pages. /but the incredible interiors, coupled with the promising future addition of Neil Gaiman and Michael Zulli's "Sweeny Todd," make **TABOO** hard to resist. (B&W/color, \$14.95)

Afterword: There are at least three excellent mini-comics being produced locally: RHUTABAGA COMICS, COAGULATED COMICS AND PEZ. All are or will be available at various locations around the valley, so your humble reviewer suggests you attempt to find copies of all three. You won't regret it.

— Scott Vice



1992 CHAZ TROUG

2023 EAST 3300 SOUTH 485-6114

CONCERTS

DECOMPOSERS

AMPHOUSE MOTHER

at the Bar & Grill

June 14th 1992

AMPHOUSE MOTHER. This three man band is "the band that fills in for all the bands that cancel around town," in this case for BLITZPEER who was supposed to play with DECOMPOSERS this night, but who cancelled at the last minute. Who knew? Anyway, they're a nice opening band. They do laid back rock and roll, with some beautiful soaring guitar lines, and as their singer/guitarist put it, they effectively "killed time" before DECOMPOSERS. A lot of it.

DECOMPOSERS: Call me a sentimental fool, but I love this band. I've seen them three times now. The first time was in Pleasant Grove with SLAUGHTERCRISP (sic), STONEFACE, and GODTHING, and I was stopped in my tracks simply by the way they work together as a band. I left there with a new definition of "band" in my mind, not as a group of people working together, but as a single entity with five moving parts. I've seldom seen members of a band play off each other's energy with such flare, style, and natural ease. But I couldn't remember what the music sounded like, except that it was rockin'. So I went and saw them at B. J.'s Dance Club in late May, and that show was not the same. They seemed a little tired and not so up, but Aaron saved the day by kicking off his shorts and doing the last half of the set in (apparently) nothing but his Ernie T-shirt. I bought their four-song cassette there to familiarize myself with some of their songs before their show at the Bar & Grill. And there, they more than fulfilled my original expectations. They rocked the house.

But first the tape. This tape is a real bargain. For four bucks, you get four rockin' tunes and about 60 minutes of blank tape for whatever you feel like sticking by them. The songs include "Heroes" (lyrics included), "Tom Fool," "Blowin Kisses," and "September," and each of these tracks proves that DECOMPOSERS rock in the studio as hard as they do on stage. The musicianship is flawless. The drumming comes through more

clearly than when they play live, and is quite impressive. And Aaron's vocals are full of the same impassioned desperation you see live, especially on "Tom Fool," a hardcore ballad about (as far as I can tell) getting involved with, to put it mildly, the wrong woman. Still, although this tape captures a lot of their energy, nothing can compare to their live show when they are up.

And up they were. Aside from a few monitor problems, the show at the Bar & Grill went smoothly, with the three guitarists pumping up singer Aaron until he exploded several times. Up till the first time, he had been wearing a baseball cap and round blue sunglasses and sort of hiding. Then in the middle of the second or third song, he let loose with a scream, and his glasses vanished. He didn't take them off, they just popped into thin air right off his face exposing those eyes that see nothing while burning through your soul. Next they called Mike of SLAUGHTERCHRIST up and did a few songs with him guesting on vocals, which added several new dimensions.

He got his glasses back on later until "Heroes," which he introduced as being about killing your mother (?) and which was definitely the climax of the show. They went through the song pretty much as it is on the tape until the end, where they hung on this one groove for a while, building up Aaron's energy until he literally exploded with a "WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOU?" throwing himself, hat, and glasses into a frenzy all over the stage. My heart stopped, my jaw dropped, and my guts turned to icewater. This guy is crazy, and he's selling it to us cheap. Amazingly, nothing was damaged except for perhaps some fans in the pit, which simultaneously erupted into chaos. This boy definitely feels his music, and more than anything else, that is what sells me on them.

Artists go through phases. The first is uncertainty. They're not sure what they're talking about, or if they are, they're not sure they really want anyone to know, so they hold back, and the result is always boring. Then maybe they get sure of themselves for a while and really let loose, and this is the band's golden age. Then they get jaded, and tired, and just kind of mumble their way through songs,

which is understandable if too bad. As long as an artist shows some feeling, any feeling, if only for a moment during a performance, that, to me, makes it worthwhile. DECOMPOSERS are in their golden age right now. Aaron is out there. He's got a message of desperation and abandonment, and if you see them you will feel it.

— J. Daneb

GODTHING and SLAUGHTERCHRIST

at The Bar & Grill

June 25, 1992

Any musical form stemming from the roots of improvisation and emotive spontaneity, i.e., anything remotely modern in our swamp pool of subculture, if it is premeditated or contrived, will fall far short of the blackened and sometimes poisoned stew of modern music.

Regardless of what lineage you lay claim, how pious or academic you aspire, you swim within the same sewage of pseudo-culture as the rest of us mutations.

When Igor Stravinsky said the "good composer does not imitate, he steals," he obviously neglected to consider the more aggressive forms and the live arena, because here execution is everything. Intensity truly separates the men from the boys. GODTHING is no exception.

GODTHING is a group of individuals bent on the idea everyone should ride Dante's rollercoaster hellride o' terror. I will ignore comparisons to OF CABBAGES AND KINGS and THE SWANS.

Initially the set began with the giant semi-transient David Byrne meets Jean Genet, invoking words as daggers while torturing an STP endorsed guitar with untrimmed strings which danced in the lights like a mad Medusa. All the while, Pippy Longstocking, hair now dyed black and pig-tail free, regressed to an earlier life as a Jewish prophet incanting a final requiem through a barrage of stones hailed by unbelievers. I was a believer.

All members seemed locked in obtuse angles orbiting Mr. Bass Player the sun; Manson sister planets traded percussive duties with fervent energy. I watched one unblinking and red crowned Guinevere swaying serpent-like, eyes trance-like in devotion. This

is the stuff with which cults are born.

Orgasmic frenzy occurred when an unshorn Johnny Denver joined the ranks of guitar and voice with tall Genet; for a moment I thought I'd died and gone to Hell again and Branca was hosting with Symphony #5.

Impressive.

"L'art est un anti-destin."

— Andre Malraux

To what better end could we arrive than the vehement and sonic maelstrom of SLAUGHTERCHRIST and their terrible revolt against fate.

A swan song and reincarnation heralded with the grungier *Waiting for the Sun*, christened the birth of NOVOGENUS. I could understand the change. Never having been much for sensationalism or shock value, the latter being to me a sadistic manifestation of rebellion; to rebel openly for me is to grant that which we rebel against the assumption of authority. It's not that I prefer one name over another, why not create a numerical system of categorization and forgo the hype and nonsense of names altogether and get to the meat of the matter? In this regard, SLAUGHTERCHRIST is certainly a feast.

"Music begins to atrophy when it departs too far from the dance."

— Ezra Pound

What could be considered tedious and academic in their earlier compositions is redeemed by the tonally immaculate scream of Michael Mayo.

Mayo's pagan hop could pass for a sacrificial Gallic dance to insane chanting above a peat-bog victim. Or a goldlocked and rabid Smokey the Bear stomping out imaginary fires.

Mike Mulholland sways like an autistic dinosaur, the serenity masking his post-coitus expression. His guitar articulations are both ferocious and hypnotic, matching the thunderings of bassist Mayo.

Few seemed to comprehend, or ever understand, the explosive musings of one of Salt Lake City's truly great bands. The few die-hard fans and the occasional Native Americans (who for some intriguing anomaly some cultural anthropologist would find fascinating, can't seem to get enough of these boys), make up the safety net which keeps SLAUGHTERCHRIST from tumbling into the unrequited darkness of obscurity. Somehow I think they prefer it this way.

— Eastland

WEEKEND LATENIGHT MOVIE MADNESS!

July 3-4 11:15

ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

July 10-11, 17-18 11:15

HEAVY METAL

"The 'Citizen Kane' of alcoholic clown movies."

—Betsy Sherman, The Boston Globe

"Thoroughly twisted,
off-brilliant black comedy."

—Phantom of the Movies, New York Daily News

"Perversely funny.
It will be difficult to think of
Bozo in quite the same way."

—Lloyd Sachs, Chicago Sun-Times

**Bobcat
Goldthwait**

**Julie
Brown**



Shakes the Clown



I.R.S. RELEASING... I.R.S. MEDIA PRODUCTION "SHAKES THE CLOWN" BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT JULIE BROWN
TOM SCOTT... DON PEMRICK, C.S.A. ELLIOT DAVIS BOBBY BUKOWSKI PAMELA WOODBRIDGE
J. KATHLEEN GIBSON MELISSA COBB STEVEN REICH MILES A. COPELAND III, BARRY KROST HAROLD WELB
ANN LULY PAUL COLICHMAN BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT

July 24-25, July 1-Aug 2 11:15

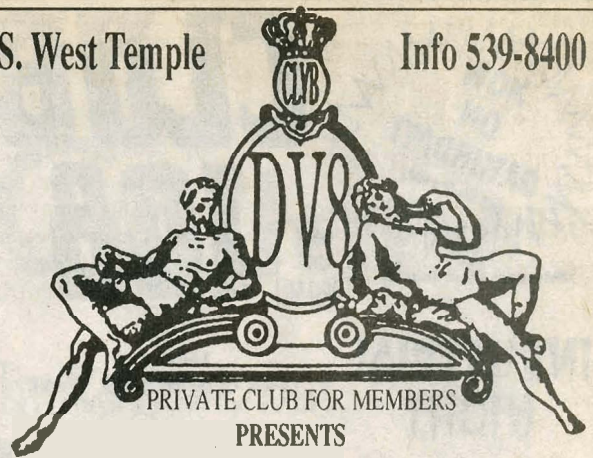
TOWER THEATRE

876 East 900 South

359-9234

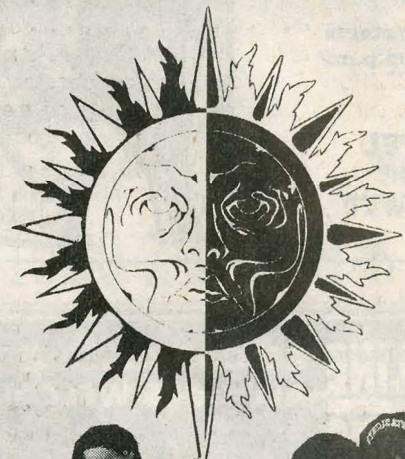
115 S. West Temple

Info 539-8400



ROLLINS BAND

US TOUR SUMMER 92



MONDAY, JULY 6

8pm \$11.50 adv.



Bi dog Pondering
WITH

DUCK HILLS

Tuesday, July 7

8pm \$7.00

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT GRAYWHALE (UNIV & PROVO), CRANDALL, DVS8

**NOW
ON
SATURDAY!**
and Wednesday
Saturdays begin June 20

ONLY
ONE
DOLLAR

CLUB 108

Located at:
108 South 500 West

INDUSTRIAL NIGHT

A private club for the benefit
of its members

21 and older with ID

Music starts
at 9:00 p.m.

FEEL
THE
POWER

D.J. ERIC ANDERSON



MISCELLANEOUS

SUPPORT THE SOCIALIST ALTERNATIVE IN 1992

The Socialist Workers candidates urge working people, youth, and all who want to fight the increasingly reactionary course of the Democratic and Republican parties to support our campaign. Our opponents in this election have had a conspiracy of silence on the central issue in world politics: the fact that the imperialist war against Iraq last year was the opening guns of World War III. At the center of the debate in U. S. ruling circles is how they can respond to the new world disorder from the combined results of the war against Iraq, the fracturing of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, and economic trade wars being sharpened by the world depression.

U. S. war moves against Iraq, North Korea and Libya and its determination to remain the undisputed military power in the world are examples of this course. Combined with the effects of the recession, these events have sharpened competition and trade disputes between capitalists around the world.

If capitalism is not replaced by working people, the international conflict among the imperialist powers will eventuate in a third world war. This can only be prevented by an international movement of workers and farmers that fights to disarm the warmakers and defend the victims of their wars, racism, and economic depression. We call on Washington to get its military forces out of every corner of the globe.

The rulers' drive toward war mirrors their attacks at home. Both the Democrats and Republicans have moved to the right, challenging democratic rights, as woman's right to abortion, and Black rights. The response of the federal government to the antipolice riot in Los Angeles was to mobilize military and police personnel to put thousands of youth and working people in prison. The rightist direction of the two parties and the crisis of capitalism have produced radical ultrarightist forces such as Patrick Buchanan, David Duke, and Operation Rescue. It is reflected in the populist demagoguery of H. Ross Perot.

They address the real and perceived concerns of millions with "solutions" that spell disaster for working people, making scapegoats out of immigrant workers, Jews, gays, "welfare cheats," and others. They aim to make us believe that something other than capitalism is the problem.

We begin with the fact that the working class is international. We have common interests, face a common crisis, and have a common enemy. In order for the imperialists to launch a world war, they must break the resistance of working people and get us to put their interests as exploiters

and profiteers ahead of our interests as a world class of toilers.

Working people can unite on a world scale to fight for protection from the ravages of the crisis of the market system. To this end we advance demands that defend the interests of all working people.

- Unemployment, which produces the competition for jobs, is the greatest division sapping the fighting capacity of the working class throughout the world. We must join together and fight to make the demand for a shorter workweek — for 30 hours work for 40 hours pay — a universal rallying cry.

- Affirmative action in hiring, housing and education is the only way to organize a united fight against the downward spiral of our wages, working conditions, and standard of living. The employers profit off the oppression of Blacks and women, and use these divisions within the working class to keep us from uniting.

- The human toll capitalism is taking in Africa, Asia, and Latin America is unbearable for hundreds of millions. Working people in the semi-industrialized and semicolonial countries are suffering some of the most severe blows of the crisis. This is accelerated by the onerous debts these countries owe to the imperialist banks and the attempts by the wealthy rulers to unload the burden of enormous interest payments on the toilers. A worldwide fight for the cancellation of the Third World debt is vital.

Fighting for these demands will counter the divide-and-rule tactics of the employers and their governments, putting the common interests of working people worldwide to the fore.

We urge you to join the fight to prevent World War III. Help build a movement of campaigners for the Socialist Workers candidates. Attend an international socialist educational and campaign conference in Ohio August 5-9.

Our candidates are: James Warren for President; Estelle DeBates for Vice-President; Patricia Grogan for U. S. Senate; Eleanor Garcia for Governor; William Arth for Lieutenant Governor; Nels J'Anthony for U. S. House, 3rd District; Eileen Koschak for U. S. House, 2nd District; and David Anshen for Utah Senate, First District.

To participate in campaigning for the Socialist Workers candidates, join us in open campaign meetings at our campaign headquarters every Saturday at 10 am at 147 East 900 South, Salt Lake City, or call 355-1124.

— Socialist Workers
1992 Campaign

**FLATLINE
RECORDS**

**RECORD RELEASE PARTY
ALL AGES WELCOME**

\$5

REALITY

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

MAKESHIFT and LUNCHBOX

THURSDAY, JULY 9TH 8PM

CLUB STARRZ

740 S 300 W • info 571-1495



Guitar Gallery

Will Be Having Its Anniversary In August, But, Instead
of Just Having a Sale, We'll Be Giving Away Over
\$5,000.00 Worth Of Gear.

SO THERE!

For Details Come In To SLC's Best Music Store

17th South Main Street • 484-0800 • 10:30-7 M-F, 11-6 Sat

SALT LAKE'S OLDEST ESTABLISHED SHOP

ASITATTOO

HIGH ENERGY WORK THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

CUSTOM
TRADITIONAL
BODY PIERCING

STERILE METHODS
PRIVACY
BRILLIANT COLORS
COVER-UPS
COSMETIC
TEMPORARIES

SALT LAKE: 1103 SO. STATE STREET (801) 531-8863
IN OGDEN: 2443 KEISEL AVE. (801) 625-0233

PETE'S CINEMA BAR

45 WEST BROADWAY

359-1200

LOCATED IN PETE'S POOL

TUESDAY
INDUSTRIAL MUSIC

WEDNESDAY
TECHNO/RAVE

LIVE MUSIC

2-3
AMPHOUSE MOTHER

4
LAST PRAYER & DIRT

5
DIRT

6
**INDUSTRIAL
HILLBILLIES**

9-10
THE OBVIOUS

11-12
SOUND & FURY

13
CLUB ZERO

14
**DAUGHTERS
OF THE NILE**

16-17
MYTAR

18-19
AUDIO NECTAR

20
TRAFFIC JAM

23-24
STONE PONY

25-26
DOGHOUSE

27
ABSTRAK

30-31
THE COYOTE

HOROSCOPES

These last few days have been spent in agony. I thought that some how it was possible to consume enough bran I could visit the toilet chamber thrice a day. Well, it worked, however this new found ideal of excretion left me at an honorary psychic meeting with cramps and gas enough to nuke the capital building. Even now I can hear the Love-Boat off in the distance. Haunting, isn't it? Anyway, I have conveniently structured my horoscopes for your further insight and vision of destiny.

from your congenial psychic *Nevis Invictus*

LEO: (July 23-Aug 22)

This month will prove to be quite exciting. Have you seen the movie, "The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant." You too, will find a mad scientist attempting to put a killer's head on to your body. Wear clothes! Walking in the streets bare is not appropriate. Though revealing toes is in your thoughts lately, do expose your ankles even if you are male. Drink water and make yourself urinate seven times a day.

VIRGO: (Aug 23-Sept 22)

This month pretend you were raised by cats and meet animals that sing jazz—somewhere between Ella Fitzgerald and Louise Armstrong, but only this time, at Woodstock...with hand grenades. Be sure to tell someone that you love them. It is very important to be nice to animals, some day they will be bigger than you. Love is in the future, but not without a trial. Eat things that start with the letter "S." You will have dreams about an eccentric cowboy protecting his herd from herd from little beings from Ireland.

LIBRA: (Sep 23-Oct 22)

Please be nice to your family. They can and just might give you some green advice that will lead to a romance or sort of engagement involving Gelatin. The closet contains red beings with names such as ID, IKE, and SUPER EGO. Freud loves you and wants to use your brain in his after life with Erikson and Piaget, who plot on the cremation of a germ named Gary. Are gangs spraying your trees with paint? Eat red things, socks and dairy products.

SCORPIO: (Oct 23-Nov 21)

You know his/her name, you know the type of vehicle they drive in, you know what they look like with their eyelids reversed. Love, yes! Love is in the stars for you this month. Money and such worldly things should be ignored and don't forget to spray people with Water Weinies as you pass bus stops and social events, it's great to break the ice at parties and meet the opposite sex which you al-

ready know. One last word for you Bar-B-Que.

SAGITTARIUS: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Four Tales: Chain-Smoker, Video Scandal, Rod Stewart, Satan's Station Wagon. Yes, nightmares are in your future. However, you can fight this terrible destiny with tomatoes and every thing used that usually cures you if you've been sprayed by a skunk. "Oranges aren't the only fruit." Join Scorpio for a bar-b-que and it may lead to love, romance, and the reinvention of synthetic plums with sugar and all the fixings.

CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22-Jan. 18)

A warrior girl on a magic horse vs. a bad princess will be in your thoughts scheme for the next little bit. This making you curious as to who will prove to be quite anti-lesbian. However, thinking about this, could have a worse effect on your psyche which might cause you to reveal your buttocks and scream, "Damn, Yankees" for a period of 21 days. On the bright side of this month, love is near but stay away from evil influence, you know what they are. Glue and things pertaining to you and are not meant to be eaten.

AQUARIUS: (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

This month you will know for sure that Cats are better than dogs. This conflict that has been burdening you will come to a head and be popped like a zit in Bermuda. The Cosmos has shifted so tell your friends of the places you will travel and the things that you will smell. Love is coming, and will arrive on your porch unexpectedly and sweep you off your feet and take you canoeing in your pajamas. This person truly loves you wants you to know that no matter what, you remain one of the most important things that has ever happened in his life. Suzanne Loraas, I love you

PISCES: (Feb. 18-March 20)

Unlike Aquarius, your month will be plagued of horrible gases and excrement problems such as the one I had (see opening statements) yet 17 times worse. I have no solace, just

stay away from me.

ARIES: (March 21-April 19)

Do you know what love is? Yes, you do. However, just make sure that you tell that special someone that you would love to run and scream with them, in a public department store, which can serve as the ultimate dating experience. Pretend you own a hotel with a goofy nephew. Eat things that start with the letter "C." This month might seem that you relive the 1933 classic, "The Son of Kong," where two men and one girl find Kong's white son. This has nothing to do with racial feelings. Equality means hunger satisfaction with twinkies and Arby's sandwiches.

TAURUS: (April 20-May 20)

You are about to reveal a scandal that will put a chic vampire behind bars. You and an ectomorph companion will be heroes. Do you believe in the science of shoe-lace configurations? If you suddenly seem unsure about who you really are. The only thing to do, is say nice things about others that hang out down town. Yes, you with the blond hair and leather jacket, I've had the urge to hit you with my front bumper. However, if I was a produce supplier and I found a merman I would do things slightly different than you.

GEMINI: (May 21-June 21)

If you had the job of labeling things in an assembly line would you still color your hair? Stop shaving your eyebrows. Love will come after the Skinny Puppy concert and the Cure concert. It is about time that you told that special someone your secret. Believe in the number 21 and 7. Your letters that will help you are "Y" and "F." Love scaphunters and find a Burt Lancaster Fan-Club.

CANCER: (June 22-July 22)

Love is in the signs for you this month. I can't tell you who, how or where, but you will soon see. This is all I can tell about this month except for the vision of fluorescent ghoul that will soon appear to tell about your fiscal affairs and sweating problems.

Dear Sir Horoscope Reader,

The following occurrences have been foreseen through the Zodiac. This month bids me leave of my duties and sends me to far away places where I am needed, however, while I am gone I leave you with my apprentice, understudy, and ambidextrous human, old, Delmontius Augmentus who has once or twice been known to change his name! However, I can only leave you with this, journeying to your home and inhale Bob Hope. Until a later scandal, I remain Your Benevolent Psychic,

—NEVIS INVICTUS

MOVIES/VIDEO

HIGH HEELS

Directed by
Pedro Almodovar
Playing at the Tower Theater



The day a new film is unleashed from Spanish director Pedro Almodovar is a day worth living. Well, *High Heels* is finally playing in town, and all I can say is it's about fucking time.

That being said, here's my personal insight on the film, for never has a film or director been so in need of insight. Pedro is one of those directors who attracts a following because he has created a personal style; being the writer and director, he can do that. Those outside his clan might enjoy one or two of his efforts, but never catch his ultimate groove.

I don't know how anyone will receive *High Heels*, because it's a little different. Sure it retains finely crafted subtle, dark humor, but it's even more veiled than usual. It also carries some deviant subtexts, but maybe they're not as bizarre as they first seem. Ultimately, I think that Pedro has created a real life drama with something genuine to say that all can appreciate.

Can he do that, you say? Of course he can; pretty well, too!

The story concerns a mother/daughter reunion and eventual bonding. Both are suspect in the murder of the daughter's husband Manuel. In a complex and far-from-pre-

dictable fashion, Pedro reveals who killed whom and why. The premise does have dark intonations, but it really carries a dramatic touch, a result of the fine talent in the performance of Pedro's latest fave Victoria Abril, and the equally well-versed Marisa Parades. They are really a joy to watch.

There still are wonderfully absurd twists, mostly found in the character *Femme Lethal*; is he a man, is he gay, is he Rebecca's mother, is he Rebecca's court investigator, or is he the father of the baby stirring in her belly? Yes, there is cohesion here, and you'll gasp as it's all revealed.

I'd say that Pedro is maturing and exploring, everything an established talent should do. If you see it and don't enjoy it, watch it again, because I find a lot of times it takes a second viewing to fully realize the value of an Almodovar film. If not, I hear another one of his earliest films has just been dug up and is hitting the streets. I'm sure that it will be guaranteed slapstick.

— Ivar John Zeile

ARTISTS WHO WANT TO DISPLAY THEIR WORK

CALL TONY
485-2072

PEDERSEN'S

SKI & SPORT

EARLY-BIRD

MOUNTAIN BIKE SALE

NOTHING DOWN - PAY LATER

MTN TEK



"MODEL 1000"

- Shimano Derailleurs
- Sturdy High Tensile Frame
- Cantilever Brakes
- 18-Speed

NOW
\$219⁹⁹

DOWN
\$250
MONTH
ONE

Rollerblade

Lightning



NOW
\$139⁹⁹

~~\$189.00~~

COTTONWOOD
MALL
278-5353

CROSSROADS
MALL
355-4111

LAYTON HILLS
MALL
546-3143

MAJOR CREDIT
CARDS ACCEPTED

OGDEN CITY
MALL
621-4733

FALLEY FAIR
MALL
964-1711

UNIVERSITY MALL
OREM
235-3000

FASHION PLACE
MALL
266-8555

SLUGS

5TH ANNUAL

SABBATHON

SATURDAY & SUNDAY

AUGUST 22-23

16 BANDS PRIZES & GIVEAWAYS A BENEFIT FOR THE UTAH AIDS FOUNDATION

INFO

467-4742

WATCH FOR DETAILS



A PRIVATE CLUB
FOR MEMBERS

NEW Kid on the block



cd

tee

LP

Comic

Tape

Skate board

RAUNCH

1121 E WILMINGTON

SLC UT 84106

301 484 3778

