

MUSIC • ART • POLITICS

FREE

SLUG

APRIL 1993 • ISSUE #52

**NEW
CALENDAR
OF EVENTS
PAGE 20**




**ONE
EYE**

Cover art by JIM MEIER

**STIMBOY • CONCERTS • LETTERS
ROCKABILLITY: NEWS, VIEWS & REVIEWS
CHECK OUT OUR NEW CALENDAR GUIDE
A LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN TOWN**

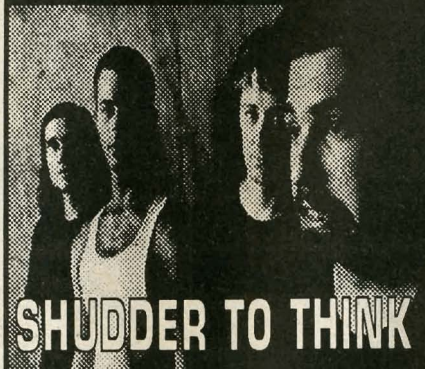
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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SUNDAY, MAY 18TH



NOFX

THURSDAY, MAY 22ND



SHUDDER TO THINK

Club

STAR 7

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MAY 8
IOWA BEEF EXPERIENCE

MAY 9
UNCLE SLAM

MAY 10
BOLT THROWER

MAY 10
SPORE

MAY 13

COWS, JANITOR JOE

MAY 21
GROTUS, OFFSPRING

JUNE 2
7 YEAR BITCH

JUNE 5
KREATOR

JUNE 29
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SLUG

APRIL 1993
ISSUE #52

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WORD SEARCH "Barney Taylor"

Answer Clue - Find Word

E D B O F A N I L O R A C H T R O N C P
G N X L H Q H E L E N C R U M P E Y O D
Y D U J Y D U J Y D U J Y D U J Y D U J
B U T N P C O A T C Q S U Q L D L Y S M
C A V F D L M I N S A B R A P F M C I D
K C O R A S W O R H T M M C N B R L N O
E M A R A L E I G H A O P K P I L O S H
S G H C E H X R B U O Q L B J A T H N K
T E F U O L A M L E H T K I E Z K A U I
G E C G E Q S T P A O A O K P L F J G E
I B R N H G A J G N I L R A D T L O A N
R C F N A W W B T A S M N R B L N C T D
E G V I E R J R E N R K V I S K J U U L
W A L L Y S F I L L I N G S T A T I O N
A F M E M I T M L A D Y R U T N E C H M
W P R E F M S T U T R T O J B P R S T R
L E U N I E H L B J P S D A C Z U B I T
V L C E F L P J D A N I E B P M I K W H
B T X G T E L D S O S C D N F V U F P N
S H C Y B I T E K A L S R E Y M R C G L

1. The State in which Mayberry resides?
2. The capital of that State
3. The nearest big city to Mayberry mentioned often
4. Floyd _____ (the barber)
5. This Actress played Aunt Bea _____ Bavier
6. The waitress in the town's diner that Barney dated
7. Opie does this at the beginning of every show during the credits
8. This is where Gomer worked before he left the show to be in the Marines with a Sergeant named "Vince?"

9. The father of the Hillbilly family that appeared occasionally in the show:

Frisco _____

10. The town drunk _____
Otis _____

11. This hillbilly was the one referred to when someone said "He's a nut"

12. Movie company from California came to Mayberry to make a movie about Andy. Called "Sheriff" _____

13. This was Barney's regular Gal.

14. Barney always carried this in the pocket of his uniform

15. The impression Goober always did in a fatal attempt at Cary Grant

16. The lake near Mayberry where most of the town did their fishing

17. Opie's school teacher

18. Andy's girlfriend in the earlier episodes who worked at the pharmacy

19. What was the relation between Goober and Gomer?

By Century Russell
answers page 27

CIRCUS OF POWER

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LETTERS

Dearest Dickheads

Some comments from December SLUG:

"What you need to do is drink a sixer of P.B.R..."

"This is the kind of show that was much better when you're fucked up"

"Remember the friends we lost in '92 and try not to join them..."

Utah is a very unusual state. When I see kids from Utah getting drunk and puking at shows, it's almost like they are making a great statement to somebody. I don't know who this is; maybe their friends, the State of Utah, or their parents, who will never know anyway. How about a really unusual idea: besides being detrimental to the individual, maybe alcohol is actually detrimental to music, art and politics.

Some things to remember:

- It is possible to rock, flail, snivel, kick ass, in general be whomever you want to be without wallowing in the disease of alcoholism.

When you give your money to the liquor industry, you are not giving it to creative, interesting people. You are giving it to large corporations who represent the great right wing traditions we have grown to despise over the past 12 years.

- Like other killers in this society, silence is death.

- Many of us came from dysfunctional family backgrounds. There is no need to perpetuate this pattern.

It is possible to support the clubs in this town who keep music alive without buying alcohol. Try it sometime. Maybe try an AA meeting. If you don't want to be the only one there who likes music, take a friend.

Love,
Lofty

P.S. to SLUG: Please keep up the good work. Your knowledge of music is unparalleled and greatly needed in this state.

Dear Stimboy:

Attached is a letter I previously wrote to SLUG about alcohol and politics. Please publish the letter in SLUG. I am not a politically correct martyr. I think you will find that I can substantiate my point of view.

The Coors company is not only guilty of reprehensible labor practices, they derive a significant part of their income from their ceramics business, which caters to the defense industry. During the days of the energy crisis, Coors was a member of the Mountain States Legal Foundation along with the infamous former Secretary of the Interior James Watt. The purpose of the Mountain States Legal Foundation was to try to declare that Colorado and Wyoming are an "environmental-free zone," allowing the area to devastated in the search for shale oil.

Fortunately, this plan never went through. However, if it had, Coors stood to make a fortune on ceramic parts that would have been used during development of the shale oil fields.

My point in telling you this is that there are knowledgeable people out here and some of us disagree with you. I hope this doesn't present too much of a dilemma to you and SLUG. I think SLUG should publish views from all sides, not just the pro-alcohol side. Unless I'm mistaken, the front cover does say "politics" along with music and art.

Thanks for speaking out on political issues, even if it does sound like you are whining a little. With Consolidated coming to town and you at least bringing up these issues, I like what's happening in Salt Lake. I also like the fact that you have a good vocabulary and you write intelligibly. But please take it easy on people who are not as knowledgeable as you are. They will learn.

In conclusion, please have SLUG publish my letter, even if you or they don't agree with what I'm saying.

Love always,
Lofty

Dear Lofty,

I'm not really sure what you disagree with from my last column, or why SLUG or I wouldn't agree with you. We have no editorial policy or position to speak of. I'm hip to the various other maneuverings of Coors, having

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LETTERS ETC.

lived in Denver for a spell in my youth. You could dig up as much dirt on Anheuser-Busch (defense industry connections) or Miller (right to life interests) as well. It's just more hip to pick on Coors, I guess. The important thing is to educate yourself and get the dialogue rolling, which you have obviously done. I know a cheesy column in SLUG isn't going to affect much, if anything, in the world, but at least it provoked a well considered response. As always, thanks for writing.

Love, Stimmy.

EARTH JAM

What is Earth Jam? What is it all about? You may ask these questions to yourself. First of all it's a Music and Arts festival organized and directed by Citizens United To Save The Earth. The concert is open to the public free of

charge. Earth Jam will be held in the Main Pavillion at Liberty Park on April 17, 1993. The time will be approximately from 1:00 p.m. until 10:00 p.m.

The entertainment will be expressed by the local Music and Arts industry. Earth Jam is also about the Earth and our Environment. It's about exchanging views and creating new ideas on what we can do as individuals to help our environment in the Salt Lake City area as well as on a National level. It's an event in which we invite nonprofit and other environmental groups to come out, set up a booth, and take part by expressing their opinions on who they are, what they represent, and what they are working towards.

We have an open invitation welcoming all groups and organizations, keeping in mind that the main focus of the day will be on the Earth and the Environment.

The event is a semi-annual function held in the spring and the fall every year. Another question that might be asked is what do we hope to create by having the event?

- 1- Bring the people together to exchange opinions and brainstorm ideas to help the Earth.
- 2- Increase membership and activism in local groups.
- 3- Educate the public about environmental issues.
- 4- Support the Salt Lake City Music and Arts Industry.
- 5- Have a good time.

If you are a local band or an entertainer who would like to perform or if you are a group that would like to set up a booth, please contact Branford Butler at 485-1426 or Dan Marsh at 596-0235.

WANTED

**WRITERS
WRITERS
WRITERS
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**Positively Queer
Politics
Etc**

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Salt Lake City, Utah
84110-1061**

CORRECTION

The Dana Lyons/Lone Wolf ozone action concert has been changed to Tuesday, April 6 at 7pm.

The nation-wide DAY OF OUTRAGE against the U.S. Forest (dis)Service and its practices will take place on Wednesday, April 21. Anyone interested should call 621-6509 for details on organized protest.

MORMON UPDATE

Healing The Homosexual

It has come to my attention that psychologists in these latter-days claim that they can cure the homosexual of his/her carnal lust. Well, it's about time that the men of science join with the saints in a combined effort to cleanse our kingdom of the plague, in preparation for the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I'd like to shake the hand of that God-fearing psychologist who so selflessly gave of his talents to rid our promised land of that sexual crime that drags with itself a train of irrepentable, and in most cases, unimaginable sins. Sure, Uncle Ezra would do a few things different than Dr. Fix-a-femme, but I can't be everywhere and bless everyone with my wisdom at the same time.

But if I could be everywhere at once, this is what I would do with me and the Lord's time. First of all, there is no psycho-therapist better than the Almighty himself. That is why I recommend the guiding hand of the BYU psychology department for prompt and thorough cleansing of the unmanly lasciviousness. Keep in mind, those other "treatment centers" are just out to make a buck, we're out to save a soul! And second, it's time to get the Liahona rolling on our new young adult electroshock devotionals, where our budding

Aaronic priesthood holders get a badly needed jolt during impressionable times of misguided hormonal development. I'm sure my masculine presence will be felt at each and every one of the testimonial gatherings. And may I recommend an outing to your stake farm for a little castration as a subtle visual reminder of what can happen when our God-given powers of procreation are involved in frothful acts of depravity.

Now, a few reminders. When casting out the effeminate seed of Satan through the laying on of hands, never, never close your eyes. You just can't tell where the wayward, groping hands of a pleasure seeking homosexual will prod next. Also, be sure to use only UNCLE EZRA'S water-based consecrated oil. Take my word for it, any homosexual becomes aroused at the prospect of having petroleum-based oil rubbed on his head.

Use caution when embracing or employing tender looks on your younger boys. Emotions are not essential to attain spiritual happiness, and often do more harm than good. Encourage your young priesthood holders to hold only to the rod of God.

*Happy Healings
Uncle Ezra*

Originally printed June 1990

Ed. Note: In response to comments regarding this column, *lighten up and recognize satire when you see it.*

New Releases
Coming Out April 12th
"The Germ"

James Owens

FRIDAY, APRIL 16

BAD YODELERS

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RECORDS

NOVAGENUS

Self titled, and why not, this is NOVAGENUS. There's no way around that. This CD, put simply, kicks ass. Mike's voice has improved 100% over SLAUGHTERCHRIST, and music-wise the whole band has progressed beyond where I thought they could. Take a slowed down WHITE ZOMBIE and a heavy COFFIN BREAK, mix them up in a big bowl and then you have the foundation. Next sprinkle on some NEUROSIS for flavor and serve.

The perfect mixture. In this CD, each person will find a different emotion from hating your mom to hating your wife, to hating yourself, but you will still love the CD. As for the cover, well, it's like the CD. NOVAGENUS, go buy it. Before it's too late.

—Bobby

SHADOWPLAY

Songs From The Land Called Ecstasy

Alda House

Undertaking a conceptual theme project is no small feat. And SHADOWPLAY merge the halfway mark and beyond with this 5-song EP of post-funk resonance interfaced in subtle Gothic undertones. Incorporating a fantastical yet realistic conjectured plot, *Songs From The Land Called Ecstasy* bestows upon its agonist-antagonist superhero, the paradigm of a well-meaning Godhead gone awry by the spoils of power. Much in the context of a rock opera drama, SHADOWPLAY succeeds in ameliorating the "concept album" approach via interspersed vocal characterization but emphasizing instrumentation as the main expressive force instigating the superhero's mental denigration.

Each individual piece stands as a centrifugal component without remaining impervious to the entire project formula. In terms of religiosity and jaunting high drama, one is reminded of Jesus Christ Superstar. SHADOWPLAY prepare the guidelines for the listener's interpretation and imagination as

propelled throughout *Rotation*, *Nightmare*, *Blasphemy*, and *To-night!*. A brief compositional outro called *Intro To Reputation Unknown* leaves behind a residual working trail for subsequent upcoming concept arrangements.

The EP lags only in *Nightmare* with its headtrip quagmire of swirling repetition in need of fine-tuning to hone-in on the tormenting dreamscape intent.

Look forward to the finished full-length CD release. Van Christensen - drums, Chris Sharp - guitar and acoustic guitar, Zam - bass and vocals. Additional musicians: Dennis McMaster - bagpipes, Madison Moran - cello.

—Jinx Omen Telluride



COFFIN BREAK

Thirteen
Epitaph

COFFIN BREAK, hard, fast, confident and unbelievable. Their new full-length album, *Thirteen*, is only their first full length, but it is their thirteenth release when you add up all the 7" and compilations, starting with *Coffin Break*, an 8-song cassette that was self produced, up to their last one, *Crawl*, on Epitaph.

Thirteen expands on the COFFIN BREAK sound, mixing punk, metal, and melodies. You would expect these guys to sound like your typical grunge band since that is all you hear these days, but you actually get a 7 SECONDS sound with a lot more testosterone



(balls).

Produced by Jack Endino, who gives this album a full force wall-to-wall sound that produces a certain energy that can't be overlooked. This previous three-piece, now a four-piece is on tour now. Go see them; they kick ass. And buy the CD.

—Bobby

MOTH MACABRE

Moth Macabre

Interscope

MOTH MACABRE is a four member Minnesota/San Francisco transplant. They list their influences as SONIC YOUTH, PIXIES, and the BREEDERS. And that is exactly what you get. Some pure unadulterated noise. There is a certain imbalance and conflict underlying all the songs on their self-titled debut on Interscope.

From real punk angst on *All Great Architects are Dead*, to a west coast pop style on *Malibu*, these four guys have a wide range of talent. The release date is March 9th, 1993 and they will soon be on the road.

If you get a chance to pick this one up, do, it's worth it.

—Bobby

NEUROSIS

Souls at Zero

Alternative Tontacle

NEUROSIS is a platform of music and art with a mind-set that is different from the nauseating, mediocre mainstream. They are one of the few bands that has a hypnotic state about them.

The musical range on their newest release, *Souls at Zero*, ranges from a tribal wall-of-noise to serene hypnotic melodies. These five guys have created an album that may very well rise above the rest with the apocalyptic sound

from within.

If you have seen these guys live, then you know that their show is a multi-media mind fuck that takes the crowd by storm.

If you don't have this one, get it, if you can handle the intensity.

—Bobby

MULE

Mule

1/4 Stick

Have you heard the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion? Here's another one. This style began in the '50s with the legendary STARDUST COWBOY. He is known for releasing "Paralyzed," the world's worst record. Then came the CRAMPS, the GUN CLUB, SUICIDE, PSYCHOBILLY, and any number of lesser known bands.

They all took a style of retro music and mutated it into an almost unrecognizable form. Steve Albini, who produced this album, says MULE is "revitalizing the once-exhausted notion of hillbilly punk." MULE is raw; they are lo-fi (my copy is vinyl, which is all the better), they are almost totally unlistenable and they are great.

MULE is from Detroit and is comprised of the LAUGHING HYENA's former rhythm section, drummer Jim Kimball and bassist Kevin Munro. Ex-Wig P.W. Long is the singer and guitarist. Together they combine funk, blues, hillbilly and God knows what into a tight blend of what else but hillbilly hardcore funk.

Put Touch and Go and their 1/4 Stick subsidiary at the top of labels to watch for; Salt Lake City exists for them. TAR and JAWBOX will be here in March. The JESUS LIZARD hits Salt Lake City in April with HELMET. Go to the shows and more bands might realize this city exists.

—by Wa

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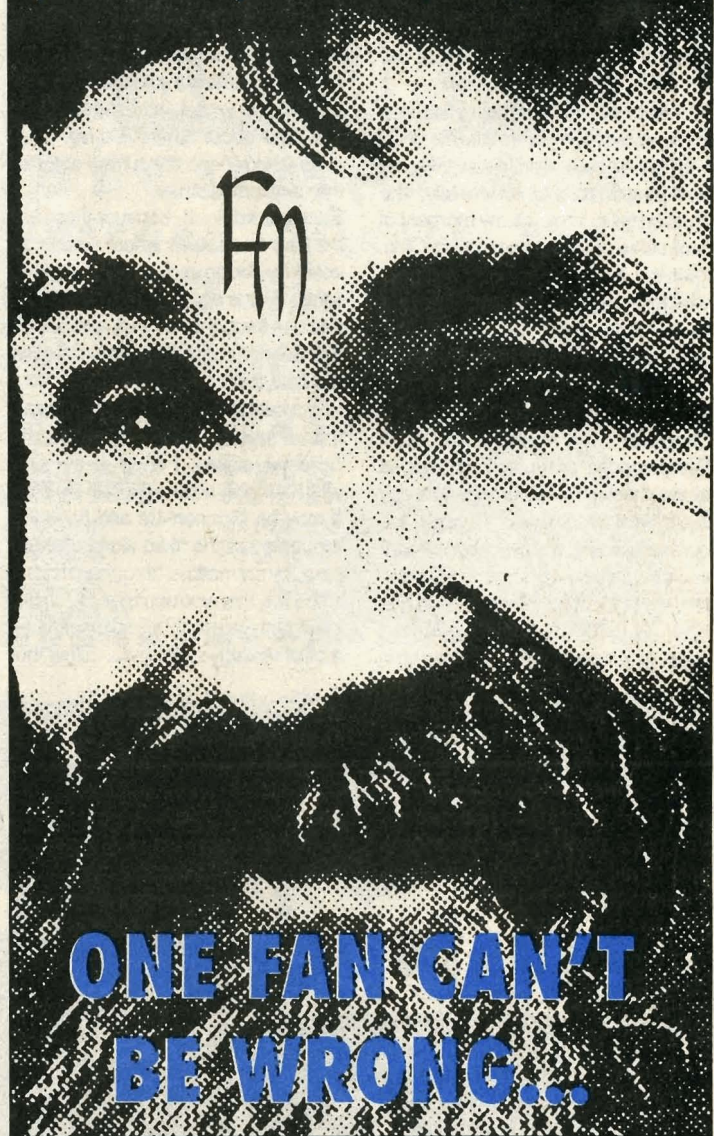
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THE ALTERNATIVE AND THE OBVIOUS

MISCELLANEOUS

THE GOOD LIFE

It was a dark and stormy night last December that I chose to lay to rest my inhibitions and finally, after a mere seven years of life in this valley, fill out the PRIVATE EYE's "Best of Utah Readers Poll." My overriding desire to impart my worldly wisdom was matched only by the potential prizes awaiting my swift response. Unfortunately, the situation fell to irony, as my moment of truth came while on vacation in Ohio. After the bartender effortlessly delivered up a double stroke of Tequila, I felt my mind drift away from this land of grace and beauty.

I really had one bitch of a time filling this form out to any major degree of completion. This made me sad, and I had to wonder, "am I just a loser trapped inside my own home, or merely a guy that's hard to please?" Luckily the dominant side of my psyche took control and whipped my shit into perspective; it's not that I don't enjoy life in Salt Lake City, I just find satisfaction in different ways, which generally don't show up in

a popularity contest. In order to discover my source of inspiration, I have to first consider what I hate. For instance, I hate driving a car in this granny-forsaken town where everyday is a Sunday on the pavement. It just strings me out sometimes getting behind the wheel, so I have to be selective about where I drive. I've chosen to reduce my surroundings to the corridors of 9th East and 3rd South, because these are the only two streets where I can successfully dodge cars and make all the lights. This is a true challenge, but one that can frequently be met, and once it has been met, the other daily stresses just float away.

I hate to shop, maybe even more than I hate to drive. So when the occasion strikes, I shop at the D.I., which is readily accessible from 9th East. It may be Mormon-run and have the reputation as the "third world of shopping," by my motto is, "If you can't find us at the D.I., then you don't need it." It's an intelligent place to shop because it takes a bit of strategy in doing so. Either that

or it's just a mind numbing experience like on those hung-over days when you can just wade through worthless shit for hours on end.

This being the competitive world that it is, there is no room for people with an attitude who might treat you like dirt. That's why convenience stores are very important to me; they are plentiful in this valley and within walking distance. There are even quite a few pleasant ones to frequent, but the choicest of all is the Chevron at the corner of 2nd South and 7th East. The career cashiers are on your side, bitching right along with you at every cigarette price increase or the inability to buy beer past 1:00 am. They are impeccably friendly, always noticing when I've gotten a haircut or taken a bath.

If anyone in this locale is deserving of a citizenship award, it is the fine crew at Chevron.

Of course, they are not the only folks that make daily contact a pleasant thing, particularly in view of the meager wages they earn. There is the Albertson's on 2nd South and 4th East which tends to cater to the lower class, making it all the more fine by me. The glorious staff here take everything in stride, and just because you have cash doesn't mean you're any better than our


brothers and sisters with food stamps. The Kinko's Mega center down the street also portrays vast service-oriented quality. If the whole world were as spotless and efficient as Kinko's, perhaps there would be lasting peace. All they need now is an espresso machine and they would rule the world.

I don't want to sound like I don't get out to eat and drink much; I really do. But why the hell would I want everyone to know what's at the top of my list? I hate waiting in lines, or actually waiting for anything, and the presence of lots of people is obviously detrimental to this effect. So, without naming any names, my favorite bar is one of the few remaining dinosaurs with a happy hour and the bestest bartender by the name of Barbara. It's also the only place that you can get a pool table on Friday night. My favorite place to eat is at a simple convenience store grill, and that's all I can say, other than I woke up from a dream one night screaming, having believed that said establishment got a new owner and took the onion rings off the menu! Talk about life coming to screeching halt!


Thanks for letting me get that off my chest. I feel better now.

—Ivar John Zeile

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7TH • \$5 • 8:00PM

 PRESENTS

supertouch




LUMBERJACK

and

CRITICAL MASS

THURSDAY, APRIL 22 • \$6 • 8:00PM

SHUDDER TO THINK



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AMENDMENT II

Right to keep and bear arms.

A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed.

Maybe I'm just nit picking, but I've read through the constitution a few times and somehow I just don't understand how the Second Amendment can be interpreted to guarantee any psychopath total and immediate access to as much automatic weaponry as his twisted little heart desires. I'm not going to quibble over the labyrinthian subtleties of constitutional law, but it occurs to me that the combination of fire power and psychosis is not a good one. It is sagacious to employ at least a modicum of common sense when dealing with the criminally insane, and allowing unrestricted access to Tek 9's is probably not the best form of therapy.

Let's look at the Branch Davidians of Waco, Texas. They must be protected by the constitution, right? Otherwise, they wouldn't have been allowed to assemble such a large and powerful army.

If ever there was a "well regulated militia," Dave Koresh and his minions certainly seem to be one. I'm not really clear on how their presence is preserving the security of the State but I am thankful, by cracky, that the NRA is going down to the wire to defend them.

The Branch Davidians are a bore, frankly. They are the corporate version of the Manson family, just subtract the imagination and add a hell of a budget. Just imagine what Manson, Jim Jones or even Joseph Smith could have done with the resources at Koresh's disposal. I find Koresh guilty of being the most boring and obvious cult leader since Ian Atsbury.

The National Rifle Association (note: that's National Rifle Association, not National Handgun Association or AK47 Association) survives by using a very narrow interpretation of the second Amendment and bullying or frightening anyone who doesn't agree into submission. (This works especially well with elected officials.) In the NRA equation, the constitution guarantees everyone access to a gun at any time, no ifs ands or buts. Now first off, I like guns just fine. I have no problem with people owning guns; I'd buy one today if trivial things like rent and food and phone

bills wouldn't keep coming up. My whole problem has only to do with the ease with which guns can be purchased and the absolute absence of any kind of required training in their care and use.

In order to drive a car, everyone has to take a class, take a written test and a driving test and then complete a probation period before a license is finally issued. And then, if you fuck up, you lose your license and have to start the process all over again. What a hassle. On the other hand, to legally buy a gun in Salt Lake City, all you have to do is have an ID and sign a paper saying you are not a criminal. That's it; easy huh? I think there is some disparity here, when people who shouldn't be allowed to drive a shopping cart can stockpile a few guns around the house with no training and no questions asked. It's easier to buy a gun than a mixed drink in this town.

Well enough of that, time for fun stuff. Sunday the 21st of March presented a real dilemma for me. Too many great shows to choose from. The all star HANSON BROTHERS at Club Starrz, POND at the Bar and Grill (by the way, their new Sub Pop album smokes), and the fabulous PLEASURE BARONS at the pricey Zephyr club. I opted for the BARONS, and was not disappointed. Just to bask in the presence of such musicians as Dave Alvin, John Doe, Country Dick Montana, Rosie Flores and Mojo Nixon dis-

guised as a Las Vegas lounge act was absolute bliss and a hell of a good history lesson in pure American rhythm and blues. Highlights included Country Dick kicking a heckler in the chest with his size 12 boot, Mojo reciting the Pleasure Baron creed and of course the golden voice of John Doe.

While I'm on the subject, X has reunited and will be releasing an album in June with a tour to follow. Exene has been keeping busy also, her latest project being a collaboration with photographer Kenneth Jarecke called *Just Another War* (Joliet, Montana: Bedrock Press). Run, don't walk, to your favorite independent bookstore and order this if it's not already in stock. This is an incredibly powerful piece of work matching Jarecke's disturbing photos of the Gulf War fiasco with Cervenka's inimitable free associating verse and beautiful calligraphy. Her words give a depth to the frequently mundane and sometimes shocking images of Jarecke, drawing the reader's eye inexorably towards the hideous incongruities hidden within those vast horizons of sand. *Just Another War* is a beautiful and terrifying book which cuts straight to the heart. After this, you will never think of your country the same way.

Well enough purple prose for me (and for you too, gentle reader). Until next month, this is Stim Boy signing off.

—STIMBOY

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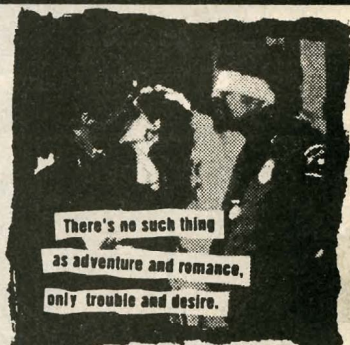
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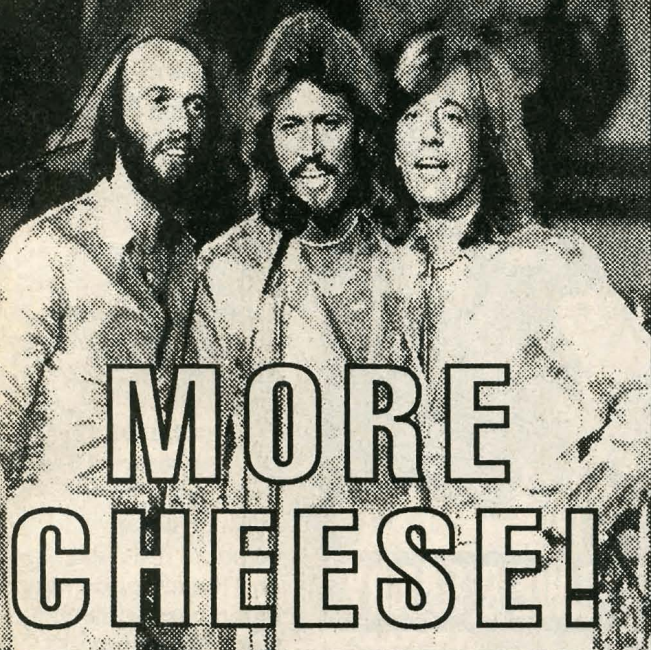
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APRIL COVER BAND

ONE EYE



LEFT TO RIGHT: SHANE, RUSTY, DAVE & RANDY

In the mid to late eighties, the initial momentum of the original punk rock scene began to wane, squeezed out by the English disco renaissance, mascara smeared Los Angeles glam pap, and vague, wishy-washy "college rock." The fierceness and rebellion which had marked rock and roll was absent from virtually all radio broadcasts and the "death of rock" was proclaimed by the pop media on both sides of the Atlantic. For the most part, popular music had become a homogenized exercise in mindless prattle. The resulting vacuum left an opening for the rise of bands like Metallica, Guns N' Roses and Jane's Addiction, who combined punk integrity with heavy metal riffs to create a hybrid which legitimized rock and roll and allowed the broad acceptance of bands ranging from Alice in Chains to the Red Hot Chili Peppers to, of course, Nirvana.

Salt Lake City's ONE EYE fits well in the tradition of those bands. They combine

elements of funk, jazz and metal to create an oleo of great guitar rock which is instantly identifiable without being too derivative. Essentially, ONE EYE is a rock band that you don't have to be embarrassed to admit you like. I doubt you'll ever find them hanging with the spandex crowd at Rafter's or posing in their leathers at the Heavy Metal Shop. You'd be more likely to find them providing the soundtrack to wherever the best party in town happens to be that night.

Individually, ONE EYE consists of vocalist Dave H., drummer Randy Weseman, guitarist Shane Russell and bassist and resident philosopher Rusty. Over the past year, they have developed a sizable following, due in large part to the party-like atmosphere which surrounds their shows. Describing their sound, Randy says, "It's all individual; Shane's really metal-based, Rusty is kind of funk-based, I'm kind of jazz-based, and Dave is just based." One of

the best front men in town, Dave is the lead instigator of the dancing, yelling and drinking crowd response ONE EYE thrives on. "It's trippy when people start singing along with you," Dave says. "Either they know what you mean, or at least they think they know what you mean."

The general mayhem and joviality which surrounds their gigs belie themes of regret and loss which permeate the lyrics of songs like *Gone* and *Time*. Dave is the principal lyricist (although Rusty was responsible for their "hit" *Mr. Rich Man*) and expressed the process this way, "For me, writing is like therapy, and I hate to say that because it's such a cliché, but I either write things down or I get a headache."

Songwriting for ONE EYE is a collaborative process, with each member adding his own contribution and input to create a holistic sound. "If you have a song all written and expect it to sound a certain way, you'll be disap-

pointed," Randy says. "But by the time everyone gets finished with it, it sounds way better than you ever thought it would."

Dave adds, "Since we started, until now, it's incredible how much everybody is learning. It starts out dark and works into light and we're getting there, I think; getting to where we can really play together and talk to each other."

For the future, ONE EYE has recorded a few songs and hopes to release a CD soon. They are also optimistic about the Salt Lake scene and the sheer number of talented bands playing around town, although they agree there is not as much camaraderie between local bands as there could be. Still, these guys are hardly the types to brood over local scene politics; they're more likely to just shrug, crack open another beer and kick into the next song. Or as Dave aptly puts it, "The whole atmosphere we try to create is just a party, because when I think of our music, I think of being at a party and hearing it in the background over a stereo and having a good time... It's a little bit of everything from the Jackson Five to the Beatles to Star Trek; The Next Generation with better special effects. I'd just like people to say 'ONE EYE' and describe us like that."

—Jon Shuman

Photos by
Robert DeBerry

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Comic Reviews

PRESENTED BY:
DR. VOLTS
Comic Connection

DC Comics, having recently hit a slump in sales due to the rise in companies like Dark Horse, Image, and Valiant, not to mention their dearth of quality material, recently re-launched many of its "mature readers" titles and is releasing new ones under the "Vertigo" imprint. But does the Vertigo product leave one dizzy with ecstasy or merely sick? Frankly, it depends on the comic one chooses.

DEATH: THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Written by Neil Gaiman

Illustrated by Chris Bachalo and Mark Buckingham

Published by DC Comics/Vertigo

For those unfamiliar with Neil Gaiman's SANDMAN series, there are a number of pale beings referred to as "the Endless". Among these beings is Death, whose appearance of being a young woman obscures the fact that she is, in fact, the personification of mortality.

Once every century, however, Death becomes mortal for 24 hours and wanders the surface of the earth. Such is the crux of Gaiman's latest creation, **DEATH: THE HIGH COST OF LIVING**.

In this three-issue series, Death arrives on the physical plane in the current era. To ordinary humans, Death appears to be Didi, a girl whose parents were killed by a negligent driver. In this guise, Didi forms an attachment with a rather mopey boy named Sexton and runs across the enigmatic Max Hettie, who recognizes her as Death and enlists her to find her hidden heart.

Seems bizarre? Maybe. From there, Death and Sexton proceed to a night club, where they take in the melodramatic surroundings and arouse the attention of a creature known as the Eremile. The Eremile, you see, covets Death's ank, and, by means of force, gains possession of it and leaves Death and Sexton trapped in an abandoned building.

If all this also sounds convoluted, it is. Worse, however, it is devoid of much charm or meaning. In the opinion of this critic, author Gaiman merely hit on the idea of using the popular Death character in a series to make money. But worse, Gaiman seems to be poking fun at those who make SANDMAN so popular through Sexton: his interpretation of what SANDMAN fans are like. The series seems to be meaningless

trip through meaningless lives. Message?

All this conjecture may be false, but the fact remains that the story to this series is negligible at best, and (at worst) pointless. The dialogue is stilted, the characters are wooden, and the whole tale smacks of smarminess.

Even the art fails to enliven the story, as the usually reliable Chris Bachalo (SHADE THE CHANGING MAN) and Mark Buckingham, apparently uninspired by the lifeless writing, turn in flat and lackluster renderings. The black and white drawings are made worse by the annoying and garish coloring, in addition.

My recommendation for those interested in this series is to save your money unless you're one of those pathetic individuals who finds himself sexually aroused by the Death character or if you like the SANDMAN. Me? I'd prefer to see Gaiman working in more projects like SIGNAL TO NOISE, rather than pissing his talent into the Vertigo well.

(color, \$1.95) Grade: D-

ENIGMA

Written by Peter Milligan

Drawn by Duncan Fegredo

Published by DC Comics/Vertigo

Those familiar with Irish writer Peter Milligan have come to expect the unique from Milligan's comics work. With ENIGMA, however, Milligan may have managed to outdo all his previous material.

ENIGMA, as near as can be deciphered, revolves around telephone repairman Michael Smith and his relationship to the mysterious super-hero known as the Enigma.

Smith is stuck in a rut, so to speak, of the same routine week-in, week-out. But Smith's life is about to change, as a mysterious creature known as the Brain-Eater is terrorizing the city and the Enigma arrives on the scene to battle the monster. But Smith seems to remember Enigma as a comic book character.

Just what is going on? Welp, two issues into this 8-issue series, and Milligan is slowly revealing the workings behind that fictional reality. Smith becomes a victim of the Brain-Eater and almost dies, while another villain, the Truth, arises to combat the Enigma. As issue 2 ends, the Truth has apparently dispatched the Enigma, just as Smith remembers from the comic book.

Milligan, best known in America

for his work on SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN, has crafted a masterful (and, in the words of the author, "existentialist") super-hero tale in the tradition of Alan Moore's V FOR VENDETTA and WATCHMEN and Frank Miller's DAREDEVIL and BATMAN material. Trust a good writer to prove that there is still life in the cliché-ridden works of super-heroes.

In Michael Smith, Milligan has created an extremely likeable protagonist. Smith's bewilderment and confusion work as a magnet to the similarly befuddled reader and work to make the story more compelling. As Smith strives to sort out just what is going on, so does the reader. In addition, Milligan's fine scripting and effortless prose round out the picture.

Milligan is matched in virtuosity by artist Duncan Fegredo, as well. Fegredo manages to blend realism with unreality with very loose lines and wonderful detail. While it would be unfair to compare Fegredo to other artists, his work blends the look of such remarkable comics talents as David Mazzuchelli, David McKean, and Bill Sienkiewicz while remaining distinctive and original.

If for no other reason than ENIGMA, Vertigo has justified its existence. ENIGMA is, with no exception, the finest super-hero title being published.

(color, \$2.50) Grade: B+

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE

Written by Matt Wagner

Illustrated by Guy Davis

Published by DC Comics/Vertigo

Ever find yourself getting nostalgic for bits of 1930's noirish creations like THE SHADOW? If so, you owe it to yourself to check out Vertigo's SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE.

And no, don't confuse this title with Vertigo's SANDMAN. The title character here is Wesley Dodds, the so-called "Golden Age" Sandman: a gas-masked adventurer whose gimmick is a gun that dispenses a sleeping gas.

As the series begins, Dodds has returned to New York to take over his deceased father's business and to begin his fledgling career as the Sandman. At a formal party, Dodds intrigues and is intrigued by socialite Dian Belmont. Belmont is soon shocked to learn that her friend Catherine Van Der Meer has become a victim of the criminal known as the Tarantula. Belmont insists on accompanying her father, a police detective, to a precinct station where she stumbles across... the Sandman.

Of course, this summary fails to adequately convey the creativity and remarkable craft invested in this series. Writer Matt Wagner, best known for



GRENDDEL and MAGE, has an evident love for the period and material, and shows. Well-researched, the entire era is depicted, with gangsters, jazz music, the club life, and more prominently displayed. In only one issue, Wagner has managed to drop the reader into this period and made it believable. Wagner also uses very natural dialogue or eschews it entirely in scenes, allowing the pictures to set the tone. The characters also seem very well-fleshed and distinctive.

Of course, renderer Guy Davis also deserves a great deal of credit as his drawings depict the naive time period. The buildings, scenery, cars, clothing, hairstyles, etc. are all very authentic, which makes the setting genuine. As in Davis' own BAKER STREET, the characters are very human-looking (as opposed to the unrealistic and glamorous beings populating most comics). The facial expressions and body language in particular are stunning. It is evident that Baker is having a great time drawing the series, and it shows.

The only drawback to the art is the flat and ugly coloring by David Hornung. It is unfortunate that Vertigo seems unwilling to let Davis' art appear in its black and white splendor.

But this is only a minor quibble. As an ode to 30's comic book adventures, period-piece, and detective story, SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE is a treasure.

(color, \$1.95) Grade: B+

Afterword: In addition to SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE and ENIGMA, Vertigo does publish the worthwhile SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN and HELLBLAZER (both previously reviewed), but the other Vertigo titles to date are merely the same stale product DC has peddled previously, albeit with mature themes.

—Scott Vige

DR. VOLT'S

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LITERATURE

A SMALL KILLING

Written by Alan Moore

Illustrated by Oscar Zarate

Published by Dark Horse Comics/VG Graphics.

Why is a "graphic novel" being reviewed as a book? Well, for two reasons. First, it's about time comic books started receiving credit as a legitimate form of art. Second, in this case, the graphic novel in question is a true graphic "novel," rather than a short story in comic book form.

That said, it would be an exaggeration to call **SIGNAL TO NOISE** the second-best graphic novel ever published (behind the **CEREBUS THE AARDVARK** volumes by Dave Sim and Gerhard, of course).

SIGNAL TO NOISE revolves around the life of advertising man Timothy Hole. From lower class England, Hole has risen to yuppie-class America. Now he's getting the big break in his life as he's being asked to promote the diet drink Flite in the Soviet Union. So Hole finds himself about to travel back to England to begin work.

Only... Hole keeps seeing a strangely recognizable little boy, first in the elevator of his apartment building, then crossing a rural road (causing Hole to wreck his auto), and then in an airplane lavatory.

The novel is divided into four sections, beginning with the New York period of Hole's life (1985-1989), then moving backwards to the London chapter (1979-1985), in which Hole's begin-

nings in advertisement, as well as a disastrous affair, are depicted. Then, Hole relives his roots in Sheffield (1964-1979), with his marriage and idealistic art college education.

Just who is the little boy? Well, I'll leave that up to those of you interested in this novel to discover. But I will divulge that the "small killing" mentioned in the title refers to the unjustified sacrifices (small killings) most of us make in "growing up" from child to adult. Specifically, where do our noble purposes and intents go? What happens to the childlike innocence and wonder we possess? And, perhaps most damning, what do we do with our bravery and boldness? Are all these attributes subverted or (worse) extinguished?

This is the focus of author Alan Moore, but rather than bludgeoning us or belaboring the point, Moore wisely allows the "moral" to be revealed through Hole's folly.

As Hole moves into the "Old Buildings" section of his tale (1954-1964), he has recognized the child, and terrified of the truth, tries to run away. But our pasts, as Hole is about to discover, are part of us.

Hole the adult may be an object of our contempt, but he becomes ultimately sympathetic thanks to Moore's skill. The conversations are lifelike and the characters entirely believable.

The advantage to this format as opposed to conventional prose is that the drawings provide impact for the story. There's no need for unnecessary description as artist Oscar Zarate depicts the surroundings.

This review fails to reveal the fullness and maturity of this work. As a fable for modern existence or morality play, **A SMALL KILLING** deserves attention from more than just the world of comic books.

—Scott Vice

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MOVIES & VIDEO

SIMPLE MEN

A film by Hal Hartley

Simple men say things like "The first beautiful woman I meet, I'm not going to fall in love with. That'll show her." Simple men do things like infiltrate high tech companies at the ground level in order to rob them blind. Simple men make simple statements, such as "Why do women exist?" or "Falling in love is like sticking an ice pick in your forehead."

The world of Hal Hartley is filled with simple men and women. The irony of this world is that all the simple aims of people are trapped within vastly different existences based upon a giant resource of knowledge. Discovering someone's simple nature becomes a delirious and welcome task when staring at *Simple Men* on a big screen.

With his third feature film, Hartley proves that the pit of humanity can endlessly be scoured for thought-provoking movie scripts. I wouldn't exactly call his body of work a trilogy, even though it's all stylistically and idealistically similar (including past Sundance Festival hits *The Unbelievable Truth* and *Trust*). Rather, you get the impression that Hal could continue doing the same thing over and over, each time getting a little better while uncovering something else from a world fraught with discovery. Hartley has already been cast within the slacker dictum, but he's really creating his own unique world, or point of view therein.

The two brothers in *Simple Men* are on a quest for truth, partially because they suddenly have to (their baseball star/rebel outlaw father becomes arrested, has a heart attack and subsequently escapes from the hospital), and partially because they have nothing else to do or want to do. The older brother has just lost what he thought was true love, as well as his stake in a high-end robbery, while the younger has lost his desire for education and has probably never even had a girlfriend. Together, they stumble along the path of truth, which is filled with many strange and interesting characters. Each must grasp their inner qualities and see them through to make their peace. It's the sort of journey we all talk about at the bar each night, and promptly forget the next morning.

The film certainly meanders around a lot, but holds together in its intentions, leading to simple conclu-

sions that make the title remarkably ironic. Hal's cast is exceptional, utilizing most of his past actors in just the right doses. He even plays with his own sensibilities, presenting a cute-as-the-devil schoolgirl as the first female character. Fortunately, she drops out of the picture, to be replaced by two strangely fascinating and diametrically opposed leading ladies. The dialogue never seems to stop, yet constantly grips your attention, whether due to its ultimate importance, or just its downright lunacy.

That is the key to what makes this man's films so worth watching. Hal works at perfecting the deadpan delivery, surrounding it with subtle behavior and emotional charge reflecting an everyday world. A first pass through the film is most effective on one level, the style engulfing the viewer to a point where it's overwhelming. A second or third viewing bears into the soul of the director, and reveals aspects of the work that are of a finer nature.

My impression of why Hartley is such a good director is not only based on what he injects into the construction of a film, but also what he avoids. His pictures are not glossed over in pretty sets or unfounded pretension, as they easily could be in the hands of Hollywood. The fact that he has yet to break into wide release and too few people will see this film only works to support the integrity of Hartley as a director. The selection of the cast which remains fairly consistent through his pictures, is that of people who are intriguing to look at, genuine, but not necessarily glamorous. In fact, a lot of his players will certainly go on to make a lot more money than he will, because of the marvelous showcase he has afforded them. His current lead, Robert Burke, is already supposedly the next Robocop, and past fave Adrien Shelley is currently on the cover of *Spin*, even though she's gone on to work in progressively worse films. William Sage, the philosophy ridden brother in *Simple Men* has dollar signs all over his face after gleamingly controlled performance in this film. It is, however, Hal who the role and made it work, as Sage has proven in the utterly dismal film *Rift* from this year's Sundance Fest.

So, if you want to see a true American original and his fine ensemble, go check out *Simple Men*, playing at the Tower Theatre at the end of this month.

— Ivar John Zeile

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SUPERDIMENSIONAL FORTRESS MACROSS

This is the most eagerly awaited Japanimation film release of all time. The Macross Universe has spawned several different comicbook and cartoon series, including the Robotech series here in the U.S. In the distant future the Earth is invaded by aliens known as the Zentradi... space ships, cosmic mysticism, and astrobabes. PG-13?, 137 minutes. Latenight 4/26-27, March 26 - April 1 at 4:15 & 9:15



A double bill of two 50 minute features: NEO-TOKYO is an anthology of three state of the art animated stories including a 25 minute segment by Katsuhiro Otomo (AKIRA) about a city under construction by out of control robots. SILENT MOBIUS adapts the Japanese graphic novel by Kia Asamiya, about a special futuristic police force who battle demonic forces which have overtaken their city. Probable PG-13, 100 minutes, April 2 - 4 at 5:15 & 9:00, April 5 - 8 @ 3:20.

The CASTLE of CAGLIOSTRO

This film is Japan's most popular animated feature. It is directed by Hayao Miyazaki, known as the Walt Disney of Japan. Its a hilarious mix of Hitchcock's TO CATCH A THIEF and several Marx Brothers movies, with colors so crystal clear and dazzling that the images pop right off the screen. This is a bright, non-stop film that will be sure to thrill all ages groups. Probable G, 100 minutes, April 5 - 8 at 1:15 & 5:15, April 9 - 11 at 1:00.

VAMPIRE HUNTER D

Millennium in the future, mankind is bedeviled by gnarly demons, ghoulish monstrosities, and (worst of all) Vampires. Humans fight back with what magic and strength of arms they can muster but few can match the powers of the truly old Vampires. Fortunately for warrior-babe Doris, Vampire Hunter D is passing through her 'neck' of the woods. Probable PG-13, 95 minutes, April 5 - 8 at 9:00.

The Professional

Animated action adventure about killers pursuing the ultimate hit man. Containing graphic violence, sex, and computer imagery, this film is based on the Japanese vision comic book series by Takao Saito. Its a nihilistic world of sin and corruption. R?, 95 minutes, latenight April 9, 10, April 9 - 11 at 5:20 & 9:20, April 12 - 15 at 5:15.

AKIRA

The all-time biggest box office hit from this genre, AKIRA is high-tech futuristic post apocalyptic mayhem. Best described as BLADE RUNNER meets HEAVY METAL with 2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY thrown in for good measure. Set in Neo-Tokyo in the year 2030, two members of a motorcycle gang stumble upon a secret government project to develop telekinetic humans, apparently for use as weapons. Absolutely state of the art animation. Probable R, 124 minutes, in English, April 12 - 15 at 12:45 & 9:20.

TOWER THEATRE

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slug daily calendar

MONDAY 5

- BLUE DEVILS BLUES REVUE - DEAD GOAT
- CIRCUS OF POWER W/ ONE EYE - BAR & GRILL

TUESDAY 6

- VODOO LOVE TOUCH - CLUB STARRZ
 - FOR WHAT ITS WORTH - BAR & GRILL
 - DOGHEDZ - DEAD GOAT
- (EVERY TUE. 1.00 OFF W/ CAN OF FOOD FOR UTAH FOOD BANK)
- BETHANY BRAKES - SPANKY'S
 - BAD MANNERS w/ CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES - ZEPHYR

WEDNESDAY 7

- SUPERTOUCH, LUMBERJACK, CRITICAL MASS - CLUB STARRZ
 - GUNS & ROSES - DELTA CENTER
 - A.U. W/ MIND AT LARGE - BAR & GRILL
 - ELMOS FIRE - DEAD GOAT
- (EVERY WED. LADIES NIGHT)
- THROUGH THE BLUE - BOURBON STREET
 - ANDRE JAMAL - SPANKY'S
 - BAD MANNERS - ZEPHYR
 - MOCHA JOE - PORT-O-CALL

THURSDAY 8

- RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE W/ HOUSE OF PAIN - CLUB DV8
- GIFT WRAPPED PERVERT W/ RED#5, MOUTHBREATH - CLUB STARRZ
- DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE - BAR & GRILL
- REV. WILLIE - DEAD GOAT
- RAY BAND - BOURBON STREET
- FOR WHAT ITS WORTH W/ CHEVY FINS - SPANKY'S
- LARRY CORYELL - ZEPHYR
- LOUIE DRAMBUIE - PORT-O-CALL
- DEAD KATS - BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE

FRIDAY 9

- TOMMYKNOCKER W/ HONEST ENGINE - CLUB STARRZ
- THE CHANGE - BAR & GRILL
- HOUSE OF CARDS - DEAD GOAT
- BACKWASH - BOURBON STREET
- FOR WHAT ITS WORTH W/ SWING BIKE - SPANKY'S
- MIDAS AND THE BRIDGE - ZEPHYR

SATURDAY 10

- COMMONPLACE W/ FORD PREFECT - CLUB STARRZ
- THE CHANGE - BAR & GRILL
- THE STRANGERS (from S.F.) - DEAD GOAT
- BACKWASH - BOURBON STREET
- RIVER BED JED - SPANKY'S
- BUCK WHEAT ZYDECO - ZEPHYR
- MOCHA JOE - PORT-O-CALL

SUNDAY 11

- (HAPPY EASTER)
- GOAT PICKINS (ACCOUSTIC OPEN MIC.) - DEAD GOAT

MONDAY 12

- GENE LOVES JEZEBEL - CLUB DV8
- BLUE DEVILS BLUES REVUE - DEAD GOAT

TUESDAY 13

- SOCIETIES CHILD - CLUB STARRZ
- THE OBVIOUS - BAR & GRILL
- DOGHOUSE - DEAD GOAT
- OFF KILTER - SPANKY'S

WEDNESDAY 14

- MALACHI - CLUB STARRZ
- LOVE COWBOYS W/ PRODIGAL OF SMILES - BAR & GRILL
- CHEVY FINS W/ MY DOG VODKA - DEAD GOAT
- PROBABLE CAUSE - BOURBON STREET
- VODOO LOVE TOUCH - SPANKY'S
- MOCHA JOE - PORT-O-CALL

THURSDAY 15

- BLUE WEDNESDAY W/ BLUE STREAK - CLUB STARRZ
- ANGER OVERLOAD - BAR & GRILL
- INSATIABLE - DEAD GOAT
- TEMPO TIMERS - BOURBON STREET
- KILLER CLOWNS - SPANKY'S
- LOUIE DRAMBUIE - PORT-O-CALL
- DEAD KATZ - BURTS TIKI LOUNGE

FRIDAY 16

- BAD YODELERS, MAKESHIFT, WATERFRONT, PHORHEAD - FAIRPARK HORTICULTURE BUILDING
- ALICE DONUT W/ MAGGOTHEAD - CLUB STARRZ
- GAMMA RAYS - BAR & GRILL
- FOR WHAT ITS WORTH W/ MR. JONES & THE PREVIOUS - DEAD GOAT



NOFX

In the grand tradition of fine Los Angeles guitar punk, NOFX will be making an appearance at Club Starrz on April 18. Their latest album "White Trash, Two Heebies and a Bean" (Epitaph) is one of the tightest, slammest and flat out jammingest slabs of CD material to come out of the fair environs of Southern California since, well, since the last NOFX album. NOFX dares to be stupid in a big way, but it's stupid in a good way. It's an Angry Samoans kind of stupid, a smart stupid if you will. This album will be great for bumming out your politically correct friends from the Satchmo soaked reworking of Minor Threat's "Straight Edge" to the lesbian love ballad "Liza and Louise." This disc clicks on all cylinders and any band which features one of the original Bad News Bears on guitar and trumpet has got to be worth a spin. The funny thing is, I've never really cared for the whole Descendents/Dag/Drill Car kind of trip, but these guys pull it off with aplomb. I think having a sense of humor helps. I think you got the point that I like the album; now I better shut up before I get mistaken for a Sassy staffer.

—Phil Harmonic

- STONE PONY - BOURBON STREET
- KILLER CLOWNS - SPANKY'S
- MIGHTY JAILBREAKERS - ZEPHYR

SATURDAY 17

- FLATLINE BENEFIT - CLUB STARRZ
- GAMMA RAYS - BAR & GRILL
- FOR WHAT ITS WORTH W/ MR. JONES & THE PREVIOUS - DEAD GOAT
- THE GROOVE - BOURBON STREET
- RIVER BED JED W/ J-BINDER - SPANKY'S
- TOO SLIM & THE TAILDRAGGERS - ZEPHYR
- MOCHA JOE - PORT-O-CALL

SUNDAY 18

- NOFX W/ LAS LAS WAGON - CLUB STARRZ
- THE FRANKS - BAR & GRILL
- GOAT PICKINS (ACCOUSTIC OPEN MIC.) - DEAD GOAT

MONDAY 19

- SCHOOL OF FISH W/ BEST KISSERS IN THE WORLD - CLUB DV8
- BLUE DEVILS BLUES REVUE - DEAD GOAT

TUESDAY 20

- AUGUST RED W/ SCAR STRANGLED BANGER - BAR & GRILL

slug daily calendar

- SHUFFLIN' NOAH - DEAD GOAT
- BIRDMAN - SPANKY'S
- FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS - ZEPHYR

WEDNESDAY 21

- PERPLEX - CLUB STARRZ
- ONE EYE - BAR & GRILL
- TOMO NOT KIDNEY - DEAD GOAT
- MIND AT LARGE - SPANKY'S
- MOCHA JOE - PORT-O-CALL

THURSDAY 22

- FRACTAL METHOD W/ LUMBERJACK - BAR & GRILL
- SHUDDER TO THINK W/ LIDSVILLE, MAYBERRY - CLUB STARRZ
- I-ROOTS - DEAD GOAT
- TEMPO TIMERS - BOURBON STREET
- MIND AT LARGE - SPANKY'S
- LOUIE DRAMBUIE - PORT-O-CALL
- DEAD KATS - BURTS TIKI LOUNGE

FRIDAY 23

- ICEBURN, LIDSVILLE, NOVAGENUS, MOUTHBREATH - CLUB STARRZ
- SPEAK NO ILL - BAR & GRILL
- ARMED AND DANGEROUS - DEAD GOAT
- KILLER TOMATOES - BOURBON STREET
- POO MAN SHU - SPANKY'S
- ZION TRIBE - ZEPHYR

SATURDAY 24

- CAROLINER RAINBOW W/ SCRAMBLEHEAD - CLUB STARRZ
- STONE PONY - BAR & GRILL
- TEMPO TIMERS - DEAD GOAT
- KILLER TOMATOES - BOURBON STREET
- TONGUE-N-GROOVE - SPANKY'S

- ZION TRIBE - ZEPHYR
- MOCHA JOE - PORT-O-CALL

SUNDAY 25

- UNINHIBITED - BAR & GRILL
- GOAT PICKINS (ACCOUSTIC OPEN MIC.) - DEAD GOAT

MONDAY 26

- NICK GRAVINITES (KRCL LIVE BROADCAST) - DEAD GOAT

TUESDAY 27

- HELMET W/ JESUS LIZARD AND THERAPY - CLUB DV8
- PROBABLE CAUSE - BAR & GRILL
- WING IT W/ ALBERT WING AND JIMMY MAHLIS - DEAD GOAT
- MY DOG VODKA - SPANKY'S

WEDNESDAY 28

- PSONIC PROPHET - BAR & GRILL
- FULL SPECTRUM - DEAD GOAT
- PRODIGAL OF SMILES - SPANKY'S
- MOCHA JOE - PORT-O-CALL

THURSDAY 29

- BOMB - CLUB STARRZ
- MIECES W/ RIVER BED JED - BAR & GRILL
- STONE PONY - DEAD GOAT
- THE OBVIOUS - BOURBON STREET
- DOGHOUSE W/ SCABS ON STRIKE - SPANKY'S
- LITTLE CHARLIE & THE NIGHT CATS - ZEPHYR
- LOUIE DRAMBUIE - PORT-O-CALL

FRIDAY 30

- FRACTAL METHOD - CLUB STARRZ
- GAMMA RAYS - BAR & GRILL



Dead
Kats

If you haven't been down to Burt's Tiki Lounge on a Thursday Night since the DEAD KATS have been playing, it's high time you did. Every week the crowd gets bigger and bigger. Dead Kats have a mission to revive roots rock & roll and people are starting to catch the buzz. There is no cover on Thursdays and Burt's always has an environment where you can have a great time. See you there.

—Ness Lessman

- ZION TRIBE - DEAD GOAT
- THE OBVIOUS - BOURBON STREET
- DOGHOUSE W/ SCABS ON STRIKE - SPANKY'S

OTHER STUFF

- EXHIBITION IN IRON - April 30, May 1-2, 468-4691 - \$5, \$4 Abate Members
- BLESSING OF THE BIKES - Saint Mark's Episcopal Cathedral - Saturday, May 8 Noon (donation of can or packaged food for admission)
- AIDS HOTLINE - 1-800-FON-AIDS

IF YOU HAVE AN EVENT OR OTHER NOTICE THAT SHOULD BE LISTED IN THIS SECTION

PLEASE SEND TO:

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RIVER
BED JED

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THURSDAY THE 6TH OF MAY

DOGHOUSE
BIRDMAN

THURSDAY THE 13TH OF MAY

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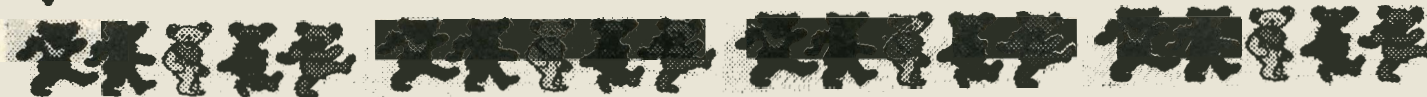


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ROCKABILLITY

NEWS, BLUES AND REVIEWS

I know what you're all thinkin' right about now: "Just when we thought we'd gotten rid of that stupid roots music fanatic P.K., here he goes and moves back to Utah again."

Well, you're right. I'm back! And I'm more fired up about roots music than I've ever been. After a brief eight month vacation in sunny Arizona, I'm back in the land of Zion for awhile to keep all you cats and kittens up to date on what's happening with roots music around the country, and around the world.


My juke box is so full of all the hip new stuff I've gotten over the last eight months, I can only scratch the surface in this month's article. To kick things off, I'm gonna hip all you cats to a band that's taking Southern California (and the rest of the state for that matter) by storm. The band is called the ROYAL CROWN REVUE, and let me tell you brother, these cats put the S in *swing*, and that's a fact. Their debut album is called *Kings of Gangster Bop*, and is available on Big Daddy Records located in Southern California. If you're a fan of serious big band swing with a taste of Harlem thrown in, then this is the band for you. These guys expose Harry Connick Jr. as the wimp that he really is. Imagine Frank Sinatra playing in some low down Southern juke joint and you have a good idea of what ROYAL CROWN REVUE is all about. The album is full of classics that will make you want to jump out of your chair and swing until you burn a hole in your shoes. My favorite tunes are *Jumpin' in G*, *Cold Shower*, *Zip Gun Bop*, and a surprisingly cool cover of *Stormy Weather*. This is one band that everyone ought to check out.

Next up on my list is an album from San Diego's own wild men, the FORBIDDEN PIGS. The album is called *Dressed to Swill*, and, like their first album, is on Mojo Nixon's triple X records. With the departure of guitarist Mario Moreno, I was a little skeptical about the new 'PIGS (I was a huge fan of Mario's guitar playing) but after the first song on *Dressed to Swill* I was again a believer. This album carries on the FORBIDDEN PIGS tradition of mixing styles from country and rockabilly to blues and tex mex, all while maintaining a distinctive sound that is unique to the FORBIDDEN PIGS. Billy Bacon's bass playing and singing is as solid and soulful as ever and new guitarist Tom Upthegrove almost made me forget about Mario (almost) with his fabulous work on guitar. Former Kingpin, Soulsender and Shockwave drummer Joey Myers rounds out the trio, and is one of the most solid swing drummers around. If you liked the first FORBIDDEN PIGS album, you'll love this one.

More good news on the roots front. I talked to Dave Gonzalez of the PALADINS last month, and he told me that folks can expect a new PALADINS album on Alligator records sometime in August. More good news, and this time on the local front, look for a new rockabilly band going under the groovin' name of VOODOO SWING to start gigging around the end of April. I have a feeling that these guys are gonna rip it up (trust me, I should know - get it?) so get out and see some shows!

Well, next month I'll have more fun stuff to review as well as more news from the roots world, so 'til then, take it easy and play loud.

—P.K.



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CONCERTS

SEASON TO RISK

VOODOO GEARSHIFT

GREENSTREET

FEBRUARY 18 - BAR & GRILL

From Salt Lake, GREENSTREET opened this show. I can't say I really enjoyed their set. The music is ok and so are the vocals, but the lyrics seemed repetitive and meaningless.

VOODOO GEARSHIFT lifted my spirits to a new low. The threesome is based in Seattle, but their music isn't what you'd expect from the town. There are a lot of changes on almost every song but they're so fucking tight you can hardly call them chaotic. I give 'em 3 3/4 stars.

I'd seen SEASON TO RISK about six months earlier with Prong. They laid the Prongers to waste. Needless to say, I was excited to see them again.

I got all dressed up, put on my dancing shoes and headed down for an evening at the bar. If you have never heard anything about these boys, they use a C.B. for vocals about half the time. The fast ferocious music is enough to put anyone in a frenzy of excitement. I definitely put them in the heavy category.

4 1/2 stars.

—Chopper

SKANKIN' PICKLE

STRETCH ARMSTRONG

March 8 - Bar & Grill

March 6, 1993 may have marked a turning point for STRETCH ARMSTRONG as that Utah County based band displayed the kind of talent that has made them Utah's best ska band.

Opening for frequent visitors SKANKIN' PICKLE, STRETCH played a blistering set that included covers of operation Ivy's *Unity* and old standard *Charlie Brown*.

In their 45-minute plus playing time, the band played original songs like *Big Hair* (a song about and dedicated to that popular hairstyle seen mostly in Provo and West Valley), *Pain*, and *Mr. Walker* and showcased the frenzied lead vocals of Scottie Van Wagenen. Scottie poured his heart and soul into a powerful performance, but he was matched by his bandmates. Especially notable were saxophonist Rachelle Jessee and guitarist Mike South.

The rousing play list had the packed house skanking and dancing up a storm, so hopefully promoters of ska shows will remember STRETCH when an opening act is called for.

And SKANKIN' PICKLE?... Well, as usual, Utah's favorite visiting ska band excelled in what singer Bruce Parks Declared was the last non "all ages" show on their itinerary.

Unfortunately, two of the best numbers of their latest album, *Silly Willy* and *Ice Cube*, Korea Wants a Word With You, were neglected, but PICKLE made up for it by covering Green Day's *Green Day* and throwing in the new *I Want My Foreskin Back*.

It's easy to take the PICKLE for granted with their incredible performances, so it's worth pointing out that guitarist Lynette Knackstedt was exceptional as was bassist/vocalist Mike Mattingly. The only lowlight to the night was the overplayed and annoying *Pseudo punk*.

That said, the two hour show was (yet again) a great example of the power of ska. I even attended the "all ages" show, and the break from cigarette smoke and belligerent drunks was refreshing.

—Scott Vice



CONSOLIDATED

NEW F.A.D.

THE GOATS

March 10 - DV8

I have waited a long time to see CONSOLIDATED live, but now I wish I would have stayed home and eaten meat or something. I have enjoyed my quite extensive CD collection of theirs and I can agree completely with about 99% of what they say. The are very outspoken about almost any kind of oppression and discrimination. I have immense respect for what they are doing with their music.

However, when I saw them live I found them quite hypocritical. This is probably my own fault for somewhat putting them on a pedestal. It seems their mission on this tour was to lump

all white males together and discriminate them out of everything. I myself am a white male and I was not oppressing women in the pit. They play heavy fast music and there were about a half dozen guys (all under the age of 18) slammin' around.

Then after the show, they pass a microphone around the floor and let people comment and for some crazy reason that is all they could talk about. I found their anti-Christian and anti-LDS opinions offensive too, even though I don't consider myself either. It was narrow minded and one sided as was the rest of their stage presence. Buy two copies of each of their albums and give one to a friend but stay home if they come back.

To be honest, NEW FAST AUTOMATIC DAFFODILLS didn't even leave me with an opinion either way, so I used this time to get loaded. The GOATS, however, totally kicked it up with their Beastie Boys style of hip-hop. Watch for them and pick up a copy of their 25-song album *Tricks Of The Shade*.

—Ness Lessman



WATERFRONT

DECOMPOSERS

STONE MONKEY

March 13 - Grantsville

Hooryay for local hardcore bands who schedule shows out in the middle of nowhere, Utah, for only in places like Grantsville, Logan, Pleasant Grove, Blanding, etc., can one get that sense of new meets old, that corruption on the frontier of breederville feeling that is obviously heading for extinction in the not-too-distant future. No garish, comfortable city lights, only an occasional street lamp to pierce the blanket of night, a large metal building, and a bunch of rural punk rocking dudes and dudettes finding out what's up. I LOVE IT.

So.

STONE MONKEY, a band apparently actually from Grantsville, opened up with some thrashing about on the drums by their thickset, long red haired, troll-like drummer, who was soon joined by a guitarist, a bassist, and a definite princess of babe-alonia singer in hat and glasses. The drummer had a lot of

energy, but the rest of the band seemed rather too bored, and a little uninspired. The riffs were old, and monotonous at times, and the singer, though pleasant to look at (what you could see through the hat and glasses), was a bit too pleasant to listen to for my taste, weaving almost Smiths-like euphonious melodies in a clear, flute-like voice over the relentless pounding of the rest of the band. But the band shows promise, and we all hope they'll keep up the good work. Time will lead you aught.

DECOMPOSERS cheesed-out with the costumes again, Aaron tonight sporting the plush Viking horns, remarking before the show that "these are virgin eyes" referring to the assembled Grantsvillains. Uncertain what to make of this much-touted local hardcore (?) band, the crowd vacillated between slamming and yelling insults at the West Valley boys, but all-in-all I would say this was a successful first contact. They played a number of numbers I'd never heard before, including an old country-western style thing about (from what I could make out) pork and beans, and one I've heard a few times now that features a riff with phase-shifter from hell attached that always makes me feel like I'm drowning in a monstrous ocean swell. They finished out the set with a hearty round of *Big Hairy Balls* which left the crowd wondering. "And they shall wonder and perish."

Okay.

WATERFRONT, whose cassette-release party this was (also available: WATER FRONT T-shirts, stickers, boxer shorts) I have found rather dull in the past. The singer's nasal drone and self-satisfied smirk usually leave me snoozing, but tonight I didn't really notice because I was too mesmerized by the drummer. I know this is the same drummer they've had every time I've seen them, but I guess it was, date who drew back and my attention to him for the first time. I moved around back and found myself mesmerized by the intricate patterns he spun between which the bass player and guitarist inserted their comparatively understated parts. He gets this faraway look in his eye, the sign of deep absorption in the part, and you know he's out there. The bass player also has this look of I-know-what-I'm-doing-and-you-don't that sort of makes me say, "Huh, okay, do it to me." Altogether a very satisfying evening. If you missed it, you missed it. Why miss it again?

—Ladawn Sorenson

WHITE ZOMBIE

MONSTER MAGNET

March 18 - Club Starrz

What a night, what a fuckin' evening. I prepared early for the festivities both mentally and physically, then set out in the car for Club Starrz for



a night of madness.

MONSTER MAGNET hit the stage as I walked through the doors. Wow! These fellows are so intense. Slow, and trippy music with Satan to back them up. They played all my favorites, *Snake Dance*, *Nod Scene*, and a new favorite I don't know the name of. That was the first time I'd ever heard it. I don't think Sabbath would have been a cooler opener for what was to come next.

Fuckin' fireworks and lasers. Gosh, **WHITE ZOMBIE** was so cool. You couldn't imagine how insane it was. It was bad ass. Blaring guitar, pounding drums, scratchy vocals and the cutest damn bassist. God couldn't make a cooler band.

Tearing their way across an hour and a half set, they ended with even more fireworks and a *Helter Skelter* cover. Wow!

If you missed this show you might as well rip a vital organ out of your body.

—Chopper

COFFIN BREAK SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF

March 3 - Club Starzz

The new reality. That's what I had heard this called before I actually knew the name. It does actually have three members from the old band, but **SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF** rocks harder. They are really bass heavy but not typical Salt Lake style. Definitely cool. Their set was short, but they still did a great job for being but a few months old.

I have waited ages to see and hear **COFFIN BREAK**. They missed their last time in Salt Lake and came this time to a rather meager crowd. But they definitely didn't let my hopes down.

They played a ton of stuff off the new album *Thirteen*, and a lot of older stuff. This band definitely likes to play their music and people like to watch them. My favorites for the eve were: *For Beth*, *Our World Now*, and *Hole In The Sky*, a Black Sabbath cover.

I don't understand where all the Pearl Jam T-shirt wearing, artsy fartsy

people were. This was one of the first bands from Seattle, but I would like to thank Starzz for holding this show.

—Chopper

SICK OF IT ALL BIOHAZARD FEAR FACTORY

February 27 - Club Starzz

I'm sure you can all imagine droves of young kids coming out to see a couple of New York's hardcore bands. I was kind of expecting blood and stuff.

FEAR FACTORY opened. I liked these kitties. They are that grind core kind of thing; half-bark half-singing. That crowd wasn't into them, but I liked them.

I have heard a few good things about **BIOHAZARD**. They were fun to watch jump around but other than that they weren't that cool.

From the first song to the last, **SICK OF IT ALL** had the whole floor moving. It was really cool. Of course they played all the favorites. There was really no high point except to watch the kids totally freak out. I had fun.

—Chopper



GAS HUFFER DECOMPOSERS PORHEAD

March 18 - Club Starzz

Ah, Club Starzz. Who can resist the lure of the disco ball, the disco lights, and the oh-so-friendly "security" guards, not to mention the video games in the back?

PHORHEAD is a three piece band from somewhere around here, I guess. They're technically impressive, though they could be a little tighter in spots. But even then, there's something missing from the show. They play intelligent hardcore, but it is leaden. I don't know if they should lighten up, or really dig down and get in touch with the deep psychoses, but they need something, some zaniness, or some intensity, or something, I don't know. It was cool—cool enough to sleep to. You knew they

were hating it when the singer/bassist whined, "Will someone please dance?" Ahem. . . make me, dude.

DECOMPOSERS donned new outfits for this one. Gone were the fluffy Viking horns, and most noticeably in their place was Kelly Mounteer wearing (I kid you not) a gold lamé mini-dress with puffy sleeves, a double wraparound belt, the front open down to his navel, and the word "TITS" scrawled in black across his lovely, blonde thorax. Tits and gold lamé, now that's entertainment. What more could anyone ask for from a band? Well, maybe Aaron Anderson shrieking "FUCK YOU" and "BULLSHIT" in your face. I'm not going to say this got obnoxious, because to me, these guys can do no wrong, but someone did say it. Probably a lot of people did. The thing is, the crowd wanted to slam, and one of the things that makes **Decomposers** so unique is that when people slam to them, it's not some ass-kickin' guitar riff that's supplying the energy, it's Aaron screaming his guts out about some mundane, yet maddening non-sequitur, some sickening contradiction about reality that if attended to closely could, and apparently often does, lead people to turn reality off, or warp it, or change it, leading to fragmentation and breakdown of permutations of, you know, whatever this is we're calling reality. Excuse my digression. This band often makes me want to go home and crawl under my covers because that's a place I know, rather like too many hits of some kind of one-hitter, if you know what I mean. And that is why I dig them so much. Mike (Novagenus) joined Aaron on vocals for the last song, remarking once again, as he did at the Salt Flats Compilation disc release party at DV8, that he felt underdressed, and they growled and spazzed their way through some lyrics I'm sure we all understood on some deep-buried level of consciousness. As the singer for **GAS HUFFER** said at the close of their set, "Thanks to the ever-fab **DECOMPOSERS**."

GAS HUFFER is good time rock and roll with a vaguely ska-ish flavor from, I believe, somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. Their singer is a mondo-monkey-man Robert DeNiro lookalike with pork-chop sideburns from hell. He shook, and crept, and bounced around the stage, breathing life into a rather long set of soundalike songs. At one point, the guitar player remarked in a hilariously blasé voice, "Oh, I feel all aflame," and later the singer said something about exploding, a promise I noticed he failed to keep. They finished the set by dutifully thanking everyone involved, and launching into what sounded like a remix of the song before.

ALL PHOTOS BY
ROBERT DeBERRY

We had a good time, and if you didn't, it's nobody's fault but your own.

—Billy Fluff & Rachel Hornsbown



AGENT ORANGE ONE EYE

March 28 - Bar & Grill

Over the past few years, Bar & Grill has been bringing in a lot of the old punk bands and it is cool to see the bands play, but I got to say, the crowds that come see these shows can be real fucked up. This show was like a bad episode of *Thirty Something*, "Frat Boy Hell."

ONE EYE, as always, delivered a great set. They are one of the few local bands who always has the crowd screaming for more even with an act like **AGENT ORANGE** up next. They really are a great band with a great laid-back approach in their live set. They have taken elements from a lot of today's "hip alternative" music, which is both good and bad, but I will say this. . . if these guys stick it out as a band (there are no indications they won't) they could easily get out of this town; they are great.

AGENT ORANGE should have been called "One Agent And An Orange" (thanks Joe) but original line-up or not didn't matter; they played a great line up of old and new and had one hell of a time doing it. No sound check and technical difficulties didn't even stop these guys from making sure the crowd had a great time. Great show all-in-all; it's the first show in years I stayed through to the end for.

—Ness Lessman

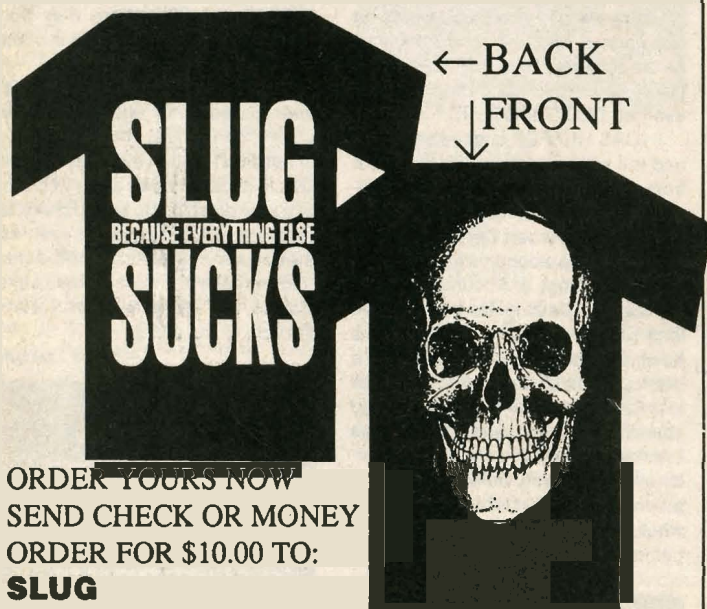
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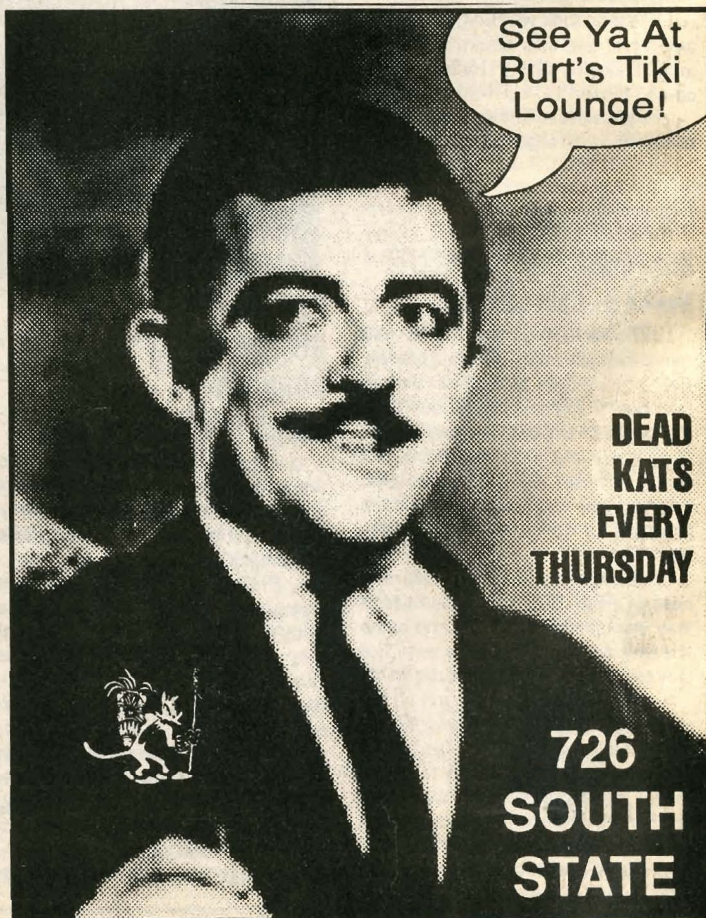
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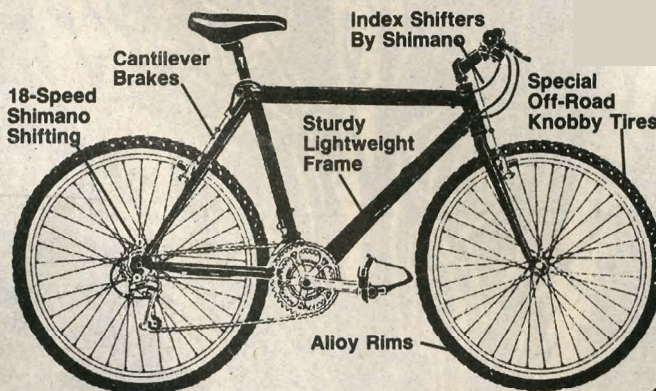
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