

MUSIC • ART • POLITICS • SEPTEMBER 1992 • ISSUE #45



ATHLETES BUTT "IN YOUR FACE"

**LETTERS • BOOKS • F-DUDE • BANDS • CALENDARS • REVIEWS
AND A LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN TOWN...**

SLUG

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SEPTEMBER 1992

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DEAR DICKHEADS...

Dear Dickheads,

The Citizens United to Save the Earth (CUSE), in conjunction with the Utah Activist Network, will present Earth Jam—Fall 92 in Fairmont Park on Saturday, September 26, 1992. The emphasis will be your vote and the environment. Earth Jam is being presented as a follow-up to the Spring Earthbeat rally held in Liberty Park.

During the rally, there will be 7 or 8 local bands including NSC, GNAWING SUSPICION, HOUSE OF CARDS, and a few surprises. There will be booths set up by environmental groups, political candidates, and others with alternative ideas. All in all, it should be an excellent way to spend a Saturday.

*Sincerely,
Branford Butler,
CUSE Director*

Dear Phallusbrains,

I just came from D.C. and am taken aback with how seriously many local scensters seem to take themselves. A lot of people here seem to think being hardcore means being bitter at people. I'm guessing this is partly because everyone's so anxious to prove their not mormons (or typical mormons) that they reactively intensify religious barriers, issue verbal violence, and basically act like total poopheads. Example: treating someone like the Anti-Christ because they don't want a beer. There aren't people categories—just individuals. I wish people would get off this surlier-than-thou kick and just be cool to each other.

*Love and Smooches
Tex*

Dear Dickheads,

Actually, this is not really pointed towards any dickheads "BUTT" I liked the title. I am writing in to clarify a couple of things that were written in the June issue of SLUG about ATHLETES BUTT and the FRIENDLY NOBODIES. First, no we are not "good musicians." That's ok, because we're having fun and that's what I started playing for. Second, no we do not ever intend on being out of tune, we always try to get the best sound we can. (Or at least the best according to us.) Last, but not least, yes, we were out of tune at the Bar and Grill, but this was basically out of our control. First of all, Andrea was playing through a cabinet ran by a

vocal cabinet due to her amp being in the shop. This caused her whole sound to be fucked. With the sound the way it made tuning very hard. Don't think that I am trying to apologize, because I am not. I am not in this band for great reviews, money, or fame. If this was what I was looking for, I would go play with Skit Skat (I WOULDN'T). I am having fun and so are the others in the band and it's also cool when the people that come see us are too and as far as I am concerned, that is the real meaning of "making it." Next time we annoy you on the stage, please feel free to come up and kick Jaime in the shins, she likes it.

Now that I have gotten that out, I will tell you all the things that I am sick of since I am writing in DEAR DICKHEADS and all. I am sick of not being able to gamble. I want to lose everything I own. I want to steal from my parents to pay for my gambling. I want to be morally bankrupt. I want to be financially bankrupt. This brings me to my next problem; who is the church to tell me how I can lose my money? Hey, church dudes, FUCK YOU! Next thing, I am sick of going to practice and seeing all the Native Americans laying in the streets with nowhere to go and the scummy upperclass fuckheads with rich parents laughing at them. This brings me to the next one. I am sick of this talk of making the park and buildings across from it into sports parks. Who is going to use this? The homeless? NO! Once again the rich scum that slide off the east bench to pollute the streets with their B.M.W.'s. I hope you all fall into the fault line and come back out transients, you worthless fucks. Last, but not least once again, is the fact that I am sick of all the racism and I'm also sick of the words "reverse racism." There is no such thing. To all you people I have spoken of, I hope you pull it together someday. Until then, just don't forget to wash your BUTT. PEACE, LOVE AND CHICKEN RIGHTS.

*Love,
Frummer Anus!!!*

P.S. I think I should go talk to someone about this. Nah, fuck it, just ignore me. Maybe I'll go away (I won't). P.P.S.S. Hi Mom, Dad, and Uncle Shame who I still owe money to.

Dear Dickheads,

I am so pissed off my rubber just

flew across the room. I hate to hate people who hate, but I hate them anyway. S.L.C. is blind; they need to open their eyes and realize that my real eyes see all, and even though their last gig was great, so is anarchy and that's the whole point of this letter. If you fight, kill, hurt, torment, intimidate, beat up, put down or basically fuck someone over, then you are doing the exact same thing the government does to us. Not only that, but the government wants us to do these things, because if we didn't, they'd have to do these things because if we didn't, they'd have no reason to exist. So if you truly want anarchy, wake up and stop doing what the government does to us. Oh And next time you're at McDonald's order an anarchy burger, hold the government, please.

*With all my love and hate...
Sketch*

Dear Dickheads of the World,

I've just decided men are dumb. They can't do anything right. Women are bitches. All they do is scam your boyfriends, who are assholes because they leave you for these sluts. It's an unfair system. All I want is some love & cuddle and for everyone to leave me alone when I want them to. Yes, I am very fucking Greedy. Why not? All life is for is to make yourself happy. But you know what? They won't let me.

*Signed,
Frustrated and Deprived*

P.S. We have no friends; well no good friends.

Respectable Dickheads,

I took some time out of a consummate existence to give attributes to one of Uncle-my-ass-Sam's employees, Judge What's-His-Dick in the North Salt Lake Circuit Court. From somewhere in his meatless skull, he came up with a fee of \$200.00 to remove two tickets from my driving record, claiming that it would take his secretary valuable time to lift her fingers, pull up my record, and press the delete button. When was this fucker born and how lethargic does he think I am? Any half-assed peon has to know whose pocket that money is really going in to. I guess I should've parted my lips and let him have it, since a good suck on the dick is the only other thing next to money that our fascist friends know about. At least I could have afforded that.

*With a hug and a peck and a
rope around your neck,
Nora*

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POSITIVELY QUEER...

On Being a Butch-Queen

When I was a small boy, I was wonderfully effeminate — as nellie as a Baby-Fag could be. I had limp wrists, carried my books hugged to my chest or perched on my hip, walked lightly in my loafers, always stuck my pinkie finger out when drinking liquids, and was often mistaken for a girl while speaking on the telephone. All unspeakable crimes against nature, right? All worthy of capital punishment, no less! Of course difference is not valued when one is a child in this fucked up society of ours. So I created a much needed refuge in the privacy of my bedroom and within the pages of my books; still, stepping out into public space meant ridicule and danger. By the fifth grade, I had received a total of 12

stitches in 3 different places on my face. The summer before 8th grade, I started an intensive program to "butchify" myself. Using Mike B., the butchest boy in school, as an example, I taught myself how to swagger, spit at the appropriate moment, carry my books like a real man, and deepen my voice. That swishy pinkie finger took a while longer, but I finally succeeded in getting it to stick somewhat closer to the other fingers. (It wasn't until I was a junior in high school that I found out that Mike B., that paragon of manliness, was also a Fag.)

Although I made it through high school relatively unscathed (unnoticed as well), my attempts at butchness did not end there. After doing that mormon mission thang (please forgive me, dear Goddess, for I knew not what the fuck I was doing), this one fucked-up bishop that I had to deal with felt that I was still a little too swishy for his taste (he was a former BYU football jock), and so he advised me to go into the military to learn to be really manly.

Because I thought that this asshole knew what he was talking about (from the hetero-God's mouth to the bishop's ear, right?), I spent three years of HELL in the US Army, doing millions of push-ups and learning to throw hand-grenades and singing cadences about 100 ways to rape women. After two years of that bullshit, I was one butch-boy. I could run for miles in full combat gear, sing the Star Spangled Banner with tears in my eyes, and gut a man in three seconds. But I didn't want to gut a man in three seconds. I wanted to fuck a man for three hours. And then get fucked by him for another three. Under that butch exterior was the heart of a panty-waist Fairy, begging — nay, screaming — to come out! The ambiguity was tortuous; the more they tried to get me to be a man-killer, the more I desired to be a man-lover. Finally, after three years, something opened up inside me and I started cumming out of that horrific closet, that deadly coffin.

I miss that flamboyant little boy I once was. I moved to Moab two months ago in order to reclaim that

nellie kid that I had buried under 20 years of internalized homophobia. And slowly, in the safety of this desert, he returns. Two weeks ago I painted my nails for this first time since I was six years old. Fuck, it was wonderful! I pranced about for three days, absolutely ecstatic over the experience. Even though ambiguities remain, that tension between swish and swagger has become an old friend. Being a Butch-Queen is fabulous. I get to do all these really butch things, but with FLAIR, of course! My body has become the locus for the actualization of the yin/yang principle. I relish and revere both my femininity and masculinity. Even though my biological sex is definitely male, happily my gender role/s is/are flexible/mutable/diverse. Basically, because I am a Queer Butch/Queen, I do whatever the fuck I want. Slowly I integrate Miss Thing with Butch-Boy and then step back to watch the fireworks. And they are beautiful and marvelous and positively Queer!

*Yours In the Gospel
of Judy Garland,
Sister Rococo O' Sodom*

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RECORD REVIEWS...

UNCLE TUPELO

Still Feel Gone

Rockville/Dutch East Trading

I always assumed that any music related with the country-western style, had ties to excessive twang and hick-shit attitudes. Uncle Tupelo is one of the few exceptions to the rule. 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 loosin' 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, and then relaxes into a strummin' sing-a-long harmony, then sporadically gets the grunge a'go'in' 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, all fits together very tightly knit and musically inclined. The extent of "twang" on this album is only comparable to bands like FIREHOSE, and the earlier-era R.E.M. sound. I found nothing annoying on this album.

Personal faves of mine were "Looking for a Way Out," and their tribute "D.Boon" (speaking of the FIREHOSE connection), which is quite catchy in it's upbeat essence, and steady rockin' procession. 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 country western music and twisting it out of the norm, and into something that pleases people with real taste in music.

Ryan Workman

BUFFALO TOM

Let Me Come Over

RCA/Beggars Banquet

The fact the nearly overplayed radio status of the song "Taillights Fade," proves that Boston's Buffalo Tom is slowly but surely 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 adolescent stage, and *Let Me Come Over*, is 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 bands diverse writing style is shown on the tracks "Frozen Lake" and "Mineral" which shroud the music 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 entire album. It's worth buying, I promise.

Ryan Workman

ALL AGES WELCOME

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

FACE VALUE with WRATCHET and CATFOOD

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

CREEP and DECOMPOSERS

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

SLUDGE with MOUTHBREATH and GODTHING

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

LUMBERJACK guests tba

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

GENERIC SUPPLY

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

PHORHED and EVERGREEN

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

NUCLEAR ASSAULT

with YEXOTAY and TRUCE

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

GALLOW'S POLE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

MR. JONES and THE PREVIOUS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

ALTERED STATES

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

CHUMBA WUMBA and MOUTHBREATH

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

CONTINUUM and GENERIC SUPPLY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

ABSTRAK and ONE EYE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1

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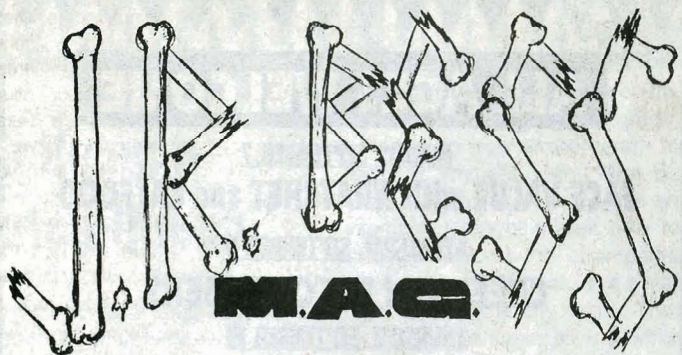


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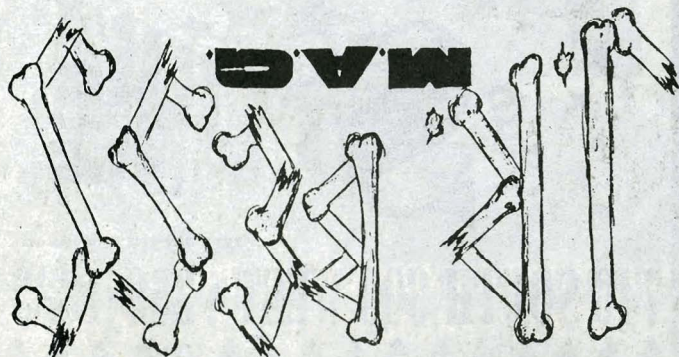
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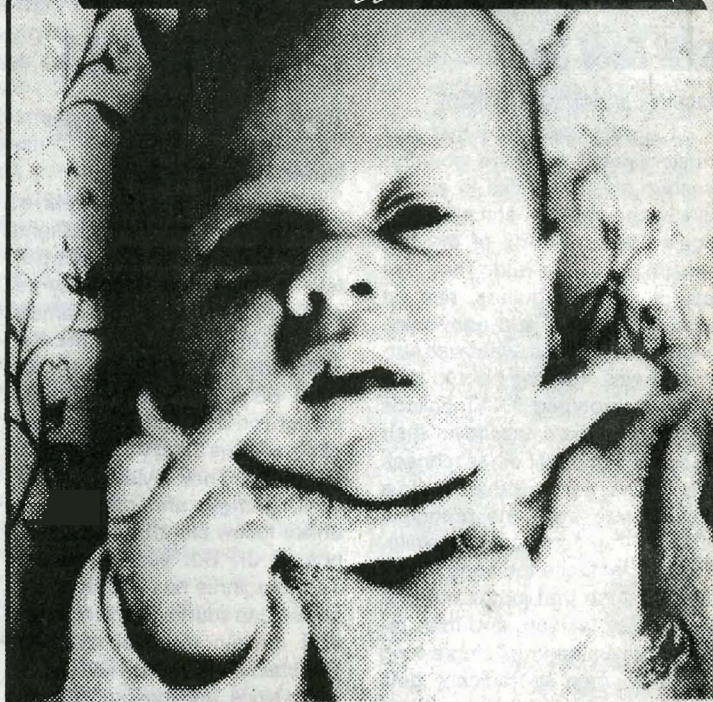
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ART SPACE...

Like a prophet rejected in his own land, how many of us know that right within our own borough lives a man who is a cross between Bob Dylan, Bob Geldof, and Bill Griffith exists? A man who seeks to right social injustice with his guitar and his pen. He's the multi-talented genius behind the popular strips F-DUDE and CABBAGES & KINGS. That's right, it's none other than the...

FREEWHEELIN'

RYAN S. WAYMENT

(an interview that doesn't look back)

Difficult as it may be to meet with a belligerent multi-talented genius these days, Ryan graciously laid down his instruments of truth for a few minutes and granted SLUG this exclusive interview (Eat your heart out ROLLING STONE!).

SLUG: Well, Ryan, the youth of today are anxiously sitting at your feet seeking wisdom and guidance.

RYAN: They are?

SLUG: Metaphorically. But let me put it another way: is it true some people call you the space cowboy, some people call you the gangster of love?

RYAN: No, but it's just as true as all the indulgent hyperbole you used in the introduction so at least you're consistent.

SLUG: Never let the truth get in the way of good journalism is what I always say. But back to the subject at hand, why cartooning?

RYAN: Well, I can't write and I can't draw, so I cartoon.

SLUG: I admire a person who knows his limitations. But tell me, a lot of people use the veiled threat of moving to Seattle as a ploy for popularity and attention. Will you ever do that?

RYAN: Move to Seattle, or just threaten to?

SLUG: Both.

RYAN: It's a nice town, but I don't have a grunge band or money to buy land so I'll probably stick around here for a while.

SLUG: That's too bad. I hear the chances of surviving nuclear annihilation are better in the great Northwest.

RYAN: In that case, maybe I'll consider if Bush is re-elected.

SLUG: Where do you stand politically?

RYAN: Well, I was for Jerry Brown (California Uber Alles notwithstanding), but I'll probably end up voting for Clinton/Gore, grudgingly. I'm into Wayne Owens and I'd like to see him in the

Senate instead of Smokin' Joe Cannon, the one-man environmental apocalypse.

SLUG: Your work has often been compared to that of Ryan Workman. Have you ever met him?

RYAN: I only know him through his work.

SLUG: He's a nice guy. I think you two would get along well. Maybe you could collaborate.

RYAN: Maybe, but I usually work better alone.

SLUG: That's what I mean.

RYAN: Oh.

SLUG: But anyway, what are the prevalent trends in comics these days?

RYAN: Two of the more malignant trends are "wackiness" and "cuteness" — the twin terrors.

SLUG: "Wackiness" as in...

RYAN: THE FAR SIDE and all its clones. That kind of humor was to the '80's what THREE'S COMPANY was to the '70's. It's like bell bottoms to me. Life is wacky enough — more so every day. It's oppressive.

SLUG: Call me crazy but I kind of like THE FAR SIDE.

RYAN: Ok, you're crazy.

SLUG: What about other comics?

RYAN: If the comics page were network TV, we'd still be watching HOWDY DOODY and LEAVE IT TO BEAVER only with all new actors. I mean, the original creators of most of those strips are long dead. No wonder schmozy strips like GARFIELD seem fresh and interesting.

SLUG: Call me crazy but I hate GARFIELD.

RYAN: Ok, you're crazy.

SLUG: Is there anything on the comics page that you do like?

RYAN: Not much. ZIPPY THE PIN-HEAD is the best daily strip on the Planet. DOONESBURY is ok. FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE is well drawn.

SLUG: Isn't ZIPPY THE PIN-HEAD wacky?

RYAN: No, it's surrealistic, and it's more challenging than PEANUTS. But it's not wacky.

SLUG: But my dictionary uses the word "irrational" to define both "wacky" and "surreal", yet you maintain that they're mutually exclusive?

RYAN: Hey, don't mess with me. I was an English major.

SLUG: What about alternative comics. Who's the Subpop or 4AD of graphic storytelling?

RYAN: Oh, there's tons of great people: Chester Brown, Julie Doucet, Joe Matt, Los Bros Hernandez. The list could go on and on. RAW is the best comic book out there for alternative stuff. The big



SELF PORTRAIT: RYAN WAYMENT

whatever you call it here in S.L.C. It's a lot friendlier and more interesting than the punk situation ever was in Texas where I used to live.

SLUG: What do you attribute that to?

RYAN: I don't know. Maybe the fact that there's one dominant religion/culture makes it

so the counterculture has to stick together to survive. Maybe not.

SLUG: So are you pro or anti-Mormon?

RYAN: Both. I am one. I think it's a good religion. I've found a lot of value in it which we probably wouldn't want to go into here. But, the Mormon/Republican

connection gives me the creeps. Utah Mormon culture is a wasteland in many ways. I can see how living here in Utah can seem oppressive. Believe it or not, in Texas where I grew up, it seemed almost alternative. I was the only Mormon for miles around and I always thought of the church as a friend. I know that might sound strange to someone who grew up in Salt Lake, but it's true.

SLUG: Do you have any magnanimous causes attached to your work?

RYAN: I guess I hope my work can contribute to helping people question some of the wrong assumptions by which we're programmed to live.

SLUG: Have your comics ever had such an impact on real life?

RYAN: One of my cartoons helped get the recycling program going at BYU. And I think I may have helped cause a band to break up once by being cruel to them in a cartoon. Actually, I still feel kind of guilty about that. But for the most part, I'm more interested in just making people laugh or feel they're not alone or whatever.

SLUG: Your CABBAGES & KINGS strip is pretty politically correct, but some consider F-DUDE to be homophobic.

RYAN: Well, F-DUDE is a homophobic character. He's also racist, sexist, and an overall scum-bucket. He likes to run over animals. I don't think the gay community is offended by F-DUDE.

SLUG: First of all, most people can't even read it because the print is so small (laughs) and second of all I think if you do take the trouble to read it, it's pretty obviously making fun of homophobia. I mean F-DUDE isn't exactly a sympathetic character.

SLUG: Unlike yourself.

RYAN: Hmmm. . . just don't ask me about Donny Osmond's appendix.

SLUG: Fair enough.

SLUG: Why? Don't you want to send them articles?

RYAN: They can pick up their own copies. I like the underground scene or

names in underground comics are still putting out excellent work: Crumb, Deitch, Pekar, Kominsky-Crumb.

SLUG: What about superhero and sci-fi comics?

RYAN: It's crap.

SLUG: Even SPAWN?

RYAN: I don't want to talk about SPAWN.

SLUG: Why? Is it wacky?

RYAN: Shut up. There's a few good things in those genres, but 95% of it is crap. Same with horror and sex comics.

SLUG: What about those wacky SIMPSONS?

RYAN: I love THE SIMPSONS. If I inherited a TV that's the one show I'd try to watch regularly. And they're not wacky.

SLUG: So they must be surreal?

SLUG: So they must be surreal? (first fight ensues)

SLUG: Ok, what about music?

RYAN: I hate to admit it, but in some ways my musical tastes are stuck on what I liked when I was a teenager: Boomtown Rats, Dead Kennedys, Kinks, Roger Waters. Beyond that, I like anything that is halfway articulate lyrically: Lou Reed, Reuben Blades, Exene, Laurie Anderson, Disposable Heroes of Hip-Hopcity. I think my favorite music for the last few years is just tapes made by friends of mine like Rusty Hoke or Colin Austin, neither of whom anyone reading this would have heard of.

SLUG: So why mention them?

RYAN: Because when this article comes out I want to send copies to them.

SLUG: Anything you like on the local scene?

RYAN: Yeah, but I'd rather not name any names.

SLUG: Why? Don't you want to send them articles?

RYAN: They can pick up their own copies. I like the underground scene or

CONCERT REVIEWS...



ATOMIC 61-photo: Robert DeBerry

PHILE 13 UNDECIDED

Bar & Grill - June 28th

Everyone knows what it's like to go see a band you have neither seen nor heard before. You walk to the door hoping the cover charge isn't too much but you're reassured by your buddies that it's much better than sitting at home.

THE UNDECIDED, a new local act, was the opening band. I heard it was their first show, but goddamn they were tight. This five-piece had their shit down. The female vocals blew me away, kind of high and whiney, but it matched well to their mix of old time punk and metal.

Next up was PHILE 13, a punk band from Cheyenne, Wyoming, and boy did they impress the hell out of me. They have a definite Red Hot Chili Peppers influence, but they've taken it straight to hell with a hard, funky, punk sound, which is totally opposite from the mainstream Peppershit. Overall a good show.

— RMD



FORESKIN 500-photo Robert DeBerry

HELMET QUICKSAND

Bar & Grill - July 26th

Can anyone tell me why the alternative music scene seems to be going mainstream? There sure isn't a lot of marketing for the bands. Maybe it's MTV and that douche Kurt Loder. Whatever it is, bands are getting big breaks lately.

New York is home to many a straight-edge hardcore band, one of which is QUICKSAND. The crowd was there early and really got into things, dancing and stage diving. I really think they could get big. That is if that's what they want.

I'd read about HELMET a while back in Newsweek Magazine, when Nirvana just started getting "big time." It tried to say that HELMET would be the next Nirvana. Whatever. With expectations like that, they're bound to be successful.

Putting everything about this band behind them, they were fan-fuckin'-tastic. You could really hear their big jazz influence, especially in the drums and guitar solos. They played mostly stuff off STRAP IT ON, their first album.

Even though major labels and MTV don't know much about music (in my opinion) they sure are picking some good bands to make them money.

— Chopper

FORESKIN 500 SAVALIS

VEX - ATHLETES BUTT

Club Starrz - August 16th

Club Starrz or the old Pompa-

dour, either way it's the same. Nobody shows unless it's a big band. There is rarely ever any support for smaller bands. Well I'm not going to go into the fact that a lot of people missed a good show.

ATHLETES BUTT was in their usual good humor, always into the crowd even though there were only 10 to 15 people there. These guys will probably never get rich off their music, but I don't think they want to. They play like they want to have fun, and that is exactly what they do.

Next was a band from Colorado Springs, VEX, a four-piece with a girl singer. They were not on the bill so it was an added bonus for the few people that only paid \$5 at the door. This band was fairly fast with a strong beat. At first, I didn't think the female singer could do it, but she proved me wrong. She can hold up with the best of them.

Next up was SAVALAS, also from Colorado. The first few songs led me to believe that I was hearing early Fugazi. These guys were tight with a heavy bass line leading the way. The energy level that they had was intense, if they have a 7" out, buy it. This band will be back.

Last up was FORESKIN 500, a cross between Ministry and Warlock Pinchers. Blending a guitar, bass, some drum machine and turntables, and a singer who is very intense and goes off on his lyrics. Yes, they had a ray gun, yes, they had a megaphone, yes, they stripped down to their underwear, and yes, they were nuts. I'm not a big industrial fan, in fact, I hate it, but these four guys deserve recognition because they kicked ass. They do need more time together on stage. They were a little loose, but they had fun and that is where it's at.

— RMD

WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES

ATOMIC 61

DECOMPOSERS

Bar & Grill - August 9th

Well here we are again, another month and another review. Where to begin? I could bitch some more, but I have no right to because more people showed up



WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES
photo Robert DeBerry

for a change. It's good to see that people aren't being so lazy that they would rather sit home on their lazy asses.

The first band was the DECOMPOSERS. What can I say about these guys that hasn't already been said. They're great live. This band takes the stage with an out-of-the-ordinary attitude. They set out to rock the crowd and that is usually what they do.

Next was ATOMIC 61. These four guys have a lot of energy. Before they even played one note they had the crowd out of their seats and up onto the floor. With that they let loose, and kept it on with full force up until the very end. When the music stopped, the singer's voice was gone and the crowd was tired. Definitely a band worth checking out.

Last up was WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES. If you want to talk about loud and outrageous, then this band is the one to use as an example. Talent-wise, this band was not the best in the land, but as for entertainment, by far one of the best I've seen.

Ginger, the singer, a mix of blond hair, big legs, and a megaphone, is one of the loudest, crudest chicks I've ever seen. On a vulgarity scale of one to ten, these guys score a 7. Not as bad as Gwar, but definitely a good time. If you made the show you'll understand. If you didn't go, then catch them next time around.

— RMD

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SETUP

COVER STORY

ATHLETES BUTT AND THE FRIENDLY NOBODIES

Athletes Butt and the Friendly Nobodies are by far one of the only true punk bands in Salt Lake City. A band that emerged from the belly of the

Salt Lake underground about two years ago, has become one of the more interesting musical units in Salt Lake. The band claims that its only true foundation arose from an overwhelming amount of boredom, but, with no formal musical training, this

group of artists has transformed itself into a very interesting band.

The band is one of the very few in Salt Lake that actually has female members who both write and perform very well. The band consists of Jamie on bass, Andrea on guitar, Leonard on drums and Ian does the singing. Considering the band had almost no experience when they started, the music is really good and very interesting.

The band's music is simple but is always performed very tightly. Ian, Salt Lake's noted spokesperson for the artist elite is one of the best

frontpersons that will ever come out of Utah. His crazy antics, wild stageshow and classic punk-vocal style, are what gives the band their unique sound and

image. After a plethora of vocalists that came and went, Ian is the fifth vocalist for the band, it seems just as well because I don't think the band would be quite as good without him.

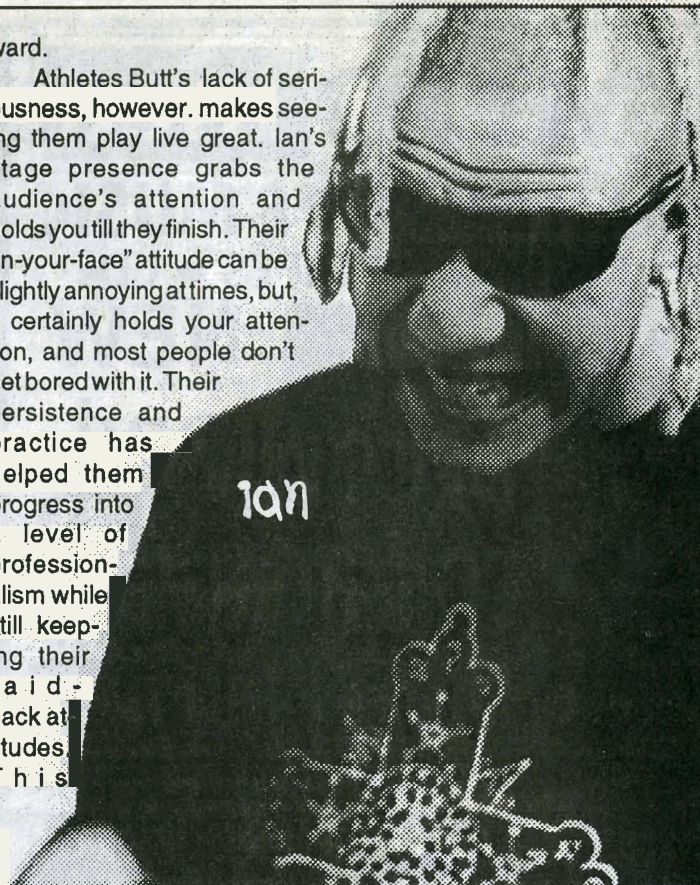
Even though the band's only outspoken statements are "people need to fuck off" and "chickens deserve rights too," they really do have a political side to them that is quite valid.

Though they come off as jokers and are rarely ever serious, their music is laced with statements of human rights and political oppression. You will see one or all of them at any political musical gathering and they often play

these types of events. They have all been kicking around the punk scene for years and now are making an effort to see that the music in Salt Lake moves for-

ward.

Athletes Butt's lack of seriousness, however, makes seeing them play live great. Ian's stage presence grabs the audience's attention and holds you till they finish. Their "in-your-face" attitude can be slightly annoying at times, but, it certainly holds your attention, and most people don't get bored with it. Their persistence and practice has helped them progress into a level of professionalism while still keeping their laid-back attitudes. This



IN YOUR FACE

makes them personal and amusing.

The band members' differences of opinion (musically) and Leonard's constant bitching has blended to give the band their unique sound. Also the ability to hang with it and pay the price has made people take them seriously. All this has helped them become one of Salt Lake's more appreciated bands. I know it's not

a good thing to say about an "alternative" band, but they are actually becoming quite popular.

Over the past two years they have released a five song tape, released two songs on the *Big Mountain Compilation* and done

a short tour to the Pacific Northwest. The music is not really accessible to Salt Lake's venues, but they still seem to get gigs. If you have never seen them perform live, you really should, they always provide a



great time. They will be playing at the Bar & Grill Thursday, September 17th with Organized Confusion. It is 21 and older but keep your eyes open for future all-age shows.

**Story and Photos By
Robert Deberry**

SLUG
Productions
ALTERNATIVE
ENTERTAINMENT
SOURCE



PRESENTS

LIVE THIS MONTH

.....

SEPT 10 - STARRZ (ALL AGES)

SLUDGEFLOW

MOUTHBREATH

GODTHING

.....

SEPT 17 - BAR & GRILL (21+)

ATHLETES BUTT

ORGANIZED CONFUSION

.....

SEPT 20 - CINEMA BAR (21+)

PHANTASMORGASM

guests TBA

.....

SEPTEMBER 24 - BAR & GRILL (21+)

U.A. with

J.BINDER

.....

OCTOBER 1 - BAR & GRILL (21+)

SCREAMING TREES

.....

OCTOBER 2-STARRZ (ALL AGES)

LETCH PATROL

(FROM NYC)

.....

OCTOBER 3 - BAR & GRILL (21+)

PRONG and

BIG CHEIF

.....

OCTOBER 13 - LOCATION TBA

**CHAINSAWKITTENS WITH
OVERWHELMING COLORFAST**

.....

OCTOBER 15 - STARRZ (ALL AGES)

LUNGFISH

.....

OCTOBER 18 - PETES POOL (21+)

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Speaking of people with a few brain cells missing, "Liquid Dreams" is a great new flick about a high-rise where they get women all erotically juiced up in topless bars and then siphon endorphins out of their brains so they can bottle 'em as "peak experience" sex drugs. Unfortunately, some people have to DIE so that we can have the sex drugs of the future.

Candice Daly plays a blond from Kansas who shows up one day trying to find her sister, only to discover her dead body in a bathtub with giant "extraction marks" in her neck. What's a girl to do, except get a job as a "taxi dancer" (girls who dance with lonely guys for money) in the same building? Meanwhile, the sultry exotic dancer Frankie Thorn befriends her and explains the rules of life here at Neuro-Vid, where they sell weird sex videos to the Japanese—mainly, if you wanna get ahead and make your way to the penthouse, you've got to do what they say. And what's in the penthouse?

The Ritual.

You don't wanna know.

Or maybe you do.

This movie is kind of like "Total Recall", but without the exploding outer-space special effects, and with much sleazier guys running the mind control operation. It's the movie that asks the question, "If men ran the world, and they could do ANYTHING they wanted with the women, do you think they would..."

And the answer, of course, is yes. They would.

Eleven dead bodies. Hypo to the forehead. Multiple aardvarking. Great special effects that make the whole movie like being inside a combination of Disneyland, Leavenworth, and Geno's Topless. Kung Fu. Video Fu. Sex Fu. Topless Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Tracey Walter, as the nervous stuttering Neuro-Vid employee, who says "She must have violated the program"; Candice Daly, as the reluctant erotic dancer, for saying "I'm not going anywhere until I find out who killed my sister"; Paul Bartel, as Angel the geek, for saying "I love girls with necks like yours"; Mink Stole, as the sex-video director who uses "brain lubricants" to create "freedom from the flesh"; Juan Fernandez, as Juño the geek "keeper" of the dancers, for saying "Don't hold back—make this your hottest performance ever"; Barry Dennen, as the "The Major", who controls all the Neuro-Vids an says "You hate this place because you think it's a cesspool"; Frankie Thorn, who becomes an oversexed zombie sex performer, for saying "It was like this big feast, and I was the main course"; Richard Steinmetz, as the sex-addicted cop, for saying "When I want your advice, I'll scrape it off the sidewalk"; and Mark Manos, a first-time director, for doing it the drive-in way.

Four Stars Joe Bob says check it out.

Excerpted from Joe Bob Briggs, WE ARE THE WEIRD NEWSLETTER

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15 ABSTRAK with

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16 ABSTRAK

17-18 AMPHOUSE MOTHER

with DOGHOUSE

19 JAM

POETRY/MUSIC/COMEDY

20 PHANTASMORGASM

22 THE ID

23 TBA

24 DIRT

25 CLUB ZERO

26 DIRT

29 ELECTRIC MUD from Eugene

30 A.U.

OCT 1 ELECTRIC MUD

LITERATURE...

FOOD OF THE GODS

by Terrence McKenna
Bantam Books

Since Timothy Leary has turned his attention from psychedelics to computers, it's been up to someone else to take over the role of spokesperson for the "pro" side in the War On Drugs, not just as apologist but as outright proponent. Terrence McKenna, an ethnobotanist and frequent of New Age lecture circuits, appears to be just the person. **FOOD OF THE GODS** is his manifesto.

The book is subtitled "The Search for the Original Tree of Knowledge," revealing much of the author's attitude right there. His thesis is that vegetable hallucinogens, namely psilocybin (magic mushrooms), enabled prehistoric primates to "open the doors of perception," and to evolve patterns of cognition and imagination, catalyzing into the human species.

The book also has the sub-subtitle "A Radical History of Plants, Drugs and Human Evolution." After laying the prehistoric groundwork, he then charts human history as the history of drug use. The book is divided into Dantesque/Miltonically titled sections: "Paradise," "Paradise Lost," "Hell," and "Paradise Regained." Early man used hallucinogens to achieve ecstasy in shamanic rituals, and McKenna even makes a case for the original Tree of Knowledge as plant hallucinogen, allowing a glimpse of the Transcendent Other; drug "correctly perceived to be alive and intelligent."

The idyllic situation of primitive

society did not last, however. McKenna maintains that storage of psilocybin in honey as a preservative, which then fermented, led to the perversion of the rituals into Dionysian drunkenness. Paradise was lost. The parallels of drug use and cultural structure can't go without noting here. McKenna depicts the Goddess religion of the primitives as an ideal from which we have fallen astray, into the paternalistic, dominating earth-ravagers of the Judeo-Christian world.

At present, McKenna believes, we are in a "Hell" of addictive behaviors which are life-threatening and spiritually empty. In some ways this is the most interesting section of the book, since it's the most informative about our times. Did you know that tobacco was not widely smoked in Europe until Columbus introduced it from North America? That sugar addiction is one of the hardest habits to kick? That heroin is no more harmful or physically addictive than tobacco? McKenna links all of these modern substances to the oppression and enslavement of the post-industrial era, and points to their function with the "dominator culture." The ultimate dominator drug is the "Hidden Persuader," TV, providing an escape from reality while reinforcing the sanitized cultural values of Big Brother.

How can Paradise be regained? McKenna believes that, although the drugs of "Christian dominator culture" are "drugs of the workplace or drugs to dull care and pain," that "even the West has retained the remembrance of the potential that certain plants hold." The use of LSD and other drugs in the sixties and even today shows that there is still a human

obsession with altering consciousness. The problem facing modern society, McKenna argues, is the domination of the human ego, which is the source of all conflict. McKenna proposes a return to modern versions of age-old "ego-flattering" hallucinogens — curiously more prevalent in the New World — in order to revive the "Archaic," pre-industrial and pre-literate, attitude towards community and nature in order to avoid the destruction of the planet.

This book should really be read in tandem with **THE ARCHAIC REVIVAL**, his simultaneously-published volume. In it he predicts the end of history, not in the sense of global catastrophe, although that is a possibility — but the end of linear, Cartesian clock time and the return to the "Dreamtime" of prehistoric imagination. He sees both psychedelic drugs and new technologies such as Virtual Reality as instruments for such a return. Curiously, while **FOOD OF THE GODS** represents a return to the physical world of nature, **THE ARCHAIC REVIVAL** hopes for "the dematerialization of culture, to get away from things into the realm of ideas." The point at which the two intersect is the idea of communal society, which seems to dissolve individual identities. **THE ARCHAIC REVIVAL** is a journey inward, as **FOOD OF THE GODS** is an outward trek, through history and geography, but both have the same destination — a communal reality outside of time.

"Radical" begins to sound like an understatement after reading these books. The underlying assumptions — that drug use is a constant, in fact an indigenous part of human society; that linear history is a psychological aberration; that all of nature is alive and vital; all are reversals of conventional twentieth century wisdom. But his call for a return to pre-history reveals his ideas as not all that different from not-uncommon myths of a fall from grace that are the basis of most orthodox religions. Examined closely, his call for mankind to be saved by a higher power discounts the power of the individual. His programs for legal reform reek of liberal bureaucracy and a distrust of human nature, decriminalizing drugs only to insert government taxation and control. And he dismisses synthetic drugs because they do not have a long history of "shamanic usage," ignor-

ing the possibility that they might come to have one.

For such a longing to get outside temporality, McKenna's theories depend a lot on historical evidence, and his own interpretation of history. The logic that comes up with psilocybin as the "Tree of Knowledge" is not necessarily flawed, but is somewhat contorted. And the leap required to accept his version of human evolution would be radical indeed to most anthropologists. But that's beside the point, since the book, for all its enlightening facts about drug culture, reads better as myth, though clothed in the robes of scholarly work. If myth is the past projected into the future, then accuracy is not the most crucial aspect, but internal coherence and the potential to be catalyzed into belief and action, which are all here.

McKenna's style of ritual, and his belief in the way drugs should be used, differs greatly from that of Timothy Leary. There is little place for casual drug use here, little of the sense of playfulness of Leary. Drugs are regarded here with the reverence of sacrament. The communal life would be one of unity with nature, lacking in hostility, but what would replace war as play does in Leary's theories? For all of McKenna's utopianism, his ideas seem regressive, almost Luddite. While Leary seemed to promote LSD almost as a way to aggrandize the ego, and that would produce problems, McKenna's antipathy towards the ego would produce its own host of difficulties. Leary's use of psychedelics seemed to point toward a way for further evolution of the species, but McKenna seems to be urging us to return to an evolutionary gateway through which we have already passed.

Still, Timothy Leary was made a laughing stock by the intellectual community, and McKenna's books represent a serious attempt to make a case for a change in attitudes towards drugs. Both writers deserve to be read. McKenna's work adds a rich cultural perspective to the argument against the War On Drugs as an excuse to wage war of people of different cultures. The book is without apology, and for this it should be commended.

-- Brian Stak



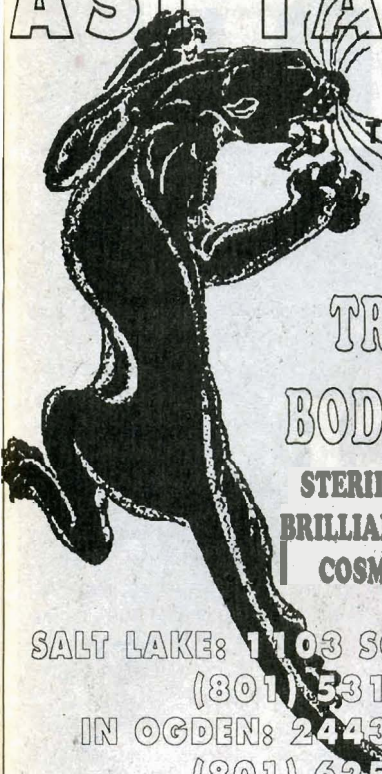
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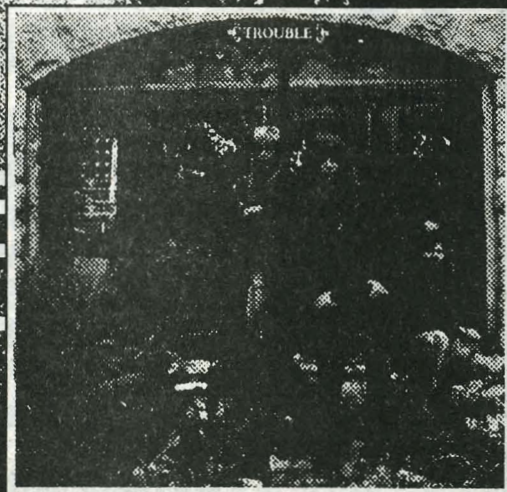
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COMIC REVIEWS...

Tundra Press has recently gained an impressive reputation as being less corporate-minded and more supportive of comics creator's rights. This coupled with willingness to publish unusual and high quality material, places the company among the finest publishers of comic books. The recent appearance of Tundra U.K., which has been printing quality comics from British creators, is another plus for Tundra. Below are reviewed three of Tundra U.K.'s titles.

Elliot's outstanding drawings manage to express silliness and warmth and, coupled with the unpretentious and witty story, evoke pleasure.

Also included in issue #1 is another in a series of "Mr. Day and Mr. Night" tales by Dakin and Elliot. While a weaker example of their material, the story is whimsical and breezy.

Don't be negative until you've tried this comic. Mere description by this critic cannot begin to reveal just what a gem **GREENHOUSE WARRIORS** is. Hopefully, Tundra U.K. will follow up with a collection of Dakin & Elliot's "Man From Cancer" material. (B&W, \$2.95)

LAZARUS CHURCHYARD

Originally serialized in Britain's **BLAST!** magazine, **LAZARUS CHURCHYARD** has reappeared as a three-issue series. And, judging by the first issue, Tundra U.K. was wise to pick the title up.

Created by writer Warren Ellis and artist Matt "D'Israeli" Brooker, **CHURCHYARD** concerns the title character, a virtually immortal man whose body had been fitted with a kind of living plastic which can be molded by Lazarus' thoughts. Churchyard exists in a future very much dominated by the "cyberpunk" postulations of authors like William Gibson and Bruce Sterling.

Issue #1, "The Virtual Kiss," features Churchyard being contracted by a mega-conglomerate, Isis-Elek, to discover what (or who) is killing the company's cyberspace operators. For Lazarus' part, he has been promised that Isis-Elek has equipment capable of shearing his human body away from his plastic components, allowing him to become human again, and eventually to die.

But things are not quite as they seems, and Lazarus soon finds himself jacked into cyberspace and confronting hidden danger...

Authors Ellis has a firm grasp on cyberpunk style and has crafted a fast-moving and clever universe. A plus is the thoroughly pitiable Churchyard, who winds up ultimately admirable and sympathetic.

But the high point is renderer D'Israeli, whose unique style previously graced Vortex's **MISTER X**. D'Israeli produces powerful and strongly stylistic drawing that propel and enliven the tale. The art may not appeal to fans of traditional "super-hero" style drawing, but it is wonderful.

Future issues promise new

CHURCHYARD material previously unprinted, and frankly, I can't wait. For those looking for good sf comics, look no further. (Color, \$3.95)

SKIDMARKS

Previously printed in small-press runs in the U.K. as **BIC**, **SKIDMARKS**, is the "simple" tale of a boy and his bike. Or is it?

Created by Ed "Ilya" Hillyer, **SKIDMARKS** features Bic, a down-on-his-luck young English youth who fancies a bicycle in a shop window, and, by chance, stumbles on a method to gain said bike. But is it worth the cost to Bic's "soul"?

Actually, this is a fairly simplistic overview of the crux of this three-issue series. There is much more than just Bic's conscience ruminations. It's a tale about being young and disillusioned, dreaming, and a whole bunch else.

All of this is captured admirably by Ilya, whose work has been mostly seen in collaboration with writer Eddie Campbell on **DEADFACE** and **EYEBALL KID**. Here, though, Ilya is working on his own creation, and the skill and personal belief show. The art is slightly cartoony but manages to convey emotion and power just the same. Frankly, the drawings are perfectly suited to the subject matter, carrying the story and rendering it believable and deep.

Even more surprising, though, is Ilya's writing ability. This seemingly simple tale conveys messages about honesty, hopelessness, the giddiness of being young, etc. with delightful abandon. After reading this, one comes away with the sensation of having been enriched and enlivened, something very few comics can manage. All this is testimony to Ilya's supreme skill.

Honestly, I cannot gush too much about the merits of **SKIDMARKS**. This is the kind of story comics were made for, not fanboy, adolescent male power trips. Get the hint and buy this comic. You'll be glad you did. (B&W, \$2.95)

ED THE HAPPYCLOWN

The definitive Ed Book
by Chester Brown

Vortex Comics

Those familiar with "cool" comic books are no doubt acquainted with Canadian Chester Brown's **YUMMY FUR**. Now, thanks to the efforts of Vortex Comics, there is a collection of the "Ed" material from an early YF issues entitled **ED THE HAPPY CLOWN** — The Definitive Ed Book.

Ed... features the adventures of the title character, a likable, if ultimately hopeless, young clown. Seems Ed is

the stereotype of a down, daydreaming through reality, virtually dripping with naivete, -until cold, hard, solid life slaps him in the face.

In this case, Ed finds himself incarcerated following a misunderstanding with the police centered around the Tooth Fairy and an amputated hand (I kid you not). It isn't long before Ed's life takes a turn for the worse, though. Ed escapes from prison to find himself allied with a female vampire named Josie is captured by pygmies who live under the sewers, and handicapped by having the head of Ronald Reagan on the end of his penis...

If you can believe it, though, the story gets even stranger, involving existential crises, the unfairness of a universe governed by a male deity, parallel universes, vampire hunters, and more. All of this is encompassed in Brown's bizarre, baffling, and thoroughly enjoyable plot.

Anyone who hasn't encountered Brown's work is in for a treat with the release of this book. It is weird, but strangely and undefinably irresistible. Brown's immaculately rendered cartoons propel the story beyond mere words and into the realm of waking dreams. The story defies description and pigeon-holing; the nearest category into which this work can be stuffed is surrealism, but even this term fails to convey the sheer pleasure/disgust, anguish/joy, laughter/sorrow Brown evokes.

But even those who own the YF issues containing the "Ed" storyline may be in for a treat. Brown has gone over the material cannily and excised some annoying digressions and tacked-on a new ending. While this may be annoying to completists who feel cheated by six new pages of material. I can only scoff. The material removed from the tale was, frankly, inferior and distracted from the story. The re-direction this conclusion adds is much more logical (if that term could be applied), and satisfying, not to mention much more true to the direction Brown was leading. However, I'll leave it up to Brown's fans and completists to decide whether this "definitive" version is superior or inferior.

Honestly compels me to admit that at \$12.95 for 215 pages, **ED**... is rather expensive, but it is money well-spent. Perhaps only in the work of Dave Sim and Eddie Campbell can the sheer potential of comic book storytelling can be expressed, and Brown's **ED**... material is similarly powerful. But the book should also appeal to those uninterested in comic books for its brashness and willingness to skewer reality on the pointed horns of chaos.

— Scott Vice



GREENHOUSE WARRIORS

Cartoonists Glenn Dakin and Phil Elliot have been two of Britain's most (unfairly) ignored and talented comics creators since the 1980's. Thus, the appearance of their latest trifle, **GREENHOUSE WARRIORS**, is a positive delight.

WARRIORS focuses on a team of unlikely super-heroes. Seems the Warriors are the creations of one Dr. Glass, a brilliant scientist devoted to saving a future earth plagued by environmental and ecological collapse (sounds eerily accurate, doesn't it?). Glass' work concerns sentient plants and the Warriors are the most successful phase of that program.

Unfortunately for Glass, the government wants to lay its hands on his research, so the Warriors attempt to pass for humans. The Warriors also have definite wills and personalities of their own.

There's much more here than can be described and I am loath to give away too much of the plot. Suffice to say that Dakin and Elliot have outdone themselves here. There is an environmental message, of course, but without the usual preachiness. Additionally, there is sly wit and an undefinable charm.

LOCAL ARTIST...

SPOTTED EAGLE

Fusing The Old With The New

Over the past four years since I have been publishing SLUG, I have met, seen and heard almost every local band and musician that have performed in Salt Lake. One of the things that has always bothered me about publishing in this town is everybody's pre-conceived notions about what SLUG should or should not publish. I get so tired of hearing "that's not alternative" or "that is way too mainstream." Well, you know that sounds almost as narrow minded as it gets.

Music and art should be judged by the individual, and opinions and relevance, to whatever medium should be left to the interpretation of those who honestly care to be open minded enough to actually try and listen. Okay, maybe I am full of shit or I am just getting old but over the past few years I have grown to appreciate almost all types of musical expression and performance.

Well, now I can get off my soapbox and tell you about a performer I have followed with quite some interest. His legal name is Douglas Wallentine but he performs with the name Spotted Eagle. He's a flute player that has chosen native American music as his field of expertise. Now all this has caused quite a ruckus lately because there are people who say that, since he is not a full-blooded American Indian, he should not be "capitalizing" this form of music. When I asked him directly about his blood lineage he simply said he was part Indian and that was enough. As far as I am concerned it doesn't matter if he is or is not Indian at all—he loves the Indian culture and he does what he does with full respect for the people.

Doug has spent over half his life learning the songs, dance, culture, and philosophies of the people whose music and instruments he plays. He has several authentic flutes that he plays on top of either prerecorded or synthesized backgrounds. He has successfully combined a natural sound with

modern electronics to create a mood in his music that is quite spectacular.

The first time I actually saw him perform live was during Sabbathon at the Bar & Grill. A bar is certainly not the best setting for this type of music but I was spell-bound by what I heard. Last year he had two sold-out performances at Hansen Planetarium where he mixed his music and story telling with lasers and lights. He performs very rarely in Salt Lake but gets the opportunity to travel throughout the U.S.A. and Europe performing his art. Early this year he was chosen to perform at the Roskilde festival in Denmark with acts like Nirvana, Megadeth, American Music Club (over 40 bands in all,) in front of crowds as large as 20,000. He is now preparing for another two week trip to Europe.

Spotted Eagle is now in production on his sixth release while he is waiting for his fifth effort *Stand At The Center* to be released. Much of the success he has received is due to SOAR (Sound Of America Records,) who have supported him through all he has done. His music has reached all circles of people and gets airplay through out the world. It is strange that a local performer has received so much recognition while still keeping a low profile around here. However, although Doug is an out-going person, he is reticent about his music and beliefs, and uses this seclusion for his work. It is not surprising after hearing him tell of his teachings and feelings about the music he plays.

I haven't heard much of his music, due to my music buying budget, but the tape he gave me of his newest stuff was amazing. Very few performers can actually create the mood he does simply with sound. The music is soothing both emotionally and spiritually, it can really take you away if you let it. His album, "Canyonspeak," was recorded in a canyon in Mesa Verde and the authenticity he creates is



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brilliant. I have a tendency to enjoy the acoustic sounds over the synthesized sound but the combination with modern technology can be quite good. When he tours Europe this year he will be taking a full band with him. When I saw him he was only performing by himself with a synthesizer that played sequences as a background for his flute.

The albums he has recorded are not the only things he has done. He has written several scores for film and television, and recently completed two half hour music videos, "Wavebreak" and "Naturally Yours" which won a "Telly" award for best entertainment video.

Not only has Doug taken a lot from the Native American culture but he is always giving back to it. A great portion of what he makes from some of his projects go towards good causes including wildlife funds, organizations dedicated to the clean-up of Prince William Sound, teenage drug and alcohol abuse and many that benefit the Native American people. When I

spoke to him at length about his career and music, I was kind of expecting a good long ear-bashing about the plight of the American Indian. Don't get me wrong, he feels quite strongly about the trouble they have had, but instead he talked about people forced to enter a new society in only about a hundred years. When I think of the trouble white men have brought them, it brings a whole different light on the situation. Here is a person who cares about them and is doing something about it in the best way he knows how.

If nothing else, I would like to see people open up to what he is expressing in his music and listen with an open mind. You may not get from his music what I did, but their are elements in his music and storytelling that can and should have a great impact on anybody who listens. Check out Golden Braid or New Pathway for some of his music or, just maybe, he will perform live again. CHECK IT OUT!

JR RUPPEL

STIM BOY SEZ...

Well, September is rolling around and that means election time. This has led to a mass psychosis in Utah which seems to be afflicting middle aged white millionaires. Suddenly every crackpot with a bankroll has decided he wants to be a senator. As a result, every free moment of commercial television time is jammed with creepy businessmen claiming to be outside the corruption of Washington. Well, I've got news. You don't get to be a paragon of capitalism by avoiding corruption. The accumulation of money is in large part dependent on jacking someone else out of theirs. Morals and integrity have very little to do with it. As far as these claims we're being bombarded with about not being "insiders," let's face the facts: Bennett was a highly paid lobbyist for J.C. Penney and the retail industry, working hand in glove with the morally pristine Nixon administration. (Besides that he reminds me of my high school chemistry teacher, I can practically smell his dentures on those commercials of his.) Ted Cannon is a full-on industrialist who ran the EPA. Can you say conflict of interest? Just remember, James Watt was his boss and we all know the ecological marvels he produced. Finally, there's Doug Anderson who comes from a family of politicians and has barely spent a day in Utah for the past 15 years. He's been busy running his Harvard consulting firm which lists quite a few Washington "insiders" as clients. If these guys are outside the system, then I'm a crack smoking spinster lesbian skinhead. (Wee, maybe I am.) Put it this way, these guys are as intimate with Washington as a flea is with a schnauzer's ass. Just a gang of

Perot wannabes on ego trips as far as I can see. And now there's this guy Grisztko who evidently has been running for president all along except nobody noticed until he demonstrated his ability to negotiate with nazis. Now that's who we need in the White House.

Political advertisements, as a rule, tend to make me more tense and irate than I normally am, and I am an unbelievably tense and irritable person; just ask my co-workers, or my cat. I live in a state of tension that would give a mongoose an aneurysm. So, when the levels of sycophantic boosterism which accompany any political campaign become too much to bear, I simply turn to channel 3 and pop in one of my favorite soothing videos from my mind boggling VHS library.

The AMOK ASSAULT
video always puts me in a blissful state. It's jam packed with highlights from bad 1960's porno films, pitbull attacks, televangelists gone haywire.

Hayley Mills, Wally George, Oprah, and on air suicide broadcasts. You should see what a 357 magnum is gorina do to someone's head; we're talking major exit wound, disgusting, repulsive, but you can't help but look. Why it's better than a really good driver's ed film. AMOK ASSAULT also includes a good portion of the 1922 classic "A History of Witchcraft," which is worth the price alone for the scene of nubile Swedes in witchy get-up kissing Satan's ass. Lovingly prepared by the folks who brought you "Apocalypse Culture" and "The Manson File." (P.O. Box 861867, Terminal Annex, L.A., CA 90086-1807.)

The good people at ATAVISTIC VIDEO (P.O. Box 578266, Chicago, IL 60657-8266) have been putting out the best in music video for the past couple of years. The SUBPOP VIDEO NETWORK is hard to beat for getting a bang out of your entertainment dollar. Two, count 'em, two TAD videos, two classics from MUDHONEY and a slew of other SubPop staples including FLUID, DWARVES, MARK LANEGAN and a pre

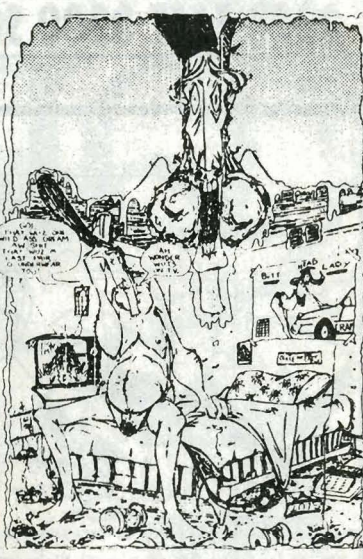
"Nevermind" version of "In Bloom" with Dale on drums and Chris sporting a bald head. The Afghan Whigs provide an idiotic incest melodrama, but the rest comes close to godhead for grungeheads.

ATAVISTIC also produces DOPE GUNS and FUCKING UP YOUR VIDEO DECK I and II, the mandatory Amphetamine Reptile video compilations. I just can't say enough about these videos, so I won't. HELIOS CREED nude! HELMET! COWS! And the ubiquitous Dr. Spincter as you thoughtful host. You NEED these.

An unexpected boon was my discovery of the SONIC YOUTH video GOO, which is basically the album "GOO" with accompanying films. Brilliant. A computer-generated animation of Karen Carpenter puking in "Tunic," sapphic shenanigans in "Scooter and Jinx," a cameo from Mike Watt in the title track and highlights from "BASIC AUTOPSY PROCEDURE" (also available from AMOK) in "Mote." I can't believe Geffen Records authorized something so cool.

morning and you just received a camcorder from Santa. What do you do? Probably act like a complete moron in the living room for 90 minutes trying to figure out how the thing works. That's what the SHIMMY DISC compilation is like. Take a dozen horrible bands, encourage them to be self-indulgent on a \$7 budget and then charge 20 bucks for the result. I know Kramer's a "genius" and all but I can sure live without this dog. I won't even tell you where to get this piece of idiocy. I don't want to be responsible for you, dear reader, being ripped off like I was. (Copy Editor's Note: I LIKE this video. It's worth it for the clips of Kramer projects, Bongwater, Shockabilly, Gwar, and Ed Sanders alone. The video is sometimes available from Heavy Metal Shop. Not for the narrow-minded.)

Well, that wraps things up. Remember to register and vote if only to vote "no" and remember, any asshole endorsing a line item veto is shredding the constitution and bringing totalitarianism one step closer. Sleep well.



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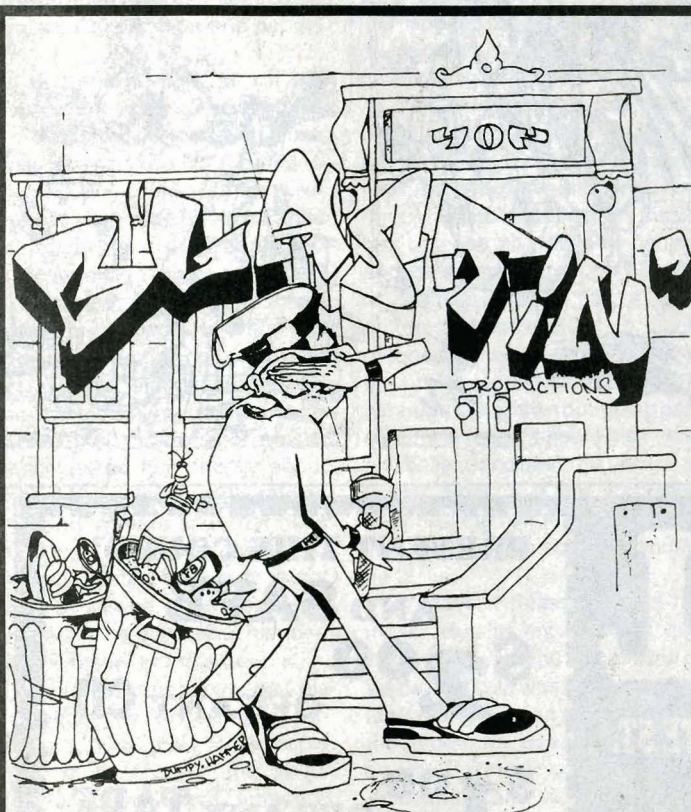
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MISCELLANEOUS... SABBATHON 92

THANX FOR A GREAT SUCCESS!!!

This year's Sabbathon was an absolutely great success. As always it was due to a lot of people pulling together to further a cause. This year's benefit was a money raiser for The Utah Aids Foundation, and we presented The Foundation with a check for **\$2135.00**, and a ton of stuff for the Aids Foundation food bank. As usual, the Aids Foundation was of little help to the benefit but that is sort of expected when you consider that mainstream Utah won't take something like SLUG serious. Well, not until we hand them a check for that much money. It would have been nice to at least have representatives from the foundation there with literature and educational material. This was partially our fault, communication is not one of our stronger points.

The event sponsors were absolutely great, we gave away about a thousand dollars worth of prizes. The media also helped. Private Eye was kind enough to donate ad space. KJQ was a god-send this year. Not only did they announce the show often, but they also dedicated their airways to the show playing the bands who performed the show on the hour all weekend long. All this brought almost 500 people to the event.

The bands (as always), were terrific. We had 19 bands in a club that is made to house one band. Through the cooperation of all the musicians, the Bar & Grill staff and all the volunteers who bent over backwards, the event ran on schedule and everybody seemed to have a real good time. Thank you to all the people who came out to the event also. There were almost no problems with the capacity crowd and everything ran smoothly.

Our BIG thanks to all the people who jumped in and helped, we could in no way have done it without you. Our apologies to the bands that didn't get to play this year. We can't list everybody who



Douglas Spotted Eagle
Photo: Robert DeBerry

helped out, but know who you are and that you are much appreciated. See ya next year for #6.

THANK YOU BANDS

Amphouse Mother, Anger Overload, Athletes Butt, Boneyard, Dead Kats, Decomposers, Doghouse, Draize Method, Fractal Method, Iceburn, Lunchbox, NSC, Ratchet, Reality, Scabs on Strike, Spotted Eagle, Stoneface, The Change

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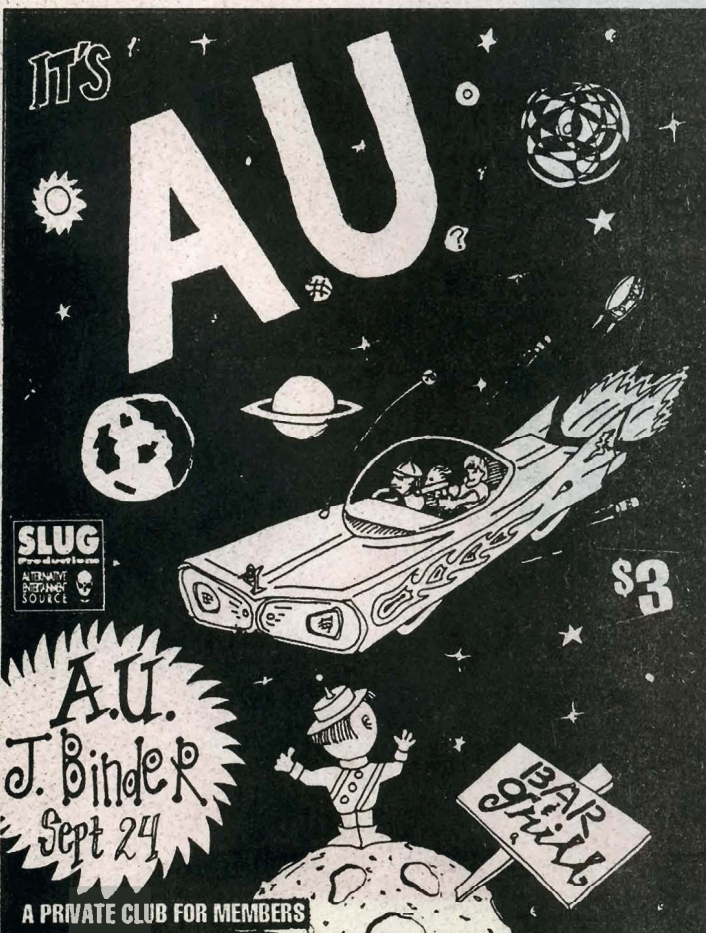
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