



SLUG

MAY 1993
ISSUE #53

FREE

DEAD KATS

BIRDMAN
STIMBOY
CONCERTS
LETTERS
ROCKABILLITY
COMICS
WENDOVER

SUICIDE KING
A SHORT STORY

Photo By:
Robert DeBerry

DAILY CALENDAR OF EVENTS
A LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN TOWN

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

LIVE MUSIC IN MAY

MORE INFO CALL 359-1323

LIVE MUSIC IN MAY MORE INFO CALL 359-1323				6 TBA ALL AGES ALL THE TIME	7 HOSTYLE STRANGE CONFUSION VAGABOND	8 SEASON OF THE SPRING (BAD YODELERS) RIVER BED JED
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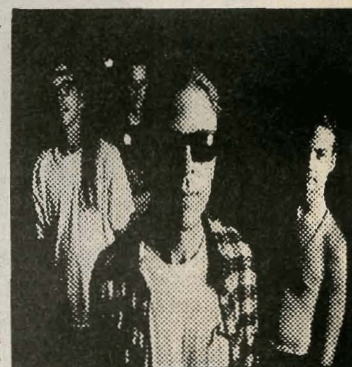
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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear SLUG,

I'm from Las Vegas and your magazine really helped me out when I visited, but I couldn't help but notice the "Mormon update." I guess I can understand the antagonism some non-Mormons in Utah might have against Mormons, but that just made me sad. I, myself, am not Mormon, but even the scene in good old 'sin city' doesn't rip on Mormons that hard. When you start down grading peoples religion, it just makes you look ignorant. Why can't you just leave it alone, eh? It wasn't funny, it was distasteful. In your note after the article you asked us to lighten up, but I think we should be asking you the same question. If your looking for an open-imaged type magazine, you made a big mistake with that article. I think it's terribly unfair to non-Mormon readers to give them such a distorted and twisted view of Mormonism, or of anything for that matter. I guess the saying still holds true: people fear what they don't understand. Thanx for hearing me out,

Penelope Cox

P.S. Vegas' scene isn't as good, but for some occasional entertainment try the Huntridge Theater @ 477-7069.

Dear DICKHEADS,

My friends and I are writing to you concerning the Rage Against The Machine/House of Pain show on the 8th of April.

We wish not to comment on the show, which was incredible, but on the certain events that occurred right after. As everyone know by now, a fatality occurred outside of DV8 when the show got out. For those of us who were there to witness it knows that a young man was brought out, apparently unconcious, by his friends. It came to pass that the youth in question died as a result of a heart condition and other related circumstances. It is these other circumstances we wish to comment upon. First of all, we want to know why it took so long for the police to respond to this situation concerning the young man. We estimated that it took a good 15 minutes for the police to help out the young man. This is ridiculous considering that 6 police cars were on the

scene for the "riot" control at the time. Why didn't one of them come sooner? Why were the crowd and members of the touring bands left to deal with the situation on their own. It is very apparent to us that these kind of situations are best dealt with by the "professionals" who are here to "protect and serve." When the "one" police officer finally came out to investigate, he said, "What the hell is wrong with this one?" This is quite a positive attitude to have coming from Salt Lakes finest. Judging by this it leads us to believe that the police

were more concerned with harrasing teenagers than saving lives. We would also like to make a comment to the club owners. What gives you the right to pack a club so full of people that it becomes dangerous to our lives. It is obvious to us that if the club had not been so over capacitated that this fatality would not have occurred. Maybe next time you should be more considerate toward safety rather than making a good profit.

Sincerely yours,

Scott B., Dave M., Dustin R.

WORD SEARCH Great American Men

T	R	A	V	O	L	T	A	D	R	A	K	O	N	O	B	S	O	K	A
M	R	S	E	A	W	M	A	M	L	N	I	X	O	N	U	O	R	N	Q
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Tipper Gore

ANSWERS ON PAGE 20

MORMON UPDATE

MESSAGE TO THE SISTERS

Jesus' own apostle Paul taught: "Man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man. For the man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man" (1 Cor. 11:7-12)

Apostle Peter counseled: "Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands...wearing simple, unadorned apparel" (1 Peter 3:1-6)

I came across these quotes in Mormon Doctrine this morning when I was teaching the great words of Bruce R. McConkie to my nine lovely children. These quotes couldn't have come at a better time; for my wife, Sarah, was slow bringing me my version omelet. You would think if Abraham's wife called him Lord, the least my wife could do is be prompt with my morning substance.

Which brings me to my point. The words 'women' and 'equality' should not be used in the same sentence. If God wanted women to be equal to men, He (not she) would have done so. If brother Joseph were still alive, he would pale at the thought of 'women' leaving her proper station (the home) to attempt to earn a wage performing menial chores.

Truly the menial chores of a woman should be performed out of duty and respect to the priesthood holder, without whom, the greater light of God would never shine in one's holy abode. Treat your bread winner right sisters, lest ye be left behind when the train boards for the Celestial Kingdom.

Here's the bottom line sisters. You were created from man's rib, and we can take it back any time we want. You don't have the priesthood, nor will you ever. Without this priesthood, you will never be able to enter the Kingdom of the Almighty Lord. So how about a little gratitude ladies. The Brethren have expressed a willingness to bear the weight of your souls as they fulfill their manly obligations of becoming Gods and creating worlds. And if you are lucky sisters, you will have the good fortune to anonymously bear trillions of spirit children of your own, and not have your name taken in vain as your husbands will.

So remember everything we have decided next time you think of giving your husband anything. Just lie back and think of exaltation

Until next month,
Uncle Ezra

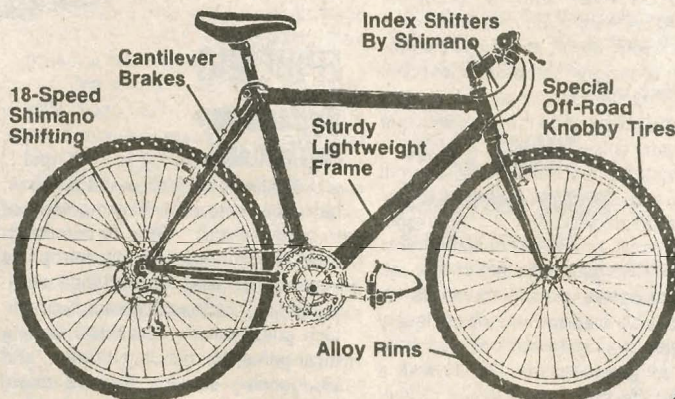
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RECORDS

DECOMPOSERS

(Flatline Records)

The new Decomposers 7", co-produced by Flatline Records and the Decomposers is like a breath of fresh air in a Biker bar. It packs more emotions in four songs than both the Rolling Stones Hot Rocks album and Slayers Seasons in the Abyss.

Two songs were released previously on their tape. "September," "Heros," and two new releases. The first death "Hillbilly," a demon disco song about as far as I can tell, boy meets girl, boy loves girl, boy is banished to hell for bad behavior. "Nickles and Dimes," a bit of punk rock poetry. I'm convinced no one thinks the same way as Aaron, "When you look down here what do you see? Just nickles and dimes and empty dreams." His vocals are outstanding. The overall sound of this 7" is great. Can I say it's the kind of thing that almost sounds better on vinyl.

Did I mention the cute packaging? Killer art work! Great photos and layout, and every record is on see through green vinyl. Put on your record player and watch it decompose before your very eyes.

BAD YODELERS

South

(Salt Flat Records)

The intro to SOUTH begins with a powerful jumpstart which halts and resuscitates in throbingswells. Instantly, the listener is held willing and captive by the instruments. Terrance D.H.'s voice matures like aging wine, deepening in resonance and pitch.

As a 5-song EP, SOUTH is indicative of an exemplar musical path, and stands as YODELERS most superlative effort to date. Easily surpassing WINDOW and almost reaching the emotive intensity of I WONDER (never bested in my opinion). The first major project release of any band remains incomparable to their forthcoming material. YODELERS are no exception.

However, the band strive for ingenuity by constantly seeking a "sound" that evolves but never reaches a conclusion. Thus, fresh and unhindered in their approach. Again and again, I am moved by their universal expression—music endowed with sincerity and duality unveiling in SOUTH a darker, romantic side that endows individual growth. And gone are the single word song titles (i.e. Raindrops Waiting, End to Begin, This Town). Well...for the most part.

This may be your last chance to catch them on a local label and as "Bad

Yodelers" before the REVELATION RECORDS and a new band name snatch them up.

—Lars Telluride

3.3

DON'T LIKE COPS

R.U. DEAD

Hardcore punk...or some such derivation. 3.3 speak the lingo of DISCHARGE, KISS, DRI, HATE X9, MAIMED FOR LIFE, NOFX, SUBHUMANZ, and a dash of METALLICA for good measure.

Luckily, what's missing is the repetition of tawdry, shit-brain pubescent punk. You know the sound...that of cavemen barked on the head with one too many spiked clubs...

Instead, we have a well-thought mixture of streetwise perspectives vocalized in an onslaught of grating rage. The vocals grate. The instruments grate. The message never lets up. This incessant grating demands attention. A blaring reminder of every injustice hounding back at you from your mind's recesses. Every time a cop infringed on your privacy. Every time the thought-police attempted to sway your belief system in your favor of the conformed masses versus autonomous living. Every time....

3.3 is barefoot noise that transforms you into a scathing Banshee indian. And the potty words will have your neighbors muffling their offended ears, hah. Incoherent and vicarious vengeance that is crystal clear in it's intended message. Insert sleeve logo's "Support Your Local Police Beat Yourself Up" and © RU-DEAD "Unauthorized duping will get you shot in the face!"—Speak for themselves.

As far as I know, the project has been abandoned but 3.3's members launch a head with other prospective groups. They be: Evol (Bruce), B'Nardo, Sybil (Uncle Shame) and murillo.

If you've harrassed by cops and hate them to the degree I do—this tape is for you.

—Lars Telluride

PHORHEAD

I've never seen the band play live but this PHORHEAD single is real good to listen to. They kind of have a Primus action going on but only in the music. It is a bit trippier than Primus and take the lyrics to a different level than any other thing I've heard of this nature.

The price can't be too expensive and ok packaging. I say check it out.

—Chopper

WATERFRONT

Waterfront, finally getting something new out. I've waited a good amount of time since I heard the two songs on the Salt Flat comp. This new tape on Salt Flats, kicks big hairy ass. With a song that was done by Sadahna and some new, more relaxed stuff, you can't help but love this assemblage of melodic, monotone, stop, and make you think, style of music. These four guys know how to put a tape out that is WATERFRONT all the way but still different from stuff that I've heard. If you want to have a good local band on tape, this is most definitely worth the skins.

—R.M.D.

EPIDEMIC

Decameron

(METAL BLADE)

Epidemic is "death metal," I guess, but in much the same way that Helmet is "heavy metal." This is minimalist fare: no flowery acoustic intros, no vocal harmonies, no dizzying-complex tempo changes, no protracted high-tech guitar solos. Just basic, simple arrangements, blinding speed, and bludgeoning power. And it's damn effective.

The vocals of Carl Fulli are low-ended guttural growling, but more articulate than most such; he actually enunciates every syllable, even in the fast parts.

The music clearly owes an inspirational debt to Slayer, but then what death metal band doesn't? Epidemic displays enough versatility and originality within the parameters of their conceptual framework to forge their own identity in this crucible of white-hot, molten metal.

The musicianship is excellent; airtight and always right on the money, not a single note wasted, and nothing walking all over anything else. The simplicity of the song arrangements allow everything else to breathe; the guitar leads rip and flay without becoming self-indulgent; the frantic bass and pummeling double-bass drumming propel the savage vocals and buzz-saw guitars through the sheer aural onslaught without ever sacrificing power for mere versatility. These five Californians already know what many seem to never learn: that the spaces between the notes are as important as the notes themselves.

They also manage to avoid the new-bands' tendency to play everything at maximum speed simply for the sake of speed. The majority of the songs are fast, but the slower grinding pace of cuts like "Factor Red" or "Three Witches" is ponderously heavy and makes the fast stuff sound even faster.

And it is fucking fast! The high-velocity stuff is as fast as anything I've

ever heard, and all the more lethal for the contrasting slower passages. Never anthemic and rarely if ever hooky, the songs succeed on power and aggression only.

The lyrics are a pleasant surprise. No silly-ass Satanism or cannibalism, no gee-look-how-sick-we-are necropolis or vivisection; these guys actually have something to say. "Insanity Plea" is about murderers who cop a plea and are set free only to kill again; "Territories" explores the struggle for survival and individuality in the world of the gangbangers; "Three Witches" weigh the pros and cons of acid-tripping. Sure, it's not exactly Cosmic Wisdom, but it's a lot better than the Hail-Satan and Let's-fuck-this-rotting-corpse stupidity of many of their contemporaries.

Sound production is clear and crisp: everything is audible, and nothing drowns out anything else. While not achieving the traditional "huge" heavy-metal sound, neither is it muddy and flat like many debut albums.

This is by no means a perfect record—what is? The vocals are pretty one-dimensional for all their savagery; the guitars could use a little more differentiation in tone for better contrast. But the strengths far outweigh the weaknesses, making this an unusually proficient first offering. If Epidemic can improve on this, or even consistently equal it, they have the potential to be near the top of the heap in the 90's. They've also got a good shot at genuine crossover appeal: hardcore purists should be able to appreciate the tasteful, basic song structures and often-insightful lyrics, while metal-heads will love its sheer power and heaviness. Fully recommended to all who like it fast and nasty, jagged, black, and blatin'.

—The Subhuman

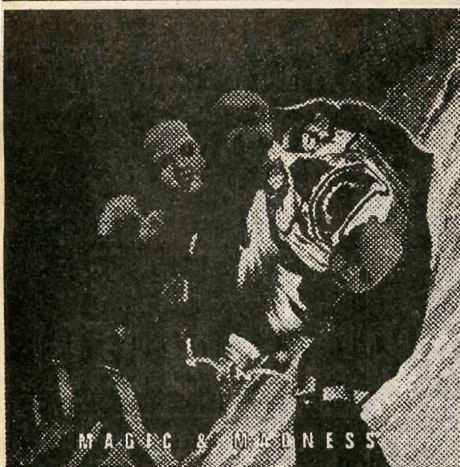
CIRCUS OF POWER

MAGIC & MADNESS

(COLUMBIA)

Circus of Power came up out of the New York City club scene. Their eponymous debut on RCA came out in 1988; a sleazy, bluesy, tattooed-biker-rock/metal opus that earned them a reputation as the East Coast's answer to Guns N' Roses. It was a nickname the band didn't much like: "We weren't street people!" says Gary Sunshine, guitarist-and-former-bassist.

About a year or so ago, the Circus left their homeland, New York's East Village and The Holiday Bar on East 9th Street, and relocated to the Poser Capital of the Universe: Hollywood. Now, armed with a new bassist (Mark Frappier, who replaces Zowie, who replaced Gary), a new drummer (Victor Indrizzo, formerly of Redd Kross), and a new label (Columbia), the revitalized CoP has released their strongest album to date: one flat-out, ass-kickin'



dobro into the mix on the open-D-tuning, acoustic-sliding "cajun hell" intro and outro to "Swamp Devil," the excellent first cut. Ricky Beck Mahler contributes the freight-train-chuggin', power-chord-crunchin', distorted-lead-rippin' hard rock/heavy guitar; and introduces an E-bow on two or three cuts. This expanded versatility is evident everywhere, but nowhere intrusive; it's not a hey-look-what-we-can-do album. The band has extended their reach without exceeding their

ever cut. But old-time Circus fans will still find the raucous rebellion they are best known for in fiery tunes like "Mama Tequila" and "Outta My Head." The expected sensations are all still there, but new ones have been added.

Let's put it this way...previous Circus of Power albums were like blazin' down the highway on a Harley, catchin' bugs in your teeth. This one is more like guzzin' a few in a noisy, smokey dive afterward. The thrills and excitement are still present, it's just not quite as reckless of a ride. While not trivial enough or stupid enough to ship platinum or even gold, this LP just might garner the band the critical acclaim they richly deserve. They've come a lot farther than just New York to California. The title is dead accurate: It's madness is magic.

—The Subhuman

motherfucker of an album!

This is by far the most mature, expressive material the Circus have ever done. Everything just sounds so much more thought-out, more polished, and more powerful for it. Alex Mitchell's vocals, which sometimes bordered on a shouting style not unlike Joey Ramone or Glen Danzig, have developed into a tuneful, soulful crooning that's still capable of escalating into a filled-lung roar where necessary.

The playing is tighter, more focused, at the same time heavier and bluesier." Gary Sunshine, now on guitars, full-time, plays a bluesy, jazzy, sliding wah-wah style; and brings a

grasp, a feat easier said than done.

The sound on this LP is unabashedly huge, full-production, and the performance is equal to it. This ain't no late-70's, all-polished-and-no-balls radio-rock band, bubba! The record as a whole, creates a semi-psychedelic, delusional ambience that is occasionally almost reminiscent of the best of the Cult (and, in fact, Cult leader Ian Astbury does backing vocal on one song, "Shine.")

But Circus of Power never surrenders strength to accessibility. There is an acoustic-y ballad-y tune here, "Circus," which is probably the most delicate and vulnerable pieces they have

WALT MINK MISS HAPPINESS (Caroline Records)

Being an under-aged show goer, I was not able to go see this band perform at the Bar and Grill a few months back. Even though I had heard barely three fourths of one song from Walt Mink at the time, I was still intrigued enough to want to see them live. So, I went and bought the album to compen-

sate for Utah's anti-liquor establishment attitude. After one listen, I felt better, and was left wanting more.

To describe the sound, you would have to make references to a variety of different musicians, ranging from Smashing Pumpkins, to Poster Children, to sight traces of Jimi Hendrix, with a bit of jazz here and there to tie it all together. A new mix of sound, and yet, it's very light hearted and fun to listen to.

Vocalist/guitarist John Kimbrough is a very articulate musician, who wrote most of the albums material, and is very creative, using very tight riffs, and singing with almost a laid back, sarcastic whine (which is good). Together with bassist Candice Belanoff, and drummer Joey Waronker, this outfit seems to bind closely a very powerful, and very entertaining sound, which I think would appeal to most anyone.

My favorite tracks would have to be "Love you better," a grungy power chord-driven ditty about stupidity in relationships, and "Showers Down," a poppy, funkjazzpunkrock tune of anxiety. Kimbrough's words don't seem to make a lot of sense most of the time. But who says that's a bad thing? Anyway, if they come through town again, check out their live performance, which I heard is just like their album:

—R. Ashley Workman

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MEDIA MAN!

Column Title Withheld on Advise of Counsel

You're holding up the water cooler on you two-hour lunch break with your co-malingers, including your basic token person of the female persuasion (Name Withheld in Fear of Lawsuits), when (Ditto, even though he's a male -type person) cracks the latest limp blonde joke. Before you can pick your teeth with a bent paperclip, Name Withheld sues Ditto for sexual jerkery, a felony. Ditto is surprised because he figured Name Withheld wouldn't mind the potty room humor since she wasn't really blonde.

Thus he proves himself guilty not only of sexual jerkery but of political incorrectitude, also a felony. In the face of either charge, pleading stupidity is no defense, unless you're a Supreme Court justice. Expect mob violence.

If you're surprised that your ol' buddy Ditto was surprised (remember how you laughed till your dentures fell out when he said "It's a sad day when a man can't spit and a worse day when a woman can."?), if you hear alarm bells in your head (such as it is), and it isn't the result of being whacked repeatedly with a ballpeen hammer, it may be the result of fear that, like Ditto, you may have inherited the jerk gene (Limbaugh's Disease) and are therefore genetically incapable of being politically correct. Well, don't faint or crawl under your bed or emigrate to Bolivia or Bountiful. You needn't wear a bag over your head in public. Willy's people have rewritten the World According to Bush/Reagan, but the really politically correct survived the transition with nary a hair out of place, toupee, dyed, or cat. There is hope for jerks.

Of course all this doesn't apply to SLUG readers who already have "IT." ("IT" being, of course, that which by seeking to define establishes the attempted definer as lacking possession of "IT.") You know who you are, and who you aren't.

It's the purpose of this column to help those who aren't to grope their pathetic way toward Enlightenment. This is done in the smug knowledge that it's politically correct to help those less fortunate than oneself, especially if one doesn't have to make bodily contact, let alone swap bodily fluids.

Nor would you be correct in assuming this homily is written strictly for stupid people of the male persuasion. In this age of equality, it's possible for women to be just as stupid as men (but not more so).

Political correctness begins with this understanding: the politically correct determine what is and what isn't politically correct. Any other interpretation of this maxim renders the interpreter politically incorrect.

Being politically correct is easy, like avoiding bar fights: don't go to biker bars wearing a lavender tutu. It's as easy as figuring out when to laugh at an office party: when your boss laughs, or when Name Withheld laughs (especially if Name Withheld is the boss). It's as easy as knowing that someone has reached political hipitude: when Saturday Night Live satirized him, her or it.

Never sleep with anyone more politically correct than you.

When in doubt, do this:

And say this:

And think this:

And eat this:

What about that idiotic blonde joke you're dying to get out of your roiling gut, like a rancid anchovy pizza; dying to tell somebody, anybody? If you don't own a dog who'll listen, try writing it on the bathroom wall. Or mail yourself a letter. When it arrives, maybe you'll have forgotten about it and find it funny.

Or tell it to a bald woman.

If you still don't get it, remember that if it's likely to be bad for you (like TV news), avoid it. Read the Deseret News instead. And if it's totally bland (like TV news), then it's good for you. Watch it all you want, but wear a bib in case you drool.

As a last resort, remember that two wrongs don't make a right, but three do.

Good luck. If you insist on telling that joke, you're going to need it.

—Ken (Some of my best friends are blonde) Rand

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MAY COVER STORY



So I'm going to do an interview with the Dead Kats, so simple. It's not as if I don't see them every other night here and there. The only problem is getting them all together at once. Not a problem. Provided with a tape recorder and enough money to drink with, I ran down to Burt's Tiki Lounge where every Thursday night they play to a laughing, stomping, stand up crowd only. What I got was a lot of supportive drunken gibberish from the crowd, and one out of three Dead Kats, also interspersed with background gibberish. They disappear quicker than they normally appear (seconds before they play.) What can you say, they're great people who appropriately have lives.

I took the gibberish and ran, after all, how often do you encounter forthcoming, relaxed, happy people, after an overcrowded, smokey night, and this is precisely what the Dead Kats are about. They've created a venue, where none existed in the often all too serious underground life, where nothing is wrong with just having fun. Music to drink,

talk, and have a good time to. Just watch Andy Belanger, (whacka whacka drums,) John Lundeen, (upright boom-boom bass,) and Kerry Pedersen, (six-strings and vocals,) and you can see that they're having a good time. By the third song you'd have to have incredible will-power to resist and not enjoy with them.

Now many of you are probably still shuddering over SLUG's cover, and either you're taking yourself way too seriously, already have the narrow definitions of someone babbling about the golden days when things were just, well, *right*, or defining rockabilly from a single hit you associate with the mid-eighties and the return of tattered poodle wear. Whatever the reason, you're missing out on a type of music long missing from the scene. If you don't believe me, just ask the many diverse people (some of whom normally wouldn't be within a block of each other) who never miss a show.

Apparently Kerry and

Johnny, both of the long-standing Gamma Rays, had talked about starting the band, when they met Andy who proved to be the catalyst. However don't make the mistake of thinking the Dead Kats are just another Gamma Rays. Both cover some of the same songs, but the resemblance ends with the titles. Also, although there is a high level of reminiscent campiness, it never interferes with the quality of the music. Even an ardent detractor of rockabilly admitted that "they're really tight musicians." (He also couldn't seem to leave and do all the shit he REALLY HAD TO DO that

rockabilly and play it well, is one key to their success. Says Andy "I'm so sick of political and antagonistic music, I mean everywhere our lives are bombarded with political and social stigmata. I want to play music to drink to, have a good time to. (Consequently,) we don't sing blues acid rock, metal etc. . . We play songs about having a good time and appreciating what you have."

From the very articulate to the very drunk, everyone who talked to me emphasized a particular enjoyment of the Dead Kats because of their uniqueness. "It's a mistake to compare them to other types of music and judge them on what they (other types) do for you. Music has many purposes and they're filling a gap and doing it well." said the most articulate of the crowd. Many also pointed out that rockabilly itself is a return to basic roots that are often forgotten. "Universal country-fied rhythm and blues," says Andy. "There are very few types of music that can combine hillbilly soul with the spirit of rock and roll. . . that strong steady driving rhythm. I love the rockabilly simply because of the 'boom chukka boom chukka.' I'm a drummer that's what I do."

Lately most of the emphasis in music seems to be at pushing limits as far and as often as possible, and while it's a great thing, too much of anything isn't. The Dead Kats provide a welcome and needed change. Mark Conlan, owner of Burt's Tiki Lounge, points out that many enjoy "the timeless quality of the Dead Kats, the reminder of a better time, the simplicity."

Unfortunately, the Dead Kats will be away, while Johnny roams around Europe for a bit. But keep checking SLUG, and watch for their return. (They normally play at Burt's every Thursday night.) Next time you just need to RELAX (and who doesn't,) give the Dead Kats a try, no matter what happens you're going to feel pretty damn good by the end of the night.

night, or the next Thursday. A definite if denied compliment.) All three have a definite and very enjoyable stage presence. Johnny, with the only stand up bass I've seen in a very long time, is particularly noticeable. Kerry makes you feel immediately comfortable, flipping shit about everyone and everything better than anyone I know. It's harder to glimpse Andy behind the rows of people, but if you can catch a glimpse, it's worth it just to see the enjoyment in every move he makes. It's an all too rare sight.

The Dead Kats create an atmosphere of unpretentiousness that is refreshing to say the least. There is no stage at Burt's, separating them from the crowd or putting them on a pedestal. During breaks they drink and hang with everyone else, even remembering your names. Nor do they seem to have an agenda, political, successwise, economic or other. There is no soapbox anywhere to cry on. The fact that they simply play

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THEATRE

Thanatos and Jesus Mania JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR 93' Tour

(Capitol Theatre April 9th)

When asked "Well...how was it?" I could only reply, "It sure wasn't PHANTOM OF THE OPERA!" Although the compositional music score hails from the same brilliant mastermind, Andrew Lloyd Webber, placing these two musicals in the realm of some sort of categorical imperative is defeatist.

Act I opened with obvious microphone obstruction. The cast of dancers lacked the zest of performance training. The staging was an appropriate grandiose spectacle and the costuming implemented a cross-culture blend, time-honored through interspersed generations. Carl Anderson's Judas came to us with a flat-top haircut. Ted Neeley's Jesus vocals Weather The Storm put an anticlimactic representation of the former mid-70's.

But I would not have it any other way!!! Until informed of Anderson's and Neeley's inclusion, I deferred from attending. When announced, I jubilantly decreed "they can come out there with canes and walkers, I wouldn't miss it for the world!" The JC SUPERSTAR movie soundtrack was my first album at age 9 and remains the cherished favorite. Growing-up a troubled, reclusive child, I often sought refuge on strains of "Hosanna" on the outskirts of our Santa Cruz Gardens Elementary School playground...or hours of imaginative play-acting their roles...purposely, I entered the theatre with no preconceived expectations and left the show in better spirits, cured of the personal plague of melancholic achedonia...The "Woman element" served it's expository mission.

The music expunged the contemporary jazz-funk genre, losing the earlier rock-rock based emphasis. This, undoubtedly lightened the dramatic overtones. The manic flamboyant attire exuded Rastafarian purple hues, replacing the earth bound desert, mystic tones of the 70's costumes. Invariably, the promotional theme of multi-racialism complimented the program.

As an aside, the initial Broadway musical was recorded as "The Brown Album," an inferior, hackneyed and dispassionate interpre-

tation. the current tour features the movie and musical cast, rich in all it's folklore and glamour. To this we owe the flush, the spine-tingling chilled sensations of what Calaphas termed "This Jesus Mania." The satirical, political banners mock our modern society for all it endorses. And our celebration of vigilant dreammakers, discounting the insanity factor of religious emprisarios, including Jesus of Nazareth. Just as Simon Zealots bellows of "power and glory," offering the blind followers a figurehead.

STYX's Dennis DeYoung is an incompetent Pontius Pilate, Failing to deliver the snide, articulate and abrasive quality necessary to the character (excessive vibrato, too). The temple scene lacks a sinister vernacular, opting for a Mardi Gras display, and on the whole I found the numbers compacted in length which detracted from overall cohesion.

Irene Care was missing and replaced by another black synth-pop Mary Magdalene. Ho-hum...

The Betrayal by Judas at "The Last Supper" was like a rushed-reluctance and condensed, goddamn! Even the side glances were played down...But King Herod stole the highlight. Laurent Giroux was Rocky Horror incarnate. Indulgent, burlesque Gothic and mooning the audience in his G-String. Touché!

Not once have I ever kept a dry eye during Neeley's "Gethsemane" and his shrilling vocal high-registers floured the house, "The Crucifixion" and "John 19: 41" lent a different outcome and altered formidably. Special effects? Understatement. The use thereof entailed the indescribable (therefore I decline). And of course a well-deserved standing ovation. Mark you, this production and tour will never arise again. Henceforth, the world will go back to it's warring apeculation over the identity of Christ and all the theoretical dilemmas it encompasses. Was Jesus the definitive Messiah resurrected as God? Merely a wise (rabbi) teacher and idealist? Ethereal mystic? Bleeding-heart martyr? Myth or man? Fanatical, benevolent megalumaniac?

One thing is certain, he was Jesus Christ Superstar. As long as Thanatos (death instinct) exists, Jesus lives on in us, lest we perish.

— Jinx Omen Telluride
"Oxymoronic to be sure!"

LITERATURE

I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING

By Michael Dougan

Penguin Dooks

For those who don't think there are any good cartoon collections being published anymore, I have a surprise: I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING, by Michael Dougan.

Dougan, whose work has previously appeared in DRAWN & QUARTERLY magazine and THE L.A. WEEKLY (among others), weaves good, old-fashion tales of love, greed, car troubles, and more with folksy charm.

Most of the tales are biographical or autobiographical, save the book's one misfire: "The Casanova of Kilgore County." This tale concerns plump bank teller Mrs. Dorothy Tremor and her chance encounter and eventually tryst with one Joshua Madley. Or does it? The conclusion to this one almost manages to salvage the story, but not quite.

Happily, the rest of the material more than makes up for that one lemon. The "car" stories ("Car Trouble," "Let's Get Lost," "Starting Over," "Car Trouble In L.A.," "The Bigger the Car... The Closer to God," and "Car Trouble: The Final Frontier") illustrate Dougan's years of trouble with modern man's favorite mode of transportation, as the author has one harrowing experience after another with cars and mopeds.

But the highpoints to the collection are definitely "Opportunity Jones," "Black Cherry," and the "Chicken Story" trilogy. In the first (the book's last chapter), Dougan is offered the opportunity for riches by a customer in the coffee store in which Dougan works. This hilarious work details the frustration of workers in demeaning jobs perfectly. As Dougan is pulled in by big-haired Othman Oglesby, the reader sympathizes with his plight, only to share Dougan's dismay when Oglesby's secret is revealed.

Likewise, "Black Cherry" finds Dougan employed as a shift worker in an ice cream parlor and pondering the lives of those who

I Can't tell you Anything



AND OTHER STORIES BY MICHAEL DOUGAN

frequent the establishment, especially "the black cherry men" who "paid with exact change, sat at his table, and stared out the window" after ordering the same soda everyday.

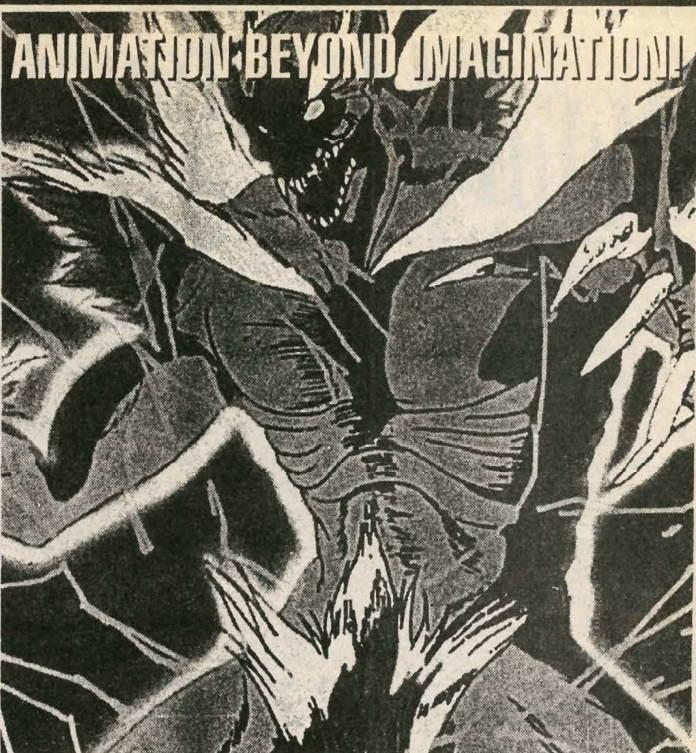
With "Chicken Stories: A Trilogy," Dougan excels, however. These three tales comprise a whole with the unifying theme being chickens. Dougan and two pals explore the gamut of human emotions.

The delight to I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING comes from Dougan's lean cartooning style which reminds me of Lynda Barry, but Dougan manages to capture the essence of just what it means to be human. The facial expressions in particular (especially on the faces of the everchanging cast of lunatics) is especially impressive.

But the ultimate credit for Dougan's success must go to his charm and wit. Dougan's narrative style is relaxed and warm, making the characters much more real and familiar. Despite the losers and nuts he describes, Dougan never comes across as judgmental or superior and this makes the work that much more thoughtful.

I could go on rambling about the merits of I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING all day, but instead I'd recommend that you pick up a copy instead. At \$14.00 for 216 pages, it might seem a bit expensive, but trust me, it's money well-spent. If the meaning of the universe can be found by studying the mundane, then we need more storytellers like Michael Dougan.

—Scott Vice



UROTSUKIDŌJI LEGEND OF THE OVERFIEND

The first animated feature film to be given the NC-17 theatrical release, Hideki Takayama's "UROTSUKIDŌJI: LEGEND OF THE OVERFIEND" mixes monsters, mutation, heavy-metal, mythology and kinky sex in an adult-only "anime" epic.

The movie's involved plot centers on a search for the new Choji, or Overfiend—a superbeing who appears in human form once every 3,000 years. Chojin's sacred mission is to destroy the existing world and unite its three mutually antagonistic dimensions: the Human World, the Man-Beast World, and the World of the Monster Demons—in a new, peaceful order.

With its surreal blend of perverse sexual violence and often arcane struggles among representatives of the three conflicting worlds, OVERFIEND offers little for those in the market for Disney-type fare. Instead Takayama's outrageous epic, rendered in spectacular animated style, is sure to score big-time with fans of "HEAVY METAL" and "Japanimation." No one under 17 admitted.

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Comic Reviews

PRESENTED BY:
DR. VOLT'S
Comic Connection

One of the most interesting aspects of following the comic book industry is watching the emergence and development of new talent. In recent years, the genre has seen the appearance of such cartoonists as Joe Matt, Ed Brubaker, and the erratic Julie Doucet.

Three relative newcomers to the field, Carl Belfast, Glenn Wong, and Mark Kalesniko, have debuted in the past few months, and their respective efforts are graded below.

VERBATIM

Written and drawn by

Carl Belfast

Fantagraphics Books

For those wearied by the dearth of quality in autobiographical comics, Fantagraphics Books and Carl Belfast present VERBATIM.

With the cover blurb "Unbeliev-

ably Realistic," VERBATIM aims to poke fun at cartoonists like Harvey Pekar and the aforementioned Joe Matt and Ed Brubaker, who depict their sordid lives in the sequential art format.

Artist Belfast lampoons that idea with a quartet of stories focusing on his upbringing, lack of cleanliness, his boring daily routine, his personal relationships, and more. All this, of course, is extremely boring, which is Belfast's point. As the protagonist (Belfast himself) incessantly whines about his life, the reader is supposed to conclude that such comic work is utterly worthless.

And perhaps the reader would come to that conclusion, were it not for the fact that there ARE quality autobiographical comics around and if VERBATIM were at all amusing.

But the simple truth is that

VERBATIM is instead annoyingly smarmy, as is the entire premise. Belfast (which may or may not be a pseudonym) evidently forgot that a key ingredient to satire is humor. Worse, by parodying a comic book sub-genre, the book's audience is limited at best to those hostile to the "real life" movement in comics.

The cartooning is adequate if a bit wooden, but fails to make up for the unamusing story.

This reviewer is tempted to serve up a load of bile for cartoonist Belfast, but a good deal of blame also must be aimed at publisher Fantagraphics Books. Fantagraphics does publish the masterful HATE and critically-acclaimed LOVE AND ROCKETS and EIGHTBALL, but is also responsible for the worthless Eros line of softcore porn comics. Talk about pandering!...It's hypocritical to carp on others' products when these self-important and conceited folks prostitute themselves.

Oh, yah. VERBATIM bites.
(B&W, \$2.75) Grade: F

THE YOUNG CYNICS CLUB

Written and drawn by

Glenn Wong

Dark Horse Comics

The lives of four young "outsider-type" men are the premise of Glenn Wong's THE YOUNG CYNICS CLUB.

Told from the viewpoint of "sensitive artist" Nathan, the comic explores the tribulations of such young people in American society.

Unfortunately, author Wong paints this tableau extremely broadly and resorts to cliché characters: there is handsome rebel Gabe, buffoonish jovial Stuey, aimless Nathan, and the wordy Milo.

For example, the stories in the comic deal with the dissatisfaction of the group with Marco's nihilistic path, the problems that result when Stuey and Gabe move in together, and Nathan's hypocrisy as revealed by Milo.

Believe me, all this is more interesting summarized than on the printed page. The angst and whining are pathetic and Wong fails to create so much as one sympathetic character. The dialogue is contrived and unnatural, while the situations are overly melodramatic and forced.

Worse, Wong's drawings are stiff and lifeless. In the ads for YOUNG CYNICS CLUB, publisher Dark Horse Comics touts Wong as being influenced by NEXUS's Steve Rude and LOVE AND ROCKETS's Jaime Hernandez, but Wong evidently picked up only their styles while neglecting to inherit their descriptive abilities. The drawings are lifeless and serve to make the awful stories even worse.

Dark Horse Comics is promoting YOUNG CYNICS CLUB as an example of the up-and-coming talents isn't he comic book field, but they must have read something other than the comic I bought.
(B&W, \$2.50) Grade: D-

S.O.S.

Written and drawn by
Mark Kalesniko

Fantagraphics Books

Artist Mark Salesniko makes an interesting, if inauspicious, debut with the wordless S.O.S.

S.O.S. appears to be an allergy, with a young woman's rise to independence. In this case, the young woman is Chloe, the only survivor of a sunken ocean liner. Trapped on a surfboard in becalmed waters, the bespectacled cloe sends out the proverbial "message-in-a-bottle" to her family and then finds herself in a life and death struggle with a shark (nature?).

What happens? Well, in the course of the story, Chloe learns to fend for herself, and that's the whole point to the story. Is it compelling, though? To be host, the answer is a disappointing no.

Kalesniko has chosen an ambitious project here and unfortunately fails. In 22 pages, there is not a lot of room for development of ideas and the ultimate resolution seems all too easy. If learning to fight for independence were this simple, it's doubtful the world's populace would be so pathetic...

Luckily, Kalesniko does have an engaging illustrative style, reminiscent of Bill Sienkiewicz and Dave McKean. The often simple lines combine for very effective pictures. If only the story were nearly as good...

So Kalesniko's first work is a failure, but at least it's an interesting one.
(B&W, \$2.75) Grade: C-

DR. VOLT'S

Comic Connection



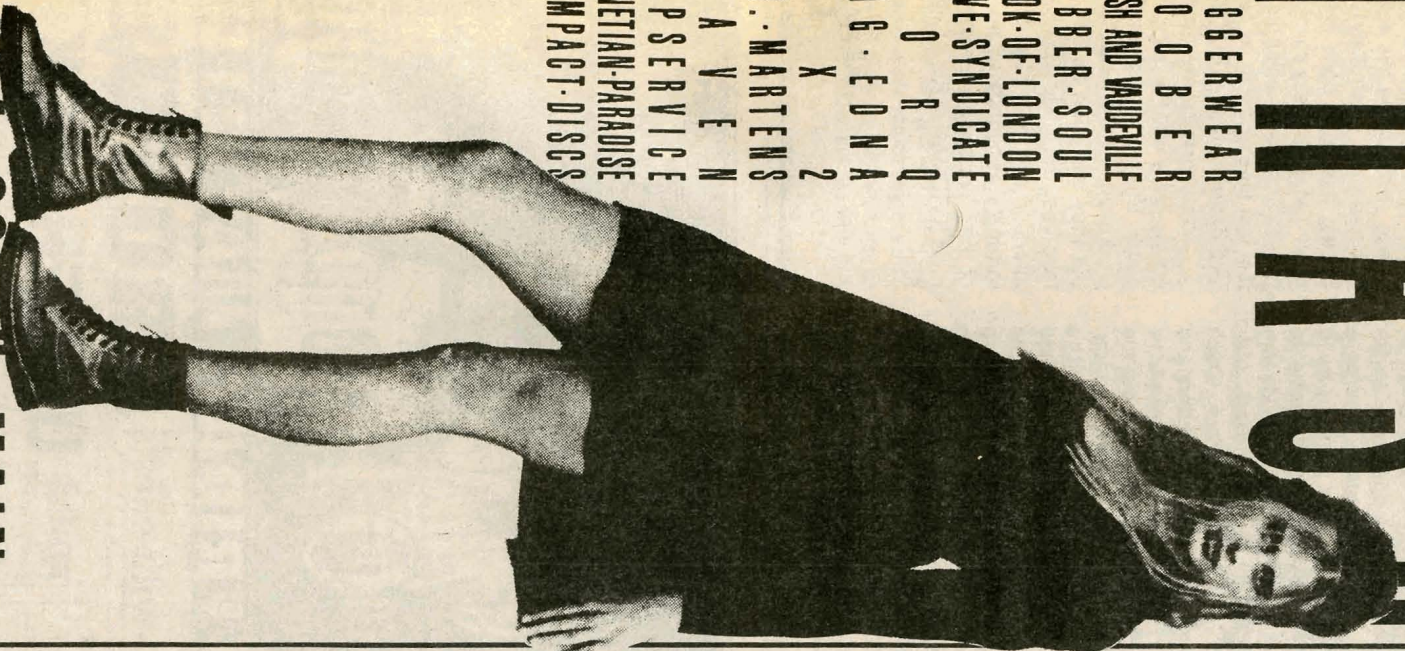
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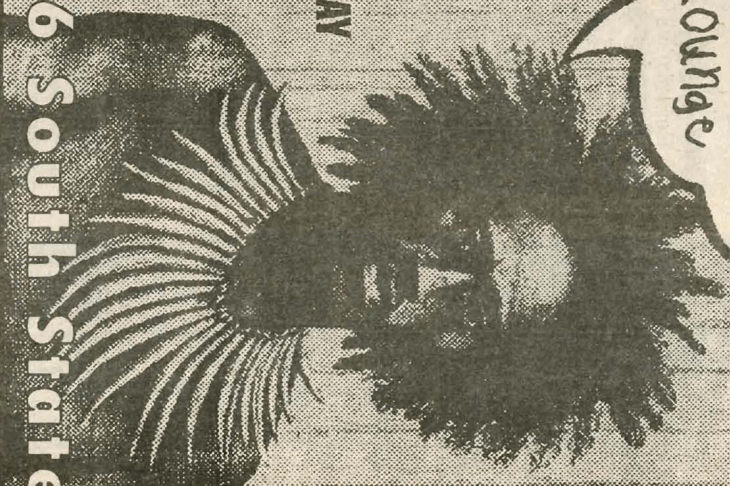


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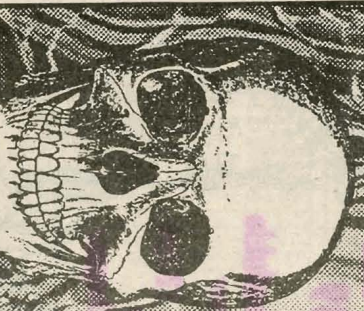
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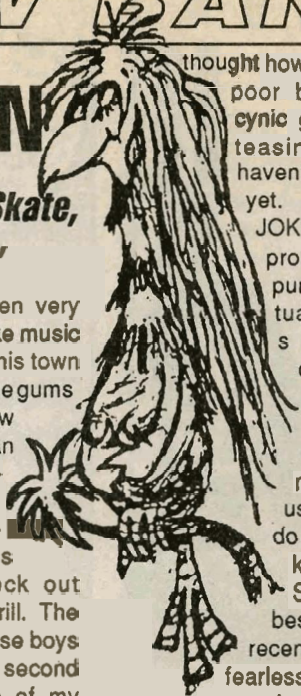
NEW BAND

BIRDMAN

*"We Drink, We Skate,
We Masterbatel!"*

We have always been very proud of the local Salt Lake music scene. Admit it people, this town is actually bleeding from the gums with talent. Recently a new band has caught more than our usual amount of attention.

Crawling out of hibernation this spring, friends recommended we check out BIRDMAN at the Bar & Grill. The buzz around was that these boys were playing only their second live show. Now, some of my friends are pretty hard-ass on local bands (well, all bands to be frank), and the most evil cynic of all just kept saying, "You guys will totally like these guys, they just got together, they're great!" I



thought how sad for these poor bastards. evil cynic guy is already teasing and they haven't even started yet. But alas, NO JOKE. BIRDMAN proud enough of punk roots to actually play at a speed discernable to us mild mannered old-timers. Don't misunderstand us. These boys do crank out the killer sounds. Some of the best we've heard recently. Cody, the fearless leader has a very unique presence on stage. Understated, yet powerful and effective, like a big blunt instrument.

We were blown away. It was hard to believe this was only their

second performance. We had to check them out again when they played Spanky's on April 20th. This was show #5. Yup, they were for real and had even improved. I'm telling you, if you like your music more on the punk side with kinda Mark Arm-ish vocals, you gotta get out to see BIRDMAN. You might even ask one of the guys if they have a demo tape handy. Among the five songs is Chickenwire. Definitely a hit. Seeing this song done live is a hoot! Let us just say congratulations to Cody for finishing the book this last time. (It's an inside joke for those who've seen BIRDMAN).

To summarize, my friends did not lie. Cody and the boys (Pat on guitar, Brian on bass, and Steve on drums) may be newly formed, but they will soon be Salt Lake favorites, definitely catching the attention and favor of all who are fortunate enough to witness one of their live appearances. Don't miss BIRDMAN at Bar & Grill May 6th!

—All our love,
T. & J.

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ROCKABILLY

NEWS, BLUES AND REVIEWS

Wonderful! Marvelous! Stupendous! Incredible! Well, I guess I've just about gotten my point across. For those of you who can't guess from the previous exclamations, a new REVEREND HORTON HEAT'S first album, "Smoke 'em," my picks for roots album of the year. Well, with the new year not even five months old yet, I may have found my album of the year for this year already. That's right, it's the new REVEREND HORTON HEAT album entitled "The Full-Custom Gospel Sounds of The Reverend Horton Heat," on Seattle's Sub Pop Records. Brother, if you thought the first HORTON HEAT album was cooler 'n an ice cube eskimo's freezer, then you've just got to check out the Reverend's newest platter. It's a little bit early to tell yet, but I'm pretty sure that I'm in love with this album.

Let's start off with the fact that

this album was produced in Memphis by the infamous Gibby Haynes (that's right, the ol' BUTTHOLE SURFER himself) which immediately ups the cool factor of this album. Next let's take the fact that the Reverend and his boys (the kickin' as usual rhythm section of Taz on the drums and Jimbo on the bass) have again made an album of some of the most spine chillin' psychobilly music this side of the funny farm. You add these two ingredients together and what you get is an album so damn beautiful that it's now my yardstick by which all other roots albums will be judged. This album is hipper'n an alley cat from song one to song twelve, and it's all pure psycho! If you haven't already been converted to the Reverend's religion of whiplash psychobilly, than nows your chance, and brother if you've already been converted than you'll know what I mean when I say GO OUT AND BUT THIS ALBUM OR BURN FOREVER IN HELLFIRE AND DAMNATION!

Whew, now that I've gotten

that review out of the way I think I need a cigarette. Anyways, there's plenty of happenin' stuff for all cats and kittens to rock n' bop to right here in good ol' Utah. I just recently checked out a band from the Utah Valley, normally the home of bad Ska music and penis cap hairdos. Well, that's all about to change with the rockin' sounds emanating from the Valley's hippest cats, THE SCOFFED. The thing that really scares me about this band is that they're average age is only seventeen, and already their developing their developing their own unique brand of vintage Rockabilly. This quartet consists of Carl Harmon singin' and slingin' his early sixties Gretsch, Paul Butterfield slappin' and a howlin' on his hound dog bass, Reed Rowe poundin' on the eighty eights and blowin' sax. These Cat's are billies in the truest sense of the word. When you ask 'em to name their influences they throw out such Rockabilly heavyweights as Johnny Burnette, Gene Vincent, Carl Perkins, Eddie Cochran, Joe Clay and of course early Elvis Presley. At the writing of this article I couldn't get any information on available music or



The Scoffed

upcoming shows, but if you need to know what's happenin' with THE SCOFFED you can contact Paul Butterfield at: 255-6857. Be sure and check these cats out as soon as possible.

Well, that'll do'er for this month. Next month I hope to have The Late BUCK NAKED's Posthumous release, as well as some stuff from one of L.A.'s best rockabilly bands THE DAVE AND DEKE COMBO. 'till next month, I'm outta here daddy-o!

—PK

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9 <i>Acoustic</i> TAD JONES with SWEE RHINO	11 SUN 60 PRODIGAL OF SMILES ROAD FRISBEE	12 SPORE ANGER OVERLOAD	13 ALTERNATIVE Black Atmosphere Daughters Of The Nile	14	15 with guests BECK CHAIR
16 <i>Acoustic</i> Music	18 UNINHIBITED TOMO NOT KIDNEY	19 KILLER CLOWNS SCAR BANGER	20 ALTERNATIVE PENTACLE BOWG	21 Reggae John Bayley	22 Reggae
23 FIREHOSE run westy run	25 ROCKABILLY VOODOO SWING THE DEL MOTELS	26 ONE EYE	27 ALTERNATIVE LONLIEST MONSTER LOVE BUCKET	28	29
30 the franks UNINHIBITED					
SUNDAY, MAY 23 FIREHOSE with <i>Run Westy Run</i>					

CONCERT REVIEWS

BAD MANNERS STRETCH ARMSTRONG INSATIABLE

April 5, 1993

National Guard Armory, Provo, Utah

Provo's cavernous National Guard Armory was host to the concert of the year April 5, as locals Insatiable and Stretch Armstrong, along with visiting Bad Manners, delighted a sparse crowd with 3+ hours of ska.

Insatiable opened the evening with a surprise as they covered only Rico's "Jungle Music" while playing a number of original tunes unfortunately, while their set did display their considerable musical abilities, the material just couldn't match the other two bands.

One problem the band has is indulging in too much funk. Additionally, their numbers went on too long at times. Still, Insatiable has improved considerably since the last time I saw them, so that is encouraging.

Stretch Armstrong continued to impress this reviewer, too, despite a lackluster cover of Operation Luy's "Unity."

As usual, lead singer Scottie Van Wagenen cavorted around the stage, pouring his energy into song after song.

Happily, Stretch included the delightful "Borisoglebska" in their abbreviated set. The wall of sound created by the empty areas in the Armory served to accentuate the band's knockout horn section of Curtis McKendrick, Mr. See, and Rachelle Jesse.

In addition, the band's cover of "Charlie Brown" allowed keyboardist Ryan Ridges to shine during a Vince Guaraldi interlude.

But the highlight of the evening was definitely Bad Manners. Lead singer Doug "Buster Bloodvessel" Trundle, ably abetted by members of the Toasters and Let's Go Bowling and the band's saxophonist. Mugged outrageously and swaggered through a dazzling selection of Bad Manners' best material.

Whether doing his trademark cover of Laurel Aitken's "Sally Brown" or bellowing favorites like "Lip Up Fatty," "Inner London Violence," and "Luer The Engine," Trundle excelled as the crowd skanked it up and eventually brought them back for an encore.

All in all, the experience added up to the of the more memorable ska

performances- too bad so many of you missed it.

—Scott Vice

HOUSE OF PAIN RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE WOOL

April 8, 1993

Club DV8

What a fucking show. I missed wool because of the crowd outside, but I did catch RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE. Talk about intense. These fuckers kicked some ass. I've never seen the crowd so fucking crazy.



RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

They played all my fave's, Bomb track, especially, I think this topped TOOL, almost. Next was HOUSE OF PAIN and I left. I guess I just wasn't into them after Rage. After the show, well, we won't get into that. Let's just say Relax all around. It's just music. Have a good time and smoke a bowl or something like that.

Anger Overload

April 15 - Bar & Grill

Actually, I went to this show by accident: Went to the B&G to talk to a guy, and ended up staying to see the band. I had a splitting headache, and I was gonna go home and lie down, but right as I was getting up to go, Anger Overload went on, and I thought, "Well, what the fuck, I'll stay and watch a couple of songs."

Hey, these guys kicked some ass! I spent the next hour or so telling myself "I'll watch one more song, and then I'll split." But then I'd stay for one more song, and then one more....

Anger Overload is kind of like a cross between a heavy metal sound and a grunge sound, with a touch of funk and some often-melodic vocals. Two guitars screech and snarl through a semi-funk-slappin'-bass and off-beats without losing direction. The singer puts all his considerable



M A K E S H I F T

weight into the vocals, ranging from nice-and-melodic to raving-and-lunatic and back, often in the same song. He also had a cheesy little toy bull-horn that he used a couple of times for that ever-popular "Put-the-guns-down-and-come-out-with-your-hands-up" effect. Way cool!

Songs were well-structured, with enough changes to avoid monotony; and both guitarists were hot, but without that masturbatory "watch-me-rip" tendency. And during the last song, the singer picked up one guitarist, held him upside down, dropped him, fell on him, knocked the other guitarist down, and fell on him, too—while they both kept playing! I bet Guns N' Roses can't do that.

I guess Mouthbreather never did show up, but nobody really cared. Anger Overload played like there was 20,000 people there instead of 20. Go check 'em out, they're alot more entertaining than the current crop of popgeeks like Nirvana or Motley Crue.

—The Subhuman

BAD YODELERS, MAKESHIFT WATERFRONT & PHOREHEAD

APRIL 18TH, 1993

FAIRPARK HORTICULTURE BUILDING

Phorehead for the most part impressed me, except for the fact that it was a little hard for me to understand their lyrics. Maybe I needed to clean my ears, but anyways a good band, a little movement would be nice. I'd go see them again.

Waterfront was excellent as always (including the show in Grantsville) Anthony's voice was as changing as ever, and as for Dan, well, we've all seen Dan lay that bass, and we all know that he knows how to play.

Next was Makeshift. These cats are never boring. I don't know what it is with these kids, sometimes I wonder if they come to shows to be seen on stage or if they want to see the bands. Maybe a club with a stage

is the way to go, then I can go somewhere else and see Makeshift. J handled it good, in fact it kind of intensified things. Every time I see these guys I get more impressed.

Last was the Yodelers, but I don't know what to say about them because a girl got hurt, a few kids dove off the speakers, and Terrance got hit into the crowd. Then to top it off, the show ended. FUCK!

—Chop

FLATLINE BENEFIT

APRIL 17TH, 1993

CLUB STARRZ

Sorry kids but I missed the first band Suspension of Disbelief. I'm sure they rocked.

Anger Overload, despite these boy's relaxed attitudes, I seriously like them. I can not explain the heaviness of this band, and with members from, Victim Willing, Truce, and Alcohol Death, why the hell wouldn't it be. Its the thing I think everyone should have a Sony Walkman full of. Toxic fuckin' rock and no fuckin' shit about it. Definitely check em out.

Stoneface is fuckin' cool. They totally know what they are doing. I especially like the guitar work. I do have to say they are a ton tighter than the first time I saw them.

Greatest enterfuckingtainers in Salt Lake. Decomposers are always impressive. I think. Fuck what I think heres a riddle. Why hill billy girls hate the day light? Because they love moonshine.

RAPTURE, RHINO, & KNUCKLE BUSTERS

April 17, 1993

The Side Pocket, American Fork

Vertigo actually opened up this show, but I had car trouble and missed them. Sorry dudes.

I arrived during KNUCKLE BUSTERS' set. This three-piece from Provo featured a heavy-duty

bassist/vocalist sporting the classic Seattle grunge look of plaid shirt, long hair, and goatee. The music was pure Seattle grunge as well, a little on the loose side, heavy on the cymbals. The vocals were curiously subdued, and mixed very dry which made for a detached, interesting effect. What they lack in musicianship, they make up for in stage presence. You can't miss the singer.

Next was RHINO. I don't know anything about this band, though I've heard of them for a while, and I was finally very glad to hear them. The power trio of bass, guitar, and drums rules, featuring bent, warped, spiritually damned guitar riffs and feedback from hell, perfectly balanced and counterpointed by the basslines, and by the creative rhythms of the drummer who didn't overdo it on the cymbals, using their attention-grabbing crashes for maximum effect. This is pure Wasatch Front grunge at its best. The singer, though appearing a little lost at times, staggered about the stage ejaculating numerous "UH's" and "AAA's" around the seething guitar lines for an unusual effect. I couldn't make out much of what he was saying besides that except for he doesn't seem to care for trees much. He was also wailing about loving someone who was his

woman, but the point of that got buried in the feedback somewhere.

The evening was topped by a rousing set from RAPTURE, a Pleasant Grove 3-piece reminiscent of the best bits of Red Hot Chili Peppers, Rage Against the Machine (two of whose songs they covered well), and Living Colour. The singer/bassist, a large, brown boy with a frizzy black mohawk briefly tied up in a black and white peacekerchief (but later coming loose to hang to his chin a la The Misfits) worked the crowd like a pro, keeping a running monologue between songs, explaining they were doing a different Rage Against the Machine cover than usual because every time they did the other one they "got in trouble," and they were now doing this one because "it doesn't" use the f-word quite as much," as they launched into "Bullet In Your Head." These guys are tight as fuck, and maintained a cheerful, goodtime rock and roll feel, as the singer chatted with the audience, and the guitarist grinned through his curtain of brown, flopping hair. Having finished their set, they were physically pushed back up on the stage to encore with "Now You Do What They Told Ya," that other RAM song that uses the f-word so much. Good job,

guys.

—Ladawn S.



COMMONPLACE

COMMONPLACE
FRACTAL METHOD
APRIL 22ND, 1993
BAR & GRILL

Commonplace kicked off this show, and boy was I glad I got to see it. Laura, the vocalist has got to have the best voice I've ever heard. This five piece band doesn't play much, so when they do, it's a treat. I won't go into what they played, all you

need to know is they played great, even though Laura thought they sucked (sorry Laura, no negativity here).

Next up was Fractal Method. Some people have problems with bands and drum machines and video hype, but I say FUCK that. These 3 guys and one fan (that I think is always there) know what's up. Mixed between Ministry, Nine inch Nails, and Neurosis, with some Manson influence, gives their sound a strange feel and makes you sit in awe. Definitely a good Bar & Grill show (considering I was only among 20 people or so).

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SLUG DAILY CALENDAR

THURSDAY 6

- Doghouse w/Birdman-Bar & Grill
- My Dog Vodka w/Chevy Fins-Dead Goat
- P.O.S. w/Earth Core-Spanky's
- House of Cards-Bourbon Street
- Louie Drambuie-Port-O-Call
- Youthquake w/Continuum-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Goo Goo Dolls w/The Muffs-Zephyr

FRIDAY 7

- Hostyle w/Strange Confusion & Vagabond-Club Starrz
- The Change w/One Eye-Bar & Grill
- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Tongue-N-Groove-Bourbon Street
- Youthquake w/Continuum-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Jack Mack & The Heart Attack-Zephyr

SATURDAY 8

- Season of The Spring (Bad Yodelers) River Bed Jed-Club Starrz
- The Change w/One Eye-Bar & Grill
- Backwash-Dead Goat
- "Camp Nite" w/Disco De Mayo-Spanky's
- Doghedz-Bourbon Street
- Mocha Joe-Port-O-Call
- Youthquake w/Continuum-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Jack Mack & The Heart Attack-Zephyr

SUNDAY 9 (MOTHERS DAY)

- Goat Pickins-Dead Goat
- Tao Jones w/Swee Rhino-Bar & Grill
- Bob Snow solo-Port-O-Call
- Private Eye Music Awards-Zephyr

MONDAY 10

- Blue Devils Blue-Dead Goat
- Rooster Band-Zephyr

TUESDAY 11

- Sun 60 w/P.O.S. & Road Frisbee-Bar & Grill
- Big Fin (discount w/can of food)-Dead Goat
- Animal Bag-Zephyr
- Badinier-Spanky's

WEDNESDAY 12

- Spore w/Anger Overload-Dead Goat
- The Groove (Ladies night)-Bar & Grill
- One Eye-Spanky's
- Mocha Joe-Port-O-Call
- Animal Bag-Zephyr

THURSDAY 13

- Cows w/Janitor Joe & Spore-Club Starrz
- Black Atmosphere w/Daughters of the Nile-Bar & Grill
- Billy the Kid-Dead Goat
- J-Binder w/Chevy Fins-Spanky's
- Doghouse-Bourbon Street

- Louie Drambuie-Port-O-Call
- P.O.S. w/XSNRG-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Monkey Meet-Zephyr

FRIDAY 14

- Red #5 w/Perplex & Consumed-Club Starrz
- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- My Sister Jane-Dead Goat
- Killer Clowns-Spanky's
- Ray Band-Bourbon Street
- P.O.S. w/XSNRG-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Monkey Meet-Zephyr

SATURDAY 15

- Black Atmosphere w/Midnight Dreary-Club Starrz
- Gamma Rays w/Brick Chair-Bar & Grill
- My Sister Jane-Dead Goat
- Killer Clowns-Spanky's
- I-Roots-Bourbon Street
- Mocha Joe-Port-O-Call
- P.O.S. w/XSNRG-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Monkey Meet-Zephyr

SUNDAY 16

- Fugazi, W/ Rocket From The Crypt & Claw Hammer - Fairpark Coliseum
- Goat Pickins-Dead Goat
- Accoustic-Bar & Grill
- Bob Snow solo-Port-O-Call
- House of Cards-Zephyr

MONDAY 17

- Blue Devils-Dead Goat
- I-Roots-Zephyr

TUESDAY 18

- Uninhibited w/Tomo Not Kidney-Bar & Grill
- A Band And His Dog (discount w/can of food)-Dead Goat

- King Biscuits-Spanky's

- Toots & Maytalls-Zephyr

WEDNESDAY 19

- Dirt Fisherman w/Stoneface & Birdman-Club Starrz
- Killer Clowns w/Scar Strangled Bangers-Bar & Grill
- Tongue-N-Groove (Ladies night)-Dead Goat
- True Silence-Spanky's
- Mocha Joe-Port-O-Call
- Jeanie Bryson-Zephyr

THURSDAY 20

- Miskreant w/Creepsides-Club Starrz
- Pentacle-Bar & Grill
- TOMCATS-Dead Goat
- River Bed Jed-Spanky's
- Killer Tomatoes-Bourbon Street
- Louie Drambuie-Port-O-Call
- Dead Kats-BURTS
- Relentless-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Leon Redbone-Zephyr

FRIDAY 21

- Offspring w/Grotus & Lumberjack-Club Starrz
- John Bayley-Bar & Grill
- Armed & Dangerous-Dead Goat
- River Bed Jed-Spanky's
- Electric Mud (from Denver)-Bourbon Street
- Relentless w/Fire Eye-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Little Women-Zephyr

SATURDAY 22

- Swim Herschel Swim-Club Starrz
- John Bayley-Bar & Grill
- Disco Drippers-Dead Goat
- A.U.-Spanky's

SLUG
PRESENTS

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- Electric Mud-Bourbon Street
- Mocha Joe-Port-O-Call
- Tainted Souls w/Fire Eye-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Little Women-Zephyr

SUNDAY 23

- FIREHOSE w/Run Wesley Run-Bar & Grill
- Goat Pickins-Dead Goat
- Bob Snow solo-Port-O-Call
- Lyle Mays-Zephyr

MONDAY 24

- Low Pop Suicide-Club Starrz
- Blue Monday, The William Clarke Band-Dead Goat
- I-800-Zephyr

TUESDAY 25

- Voodoo Swing w/The Del Motels-Bar & Grill
- The Heeters (discount w/can of food)-Dead Goat
- 10,000 Maniacs w/ The Wallflowers

Triad Amphitheatre

- Gimp-Spanky's
- Roots & spirits (Reggae)-Zephyr

WEDNESDAY 26

- One Eye-Bar & Grill
- The Extenders (Ladies night)-Dead Goat
- Damnation w/Ohf Kilter-Spanky's
- Mocha Joe-Port-O-Call
- Ray Band-Zephyr

THURSDAY 27

- Grimace-Club Starrz
- Lonliest Monster w/Love Bucket-Bar & Grill
- The Bird Dogs-Dead Goat
- Mind at Large w/Doghhouse-Spanky's
- Tongue-N-Groove-Bourbon Street
- Louie Drambuie-Port-O-Call
- Dead Kats-BURTS
- First Born-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Salsa Brava-Zephyr

FRIDAY 28

- Grimace-Club Starrz
- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill

- Stone Pony-Dead Goat
- Mind at Large w/Doghhouse-Spanky's
- Dirty Dealing-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Joe Louis Walker and The Bosstalkers-Zephyr

SATURDAY 29

- Waterfront-Club Starrz
- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- House of Cards-Dead Goat
- Decomposers w/Maggotheads-Spanky's
- Mocha Joe-Port-O-Call
- Dirty Dealing-Corona's Rock-N-R
- Joe Louis Walker and The Bosstalkers-Zephyr

SUNDAY 30

- Goat Pickins-Dead Goat
- The Franks-Bar & Grill
- Bob Snow solo-Port-O-Call
- The Iguanas-Zephyr

MONDAY 31(Memorial Day)

- -LIVE- Radio Broadcast, Blue Devils Revue, Smokey Wilson(KRCL 91FM)-Dead Goat
- Bad Livers-zephyr

JUNE

TUESDAY 1

- Proud Mary (discount w/can of food)-Dead Goat

WEDNESDAY 2

- Frank Black w/Reverend Horton Heat-DV8
- The Groove (Ladies night)-Dead Goat
- Mocha Joe-Port-O-Call
- Voodoo Swing-BURTS

THURSDAY 3

- The Obvious-Dead Goat
- Louie Drambuie-Port-O-Call
- Dead Kats-BURTS

FRIDAY 4

- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Dead Kats-Spanky's

SATURDAY 5

- Backwash-Dead Goat

PREVIEW MIRROR

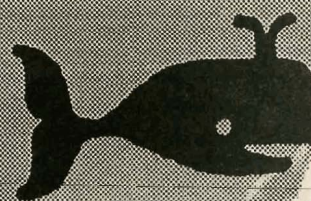


If you've been following my column over the past few months, you'll know that one band I can't get enough of is Rocket From The Crypt. Hailing from sunny San Diego, Rocket proves that there is more to North Tijuana than surf & Eddie Vedder. Over the past couple of years RFTC has released two albums through Head Hunter/ Cargo and a slew of singles on various labels including their latest, a picture disc on Sympathy. These guys may have bitten the big label bait, but the sound remains crunchy, hooky and completely unique. RFTC is so legendary for their live performance and imitable sound that they've inspired a tattoo cult of true believers. They're also the only band I've heard lately to successfully merge saxophones with punk pop. They're playing in town May 16th and admission is only \$5.00. They will be playing with Claw Hammer and Fugazi.

—Stimmy

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STIMBOY

For the past couple months I've been caught up in various socio-political issues in this humble column. It's gotten to the point where I barely even mention music anymore. So this month, as a treat for you fine and patient readers, for putting up with my rhetoric whining of late, I'm going to devote a full column to what this magazine is ostensibly all about, namely cool music.

But first, let me add another item to the grudge file. In months past, I've bitched about drinking laws, Utah drivers, gun control, (or lack thereof,) being mired in a thankless retail job, and bad clothes. Now it's time for another entry into the StimBoy hall of shame. This month's award goes to that insightful chronical of underground culture, the Salt Lake Tribune.

The Trib, of course, is the reputedly progressive sister of the Deseret News. To establish their cutting edge hipster credentials, they've recently been running a series of fluff pieces on the likes of the Zephyr, Club Starrz, J.C. Mc Neil and that revolutionary new footwear designed by Doctor Marten. In April, the Trib foisted yet another chunk of scurrilous piece PR work thinly disguised as journalism upon us. They teamed up with that trendy underground boutique named Nordstrom to give us a few tips on how to look "grunge".

I could really give a shit about fashion, I just find the marketing of thrift store duds for big bucks a little bit disgusting. If you walked into a Nordstrom store dressed like those precious grunge models, security would be following you every step of the way to make sure you weren't shoplifting. I wouldn't step into a Nordstrom store even if they installed a tattoo booth next to the cosmetics counter and had junkies with blue mohawks serving complimentary cappuccino and Red Hook. And who was that band? Don't they have any self respect? I know I'd prefer to be recognized for my music and not for wearing hip clothes and goatees on the front

page of the "Trends" section. A good rule of thumb is that if something appears in the pages of the Tribune, it should be avoided like the plague. The sad thing is, I feel responsible for this whole glamorization of "Grunge" because, you see, indirectly, I am responsible for it all.

It was 1984, I was a roadie for a band known as "Johnny and the Hair Dogs." The "Dogs" as they were known to fans, played the tough punk rock circuits of northwest Idaho and Green River Utah. They were enormously despised by the majority of punkers on the scene because the Dogs had long greasy hair rather than the popular mohawks and crew cuts of the day and were frequently arrested for vagrancy because of their "Look." They were also loathed by the metal crowd because they couldn't afford stylish spandex trousers and new t-shirts to strategically rip. The fact is, they were so evenly detested, they were below popular, people used to joke that they were "Sub-Popular."

Since they rarely got paid for their infrequent gigs, they could never afford new clothes. They wore the same tattered old Levis, thrift store shirts and converse high tops for five years, and me, being the roadie, had to get by wearing their hand-me-downs. The only place they had any kind of following was called "Pearl's Discount Thermals and Ribs" in Cour D'Alene, Idaho. Pearl's was famous for their Friday night jam sessions and their dishwasher, Eddie, a surfer kid from San Diego who adored the Hair Dogs. On Friday nights at Pearl's jam sessions, skinheads, hippies, bikers, and even truck drivers would come from miles around to hear Johnny and the Dogs sing their anthems of biking, drinking and bad-assed long hair. Some of their songs included "Bad Moto Guzzi," "Laramie," and "Matrimonial Kissings." Eventually, their reputation spread and finally they got their big break; a chance to play the Pendleton Gun Show and Boot Boogie.

That was when tragedy struck.

We arrived in Pendleton on the night of October 16. It was raining. I was busy loading the gear into the Holiday Inn when I recieved news that Johnny had been struck by a 1500 lb. bolt of flannel while taking a tour of Pendleton's famous clothing mill. The show had to be cancelled and the band immediately broke up to pursue careers in electronic parts sales. I walked dejectedly into the parking lot to find that my back-pack with what little clothes I owned, had been stolen. Fortunately, I had a pair of Pearl's famous thermal leggings and a flannel shirt with the sleeves ripped off which we had been using as a gas cap for the van. I managed to hitch hike to Aberdeen where some kid named Kurt who worked at a gas station was kind enough to give me a pair of cut-offs and bus fare back to Idaho. It turned out he was a big fan of the Hair Dogs. I understand he later moved to Seattle and started a group of his own up there. And, well, the rest is history.

Some months work out to be so happening in the music biz. For me April was one of those months because new albums by three of my favorite bands came out. I'm speaking, of course of the mighty new releases from CLAWHAMMER, FLUID and the COWS.

Clawhammer plays a kind of mescaline drenched blues, soaked in the crude oil of the shimmering sands of Long Beach, California. The new album, Pabulum, marks their jump from Sympathy to Epitaph records and the sound is BIG. Every whine, scream and growl from Jon Wahl's throat is distinct and clear and they've finally found a drummer who can keep up with Jon and Dave's manic guitar work. The standout track for me has got to be William Tell, a saga of Big Bill Burroughs' years in Mexico City, featuring some fierce harmonica action courtesy of Mr. Wahl. They have yet to disappoint on vinyl and, are probably the best live band in Southern California today. Stimmy gives Clawhammer 4 and 1/2 amper-

sands (@@@@1/2.)

I've been a fan of the FLUID since before they were the Fluid. These guys hail from Denver Colorado and were originally members of two of my all time favorite punk rock bands; Frantik and White Trash. Most folks in SLC know them from their material on Sub Pop and their incredible concerts. I'm always a little bit leary when my favorite indie bands jump to big labels, but in this case, my fears were unfounded. The new album, "Purplemetalflakemusic" picks up where "Glue" left off without a hitch. The Fluid is one of the few bands who can put Stooges Riffs through the Blue Cheer wringer and still come up with something fresh. **HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. (####\$!)**

I know everyone reading this is probably going to see Clawhammer with Fugazi but take my advice and see the COWS this month also. The sole stated purpose of the COWS is to make people feel as uncomfortable as possible and they do, but you will never have such a good time feeling so as at a Cows concert. On "Cunning Stunts" the Cows seemed a bit sentimental and slick, (if that's possible,) probably because I had such high expectations, but "Sexy Pee Story" slams the door on my theory that they had lost a step. The title track is Shannon's most inspired vocal performance since Hitting the Wall. Bad drug deals, really big dumb ugly sex and that misanthropic verve I know and love are all in full effect. As far as looking at the seamy side of life, this blows Alice in Chains latest out of the water. Constantly inventive and hilariously disturbing, put this on at a party and watch your flannel-glam friends squirm. While a thousand of bands out there are doing the obvious and being handsomely rewarded for it, no other band but the Cows would cop to it with such irony and élan. And, with the Cows, nothing is ever obvious except for their sheer, haphazard brilliance. (@@-@#%&!!!!)

This is StimBoy, your faithful media watchdog. Next month-old men with pony-tails!

SINGLES GOING STEADY

Why, one might ask, write a column about the dinosaur of recording technology, the seven inch single? Because vinyl rules! It is by far the superior medium for rock and roll type music. Singles sound incredible, the bass is full and natural and the guitars are rich and warm. Also, by buying singles, you can directly support some of the best independent bands and labels without throwing your money at Sony and Philips for so called superior technology. **Why spend \$16 on a CD** that was probably recorded on analogue equipment to make sony more cake when you can spend 3 or 4 bucks and have something cool and collectable that sounds great. Go to your favorite record store a demand vinyl. Tell them you won't be railroaded by multinational corporations. Or try mail order. Some of these singles were given to SLUG for review, but the majority I ordered and bought with my own hard earned dough, so I'll just sample a few off the top of the stack.

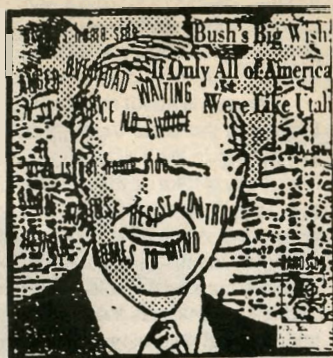
The good people of Constant Change records sent us a bundle so I'll hit those first.

DAISY GREY - "Alive" Daisy Grey is actually Terence D. H. doing the moody acoustic thing. For those of you who only know his work in the Stench and Bad Yodelers I urge you to check this out. Terence is a pretty cool guy and a damn good songwriter to boot. A nice change of pace from a local legend.

GIVING TREE - Samantha b/w Garden. A bonus surprise, I love putting something I've never heard of on and being blown away. Unexpected twists and turns, strong melodies, tasty hooks, dreamy zen jams and the occasional power chord. Kate joins my roster of favorite singers.

DOC HOPPER - They look like the Hard Ons and sound like Descendents. Is this what the world really needs? I don't think so. Purely fourth form.

OUR VOICE PRO CHOICE-4 band compilation (Hands On Records). Two locals, NSC and Anger Overload, hook up with San Diego's Heroin and NYC's Born Against on this benefit for the Utah Pro Choice Coalition. It's a mixed bag. NSC is the stand out here with good hooks and relevant lyrics. A worthy cause, a mediocre record.



BAD RELIGION - "American Jesus" b/w "Stealth" (Sympathy). The grand daddies of Los Angeles punk have some news for us, greed + religion = corruption. Nothing ground breaking here, but it has that mid tempo, minor key, melodic groove that we know and love so well. Hopefully this is a teaser for an upcoming album. They're about due, I'd say.

RED AUNTS - "Retard Jenny Jones" picture disc (Sympathy). Disc of the month. Fantastic art work. A completely hilarious reworking of the Clash classic and 3 other songs in the vein of early Red Cross or Mad Society. A real toe tapper from the Wahl family and friends.

MONOMEN - "I'm Hangin" b/w "Teen Dogs In Trouble" (Rise Records). Faster than a nitro burning funny car, more powerful than a monster truck rally, the Mono's offer another custom slab of crank case rock. Killer graphics courtesy of Frank Kozik and red vinyl.

JESUS CHRIST SUPERFLY - "Big Shit" b/w "Rocket Scientist" (Rise Records). Smart ass, snot rock in the vein of Angry Samoans. JCS packs plenty of punch. As always, great graphics and colored vinyl. I would recommend anything on Rise for the punk connoisseur.

PROCESS - "Steel Jaws" (Conversion Records). Fairly boring sludge rock P.E.T.A. propaganda. These rich kids have too much time on their hands.

WHITETRASH DEBUTANTES - "Bill Dakota" b/w "Bad in Bed". These folks are hella fun live, but it doesn't translate to the studio. It sounds like Ginger is reading the lyrics. (Come to think of it, last time I saw them she was reading the lyrics). A remarkably flat performance.

—Phil Harmonic

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MISCELLANEOUS

The Wonders Of Wendover

It's grey evening as a cold fog drifts aimlessly over the quiet street and Roy Orbison sings of lonely people through a hollow can of a speaker. I step off the Silver Smith casino and out into the small parking lot filled with American cars that have their dashboards littered with maps, oil bottles, food wrappers and cigarette butts. One run-down Lincoln with Utah plates has an empty babyseat in the back, its restraining arm down as if to prevent the child from getting back into the seat. Across the street a rodeo clown grins wickedly down in the empty street, an evil face that would make Pennywise shudder in its leering shadow. "We'll buy anything!" a sign proclaims from the dark windows of the pawn shop that supports the devil clown. They'll buy anything, even your soul.

Across the street from the evil clown pawn shop is the Heritage Inn. It looks like a mausoleum that somebody turned into a motel. Shit! Just look at all this space in here! We could put in thirty, forty rooms, at least!

Casino towns are weird, evil places. Casino towns like Las Vegas are cesspools of disease and alcoholism. Young, beautiful prostitutes selling their pussies for a fix to forget their past, all that they used to be. Wendover is different. Wendover is evil on a budget.

Wendover is the kind of town where the only things to do are gamble, eat, watch television, fuck, drink and redecorate the living room with your brains. The place where the card dealers go home to their trailer, pop open a beer and watch t.v. until about four in the morning when they choke down a couple of sleeping pills with some imitation Nyquill, recheck the lock in the door and try not to think as they lie on their bed staring at the sun they know is rising outside their closed, curtained windows. They'll get out of bed a few hours later, crack open few amphetamines and drift up to the casinos, smile at a few people, say a few words, try to force down some food, then hit the gambling tables for a few quick ones before having to go to work. Life's a bitch. In Wendover, it's a washed up old whore with AIDS.

In Wendover there are four cas-

inos: The Silversmith, State Line (where a rickety old cowboy that looks frighteningly a lot like a cancer ridden John Wayne winks its neon eye while puffing on a cigarette and points to the parking lot), Red Garter and, four of 'em, count 'em. If you backed your car to the east side of Wendover, mashed the accelerator down to the floor with your foot and dropped the engine into gear, you'd be past the last casino on the west side before you managed to shift into fifth. Hit overdrive and Wendover is disappearing in your mirrors.

But Utahns love Wendover. They fucking love it. It's their Arcadia, their Xanadu, as they speed in their cars toward the setting sun, they roll into Wendover long after it has past, liquored up and ready to play. Hot damn! Let me at them tables and a can of real Budweiser. Yahoo!

The gaming rooms of the casinos are small by comparison to an illegal gambling house somewhere in New York. Compared to Las Vegas, they're nonexistent; sneeze while you're walking through and you'll miss the dim neon bar with the two white trash, long past their prime, overweight hookers. One is crammed tightly into her brown leather miniskirt, her hat legs threatening to tear apart the seams, a small matching top which shoves her small breasts together, showing off the tattoo on her sun-burned chest, complimenting the other on the right shoulder, talking about how she "Won't be seen in one of them goddamned rice burners. Fuckin' slants." The next time that she'll be seen in a dingy little road side cafe somewhere outside Las Vegas, where she probably started life as an innocent, wide-eyed waif from Iowa with a pretty summer dress and a deep lust for a shot of heroin.

Late, late at night, after the cartoon shows have gone off the air for all the little kiddies left by their parents in the child care rooms, I wander back through the cramped casinos, checking out the clientele. All the white trash have gone home; they can hear their names being called from the mist outside and the last Seagrams and seven did nothing to mute their cries, so they drift up out of their chairs and return to bed, zombies going back to their graves. The only people left are the Asians and the Mexicans/Americans. They're much more serious at this small time gambling stuff than their fair skinned counter-parts; it's four o'clock in the morning, time to buy a share in the American Dream. They smoke

heavily from a pack of Buck cigarettes and mutter out in their native tongue, occasionally yelling out, finishing off the last of their drink and jammering at the dealer to bring the cocktail "girl" around for another.

The sun is about ready to rise in Utah, and the white trash gamblers are stirring in their JC Penny's coffins, ready to take on the casinos and the odds that are stacked against them, one more time. In the little coffee shops inside the casinos out of shape cadavers smoke Magnums and tell the waitress that they're not going to eat this blessed morning, but could she bring them lots of coffee? And they do: while I was in one coffee shop, the waitress brought a steaming pot of java over to my table the moment that I took a drink from my cup and set it down on the formica. I love coffee, but enough had become enough and I had to beg off when she brought the small cauldron around for the seventh go around. I paid my tab for yogurt and o.j. and went into the bathroom.

Even the bathrooms are sleazy and small time. Fluorescent light that makes you feel like you're in a large meat freezer and once white toiletstall doors hide the people inside as they cough their lungs up into the toilet bowls, clutching the smooth porcelain sides and praying they can make it back to the tables, that their luck won't run out on them before they die hacking up blood and phlegm on their knees.

The illiterate graffiti on the inside of the stalls is indicative of not only the species of people which frequent this infested oasis, but also of the quicksand that America is being sucked down into. Such elegant colloquialisms as; "Buy American or Die," or how about; "Kill all Fags," "I've got a cure for AIDS, six of 'em in my gun." White Americans are becoming increasingly violent from illusionary pressure that they feel is being crushed down upon them: By the darkies and the slants, by the gooks and the niggers, the chinks and the spics. Swastikas drawn incorrectly are signs of the socially retarded and inbred moronic mob rules mentality which has crept over America like filthy clouds swollen with pus and urine ready to dump their defecation over the United States of Amerikkka and drown all in its putrid storm, and this time their will be no Ark, or a smiling, benevolent Noah standing on the last dry hill, preparing to shove off into the turbid, turbulent waters and save us all.

Such places like Wendover are microcosms for the greater problem at large. A place where scientists

can safely observe from a distance through their binoculars as the bloated White People waddle up to the tables and shit and piss on one another, swilling down drink upon drink and sucking down cigarette upon cigarette, throwing their money on the tables as quickly as they empty their bowels and bladders in the toilets, and blaming their wretched existence on them and everything that they brought with them. The Great Whites are drowning in their own apathy and stupidity, and casino towns are their secret, sacred burial grounds. Casino towns are where they go to release their pressures, to unwind, to have a good time in cramped, smoke filled, dark little dens and lose all their money while they destroy their kidneys and lungs. Yeah, a real blast, a real hoot.

Just outside of Wendover, to the east, are two prison-like rest areas situated on either side of the freeway. The one on the south side so identical to the one on the north side save that it has a viewing platform for the zombies to drag themselves up, wheezing and complaining about their heartburn, wondering why their left arm has suddenly gone numb again, so that now ethereal wallets and contemplate on how long it will take before they can refill it and head back out to Wendover for some more rest and relaxation.

That's Wendover in a coffin-like nut shell. If you go there, take my advice; check into the Motel Six at the east end, buy a case of King Cobra, a couple of jizz mags, lock your door and watch MTV well into the next day. Maybe you'll forget why you're there and be able to obliterate any nightmares of memories you'll have of the place. Maybe. If you're lucky. But this is a casino town, and casino towns are built and survive on luck, so who knows? Perhaps you'll stroll by the roulette table, push through the Alzheimer cases, throw a crisp ten-spot on the table and come home a millionaire in a limo supplied by the casino owners with a couple of companions along for the ride home with an open invitation to come on back, hear? Then again, perhaps you'll just lose your hard earned ten bucks, then be pushed aside by some half-alive old woman in a wheel chair, pushed to the table by a smiling lizard in a cheap suit with a gilt nametag that says the reptile's name is "Mike," encouraging the corpse to bet more of her welfare and social security checks on the shiny spinning wheel, and not to worry; the casino will gladly accept two party checks.

— Anonymous

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SHORT STORY

SUICIDE KING

THE SCENT of a Juniper bush. Here and there, mingling with Sage and exhaust from a speed boat. In the narrows, miles of twisting water filled miniature canyons. Lake tentacles, streaking off into a screaming blue desert. Not an octopus, these tentacles alive with rainbows, swirling in dark waters. Thousands of puddles of oil dancing amongst the reflections of red and orange cliffs, kept in step by the rhythmic click, click, click of a Budweiser metronome, slapping itself against a rock.

Victor slips silently along the path of one such waterway. On his back, his hands and feet stroking the water. The sky itself passing before his eyes, passing for a sky, though it is only a sliver of a sky. Not like a hall of mirrors when on his back, but, rolling onto his ell, the water is that mirror, holding in its reflect that sky, splinter sky. Puffs of water vapor and contrails. The compact little canyon holding within its confines, every breath, every stroke of his hands. These sounds reverberating off the high and reintroducing themselves to his ears. Audio delay, as it were. Like his voice in the telephone mouthpiece, bouncing from a satellite. A second later, repeating its message in the earpiece. The voice at the other end? Flashing across the Atlantic, from Ankara, Turkey. 186,000 miles per second and finding its way to Las Vegas and Victor's ear. Finding the words, in broken transmission to say, in fact, Maria was not there. There you are. The voices of hundreds of people. All meshed together in a dull rushing noise at the receiver. The language of satellites, whining and beeping.

Then, Victor had found a way to put the phone down, to disconnect himself from that technological din. Now, technology playing no part, aside from the Glen Canyon Dam which was creator of this whole mess. But these sounds analog; his breath, the water, the beer bottle smashing against the rocks, even a faint recollection of Maria's voice in his head. Science playing out its hand. Queens beat tens and Victor, having a fist full of Queens, has now set his sights on Kings.

Richard had once given to Victor, a King of Hearts. The lonely suicide King. The very King that had acquired Richard his largest win ever. 'I can't use this.' Richard had stated,

removing the card from his wallet and handing it to Victor. 'I've recognized now that, even in the company of others, I'll always be alone. Somewhere on the outside. As is this card. Though I am sure that it's self imposed.' Victor had put the card into his wallet and so, to this day, he still carries it. And so on.

Victor sails deeper into the ever narrowing canyon. Is it so twisted to choose solitude? To file oneself away; deprivation of everyday social encounters? And still, surrounded as he is, by thousands of faces, meaningless facades, simply plywood fronts. Supported from behind by two-by-fours. But no words spoken.

It is true that one day Richard and Victor had walked along Freemont Street. 'These cut-outs...' Richard had said. 'Are only cartoons like those that you might find at County Fair. What you have here are generic - prefabricated bodies.' His hands wagging too and fro, pointing out various passers-by. 'The heads and hands are omitted, allowing that, for a small fee, one can place ones own head in, say...slot A. Hands - slots B and C. All quite charming. Quite innocent. Endless variations on the same theme, like a television sit-com. However, once concealed behind this body, the fairgoer undergoes a strange metamorphosis, losing his own identity, while the photographer focuses. Leaving in fact, a world teaming with ballerinas and muscle men. It would seem a perfect scenario.

Unfortunately, though there are quite visible changes on the outside—The inside, the Ego, remains intact. Un-altered as it were, by all of this technical revamping of the body. This creates a severe contradiction between what is visible, therefore, "known". And that which is less tangible. That which can only be communicated through speech or art, if you don't find the latter concept excessively offensive.

Now you discover yourself face to face with the true nemesis. This dichotomy being the tragic lack of communication, or the lack of ones own ability to communicate ideas and/or desires through a perfect face, in a perfect world. So when the Fair has ended and all the animals have been put away, these poor souls are left with squeaky clean - well toned bodies, but tragically deformed, or might I say, misinformed minds, requiring them to seek advice and acceptance from others rather than relying on their own faculties, (which

we are all born with). They continue to submit themselves to the systematic, seemingly ritualistic abuse from the media, which, of course, can do nothing but perpetuate this cycle. This Victor, is the master plan. A sheep planet, happily munching away on information and technology while, what people truly desire slips away. No...is snatched away by those powers that be.

Truly free people, Victor, are very hard to control. Yet if their perceived happiness is contrived, made to appear as true freedom on the outside, the battle is then won. All behavior, every action predictable and controlled. The ultimate freedom I suppose. No responsibility. No reason for apology.'

Richard and Victor there stopped, in front of the casino. Victor's face watched the dirty sidewalk, neither spoke. Looking up then, as Victor did. A maelstrom of people swirling along Freemont Street. But Richard had vanished into that flow. A thousand salmon, swimming upstream to spawn. Dashing themselves against the rocks though not bleeding, still...alive.

SOME IMAGE appears, moving across the dark water, rousting Victor, shaking him back to now. Turning onto his back again, he sees a hawk soaring above, though only for a second. It disappears beyond his impaired field of vision. He holds his breath. Waits. Heart thumping softly under his ribs sends the blood to his head and ears. He waits an eternity and then, there it is. Appearing from over the cliffs, over this sweaty desert. The same desert his people had moved across for centuries. NO! It's not the same desert. His forefathers desert was not the future sight of a low level nuclear waste storage facility. His forefathers desert did not play host to C.U.P. coal fueled electric power plants, uranium mines or pleasure boaters floating about on a make believe lake on house boats. Perhaps Richard had been right. Victor's forefathers had survived quite well for centuries without compact discs, cable T.V. or war. Now, it would seem, none of them could do without it. Cultural reprogramming. Victor lies in the late August heat. In a man made lake in Southern Utah, listening to a discarded beer bottle clacking against a red rock. A Native American in a strange land. Despite all these things around him. Aside from the fate of being placed on a world full of robots. Victor bobs on the waves, watching a lone hawk, a smile on his face.

—r. bradford yates

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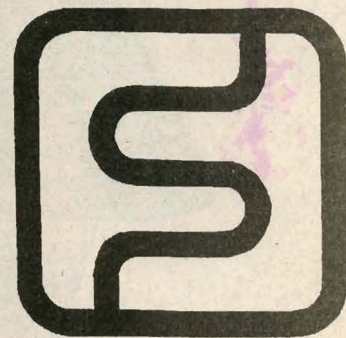
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