

SLUG

NOVEMBER 1993

ISSUE #59

FREE



RED #5

INSIDE

B-LAME

B MOVIE INSERT

Night Of The Living Dead

1st Anniversary

DAILY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

stimboy • rancid • red aunts • letters
comics • records • concerts • books
helen wolf • unmitigated rambling
a look at what's really going on in town

SPECIAL

COLLECTIONS

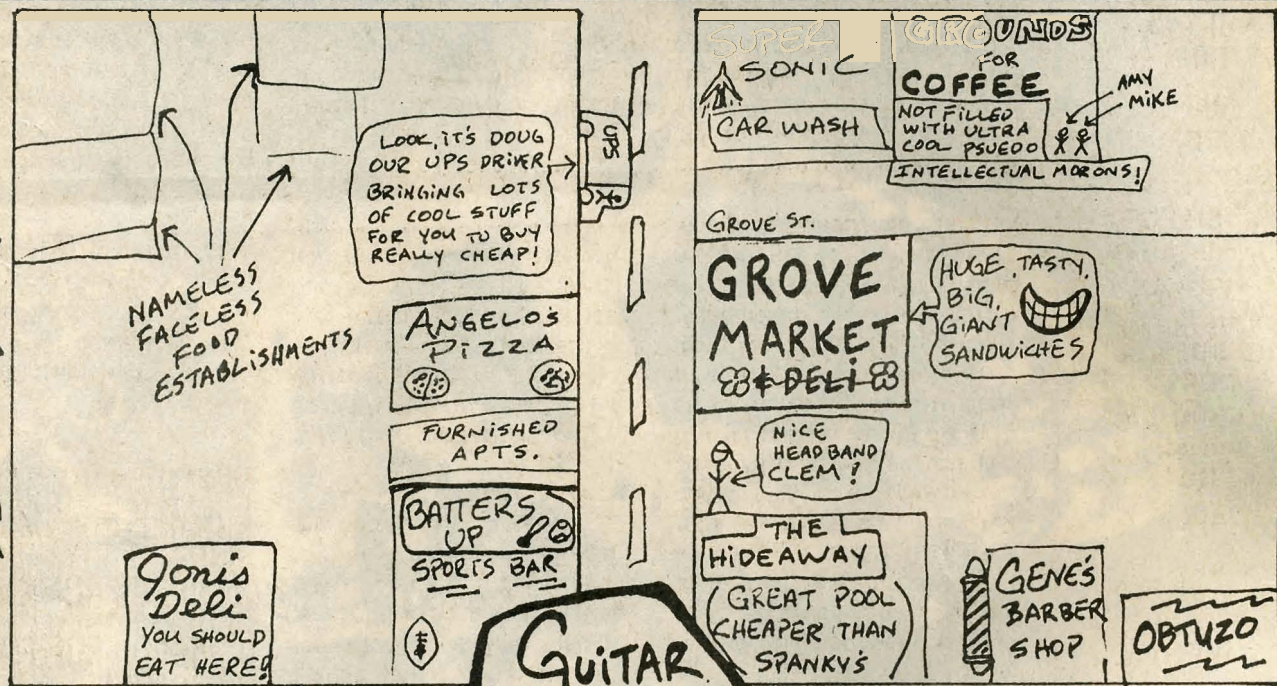


Guitar Gallery

THE MECCA OF MODERN CIVILIZATION

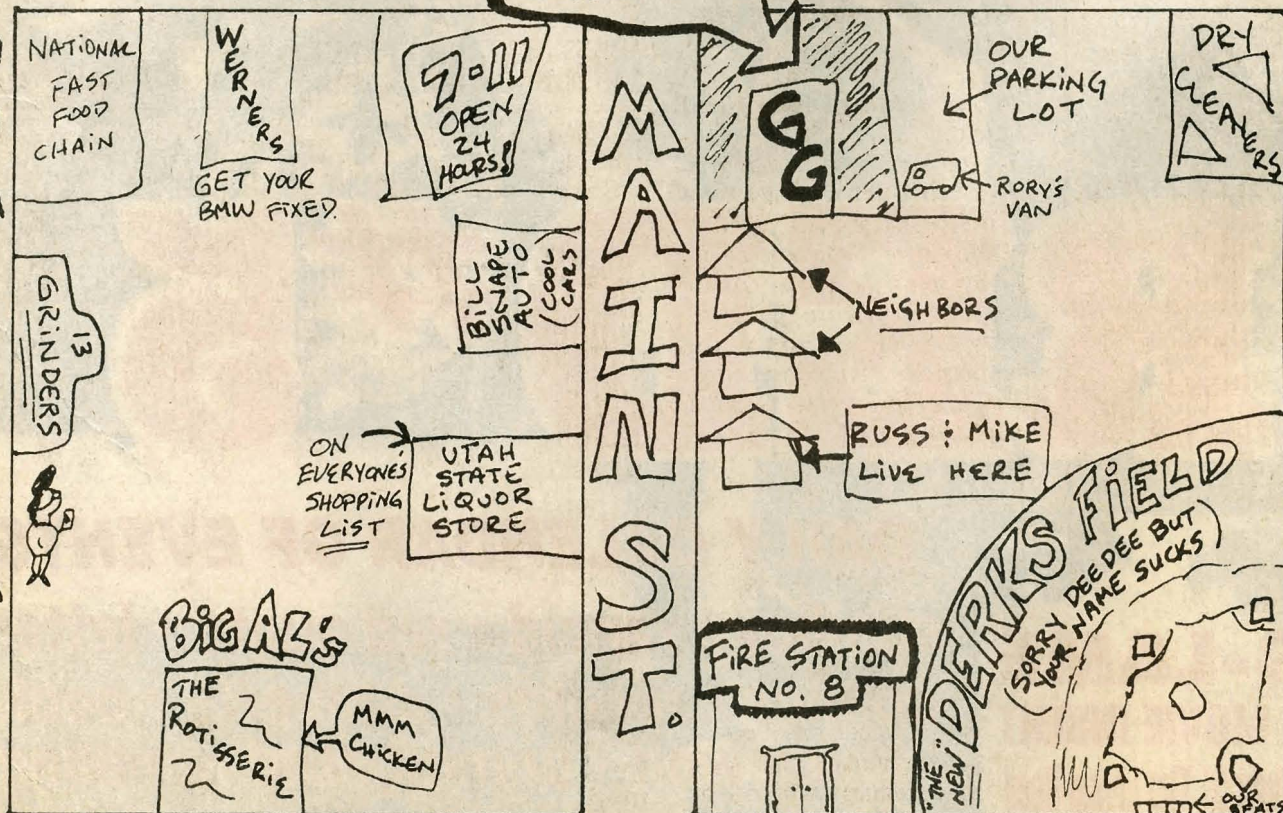
STATE STREET

WEST 13TH



17TH SOUTH

GUITAR
GALLERY



13TH SOUTH

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

Please allow me to direct this letter to Growin' Graphics. — I'm tired of your offensive ads. (In case any readers missed the last ad, it had a picture of a woman's "tits & ass" with the slogan "...meant to be seen not heard" on it). [SLUG Issue #58] A couple months ago I remember reading in SLUG about someone else who was offended by your ads. They weren't alone. I'm sure you print these tasteless ads to draw more attention to your company. It works, I'll never take my business to you. Perhaps you should keep in mind that some of us SLUG readers are in a position to do business with the companies that advertise in SLUG, and you are turning us away with your openly sexist ads. Be confident that I am spreading the word to friends and other business owners like myself that you are not worthy of our business.

*Signed,
Goin'-Somewhere-
Else-For-Graphics*

*P.S. Keep up the great work,
SLUG*

To the world of Husks and Shells:

Physical and symbolic blood consumption or letting as a display of faith or divine devotion, in support of a supreme being, seems to be the common practice among most religious cultures, Christian, Pagan, etc. The ties between this and the modern commercial involvement in blood, most thanks due to Bram Stoker, are more often than not completely misunderstood by everyone.

Blood being the key point in this leads this to its unequalled role in spirituality of good or evil, of faith or fetish, of science or myth or simply the fabric of which we survive.

In its religious role it seems mostly viewed upon historically, through the education of different cultures. And through science its simply logged analysis by the

creators of words like fetish, psychosis, fantasy, etc.

These bland overviews tell nothing of truth, real truth, although a few tie what truth they find in themselves as formentioned cliches such as vampire, nosferatu etc. Close? Sorry no cigar.

Truth in observation and obsession seems to paint the mental canvas well enough for most who have interest but the real truth, sincere truth is life beyond fascination and that is the only physical and spiritual reality.

*Sweet Dreams,
Marduk AKA Daron
Daughters of the Nile*

Dear Dickheads,

Last month you joined the hordes of vegetable-eating, hand-holding, hackysack-tossing faggots by printing a bunch of anti-deer hunting propaganda. Listen up Media Man!!! I don't know where you went to school, but a 30.06 is a fuck of a lot more powerful than a pen. If you don't

think so, try this little test. Shove a pen up your ass and push the button. Next squat your green peace ass over a Remington barrel and pull the trigger.

I'm sick of all this anti-man bullshit from you left wing hippie fucks. What happened to tough guys, doing tough male-bonding shit? Don't get me wrong, I don't need the meat, or even like it, I hunt to kill and that's it! It's like shooting a person, with no prison time. I know some of you are too big of pussies to shoot an innocent creature, let alone slice open its throat while it screams and looks up at you with those terrified brown eyes.

Just quit whining about real men doing what real men do. Stay at Bandaloobs where it's safe, pussies.

—Jon Titus

WRITE TO US...NOW!

Dickheads @ SLUG

P.O. Box 1061

Salt Lake City, UT

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T.L. Miller Presents: Peculiar Days

THE DEVIL IS OUT THERE FRIENDS, HE'S EVERYWHERE, HE'S IN THE SCHOOLS, HE'S IN OUR TELEVISIONS, AND HE'S IN YOUR HEARTS, HE'S PROBABLY WHISPERING IN YOUR EAR RIGHT NOW WHILE IM TALKING TO YA, TELLIN' YA "YOU DONT HAVE TO GIVE TO THE "GIVE TO GOD" MINISTRIES."

NOW I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU A MINUTE ABOUT GOD!



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NOW GOD IS A LOVING, GIVING BEING, BUT FOLKS, YOU'VE GOT TO DO MORE THAN JUST SIT BACK AND RECEIVE GOD'S LOVE. YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE SOMETHING BACK! AND THAT'S WHERE THE GIVE TO GOD MINISTRIES COMES IN...



NOW, DONT MISS TOMMOROW'S SPECIAL GATHERING, WHEN WE'LL DISCUSS THE END OF THE WORLD, AND JUST WHAT YOU NEED TO DO TO GET IN TO GOD'S KINGDOM!



growing
graphicsGRAPHICS
MEANTTO
BESEEN,
NOT

HEARD!

DON'T
BE

WEAK!

551-7048

MEDIA MAN!!!

A TURKEY IN HAND
IS SAFER THAN ONE
OVERHEAD

The first post-dinner burp vanishes into the air above the table where the family gathers, and the last bone-littered dish is dumped in the washer, as someone begins to hum a Christmas carol—"Deck Us All With Boston Charlie." Thanksgiving is over. Christmas has started.

Christmas is crowding into Thanksgiving like Yeltsin is crowding into Gorbachev's limelight. The cause is more pagan than the old Druidic influences still part of the mid-winter holiday: it's greed. Folks spend more loot on Christmas than Thanksgiving, football game-betting aside. Thanksgiving tastes better than Christmas, but a turkey drum stick doth not the taxman payeth.

Thanksgiving has become America's seasonal step-child, as Canadian Car Registration day is in Canada. Preceded by TV ads for the morning-after-Thanksgiving-bring-us-your-money sales. Christmas really starts on the afternoon of Nov. 29, after the pumpkin pie is snarfed up and during the day's last NFL game. The first showing of *It's a Wonderful Life* starts after the post-game show.

It's a darn shame.

Thanksgiving was meant to celebrate the pilgrims' freedom to wear as much starch in their underwear as they wanted. It was to celebrate the freedom to smoke opium and burn witches if they wanted to. It was to celebrate that they hadn't drowned on the trip, they had their luggage when they arrived and the Indians hadn't killed them yet.

It's all changed, forgotten, like the value of a handshake, a dollar, or the \$20 Steve Morris owes me on the Seahawks-Denver game.

I enjoyed a day devoted to opening gifts from kinfolk I haven't been nice to all year, but a day devoted to eating good food someone else cooked on dishes I don't have to wash need equal reverence.

No mind is so Neanderthal it would call Christmas "Gift Gimme Day," yet in places even outside California, Thanksgiving day has been renamed "Turkey Day."

Let's have a moment of silence for that noble bird, the turkey. Thanksgiving is the only time of the

year a turkey is cute. Ben Franklin wanted to make it our national emblem. If that happened, would we be eating a bald eagle on Thanksgiving? A dilemma: the bald eagle is an endangered species.

It seems blasphemous (but ironically very American, like spitting after singing the National Anthem at a baseball game) that some pizza outfits will deliver on Thanksgiving this year. What would Thanksgiving be like now if the pilgrims had ordered out two large anchovy, sauerkraut and pineapple pizzas, extra cheese, hold the olives?

Still, who knows how many family gatherings were saved by pizza after the turkey was nuked to a sparrow-sized cinder by an incompetent Betty Crocker drop out?

The demise of the nuclear family unit hasn't helped the survival of Thanksgiving either. Jillions of cars jet up and down freeways Thanksgiving morning, going to or coming from Grandma's house, which is always somewhere else. The more the war and tear on tires, engines, and drivers' nerves, the more likely some will decide to order out instead next year.

Consider the poor bachelor who must decide whether to learn how to use a can opener or risk the gastric delights at "Bubba's Grill-o-Ramma" for his Thanksgiving Day Turkeyburger special, cooked by folks who wish they were somewhere else too.

Thanksgiving is the one day of the year when all the plates, forks and knives should match and men should take their hats off when they eat. Do they at your table? Or is that tradition slipping away too?

Our world is changing rapidly, except for Republican politics, Princess Di's hairstyle and Fidel Castro. The multi-generational family gathered at the dinner table to give thanks for life's bounty today looks less like a Norman Rockwell painting than an MTV video of a Cheech and Chong tune.

How long can the traditional Thanksgiving survive further Hollywoodization? Watch for the networks to move it opposite "Cosby" next year. Doomed.

In time, maybe the only vestige of Thanksgiving left, besides turkey sandwiches, will be columnists lamenting the loss. Let's give thanks that day hasn't arrived yet.

—Media Man!!!

SHORT-STORY

Simple enough, he thought, as he climbed into bed once again, satisfied in the thought that he and he alone understood the twisted workings of his mind.

He would sleep, and yes he would dream, dream of being rich. How would he spend all the money? What would he buy first, where to go, who to take with him? When will he die?

The latter thought keeps him awake for hours, until sleep finally overtakes him.

In this child like state of unconsciousness nothing is wrong in all of the world, no one looks at him with that idle stare, he goes around the world, not bothered by a soul not even the strangers who seemed to stalk him throughout his waking hours.

As he awoke he remembered that all people are strangers to him, as was proven to him over and over every day.

Get up. Go to work. Eat shit. Talk nonsense say nothing. He will wander the streets again, for the long afternoon, into the early evening, disgusted, holding back, saying nothing to the freaks, wishing he just had the nerve (or whatever it took) to act out his wishes...

To kill in front of him at the bank. Mr. Rich Guy couldn't give a dollar to that beggar, kidnap him, tied up in the basement being skinned alive while his fat wife screams at a helpless desk sargent downtown. And what about that ravishing woman, the incredible mouth, alluring but untouchable, to him anyway. Maybe a glass of beer and fantastic sex, right there in the bar. But more than anything, he wanted to slap the shit out of those kids downtown, dressed like sheep, the nowhere generation marches on towards the local caffinery.

An ouzi and phony plates, that's all it would take, fuck them, go to a movie. Ignore the polo girls. They don't put out anyway. But if they did, wouldn't the real satisfaction come from laughing at their 90210 frat boyfriends?

The movie sucked, actually it was O.K. except for the ending. He knows he could have done it better. What's new. Go Home, watch baseball, why is it that he can't seem to make sense of anything in his life, but the smell of hot dogs never fails to make it's way into his living room.

Feed the dog, sit on the porch and watch. Sit and wait until it gets quiet, quiet enough to hear himself think, but it never does.

—T.L.P.

UNMITIGATED RAMBLING

Back in school now, and sitting in my English classes I try to keep my mind from wandering, about Utahns and their grammar. Not that I'm Mister Hoity-Toity, with perfect grammatical skills and insufferably clever wit, but there are a certain, basic guide lines that must and should be followed, especially by people who believe themselves the Chosen Ones. Whatever the fuck it is they're chosen for. Here are some examples:

1) Shopping at Smith's and buying Smith's brand milk, printed on the cap for which proclaims; "NEW EAST OPEN CLOSURE." I've received more intelligent stares from fish as I re-basted and slid them back in the broiler when I asked whether or not the proclamation was an oxymoron.

2) On the return from a ride in the Uinta's, my friends and I stopped off in the sleepy town of Kamas to get a milkshake (which took a biblical amount of time to produce, I will add), and all around were printed flyers and signs for some Orwellian shindig for the "teens only" of the town, where the winner would receive a real fur coat. Taped to the front door of the establishment where we purchased our Godgiven milkshakes, was one such flyer. I can't remember exactly how it read, but the gist is that whomever had written the flyer had been using possessive verbs, eg.: "we'll be there...", "our town...", "You're the Chosen one..." and finally, "There the Chosen Ones..."

3) A girlfriend of mine found on her car's windshield, a flyer from the local ward of the Church of the Latter Day Saints for a pot-luck/garage sale/minority sacrifice that listed, among other things, "Crotched hand warmers..." and "Priceless ere-looms..." I left the spelling incorrect for you, the reader, to figure out.

Shit like this happens everyday! But the Mo's have no fucking clue that anything is wrong. I mean why should there be? This is the Chosen Land and they are protected here, are they not? And me, being the Heathen that I am, will just burn in whatever it is that they believe all non-Mo's will go. Prob-

ably the Welfare Office. But, let's get something settled here: Most Utahns are inbred with no inkling of a real education. I mean an education other than doing whatever it is that you're parents tell you to do, while they're making themselves busy screwing your siblings.

I see bad grammar and addiction in the newspapers as well: A story on the local bad boy/cult hero Adam Galli and his clan; Christopher Galli was the topical issue on the front page of the Day Break section and, in the first three paragraphs, the basic foundation of journalism had been lain aside for Mormon English; the Five W's of journalism plus the H were totally ignored. Not to mention that just a few short paragraphs later, the reader of the article was left in confusion as to exactly whom the writer of the article was speaking about, when the writer referred to "he" three times in two separate paragraphs without clarifying as to which "he" the writer was referring to. That is, between either Adam or Christopher Galli. And say, just how is it that supposed cousins can all have the same last name? Nobody in my family does.

Okay, so as far as correct essays go, I'm way off base here and stealing home in another stadium, but this isn't one of my English classes. Then again, neither is real life. Then again, neither is Utah.

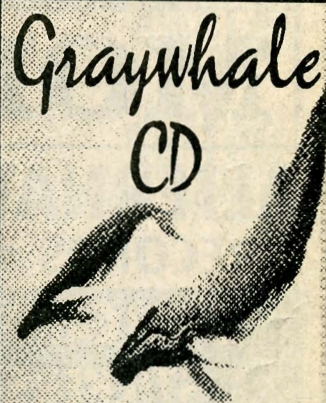
I mean, off the top of my head, it's really hard to name any more frustratingly backwards states as Utah. Let's take a couple of examples, beyond the easy grammar lessons, shall we?

Utah sits near the middle of the United States. There are no oceans nearby. Salt Lake Valley is just that; a valley. A high-altitude desert valley, to be precise. And the weather here is dry. Very dry. So dry that if you don't drink your can of 3.2 Coors Dry quickly after opening, it'll evaporate. That's dry. So, in a state that's near no ocean, and in a large, high altitude, desert valley that's dry and very hot for half the year and covered in snow for the other half, why so many lawns? I have never been anywhere that has had so many lawns. Lawn grass is only indigenous in

one place on Earth; the grounds surrounding London Tower. Lawn grass is not indigenous to the Salt Valley. Yet, there they are; lawns, and lots of 'em. With inefficient sprinklers that throw almost as much water up in the dry, mid-day atmosphere as they do the hot sidewalks and streets they flood. How about drip-irrigation? How about planting indigenous soils and flora?

And just for something new and exciting, how about the way Utahns drive? Have you ever felt so totally unsafe and fearful for your life while driving in this state? Even the cops suck at driving. In another article I'll relay my theories as to how and why exactly, they are such phenomenally bad drivers. But, until then, entertaining yourself with the police reports in the Salt Lake Tribune and keep track of all the driving accidents, and how many of them involve cars turning in front of other cars in intersections, or cars and pedestrians that the driver just didn't see.

—Christopher M. Salisbury



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RECORD REVIEWS

RKL
Reactive
Epitaph

RKL is Rich Lids on LSD, and *Reactive* is a killer mixture of punk/metal/alternative; throw this record up in the air and it'll land on its feet, ass-up in Bad Religion / Fugazi / SNFU post-punk hardcore land.

There's 11 great songs here, and all of them have a breathy, melodic vocal sound mixed in with a rippin' guitar tone, fluid, slippery bass, and solid, driving drums. The pace never goes beyond mid-tempo, and it doesn't need to; Like Bad Religion, these guys sound faster and more hectic than they really are.

Every cut has about a jillion riffs, and just as many hooks. RKL flips back and forth and changes direction almost as often as Bad Brains, and just fucks shit up all

over the place while still remaining pleasantly melodic. Kind of like more metallic version of Bad Religion.

There's some great lyrics here too: just check out "Tribune to the Jester" or "Piece of Shit List" with an incredibly chaotic comedy skit in its middle. Longer songs than you usually hear in this kind of music, but all the changes keep them from sounding too long. Sometimes the vocals are a little strained, but the backing oohs and aahs keep that from being any serious hindrance. All in all, this is an excellent slab of fine rock and fuckin' roll, and it has killer art. Read the movie, see the book.

—the Subhuman

BAD BRAINS

Rise
Epic

Can it be? How could such a

thing happen? Bad Brains on a MAJOR LABEL? Say it isn't so, Dr. Know!

Well, it is so, and that's not all: HR is gone, and his replacement is NOT Chuck Mosley. The newest Brain is Israel Joseph I, and he sounds a LOT like HR, only without the high-pitched screech that he did so well. In fact, that's kind of what this album sounds like: typical Bad Brains, but with the sharp corners filed down and smoothed off a bit. But, did they sell out?

You got your usual mix of punk, reggae, metal, jazz, hardcore, thrash influences, combined into the unique sound that no other band in the world can emulate. You got your typical Dr. Know guitar style, crashing and banging around in that totally unpredictable (and therefore totally entertaining) way that no other guitarist has. You got your Darryl on bass, smooth and slick yet somehow keeping up with the pace. And you got your new drummer Mackie, helping keep the band's feet on the ground without holding up the chaos. Yeah, it's still Bad Brains, alright. But, did they sell out?

You got your usual lyrics, full of disgust for our fucked-up society, but radiating positive belief that we can rise above our weakness and become the people we could be proud of. You got your usual straight-up reggae songs full of Jah and Rasta stuff that I really don't understand (and therefore can't argue with.) You even got a p witty wittle wuv song, "Without You," that could probably go right into rotation on KBER/ROCK 93 without turning a hair. But did they sell out?

You got 12 songs, actually 11 songs and an Outro, full of that uniquely unexpected Bad Brains style, changing direction so quickly and unpredictably that they sound twice as fast as they really are. But the question is: Did they sell out? And the answer is: I don't know, I've never even met the guys! But if you like Bad Brains, you'll probably like this album. If you love Bad Brains, you will definitely like this album. And if you


BIG CHIEF

don't like Bad Brains, then you're fucked in the head somewhere, and you need to get your shit together and get with it, or else just commit Hara-Kari (ritual suicide) before it's too late.

—the Subhuman

BIG CHEIF

"Mack Avenue Skull Game"
Sub-Pop

When I first put the BIG CHEIF C.D. in I felt like I should be wearing Platform boots, checkered bell bottoms, polyester shirt, and a satin jacket. 70's rock is a good starting place for this band. Jazz, horns, blues, metal, and speed, (check out track 11), you name it BIG CHEIF has it.

The band is good, tight and diversified in style and influence, their C.D. is 18 songs and titled Mack Avenue Skull Game. The intro peice is an instrumental that sets the mood of the C.D. odd 70's rock, with touches of metal and other styles injected into it.

You don't need to know where they are from, how they got together, or what their influences are. (there would probably be too many to list) I will tell you they are on Sub-Pop (not just a grunge label. ie: Reverend Horton Heat, Big Cheif). No they are not grunge but definitely inner city jive. Heroine music, or 25¢ a night skid row motel music. A great buy at a fair price. 4 1/2 stars easy.

—Chopper

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STEPHEN KING

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DEAD ZONE

TOMMY KNOCKERS

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THE SHINING

THE DARK HALF

SKELETON CREW

NIGHT SHIFT

DIFFERENT SEASONS

CARRIE

EYES OF THE DRAGON

SALEMS LOT

THE GUNSLINGER

PET SEMATARY

CYCLE OF THE

WEREWOLF

MISERY

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THE RUNNINGMAN

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SILVER BULLET

Answers on page 115



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HELEN WOLF

SALT LAKE A GO-GO

Club-Hopping With The Stars

Treating your out-of-town friends to Utah nightlife can be less fun than having a "past-due" notice nailed to your forehead—unless you're a member of the high powered Media Elite. Me and my celeb posse—90210 star Shannen Doherty, Vice President Al Gore and supermodel Fabio (chew on THAT starpower, Stimboyl)—hit the town armed with a tape recorder, a SLUG press pass and a .38; don't try this one at home.

9:48 PM. CLUB X—

AL GORE: Welcome to Sprockets, I'm your host, Dieter.

HELEN WOLF: Maybe it's the Jagermeister, but aren't these the whitest people on Earth?

SHANNEN DOHERTY: The New Wave Vampire look and "Deja Vu" modern classics, it's like John Hughes' Dance Party.

FABIO: How's my hair?

10:02 PM. SPANKY'S—

SD: This smells like a porno theater.

AG: Not a bad place, what's your beef?

HW: Wutchoo talkin' bout Willis?

AG: I've got a subscription to SLUG at the White House—you're always dissin' on Spanky's, whussupwitdat?

HW: They were late with my payola.

SD: The Stooges sound better than ever, and the drummer's kinda cute too.

HW: That's the Killer Clowns, airhead. You also thought Judd Nelson was hot, yuch.

F: Do these shoes go with this outfit?

10:50 PM. ZEPHYR—

AG: This booze is as expensive as Hell! I'm going to submit a socialized alcohol program to the senate so all Americans can afford a buzz.

HW: Bite it, Al—the the liquor laws are fucked up enough without

getting the Feds involved.

SD: This is supposed to be Jack Mack & the Heart Attack, but I don't see Jack.

HW: I heard he got too old to get on stage so they iced him and dumped him in a shallow grave by an Ohio trailer park. It'll be on Hard Copy any day now.

F: Is that my breath? I need a mint.

11:05 PM. DEAD GOAT—

HW: The Goat has great atmosphere. Of course if there were a fire we'd all die like rats.

SD: I think I hear someone strangling a cat.

HW: Naw, that's just My Sister Jane.

AG: Whoa! I wanna meet these gals—they're giving me a woody!

HW: You ARE a woody! Besides, I think they'd rather meet Shannen.

SD: Huh?

F: These teeth, so perfect.

11:23 PM. DELTA'S PUB—

SD: Nice neighborhood, should I just fill out my toe-tag now?

HW: Don't worry, I'm packin' heat.

AG: Twelve years of Republican dereliction have reduced this to an urban wasteland.

HW: Actually, it's always been a pretty lousy area, Al.

SD: Who the Hell are these psychotic hillbillies?

HW: Scabs on Strike, the coolest band on the planet.

SD: A distant, undiscovered planet where tampons are currency and the onions grow as big as your head.

F: Do these pants make my ass look huge?

12:01 AM. BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE—

AG: It's like a shoebox decorated by Don Ho's hairdresser.

SD: Rockabilly gives me dry heaves. Now mambo music—that gets a girl hot!

HW: Christ, that's probably the

next music scene bowel-move ment. Last Thanksgiving, my brother announced at the dinner table he was gay and shocked the shit out of the folks. This year I'm gonna slam dunk him and announce that I'm gay AND I'm starting a rockabilly band! It'll KILL 'em!

AG: Remember, friends don't let friends 'billy.

SD: Time for a bar-fight! (breaks beer bottle) Where's Atthey?!

F: How would I look in a pompador?

1:08 AM. BAR & GRILL—

AG: Buuurrrp! Did that cop see me piss on the side of the building?

SD: No, but I think he noticed Helen blowing chow in the parking lot.

HW: The Gamma Rays are a time-honored Utah tradition-like multi-level marketing fraud and religious hostage situations.

SD: There's fifty fucking drunks on the stage.

HW: Yeah, the actual G' Rays are home in bed by now.

SD: Bellocch! It's like "Animal House" in Dockers! Even Al could get some tail tonight!

AG: Yo! I'm the fuggin' vice prezident! (bitch-slaps Doherty)

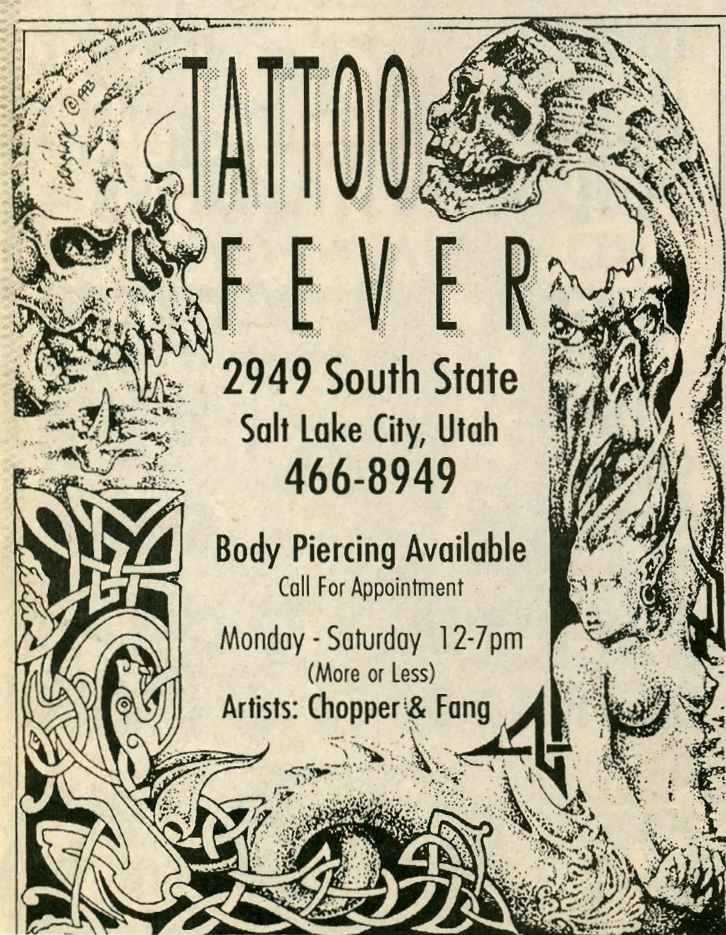
HW: Freeze muthafucka! (pulls gun, ventilates Gore and several bystanders)

SD: That's it, you goddamned psycho! I'm going back to the Se Rancho!

HW: But wait...we didn't...go to...Bill & Nada's...and...(passes out face down in gutter)

F: This woeful display of crapulence is undoubtedly the result of the power absolute corruption of fringe journalism. Infra Dignitatem—Va Victis! (tape trails off, siren wail, far off mumbling from gutter, drunks tripping over bodies..).

—Helen Wolf



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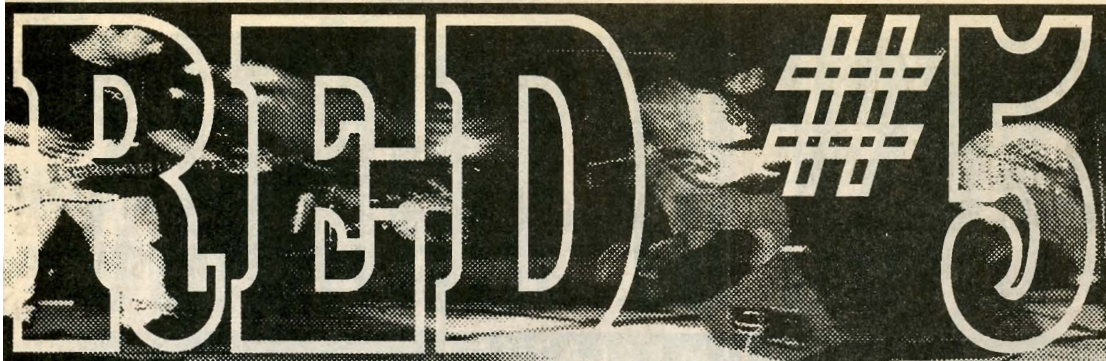
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Dan-Guitar and vocals
Jawsh-Drums and vocals
Steve-Bass and vocals
Chad-Guitar

These guys hail from the big O-Town, Ogden. And if you haven't seen/heard them I must say you're stupid, sorry but I just call'em how I see 'em, I don't know if it's the soda, water the beer or the lack of anything safer to do, but Ogden has been kickin' some pure talent out Salt Lake way, and Red #5 is bringing the storm. Their intoxicating mixture of subtle angst and blatant melody is a force to be reckoned with, as much as a seemingly innocent rain-pour which at any instant, with no provocation, could separate your tires slightly from the road and send you off a cliff! Red #5 throw down dynamics like bricks with passionate, infectious soul-searching lyrics. I said you're stupid if you've yet to hear them because they have been playing quite a bit this summer and fall at places like the Hate House, Delta's Pub, the Bar & Grill, Grey Moose, as well as this years Sabbathon. So if you're missing them you're lazy or an idiot, but luckily for us all they just checked out of Fast Forward with their brand new 5 song \$4.00 cassette available at up and coming shows, and Raunch, Heavy Metal Shop, Graywhale in Ogden or you can order it: P.O. Box 3873 Ogden Ut, 84409.

We recently got together with Red #5 the night their tape-covers came in, while they folded and stuffed covers, we asked them some questions.

Influences?

(Steve)-Everything I've ever heard.
 (Dan)-Black Sabbath, Devo.
 (Chad)-Everything Steve's heard.
 (Jawsh)-Motley Crue, The Melvins.

Name?

(Fong, Dans girlfriend)-They're gambling fanatics!

(Dan)-Red #5 on the Roulette table always bet on it.

Touring and Shows?

We will tour when it's financially feasible, but we do have a show in March in Las Vegas with NOFX and Offspring.
 Jawsh-We will also be playing at the Grey Moose in Ogden, November, and Deltas Pub also in November.

Future Plans?

(Jawsh)-Sellout.

(Dan)-Sellout and become corporate whores.

(Steve)-Have fun playing our music, if it stops being fun we'll stop playing, and if we get paid even better.

Favorite songs?

(Steve)-Choke is my favorite cuz it's a groovy dance tune.

(Jawsh)-Run-because I wrote it.

Writing?

Dan and Jawsh write most of the lyrics.

(Dan)-Steve taught me to play guitar, he taught me A, D and G and the rest of Red # 5.

Why the band?

(Dan)-I had a crush on Chad
 (Steve)-Yeah we had a crush on Chad and we realized the only way we could hump him was to get him in the band.

(Dan)-Yeah then we found out he likes girls, so now we're trying to find a nice way to kick him out.

(Steve)-Jawsh is in the band because he looks like Tommy Lee.

(Dan)-Chad is the world's ultimate unrecognized super model.

I smoked some creeper weed in '84 and it just hit me.

If you could be a color what would it be?

(Chad)-Light pink or deep purple
 (Jawsh)-Ultra Violet

(Steve)-Clear (that's not a color Steve)

(Dan)-Puerto Rican or brown

Well to sum it all up go see Red #5 or get their tape, and see what you think for yourself, and

support Ogden music.

Dans last comment: "Sucking on a chili dog out side the Tasty Freeze."

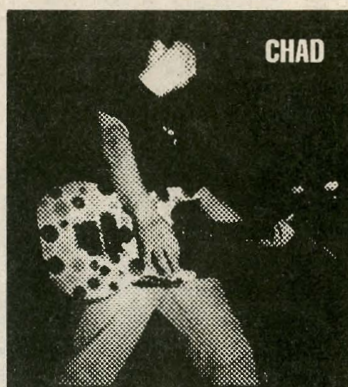
—Jaime & Shame



JAWSH'S PIECE



Doubt tickles my
 paradigm's underbelly
 preventing sincerity



CHAD'S PIECE:

My name is Chad K., I play guitar for Red #5. I was told to write something to put in this months SLUG. After thinking long and hard, I came to the conclusion that what I feel, was expressed beautifully in the words of the ever-so-mortal,

Chris Kirkwood, when he said: "If you want to be space poodle the jazz wonderland dude, off you go." And don't forget to have a chemical imbalance, and get beat to death early in life. And then shoot yourself after cutting off your ear, you know, and just, fuckin', you know, don't forget to become good bug food soil supplement."



DAN'S PIECE

In the Desert
 I saw a creature
 naked, bestial
 who, squatting upon the Grand
 held his heart in his hands
 I said, "is it good friend?"
 "It's bitter-bitter," he answered;
 but I like it
 because it's bitter
 and because it's my heart.



STEVE'S PIECE

Who is are enemy?
 Did you know that the Federal Reserve Board, (the people who make, distribute, and regulate the value of this nations money), is a private for profit organization? Who gives a shit? You do, or should. Being a for profit bank means that the deeper in debt this nation is the richer they get. Figure it out. Do you know what the Trilateral Commission is? How about the Council on Foreign Relations? If you do not, you owe it to yourself, your children and grandchildren to find out. (IF THE PEOPLE LEAD EVENTUALLY THE LEADERS WILL FOLLOW!)

Photos: Robert DeBerry

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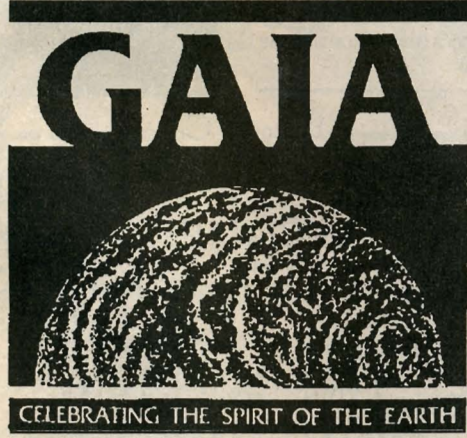


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MISCELLANEOUS

BOOK REVIEW

HUGO TATE: O, AMERICA

Written & Illustrated
by Nick Abadzis

Published by Atomeka Publishing

Longtime readers of England's DEADLINE magazine have no doubt come across the work of creator Nick Abadzis. In particular, Abadzis has given us the blank-faced Hugo Tate, a very likable young man with a chip on his shoulder.

Atomeka Press has gathered together one of Abadzis' story lines, O, AMERICA, in an attractive graphic novel package (which will hopefully result in wider exposure). The crux of this story features Hugo travelling from his existence in England to America in search of some sort of experience. Hugo begins by staying with his sister Edie and her obnoxious husband in New York. Unfortunately, Hugo manages to make himself a nuisance to Edie's stuffy husband David, and after an awful party experience, followed by a nightmarish subway trip, Hugo hooks up with the enigmatic Larry "The Spoonhead" Spooner in trans-

porting a vintage auto across the country.

But things aren't to be quite so easy for Hugo, an aspiring writer. While Hugo remains largely open-minded by nature, it quickly becomes obvious that Spoonhead is a big-time psychopath who engages Hugo in a variety of adventures, some bizarre and some terrifying. A promising encounter with the charming Babette is cut short by Spoonhead, leading to a camp-out in the woods in which Hugo is spooked by a supernatural entity.

The happenings continue to build in nightmarish fashion. Hugo grows increasingly paranoid while Spoonhead's obsession with Hugo becomes more frightening. When Hugo finds the strength to break free from Spoonhead's plans, Spoonhead responds with violence.

All these events are captured well by Abadzis' remarkable sequential art storytelling (comic book style depiction for you laymen). The story begins slowly, gathering momentum as it goes. The tale is at once personal and universal. While Hugo's experiences are very personalized, the setting and details serve as a depiction of modern America. From one coast to another, as Hugo travels, the reader sees Abadzis' own feelings about just what is wrong with the

United States (and leave it to an outsider to spot just what Americans are about. Irony, you say?).

This is not to say that O, AMERICA is large in scope, though. It remains, instead a powerful of one man's American experience; a kind of English ON THE ROAD, if you will. The simultaneously jaded yet naive Hugo Tate is the ideal protagonist, weary of his English life yet sickened by the seemingly meaningless existence lived by the people he encounters.

And yet O, AMERICA remains very hopeful. Seemingly contradictory? Not so. While the majority of the people Hugo meets are either psychopathic or lost, there are rare few like Babette and the transvestite Casey.

The back cover blurbs feature words like "cynical," "melancholy," and "wifty," yet erudite and acerbic seem much more fitting. The seemingly random tide of empty sex, violent acts, and cruel reality all underscore the hurdles facing modern man.

But this reviewer would be lax in neglecting to detail author Abadzis' consummate skill. Ambitious in scope, the work remains very personalized through the person of Hugo; Tate's charisma serves to pull the reader in—as Hugo experiences, so does the reader.

Likewise, the format works to Abadzis' advantage. Passages and events which would be difficult to depict in prose style carry more power in comic book trappings. Likewise, Hugo's blank face serves

a purpose. He is an everyman and yet his ever-wearying eyes evidence the corruption he experiences. As Hugo wanders around a West coast beach and takes a dive into the Pacific Ocean, the reader experiences a kind of baptismal catharsis...Hugo has survived his trek and becomes a stronger, richer human.

Luckily, Abadzis is equally adept with words and pictures. Whether depicting emotional tenderness or frightening violence, Abadzis' drawings carry remarkable power.

I could honestly rant all day about HUGO TATE: O, AMERICA but it's preferable that those piqued by this review seek out a copy and experience it for themselves. Unfortunately the book is a bit expensive (\$9.95, for roughly 100 pages), it's money well-spent. Similarly, so it's recommended that you bug your favorite retailer to order it. You'll be thanking me.

—Scott Vice

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STIMBOY SAYS

One of the fabulous things about being the internationally known "Stimboy" is the opportunity to mingle with the elite of the undercrust and aimlessly drift about the continent in search of more portentously vacuous experiences with which to fill my memoirs. The Stimboy is by nature a wandering kind of fellow, alternately haunted by the call of the highway and the comfort of a broken in Meerschaum. Simultaneously confused and self aware, the fleeting Stimboy struggles mightily, clawing against the onrushing tide of public opinion, attempting to be both gadfly and voice of reason. Maintaining an ever precarious foothold in the changing eddies of pop culture, the Stimboy has somehow managed to survive without the aid of an NEA grant.

One of the bonus aspects of Stimboydom is that I get to check out a lot of cool shit that the general reader either isn't aware of, wouldn't think of, or wouldn't have access to. The Stimboy goes cool places, he knows bitchen people and he's not afraid to blow his own horn. Plus, I get to indulge my obsessions and inflict them on my devoted readers.

I'm sure you all know about AMOK books. They're the fine folks on Vermont Avenue in Los Angeles who have published such mandatory reading as Apocalypse Culture, The Manson File and the reprint of George Bataille's Story of the Eye. Their latest offering is Nathan Heard's Howard Street which has been out of print since 1968.

Howard Street is a terse little tale of a Newark, New Jersey slum written from the perspective of an ostensibly impartial but very informed observer. Heard's writing is direct and sincere although a bit pedantic at times, especially when he overworks the Lightnin' Rod-ish aspects of vernacular. Fortunately, the characters are strong and the plot powerful and well directed, especially in the final pages where Heard refuses to succumb to sentimentality and pile drives this story to its inevitable conclusion. A powerful must-read for students of Dr. Samuels and the public at large. If you enjoyed "Cubby" Selby's Last Exit to Brooklyn, then I'm sure you'll dig this little number which remains as valid and contemporary today as when it was first spawned. Kind of like the MC5, I guess.

Evidently, AMOK while avidly



purveying exotica to the public at large, were less than prompt in paying the dividends to those who made it all possible. This is no loss to the happy reader for I am pleased as punch to announce that the former mentor of Amok publishing, Mr. Adam Parfrey has started his own company known as Feral House.

The first Feral House title to grace my desk was Cad, The Handbook for Heels. Cad takes us back to the days of phrases like; stag film, brogan, and knocked. As my friend David Brandt, Esquire might say, "it's not a chick book." With a photo essay on Tina Louise, an interminable interview with Russ Meyer, features on Habana cigars and the inimitable graphics of Daniel Clowes, it sure beats the hell out of dancing naked around a goddamned tomato for affirming one's masculinity.

I would also recommend checking out Secret and Suppressed, a sort of compendium to Parfrey's Apocalypse Culture which among other things more precisely equivocates Shelby Downard's King Kill 33 degree theory and sheds new light on the Branch Davidian massacre. Everything you were afraid to know but wanted to ask. Also courtesy of Feral House.

Well, now that I've shown you all how to write a book report, I hope you'll help pay for my student loans. In the meantime, read as much as you possibly can by Bukowski, Burroughs, Cervenka, Crews, Heard, Selby, Thompson and any other writers you can't get credit for studying at the University of Utah. Better still write your own book so other people will have to write papers about you. Meanwhile, send an SASE for more information from these folks:

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COMIC REVIEWS

I remember back in the early eighties, riding my bicycle to the local grocery store every Wednesday, and shelling out my hard earnings for a plethora of pure comic entertainment. John Byrne's Fantastic Fours, Frank Miller's Daredevils, and Chris Claremont's X-men.

It's now 1993, (from what I've been told) and the good ol' days are gone. The mystique of comics isn't there like it used to be when I was young and impressionable.

The truth be told, the magic of comics isn't gone, it's just a little harder to find.

MARK SPECTOR: MOON KNIGHT

Written by Terry Kavanagh
Illustrated by Stephen Platt and Scott Koblish
Marvel Comics

Move over Jim Lee and Todd McFarlane, Stephan Platt has successfully fused your talents together and added some spice of his own. It's about time we see some talent gracing the pages of Moon Knight.

The only unfortunate downfall to the mag is that the subplots are too

thick. If you manage to wade through them, you have a quality story worth reading.

Will someone please tell Marvel sales consultants to ease off the Infinity cross-over crap. It's old already! Regardless, I'm still looking forward to Moon Knight #57 for the illustrations alone. (\$1.75 color) Grade: B

TURAK DINOSAUR HUNTER

Written by Timothy Truman
Illustr. by Timothy Truman
and Sam Glanzman

Valiant.

Is it just me, or is Tim Truman one of the most under-rated creative forces in the comic industry? He can weave a tale like no other.

Turak, a Native American Indian jousting from the past to fight old adversaries. It works. Turok becomes an instant specialist on hunting down alleged dinosaur sightings, along with ancient cultures that seem to be popping up in the modern world.

This stuff is just plain fun to read. With the consistent talent Valient puts on the book, it should keep Turok fans

happy for sometime to come.
(\$2.50 Color) Grade: B

JONAH HEX: TWO GUN MOJO

Written by Joe R. Lansdale
Illustr. by Timothy Truman
and Sam Glanzman
DC/Vertigo

Honest, I'm not a Tim Truman Fan! This is some of the best the comic industry has to offer. In other words: it kicks ass. This version should put the juice back into long time Hex fans.

Jonah, as usual rambles into a mess that seems larger than life itself. (or should I say Death). Jonah gets to prove his gunslinging skills against a zombied-out Wild Bill Hickok.

When a person feels like the world is against him/her, read the five issue mini-series; Jonah Hex-Two Gun Mojo. Jonah has to avoid a town full of people that want him hung, a witch doctor with a wagon full of mean-ass zombies, and a tribe of pissed-off Indians. Amazing enough, Jonah maintains his composure.

Brilliant writing by Lansdale and superb artistry by Truman and Glanzman. A must read. (\$2.95 Color) Grade: A

My apologies for giving these comics such high grades, but I do my best to stay away from the tons of shit piled onto the comics market on a monthly basis.

—Jon Barlow

GRENDAL TALES: FOUR DEVILS, ONE HELL

Written by James Robinson
Illustrated by Teddy Kristiansen
Published by Dark Horse Comics

To those familiar with Matt Wagner's GRENDAL mythos, the departure of Wagner may have lent itself to cynicism over the future of that creation. Luckily, though, Dark Horse Comics and Wagner chose to continue publishing GRENDAL material under the title GRENDAL TALES, featuring work by a variety of comic creators.

The first story arc, FOUR DEVILS, ONE HELL features a tale set in the future world Wagner left behind. It is a future earth ruled by a feudalistic society led by the Grendel-Khan. Private investigator Josef Mantovani has been engaged to discover who killed

Emile Batiaque. But while investigating, Mantovani is waylaid by a warrior Grendel and discovers that his employer, Guillaume Batiaque (the dead man's brother) has been killed.

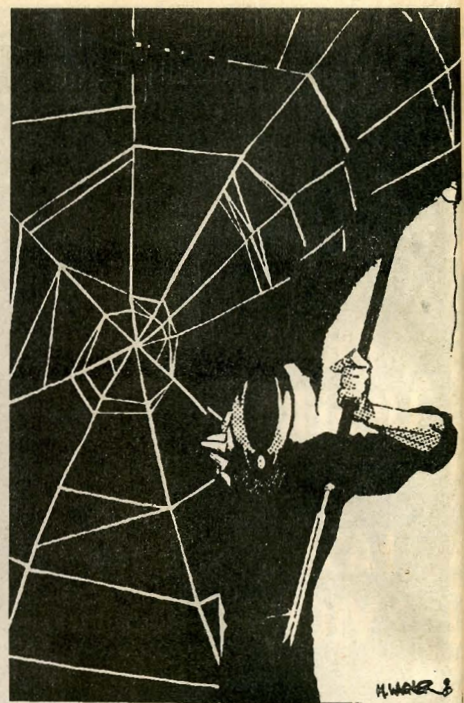
Other plot threads feature various Grendels around the world converging on New Orleans, where an impending event lurks. Grendel Gloria DeVere believes her purpose in life can be found in the city, Grendel Calhoun gambles with a good heart, and Grendel Alfred Bixby fights vampires in a drug-induced delirium. Central to them all is some mystery and the fourth, as yet unrevealed Grendel.

Writer James Robinson has conceived a very compelling tale. Mantovani the tough detective, remarkably engages the reader's interest, while the Grendels pique the curiosity. As the mystery slowly unfolds, the corruption of New Orleans repulses us, yet somehow manages to hook our interest. The characters are all distinctive and well-fleshed, while the situations build in suspense.

Robinson is more than matched by illustrator Teddy Kristiansen, however. Blending inked pencils with painted art, Kristiansen's vision is as once horrifying and attractive. Whether capturing Bixby's drug-influenced hallucinations or the leering grins of lecherous Grendels, Kristiansen excels. Each character is individualized and enlivened, including background figures. Moreover, Kristiansen's remarkable panels grants power to Robinson's ideas and words.

This first taste of GRENDAL TALES may be less ambitious than Wagner's visions, but it ranks up there with Wagner's best. If future story lines are this good, Wagner's creation has been left in good hands. (\$2.95, Color) Grade: A-

—Scott Vicer



J. R. Bess, M.A.G.

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INTERVIEW**RANCID**

Drop the name Operation Ivy to any self-respecting punk and he/she will instantly start drooling. But two former Op Ivy members have formed Rancid, one of the most straight-forward, full-throttle punk acts you'll ever hear. Their all-too-brief set opening for Bad Religion was a preview of hardcore-gods-in-waiting. SLUG was lucky enough to sit down with two of the members during Seaweed's set.

Rancid is: Lint-Guitar and Vocals; Matt-Bass Guitar and Vocals; Brett-Drums and Backing Vocals.

SLUG: You guys really went out of your way to taunt us old Op Ivy fans (the band introduced some songs as "Sound System" and "Unity"), but you guys never really do that material anymore, do you?

Matt: No, really that's all behind us. We're just trying to be a street-level punk band. There's no gimmicks, no SKA, just punk.

SLUG: Why is that?

Matt: Well, frankly there's other bands who we feel can do the other stuff better. This is what really interests us now.

SLUG: What really helps round your sound out is the addition of Lars (ex-U.K. Subs) on guitar. How did that happen?

Matt: Well, it just so happens that we were looking for another guitarist so we could get that tough, gritty sound. Things just kinda fell into place.

Lars: I feel really lucky to be with these guys. With the Subs I was

just kind of a hired gun, but here I'm a member. It's the difference between going from a band on the decline to a band that's great—one that's going somewhere.

SLUG: Speaking of that, how do you think Bad Religion's major label deal will affect you?

Lars: I'm sure it means we'll get more attention since we're on Epitaph (the label owned by B.R. "Mr." Brett Gurewitz. At this point Gurewitz interjects.)

Mr. Brett: It just means now they have to put out more. You know Lars is my bitch. (The room erupts in laughter).



photo: Robert DeBerry

Matt: We're really not concerned with the added attention or the added fame. We're just here doing our own thing, come what may.

SLUG: Do you maybe see a time when you'll be as disillusioned by hardcore as you were by ska?

Matt: Actually, we're only looking down the road as far as our next record and our next tour. We kind of let things happen.

SLUG: Well, I hope that next tour will include Salt Lake again.

Matt: Yeah, everybody's been great to us here, and we've got some ties here. I'm sure you'll have to put up with us again.

SLUG: I think we could all manage that. Thanks and good luck, guys.

—Jeff Reptil

Live Photo: Robert DeBerry

CONCERT REVIEWS



Photo: Robert DeBerry

CLUSTER FUCK TOUR

October 17 - Bar & Grill

The Cluster Fuck tour '93 was TODAY IS THE DAY, GUZZARD, and CHOKEBORE, three Amphetamine Reptile bands. I showed up at the Bar & Grill to join a packed house of six to ten people, not including the bands, what happened next both disappointed and impressed me.

First up was TODAY IS THE DAY. I'm not even going to waste time, a lot of screaming and no talent. This band sucked.

Second was GUZZARD. I was expecting the same but was wrong. We started getting more back towards the Am Rep sound I like so much, but weren't quite there. GUZZARD was somewhat weak but had a lot of energy, and was loved.

Finale was CHOKEBORE. Now we're talking. The sound I wanted to hear, Janitor Joe, The Cows, crazy I tell you. CHOKEBORE is fast and tight, they had energy and loud grindy music with fucked up drunk lyrics. The band did play a short set but half the people hated the first two bands and left early leaving three to five people.

BAD RELIGION
GREEN DAY
SEAWEED - RANCID

October 13 - Fairpark Coliseum

It isn't often a tour with this cool of a line up stops in town. and it has been some time since BAD RELIGION has come to Salt Lake

RANCID opened up, they are more punk than Cindy Crawford's crabs. They had enough energy to jump around their whole set, and so did the adoring fans in the pit.

I personally enjoyed SEAWEED the most. They played a lot of stuff off of Despised and Weak. SEAWEED came on more powerful than I expected. And rocked with style. If you could mix Early Black Sabbath with Minor Threat I'd say you were lookin' at it.

GREEN DAY drove a bookmobile on this tour, isn't that cool? Anyway, they sure as hell like to fuck with the crowd. They played some new songs and a shit load of their Kerplunk album. I wonder if MTV will eat these guys up?

To tell you the truth I thought BAD RELIGION were cocks, commenting on how small the building was-n-shit like that.

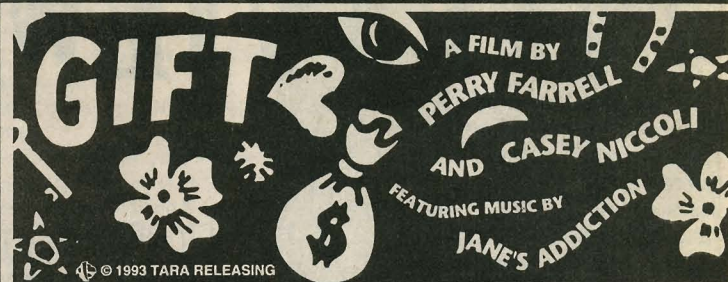
They rocked like true superstars though I'll admit they were tight and energetic.

—Chopper

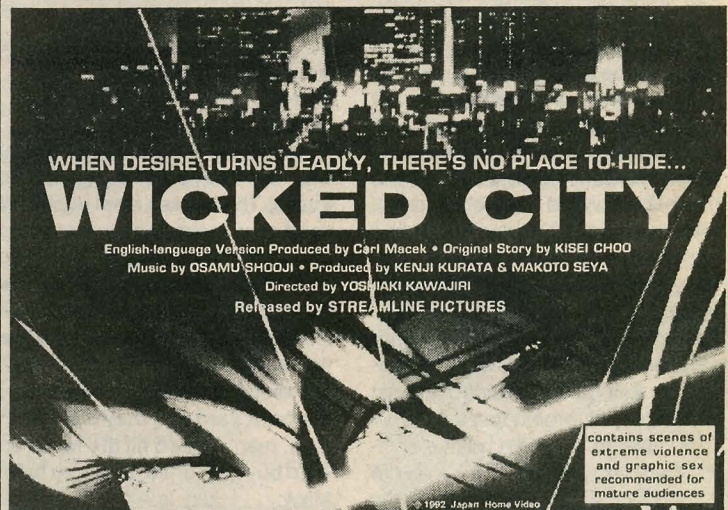


Photo: Robert DeBerry

PREMIERING THIS MONTH



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INTERVIEW

The last show of the AmRep Clusterfuck tour rumbled into the sparsely populated Bar and Grill on Sunday, October 17th. It was kind of like one of those old ads for Mystery Date. Would Guzzard be a Cows or a King Snake Roost? Would Chokebore be a Cosmic Psychos or one of those bands I fast forward through on the Dope, Guns etc. videos? I was curious to see how Haze's Triple A class of 93 would stack up live, but due to the paltry audience, comparisons are pointless. I won't begrudge any band for slogging off the last night of a tour in front an absent audience. (I saw one guy in his spiffy new Bad Religion shirt bolt midway through Guzzard's set and noticed one of the promoters holding her hands over her ears throughout the festivities.) Since I couldn't see these bands in their ideal environment, (as if that's possible in Salt Lake) I decided against my better judgement to track these lads down to the most hostile environment imaginable: The Wood's Cross Denny's. Everyone was talking at once and I will be the first to apologise for any quotes ascribed to the wrong individuals. The folks involved were, (as far as I can remember) Tom and Pete of GUZZARD from Minneapolis, Mike, Steve Austin and Brad from TODAY IS THE DAY of Nashville, Tennessee and Steve, Don and John from CHOKEBORE of Los Angeles. They were interviewed by Stimboy and his trusted associate, Poopie Dee who shall henceforth be referred to as SLUG 1 and SLUG 2.

Don: This is Don from Today is the Day, also known as Chokebore or Guzzard

Mike: I'm Mike from Today is the Day to Choke Your Buzzard.

SLUG 2: OK, all you guys play music and everything but when the first Suzi Quatro record was released, what were your collective thoughts?

Tom: The only reason I know who Suzi Quatro was is because she was on Happy Days and I said, "who the hell is this punk rock woman?"

SLUG 1: She went out with Mark Farner.

Tom: Then, a few years later I learned that she was in the Runaways so she wasn't just an actress, she was actually a bass player in a band and she actually wore those clothes and actually had that stupid haircut.

CLUSTERFUCKINTERVIEW

SLUG 1: Except that Suzi Quatro was never in the Runaways.

SLUG 2: Of any toy you ever owned, what was your favorite?

Tom: This is our first tour.

SLUG 2: Not tour, toy.

Pete: My favorite toy of all time was big heavy 50 lb. Tonka Toy trucks. The big ass steel trucks. We used to put our knees ride around and go to the fucking pet shop and buy mice. Don't ask me why, we wanted mice for pets. We took the little fucking compartment off where the driver is supposed to sit and we'd put mice in it. We'd take them out in the back yard and they'd die all the time, man. They'd hit the fence and we'd buy new ones. It was so funny.

Mike: I just loved Big Wheels, man. I was hell on wheels, I rolled over everything. I especially liked rolling over elder's feet.

Tom: I just want to say I had a big wheel and I was always so jealous of the people who had Green Machines.

Mike: I had every incarnation, I had the Green Machine, I had the red one with the bars, remember that, it was like ball shaped.

(Everyone talks about their cool toys, especially the old GI Joes and all the accessories. Fascinating, huh? I guess you had to be there.)

Pete: You know what the coolest was? Stretch Armstrong. I got one every year for Christmas for like five years and they'd always break and the red gel would come out. Fuck, he was bad ass. If they still made Stretch Armstrongs, I would buy one.

SLUG 2: Steve, what was your favorite toy or were you always anti-toy.

Steve A: My gun and Evil Kenieval.

Mike: Steve's favorite toy was guns man, so he could shoot things.

SLUG 1: Celebrity encounter, who was the most famous person to come to one of your shows?

Steve A: Mine wasn't at a show but the favorite celebrity I got to hang out with was Sade. She was cool.

Mike: My favorite encounter was in Boise, Idaho when Chuck Billy from the mighty speed metal band



Photo: Robert DeBerry

Testament graced us with his presence and made it through about two songs.

Tom: I saw Jerry Garcia walk into the Uptown Bar in Minneapolis one time but I didn't get a chance to make fun of him. But this is very strange. One time, at the Uptown Bar, me and my friends swear we saw Ned Beatty. But then we walked outside and there was a dead guy in the street.

Pete: Carrie Fisher ate at my restaurant, I washed her dishes. Also, did you see that movie, Drop Dead Fred? The movie sucked but I saw Rik Mayall every day walk by me in his costume but I didn't recognize him with his red hair and I fuckin loved the Young Ones. I felt so dumb when I found out it was him.

SLUG 1: What about Minneapolis celebrities, are you chummy with Prince and Babes in Toyland?

Pete: One time Lori came to our show and she was really drunk and Tom was really drunk and she came to our practice space to help us load out. She had such a cool truck that I just had to drive it so I convinced her that she was too drunk to drive. So she helped us load out and I was like, "let's go man." And Tom and Lori were just going at it, it was sick, man. So Tom and Lori made out.

Brad: My favorite encounter was kind of a bad encounter, actually. When I was about 5 years old, I was at Disneyworld and I turned around and it was Goofy, man. He freaked me out and I kicked him right in the leg. I nailed the fucker, man.

Pete: These guys in Chokebore know where Ned Beatty lives. Their friend drives around the block and makes fun of him.

Steve: He has a loudspeaker on his car and he screams "Squeal like a pig, boy!" in front of his house.

SLUG 2: O.K., you guys all play rock and roll music, and some pretty fucking rad shit, so what was the

first memory of something that made you really fucking dig playing music?

Don: When I was in fourth grade and my brother was in second, my mom took us to see KISS and AC/DC.

Tom: I realised I wanted to play music when I was four years old. My brother had a Surfer Joe 45 and we used to listen to that and play a guitar in the basement.

Steve: Chokebore used to play air guitar on tennis rackets and eat Cheetos with chopsticks while listening to Beatles records all at the same time!

Pete: Quite coordinated, despite what Johnny Cop says.

Mike: Well, being from Nashville my fine wife and mother greatly brought me up in the ways of the lord. And being from the south, she also can make a fine batch of grits.

Steve: The people of Chokebore have all lived in so many different places, I don't think we've got a strong of a geographical reaction.

SLUG 1: So you have no sense of musical heritage?

Steve: Right, we're the bastards sons of rock and roll.

Steve A: As far as geographic location goes, I hate fucking Christmas. I hate Bible belt shit and all that bullshit. It tried to mold me into a bunch of shit, therefore, everything I do is a direct reaction to that. Thank you.

SLUG 1: One last question for Steve Austin. How's your relationship with Jaime Summers these days?

Steve A: She's really cool, she plays in Hole now, she's playing bass.

SLUG 1: Killer, the bionic bass player.

Tom: Key words for wisdom fuck the bionic dog and fuck Mormons.

SLUG 1: Well that sounds like a good place to stop as any.

—Stim Boy

INTERVIEW

Red Aunts

by Stimboy.

The RED AUNTS are brash, abrasive, loud, frequently obnoxious and above all, fun. In other words, they are everything that's great about rock and roll. I was fortunate enough to see them play last October in Los Angeles at the White Horse Inn. This interview took place on Western Avenue immediately afterwards. The most striking thing about this interview is that for a change, yours truly was the most sober one there. Check out their new album, *Drag*, on the fabulous Sympathy for the Record Industry label.

The RED AUNTS are, Kerry; guitar and most vocals, Lesley; drums, Terri; guitar and Debi Dip on bass.

Kerry: We're really drunk right now.

SLUG: Good! This is Lesley who replaced Joan Whale of Claw Hammer on drums.

Lesley: Hi.

Terri: Joan Whale is different now. Joan is Lesley, fuck Joan Whale.

SLUG: I heard Joan Whale died of an incense overdose. I think it was patchouli.

Kerry: That's right, she did but now we have Lesley so she also got her hair cut tonight by herself.

Terri: We all got haircuts. I got mine in the morning.

Kerry: I got mine last night and today.

Debi: I got mine in the van before the show.

SLUG: Do you always pick fights with your audience?

Debi: No, we never pick fights.

Terri: Only in Hollywood and Irvine, that's it.

Kerry: Irvine in lovely Orange County where everybody's really gross.

SLUG: I heard about that, Jon Wahl told me about it.

Debi: That's cause Jon got to clobber somebody.

Terri: Jon picked the fight!

Kerry: This is probably like the second or third time we ever had to stop a show because of a fight. But it's funny because the people who always end up being hurt or being involved are like these total drunk retards who you hate anyway. First you get mad but then it's like, "what- ever, go have another fuckin' Milwaukee's Best."

SLUG: How long have the RED AUNTS been together?

Debi: Two years.

SLUG: And what are your next steps toward global domination?

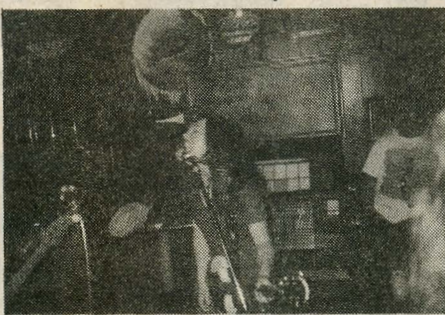
Terri: We have a single coming out with Claw Hammer in Gearhead. It's going to be an insert in the magazine, not a flexi but a real hard one. Then I'm running for president.

Kerry: Fuck you.

SLUG: Debi, what do you want to talk about?

Debi: Cooking, what do they eat in Utah?

SLUG: What do they eat? Jell-O, lots of



Jell-O.

Debi: Eew! Where do you live in Utah?

SLUG: Salt Lake City.

Terri: I have an Aunt Laura May in Utah.

SLUG: I have an Aunt Lorna in Utah.

Debi: I have an Uncle Louie.

Terri: In Utah? Look it's Rob!

SLUG: Here's a cameo appearance from Rob of Claw Hammer.

Rob: I'm going, I'm leaving.

Terri: No way.

Debi: You just got here.

Kerry: Rob, wait, he's from Utah.

SLUG: I've already met Rob, he's old news.

Terri: I want to talk about Aunt Laura May Loo. They're drunks!

SLUG: Are they Mormon?

Terri: No way, they hate Mormons! Anyway, my Aunt Laura Loo, about four years ago at Christmas time, they're drunks you know? And they brought out this hand that goes on a wheel across the table.

Kerry: Like the wheel on a car?

Terri: No, no, no, a little hand that goes across the table and holds a cocktail! (General laughter and squeals of approval from all.)

Terri: And everybody in my family is like a non-drinker on purpose because they got a problem with it. So they come out with this fuckin' hand and put their highball glass on it with the fuckin' gin on ice or whatever in it, and this highball glass goes storming across the table! You really have to have the proper glass.

SLUG: Exactly, I mean, you wouldn't mix a martini in a coffee mug.

Kerry: Oh, fuck no, fuck no. And we make our drinks in pitchers and then pour them into matching glasses.

Terri: With a cute stir stick with a mermaid on it.

Kerry: And glass stir sticks, not plastic.

SLUG: One of the saddest things ever was once I broke up with a girlfriend and

she took my cool highball kit with the glass swizzle stick and matching glasses.

Debi: We'll break into her apartment and get it back.

Kerry: Lesley will do it.

SLUG: You'll have to go to Salt Lake to get it.

Debi: We're on our way right now.

SLUG: Cool, then you can play there too. You'll be on tour!

Terri: We're not going to do that kind of tour. We do the L.A.-New York tour.

SLUG: The glamorous showcase tour.

Terri: We just play glamour places.

Kerry: And we're not into daytime shows and we're not into fuckin' all ages shows. If you want to rock and roll, you need to be an adult and you need to drink alcohol. And if you're not, then fuck you, we want nothing to do with that. And no dirt outside, neither, we don't play fuckin' outside, we play nightclubs.

Terri: Cause Kerry can't wear her high heels when she plays the county fair.

Kerry: I cannot walk in dirt.

Debi: So what's it like in Utah? Are you Mormon? Is it fun? Is it gross there or is it clean?

SLUG: Very clean.

Terri: Do you have friends there that think like you do?

Debi: Is there punkers there?

SLUG: There's a lot, Salt Lake has a long history of punk rock scene-dom.

Debi: What about Donny and Marie, do you know them?

SLUG: No but I once saw Marie shopping for shoes at a mall I worked at.

ALL: (General gasps and "Oh my Gods" etc...)

SLUG: Whenever I meet people out there, they always ask if I'm Mormon and if I know Donny and Marie.

Terri: Our friend Ronnie Barnett. . .

Kerry: (Blood curdling scream.)

SLUG: I know Ronnie, didn't you go out with him?

Kerry: Aaaaieee! No, I did not! Ronnie's a whore, Ronnie's got some new babe from Texas.

SLUG: Yeah, Caroline. . .

Kerry: (More screaming.)

Terri: She answered the phone when Kerry called the other night.

Kerry: She did! What does she look like, is she cute?

SLUG: She's pretty cute, she looks kind of like a goth chick, sort of like Morticia. ALL: EEEEEEE! and more screams and laughter.

Kerry: Is she fat?

SLUG: No she's skinny.

Kerry: Does she play guitar?

SLUG: I don't think so.

Kerry: Oh. Well fuck her then.

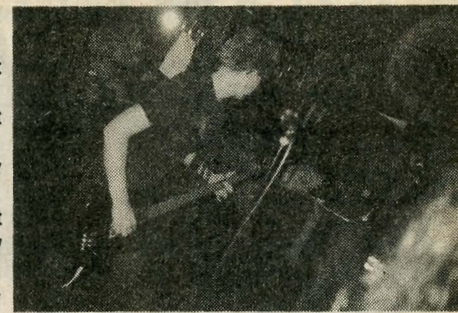
Terri: Who's interviewing who here? Now what was I saying? Oh yeah, my friend Ronnie Barnett, (another scream from Kerry) he has a Donny and Marie doll!

SLUG: He has every doll in the fucking world. He has all the New Kids. . .

Kerry: Fuck Ronnie.

Terri: Satan lives in your eyes, man.

Kerry: No, fuck him, man. I hope his plane crashes!



SLUG: Don't even say that.

Kerry: No, Ronnie is one of my best friends in the whole wide world. I'm just mad at him cause he didn't call me cause he was shackled up with some chick and that ain't a friend.

Debi: Now what is this interview for?

SLUG: A Salt Lake underground fanzine called Salt Lake Underground. You'll be famous in Utah.

Debi: Cool.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4TH



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DAILY CALENDAR

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 5TH

- River Bed Jed w/One Eye-Bar & Grill
- Too Far Gone - Spankys Cinema Bar
- Backwash - Dead Goat Saloon

SATURDAY THE 6TH

- ★ Bad Brains w/Prong & Barkmarket-Club DV8

- One Eye w/Abstrack-Bar & Grill
- Dirt - Spankys Cinema Bar
- Backwash - Dead Goat Saloon

- ★ The Samples - Saltair

- ★ Skavoozee; Special Beat, Skatalites, Selecter, The Toasters, Insatiable - Spanish Fork Fairgrounds

SUNDAY THE 7TH

- Goat Pickin's - Dead Goat Saloon

MONDAY THE 8TH

- Blue Devils Blues Revue w/ Tempo Timers

TUESDAY THE 9TH

- Broken Hearts - Bar & Grill
- Birdman w/ Pridigal of Smiles - Spankys Cinema Bar

- Voodoo Swing - Dead Goat Saloon

WEDNESDAY THE 10TH

- The Franks-Bar & Grill
- Mech A Roni - Spankys Cinema Bar
- Spinning Wheel - Dead Goat Saloon

THURSDAY THE 11TH

- Honest Engine-Bar & Grill
- Voodoo Swing-Burts Tiki Lounge
- Dead Kats - Spankys Cinema Bar
- Hinge - Dead Goat Saloon

FRIDAY THE 12TH

- ★ The Ocean Blue-Club DV8
- Voodoo Swing w/House of Cards-Bar & Grill
- Broken Hearts - Burts Tiki Lounge
- Riverbed Jed w/ Petting Zoo - Spankys Cinema Bar
- The Christine Lakeland Band - Dead

Goat Saloon

SATURDAY THE 13TH

- Skankin' Pickle w/Psychadelic Zombies-Bar & Grill
- Dollymops w/ Killer Clowns - Spankys Cinema Bar
- The Christine Lakeland Band - Dead Goat Saloon

SUNDAY THE 14TH

- Heatmiser w/DollyMops-Cinema Bar
- Goat Pickin's - Dead Goat Saloon

- ★ Squeeze w/ Over The Rhine - Saltair

MONDAY THE 15TH

- Paw w/One Eye-Bar & Grill
- Blue Devils Blues Revue w/ Louisiana Guitar Red - Dead Goat Saloon

TUESDAY THE 16TH

- Black Happy-Bar & Grill
- One Eye w/ Abstrak - Spankys Cinema Bar
- Broken Hearts - Dead Goat Saloon

- ★ Waterfront, Bouncing Souls w/ Ampersand - DV8 (basement)

WEDNESDAY THE 17TH

- ★ Front 242 w/Ethyl Meatplow-The fairpark Coliseum

- SNFU w/Bouncing Souls-Bar & Grill

- Plug w/ Fatal Cause - Spankys Cinema Bar
- Strangebrew - Dead Goat Saloon

THURSDAY THE 18TH

- ★ The Thrill Kill Kult w/Machines of Loving Grace-Club DV8
- So Wut W/Mind @ Large-Bar & Grill

- Voodoo Swing-Burts Tiki Lounge
- Shadowplay - Spankys Cinema Bar

- Monkey Siren - Dead Goat Saloon

FRIDAY THE 19TH

- The Change-Bar & Grill
- My Sister Jane - Spankys Cinema Bar
- Crossroads - Dead Goat Saloon

SATURDAY THE 20TH

- The Change-Bar & Grill

- My Sister Jane - Spankys Cinema Bar

- Kid Logic - Dead Goat Saloon

SUNDAY THE 21ST

- Goat Pickens - Dead Goat Saloon

MONDAY THE 22ND

- Blue Devils Blues Review w/ Tempo Timers - Dead Goat Saloon

TUESDAY THE 23RD

- ★ The Buzzcocks w/Doughboys and Fudge-Club DV8

- Mono Media Showcase (Dog House, Dolly Mops, Scabs on Strike)-Bar & Grill

- Mind @ Large - Spankys Cinema Bar

- Voodoo Swing - Dead Goat Saloon

WEDNESDAY THE 24TH

- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill

- Mech A Roni - Spankys Cinema Bar

- House of Cards - Dead Goat Saloon

THURSDAY THE 25TH

- Talent Showcase The Return of Poo Pee Dee - Spankys Cinema Bar

FRIDAY THE 26TH

- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- Reverend Willie w/ Planet Earth - Spankys Cinema Bar

- Broken Hearts - Burts Tiki Lounge

- Insatiable - Dead Goat Saloon

SATURDAY THE 27TH

- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- Riverbed Jed w/ Petting Zoo - Spankys Cinema Bar

- A Band And His Dog - Dead Goat Saloon

SUNDAY THE 28TH

- Goat Pickin's - Dead Goat Saloon

MONDAY THE 29TH

- Blue Devils Blues Revue w/ Denny Freeman - Dead Goat Saloon

- (KRCL 91fm Live Broadcast 9:00pm)

TUESDAY THE 30

- Reverend Williw-Bar & Grill
- Scabs on Strike - Spankys Cinema

Bar

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 1ST

- Rival Sun w/Indivision-Bar & Grill

THURSDAY THE 2ND

- Tommy Knockers w/Headshake-Bar & Grill

- Voodoo Swing-Burts Tiki Lounge

- Dead Kats - Spankys Cinema Bar

FRIDAY THE 3RD

- Broken Hearts - Burts Tiki Lounge

SATURDAY THE 4TH

- Moon Dogs w/Voodoo Swing and The Scoffed-Bar & Grill

SUNDAY THE 5TH

- Goat Pickins - Dead Goat Saloon

★ Indicates an all ages welcome show. If your show is not listed in this section, get off your ass and send it to us...poof.

SNFU AND BOUNCING SOULS



SNFU and BOUNCING SOULS will be hittin' the Bar & Grill Wednesday the 17th. The Canadian punk band SNFU has a two guitar assault, great hooks, unrelenting drums and bass, topped off with front man Chi Pigs vocals. Their live performances have been rated "Best" by Flipside Magazine. They will be touring to promote their latest Epitaph release *Something Green and Leafy This Way Comes*. You shouldn't miss this one. If you are under 21, you can catch Bouncing Souls the night before at an all-ages-welcome-show in the basement of DV8.

MONO media

PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH

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B-LAME

Issue B-4

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Toon Times

Was Charlie Really Jesus?

A Brid's Eye View

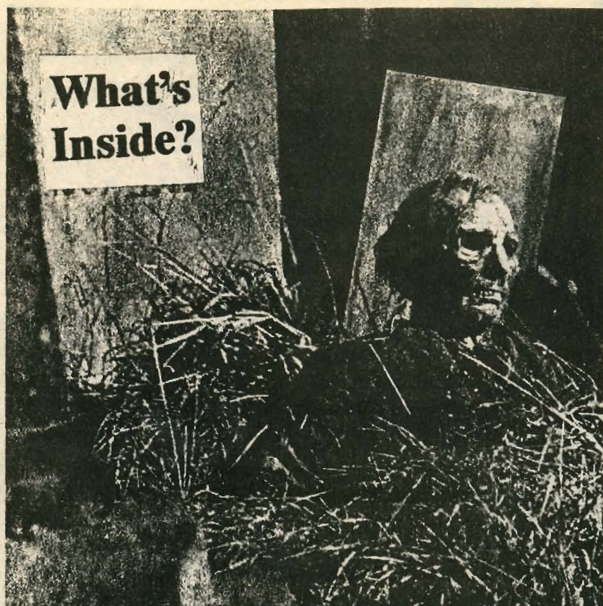
A View From Below

25TH ANNIVERSARY

NOT LD

Night of the Living Dead

**What's
Inside?**



Night of The Living Dead

25th Anniversary

Muck
ARLO
and Others...

B-Lame

Regularly Scheduled Programs

A View From Below

Kerry Jackson

Toon Times

The Mucky Muck

A Bird's Eye View

The Buzzard

Rantings

The Big Mucky Muck

Special Programs

Was Charlie Really Jesus?

Marcy Lewis

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The Big Mucky Muck: Clyde Lewis

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A Word From the Editor

Hi it's me, ARLO!! At this time I would like to make an apology to my faithful followers....I would like to apologise to you all! For what?, you may ask! Well let me tell you....its, its, well this is really, really hard for me to do. It's not often that I'm wrong, and I just don't quite know how to go about it...I guess, like usual, just jump in with both feet!!!! Here goes....

Throughout my articles and such, you may have noticed that I am quite fond of the word **plethora**! yes, yes, I know that my overuse of this word may have escaped you, but I highly doubt it. Well here is the mistake that I have made...At first glance, (In an American Dictionary) the definition here stated: An overabundance. Cool I thought, what a great word. It could fit anywhere, eg. A **plethora** of stupidity on Beavis and Butt-head. A **plethora** of photo ops in the cities cemeteries, etc... I'm sure you get the idea!! Now here is where shit happens.... While typing on my Mom's computer I was stuck on the spelling of plethora, (brain cramp, or something)! Being the quick thinker that I was, am, I pulled out her dictionary. This handy, dandy pocket



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No. 7212 45c

sized dictionary titled The Kings English, or something. Yes, yes this is a true english dictionary, it came across the ocean with the Mayflower, well ok, my mom! Innocently, I looked for the correct spelling of the word, **plethora**. To my dismay, I found that the meaning here, stated: An overabundance of red corpuscles. I was shocked, my amazed. How could this be... could we as Americans become so interested in taking short cuts that we would forget to put the total meaning of a word in the dictionary? This could possibly be the question of the century! Anyway, I was somewhat despondent, to say the least. So, being the highly intelligent person that I am? I decided to delve into this mystery further... Upon retrieving a medical dictionary I again looked the word plethora up! In reading this definition I did find some comfort. Instead of saying you are bloated, say you are plethoric!!!!

So where I am with my most humblest of all humble apologies to you, my readers. I am sooo, sooo sorry!! And my promise to you is that from now on when I come across a really, really cool word, kinda like phantasmicgical I will look it up in both American and English to find the true meaning, then proceed to overuse it. Boy, I feel like a major cluuhhhh!!

"They're Dead...They're all messed up!"

(Time to get out...Night of The Living Dead)

I remember that day back in 1968 when I saw these strange zombie creatures in an ad for a Horror Movie called *Night of The Living Dead*. I was 4 years old then, and don't understand how the bodies of dead human beings could rise up from the grave and kill. Hell, I'm still trying to get over how sirens that wailed in the night terrify me to this day! I guess it's a cry for help. But no one heard the cries of the occupants of the country house in Pennsylvania when George Romero unleashed the undead in *Night*. There is something even more chilling than sirens... And that of course is the taunting line "They're coming to get you Barbara" spoken by Johnny in the cemetery just before he's attacked by a lanky white haired zombie. To be a critic, is a very bad thing, but when you are young anything can scare you! Now I'm older and realize that Romero's vision was all a low budget halloween scare that was thrown together in a bizarre mosaic that leaves you with a bad taste in your mouth. Don't get me wrong, I think everyone should see this film, it proves that anyone, if they don't take themselves too seriously, can direct a small budget film and have it scare the piss out of you. I admire Romero for this. But I can't help but feel that this film became a classic by accident. Every character was either too bland or ultra annoying. If they were meant to be that way then Romero is a God. Barbara, the blond woman who watches her brother get murdered in the cemetery...begs to be brutally kicked around for sheer annoyance. Cooper the black man, probably the movie's best character isn't a sensitive character and sometimes has redeeming qualities...The family downstairs add to the annoyance. I guess you can tell that it was an uncomfortable film to watch. The truth is... the film drags. The



zombies make it even more unbearable, they are about as imaginative as the panhandlers and wino's downtown...The saving grace of the whole film is when Karen, the family daughter who has been bitten by a zombie, dies and comes to life attacking her mother with a garden spade...It rivals the shower scene in *Psycho* for sheer terror. With all these flaws you may be wondering why I recommend you view *Night of The Living Dead*? It's a breakthrough film. It started the gore fest films of today, but it had a lot more "sophistication" if you can call slurping up a tender spleen or pancreas sophistication. It's a film that was made on a low budget and yet still manages to grow on you. It's a film that I probably would have liked to make if I had \$1,200 to throw around. The film has guts...I know, I know...I'm not trying to be funny here...But it took a lot of balls for a guy to convince his neighborhood that they would be famous only if they went to the butcher shop and ate raw liver... Romero has my respect for that...I'm still trying to convince would-be writers that they could be famous if they'd only write an article for B-Lame... So rent *Night of The Living Dead* invite a few friends over have a few beers, smoke 'em if you got 'em, shroom if you have to and maybe this film will freak you out...

B-LAME

When there's
no more room in HELL
the dead will walk the EARTH

First there was
'NIGHT OF THE
LIVING DEAD'

Now
GEORGE A.
ROMERO'S



DAWN OF THE DEAD

MEMBERS & STEINWART & BILLY BRATTON PRESENT A LAUREL GROUP PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH CLAUDIO ARGENTI & ALFREDO CRONIN
Starring DAVID EMGE KEN FOREE SCOTT H. REINIGER GAYLEN ROSS
Director of Photography MICHAEL GARMON Music By THE COBOLDS WITH DAVID ARNOLD
Produced by RICHARD P. RUBINSTEIN Written and Directed by GEORGE A. ROMERO
READ THE ST MARTIN BOOK TELEVISION BY DAWN ASSOCIATES INCORPORATED
SUNSHINE & A. STREY CO. LIMA, U.S.A. (JAPAN) INC. NEW YORK

There is no explicit sex in this picture
However, there are scenes of violence which may be considered shocking
No one under 17 will be admitted

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
UNITED FILM
DISTRIBUTION COMPANY

George A. Romero Source Guide to his Works

B-LAME

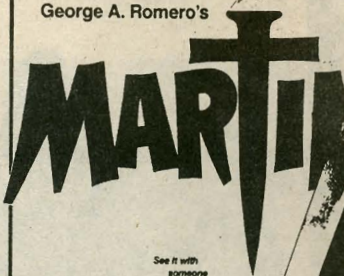
GEORGE A. ROMERO'S KNIGHTRIDERS



The Games...
The Romance...
The Spirit...
Camelot is a
state of mind.

"... One of the most original horror movies in years
... a scary, ironic variation on the Dracula theme
... Romero has become a dazzling stylist
... his balance of wit and horror is the best
since Hitchcock." —JACK RAGG, Newsweek

George A. Romero's



See it with
someone
you're sure of...



BOOKS:

Novels

Dawn of the Dead (St. Martins) 1987
Adoption of the Screenplay by Susanna Sparrow.

Martin (Stein and Day) 1977
(Day Books) 1980
Adaption of the screenplay by Susan Sparrow.

Short Fiction

"Clay" from **Modern Monsters of Horror** (Ace) 1982
edited by Frank Coffey

Non-Fiction

Preface - to Night of the Living Dead By John Russo (Warner) 1974
(Pocket) 1981

Intro to Martin - from Martin (Warner) 1974
Special Make Up Effect and the Director (Magin) 1982
from **Grande Illusions** by Tom Savini

Intro to Book of the Dead - From Book of the Dead (Ziesing) 1989
edited by John Skip and Craig Spector

Films:

<i>Night of the Living Dead</i> (Walter Reade)	1968
Director, Co-Screenwriter, Cameo	
<i>There's Always Vanilla aka The Affair</i> (Cambist)	1972
Director	
<i>Jack's Wife aka Hungry Wives; Season of the Witch</i> (Jack Harris)	1972
Director, Screenwriter, Cinema-typography, Editing, Cameo	
<i>The Crazies aka Code Name: Trixie</i> (Cambist)	1973
Director, Screenwriter, Editor	
<i>Martin</i> (Libra Films)	1977
Director Screenwriter, Editor, Star (as Father)	
<i>Dawn of the Dead</i> (United Film Distribution Company)	1978
Director, Screenwriter, Editor, Cameo	
<i>Knightriders</i> (United Film Distribution Company)	1981
Director, Screenwriter	
<i>Creepshow</i> (Warner)	1982
Director	
<i>Day of the Dead</i> (United Film Distribution Company)	1985
Director, Screenwriter	
<i>Creepshow 2</i> (Newline)	1987
Screenwriter "Old Chief Woodhead"	
<i>Monkey Shines</i> (Orin)	1988
Director, Screenwriter	
<i>Night of the Living Dead</i> (Columbia)	1990
<i>Tales from the Darkside: The Movie</i> (Paramount)	1990
Screenwriter "Lot 249"	
<i>Two Evil Eyes</i> (Fox)	1992
Director, Screenwriter "The Case of M. Valdemar"	
<i>The Dark Half</i> (Orin)	1993
Director, Screenwriter	
<i>Silence of The Lambs</i> (Orin)	1991
Cameo (as security in hotel)	

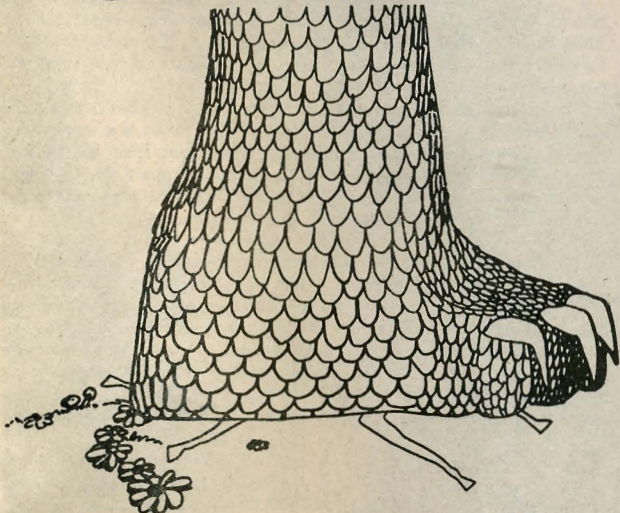
Tales from the Darkside - The Series:

<i>Trick or Treat</i>	1983 - Pilot
Screenwriter	
<i>The Devils Advocate</i>	1985-86 Season
Screenwriter	
<i>Bakers Dozen</i>	1986-87 Season
Screenwriter	
<i>Circus</i>	1986-87 Season
Screenwriter	

THE TOON OUT FACTOR

The sell out of Ren and Stimpy,
Beavis and Butthead put out some fires, and
Happy, Happy, Yawn, Yawn for the Animation Festival.

Bambi meets GODZILLA



MY FIRST TIME....

It was in the summer of my 14th year. It was very hot, the moon was high in the summer sky, the sweat was rolling down my body, a breeze flowed through the room, my pulse raced. Slowly, slowly I pulled back the freshly washed covers of my bed... I carefully slipped between the sheets, reached over, lit the candles on my bedside table. The tension was building. Slowly, slowly I opened the book.. You are sick, of course the first time I'm speaking of was my first horror book... *Night Of The Living Dead*.... I stayed up all night reading this book!! And, of course once you start you can't put it down, and when you do you're to scared to sleep!! Then.... after reading the book I had to see the movie.

That very next friday I snuck out of the house at midnight to see *Night of The Living Dead*...playing at the Blue Mouse...the midnight matinee... This also was my first time. My first horror flick... This is also when my addiction to the bizarre came to be. From this point on, and for the rest of my young life, I have been addicted to the dead. A real Necrophilic (Defined as: someone with a morbid obsession with death or someone with an erotic fascination with death (meaning the first, of course)) you might say. I do however, prefer the term gothic.

I have come to love all the old gore/gothic horror flicks. But *Night Of The Living Dead* will always be my favorite!!! It was my first!!

On this the twenty fifth anniversary of *Night Of The Living Dead*, I would like to remind everyone about our innocence of the time. When you watch *Night Of The Living Dead* now you think,,, Wowwie, no big deal, this is kids stuff! but ooooohhh, that first time, remember how scared you where? Did you lock yourselves in your bedroom for a week like me? Did it take several months for you to take the plunge into darkness (go out at night)? Me too....Remember how you grasped the edge of your seat when they first walked? Remember the taste in your mouth when they first ate? Remember the tension when they first knocked upon the door? I will always remember, there is nothing like the first time!!

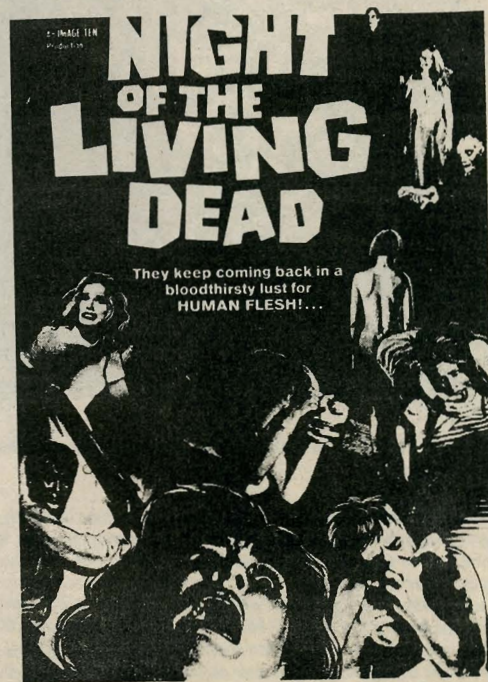
...ARLO

My apologies to ARLO for moving in on her territory because I know she has been doing a good job on reporting "Toon Times." However, there comes a time when I feel a need to flex my mucky muscle every so often.

Animation has been a passion of mine for some time now, so much that I am currently working on an animation project with a local company that should be due sometime in the spring. The project is called "Cypher" written by Brad Teare. I will be the voice for the title role. But I am worried. Lately I have witnessed some things that have put a bad taste in my mouth. I am slowly TOONING OUT! I will explain. I had the opportunity to experience a sleepy time at the Tower Theater viewing "The Mike and Spike" animation fest. If you have never been to an animation festival at the Tower then you haven't lived. At this one however I nearly died....of boredom. Mike and Spike are quite diverse in their tastes which is evident, considering the many cartoons that they had a special thanks in "The Sick and Twisted Animation Festival." That fest was a hoot! Toons by Mark Newland like "Bambi vs Godzilla," and the potty mouthed, vulgar and very funny "Lupo the Butcher." Who could forget the utterly disgusting "Kramertoons" that told us all at the end "F@%# the Pope." Sure I felt violated but I had fun! This festival of warts took itself too seriously! I was underwhelmed and astonished that not one "Plympton" was shown. The only saving grace of the fest was little tidbits that looked like outtakes from the claymation classic "Creature Comforts." Which is always welcomed at any festival. It was a Yawning festival. As I left the theater I hung my head low. I realized that I sat through a roller coaster on slow speed witnessing the good, the bad, and the ugly! For example I felt cheated when I saw a clip of calligraphy set to Italian music. Stop reading now if you feel like I missed the point. Mike....Spike! HEY YOU GUYS THE AUDIENCE WAS ASLEEP! I didn't sleep. I managed to see some great clips. I think that's when my buddy Brett handed me a handful of mini thins and a Coke! I loved "How Much is That Window In The Doggie." Those funny Canadians have something more to be proud of besides hockey, Moosehead, and our fantastic graphic artist Brad Nelson. That's animation. The scientific segments were worth a chuckle and the breaking of a few chicken necks in "The Hill Farm" were quite entertaining. You take your chances with this festival....Mike and Spike should leave most of the artsy fartsy stuff to an audience of one...Chris Hicks.

Meanwhile, It's a Happy, Happy, Sad, Sad time for the Ren and Stimpy show lover. Sony and Nickelodeon have decided to sell us what we already pay for when we get basic cable. Old Ren & Stimpy cartoons are now available on Video. I normally don't chastise anyone for milking success but I fill this is excess. My point is this... If Ren and Stimpy should pass away, which after the firing of John Kricfaluci, it may be sooner than we think, then why not sell the videos? It's to soon. Ren and Stimpy are classics, granted. But can't the money hungry suites at Nickelodeon wait until the body is dead and buried before they start cashing in on the inheritance? I've taped them anyway. If you feel my argument is not valid, you can hand over the \$15.00 for the videos. They will make great gifts for Christmas, Hanukkah, or Yak Shaving Day whichever comes first. In other news MTV has succumbed to political correctness once again by altering the personalities of our favorite inbreeds, Beavis and Butthead. A Dayton, Ohio boy set fire to his trailer killing his two year old sister. The mother stated that the boy became fascinated with fire after watching Beavis and Butthead. MTV went on the record saying that they do not believe that the "Toon" had anything to do with it. However, there will be no more references to fire in upcoming segments. Oh, goodie! We get to see more butts and dog baseball...huh, huh, huh, huh censorship sucks...huh, huh, huh, huh, huh!

..Muck



Starring JUDITH O'DEA - DUANE JONES - MARILYN EASTMAN - KARL HARDMAN - JUDITH RIDLEY - KEITH WAYNE
Produced by Russell W. Streiner and Karl Hardman. Directed by George A. Romero. Screenplay by John A. Russo
A Water Road Organization Presentation - Released by Continental

Video Review



Curse of the Demon (Sabre Films, 1956 B&W)

Jacques Tourneur, the same man that directed the classic Cat People 14 years earlier, brings us a subtly powerful, and stylish horror film. Psychologist (Dana Andrews) Harrington's colleague. Professor Harrington is mysteriously, and brutally murdered. Johanna Harrington (Peggy Cummin) is convinced her uncle was killed by a satanic cult! yikes! The evil cult possessed an ancient new age runic parchment that is supposedly capable of summoning up a demon. At first Andrews doesn't believe a bunch of new ager's have the power to summon a demon from hell, until the parchment causes several deaths. The owner of the parchment is the brutishly attractive, cunning and goateed (back when goatees meant you was evil, not a beatnickhead) Nial MacGinnis. Andrews initially doubts the evil powers at first then begins to believe, and finally becomes the opposition in a fight of good verses evil, (before it was trendy to be good & evil). Tourneur complained when the producer decided to show the demon at the climatic climax (filmed by producer Val Lewton), but the creation is actually rather convincing, especially for the year.



The Robot vs The Aztec Mummy aka El Robot Humano (Murray Productions, 1960 B&W)

Dr. Roman's experiments in memory regression have caused his lovely wife Flora to remember her past life, in which she was a lovely princess in the Aztec Empire. In her previous life she had a lover named Popoca, who was caught trying to change her virginal statue. The two lovers were killed for this behavior, and lovely Flora was buried wearing a bracelet, and a breast plate revealing the location of the Aztec treasure. The evil, yet dapper Dr. Krupp hears of this, and enslaves lovely Flora (For more virginal going's on) who remembers where the bracelet, and breast plates are buried. The evil Doctor finds the Jewelry-map and promptly makes off with the treasure. Awakened, Popoca gets very upset at that Dr. Krupp fellow, retrieves the gold and snatches lovely Flora, then attempts to return the gold and the girl to the

tomb. But as 'B'-Luck would have it, lovely Flora escapes. She, and the good Doctor Roman go to get the evil Doc, who was creating a radium filled robot with a human brain! The robots instructions are to destroy Popoca and anyone or thing in its path of death and destruction. The ending is very powerful, beautifully, movingly, totally, good, as the evil Dr. Krupp, and his radium robot are crushed. Dr. Roman and lovely Flora return the gold to the apparition of Popoca and everyone is happy again, except the viewer of the film.

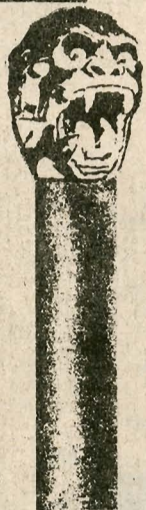
The Night of the Bloody Apes

Hum... what can I say? There I was looking at the movies in the horror section of my local video shop. I spot a movie, this looks like an early 70's 'B'. I'm thinking to myself... 'Hey, this could be a pretty good horror movie! In a hoakie way!' I pay the fee and I'm on my way. When I get home, I promptly throw it in the Machine and peruse my new find. Yep! This one is going to be a campy for sure...it's made in South America and dubbed.

As I watch this show, I'm impressed with the absurd acting and pre-historic mind set of the characters. The film is a cross between Frankenstein, Silver Bullet, a WWF wrestling match, and a slasher movie...with a twist. Perhaps a more fitting title would have been, 'Neanderthal Man Meets the Liberated Woman' or 'Ape Rape.'

Here, let me give you a little background. The Mad Doctor is the Chief Physician at the local hospital. His faithful sidekick is a man whom, against all odds, the good doctor saved after an accident. Enter, the son with leukemia. Now this is the part I didn't understand, there is also a female wrestler whose boy friend is the local Sherlock? Due to the transfusion of not just the blood but, yes, the entire heart of an ape (which doesn't look like an ape). Anyway, as you can guess this is where the fun begins. The leukemia ridden young man with no hope of life becomes instantly, the feared beast whose only desire is to rape women and kill men. But he is good at it. I really like this film, even though the monster looks more like a neanderthal than an ape, the film is very campy. Although, it does include actual footage of a heart transplant surgery, badly spliced, into the Doc's basement operating room. The plot is non existent and the motives of the monster are really unclear. If you want a film to make you laugh away your fears on the night of the ghouls then, my choice would be *The Night of the Bloody Apes*.

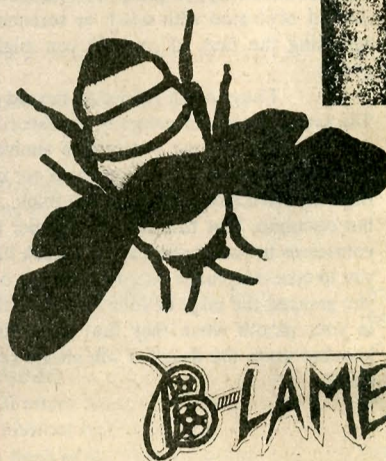
..The Buzzard



Tetsuo: The Iron Man (Fox Lorber, 1991)

This film by Shinya Tsukamoto is a cyberpunk nightmare. It's set in a strange industrial looking future, and has a heavy industrial sound track. It is a very fast paced, crazed story about a freak that shoves a length of pipe into his leg with a kind of ecstatic pleasure. He then heads out to the streets, and is subsequently hit by a car owned by an office worker (Tomarah Taguchi) who begins morphing into a bio-mechanical freak as well. If this sounds odd, well it is, but luckily it becomes stranger as it unfolds. Taguchi grows metal claws, and a big ol' dildo-drill. He then starts hallucinating about other bio-mechanical beasts who torment, and sodomize him with their metallic strap on's. These painful scenes occur long enough to make one uneasy. The film concludes with the two mecha-freaks becoming one.

Packed with dizzying bits of stop-animation with the metal heads speeding around town on foot, this piece of film is plum full of adrenaline from start to finish. The last part of the video is a B&W alternative punker short film by Greg Nickson called Drumstruck (1991). The premise is: Two drummers auditioning for a weird band. The two applicants fight it out in a brutal way to gain the position. One drummer hooks up the other to his car and drags him around by his ears (which become comically enlarged). In retaliation he gives him a symbol to the head. A wonderful piece as well but after Tetsuo its energy just isn't realized, nonetheless rather enjoyable.



B-LAME

Video Review

CRASH NEWS & B-MOVIE REVIEWS
BLAME



Photo - Frederson, Rotwang, and Robot

Metropolis (UPA - Germany, 1927 B&W)

This is a silent film classic by Fritz Lang. Set in the year 2000, in which a large skyscraper city called Metropolis, created by Master Industrialist, Jon Frederson, is the scene for this class struggle. The two district classes are the workers that live under ground in slums, and work zombie like running machines that power the city. While the elite live above ground in a Utopian sunny luxury. Maria, an idealistic young woman, begins a revolt. She's also becoming involved with Frederson's socially unconscious son Freder (yes, the Father us Frederson, the son Freder, go figure). Frederson decides to teach the underclass dirtbag workers a lesson for their mistake of resisting the established order: He kidnaps Maria, and has the mad scientist Rotwang build a robot duplicate of her. (This is the classic robot (pictured) that C-3PO was patterned after.) The robot is metallic until Rotwang morphs it into a mirror image of Maria, using Frankensteinish equipment. The robot is then sent below to incite the workers to destroy the dikes, and it kills many children. The riot that Frederson wanted gets out of hand and spreads to the surface. Rotwang is killed by Freder, Maria is freed, and much of the city is destroyed. Frederson is forced to join with the underground scum to rebuild the city, for the benefit of all the people, not just the elite.

This film actually was an example of how conditions existed in Germany in the mid 20's. But as it turns out Maria represented Hitler.

RIDDLE: There's a white room with two identical doors, one door leads to hell forever, the other door leads to fun and games. There's also two identical computers, one lies all the time and one always tells the truth. You have to pick one of the doors and you stay there forever! you get to ask one computer one question. What question would you ask?

..Jodee Udy

ANSWER: You ask, what door would the other computer say? The one that always lies would say to go through the hell door so you go to the opposite door. The one that always tells the truth would say the other computer would tell you to WF through the hell door. So, again you go to the opposite door and you in fun and games forever!

The Cemetery Section

"I'll remove the cause,
but not the symptoms..."

Dr. Frank N Furter

With that, I shall dig through the treacherous Jello Curtain of Zion, into that which is NOT the symptom, but the cause.

If Christmas 'tis the season' for jolliness: Then what, I wonder, 'tis the season' when it comes to good-ol-All Hallows Eve? Ghosts? Goblins? Witches? Warlocks? Vampires? Most importantly, the theme of them all **Death**.

Now your sitting back thinking "okay Mortus, you hang out in cemeteries, your friends are the nosferatus of S&C, you stay up all night, and dress all in black. But, baby this time you have gone to far: And besides I don't even know what in the hell you are talking about.

Well, my grateful readers, what in the hell I am talking about is the granddaddy of all fears, the creator of all nightmares, (minus the ones about being naked at work) the grim reapers profession, yup you guessed it, the big **D** Death.

It's a very simple theory kiddies, the symptom... Cemeteries... the cause... Death.

We will now venture slightly away from my norm topic, graveyards, to the main and general reason for them.

Without death, we would have no need for (my article), the morgue, the necrophilic, the homicide division, and pain would seem much more dramatic than it really is.



"Death, as it seems,
is just an illusion,
a trick of disappearance,
until ones grief makes it true."

Whitley Strber
"The Hunger"



Death is such an awd topic of movies, books, scary tales, fantasies, medicine, and fear. It walks along with life like cigarettes and sex. It's one thing we truly have in life that's 100% guaranteed.

So, in closing, once again your sitting back thinking: "Okay one more time Morty baby, what in the hell are you talking about?" Well in a short... few words... Death has been taken for granted! People forget that we do have one thing, for sure in this life. Instead of dwelling on that which is not sure, rely on something that will always be. So next time you picnic or walk through a gloomy and damp cemetery, please remember why your there & remember the one who brought it all to ya!

...By Mortus

A View From Below

ITS GOOD TIMES FOR GEEKS

...Kerry Jackson

Usually, I take this space to tell you a true to life adventure from the pages of my personal diary... "The Trials and Tribulations of Being a Geek in a Modern Day Society."

Suddenly, I realized that many of you may not understand the terminology that I am using. So, before I tell you about what geek-a-riffic times we are in, I'd best explain what exactly the word **Geek** means, as I understand it.

The traditional definition of the word lends one to think of a hideously deformed creature that bites the heads off of live chickens, to the amusement of a handful of rednecks that have paid \$3.00 to see this unbelievable feat. My definition has nothing to do with chickens. I do however, believe that geeks are looked upon in disbelief. To me, a geek is someone who's hobby is collecting items related, but not confined to, science fiction movies, television, comic books, fantasy and horror.

Being a geek means sharing this hobby (although I believe it to be an addiction, no different from drugs or booze, yet, just as dangerous and expensive) with only a small circle of friends. Its not something spoken of openly, for fear of public ridicule or being a social outcast. I have also found from personal experience that you should never share the fact that you are a geek with someone your dating for the first time. I have found it is usually best not to share this secret with that person until you are at least engaged to be married, or perhaps at that magical point in a relationship when you are unafraid to fart in each others presence (does it ever get that comfortable? The only couple I can think of is Roseanne & Tom Arnold). Being a geek means hiding your head in shame.

There are many different types of geeks, they all come under different sub headings. Although one geek may fall under several. There are Comic Book Geeks, Star Trek Geeks, The dreaded Dr. Who Geeks, Japanimation Geeks, and so on. With more titles and combinations than can be listed here.

I fall under the category of Comic Book and Toy Geek. This title is making it very difficult to get girls to call back after the first date. Indeed, the problems in my social life are not what I wanted to talk about in this column. The topic, I believe, is 'Good Times for Geeks.'

As we speak the toy market is being flooded by new stuff. Which makes every geek over the age of 24 say the same thing, "Why didn't they have this kind of cool stuff when I was a kid?" I will answer this question at another time, for tonight there's Geekin' to report.

Toy Biz, the company which has the **Marvel Super Heroes**, uncanny **X-men**, and **X-force** toy line, has flooded the market with a rather unimpressive line of action figures: **Gambit**, the superhero with the tiny, tiny head; is that a whistle sticking out of **Bananeers** back, or is he just glad to be seen? The best of the original line are probably The multi jointed

Spiderman, **Venom** (the second edition), **The Thing**, **Dr. Octopus**, **Ironman** (good luck finding one, I have 2), and **The Invisible Woman**, a figure so rare that its selling to collectors for up to \$100.00 on card, \$50.00 loose. A public Thank You to the Vice Boys for giving me one for my birthday - they are truly Gods among geeks. Just as I became convinced that **Toy Biz** would never release a good looking action figure from this line, they release 12 new figures that are very well done. My inside source (Leigh George Kade) says that comic book artist Bart Sears designed these, and all I can say to **Toy Biz** is let that boy do what he wants! These look incredible! By far the most impressive are **Guido the Strong Guy**, a new **Apocalypse** and **Bishop**. **Bishop**, in my opinion, is the top of the line.

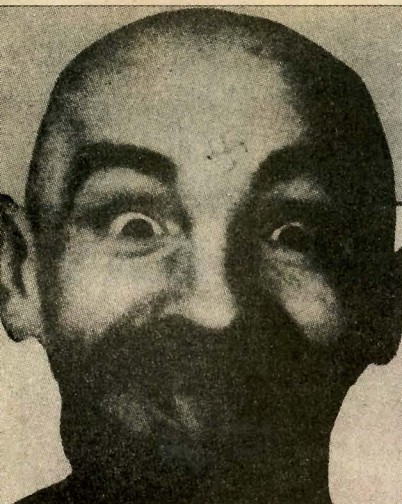
Meanwhile, **Playmates** is proving to be the vanguard in action figure and toy technology with their **Star Trek** line. As far as action figures go, no company can compare with **Playmates** attention to detail. The **Next Generation** line features all the major characters in photo realistic detail. Topping this line: **Picard**, **Data**, **Geordi**, **Morlock** the Benzite; **Q**; and **Guinan**. As far as photo realism and attention to detail, the two best, in my opinion; **Q**; **Guinan** (good luck finding a **Guinan**, I have 2). The shining jewel in the **Playmates** crown, action figure wise, is the **Classic Star Trek** seven figure box set. This set sells for around \$50.00 and is very difficult to find (I have 2). These figures may never be surpassed in quality. The detail is astounding, right down to the worry lines on Scotty's forehead and the dark circles under McCoy's eyes (looks exactly like DeForest Kelly in an alcoholic daze). Best of all, you can pose the Kirk figure in all kinds of Shatner-esque poses. Don't you understand...anything about.....love!, these are choice! If you see them, buy them!, for they will not be there when you return! Only 150,000 box sets were produced. As a matter of fact if you don't have them in your collection by the time you read this, its probably too late.

Still to be released is yet another addition to the **Next Generation** line featuring a 100+ year old Admiral McCoy, Ambassador Spock and Scotty, fresh from being rescued in that transporter foul up (how convenient). Don't expect to see **Deep Space Nine** figures until after Christmas, so I'm told. Another good rumor I have heard is that **Playmates** has a contract for a new line of **Star Wars** figures, based on the trilogy.

As I mentioned earlier, this hobby is more addictive and dangerous than crack, and more expensive than cocaine. My advice to you kids is stay in school, say your prayers and don't become a Geek. If the people you work with find out about it, you'll be treated like a leper, they'll throw sharp objects at you, and shout things like: "You stupid Geek!, get out of here! No one likes you anyway!, and girls find you repulsive!" They'll wait for you in the parking lot, knock you down, kick you repeatedly in the stomach and give you a black eye, (I have 2).

Kerry Jackson can be heard Monday through Friday 6:00 to 10:00 am on X-96 KXKR 96.1 fm





WAS CHARLIE REALLY JESUS?



Since you young 'uns who may not know about the comparison to Charles Manson and Jesus. Here is a little list to help you out:

	Manson	Jesus
Wore Sandals	X	X
Had Long Hair & Beard	X	X
Lived in the Desert	X	X
Leader of Religious Cult	X	X
Followers Mindlessly Obey	X	X
Persecuted for Beliefs	X	X
Hated by Society in General	X	X
Paid for Others Sins	X	X
Hears Unseen Voices	X	X
Sacrificed Children	X	X

And list could go on, and on....

..B-Lame

Ranting of the Big Mucky Anyone for a Little Bumping in the night?



So, having a little trouble finding your copy of B-Lame? I've had people tell me that they have had a little trouble finding copies of our mag and so if you've lost count this should be issue number 4. I want to take this opportunity to thank our supporters and advertisers for helping us get B-Lame off the ground. For believing in a small magazine that could be a giant some day. I'd also like to thank the Tower Theater for being different and allowing movies like "Dead Alive" on the screen to splatter and thrill everyone, for making "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" a rite of passage for every 16 year old... However, the sad thing is that no one will ever get the chance to grab their weenies and throw them at the screen... They're now considered contraband when watching "Rocky." It troubled me when I was told that I couldn't put my Oscar Meyers to good use at the Tower so I asked why? The answer was "they rot." It seemed that not only do franks plump when you cook 'em they hide in little cracks and crevices and leave a pungent odor that's comparable to the smell of shitting burning tractor tires. But I laugh and say but isn't that why we go to these movies? I mean we've been told our whole lives that they stink. But they're fun to watch or they're a great excuse to make out or do the popular weenie in the Jiffy Pop trick, of course that's the real reason why the foil gets bigger and bigger...So enjoy this issue of B-Lame and try not to get the pages to sticky...

..CLYDE

Put yourself in their place. After all they did think that Charlie was Jesus Christ. Now wouldn't you do anything for Jesus? Of course you would. But murder you say to yourself. Well you never know until you have Jesus in front of you telling you to do it. That's exactly what happened to Tex, Sexie Sadie, Pattie and Leslie. They believed that Charlie was Christ and they believed anything Charlie told them to do was the right thing to do. And so on the night and wee hours of August 9th and 10th, 1969. Charlie's Angel's went out and began what was to be the most gruesome murder of it's time. Or of any time really. It was so quiet on that night that you could almost hear the rattling of ice in cocktail glasses down the canyon road, at least that's what one of Charlie's Angel's would later say. People down the canyon would say they heard what they thought were screams for help, but just shrugged them off as just another party gone out of control. Little did they know that at that time the lives of Steven Earl Parent aged eighteen, Abigail Folger twenty five, Voytek Frykowski thirty two, Jay Sebring thirty five and of course the very beautiful and very pregnant Sharon Tate twenty six, wife of director Roman Polanski and and up and coming star. She'd been in the Valley of the Dolls and some Guest appearances here and there, but sadly the most important role and most remembered would be in her murder and death.

Yes, that was the night that Chuck would send his angels out to party hard as only Charlie knew how to do. Charlie knew how to paint the town red and that was his very intention. He's made a good start at it this night. And shit, Jesus didn't even have to be there he could keep his hands clean and just send out his angels who would always think he's Jesus to do the work all Charlie had to do was tell them how to do it without getting caught. And Charlie knew what he was doing there, because nobody really knows how many people Charlie parties with, all they know is that they've never seen these people again and the last person they were with was Jesus.

Chuck loved the nest mornings papers that screamed out about the murders, they, the Angels had made Chuck proud, so he didn't want to stop there he decided to send some more Angels out to party with Leno and Rosemary Labianca, who had just returned from a camping trip and were tired and looking forward to a relaxing evening. But by the time angels had left this house Leno lay dead with a fork protruding out of his ample belly in the front room and Rosemary lay in her room stabbed so many times that her once white nightgown was red and pulled up around her head. Again Charlie read the newsreports, and was proud of his angels. The angels were proud they had pleased Jesus, and who wouldn't be? Really, look at this the way they might have, they just carried out a plan for Jesus and had pleased him, who wouldn't be proud? I'm really not trying to piss anybody off here or say that what Charlie did was right but, could you for just one minute picture yourself pleasing Jesus himself? Come on, you can't honestly tell me you wouldn't be a little proud of yourself right? I can tell you that had it been me and I really believed that Charlie was Jesus I would have been proud that he was so pleased with the job that he had given me and that I had carried out for him. I'm just being honest here and I'm sure if you looked at this thing objectively you too might be able to admit that you would have been proud.

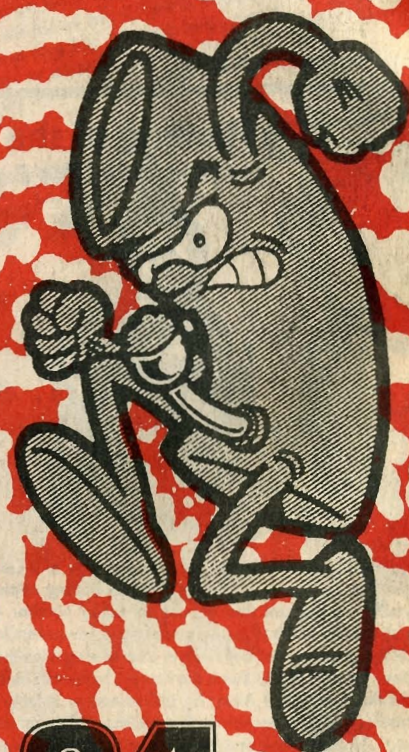
Charlie almost got away with his plan except Sexie Sadie decided to talk even though later she would take back everything she said there was someone else who would come forward and tell the whole truth no matter the consequences. And even though Charlie was not there either night, Vincent Bugliosi would prove to be one hell of a prosecutor and prove that Charlie had masterminded the whole thing. And that he did, so now Jesus sits behind bars, fearing for his life even there.

So the rest of you can have your Freddie and Jasons, but no one could ever instill the fear into your heart when you just look at a picture of Charlie or any of his parties, not Freddie, not Jason, no my friend they don't even come close to Charlie the Christ.

...Marcy Lewis

RAUNCH

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