

**MUSIC ART POLITICS**

**S L U G**

**NOVEMBER 1992 ISSUE #47**

**MOU THBREATH ER**

Photos: Robert DeBerry

**RECORDS • CONCERTS • COMICS • BOOKS  
THE WORLD ACCORDING TO CLARK  
AND A LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON**

# SLUG

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NOVEMBER  
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## DEAR DICKHEADS...

Dear Dickheads out there —

Fuckin' racists — you can't live with 'em and you can't kill 'em. Er, technically that, I mean of course they die like most everything else, but is the answer in killing them? Though many will disagree, I say the answer is no. You see kids violence is a clever disease and needs only stupidity to feed on, ensuring its survival through vengeance and retaliation. So we must seek to overcome its fiendish influence by finding alternative methods to deal with the racist problem. I did find the notion of giving skinheads "do's" via dog-hair and superglue a marvelous piece of poetic justice. Or even sending them to say Oakland or Iraq! However, we don't deal with scared children in such a fashion if we expect to accomplish positive results. It's my opinion that physical attacks on them would only alienate them further and push their inherent fear even deeper under their skin. You must understand that Hate and Prejudice are the mongoloid offspring of the marriage between Fear and Ignorance. Both of which were two of the ugliest children born of the marriage between humans and Reason.

It is our ability (or inability) to reason which gives us our emotions good and bad. That is why I still question the validity of this "Reason" concept. Amidst all this in-breeding, is it any wonder humans are hard-put to share this planet? And another thing: there are NO SUCH THING AS NAZIS OR ARYANS. So please, let's not do them the glory of referring to these scared children (racist skins) as such. I guaran-fuckin-tee you "Adolfo" rolls in his grave wishing he could strangle the chicken-shit American bastards who attempt to perpetrate his religion on the American masses. Hitler hated Americans as much as Jews or anyone or anything that was not German or German. If these fuckin' "skins" knew anything of which they spout. But they don't; they're just scared. Somewhere along the line, someone told them it's a "scary world out there and if you ain't livin' in fear, then you just ain't living!" Or maybe they got beat-up by a non-white or whatever. Fact is they're afraid and so they band together like flies on shit. Let the police work for us for once to clean up this racist mess. Pity them, for just as every dog has his day, every skin has his "Crip" or "Blood." Don't jeopardize your freedom for a bit of instant gratification. But if you happen to totally disagree with me and feel that a vigilante force is the only solution, then by all means disregard all of this and give those fucks hell and good luck be with you, child.

Love,  
Gurutah

P.S. SLUG is lookin' a lot better these days and the writing seems to be on an upswing.

Dear Dickheads,

This should be titled "Shut the Fuck Up" or "Get Off the Air." This letter is about two DJs from a local radio station and it's about the station itself. First off, let me "thank God" and the FCC that there are other stations and cassettes and CD's to listen to.

Recently, I was listening to a local station (that shall be nameless) and the two DJs were bitching and crying about being censored. After listening for a week or so, we (at work and I myself at home and work) flipped thru the dial and found out Z-Rock was on KZHT. Then they were gone. Come to find out some radio station was afraid it sucks so bad its owner had to buy! KZHT just so we couldn't choose to listen to it for ourselves.

And these two DJ's have enough balls to talk about censorship and alternative lifestyles? And being open-minded? And they beg, ask, and tell people to bring them food? Why do they need people to bring them food? Why don't they have people take food to some of the local food banks? I bet they do that in November and December. Then it will stop, only acknowledging these people two months out of the year. They probably think those are they only time they appear.

And I was told these two DJ's now want to be written in as governor this November. Why would people want two more jerks where we already have enough. Maybe so they can do what they do best; stuff their faces and spew out a lot of bull.

Well, this is one of many people that aren't listening to the station and its dribble. Remember DJ's: DON'T BITE THAT HAND THAT FEEDS YOU! Because you yourself may pull back a bloody stup [sic] after some of the bull coming from your station.

Signed,

Stop bitching about censorship in this state until you acknowledge your own station's censorship!

Dear Dickheads at SLUG,

Wait, let me start over.

Dear Dickheads at the Bar & Grill,

I had always thought that in order to get people to come to a show, someone should let the public know about it. I'm referring to the advertising or lack of advertising for the MIRACLE LEGION show on September 27th. Not one word mentioned in any of the local publications or on any radio station.

I felt more than a little embarrassed at the fact that there were only 28 people to see the show. It was the first time the MIRACLE LEGION had come to Salt Lake, and with the release of

their album, DRENCHED, and playing of their song SNACKS A CANDY on the radio, I thought for sure that the turn out would have been massive.

To the MIRACLE LEGION, thank you. To the few that were there, thank you. I think they will agree it was a show not to miss. To the people who neglected the MIRACLE LEGION, I treated them with less gratitude than a fresh start local band, I give a great FUCK YOU!

With Bitterness  
Roger Fowles  
Murray, Utah

Dear Dickheads,

So I read your acerbic blurb (you know we do read each issue) on Sabbath '92 (SLUG September 1992, Issue #47) and must say that the world according to the SLUG staff is a little tweaked and say the least.

Sabbathon has always been an important fundraiser for the Utah AIDS Foundation. Not only does the event bring in much needed money, but the guys really pack in the crowds and reach a population that otherwise might not be informed about HIV/AIDS, thus we are eternally grateful.

Your article created the sense of elitist snobs. NOT! (Mainstream swear word to us...and actually most vile epithet you could hurl in that direction). We bust our asses for the rights of men, women and children in the state, (infected with the HIV disease or not) and sadly cannot do it on our own. We need outside reinforcements; if you will.

That's where SLUG and Sabbathon come in. Next year we'll be on top of communication between our organizations. Next year we'll be on your committee. But, this year, we continue to fondly recall the August fundraiser that stocked our foodbank and served those in need.

Yours in righteous indignation  
(and with much affection)

Kelly Choppin  
Development Director  
Utah AIDS Foundation

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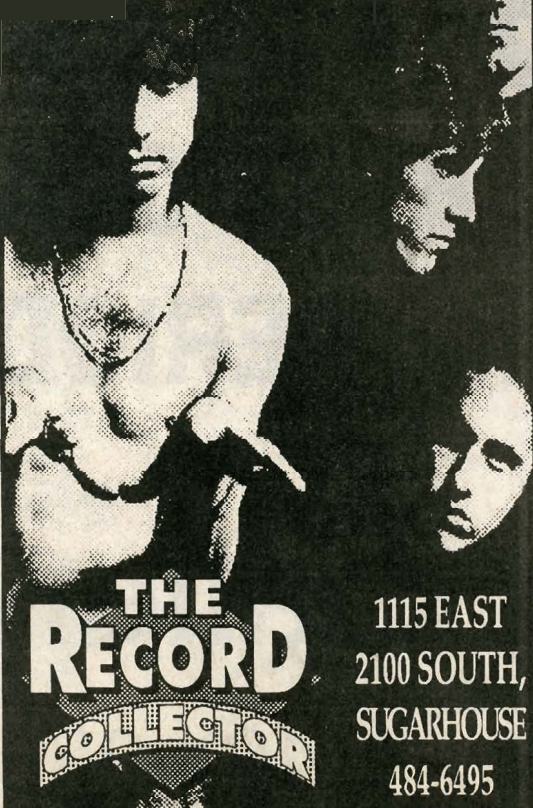
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# RECORD REVIEWS...

## MONKS OF DOOM

### Forgery

L.R.S. Records

Most of us missed out on the MONKS OF DOOM when they showed up at Spanky's this month, but, luckily, we can get a good dose of the MONKS' musical mastery with their latest release, FORGERY.

This is the MONKS' first album on a major label and, happily, they haven't sold out their terpsichorean principles for popularity.

FORGERY opens with a bang with the delightful *Flint Jack*, which plays up all elements in the band's considerable repertoire. Victor Krummenacher's soulful crooning is perfectly complimented by the precise guitars of David Immergluck and Greg Lisher and the pounding, rhythmic drums of Chris Pedersen.

For those unfamiliar with the MONKS OF DOOM, the quartet specializes in very moody, almost improvisational music that appeals to the ear and spirit and focuses on a wide range of thoughtful material. The best example on FORGERY is *Virtual Lover*, a number based on the technological advancement known as virtual reality simulation. Surrounded by a wall of achingly perfect acoustic guitars, Krummenacher wails, accompanied by guest vocalist (and ex-Harm Farm drummer) Melanie Clarin.

There are other delights to be discovered on FORGERY, such as *What Does a Man Require?* and *Chaos is Not Dead* ("inspired by the writings of Hakim Bey", the liner notes reveal). But a record review cannot describe the feelings that accomplished MONKS create. That must be experienced firsthand and repeated listenings reveal subtle nuances.

Perhaps the only flaws to this album lie in minor points. For example, the MONKS eschew the mandolin entirely, and it is missed here. Further, producer Dan Fredman manages to create a hollow sound with Chris Pedersen's drumming, which detracts from the sound.

But these are all quibbles. For those looking for music with sub-

stance, FORGERY is the ideal cure. Whether the song is an incredible instrumental or vocal in technique, the MONKS OF DOOM excel.

— Scott Vica

## AFTERNOON DELIGHT

### Love Songs From SUB POP

Sub Pop Records

As we all know, love is a fucked up thing. It can be either the ultimate feeling of happiness, or the most torturous weapon against ones emotions. And then there is the center of the spectrum. What else would be more appropriate for the middle ground of heart and soul than a twisted collection of "love" songs from the soon-to-be-exploited Sub Pop records. This isn't your average compilation of goopy by the fireplace, adult contemporary bullshit, that you see advertised on annoying late night T.V. ads. No! This is more of a raw, honest definition of what love can do to people. From the poppy "When It All Comes Down," by Unrest, to the sludge-grunge of Codine's "Castle," the whole album covers everything about the best/worst feelings in the world. You get a beautiful psychedelic melody ("La Dolly Vita") by Smashing Pumpkins. You get a blunt offering of sex ("Rory Rides Me Raw") by the Vaselines. There's your rockabluesy ballad of break-ups ("Where The Hell Did You Go With My Toothbrush?") by Rev. Horton Heat. There's a song of starting over ("Clean State") by Seaweed. And to make this album all the more schizophrenic, there's the twisted innermost thoughts of the disturbed spoken word of Steven Jesse Bernstein with his corrupted "This Clouded Heart." (And I thought Henry Rollins was messed up - this guy is fucked up!)

Though a bit more mellow than your average grunge label release it's still a cool collaboration of rarities and b-sides, and more humorous than musical to listen to. Get it, so you can laugh at yourself, in the midst of your next interlude of romantic torment.

—Ryan Workman

# MISCELLANEOUS...

## MONOPOLY FETISH



I have a fetish for card games, board games and dice. There's a certain mystic and reverence to an old fashioned game of poker. There's a certain pride one receives when they yell, "Gin!" or "Uno!" or "Go Fish!" But, nothing satisfies my ambitious, greedy, game fetish quite like Monopoly.

First of all, you get money. And this money is given to you by the bank. Yes, this is how life should be. Colorful money where only the twenties are green.

I recommend ordering extra money from the Monopoly makers. For some reason people like to steal it (it's really cute to give it to someone you owe money to) or rip it up (sore losers) or draw on it (actually you should sign your name to all your money. You be the treasurer of the Monopoly Bank of America).

Next, you get to pick if you'll be a doggy, a cowboy, a shoe, an iron, or a wheelbarrow for the next 72 hours. Always use the same game piece and kick anyone in the teeth who dares take away this God-given right.

When you start to play, make sure your guest has access to a lot of cold beverages. As they use the bathroom each time, quickly set up the board for cheating. This includes sticking the good Chance cards out of the pile to insure your good luck. Also, if the cold beverages are beer, you can often times switch property cards with your partner, move them to a different spot on the board, change their game piece, steal money or acquire more hotels. They may rip up money in dismay at your "luck" but that's okay because you have an extra package of money in your closet. Good Thinking!

Now sometimes you'll end up playing against someone like yourself. Be alert! I will list the behavior of individuals to be cautious of. These people are fiends and are not to be trusted.

1) People who cash in all their five-hundred bills for twen-

ties, fifties and hundreds. These people are certain to methodically count their money during your move. I guess they've never heard the infamous Kenny Rogers song that clearly states, "You never count your money while you're sittin' at the table." Sneeze while their money is loose on the table.

2) People who buy three hotels for such worthless property as Baltic Avenue just so they can say, "I own that. And it has three hotels!" Throw the measly \$12 or whatever dollars in their face.

3) People who seem to remember a certain rule only when you want to check it out. But, when you remember something, like when and where you'll receive the Free Parking money on the board, they will argue with you and pull the rule book out of their ass.

4) Lastly, people who do victory dances, laugh and jeer at your misfortune, or clear the board in a fit of rage, should all burn in hell with Tipper Gore forever.

Now that you're ready to play, try variations. Play communist style, or with five dice or with shot glasses and drink every time you pass go.

So goddamnit! Get a game together and I'll bring over my specially handcrafted pewter game pieces from Norway. And, my cigarette case with the extra "Get out of Jail Free" cards."

—Carrle Hall

## ALL AGES WELCOME

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH THE GROB

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH I-ROOTS

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH

**TESTAMENT** WITH GUESTS  
**D.R.I.**  
and SUGARTOOTH

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH

**LUMBERJACK • PHORHEAD • WATERFRONT**

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH

**PERPLEX • CONSUMED • DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE • MOUTHBREATH**

**OBVIOUS • ONE EYE • SIN • FOR WHAT ITS WORTH**

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH

**SECLUSION**

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH

**FROM D.C. PITCHBLEND**

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH

**B.F.D. • SPECTRUM**

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH

**TOMMY KNOCKERS**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14TH

**THE OBVIOUS • ONE EYE**

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH

**SHUDDER TO THINK**

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH

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# THE WORLD ACCORDING TO CLARK...

J.R.,  
Election day is safely upon us now, Sir, and I can finally tell you of a horrible experience I had two months ago...

Only now that I am assured that it was not a prophesy can I funnel it through my pen.

It happened in late August. The machinery of American presidential politics had by then warmed up to a high fine whine, and those of us who listen for such things were detecting a subtle discord in it's pitch. The sound was one that puts black fear into the hearts of race-car mechanics; it is the sound of something almost imperceptibly but terribly WRONG. Perhaps it is a piston firing a nanosecond too soon. The sort of flaw that would go unnoticed in an ordinary engine for years; but under track conditions could cause the crankshaft to writhe violently in place like a dying snake before leaping through the hood as a blazing phoenix of twisted metal. A machine that hurtled out of the pit as clean and finely tuned as a scalpel can in a matter of minutes be rendered completely unsalvageable—even by the weeping technicians who drag it off the track...

By August I knew that it was too late to do anything about it. The boys were lined up, they were gunning their engines; and as they jockeyed for position on the first few laps, their mechanics could only pray fervently that somebody else's engine would blow before theirs. I lay down to sleep one night, and the dream came. I dreamt I was watching the race, thinking about that sound, and wondering why it seemed familiar...

Holy shit—if I could get a message down to the pit! I recognize that sound! I've heard it before...the dream...the horror! Don't they see the hideous black pace car idling near the finish, evil black smoke pouring from its exhaust? Isn't it obvious that the driver is just waiting for the final lap when everyone's defenses are down to scurry like a roach for the checkered flag before anybody can squash him? That's right, you fools! Rising like a bubble of fetid gas from a black pool of shame and criminal insanity, it's DICK NIXON!

In my dream it all happened very quickly. There we were—America the beautiful, Land of the Home and Free of the Brave—on November first, 1992. After a long and sleazy campaign that left voters with the doomed feeling that they were either Left or Right and they damned well better figure out which before the week was up, the familiar face of RMN shows up on every TV channel in the country in the country simultaneously. He's looking young again; he's come to terms with himself. He's wearing a seventy-five dollar suit and his hair is combed like a televangelist's; he's openly crooked

now. His eyes shine with promise as he quietly announces to every voter in America that a write-in vote for him is a vote for good old-fashioned authority and no more worries as to where you stand in the scheme of things.

And, with one great collective sharp intake of breath, every voter in the United States of America realizes that as long as they are forced to elect a White House full of treachery and sheer anal meanness, they might as well pick somebody too stupid to cover it all up...

*"the time has been, That when the thrain were out, the man would die. And there an end; but now they rise again..."*

**Lonesome Bill Shakespeare, Macbeth**

The big day is upon us, and Nixon still hasn't played his hand. It is still too soon to rejoice, and I'm really not sure why we would. What of this coming election? Is there virtue in declaring a preference for the lesser of two evils? What is the compunction of the Western mind to compress any expression of CHOICE into shadowy, insubstantial dyads? Even the possibility of refusing to dignify such a system with my participation is distilled by otherwise intelligent people into simplistic either/or equation: VOTE = participation and DON'T VOTE = apathy.

Hmmmm...  
Maybe there is a loophole, after all zen Voting. Stay up all night getting sideways the night before the Big Day, and then stomp to the polls like a warrior. Lash out blindly at the voting panel, smacking it furiously like a broken cigarette machine. Don't even look at the results; go home, unplug the TV, and sleep for at least sixteen hours.

Participation without choosing, treat the process like the dumb hulking brute that it is. Don't let your cerebrum be dragged down to its level: vote with your snake-brain.

Why not? This election has us all against the wall. Some have even suggested that we simply write off '92—let the evil little bastard have four more years, because a new administration couldn't possibly rectify three terms of such wrongheadedness. Let the press sodomize Bush for four more years

then have a real alternative in place to spark Quayle in '96 like a yappy little inbred poodle.

This is Hunter Thompson's idea, and I do have to credit the guy with preternatural instincts in playing political roulette. Or, maybe it just saves me from having to think about it...not a bad thing, since looking too closely at politics induces the same watery feeling in the core of me that I normally associate with taking too much medicine. Besides, my neighbor and Astral Twin Ron Yengich has sewn up the Thompson-quoting market, and he's a real-life Liberal Attorney with big loud dogs that shit on my lawn.

Ron and I share similar views on the necessity for political meditation to be awash in pithy quotes, such as: "You never know what is enough until you know what is too much." (William Blake).

To understand the frustration and excess of people like Thompson, however, we must turn to the wisdom of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs: "Too much is always better than not enough."

Quite true, but the crowning wisdom from Gurdjieff: "Fairness, Decency? How can you expect fairness and decency from a planet of sleeping people?"

To hell with politics, J.R. If I'm smart, I'll stick to my own strange researches and let the chittering of the monkeys dissolve into the lush aural tapestry of the jungle. Listening to politicians is like fishing in a canal: anything you catch that isn't a bottom-feeder to begin with has been polluted beyond usefulness by the nasty waters it was born and raised in.

Enough of this ugly talk. I know you've been wondering about my self-imposed exile to my vast underground laboratory beneath the Masonic Lodge building on South Temple. It is still too soon for me to talk about it, other than to say that I'm glad to be back.

This is a damn comforting feeling, since—as my friend Bud Schmidt will tell you—the end times are certainly upon us. Bud is a grizzled, hoary man of indeterminate age: one of those people who leave you convinced that they have simply lived TOO LONG. Bud is an enthusiastic campaigner for the BO GRITZ FOR PRESIDENT arm of the

John Birch Society, so I was not surprised when he interrupted my reading on my front porch with a very strange assertion.

"Y'know, dontcha, you and me would be drivin' Cadillacs if the Dummycrat Lincoln hadn't freed the slaves."

I dropped my book and stared at him. Bud narrowed his eyes.

"You ever heard of Bo Gritz, young man?"

All I could do was nod my head dumbly. He jabbered on for several minutes, and I could only think that here was the real reason that pregnant women shouldn't blow-dry their hair in the bathtub. At length I shook my head sadly.

"They got to you too, didn't they, Bud?" I asked.

"WHAAA?"  
"Fight them, Bud. We need strong American men like you."

"Fight WHO?"  
"The Council on Foreign Relations, Bud. Zippos, all of them."

"Zippos? What are you talking about?"

I gave him a warm paternal smile. "Sit down, Bud. I have much to tell you."

And tell him I did—the whole story. I filled him in on the Rosicrucians, the President's Council on Physical Fitness, and Zippos. I could tell the Zippos part really disturbed him.

"You mean, they were born in lighters?"

I patted him on the head affectionately.

"The Zippos in your pocket is a discarded exoskeleton, Bud. They germinate in there. When they're big enough, they move out. The metal case is then fitted with brainwashing machines, stuffed with cotton, and sold in stores. Hence their "free repair" guarantee, they WANT you to send it back to the factory occasionally, so they can check the batteries."

"But...the Fitness Council... Schwarzenegger...how could somebody that big come from a lighter?"

"Probably a table lighter. It's insidious, Bud. I never sleep."

I reassured him, then, as best I could. He was dazed, but obviously grateful to be put "in the know." He staggered down my front steps with an armload of flyers. I gave him to pass out at the mall. His stack of Bo Gritz leaflets lay abandoned beneath my chair. I shouted encouragement after him as he prepared to cross the street.

"Welcome to the Team, Bud! Thank God America still has a few Patriots with the guts to fight for Her!"

I saw him stiffen and square his shoulders, then set off purposefully in the direction of downtown.

Blessed Be, J.R. This ain't over yet.

*Orbes Volantes Exstare,  
—Clark Stacey*



# ART SPACE...

## OPERA

by Amber McKee

If you like acting, you'd like the opera. If you like music, you'd like opera. If you like musicals or dancing, you'd love opera. Opera slaps all the best a good concert, the symphony and ballet have to offer and drops it in your lap. Not to mention the sex and violence. And True Love. You like True Love, don't you?

Sowhy haven't you been to the opera lately?

Don't give me that bullshit about it being stuffy. Someone was murdered during the last one after he was discovered with his True Love in a New Orleans graveyard — that's about as far away from stuffy as you can get without being arrested.

And where else would you get a chance to hobnob with Dee Dee Corradini and the governor in the bathroom during intermission? You could talk a little politics while you're shaking the proverbial dew off the limb.

I happened to attend the opening night of *Un Ballo in Maschera* by Guiseppe Verdi — that's Joe Green, for those who don't speak Italian, also not very stuffy — on October 10, which also marked the opening of Utah Opera's 15th season.

Although this particular opera is usually set in colonial Boston, the Utah Opera folk decided to jazz it up a little (pardon the pun) by setting it in New Orleans during Mardi Gras. And although it was clear to me they had never been to New Orleans to celebrate Fat Tuesday (I have — it's scary), they did give it a good effort.

This was the first time Utah Opera had ever decided to create their own setting and time period using local people. (Normally, they haul the sets in from out-of-state.) And they did a good job of it, except for the part when the headstone fell off of one of the graves. Who says opera is not exciting?

So this is the story. The hero, Ricardo, the Governor of Louisi-

ana, gets stabbed by his best friend, Renato, during the middle of a masked ball after Renato catches him with his wife, the beautiful Amelia, dallying around in the graveyard. (Amelia goes to the graveyard after the Voodoo Queen tells her to pick some noxious herb off of the base of a grave to cure



her of her longing for Ricardo. He follows her there and, well, you get the picture.)

Did I mention that the Voodoo Queen predicted he would be murdered by his best friend, and he ignored her? And Renato, the poor guy, gets sucked in by a bunch of treason-minded blackguards who were plotting to murder Ricardo all along. And all because his wife was cheating on him. . . .

I did see a couple of blackgarbed undergrounders during intermission who looked like they had been to Mardi Gras — actually they looked as if they had been bitten by vampires, but that's neither here nor there. I probably looked like that when I got back, too — wandering around scaring the Mormons. They were enjoying themselves.

And where else can you do that without getting kicked out of Temple Square?



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# COMIC REVIEWS...

## SKIN

by Peter Milligan, Brendan McCarthy and Carol Swain

Tundra Publishing

After residing in limbo for a time, the controversial graphic novel SKIN has finally been published by America's Tundra Publishing. Hopefully, comics stores will make it available to a large audience, since it deserves to be seen.

Created by iconoclastic Brits Peter Milligan and Brendan McCarthy, SKIN centers on young Martin Atchison, a skinhead in 70's England.

But Martin 'Atchet (as he's named by the other skins) is different: seems he's been born with phocomelia (foreshortened limbs; in this case his arms) due to his mother's use of the sleeping pill Thalidomide.

This plot twist makes for a fascinating story and Milligan and McCarthy expand on it remarkably. Martin is drawn to the "skin" lifestyle due to his condition and the resulting psychological effects. Further, only by the skins is Martin truly accepted.

I'll resist the temptation to reveal further plot developments, except to mention that the story is, in fact, a tragedy.

But the fact that SKIN is depressing shouldn't keep readers from picking it up. Besides its informative content about Thalidomide, the book paints a harrowing picture of the difficulty in living with birth defects. Plus, it's nice to see another positive look at skins in the media after all the negative stereotypes widely circulated. Beyond this, it's just a story about a human, though. While the humor may be less than expected from typical Milligan-McCarthy collaborations, the impact is powerful.

Scripter Milligan fleshed SKIN out from Brendan McCarthy's story idea, and he did an outstanding job. Milligan's strength lies in great characterization, told through narrative and natural (realistic) dialogue.

And the story is visualized dramatically by McCarthy (surely one of the comics industry's top three artists [besides Bill Sienkiewicz and Dave McKean]). Especially notable

is a scene in which Martin is "dosed" by hippies, imaginatively rendered. Color artist Carol Swain manages to add warmth and emotion to McCarthy's drawings, an added bonus.

Unfortunately, whether due to its controversial nature, or maybe just because comic stores around here are afraid to carry titles that are "different," SKIN is hard to find. But trust me; it's worth the effort of the hunt. (Color, \$8.95)

—Scott Vice

## COMPLETELY BAD BOYS

by J.R. Williams

Fantagraphics Books

Finally, a publisher (in this case Seattle's Fantagraphics Books) has wised up and compiled J.R. Williams' "the Bad Boys" strips in a comic book, titled (oddly enough) COMPLETELY BAD BOYS.

For fans of cartooning's "rude humor" COMPLETELY BAD BOYS is ideal. The simple premise behind the strips is the cruel misadventures of brothers Billy and Bobby, who usually dole out torture to victims Fatty and Peggy.

All of this is rendered in a delightful style by the talented Williams. Anybody who looks fondly on childhood memories of picking on other kids (or being picked on) can find something to relate to within the pages.

Perhaps even more impressive, though, is that Williams delights in depicting the rampant nihilism and naivete of youth without resorting to sappy, jingoistic cutesiness. The Bad Boys have no redeeming values or morals to teach, other than ruthlessness and exuberance.

Williams has a very distinctive cartooning style that works well with this material. The bug-eyed, grin-

\$1.75 CAN



ning Bad Boys look maniacal whether setting Fatty on fire or pushing Peggy down an abandoned mine shaft.

Perhaps the only thing negative that can be said about COMPLETELY BAD BOYS is that Williams' attempts to tone down the Bad Boys for newspaper syndication are included. While these strips are not without merit, they lack the bite and viciousness of the best material.

Oregonian Williams is one of the lesser known comics talents of the Pacific Northwest, having previously been seen in collections like BUMMER. Hopefully, Fantagraphics will follow up COMPLETELY BAD BOYS with more Williams material. Williams deserves to find a wider audience.

No, it ain't redeeming or deep. But it is fun, and that's what comics should be. (B&W, \$2.50)

—Scott Vice

## DIRTY PLOTTE

by Julie Doucet

Drawn & Quarterly Publications

I know how much you like women who talk about their crotches. So go pick up Madonna's SEX book, you pathetic fool. If you want true entertainment from a crazed cartoonist who receives

such letters as, "I wish the series would stick her lips together like glue, then I'd be free," you need to pick up Julie Doucet's newest DIRTY PLOTTE issues (along with all four back issues).

Julie's sense of humor, as well as her scraggly-looking characters, are all part of a world of strange sexual fantasies and frustration. But, not only does she play with sexual illusions in her short 3-page stories, but she also presents the bizarre antics of the real world in a beautiful feminine sense.

In one story she takes a "glimpse on my new solitary life in the desert." She would make her own beer and grow some coffee. "I would have a bike," she says, "and I would masturbate on it with the vibration of its motor." What more could you ask for in a comic? Do take a look. Every page is filled with fun. (B&W, \$2.25)

—Carrie Ha

## ALL-TIME GREATEST COLLECTOR'S ITEM CLASSIC COMICS #1

by Nina Paley

Dark Horse Comics

So the drawings are a little on the cute side. This comic does have potential. Her characters, when angry, look just like Petter Bagge's (Hate) characters: all teeth and bloodshot eyes.

But, Nina does write of her frustrations with cartooning. One editor says she's too negative. Another says her work is too cute and must be more negative. My favorite story was when she needed to draw something for an underground comic. She draws a scrawly, bitchy-looking woman, menstruating and repeating a script that states, "Ahem, I've slept with thousands of men and I hate them all." (a close up on a vulva.) The director yells, "Yeah! Female rage! You tell 'em' babe!" The whole scene was so perfect of what's expected of a female cartoonist, especially in the underground.

The rest of the comic is a little bland, but fun to read nonetheless. (B&W, \$2.25)

—Carrie Ha



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with locals

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**ICEBURN  
LUMBERJACK**

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**BOB EVANS** (SKENE)

with locals to  
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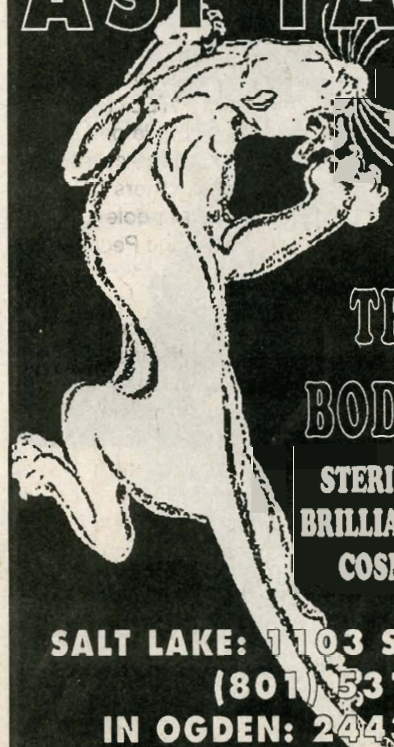


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# BOOK REVIEWS...

## ZHUANGZI SPEAKS:

### The Music of Nature

by Tsai Chih Chung

(translation by Brian Bruya)

Princeton Paperbacks

## THE TE OF PIGLET

by Benjamin Hoff

Dutton/Penguin Books

Two delightful books on the simplicity and perfection of Tao are now available: ZHUANGZI SPEAKS: The Music of Nature and THE TE OF PIGLET.

The first is a retelling of the

teachings of early Tao master Zhuang Zhou, remarkably rendered by Taiwanese cartoonist Tsai Chih Chung.

Rather than dry text, though, the cartoonist chooses to depict the narrative through Zhuangzi (or Master Zhuang)'s simple tales. Populated by trees, animals, and historical Chinese figures, these fables point out the folly in typical human behavior.

Through these illustrations, Zhuangzi's maxims are revealed and delineated. The underlying philosophy of Tao is expounded. Zhuang Zhou's unique form of Tao belief is summed up by the second part of the title: "The Music of Nature". To Zhuang Zhou, much of the suffering in life came from living out of balance

with natural forces. Quoting the text: "The philosophy of Zhuangzi is a philosophy of freedom. It is a philosophy that takes life and hurls it into the limitlessness of time and space in order to be experienced to the fullest."

Illustrator (and presenter) Tsai Chih Chung has done a marvelous job with ZHUANGZI SPEAKS. His style is similar to that of cartoonist Sergio Aragones, and it fits the material well. Moreover, the use of the comic strip format allows the philosophy to be depicted simply and effectively. The tiny figure of Zhuangzi converses with kings, Master Kongzi (Confucius), trees, and animals. The manner of presentation is never heavy-handed, in keeping with the nature of Tao, and that allows the messages to be transmitted without bias. Ultimately, it is up to the reader to determine the value and wisdom of what is being stated. And frankly, it makes sense. Being one with the forces of nature, rather than working against them, seems more productive and honorable.

The material is so marvelously laid-out that one wishes the book were longer. After 125 pages, one feels the reading is over too quickly. It's not a testament to the lack of content, though, but the wish that the enjoyment could go on and on.

Unfortunately, there is a lengthy textual afterword by University of Michigan Professor Donald J. Munro. While the background and history of Taoism that Munro writes about is interesting, it lacks flavor, especially when compared to the book's text, and is therefore superfluous and dry. Found elsewhere, Munro's efforts would probably be of note, but within this book, it merely pales by comparison.

Princeton University Press should be lauded for its efforts in bringing readers ZHUANGZI SPEAKS: The Music of Nature. At \$9.95 for about 150 pages, this book is a real bargain and can be read by anybody from child to adult.

Likewise, THE TE OF PIGLET illustrates tenets of Taoism through popular vehicle.

In this case, author Benjamin Hoff seeks to provide insight into the Taoist doctrine of Te (or the virtue of Tao as represented by a

living creature or object). In this case, Hoff has chosen Piglet.

No, THE TE OF PIGLET is not a sequel to Hoff's deservedly popular THE TAO OF POOH; it is a companion volume. While Piglet may be Tao in his simplicity, Piglet manifests Te.

Hoff has chosen A.A. Milne's wonderful characters to illuminate Taoist beliefs, and one can hardly think of better examples.

Piglet, of all of Milne's characters, is a perfect representation for the typical human. After all, he is merely a "Very Small Animal" nearly powerless and seemingly puny against the mighty forces of life and death. But while Piglet may be terrified, he is never entirely hopeless. He learns from his mistakes and keeps on going.

Hoff uses other Milne's characters to display the pitfalls of certain human behaviors. The downcast fatalist is embodied in Eeyore, for whom nothing ever goes right. Exuberance, restlessness, and immaturity are also seen in Tigger.

But Piglet is the focus here. Hoff uses Milne's stories to show how through bravery Piglet overcomes his obstacles, just as humans might do, if they can remember the Tao.

And rather than just draw the writings of one Taoist philosopher, Hoff mingles the philosophies of Zhuang Zhou (or Chuang Tse to Hoff), Lao Tse, and the Yellow Emperor, filtered through modern-day sensibilities.

Thus, Hoff discusses just what solutions Tao has to offer to problems like education, inhumanity, ecological concerns, etc. But the material is never stodgy nor is it dull or heavy-handed. Like the Tao, it is exceedingly simple and attainable with effort.

Yes, THE TE OF PIGLET is rather expensive at \$16.00 (the hardback. The softcover edition is not yet available.), yet it is money well-spent. Like ZHUANGZI SPEAKS, THE TE OF PIGLET seemingly ends too soon if the reader wishes the experience would go on and on. Whether a pleasant diversion or as a tool for insight into human nature, this book deserves to be read and cherished. Do yourself a favor and buy a copy. You won't be sorry.

— Scott V...

SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES....



# STEEL GLASS SHADOW

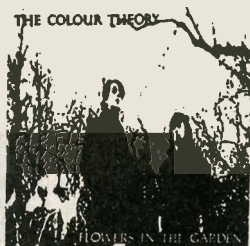
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# INTERVIEW...

# BREEDERS



In 1989, Dayton Ohio twin sisters, Kim (Pixies) Deal and Kelley Deal, mulled over the idea of a "real" female rock band. The "Bangles from Hell" ...and thus THE BREEDERS were bred.

The Breeders' current incarnation includes Kim and Kelley on vocals and guitar, Josephine Wiggs (Perfect Disaster) on bass and Jim McPherson (Raging Mantras) on drums. As a prelude to the group's Halloween appearance at Club DV8, the quartet graciously agreed to a telephone interview. The 30 minutes that followed involved Taco Bell, Sam Raimis' "Evil Dead" movies and the following excerpts!

**SLUG:** To start with...  
**Kelley:** Salt Lake? Do they even have rock shows in Salt Lake? (Kim overheard in the background "Fuck No!")  
**SLUG:** Now, Now. I guess in retort I should ask you if women can rock?  
**Kelley:** Can women rock?  
**Kim:** Fuck no!  
**Kelley:** Seriously, we wanted to show that females absolutely can rock. That there's more to women rock stars than either metal or adorable pop.  
**Jim:** I agree absolutely. I can't see a difference between the way these ladies rock and the way my bandmates (in Raging Mantras) rocked. Well, actually the ladies might rock a bit harder.  
**SLUG:** I know Josephine and Kim

have other bands. Does that make The Breeders one of those dreaded side projects?

**Kelley:** Actually, we've been together for a year, and neither Kim's or Josephine's other bands have done anything together for a while. I guess that makes them the side projects.

**Kim:** I wanted to keep talking about rocking out. I've been perfecting my guitar moves, but, there's one thing I can't do. And that's wiggle around like I'm getting off. My best move is putting my foot up on the monitor

**Kelley:** As I was saying, we're going to record another album soon. In fact, we're performing a lot of new material.

**SLUG:** One of the things I've really liked about the band is it's no-frills approach. Is that deliberate?

**Kelley:** I'd say so. I've been thinking a lot about the guitar work on (Nirvana's) *Nevermind*, and I like it, but, it bothers me.

**SLUG:** How so?

**Kelley:** Well, like "Smells Like Teen Spirits" would take 3 more guitars if they do it live. We've opened up for them and the stuff I really like is the honest stuff.

**Jim:** I think that's one of the things that makes the band so interesting. We all have different tastes in music. Like, I like King Crimson and Ministry. And our music reflects our inner anxieties.

**Kelley:** Inner anxieties? I can't be-

lieve you said that.

**Kim:** We do have a lot in common though. We all have green eyes. We all think "Evil Dead II" is a great movie and we all like Taco Bell.

**Josephine:** Not me. I'm actually getting tired of it. But, I'm usually out-voted when we go out to eat.

**SLUG:** Josephine, you're English. How did you get hooked up with these yankees?

**Josephine:** I met Kim in 1988, when my band opened for The Pixies. A year later I met her again

in a bar in Germany and she had this project she was working on. The rest is history.

**SLUG:** Last question. Kelley, Kim, how can we tell who's whom?

**Kelley:** I have better moves.  
 —Chris Robin

## DISCOGRAPHY

**POD** - Released in 1990 on Rough Trade/4AD and re-released in 1992 4AD/Elektra  
**SAFARI** - EP, Released 1992 4AD/Elektra

# CONCERT REVIEWS...



many have. But, now the trend seems to be supporting your scene and ignoring worthy others.

New York's LETCH PATROL, probably the best unsigned hardcore band Salt Lake has seen since MALIGNOUS YOUTH, was the latest to get the non-royal treatment. Added on to a 3-way local bill, Letch Patrol played for just about a dozen patrons who were smart enough to linger after Salt Lake's 3-piece ICEBURN.

Sorry, you little shits, but you missed out. Letch Patrol's all-too-brief and all-too-unattended set featured ragin', galloping hardcore done in the NYC hardcore style; fast, furious, and funny. The mean-spirited (but well-intended) "Louie, Louise" typified Letch Patrol's attributes—chicken's bright guitar shards, John Harris's brilliant vocals and the tightest rhythm section this side of Helmet.

## CRASH WORSHIP SKOZEY FETISH

Club Starrz - October 1

With as much talk that preceded the show, I knew I was in for a treat. I was told tales of fire, tribal dances, body paints and people taking their clothing off. Needless to say, I was excited.

I actually thought SKOZEY FETISH did quite poorly. Period.

CRASH WORSHIP is about the closest thing you can see that reminds you of hell. They entered the building with several beasts of burden, pounding a very heavy beat that didn't end the entire night. Water seemed to be the centerpiece around which the group organized their sound. I don't think any one person left without the feeling that their primitive occult instincts had not been sickened to a deep dark grave.

I'd also like to thank the fire-blower. Good show!

— RMD

## ANGER OVERLOAD SKOZEY FETISH

ICEBURN

LETCR PATROL

Clubb Starrz - October 2

Shame on you Salt Lake! For years many of us have asked Utahn's (and Salt Lakers?) to support their scene, and to be fair,



Better still, "I Am The King" (dedicated to the L.A. riots) showed off a burgeois political conceived dide, while a colored cover of Priest's "Breakin' The Law" showed they're not getting too serious.

To be fair to ICEBURN, they are talented. But, their spoiled-shit fans ruined a perfect evening. Besides, though Gentry's vocals showed considerable improvement, Iceburn's longer, experimental side leaves me hangin for their uptempo punk days. Is it a crime to be a punk band these days?

As for openers SKOZEY FETISH and ANGER OVERLOAD, unfortunately I missed both

due to scheduling. I look forward to seeing Brad Barker's newest musical venture soon though.

—Chris Robin



## GNOME / ZIPGUN

Bar & Grill - October 15

It has been a long time since a band has just knocked me on my ass. In fact it would have to have been October of 88 when I saw The Fluid play at The Word. Zipgun did just that. Another one of Empty Record's fine bands. The only thing I can compare them too is The Fluid played at 45, just as powerful and almost as loud.

The night was a great line-up with Gnome up next. Except to be honest, Gnome should have played first. They are a killer band that sort of reminds me of early Soul Asylum but they didn't have quite the kick that Zipgun had so their hard melodic set of great songs came off very anticlimatic. They played here once before with Neurosis and they will probably be back and you ought to check them out.

—Less Nessman

## MONKS OF DOOM COMMONPLACE

Spanky's Cinema Bar

October 16th

These wacky cats get me off; the second time around for ingredients of Camper Van Beethoven—MONKS OF DOOM. This crew is definitely worth seeing a time or two (weekly).

Friday night, the 16th, MONKS

loaded a couple of hours at Spanky's Cinema Bar with copious rockadelic rhythms and rough textured tunes. And what better time to see these guys than October; the month of spiders, bats and skeletons? What's the connection? I don't know, but there is one.

I'm impressed by the way Davi Immergluck and Greg Lisher have vest unpredictable harmonies and twisting changes out of their strings — producing dense auditory pleasure. I think these crazy cards are underrated. Although I like them, it is, however, still weird for me to get used to Victor Krummenacher's vocals. These farmers plow through medleys of spacy sounds, plant a little percussion, and reap hauntingly mossy melodies. I think that they write songs and then play them backwards (just kidding).

MONKS tunes create a spectrum of moods and sensations. Full flavored fun! It's great to watch drummer Chris Pedersen dis-



tangle himself from one of the more rolling ditties, too.

While walking home from Spanky's, I discovered that after experiencing MONKS, I was drenched in the Halloween spirit and bought some penny candy. Another great journey of sound, a dose of brain fertilizer.

—Sterlin

Ed. Note: Those who caught COMMONPLACE's set-up-quick-and-get-off-the-stage-fast set saw Commonplace play one of the best sets to date. Commonplace is a band that plays very rarely, seeing them play in a club to a small crowd was unique. This is a local band that should be checked out by everyone.



kind of great rock-n-roll Dischord has been dishing out lately. They have the appearance of deep sea fishermen; I guess you'd call them longshoremen. If you missed them this time, you'd better pray to Mecca that they come back. They put on a totally killer show.

—RMD

doesn't wield a more powerful pitchfork. Speedy guitars and enough razmanazz to get your head banging. My favorites of the evening were "Poor," "Saddletramp," and of course the Madonna cover "Burning Up." I just didn't get enough.

—Chopper

**SUPERSUCKERS  
CRACKERBASH**

**Bar & Grill - October 22**

Coming all the way from Portland Oregon, Crackerbash heated up the evening with fast, furious punk rock. I don't know if they had any ulterior motives by starting so late but everyone was pretty beered up for a really good time. They have a record out on Empty Records that I strongly suggest buying. I put it right up their with Johnny Horton and Ziggun.

Cokeaddicts and truckers unite, you have finally found your niche in the universe. Supersuckers gets me hotter than my grandma's poodle. There is nothing pretty about this band, even Satan

**BAD YODELERS  
RATCHET**

**Club Starrz - October 23**

Everytime I see Ratchet, I like them more and more. Julie has a great voice and she is backed by a great band. If you haven't checked them out because of their supposed "straight edge" aspect, fuck a dead cat or something, because you really are missing out on something great. Yes, they do have a prominent Iceburn type of a style but, I like them even better. The vocal style is astounding and can even sound playful. Near the end of their set, Julie sang, alore, no band, just improvising. She made up some of the greatest stuff as she went along. Two thumbs up.



Bad Yodelers come across as the local superstars...and why not. They rock hard. Terrance's harmonic vocals and stage presence are incredible. The crowd got moving quick. With the no stage diving law in effect, kids found other ways to catch air. They had a lot of equipment problems, but it was still fun.

—Chopper

**Photos: Robert DeBerry**

**LUNGFISH / RATCHET  
Club Starrz - October 16**

Salt Lake definitely has its own sound, especially in the hardcore genre. RATCHET is a very good example. They are similar to Iceburn in a lot of ways, and just as killer.

LUNGFISH made a return visit to our pretentious city. If you haven't heard them, they are the

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# POLITICS...

Now with a new presidential agenda for four more years to focus on, one growing concern with many Americans is national health care. It is apparent that costs are very high, resulting in a situation where not everyone is allowed to participate in these services simply because they don't have enough money. As usual in this growing economic mayhem called America, there are hidden orders of big businesses who control this industry, and their motives are big money, not health care. To cut costs in this area is a very complex operation. Or is it?

Large insurance firms (or industrial carriers) are the leading targets for cuts. Obviously, these programs are designed to create large profits and can control their market to guarantee these results. You, as a citizen, must be able to pay a lot to play. This is one area where adjustments can be made. As it is now, large corporations can work deals between these insurance firms and employees because the risks are low for the insurance company with guaranteed payments coming straight out of assured paychecks. But if you leave that job, your insurance will not go with you, and suddenly you're just like most low income, part time, or unemployed workers and have no medical assistance. These programs need to be radically altered to meet the needs of all people rather than keeping the wealthy healthy. Supposedly, investigations and research are going into this but most likely by people who already have very good insurance plans.

Now let's look at another area where hidden costs have gone right through the roof and must be noticed and changed. Once again, big business designed to make big profits come into play against the average person. This takes place inside the actual hospital. These giant medical hotels are indeed an elaborate operation and cost a pretty penny to build and run. However, much of this money is provided by government aid and private citizens who donate huge amounts of money to help out. These folks may even get an area, or perhaps the entire building, named after them for their assistance. No problem there. Going forward into the puzzle, we notice that most hospitals are licensed as non-profit organizations, which leaves one to feel

that these modern day miracles are simply very expensive and there's nothing you can do about it. However, taking a closer look inside reveals some very interesting details on how big business has crept right into a non-profit situation and turned large profits.

You see, almost every last object inside the hospital is rented from outside private businesses. Large equipment, small equipment, tools, linen, doctors, pharmacy, blood lab, etc. . . . broken down into smaller private groups which are entirely profit motivated. They are prepared to meet the demands for their services in a low competitive situation and can fix their own prices.

For example, let's follow a person into Cottonwood hospital for a little back surgery. Now of course, operations and time spent will vary according to a person's needs, but this is an example of a typical procedure. Beginning with the blood lab, our friend, we will call Joe, was charged \$50 per draw. With several draws and analysis, Joe worked up a \$230 blood lab charge. Next, it's into the operating room. Charged per minute for IV is \$7, at 145 minutes, that's \$1015. The average operation could take from 40 to 200 minutes or more. Then add \$550 for the surgeon, \$70 for the suture, \$13 for the monitor, \$30 for the electric blanket, \$96 for use of a Hemovac, \$2700 for use of a spinal fixation device, \$225 worth of O.R. drugs and an outpatient service charge of \$80.

Then into the recovery room at \$2.45 per minute to lay there and sleep. Joe was in for an hour, totaling \$147 plus another \$72.50 for recovery room drugs. Total so far, around \$5000. Now, off to your private room for more sleep. Much of the same here, rented equipment and services. Heating pad \$40 per day, PCA pump \$42.50 per use, drugs ranging from \$1.80 to \$5.45 per pill or tablet, shots (morphine and dexamethasone usually) from \$9 to \$30 per shot. (So one shot driven by the PCA pump could be \$72.) One throat lozenge, \$1.80, one lid full of milk of magnesia, \$1.80. Total pharmacy: \$880 for 6 days of drugs. The pharmaceutical companies regularly price hike their drugs, but that is another story. Also a cheap nylon back brace using a hot muddle, yes, just like the one mom makes pancakes with, was \$95 per

day. An electric ice pad was \$42.50 per day.

This 6 day stay in a private recovery room was an adventure in bare walls, a very tiny bathroom, a dying old lady next to you, a window you can't see out of because you're sedated in bed and, oh gosh, a t.v. all for the tiny fee of \$180 per day. Nurses are also part of your stay and they cost \$9.45 every time they walk through your door with a minimum of 24 visits per day, so that's a minimum of \$226 a day for nurses. Also little fees such as \$30 for a nurse to wheel you down the hall for 10 minutes and back to your room. Patient education and training, which takes about 20 minutes, at a fee of \$85. And finally, about \$200 in mental and physical therapy exercises, consisting of wiggling your toes and a doctor watching you trying to stand up. Finally, our patient could go home for the rest of his recovery.

Now at this point, Joe has accumulated \$11,000 in jacked up costs. Someone has made a fine profit and it was not the hospital. How and why do we allow these outside private businesses to enter life and death environments with the ability to outrageously control these prices? In talking about cutting health care costs these hidden powers should become definite targets. Their partnerships with other big profit businesses becomes pathetically obvious at the bottom of the patient statement where in bold type it reads "we expect payment in full from your industrial carrier within 35 days from billing. If we have not received payment from your industrial carrier in 50 days we will look to you for payment in full. We are a non-profit organization."

Lucky for Joe, there was coverage due to the accident being work related. However, not everyone is so fortunate, but anyone could wind up in this situation. How can we pick and choose who gets help by their financial status? Money does not make anyone more important than anyone else. Joe could not go back to his previous work due to the injury and was of course dropped by the insurance firm. Can we cut health care costs and provide a program for all of the nation?

Yes.

— Dwayne

Upcoming — Pharmaceutical Companies and Worker's Compensation

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<b>8</b> THE FLAMING LIPS MOUTHREATHER	<b>10</b> THE FRANKS	<b>11</b> PROBABLE CAUSE	<b>12</b> A.U.	<b>13</b> THE OBVIOUS 100 CROWNS	<b>14</b> HOUSE OF CARDS
<b>15</b> ACOUSTIC MUSIC	<b>17</b> STOMPBOX PRODIGAL OF SMILES	<b>18</b> NATIVES OF OBSCURITY	<b>19</b> GNAWING SUSPICION SMELL MAGNOLIAS	<b>20</b> MEMBERS FREE DEAD KATS	<b>21</b> The Paladino DEAD KATS
<b>22</b> ACOUSTIC MUSIC	<b>24</b> THE OBVIOUS	<b>25</b> GAMMA RAYS	<b>26</b> CLOSED FOR THANKSGIVING	<b>27</b> LADIES FREE GAMMA RAYS	<b>28</b>



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**D.O.A.**  
DEC 10TH  
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## BUMPER STICKER OF THE MONTH!

"FRIENDS DON'T LET  
FRIENDS VOTE  
REPUBLICAN"

### GRATEFUL DEAD STICKERS

- INCENSE
- JEWELRY
- BUTTONS
- BODY OILS
- INCLUDING...

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FRANKINCENSE · ROSE  
GAIA MUSK · RAIN FOREST  
BLACK OPIUM · OCEAN

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"WE BELONG TO THE EARTH  
THE EARTH DOES NOT  
BELONG TO US"

TEE SHIRTS & BUMPERSTICKERS

BEADSPREADS FROM INDIA

BEADED DOORWAY CURTAINS

EXTENDED CHRISTMAS

SHOPPING HOURS

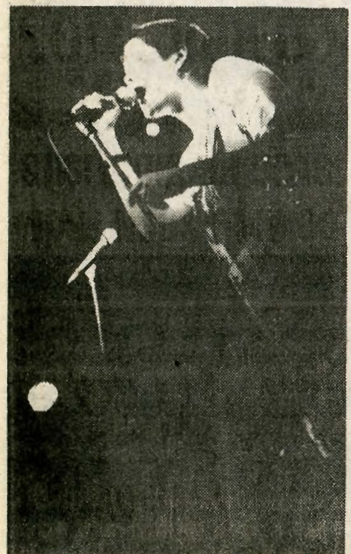
M-F 10-9, SAT 10-8, SUN 1-5

# COVER STORY... MOUTHBREATHER

Instead of the usual cover story rhetoric on a local band that was either written by the friend of a band or a last minute slap up we decided to do things differently this month. We gave Eli of Mouthbreather a list of topics and told he and the band to respond on each the best they could.

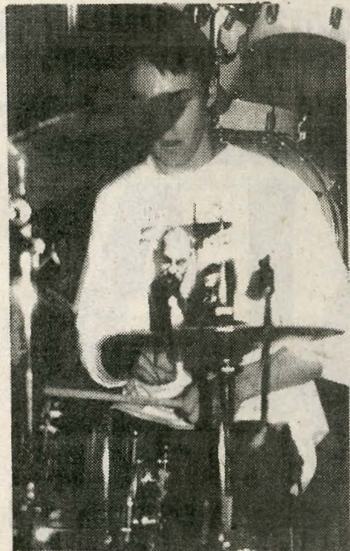
**THE BAND** The band consists of Amber-vocals, Grant-Bass, Charlie-Drums, Eli-guitar. We are all 20ish and have been playing out since September. I'm not going to do some stupid thing like describe it-come out and see it! Our influences are very diverse and they are not only music. What comes out can only come from what's inside, and what's inside life. That is what our music is about. We usually pass out lyric sheets at shows because it is often difficult to hear the words, so, if people want to know what we're saying, we'll tell them. Four people, just like you, plus a lot of electricity. (Oh yeah, where's all the girl groups anyhow?)

**SALT LAKE** Salt Lake City is a real cool place and all of those who waste time bitching about it have obviously never lived anywhere else. First off, the music scene is great. There are all age shows, as well as get-drunk shows, and the door prices are almost always fair. You can walk up to somebody you know without feeling like they are going to bust your head. Overall, there is almost no fighting and shit like that. (Yeah, we were at ChumbaWumba, that sucked). There are also tons of great bands. Take advantage!



Another thing that Salt Lake has going for it is the convenience and opportunities of a city, but the feeling of a town. A winning combination for sure. Lots of hot ladies at bus stops, too.

**POLITICS** I guess in a way everything is political. The thing we have a hard time with is the politicians. I think most people agree that Bush has to go. (And he should take his dishrag wife and her dog that she writes books about with her) I'm sure we'll find out later about all the secret scary shit that's gone on with the Republican Administration. Second: Clinton/Gore. It seems like Clinton's main strategy is to lead us all to believe we are experiencing Armageddon. However, if he really can help poor people and spread it more even, that's great. The Gore family is the problem in the picture. Maybe you're aware that his wife Tipper



(who has an affair going with Ozzy) is the one responsible for all those ugly little black and white parental advisories that they put on our records. Good way for parents to censor music with their kids...fantastic. Third...Perot. Grant and Amber say that Perot is a total homophobe and he wants to raid minority neighborhoods on the assumption of finding drugs. It seems like nobody really knows what this guy is about. We've seen his TV shows and all that, but the only way to know is to put him in there and give it a whirl (which is a bit risky and probably not a great idea). When was the last time we had a president with a french sounding name? What if we the people said to

hell with the four percent that have most of the money, eliminated them, and then we could all have cash for food, doctors, whatever? So how about it?

**TELEVISION** Of course the big deal on TV right now is the return of Star Trek, the Next Generation on weeknights, 11:05. Plus, Sunday, there's two old Star Treks. Grant and Amber don't have a TV because they have a child instead. Something you notice when you watch TV is all the advertising. The trick to it is that what they say



is only about one-tenth of the actual message. Don't get programmed by your programming. Also, some of the static channels can be cool. Some people say there's secret alien brainwashing in the static, but I don't believe it.

**SEX** Sex...be safe, have fun, experimental. There is not enough room in your brain to have good sex and have guilt about it. Masturbate, string 'em up and oil 'em down. Do the things you always wanted to try, but were afraid to. Be free, encourage wild abandon. And most of all, don't forget to have a sense of humor.

**DRUGS** Drugs have a heavy price that is not just the money. It is a personal issue which we aren't going to talk about.

**VIOLENCE** The band has taken a lot of flack for overemphasis on violence. We are non-violent people, except for Charlie who gets in a tiff now and again. It seems that violent ideas and feelings are best expressed through catharsis which means that you experience through others experiences. That is why we sing songs about murderers and things. If you have the feelings, try movies (Scanners, Henry, Silence of the Lambs, etc.) books



(Crash-J.G. Ballard, American Psych-Brett Easton Ellis, Clive Barker in general) or even collector cards (40 class A murderers, Rigomorpress should be available at Raunch Records) Isn't strange how darkness is so enticing?

**FUTURE** Who knows? There is a trick to it though. Consciousness creates form, right? Visualize the things you want and bring it together through will. You know, magic! Some possibilities for the future could be:

- 1: Increased separation between the government and the people. Governmental crackdowns on your rights, for the good of the machine, can't catch me!
- 2: Service/convenience oriented economy where nobody knows what they're doing or why they're doing it.
- 3: Alternative music will continue to grow. We called it punk, then hardcore, then etc, etc, either way, alternative music has never been stronger. Shit, Nirvana made #1 nationally playing punk rock. And they are only an average sort of group anyway.
- 4: Fun times, chaos, pleasure, fire, wine & dancing, Dionysus returns.

The future of the band is a commercial release, maybe some touring stuff, and of course a continuation of local shows. We hope to have some T-shirts and stuff soon, if anybody wants one. The band will continue to grow and change, so don't get pissed if it's not the same Mouthbreather you saw last month. We have appreciated everybody's support and we hope you'll come with us in the future.

Don't miss Mouthbreather this month at The Bar & Grill where they will be opening up for the Flaming Lips, Sunday, November 8th. They are one of the more interesting bands in town and so check them out and see for yourself.



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