

MUSIC • ART • POLITICS

# SLUG

FEBRUARY 1993 • ISSUE #50

FREE

IT'S OUR  
**50TH**  
ISSUE

PHOTOS: ROBERT DEBERRY

## STONEFACE

WORLD ACCORDING TO CLARK  
STIMBOY • MORMON UPDATE  
CALENDARS • MOVIES • COMICS

SPECIAL 4-PAGE PHOTO COLLECTION  
A LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN TOWN



# SLUG

FEBRUARY 93  
ISSUE #50

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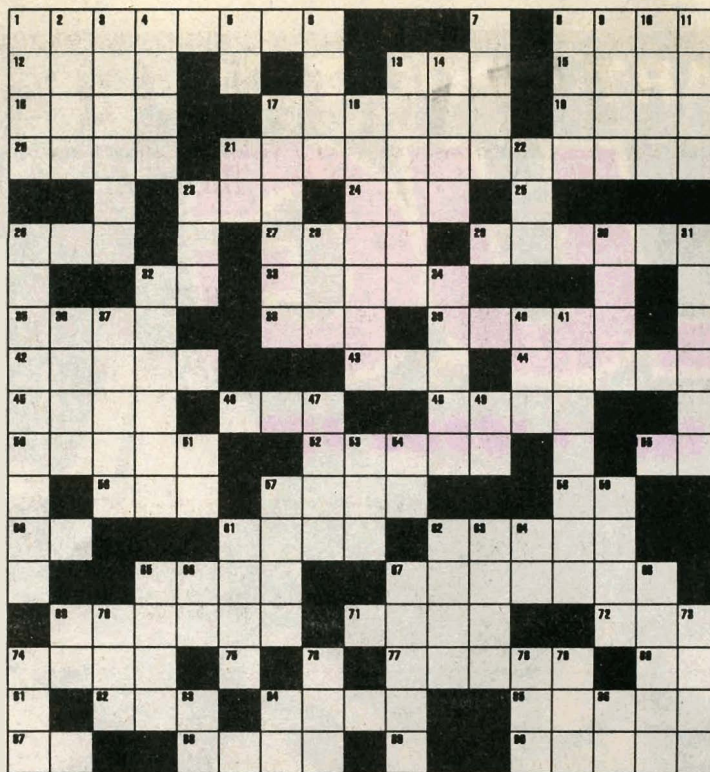
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## Crossword By

Brittany &amp; Whitney Workman

## ACROSS

1. Pseudo-violent dance style that appeals to sexually repressed 16-year-olds trying to be "punk"
7. Usually comes before "E," always before "Claudius"
8. Palace to be demolished within the year
12. Someone you might meet at a pub in "Old Soho"
13. Theatre on U of U campus that shows extravagant musicals to extravagant, usually geriatric, or yuppie patrons seeking or maintaining social status.
15. Country where racist presidential candidate Bo Gritz got a higher percentage of the vote than in any other (shares name with a pretty, great state)
16. "\_\_\_\_\_ you ain't got no alibi"
17. Brand of electronic keyboard (plural)
19. Jolt \_\_\_\_\_
20. \_\_\_\_\_ Zoo
21. '80's style performance artist who migrates to and from San Francisco
23. \_\_\_\_\_ Rand. The E.T. Benson of Libertarianism
24. Executrix of the Lennon estate
25. Me, myself, and \_\_\_\_\_
26. "\_\_\_\_\_ it, don't spray it"
27. Xenophobic scene-wrecker with I.Q. of about 80
29. Recently relocated alternative record store
32. Large, Mormon-owned thrift store (Abbreviated)
33. They wear suits. They think they're in charge
35. \_\_\_\_\_ Boutique
38. Nickname of movie actor who plays enraged Vietnam vet, thought he actually left the country to avoid the draft.
39. Band that asks if they're owed a

living

42. Paired with "Dinosaur" or "Skin &"
43. "Now you \_\_\_\_\_, now you don't"
44. "\_\_\_\_\_ warmed over"
45. Succeeded well (in tennis. testing, or killing)
46. "\_\_\_\_\_ ands, or butts"
48. Nothing (Spanish) married to Bill
50. Often the only movie theatre worth going to.
52. \_\_\_\_\_ Nine.
55. \_\_\_\_\_ Cummings, lower-case poet
56. Red, black, or dead
57. F-dude's Favorite brand of beer
58. \_\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_\_ Test (provides taker with 50/50)
60. Brand of clothing popular in early-to-mid '80s for surfing, scenes & terry cloth
61. Obscure candy and even more obscure comic book (okay, it rhymes with "cots")
62. Odor, stink, or stench
65. More polite, Utah word for #65 down
67. Preferred form of facial hair in Seattle scene.
69. \_\_\_\_\_ & Postures
71. Place to show new haircut or paganism
72. "Oohs and \_\_\_\_\_"
74. Record-censoring organization headed by Tipper Gore.
75. Half of the abbreviation for Gestapo
76. Other half of the abbreviation for Gestapo
77. Someone who can't figure out this crossword puzzle and has to look at the answers
80. 12-step organization forum for drinkers one-downsmanship
81. "\_\_\_\_\_ scream, you scream, we all scream for icecream"
82. Spunky music style experiencing prolonged revival in Provo
84. "Grist for the \_\_\_\_\_"
85. Amway, Herbalife, the "rebel image," etc.

87. A real riot to live in

88. Publisher of Zion Dispatcher

89. "\_\_\_\_\_m not your steppin' stone"

90. In movies Reagan does this to monkeys

## DOWN

1. It's in your hand
2. Cute way of writing product or company name
3. Not the least bit wet (2 words)
4. Between Aprils and Junes
5. Witty grade school response to "shhhhh..."
6. Lords of gore-rock (but no relation to Al, Tipper, or #74 across)
7. "\_\_\_\_\_ beautiful day in the neighborhood"
8. What "Classic Rock" does
9. Small item split regularly 300 miles upwind
10. "\_\_\_\_\_ Land"
11. "Smarter \_\_\_\_\_ your average bear"
13. Basket favored by bear referred to in #11 down
14. \_\_\_\_\_ Nixon (not a Don Henly fan)
17. Bigger film festival than the one in Park City
18. Henchmen and Henchwomen of #21 across
21. "Get \_\_\_\_\_ goat"
22. American terrorist organization
23. Tattoo shop
26. Yearly benefit concert
28. Challenges detractors to "get in the ring" then chickens out (Rose)
30. Shoots billions of dollars into space while people starve elsewhere
31. Small laughing sound
32. Mayor or rapping Ramone
34. Gets griped about and defended in SLUG letter column
36. "\_\_\_\_\_ weed" (Marijuana)
37. Daily Chronicle feebly attempts to report it (2 words)
40. "\_\_\_\_\_ it up"
41. Mythic realm, home of Sub Pop
47. Jack \_\_\_\_\_ (F-dude's friend)
49. "Lizzie Borden took an \_\_\_\_\_"
51. Egyptian sun-god (invoked 3 times at football games)
53. Double-\_\_\_\_\_ bitch
54. \_\_\_\_\_ Elliot
57. T.V. '50's word for "dads"
59. Bassist for Red Hot Chili Peppers
61. You get more of them if you work in fast food
62. Not in a duo or trio
63. Prefix for bad or evil (plural)
64. "\_\_\_\_\_ phone home"
65. This word is a must in "Dear Dickheads"
66. Short for "lane"
67. Brothers who planned crimes at Salt Lake Roasting Company
68. Uncle \_\_\_\_\_ (former member of #52 across)
69. Only car manufacturer on the planet to use live animals in crash tests
70. Railroads (abbreviation)
73. "Don't \_\_\_\_\_ back"
74. Johnny Rotten's current group
76. Twisted \_\_\_\_\_ (abbreviation)
78. Up-the-butt "philosophy" invented by Werner Orhardt
79. Record company with dog in logo
83. We just didn't feel like making a clue for this one, so the answer is "AL"
84. \_\_\_\_\_ Mister
86. "I \_\_\_\_\_, I said" —Neil Diamond

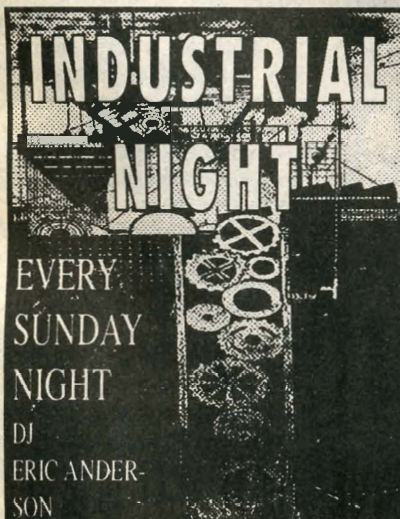
Answers On Page 9



# LIVE - ALL AGE - FEBRUARY

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
<b>COMING FRIDAY THE 12TH</b> 			<b>3</b> <b>CHIPMUNKS GO PUNK</b>	<b>4</b> <b>KNEE DEEP</b> and <b>SECLUSION</b>	<b>5</b> <b>TOMMY KNOCKERS</b> AND <b>RUST</b>	<b>6</b> <b>100 CROWNS</b> POP, SEX & VIOLENCE <b>SECLUSION</b>
<b>7</b> <b>INDUSTRIAL NIGHT</b> WITH DJ ERIC ANDERSON	<b>8</b> <b>THRU THE BLUE</b> and <b>The Spoilers</b>	<b>9</b> <b>BLUE WEDNESDAY</b> and <b>THE HINGE</b>	<b>10</b> <b>UNDERGRUNGE</b> and <b>GIFT WRAPPED PERVERT</b>	<b>11</b> <b>PIGPEN</b> <b>FIVE-NINE</b> <b>MAKESHIFT</b>	<b>12</b> <b>WATERFRONT</b> <b>ANIMATION</b>	<b>13</b> <b>SWIM</b> <b>HERSCHEL</b> <b>SWIM</b> <b>BOHEMIA</b> <b>LUMBERJACK</b>
<b>14</b> <b>ICEBURN</b> RAIN LIKE THE SOUND OF TRAINS <b>4053</b>	<b>15</b> <b>INDUSTRIAL NIGHT</b> WITH DJ ERIC ANDERSON	<b>16</b> TBA	<b>17</b> TBA	<b>18</b> <b>SHANGRILA</b>	<b>19</b> <i>Ford Prefect</i> <b>FIDDLEHEADS</b> POP, SEX & VIOLENCE	<b>20</b> <b>LUMBERJACK</b> <b>GIFT WRAPPED</b> <b>PERVERT</b> <b>PHORHEAD</b>
<b>21</b> <b>INDUSTRIAL NIGHT</b> WITH DJ ERIC ANDERSON	<b>22</b> <b>PIGPEN</b> guests tba	<b>23</b> TBA	<b>24</b> <b>PLUG</b> and <b>ABSTRAK</b>	<b>25</b> <b>NO EXIT</b> and <b>KAOTIC</b> <b>CONORTION</b>	<b>26</b> <b>ONE EYE</b> and <b>NURSE SHERRY</b>	<b>27</b> <b>SICK OF IT ALL</b> <b>BIOHAZARD</b> <b>FEAR FACTORY</b>
<b>28</b> <b>INDUSTRIAL NIGHT</b> WITH DJ ERIC ANDERSON	<b>COMING IN MARCH...</b> <b>14<sup>TH</sup> CANNIBAL CORPSE • 15<sup>TH</sup> WHITE ZOMBIE • 18<sup>TH</sup> GAS HUFFER</b> <b>20<sup>TH</sup> QUICKSAND / CRAWL PAPPY • 25<sup>TH</sup> JAWBOX/TAR</b> <b>COMING APRIL 17<sup>TH</sup> NOFX / LAG WAGGON</b>					

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# RECORDS

## THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

**Hits**  
4AB

Johnny Rotten may have proved that you don't have to know how to sing to front a band but it was Nick Cave who made vocal anarchy an art. And this compilation is the proof. HITS is a nineteen track, seventy-six minute aural assault that spans the short yet provocative existence of Australia's Birthday Party, "the most important band to have ever emerged from Australia and undoubtedly one of the few rock groups worthy of serious consideration during the 1980's."

The Birthday Party combined the chaos and discordance inherent in the "punk" ethic and added throbbing, sensual bass lines, aggressive honk playing as well as noisy, bluesy guitars. Add to this Cave's deranged vocals and you have a unique voice coming from the punk movement but taking it beyond its roots and away from England. The damage the band inflicted on the musical "scene" is still immeasurable, the wreckage strewn into the nineties. The Birthday Party lasted only a few short years but the band's legacy lives on.

HITS starts at the beginning with early singles *The Friend Catcher* and *Happy Birthday*. The CD continues through the two albums, showing the band's diversity, being able to play hard and loud or softer, but with elements of noise and feedback building tension under Cave's crooning as on *King Ink* and *She's Hit*. Finally, there are songs from the final two EP's — *Deep In The Woods*, *Jennifer's Veil*, *Sonny's Burning*, etc. — which show the band moving toward influence by the heavy, dark blues of the American South; music by which to read Faulkner.

Always moving forward and in a constant state of personal and group turmoil, the Birthday Party self destructed, splintering into bands such as Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds, These Immortal Souls and Crime And The City Solution. But still the Birthday Party remains, and here is the perfect introduction to the band or a brilliant collection for longtime Birthday Party followers.

Welcome to the car crash!  
Matt Taylor.

## GHOST POLL

### Cutting Losses

Blue Ox Records

GHOST POLL is a group that started as a solo project by vocalist/bassist Thomas Sales. Now a year after its recording, CUTTING LOSSES has been released. If you were to ask me why, I'd tell you that I have no clue. This 13-track EP isn't worth the money it cost to release it.

GHOST POLL has done nothing except make a feeble attempt to release something that would appeal to all. The plain truth is that it doesn't. Maybe if these guys would stick to one style of music they do well instead of trying to mix metal, modern rock, and cheesy techno-pop, they might actually have something worth listening to. Don't waste your money on this one!

## DOWN BY LAW

Blue

Epitaph

If you missed the show at Starrz, don't worry because their latest EP is out. BLUE is available on Epitaph and it is definitely worth the money.

It wasn't surprising that DOWN BY LAW, which is comprised of members/ex-members of All, Dog Nasty, Chemical People, Clawhammer and D.Y.S., could put out a classic first album. BLUE, the second EP, was also no surprise. These four guys went all the way with emotionally involved melodies that rip into speed and power.

The material on this release has taken these guys from a project by Dave Smalley, vocalist/guitarist, to a full-on band, DOWN BY LAW. BLUE to me is by far the best album that Dave Smalley has been involved with. BLUE shows that the band has got a lot of intense energy, and that the music comes from within the band and what goes on around them. This EP is a keeper. Pick it up.

## TUMBLEWEED

### Weed Seed

Seed Records

TUMBLEWEED, a band that hails from Sydney, Australia has released their second EP, WEED SEED. TUMBLEWEED's style is comprised of thick layers of guitar noise, mixed

with irresistible melodies, finished off with a throbbing bass and tight drums. The lyrics themselves seem a little more clear than the latest grunge style, but still puts the listener somewhere between Mudhoney and the Hollies. Granted these guys seem a little on the hippy side, but at least they are not Spin Doctors wannabes.

All the tracks on the EP are previously unreleased. So go buy it and put it on the stereo cranked. You'll swear there is a VW bug flying by at 90 MPH. It's great, so enjoy.

## VOODOO GEARSHIFT

Blue Goat

C/Z RECORDS

These boys relocated to Seattle from Des Moines, Iowa after C/Z Records signed a contract with them. Comprised of Jim Roth, guitar and vocals, Paul Sorrells, bass, and Mark Bruggeman, drums, yes, they are a three-piece.

The enclosed 8X10 shows three pleasant-looking long-haired guys dressed in T-shirts, Doc Martens and Chuck Taylor Converse.

Their influences are listed in the press materials as Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin, the Stooges, and AC/DC. I'm not sure what the Stooges are doing in with the rest of the million sellers, but it perked up my interest at least enough to give the thing a listen.

Sure enough, Roth has the Ozzy vocal style down perfectly. The lower end of guitar and bass are emphasized for that true dark, hard and heavy sound. Bruggeman gets in some pistol shots on his drum kit that will snap your head back.

Opening with *Surf My Ass*, a melodic thrash song, the inner world of VODOO GEARSHIFT is immediately apparent. The lyrics, "living in your head, wishing you were dead," are only the beginning. VODOO GEARSHIFT writes introspective songs.

*Cabrini Green* is one of the best cuts on the album, with elements of horror, speed metal, a throbbing bass and explosive guitar.

The last three songs, *Reasons*, *What's It Like* and *Your Guess is as Good as Mine*, are filled with noisy feedback and tape loops. *Reasons* has plenty of found sounds to keep you amused, including a screeching cat, little kid's voices, including one who says, "hooked on dope, drugs that is," and a smoke alarm before the music kicks in. Roth departs from Ozzy to add the effect of singing through a megaphone.

I kind of like *What's It Like*, with the lyrics, "what does it make you feel

inside your own mind," and "would you tell the truth inside your mind." Time for some more inner exploration.

Is there anything to distinguish VODOO GEARSHIFT from the hundreds like them exploring the same territory all over the United States? I don't know. Go see them and find out for yourself. The are scheduled to play February 18 at the Bar & Grill.

—William Athey

## VIGILANTES OF LOVE

### Killing Floor

Sky Records

If you count the latest Uncle Tupelo, the Jayhawks before they reached a major label, early Violent Femmes, the Waterboys and non-electric Bob Dylan among your favorites, you should be interested in the VIGILANTES OF LOVE.

It's nice to take a break from thrash, grunge, samples, pseudo-heavy metal and beats-per-minute. KILLING FLOOR is folk-rock. The album is filled with acoustic guitar, mandolin, sitar, fiddle and harmonica, but don't expect the pleasures of Shawn Colvin. Vocalist Bill Mallonee wrote all the songs and he has an attitude.

He doesn't like the modern world anymore than the long-hairs wearing tom jeans and flannel do. In *Sick of It All* he gets right to the point. When the factories shut down, the health insurance runs out, the savings and loan is bankrupt and the kids are hungry, Mallonee spends a lot of time cleaning his gun and drinking at the local tavern.

*Keep Out The Chill* tells of a Friday night spent in the drunk tank with "post traumatic-stress vets, who saw Platoon one time too many. *Strike While the Iron is Hot* has "a poor man in my gutter, Mr. three piece at my window." *Undertow* is about survivalists and the religious right.

Mallonee is not a positive person. His songs are heaped with depression, hopelessness and failure. This is the truth seen every day on downtown Salt Lake City street, despite the low unemployment rate advertised on the evening news.

Pretend everything is fine, life in Utah is beautiful, unlike Georgia, where the VIGILANTES OF LOVE live. You don't need to listen to the lyrics; the music isn't dark. It's difficult to play dark, brooding music on a mandolin and acoustic guitar. I enjoy the contrast; clean, uplifting acoustic folk music backing cynical, no-future poetry. For a reality check, the street date is on February 23.

—William Athey



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31 NEW AGE Mike Wightman COVER \$1	1 STONE PONY MEMBERS NO COVER	2 CHRIS HYATT	3 ALTERNATIVE SING DICK AND TWO PREFFER	4 DEAD KATS	5 GAMMA RAYS	6 SISTER PSYCHIC and HANDLES
7 ACOUSTIC Galen Young COVER \$1	8 ONE EYE MEMBERS NO COVER	9 GOBBLE HOOF W/ AU	10 ALTERNATIVE GOMB and FILE 19	11 THE FRANKS MEMBERS NO COVER	12 FOR WHAT ITS WORTH	13 ALTERNATIVE BORN TO RUN AND TWO GEARBOX AND GREEN IS
14 ACOUSTIC Harder Than Your Husband COVER \$1	15 THE FRANKS MEMBERS NO COVER	16 PSYCHIC PROPHET MEMBERS NO COVER	17 100 CROWNS	18 ALTERNATIVE A.U. and ONE EYE	19 MY SISTER JANE	20 SISTER PSYCHIC and HANDLES
21 ACOUSTIC Jon Shuman & Friends COVER \$1	22 ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EVERY DAMN THURSDAY	23 ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EVERY DAMN THURSDAY	24 ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EVERY DAMN THURSDAY	25 ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EVERY DAMN THURSDAY	26 ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EVERY DAMN THURSDAY	27 ALTERNATIVE MUSIC EVERY DAMN THURSDAY

MONDAY THE 9TH • SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS

**BOMB**



w. PHILE 13

THURSDAY  
FEBRUARY 11

SATURDAY, FEB 20  
SISTER PSYCHIC  
w/ CANDLEBOX





# WORLD ACCORDING TO CLARK

J.R.,

It is astonishing that this typical cry—"I am I"—is the cry of that which above all is not I.

*Perdurabo*

The idea of my composing a sort of slapdash "Gentleman's Guide to Valentine's Day Gift Giving" was a sound one, and I don't fault you for it. Indeed, the fault lies with me; for allowing myself to mire such a simple assignment in random, meaningless depravity. The reason for this is simple: most of the gentlemen I know haven't "gotten any" since that New Year's Eve party at the Red Belle Saloon, and consequently have nobody to buy for but themselves.

It goes deeper than that, though, and that's what we need to talk about. There is an easily identifiable reason why these men are sexually ostracized. They—and myself—have faced up to a fact that has been suppressed for centuries: we're ugly. Not just us; all men are simply deep-down, red-bone hound ugly. It's actually very liberating to confront this. The

media has insidiously aided men in deluding themselves; offering us vat-grown specimens of quasi-beautiful masculinity juxtaposed with balding, neurotic "regular guys"—reinforcing for us the idea that it's OK to doubt our own sexual appeal as long as we never doubt that there are such things as attractive human males.

"But wait," says the disillusioned student of pop culture. "What about that guy Fabio who's on the covers of all those romance books?" For those of you who've never seen pictures of him, the media phenomena called Fabio deserves some explanation. Fabio is a Huey Lewis song made flesh ... from his even coat of bronze makeup to the dark ponytail erupting from the back of his head like a fountain spray of spun duck fluff. Watch him carefully as he signs autographs and you'll see how his smile always takes a few seconds to fade after he's flashed it at an admirer; as he turns away it's like watching the image on an old television slowly diminish to a pinprick. There is a reason for this, and any men reading this who are

starting to feel a Whitley Streiber-esque case of the willies coming on should stop reading right now.

Fabio is a synthetic creation of the same media that wants you to believe "Achy Breaky Heart" was the greatest musical achievement of 1992. If he was a real, breathing man—well, then they would hold all the cards. There really would be a pinnacle of male beauty that you could never achieve, yet you would be compelled to spend all of your money to whittle yourself down to a distant resemblance. But—ho-sanna—he is not, and that's not all of the good news I have for you.

**Gentlemen! Just because you've confronted the unsightliness of your sex doesn't mean that your life must be devoid of love and/or carnal frivolity!**

That's right! Consider the case of G.I. Gurdjieff, one of the least attractive men in recent human memory, who was able to produce spontaneous orgasm in total strangers just by staring at them. Not all of us can develop such spooky powers; but, by understanding the

root of male ugliness and its social effects, we can assimilate our appearance and even develop the sort of bent attractiveness that some people find in bulldogs. Let us first reject out of hand Robert Bly's whiny lament for the absent father figure. With what we now know, we can see that our fathers were ugly too, and tossing the ol' pigskin in the front yard or engaging in half-baked rites of passage probably wouldn't have changed much. My own researches suggest that the problem is much more immediate.

Simply put, the male body and mind are organized around a generative organ that is fundamentally repellent by any aesthetic standard. There you have it. The secret's out. Women are equipped with a sexual physiology that is as mysterious and unassumingly beautiful as an amethyst geode wrapped in the shroud of Turin. The male reproductive system, however, looks like somebody's science project and cannot be contemplated as anything but biological architecture. It's just there, and it's weird.

Centuries of denial of this fact have historical and sociological ramifications that are staggering. The present Valentine's Day manifesto, however, is more concerned with how to avoid becoming spiteful, withdrawn, and otherwise unappealing every time you look in the mirror. Desiderata advises us that "if you compare yourself to others, you may become vain or bitter". This is a very sage warning, but we all know that vanity, however unfounded, will get you laid. I therefore propose to examine the lowest common denominators in entertainment aimed at men. If we can grasp what the Fabio-building myth-makers think we want, we can exude delusions of superiority by disdaining it. I've recently come across two products that should get us started:

## Inflatable Sheep

The media establishment has almost tipped its hand with this popular novelty. It is obviously aimed at those men who have admitted defeat in the quest for attractiveness without ever realizing that the contest was rigged. Available at several local "adult shops", the Inflatable Party Ewe sports big, violet bedroom eyes, sturdy construction, and a diminutive, non-threatening stature. The appeal to a certain mentality is obvious, and sexy self confidence will be your reward for giving these things to your male friends with a smug, sorry-you-have-to-resort-to-this wink. It bears mentioning that at \$19.95, an inflatable sheep is considerably cheaper than membership in a college fraternity, and its companionship provides exactly the same depth and intellectual substance.

## "Hot Shots": Topless Women Firing Automatic Weapons

This 45-minute videotape is offered for sale in the back of Easyrider magazine, a publication which a member of my crack research team just buys for the articles. The title really doesn't leave much to be said, other than I never quite suspected that I would find an emanation of ugliness so...well, so **what it is**. Scholars of white trash should note that a companion video, "The Making of Hot Shots", is also available. The director of this epic, a leering pawn shop owner from Hoboken, also stars as the nameless man with a cam-corder and an M-16 who drives through rural Kansas offering fifty dollar bills to truck stop waitresses.

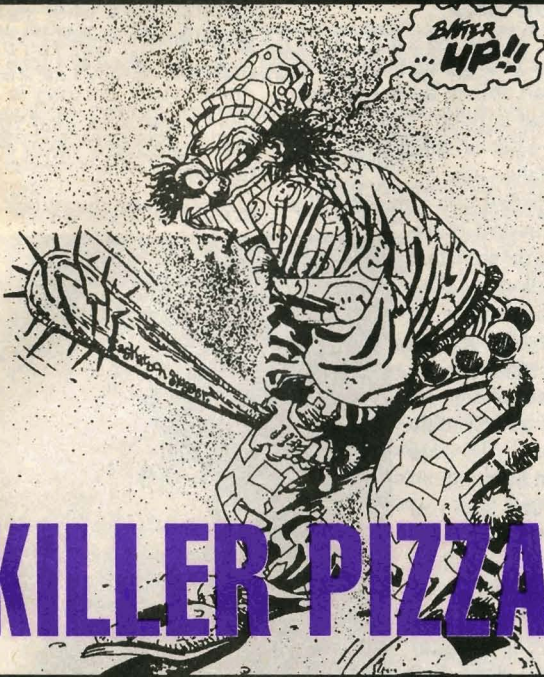
I don't think there is any real moral to all of this, J.R. All I know is that if men face up to how ugly they are, the only way they can go on is to meditate on examples of how ugly they could be.

*Orbes Volantes Extant,  
Clark Stacey*





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## MORMON UPDATE

Dear Little Flock,

It has been some time since I have been able to admonish you to do what is right. I shudder to think of what unspeakable evils have befallen you.

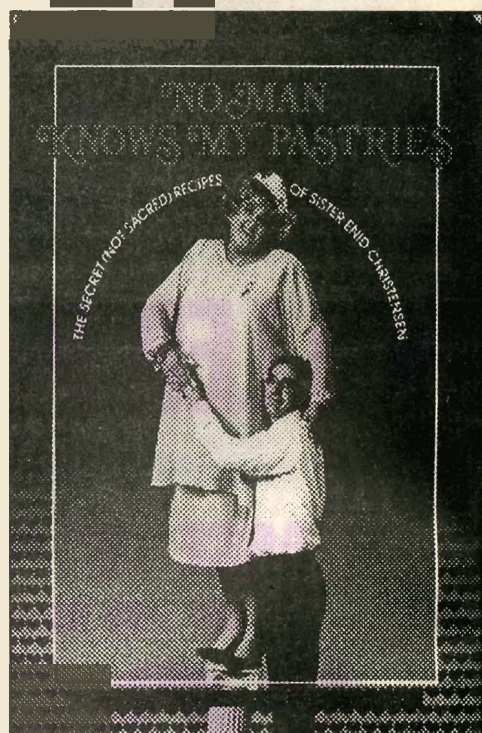
Even now I am reminded of a pernicious and growing malign of spirit that is spreading in Zion. My special angels on Earth (Ezra's Celestial Eyes) have been turning up countless reports of a downable offense: Chronic Tastebud Stimulation. Nothing can lead you further from the good hearth of Zion than tastebuds going unbridled. When one strays from Wonder White, hot dogs and mayonnaise, one is surely turning to the darkside. Occasional spice (catsup) used in moderation is acceptable, but definitely only for the strong.

You should thank Yahweh on bleeding knees that a noble Daughter of Zion has stepped forward to point you in the right direction. Sister Enid Christensen has been inspired to share her secret (not sacred) recipes with you in a lovely volume called *No Man Knows My Pastries*. In this great book (soon to be the 5th standard work) Sister Christensen reveals the recipes to break the addiction of that insidious flavorful food of Babylon. In it you will find wonderful renditions of time-tested staples like lumpy dick, zucchini au gratin & bologna angel wings. Plus special selections like aloha pizza casserole, sausage souffle, and sweet & sour hot dogs. Makes my oh-so-holy mouth water just writing about them. I also love what I feel are Sister Christensen's specialties: Prune-Tang and Come-Come-Ye-Saints tapioca pudding which never made it into the book.

This great and noble sister has also included many pieces of advice on wholesome cooking in

general. Like what inexpensive substitutes you can use instead of real ingredients, i.e. spam for meat. Also included is a handy Jell-O matrix to help you select the appropriate flavor for every occasion.

My dear daughters of Zion



please take heed; study Sister Christensen's words and let the spirit tell you the truthfulness. Don't let your household patriarch and his seed stray from the iron rod of the Mormon dinner table. Tasty, spicy and expensive foods will surely result in wild olfactory urges and less money to bring those eager souls waiting in the spirit world. So, whip up some Tomato Soup Cake and keep 'em coming back for more.

And forget not to be humbled. Sister Christensen labored diligently to produce this for the good of the kingdom all while fulfilling her church callings of Den Mother, Relief Society Leader Extraordinaire and Stake Ancestral Recipe Coordinator. What great work! Watch for Brother & Sister Christensen's next possible great work *Guilt Trip To Bountiful*.

So Sister Christensen, from Uncle Ezra, Next to the Most High, 'preciate cha.

—Uncle Ezra



# MISCELLANEOUS

## DANCE CLUB ETIQUETTE

Just a few pointers you should understand before making comments or asking questions of the D.J. at your favorite club.

**1. PLAY SOMETHING GOOD ... SOMETHING WE CAN DANCE TO!**  
The D.J. has to play for more than one person ... so what you hate may be another person's favorite song and everything played there can be danced to one way or another.

**2. WOULD YOU PLAY SOMETHING WITH A BEAT?**

*Be serious!* We know of NO songs played in a club that don't have some sort of beat!

**3. I DON'T KNOW WHO SINGS IT AND I DON'T KNOW THE NAME OF THE SONG, BUT IT GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS...**

*PLEASE* don't sing for the D.J. They have to put up with smoke-filled rooms and dangerous decibel levels all night ... Do them a favor and DON'T give them your favorite song.

**4. EVERYBODY WANTS TO HEAR IT!**

Oh, sure ... you polled everyone in the club and, as their spokesperson, you're requesting the song.

**5. EVERYBODY WILL DANCE TO IT IF YOU PLAY IT!**

The D.J. won't ... I guess that blows a hole in that theory!

**6. I'LL GET LAID IF YOU PLAY IT!**  
Why settle for one night? Buy the album and get laid for a whole month!

**7. I WANT TO HEAR IT NEXT!**

The only people who can get away with that statement write the D.J.'s paycheck!

**8. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANNA HEAR ... WHAT DO YOU HAVE?**

It's a lot easier to go have another beer and figure out what you want to hear than it is for the D.J. to recite the name

of every record in the booth.

**9. HEY MAN, NOBODY CAN DANCE TO THIS!**

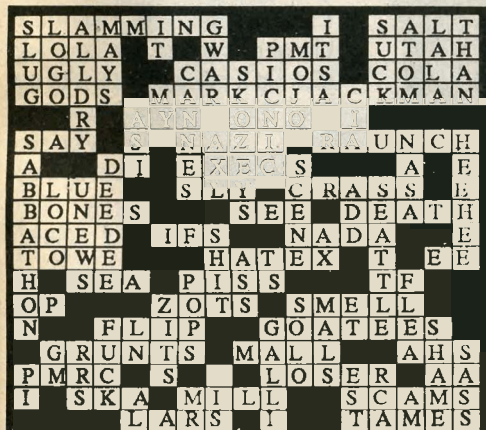
It is *NOT* advisable to say this when the dance floor is packed (but some people do anyway) *HOWEVER*, even if only one person is on the floor dancing it *STILL* contradicts the statement.

If you ask for a song and the D.J. says he just played it **DON'T SAY** "Well, I just got here." It makes absolutely no difference. **DON'T SAY**, "Is this the only kind of music you play here?" If you go to a Chinese restaurant, you wouldn't ask for Italian food. Rock clubs play rock, discos play disco, new wave clubs play New Wave, etc., etc. If you don't like the music, change clubs!

If you request a song and the D.J. says he doesn't have that song, **DON'T SAY**, "What?!" What do you mean you don't have it! What kind of D.J. are you? **HE MAY SHOOT YOU!**  
**SPECIAL NOTE**

A nightclub D.J. gets very little respect. They are expected to play everything for everybody. It is impossible to satisfy all of the people all of the time, yet club jocks are expected to do just that! If a radio jock tells you that a song is a hit, the majority of people figure it must be "cause they said so on the radio." However, 80% of the time, that song was being played in a club long before the radio **DISCOVERED** the **NEW** song. So please, give the D.J. a break! The next time you request a song, stop and **THINK** before you speak. And above all ... if the D.J. has one hand on the mixing board, one hand on the turntable, and the headphones on ... **DON'T BUG HIM!!!**

-Writer Unknown



**ANSWERS TO  
CROSSWORD  
PUZZLE ON  
PAGE 2  
... STOP  
PEEKING YOU  
BLOODY CHEAT!**

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# SLUG 50TH

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## LIVE MUSIC BY:

# THE DEL MOTELS



# STONEFACE



**CHRIS GABE J.J. BRIAN RANDY**

STONEFACE was actually supposed to be on the cover last month but due to the last-minute-ness of most cover stories it couldn't happen. The main reason was that J.J. (vocalist and frontman) was going to be out of town so we couldn't interview him. I soon found after interviewing these boys that having him there was a definite necessity. Even though he and the rest of the band didn't have a lot to say about their music or almost anything for that matter, I got a feeling from their attitudes about their music.

First of all if you haven't ever seen STONEFACE perform live, then you couldn't possibly understand what they are about. They recently had two of their songs released on the SALT FLAT compilation. These two songs give you a great feeling for what their music is like, but it can't capture the intensity they put out on stage.

When I asked the band how

they would describe their music, the first thing they said was "We Hate Labels," but then someone said "slow and heavy." That pretty much hits it right on the head. This band will never have a dance hit, but that doesn't mean they can't get a crowd moving ... very well.

J.J. Godfrey, vocals, lyrics, and overall personality of the band, seems to be the spokesperson. He feels the lyrics are not political or necessarily concern social issues, but personal conflict. They all seem to revolve around an inner anger he expresses in his lyrics and his stage presence. It's amazing to see him sing with such intensity. The first time I met him I thought he just had a serious Rollins complex, but he actually holds a very unique intensity about him.

The rest of the band features Chris Roberts and Brian Stuver on guitars. And the foundation rhythm section includes Gabe Chadsey on bass

and Randy Herbert on drums.

In talking to most bands, I found the drummers to be the quiet laid back ones, but Randy, the newest member of the band, seemed to have the most to say about the music. From what I gathered, the guitar section comes up with a lot of the music and the rest of the band puts in enough to make the song satisfying for the rest of the band. Since it is a very guitar-oriented band, Chris and Brian create the general feel of the song, but Gabe and Randy give the music its heavy feeling.

The two songs they put on the SALT FLAT compilation are by far two of the best on it. *12th of November* is my favorite of the two. It concerns the emotions one would feel when coming from a broken home. The title of the song is symbolic of a day important in J.J.'s past, but we never discussed the exact meaning. The other song, *Within* concerns "the dark, burning feelings of intensity and remorse which sometimes occupy the soul. It involves inner wrath, and the effect which this anger has upon ones behavior." Buy the CD and listen to the lyrics.

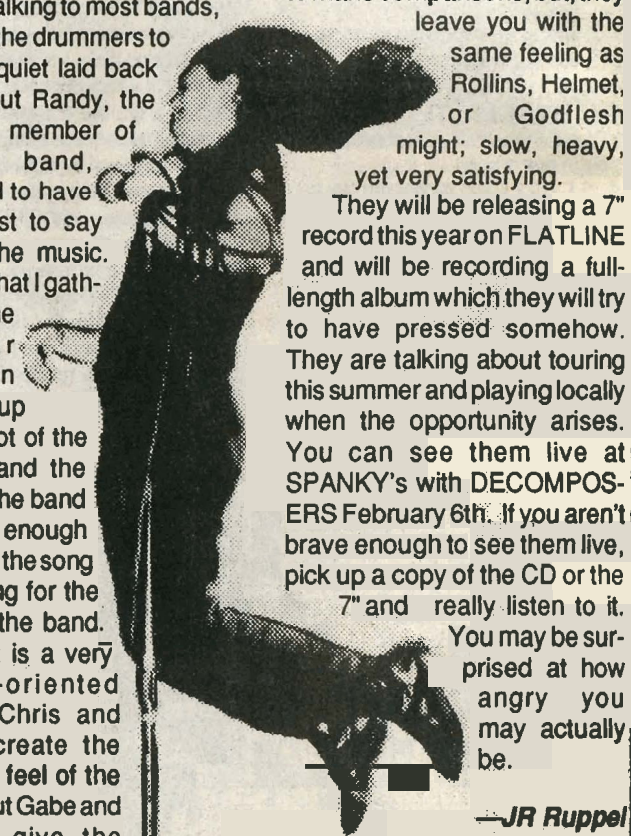
STONEFACE has a lot of respect for other bands in town and would love to follow any one of them to fame and fortune. They are certainly not in this for the money though. Their unique style is not Top 40 material. However, if people could get in touch with the intensity these guys have created, they could be quite successful. I don't like to make comparisons, but, they leave you with the same feeling as Rollins, Helmet, or Godflesh might; slow, heavy, yet very satisfying.

They will be releasing a 7" record this year on FLATLINE and will be recording a full-length album which they will try to have pressed somehow. They are talking about touring this summer and playing locally when the opportunity arises. You can see them live at SPANKY's with DECOMPOSERS February 6th. If you aren't brave enough to see them live, pick up a copy of the CD or the 7" and really listen to it.

You may be surprised at how angry you may actually be.

—JR Ruppel

photos by  
Robert Deberry





**WEDNESDAY-FEBRUARY 10**

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**ICEBURN**

AND FROM D.C.

**Rain Like The  
Sound of Trains**

(featuring Pete Chramiec of Verbal Assault)

and from NYC

**DRIPPING GOSS**

\$5.00

8:00

Club



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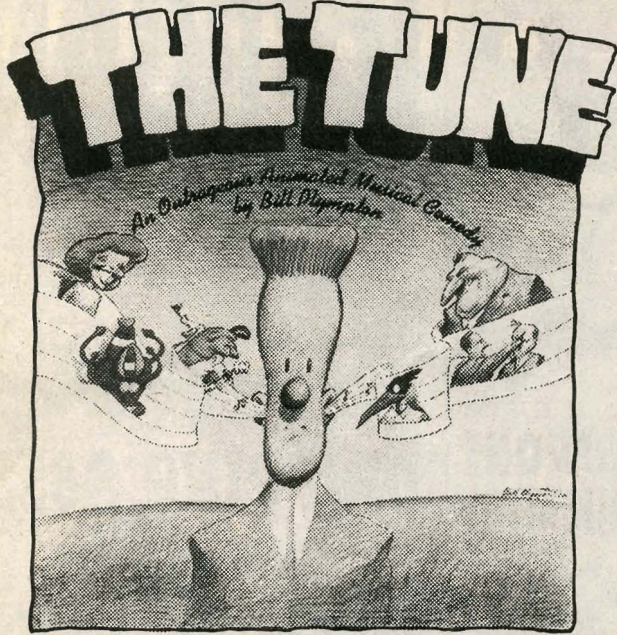
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**"AMAZING! ASTONISHING!"**  
The thing I like about Bill Plympton's work is I know it would make Bart Simpson laugh his ass off. 'THE TUNE' is the 'YELLOW SUBMARINE' of the 90's."  
-Matt Groening, Creator of 'THE SIMPSONS'



WRITTEN BY BILL PLYMPTON PRODUCED BY MAUREEN McELHERON EDITED BY BILL PLYMPTON P.C. VEY AND MAUREEN McELHERON  
COSTUME DESIGNER JESSICA WOLK-STANLEY CAMERA JOHN DONNELLY DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MERRIL STERN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS PHIL LEE  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DANIEL NIEDEN MAUREEN McELHERON MARY NELSON CHRIS HOFFMAN  
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PREMIERS FEBRUARY 12-18 at 7:00

# 1991: THE YEAR PUNK BROKE

FEATURING:



NIRVANA, DINOSAUR JR.,  
THE RAMONES & MORE



MARCH 19-20, 26-27 - LATENIGHT

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## MOVIES

**MOVIE PREVIEW**  
**1991: The Year Punk Broke**  
directed by Dave Markey  
Tower Theatre, March 19, 20, 26 & 27

What WOODSTOCK was to the music of the sixties and THIS IS SPINAL TAP was to heavy metal, 1991: THE YEAR THAT PUNK BROKE may be to today's alternative music genre. A chronicle of the Sonic Youth/Nirvana European tour of the summer of 1991, this film provides a documentary of those bands just prior to their ascendancy into mainstream this year.

Super low budget, Dave Markey (DESPERATE TEENAGE LOVEDOLLS and LOVEDOLL

SUPERSTARS) used Super-8mm footage in both black & white and color to capture the raucous, disheveled, self-mocking, noncommittal and ironically triumphant alternative-rock posing of the last season of these bands as insider idols. The film has all the predictable elements of a tour documentary: shaky hand-held camera work, backstage highjinks (Kim Gordon of Sonic Youth applies lipstick and mascara to Nirvana's Kurt Cobain), uncomprehending interviewers, wary tourism and unpolished live performances.

The film is for those who already appreciate the genre; in addition to Sonic Youth and Nirvana, featured acts include Dinosaur Jr., Babes in Toyland, Gumball and the Ramones. There's no holding back the power of the music, although the bands make absolutely no effort to endear themselves to their fans. Knocking over equipment and fellow band members, turning backstage scenes into parodies of Madonna's TRUTH OR DARE, the musicians appear to undercut themselves.

For all the sarcasm spouted by the musicians as they played various outdoor festivals, they couldn't know the extent of their subsequent success. Thus, the historically-inclined might enjoy seeing Sonic Youth and Nirvana cavorting backstage, right on the cusp of Nirvana's mass-market, multi-platinum breakthrough in the United States.

At the very least, the film shows the resuscitated spirit of rock and rock in all of its rebelliousness. Sonic Youth plows into a reckless version of "Teenage Riot," plays a thrilling "Kool Thing," and spins into a jarring "Expressway to Your Skull." Nirvana lead singer/guitarist Cobain kicks over his drummer's kit at the end of one thrashing number, and the band careens through an offhand take on what was to soon become their hit single, "Smells Like Teen Spirit."

1991: THE YEAR THAT PUNK BROKE will be showing late nights at the Tower Theatre, 876 East 900 South, on March 19, 20, 26 and 27. The film is 99 minutes, and is not rated.

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**DJ Eric Anderson**  
**8:00**

Club S  
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# LITERATURE

## **RISING SUN**

by **Michael Crichton**  
Ballantine Books

With the economic balance of power shifting in the early 1980's, Japanese-American relations have suffered, especially of late. This problem, along with the hows and whys of it, forms the basis of Michael Crichton's latest novel, **RISING SUN**.

**RISING SUN** concerns itself with the events of three fateful days, and opens with Lt. Peter Smith, a divorced father of a two year old daughter and Special Services liaison for the L.A.P.D. It seems Smith is called in to handle diplomatic cases and instances where an interpreter is needed or to defuse possible racial incidents.

Smith's night is interrupted by a call asking him to come to the newly opened Nakamoto Building and to bring along John Connor, a retired captain and expert on Japanese culture, language, and customs. But the two are little prepared for the mysteries they will encounter in trying to solve the crime: a seemingly meaningless murder of a beautiful young woman in a 46th floor boardroom.

From here the tale moves on to very meaty and heady matters. Smith and Connor find themselves obstructed by the Japanese corporation and by various forces intent that the truth should not be discovered.

Writer Crichton has meticulously researched his material, and it shows on every page. Each word, situation, and detail has a ring of truth. Whether detailing the history of the economic "state of war" between Japan and the United States, revealing the workings of a police investigation, probing the nature of the American Press, or just creating a very believable character, Crichton excels.

Indeed, **RISING SUN** is a detective story with a difference. While it can be read as a sparkling "whodunit" (and the manner in which the investigation proceeds and the true killer is finally revealed is fascinating), the substance of the work

comes from its exploration of the adversarial nature of Japan and America's relationship. The book has drawn a good deal of flak as being racist, but that intent (if true, which is doubtful) never becomes evident. Crichton is careful to balance that with explanations of the philosophy behind those actions. If Japan comes across looking badly, the U.S. looks to be nothing short of buffoonish. Any nation which turns a blind eye to what amounts to total foreign takeover of its economy by any means, legal or otherwise, is seriously blinded.

But Crichton evidently believes that the intent behind Japanese investment is not a hostile overthrow but rather an attempt to dominate the world economy and instead of seeking to run the U.S. market, the Japanese intend to make sure their investment isn't wasted. Indeed, he speculates, the economic well-being of both countries is too firmly enmeshed by now for any chance of independence.

Similarly, Japanese culture is laid bare under Crichton's critical dissection, but while all the shortcomings are revealed, the character of Americans is also called into question and exposed.

Yes, the material may sound racially explosive, but the reader needs to look at what is written objectively. While the work could be sued to expound a nationalist platform, Crichton appears to be telling Americans to wake up.

All of this shouldn't detract, though, from what is essentially a superb crime drama. The suspense and intrigue build, drawing the reader along for a rollercoaster ride. Crichton's situations are frankly vivid and well-realized. One gets the feeling Crichton could write in any genre of his choice and succeed admirably. He's that good.

The bad news is that **RISING SUN** has been optioned for a motion picture, but it would seem to be impossible to mess this tale up. But the reader should check the work out himself/herself. It may be that one will be offended by the novel and its controversy, but with an open mind, the thought-provoking nature of the book should be evident.

— **Scott Vice**



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# Comic Reviews

PRESENTED BY:  
**DR. VOLTS**  
Comic Connection

## HEPCATS

Written and drawn by  
**Martin Wagner**

**Double Diamond Press**

The perils of self-publishing comic books can best be seen in the annals of Martin Wagner's Double Diamond Press. Luckily, Wagner recently released issue number 10 of his labor of love, HEPCATS.

HEPCATS itself concerns the lives of four college-aged characters: Joey, Gunther, Arnie, and Erica. The current storyline, *Snowblind* ("a novel in 18 chapters," we are informed) focuses mostly on the tribulations of Erica, the former exotic dancer, and her mysterious suicide attempt. All of this is baffling to her friends and especially her lover, Arnie. All they know is that the incident was probably precipitated by an encounter with a "mysterious pursuer," triggering Erica's plunge into an icy lake.

Wagner is allowing this tableau to unfold slowly, which provides room for greater character development and insight. As the story of who Erica really is and her calamitous past gradually unravel, the sensitive issue of incest and sexual abuse are handled with maturity and compassion.

HEPCATS began as a comic strip during Wagner's college years and it is fascinating to chart the growth in his work. From situational comedy to character study, the transition has progressed as has Wagner's talent.

Wagner has a fine sense of dialogue as Erica narrates her tale, yet he also realizes that pictures can carry emotion better in some instances and wisely eschews words at these moments. Coupled with an ambitious story, Wagner throws in powerful imagery and his fluid illustrative style ably abets the tale. The only distraction in this mix is that the characters are animals. At times this detracts from the material, especially since facial expressions become awkward, but it is, after all, Wagner's choice.

All of the encapsulated sum-

mary may make this comic seem grim, but Wagner wisely punctuates the melodrama with comic turns from Joey and Gunther, avoiding this pitfall.

Animals or not, HEPCATS is a comic about very human issues and characters and one that deserves to be read. Hunt down a copy or beg your local comic shop to order it. You won't be sorry. (B&W, \$2.50) Grade: B



## RING OF ROSES

Written by Das Petrou,  
drawn by John Watkis

**Dark Horse Comics**

Alternative history and religious conspiracy are the crux of a 4 issue limited series, RING OF ROSES.

Beginning with the postulation that the Catholic Church has become THE world power, this comic centers on barrister Samuel Waterhouse, who is hired by representatives of the Church to discover what has happened to ten of their "brothers," Waterhouse's brother among them, amidst growing hostility toward their presence.

From there, Waterhouse's road is not an easy one, as he is stonewalled by all sides, and finally realizes that he may be in over his head after stumbling into information that leads to the mysterious Brotherhood

of the Rosy Cross. Meanwhile, Cardinal Mayhew appears to have his own agenda, the Pope is going abroad to decide issues of national and world defense despite growing resentment from nationalists, and a plague is beginning to envelop England....

It would take a lot of room to describe just how these events tie together, but that space is better devoted to applauding the rich tapestry creators Petrou and Watkis have begun depicting.

Writer Petrou has crafted a very believable tale rife with detail and mystery. The reader is plunged into events along with protagonist Waterhouse and carried into terrifying circumstances.

Petrou's writing is shaped by artist Watkis, however. Watkis' very European manner of delineation allows very detailed backdrops which render the events more concrete. Likewise, Watkis' occasionally sketchy lines and imaginative designs flesh things out and create vivid imagery. The covers, in particular, are stunning.

Dark Horse Comics, which has been capturing a larger share of the comics market of late thanks to more mainstream fare, should be applauded for daring to handle controversial material like this. Readers looking for suspense, conspiracy, and an unnerving read are invited to check out RING OF ROSES. (B&W, \$2.50) Grade: B

## GREGORY II:

*Herman Vermin's Very Own Best-Selling & Critically Acclaimed Book with Gregory in It*

Written and drawn by  
**Marc Hempel**

**DC Comics/Piranha Press**

In 1990, one of the most pleasant surprises in comics was GREGORY, a humorous look at the life of the title character, a little boy with a head shaped like a turnip, confined to a straitjacket in an asylum.

Creator Mark Hempel has decided to return to that little world with GREGORY II. Unfortunately, the result is a bit disappointing.

The reason for the letdown is simple, ultimately. The main focus of GREGORY II is a supporting character: a rat named Herman Vermin. While Herman is an amusing character, a little bit goes a long

way and the book runs out of steam and cleverness.

Herman's shameless self-promotion sets off the story, as he first decides to write his memoirs, then realizes (finally) that his life is an abject failure and decides to end it all, then confronts God. All this is amusing, but also a trifle wearisome. The best moment in the book is a diversion called "A Good Friend for Gregory," in which Gregory meets (sort of) a new friend.

Perhaps the problem with GREGORY II is that it's a disappointment after the original volume. Certainly, the situations and characters are humorous and Hempel's cartoony drawings are wonderfully expressive and dynamic.

Whatever the case, GREGORY II IS worth buying and reading, especially when compared to the dross comics companies are releasing every month. One just hopes that future volumes of GREGORY will focus more on the little guy. (B&W, \$4.95) Grade: C

## SIN CITY

Written and drawn by  
**Frank Miller**

**Dark Horse Comics**

Frank Miller has been pushing the boundaries of mainstream comics since the late 1970's with his revisionisms of several super-heroes, including BATMAN. Fans of Miller's work will be delighted to note that Dark Horse Comics has published Miller's latest ambitious project, SIN CITY.

SIN CITY, originally serialized in DARK HORSE PRESENTS, revolves around a psychopath named Marv and his intention to solve the murder of a hooker named Goldie. Marv's motives are partly altruistic and partly selfish: it seems Marv has been set up to look like Goldie's killer. This chain of events soon leads to a fast-paced (and bone-breaking) series of twists and turns, all given Miller's distinctive touch.

Perhaps the simplest way to describe SIN CITY is "hard-boiled" (the title, incidentally, of another Miller cartoon). Inspired by Mickey Spillane and other crime fiction writers, Miller has crafted a very distinctive world (in this case, the title town) where the people and the living are tough. And the toughest is Marv himself, as he punches, maims, gouges, and shoots his way from situation to



situation, eventually unraveling the true story behind Goldie's death.

Miller moves the story along at a rapid pace, scarcely allowing the reader a pause to breathe. The narrative, told by Marv himself, is harsh, which suits the material.

The strong point to the tale is Miller's wonderfully expressive illustration, though. Miller manages to bleed every ounce of emotion and intensity out of the black and white format, employing a nearly chiaroscuro technique, using shadow and light in a remarkable fashion. The detailing is remarkable, with thick lines and ultra-thin lines weaving admirable pictures.

But...in the end, SIN CITY fails because Miller settles too much for stereotype and cliché. The women in SIN CITY are all tough-talking and beautiful while most of the men are gruff brawlers. While the plot is unpredictable, it reads like something that's been done before and better.

So while SIN CITY is stylish and pretty to look at (sort of), it cannot overcome the limitations of the genre. It shouldn't keep the reader from looking forward to Miller's next opus, however.

(B&W, \$15.00) Grade: C

## COMICS COMMENTARY

Well, it's a bit late, but here (finally) are the top 10 comics of 1992 as selected by yours truly. You'll notice there are no superheroes and nothing from the top three comics companies (Marvel, Image, and DC). Message? You bet. The truly different, original, and worthwhile material is being produced out of the mainstream. So if you're interested in comics or just starting to buy comics, stay away from the formulaic, tired stereotypes. In reverse order, here's my top 10:

### 10) TABOO

The only anthology on the list. There is some garbage within its pages (it is a horror title, after all), but the standout material is exceptional, especially Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell's FROM HELL chapters and Jeff Nicholson's THROUGH THE HABITRAILS.

### 9) TANTALIZING STORIES

A very funny and bizarre funny animal book featuring Mark Martin's charming "Montgomery Wart" and Jim Woodring's uncategorizable "Jim." At turns amusing and disturbing.

### 8) PEEP SHOW

Joe Matt's pathetic and miserable existence is detailed for all to see in this autobiographical comic. Occasionally jarring, sometimes amusing, and always enlightening.

### 7) CAGES

Dave McKean's 10-part examination of the lives of people in a tenement building (as an allegory for the way in which human beings live in cages) continues to astound with mind-boggling art and meaty philosophical wanderings.

### 6) BONE

Jeff Smith's heartfelt adventures of the Bone cousins hearkens back to tales of simpler times with less angst and no urban decay. Delightfully illustrated in a fashion befitting Walt Kelly.

### 5) PIRATE CORPS

Yes, only one issue of this title came out in 1992, but it remains a gem among comics. Featuring the grounded crew of a "pirate corps" spaceship and their struggles to find beer, ska shows, and something to live for, Evan Dorkin continues to excel.

### 4) SKIDMARKS

Ed Hillyer's three-part series reprinted his self-published BIC comics for a larger (deserved) audience. All about a boy, a girl, and the bike he loves. Engaging and thoughtful.

### 3) HATE

The misadventures of Buddy Bradley in Seattle continue, thanks to Peter Bagge and Fantagraphics. Mean but funny, this comic rips apart the fabric of American existence.

### 2) DEADFACE: EARTH, WATER, AIR, AND FIRE

Eddie Campbell finally returned with new tales of Bacchus among the modern day as he and the surviving Roman gods are embroiled in Sicilian doings. Atrifle under-drawn, but captivating.

### 1) CEREBUS

As always, Dave Sim and Gerhard excel in detailing the exploits of the gray armadillo, moving from the quiet interlude with Oscar to the ambitious scope of the current storyline "Mothers and Daughters." Intricate, imaginative, and mind-boggling.

And that's that. I'm sure many of you disagree with the choices, but that's fine. Just remember to look for the challenging comics, because that's where the great material is being published.

—Scott Vice

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# STIMBOY

A belated happy New Year to all my wonderful readers out there in underground-land. Due to a lack of communication with my Bosnian courier, my column did not appear last month. I hope to make amends by including the highlights of January's column with some Valentine wishes as well. Hopefully, you'll find something in this column to piss you off one way or the other, gentle reader.

The holiday season is a problematic time for me. On one hand, it's nice to party with old friends, and a little X-mas cash from the folks never hurts, but the holidays are also a time of menace. New Year's is the time when all the amateur drinkers come out of the woodwork and make the streets and highways a living nightmare for the professionals. How we scorn these dilettantes in the Stimmy household. You must realize that the average Utahn can't operate a car with any semblance of skill even when sober. Add a couple of cocktails and some black ice to the picture and you've got a recipe for mayhem.

Fortunately, I have the solution. Our legislators, as usual, are looking at the whole problem from the wrong perspective. They want more control, tougher laws, and a .04 blood alcohol content on the books. This won't help anything. It will only create an illusion of safety and authority. The solution does lie with legislation, but of a different nature. The law should require everyone who operates a motor vehicle to have an expired drivers license, no insurance, and an open container of a popular barley beverage within arm's reach at all times. Even teetotalers would be required to comply with this policy, thus ensuring a healthy level of paranoia in which only the extremely cautious and courteous drivers would dare to get behind the wheel. The knowledge that any driver could be arrested and jailed for the smallest of fuck ups would virtually eliminate the problems of tailgating, speeding, turning without signaling and 90% of the BMW drivers on the road, guaranteeing safer streets for our fair community. I haven't yet

worked out all the bugs on this new "your fault" driving program but I am certain that Governor Leavitt, as an insurance salesman, will see the sublime logic of my plan and heartily endorse it.

A new year means time for resolutions and this year I have resolved not to support big evil major record labels or any of the bands who record for them. No way, man, not me. That means I will no longer like or even listen to Urge Overkill, Fluid, Helmet, Smashing Pumpkins, Mudhoney, Hole, Tool, Shonen Knife, Drive Like Jehu or Rocket From the Crypt because they all sold out to major labels. Not only that, when other people start to like bands that I've liked for a long time I'm going to stop liking those bands too. Just like how I hate Nirvana, Sonic Youth, Soundgarden and Dinosaur Jr. Because I know that if other people like those bands, then they must not be cool and underground anymore. In fact, I'll go ya one better, I won't even buy records from independent labels who are distributed by companies with major label ties. I'm just going to mail order things that look the punkest in Maximum Rock and Roll since I can't shop in record stores either because they're all part of the system. This means I won't be able to hang out at Raunch and listen to anything on Epitaph, Dischord, Sub Pop, Crass, Touch and Go or Cargo to name a few. But then, if I mail order things I'll be using the postal system which is part of the FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, which, as an anarchist, I shouldn't do since I'm trying to smash the State. Maybe at least I can still listen to records on Boner since they have the worst distribution in the world. This is a good thing because I really like the Melvins, except, they just signed a deal with Atlantic so I can't listen to them anymore either. Man, it's a bitch being a true punk these days.

"Why, Stim Boy?" you may ask, "are you babbling on about this big label, little label stuff?" The reason, dear child, is that the name of this magazine is Salt Lake UNDERGROUND Music and it would be remiss of me to endorse any



## "Independent" Pick of The Month - COWS

music that isn't "underground." For example, I won't tell you to go and buy Incesticide by Nirvana so you can have a slug of cool singles and alternative takes on one CD because that wouldn't be punk since Geffen Records put it out. Instead, I recommend you go to Bleeker Bob's in Los Angeles and spend hundreds of dollars for the original, out of print singles. Of course, those small labels won't see any of the money and neither will Nirvana, but at least you'll feel good knowing you haven't made David Geffen any richer. I mean hell, just imagine what the consequences could be, he might spend even more money lobbying for gay rights and fighting sexism.

As a result of my new awakening to the glories of the underground sound, I will henceforth establish two basic rules. 1. I pledge to review only obscure releases, and 2. they must be on vinyl only. Basically this means I will only be reviewing things which you probably won't be able to buy.

Single of the month; **THE COWS. "Plowed" 45.** (Amphetamine Reptile.) A nice follow up to Cunnning Stunts. Shannon's never sounded better and he jams a mean bugle on the flipside. I thought these guys were losing their edge, but how can you beat lyrics like, "My teacher caught me signing my trout, I ended up putting words in her

mouth."? It's also on beautiful pee-stain yellow vinyl.

**HAZEL, "J. Hell" 45.** (Cavity Search.) This is the first release for Cavity Search and Hazel, a much lauded Portland band. In this case you can believe the hype. Hook laden power pop in the vein of X and Superchunk. This single sold out within days of its pressing and Sub Pop signed them a few weeks later. A band to watch out for. Orange Vinyl.

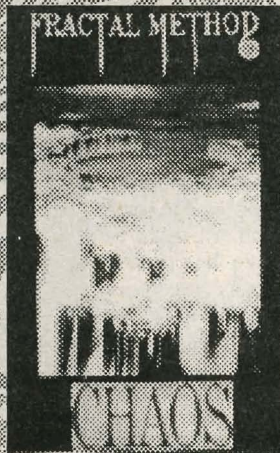
**TAR, "Teetering" 45.** These guys left Am Rep to be on Touch and Go which is kind of like leaving Cruz to be on SST. An okay single, nothing remarkable.

**FREE KITTEN "Call Now" 12"** (Ecstatic Peace.) Yet another Sonic Youth side project, this time uniting Kim Gordon with Pussy Galore's Julie Caffritz. Suitable for New York art damage fans, cultists and masochists. This won't spend much time on my turntable but it sure is cool to have.

Finally, I thought you might be interested to learn that SST is now suing Negativland, and in the "I told you so" department, Maximum Rock and Roll has reversed the advertising and record review policies which I referred to as "fascism" a couple of issues ago. More on this next month, also, stay tuned for an essay. Next month's topic: "Why I hate Music Utah, Vegetarians, and Recycling."



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# INTERVIEW

## LOVE AND ROCKETS

by Carrie Hall

No. Sorry. This is not the god-damn assholes of pop. This is the comic book LOVE AND ROCKETS, and like most guys I know, THEY CAME FIRST!

Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez have been drawing the counter culture pop and punk scene for about ten years. The Hernandez brothers bring characters to life that are crazy and fun (and perhaps a little insane). They are punks, gays, stoners and there are a couple of men too. Most of the characters the Hernandez Bros are fond of are strong-minded females in all sorts of pleasing shapes and sizes. The Hernandez Bros give their characters personalities that are involving, smart, sexy and very real. And most of them are very fluid on the Kinsey scale of sexuality.

Los Bros Hernandez were at Ogden's Bookshelf Comic Shop on November 1st. They were very friendly and surprised I hadn't shown up with my whole collection of L&R (which I'm kicking myself for now). Here are the results of the phone interviews I had with them after their US tour.

**SLUG:** Are most of your characters based on people you know or grew up with?

**JAIME:** They are a mixture of people I've known all my life. People I've seen .... Maggie and Hopey are a hundred people I know.

**GILBERT:** That's a trick question. They're a lot of people I grew up with ... and observed in general. The characterization is mostly from life. Also, characters are taken from people just like you. We use what we know and observe. But our characters are human first; then they are male or female.

**SLUG:** Why did you choose women-based stories?

**JAIME:** Years ago, I learned to draw women. I like to draw women. Then I wanted to give my characters personalities. I'd rather draw women than men. It's a challenge because there are no or few strong female characters in comics and I don't mean ones that beat up men, but with full personalities. I took advantage of it because no one was doing it or was doing it successfully. I said, "Look, we're going to do this."

**GILBERT:** This is mostly an indulgence. I like drawing women. Not just sexy women, but everyday women. I prefer women. I'm interested in women's perspective of things, at least in stories.

**SLUG:** Do you think about what a woman would do in a situation?

**GILBERT:** There's always that problem. But we start by creating humans first, then the position of a woman. I'm not a woman so I'll never get it 100% right. I sometimes think "How would I feel by it?". Some women would be angry, some would be sad. It depends on the character. I like to emphasize the snotty characters more. They're more fun to read and write about. Women show emotions much clearer than men.... It's acceptable in society [for a woman to cry]. There's social prejudice against men [crying in public]. Women want men to cry but then they think "You shouldn't be crying."

**SLUG:** How do you explain how you seem to KNOW women so well?

**JAIME:** Gilbert and I couldn't answer that for a long time. But Gilbert came up with a good answer. We lost our dad when we were young and were raised by our mom. We saw the world filtered through her emotions.... We are observant to how a woman reacts to things.

**SLUG:** Have you ever used models?

**GILBERT:** No. Maybe someone on the street or in a film is inspirational.

**JAIME:** Sometimes I'd see a haircut I liked. People at pop clubs in L.A., I liked the way they dress. No one was doing the punk thing or doing it right.

**SLUG:** Were you ever punk?

**JAIME:** I think so. I've had a few mohawks. (I laugh. He laughs.) What's so funny? This was 12-14 years ago. This was late 70's.

**SLUG:** When punk was really Punk. What did you wear?

**JAIME:** Big giant boots, buttons from bards I liked.... Gilbert never had a mohawk but he bleached his hair once.

**SLUG:** You were the more radical one?

**JAIME:** Yeah, I guess. I was more into the fashion thing than he was.

**GILBERT:** I was pretty conservative. Also, nothing looked right.... Some people look cool with a mohawk and leather jacket or ... a

rockabilly suit. I looked dumb trying to look punk.

**SLUG:** So, standard question: Will Maggie ever get thin again?

**JAIME:** Never.

**SLUG:** You like her fat?

**JAIME:** Yeah. It's a challenge for people. They think I screwed her up.

**SLUG:** Screwed her up?

**JAIME:** In society's eyes I screwed her up. Society's eyes first saw Maggie as cute and thin. I thought "I'll make her fat. That ought to bend some people off." I might as well have one heavy character.

**SLUG:** What about Danita?

**JAIME:** She's heavy in all different places.

**SLUG:** Do you see L&R ending and moving on to something else?

**GILBERT:** No real reason to. We can do anything we want with L&R. We don't have to do just Maggie or Palomar stories.

**JAIME:** Too soon to tell. I plan to do this for a long time.... Every idea I come up with is for L&R. This is not a stepping stone to other things. I don't think, "I'm doing this to get to the next plateau."

**SLUG:** Which characters are you most attached to?

**JAIME:** Maggie for one. She's my favorite character. Hopey will be around for a long time. I don't know if she'll last as long as Maggie. She may fade away one day.

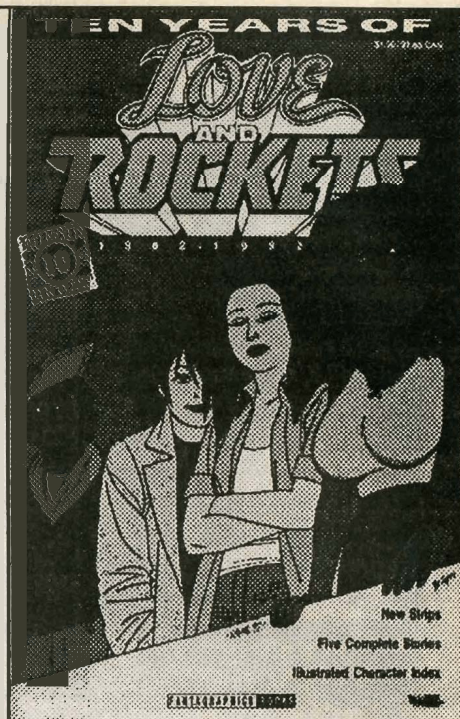
**GILBERT:** Luba. I didn't intend to create her as someone I'd get into. She started as a superficial character kind of. I like her nasty temperament. But I'm getting sick of her because I've been drawing her for 3 years.

**SLUG:** Do you like drawing her breasts?

**GILBERT:** Actually, that's really hard. Like Maggie with Jaime. It's hard to draw her heavy. They can't wear anything nice. I'm eager to have them [the characters] wear nice clothes. Stuff I like to see women wear.

**SLUG:** What responses do you receive from the gay community about the gay issues you deal with?

**JAIME:** Positive, mostly. Every once in a while, people write "this is not how gays are." Sometimes people see the comic and flip through it and say, "No. Totally fake." Or they just don't say. I don't know how many readers we have that hate the gay thing. They don't say.



**GILBERT:** Well, mine are fucked up characters. But then all my characters are fucked up.... And I have half-way transsexuals.... I think gay people get excited. I treat them as a regular person, not as just the token gay person.

**SLUG:** Do people tell you they are attracted to certain characters or wish they were one of them?

**JAIME:** Some people fall in love with them. Some guys write "I never thought I'd fall in love with a comic book character, but I'm in love with Maggie." Women write "If Hopey were real, we'd be best friends." No one has gotten fanatical. Sometimes, people write "I'm them!" or "I'm so in love with them."

**GILBERT:** That's more with Jaime's characters. People want to be Maggie or Hopey. My characters are more fucked up.

**SLUG:** If you ever make a movie, who would you put in it?

**JAIME:** All unknowns.

**SLUG:** No Winona Ryder?

**JAIME:** No way.

**GILBERT:** There is no place for Winona Ryder in this movie. Who would she be? She'd have to be the star. Everyone else would be in the background. You'd have to use unknowns right away. Never anyone in Hollywood.

**SLUG:** Thank God.

Most comics stores carry L&R and if they don't, tell them to order it. There are graphic novels or collected copies of back issues if you want to catch up. Reprints are available at stores or can be ordered through newer issues.



# CONCERTS



Chad of River Bed Jed at B&G  
photo: Robert Deberry

## RIVER BED JED DECOMPOSERS

Bar & Grill  
January 14, 1993

I showed up to the bar rather early, hoping to down a few beers before the bands started playing. Evidently, so did many others. There was a lot of drinking going on and I think the bands and the bar were pleased.

RIVER BED JED is totally killer. They are on the Salt Flat compilation, but in my opinion they are a whole lot better. They just were fuckin' cool. The singer's voice is reminiscent of Eddie Vedder's, but the music is full on rock and roll.

You all know that "I was raised by a pack of wild corn dogs." Anyway, DECOMPOSERS are the stick up my ass that make me happy. Nothing could be finer than an evening with these boys. Is it me or do things for these boys get crazier and crazier?

They covered the theme to the Dukes of Hazzard and played all the favorites. The last song ended up in a full on dog pile on the stage, which I luckily managed to stay out of.

This evening was rock and roll, boys and girls!

—Chopper



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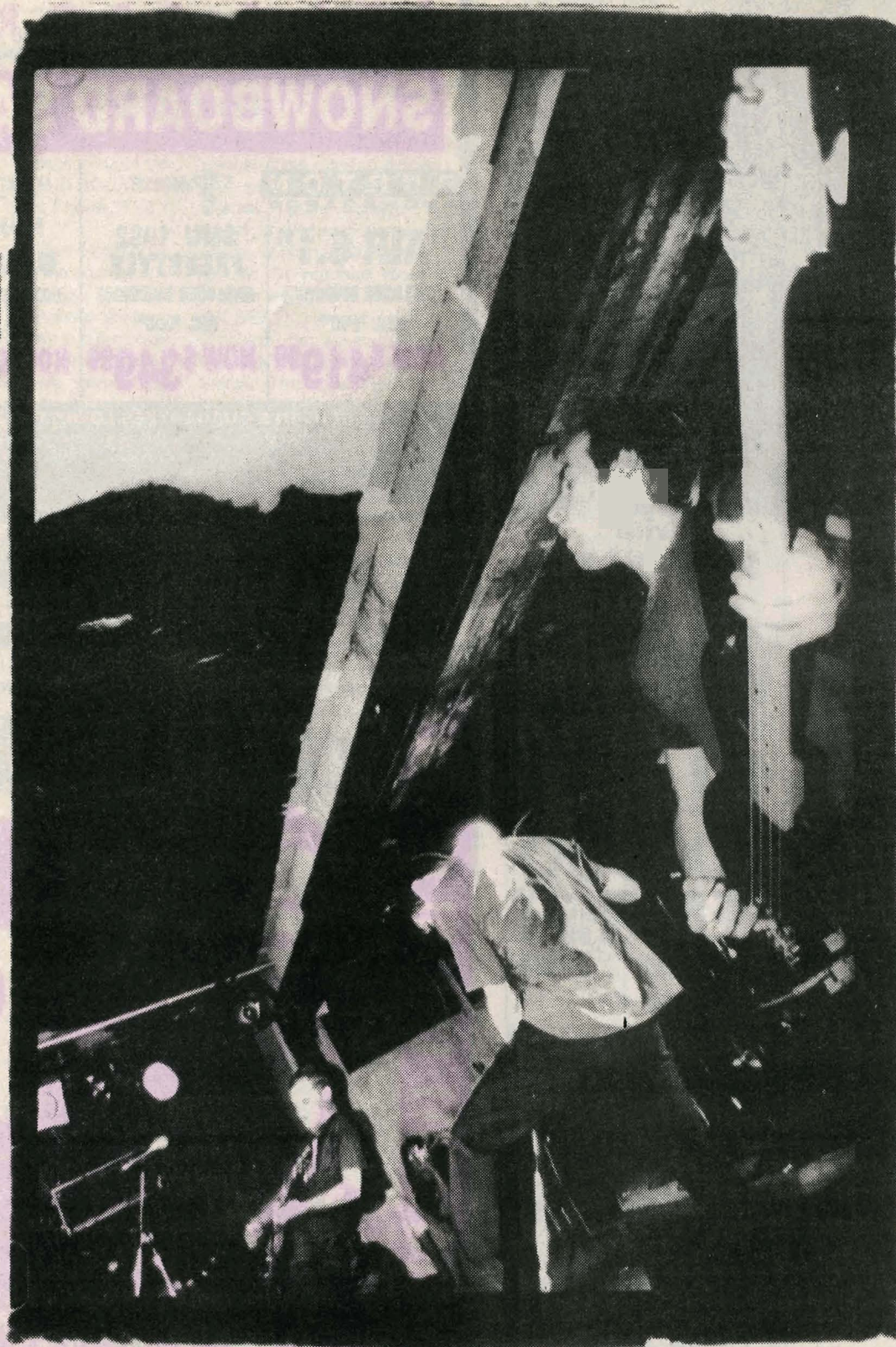


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