

SLUG

MARCH 1994
ISSUE #63

FREE



DEAR DICKHEADS • HELEN WOLF • STIMBOY
DOGHOUSE • SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF • COMICS
INTERVIEW: 25 YA LIFE • DAILY CALENDAR

GUITAR GALLERY

PRESENTS

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SLUG

JANUARY 1994
Vol. 6 Iss. 3 • #63

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SPECIAL THANKS

Maile

SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing in the paper is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of the people who put it together. The topics included are also contributed. If you don't agree with what is said, or you feel something is missing then you should do something about it... write. All submissions must be received no later than the 26th of the preceding month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask that you keep your writing short and to the point. This gives us more room for more people's writing. We thank you for your continued support and hope we can do this for a very long time.

Thank You
SLUG Staff

Send Us Your Stuff

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ON THE COVER



This month's cover was done by Jim Meier. You may have seen his work last year when One Eye was the feature band. This air brush is just a small example of his work. He is currently doing work for T-shirt designs and motorcycles.

He is available for any type of work that you may need done. He has also done cars and other stuff. Call him and get a better look at what he can do. Contact Jim at: 532-4812.

If you would like to submit artwork for a cover. Send it to the P.O. box. Art work should fit in an 8w X 10 1/2h space. If you want to use color it should be done on a color overlay. Cover chosen will receive free stuff from SLUG. Great entries so far. Keep 'em comin'. For Christ's Sakes ... leave a telephone number or an address.

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

In response to the love letter from Alden Holloway addressed to Helen Wolf: What the fuck? You are a very sick person. Helen did your mother read that shit? Perhaps you put Alden up to it? Another twisted love ploy Helen? You too are a very sick person, but that is one of your more favorable attributes, cause one thing's for shore (sp) ... your tits ain't pretty!!! While I'm at it, I hope JR was able to get that dagger out of his left eye with your remarks about rockabilly bandwagoning and Sabbathon shirts for your paycheck!!! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch Now lets get his right eye, ready?

Mind @ Large Ha! Take that!!! creative writing losers huh? We'll show you! Next month okay? Now Helen, since your (sp) so dange smart can you tell me where you are when you're so underground even the Salt Lake Under Ground won't acknowledge you? Can you tell me Helen can you huh? I'm waiting...

Signed,

Don't wanna cornhole Helen

Ed Note: Hey cornholin' look up the word sarcasm or satire and have grindboy explain it to you. Please don't defend me, Helen and I will work out our differences with knives.

Dear Dickheads,

This is in response to the Psycho Corner's attack of N.O.W. Your comments seemed more like misdirected venting of frustration. Haven't been laid in awhile?

I read Playboy now and then, and I am always seeing articles or letters concerning pro-men groups or men whining about their rights, at least N.O.W. is more realistic in their goals. Besides, from personal observation, I find that women think more clearly about the issues because they don't have balls to get in the way. Testosterone must be mutating those neurotransmitters. Think about it, women are clearly the more evolved of the two genders. I don't know too many women with hairy cheeks and furry backs.

And by the way, if your refraining from eating pussy, I know some dick you can suck.

*Sincerely,
Winky*

Dear Dickheads,

As the every so popular RAP star extrodinare Snoopy Dog would say the General Surgeon is in the home. First on my agenda ironic I feel like the Senator for grindcore. Ha...Ha..to the lovely and always personable Helen Wolf. I thank you for your intriguing observation of JR. But there is no need to be brutal to the guy. I observed a quote from I believe it was JR. I'm not sure of the story because it was quite boring. But I did recall seeing Grindboy in it that I must say turned me on to read a little bit of the mumble. And it said and I quote "Or do I need Grindboy to explain it to you." So that got my little monthly drab with me. The master mind of the GRIND...I just wrote that little wrap right there on the spot preety good. And will call the grate A little thing "Information Grindboy" people could write there comments or questions and I shall answer all while I write to the pretty peoples I will headbang to my favorite Def Leppard Album! Stick that in your pipe and smoke it...Helen Wolf, I wuv you.

The boy that loves to dance,

Grindboy

Ed. Note: Hey Grindboy, what in the hell are you talking about?

Dear Dickheads,

In response to the JT & The Fatheads dribble on N.O.W., I just got to say you aren't even clever. January's Michael Kackson thing was a bit humorous but the women bashing thing doesn't even fall into the catagory of politically incorrect comedy. I think the women's movement has come far enough to warrant at least some thought before trying to bash them. Try again.

T.D. Wallis

Dear Dickheads,

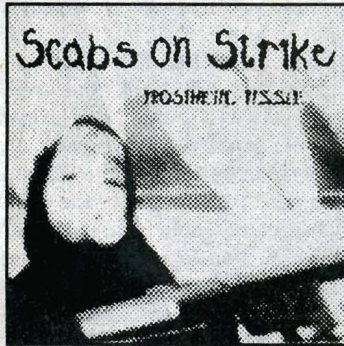
In response to the review in the last issue of SLUG the Label that Anger Overload was signed to was AMUK not Dutch East Indies. But, thanks for the review.

*Signed,
Rush Limbarker*

DICKHEADS @ SLUG
P.O. BOX 1061
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
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RECORD REVIEWS

LOCALS



Scabs on Strike

Prothetic Pizzle

Voodoo Dog Records

Love songs, nothing but love songs—the kind of love found in the “Men Seeking Livestock” section in the back of your favorite paper. When they set up the karaoke booth at the Necada Test Sites 1st annual Monster Truck Rally & Harmonic Convergence, this will be the only CD required.

What the hell am I talking about? Just this, consumer: Behind the teen idol good looks and high-powered Sony connections, Scabs On Strike are great pop songwriters. “Joe and Lud” could be a hit single AND a jingle for a certain carpet outlet, “Pixie Fairies” has cool Chuck Mangione horns and (unconvincing) virgin moans, “Creative Caterpillars” features MegaThrax crunch-chords and a trainwreck jazz coda, “Idolizing Dead People” weaves pretty melodies through guitars stuffed into Abe Vigoda’s trash compactor, and “Living In A Cloud” is an acid-haiku cliffhanger with a nice outro guitar solo by Slash or some other hack.

There are 10 other equally twisted crunchers. Unfortunately, one of my personal favorites from the SOS jukebox, “I’m In Hell,” didn’t reach aluminum—maybe it’s on the CD-5 maxi single with “Hell Bent For Leather.”

Call it Frank Zappa for retards, or call it stimuli for narcoleptic gynecologists—Prosthetics Pizzle is an epic that Dan, Mike and Jeff will be paying for the rest of their miserable little lives (financially AND psychologically). The LEAST you can do is buy one and do your part to keep struggling musicians off welfare and out of disco bands.

—Helen Wolf

Swim Herschel Swim

Burn Swim Burn

Kick Me Records

Despite the recent drought in local ska concerts, fans of rude boy music can take heart in the recent release of Swim Herschel Swim’s appropriately-titled, posthumous cd *Burn Swim Burn*.

This worthy effort combines some of the best numbers off SHS’s earlier *I Wish I Had A Raygun* with previously uncollected newer material. Rather than simply rehashing old songs, though, they’re remade to display the change in direction and musical influences on the later SHS. Unfortunately, the results are rather mixed. The slower tempo on “Clueless” takes away some of the punch, while the “reggae fied” “RBUG (Racism Bad, Unify Good)” suffers. Happily, though, “Fuz” and “Baby Babbar” are still comparable, while the cover of Johnny Cash’s “Ring of Fire” improves on the earlier version.

The CD shines in the newer material, however. In particular, “General,” “Greed” (a slam on corporate willingness to sell humanity and ecology down the river for dollars), “Bigot” (another ambitious tune concerned with the way in which religious prejudice insinuates personal lives), “Montero,” and “Bohemian” are all among Swim’s best songs. Also included is “Bob,” a tune dedicated to retelling the beating of “Ska” Bob Walter at the hands of Nazi skinhead thugs and featuring big band craftsmanship.

One of the knocks on ska music is that it’s mere fluff, and happily, vocalist Rod Middleton’s lyrics manage to puncture that pretension. No, they’re not deep or poetic (if you want poetic, pick up the new Kristin Hersh or stop whining), but they manage to skewer modern-day realities on the point of common sense, and that’s saying something.

The musicianship is outstanding as well. One of the trademarks in Swim’s many changes has been the talent of individual members, and Messrs. Armstrong, Kambull, Carter, Corry, Eastman, Middleton, and Warr escel. The production is a bit lacking in places, as vocals or singal instrumentals are obscured, but this is a minor complaint.

The sad thing about all this is that Swim Herschel Swim is no more. One can only hope that their progeny, the Swimpigs, are worthy successors. A nice effort all the way around.

—Scott Vice

Seemen

Bomp Records

Bomp Records was one of the first in the new generation of indie labels. They are still around. Their catalog includes new releases as well as reissues of the garage classics they are known for.

One of their latest is this Seemen album. Trance and ambience are buzzwords for both new-agers and ravers. The Seemen do both, although their trances are from the mind of a madman and the ambience is torture.

They use the same tools as other electronic musicians; sound-bites, samples, and synthesizers. The end result is not for meditation or dancing. It is closer to the earliest works of Throbbing Gristle updated with modern technology. Seemen selects a Psychic TV song, “Oh! Doughboy,” as one of two covers. The other cover is “Nirvadonna” credited to Nirvana. It sounds like they are having a fist fight with the new millionaires from Seattle.

Some of the songs are just a touch humorous. “I Am A God Damn College Girl” begins with the tired theme of simulated sexual moans. These moans don’t sound quite right, something is strangely off. Then a distorted voice says, “I am a God Damn college girl. I like to fuck a lot, but my pussy is very tight. I like to fuck a lot, but not with just anyone. You must have broad shoulders and you must talk very dumb, like this, Duh.” I think I’ve met this girl.

Overall the disc is more listenable than some of the other experimental music I’ve heard lately. A good example is the lunatic who constructed environmental instruments and used the sun, the rain and the wind to play them. Now that is pure ear grating noise. The Seemen have their moments, it takes a certain mood to listen to the entire disc. The best time is right before retiring on a night when you want nightmares instead of dreams.

by Wa

Notes From
The Garage Pile

The punk explosion of the late seventies, which continues today, brought forth all sorts of revivals; rockabilly, surf and garage bands. All the revivals gradually died out and the audience was left with “alternative.” Did the music actually die or did it just retreat back into the underground? The rockabilly revival lived out its days as a fad, but it refuses to go away. Surf bands con-

tinued to record and play, mostly in obscurity. The sound of garage bands retreated with the rest from the mainstream and into the deepest underground. Anyone interested could always find their particular style, not many were interested. CD reissues are catching up today. The Boulders albums are now available on CD. More and more surf CDs appear, the availability of rockabilly on CD increases daily and labels like Norton, Estrus, Midnight, Bomp and Taang bring new sounds from the garage to the uninterested masses.

Here’s a rundown on a few recent releases dedicated to that garage sound. This music influenced all of your heroes, from Kiss and Zeppelin to the Stooges, VU and the latest metal-heads from the Pacific Northwest. Which, by the way, was the spawning ground for some of the greatest garage-punk and surf-instrumental bands around.

Dementia Thirteen

Flat Earth Society

Midnight Records

I expected a psychedelic revival band from the name. Not so, Dementia Thirteen is firmly rooted in the mid-60s sound. They don’t limit themselves to garages or Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests. They combine the jangly guitars of the Byrds with the best of the British Invasion, then they add garage vocals and stirring guitar solos.

The disc doesn’t sound dated at all—think Jayhawks, Uncle Tupelo, REM or, God forbid, the Counting Crows. Just as you are growing accustomed to the combination of influences these guys throw down “Budda Was A Good Ol’ Boy.” Without the off-tune caterwauling in the background it would be a straight country song worthy of the man in black himself. Press replay for another trip through and the country influence becomes more evident. It’s the Dave Clark Five playing “Sweetheart Of The Rodeo” with the Standells.

The Forbidden
Dimension

Sin Gallery

Cargo Records

I don’t know what the hell is taking place up in Canada. Maybe it’s a backlash against Brian Adams. Forbidden Dimension joins Canadian exports Huevos Rancheros and Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet with an update on the ’60s in the ’90s.

Unlike the previous two bands, the Forbidden Dimension has vocals. Not very good vocals, the perpetrator, Jackson Phibes is listed under axes, organs and yelling.

These guys dress like Elvis impersonators from CBGBS—sequined jackets, sideburns, dark glasses, ripped jeans, and Chuck Taylors. They have all the passion and speed of the Ramones. Who gave the Ramones the idea for their sound? Was it possibly Sire Record's long out of print Nuggets collection? It's garage rock all the way. Elements of the blues, surf, and rockabilly thrown together by a bunch of guys just learning to play. Give them an old Fender, a reverb pedal, and a Vox. Turn 'em lose with some psychedelic substances, plenty of booze and this is the result. The Forbidden Dimension exists someplace between a graveyard and Mars. Trash rock from the underbelly of life. B horror flicks, bad science fiction, vintage JD pulp novels, exploitation, and garage rock—what else is there?

The A-Bones
Music Minus Five
Norton Records

Ok, Billy Miller is a hero of mine. Cub Koda has the *Vinyl Junkie* column in *Goldmine*, Billy Miller gives him lessons, and he sends him free records. Billy's girlfriend Miriam is no slouch either. Together they know more about obscure music than anyone in this entire state.

They don't limit themselves to writing about and collecting the music. They release it on Norton Records and they play it in their band, The A-Bones.

"Music Minus Five" is the latest from The A-Bones. They copied the cover design from the Yardbirds "For Your Love." Kinda like the Clash did the first Elvis album. They recorded it in Seattle's Egg Studios, a studio soon to enter the pages of history; much like Electric Ladyhand or Sam Phillips studio in Memphis.

I'm not about to go digging around and find out who originally recorded all the covers on this album. I know the Dovells did "Hully Gully." The A-Bones version is raucous and wild. Much like their record collections, the genres covered range far and wide. Surf, psychobilly, cow-punk, and your traditional garage punk are all featured. One of my weaknesses has always been the sax break and Lars Espensen, tenor and baritone sax, gives a dose of them on the album. The album closes with "In The USA" and I flashed back to the MC5's live appearance with

Coda's Brownsville Station at the Dirt Palace.

Believe it or not, I found this CD in Raunch the same day I was on my way to place an order with Norton. Put some pressure on BC and tell him to stock more Norton music!

This new Mono Men CD also came from Raunch. It's about time, let's get with the Estrus catalog too.

The Mono Men
Shut Up!
Estrus Records

Back To Mono
Japanese Import

The latest from the Mono Men is sans vocals. Yup, that means it's all instrumentals. The lost art of the instrumental, except as played by Kenny G, rises once again from it's burial spot and into the consciousness of an unsuspecting American public. Dave Crider, pictured on the inner sleeve with ax in hand, is the proud owner of Estrus Records up there in Bellingham, WA.

He is not alone in his musical endeavors. Also slinging an ax is John Mortensen. Ledge Morrissette takes the four-string parts and Aaron Roeder is pictured with simply a snare, a kick bass, and a cymbal.

The experience only lasts 17 minutes and the covers are easily recognizable. Link Wray appears twice with "Switchblade," and, of course, "Rumble." Dick Dale's "Eliminator" is another cover. The originals are just as good as the covers. It's a primer for the new generation. Give me more, more, more!

This music actually sells in Japan. They are into it more than an American audience obsessed with their new home theaters manufactured in Japan and the latest musical product hyped by multi-national corporations. What exactly do you think Shonen Knife has been listening to? Seattle's Egg Studios is the site for these recording sessions.

Y'all wanna rock? Here's the ticket. Crider and the boys are into a time-warp I hear the essence of almost every time I venture out of the safety of my cocoon and into the clubs downtown. Throbbing, blistering punk rock as it should be played. Plenty of songs about girls, not too many about cars, a hell of a lot of reverb and exactly zero extended, feedback-drenched solos. Back to mono, back to the basics. Kicks my ass everytime.

—by Wa



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HELEN WOLF

CAN'T WE ALL GET ALONG?

Hwarf! A Musical War

In an effort to bring together the estranged factions of our happenin' local music scene, we invited representatives to a roundtable discussion on the neutral ground of the Del-Mar Lounge. Just imagine the McLaughlin Group with beer—me moderating and Jeff Reptile fetching pitchers in a speedo (Ooolala).

Helen Wolf: Alright, first topic: Art vs. money—do you sellout and cash in or stick to your alleged principles?

Kurd Rogain (Alternative Rep): How can you even ask that? We're creating music that speaks to our generation! What if the Velvet Underground, Captain Beefheart, the Germs and all those other bands that no one actually listens to had sold out? We don't listen to Superchunk and Fugazi because they're any good—we're making a statement!

Rat Bunson (Disco Rep): Well, I'm making BANK statements, chump. You wouldn't believe the cash we rake in—it's fucking insane! People are morons who just want to boogie, why

shouldn't take their money? We're filling a void.

Helen Wolf: Filler was the first thing that came to my mind—right after void.

Billy Ray Sinus (Country Rep): Ah don't know what the hell you hippies 're talkin' about, ah'm just lookin' fer some poontang.

Stikki Dixx (Metal Rep): Me too dude. Hey babe, when are you guys gonna put Hard Knox on the cover? They fuckin' rock!

Helen Wolf: Right after the swimsuit issue. Next topic: Is Beck the musical genius of the 90's or just some new Falco?

Rat Bunson: "Loser" has a decent beat, but he's no K.C.

Kurd Rogain: Beck is thee voice of Generation X, you funky whore. The lyrics are totally meaningless, just like life in the post-80's alternative nation. But you're still in the 70's, so what the fuck do you know?

Stikki Dixx: The guy looks like a total homo in the video, Ozzy coulda done

it way better.

Helen Wolf: (Sucking down 10th Pabst) You're all wrong: Beck is just a computer-generated composit of Thurston Moore and Kurt Cobain manufactured by Geffen A&R. He's a slacker Max Headroom and the kids just eat it up.

Billy Ray Sinus: Wut are you? Some Kinda commie?

Helen Wolf: Naw, than I'd be writing for the Salt Lake Peoples Press. Next up: Rockabilly—amusing fad or Satan's revenge from the burning pit of Hell?

Rat Bunson: Get over it already! Who are you to judge people's taste? If they wanna waste their money on hillbilly shit, let 'em—it's not cutting into my profits! Ha ha ha ha ha...

Kurd Rogain: (plants shiny, new Doc in Rat's face) God I hate your fuckin' Travolta ass! It's not bad enough that you disco-dicks are taking attention and bucks away from real, hard working alternative bands? You know, like the ones you used to have—except that they don't TOTALLY SUCK gerbil weenie like Wondergash. Nooo, now we've got to deal with greasers like Voodoo Swing, the Broken Hearts...

Helen Wolf: (bashes Kurd's kneecaps Tonya-style with handy lead pipe) Hold up, Rogain! Don't EVEN fuck with Andy and the B-Hearts! Posers like Voodoo Shmeg must die, but the Broken Hearts are the real deal, Jackson—pure honkytonk nirvana, small "n" that is.

Stikki Dixx: Hey, if they don't play in Murray, I don't know 'em.

Helen Wolf: (spits beer in Stikki's face) Like I give a rat's ass—you and the redneck are just here to give the illusion of balance.

Billy Ray Sinus: Ah got a gun in my pick-up, missy.

Helen Wolf: (sticks switchblade in Billy Ray's crotch) Did you say something, Mr. Bobbitt? Ok, let's wrap this

bullshit up—I've got a special screening of "Cabin Boy" to get to tonight Final Topic: Salt Lake as the new Seattle/Austin/San Diego/whatever—are you fucking kidding me?

Kurd Rogain: Hey, it could happen! We've just got to save our scene from corrupt outside influences like Inside Edition and SPIN Magazine?

Rat Bunson: Give it up, flannel boy—come over to the dark side. You know you just wanna play hot disco for badly-dressed drunks. Join us, become one of us—renounce the underground!

Helen Wolf: This whole concept went south about 20 minutes ago. Stikki and Billy Ray just left with hookers and we've maxed JR's credit card—this is turning out worse than one of Salisbury's whine-fests...what's that noise? (blaring theme music, studio audience applause)

Rat Bunson: Holy shit! It's Oprah Winfrey!

Oprah: Second-rate columnist and the ridiculous premises they can't write themselves out of; plus, makeovers for Waco survivors—on today's Oprah. (applause)

Helen Wolf: No fuckin' way! I ain't goin' out like that—this is NOT going to end like some T.L. Miller strip!

Oprah: What are you going to do? The usual senseless violence?

Helen Wolf: Damn Straight. (pulls Glock 9, splatters Oprah and studio audience with hail of gunfire) sorry, gotta go with your instincts.

Kurd Rogain: It's all so clear now, we must work together!

Rat Bunson: Yeah—as a hip, crime-fighting team!

Helen Wolf: Jesus, welcome to Bad Existential Theatre—to the Plymouth! (Watch for Helen, Kurd and Rat on "The New Mod Squad," Thursdays on Fox)

—Helen Wolf

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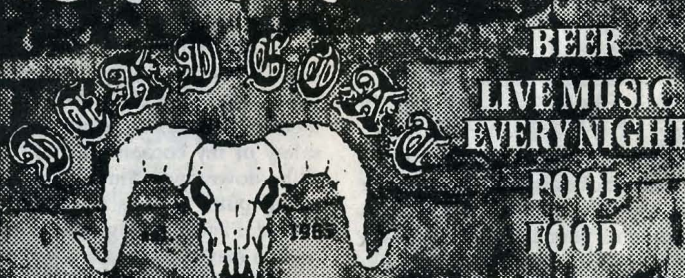


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CONCERT PREVIEW

engine★kid

March 27, Club DV8

Last summer when I talked to Engine Kid they'd just left Salt Lake City and were headed across the Rocky Mountains. They called from a pay phone someplace in the middle of nowhere.

They were a little disappointed with the Salt Lake audience's reaction to their music. At the time they'd just released the "Astronaut" CD5/7" single on C/Z and they were working their way to Chicago. The purpose of the trip was a visit to Mr. Steve Albini's basement and the recording of

their full length album "Bear Catching Fish." Albini's work on the album goes uncredited. The only mention of him is this quote from the inner sleeve, "We drove 1400+ miles from Seattle to Chicago to record in the basement of some guy's brick house. Go figure."

Last time through they played Club Starz to an almost completely unresponsive audience. The audience came to slam. When Engine Kid first hit the stage the audience tried to slam, but hey, it's difficult to slam dance to slow feedback drenched grind alternating with quiet prettiness. By the end of the set most of the audience had taken a seat on the floor and they just watched the band with blank looks. Greg Anderson, guitarist, in an interview with the Seattle Rocket said, "As far as the audience goes, sometimes I feel we're sort of this freak rock band. I've talked to other bands like us, and we're not sure whether the audience wants to leave, kiss us, or kill us." From the expression on the patron's faces at their last Salt Lake show I'd say that about sums it up.

Their early work drew comparisons to Slint. Their background includes stints in Seattle hardcore bands. The CD5 is a combination of quiet acoustic folk which degenerates into pure grinding noise. Quiet loud, loud quiet, that's the way the



thing goes. They cover Neil Young's "The Needle and the Damage Done" with whine intact and just enough feedback for an edge.

The full-length's cover graphics, an old map of the Pacific Northwest overlaid by a Yeti carrying a gun, and several song titles; "Bear Catching Fish," "Cabin Fever" and "Winter Time," have inspired the term "wilderness rock." So they're into the wilderness experience. Photos of taxidermied animals grace the CD booklet, a painting of a wilderness bear attack is on the CD itself. Removing the CD from the box reveals band members photographed as if ready for the electric chair. On the jewel box's rear is a nice wholesome campfire scene.

The album feels cleaner than the EP, that quiet loud, loud quiet thing is still going on, but the Kids have modified it to stay more on the loud side. The John Denver cover was a highlight of their summer live show, it translates well to disc.

Plow your ass down on the coach, turn this album way up and let the power force you into the cushions. Just when you can't stand the G-force any longer they'll give you a nice, quiet-time break. When Engine Kid visits on March 27 at DV8 be prepared for a peaceful sonic onslaught this time, not a moshing grunge fest.

by Wa

Free Wheeler

Pizza



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FEATURE BAND

SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF



EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

Funk. Blues. Jazz. "Alternative" or "Modern" rock. Heavy Metal. Rap. Hip-Hop. All of them are threads that are woven into the tapestry that is Suspension of Disbelief.

Yet Suspension's music is still simultaneously related (at least in spirit) to Salt Lake's hard-core scene, largely due to the band's severe live appearances, which features dreamy, almost droning moments one minute and then showcase Trent's almost Rollins-esque screams. These guys certainly aren't easy to pigeon-hole, which is probably the way they like it.

"I feel we're really onto something original" says Scott, the group's bass guitarist. "(The music) is hard, simply without being real metal. It's not full on rocking crap like Dokken."

But try to pin down the music any further and all you get is ambiguity, both from the band and the music. "I guess we're hard-core," Scott suggests sheepishly, while hinting that he and the others are always trying to keep us guessing.

That's also the way that Suspension's debut CD EP, due out this spring on Salt Flat Records, will likely turn out. The young quartet didn't suffer for months re-recording the five songs in a sub-freezing Provo studio only to put out a one-dimensional effort.

"Nothing ever comes out the way we originally envision," says Trent, Suspension's magnetic frontman. "One of us will bring in something blue. In the end we get something green."

But all four members say they're proud of the CD, which features Trent actually singing of gentle near-ballad "October Swoon," as well as he pissed-off Jazz of "Time Again."

"People are really going to be surprised when they hear it. There's something for everyone," says Jake, Suspension's guitarist. "Like ("October Swoon") is really good. We know we would take shit for it, but we like to take chances. Our music really interests us."

Recording the EP was a difficult, but rewarding experience for the band. Trent says that he called others in the group at least five times to re-record before changing his mind. "It's got to be perfect to us, at least," Trent says.

"We don't mind eating shit, but we live by one rule—we do what's best for the band," adds Scott.

And what the band members think is really good for them is the addition of Greg, their fourth drummer since the group's inception more than a year ago.

"We've finally found the drummer who can make the whole thing last," says Trent. "It's worked out beautifully. There's simply nothing Greg cannot do."

"And he's so cute," japes Scott, teasing the band's fresh-scrubbed, boy-next-door drummer. "We all love him in that one way."

Suspension Of Disbelief also stand's proud in what members say is the first unified Salt Lake "underground" scene in years. Members call themselves fans of March Hare, Daisy Gray, Mayberry, Wad, Anger Overload, State Of The Nation and Waterfront, among others.

"The scene is rad," Greg says eagerly. "There's none of the backbiting stuff anyone. Shows are getting bigger again. And everyone's really supportive of one another."

Speaking of support, Suspension's four musicians have grown into a close-knit, if dysfunctional, family according to Scott.



"Everyone's got their own personalities. Greg's like the moralistic, innocent child. I'm the deranged, fuckin' pervert from Layton. There's Elvis over there (Jake). And then there's the guy who didn't play with enough happy toys (Trent)."

But all joking aside, their devotion to music has led them to bond, and has made them vow to stick together through the worse times.

"I think we'll be together until we're ready to quit music," Jake says. "We've definitely got the opportunity to go a long ways."

"A lot of people believe in us," adds Scott, as the group skirts away the issues of signing to a major recording label somewhere down the road. "The music is still our big focus."

"All we'd really like is to be able to quit our jobs and be able to pay our rent (with our music)," says Trent. "People might call us sell-outs for that, but when you have to work dead-end jobs just to be able to do what you love, success in music is a dream come true."

And while members of Suspension of Disbelief say they're not looking to tour in stretch limousines and tour with Bon Jovi ("that would take a lot of hairspray," says Scott) wouldn't it be a kinder, gentler world if these guys got what they deserve? After all, they've got someone up there on their side.

"God must want to hear our CD," says Scott. "With all we went through to get it ready, God is definitely on our side."

—by Jeff Vice

photographs by Rick Egan

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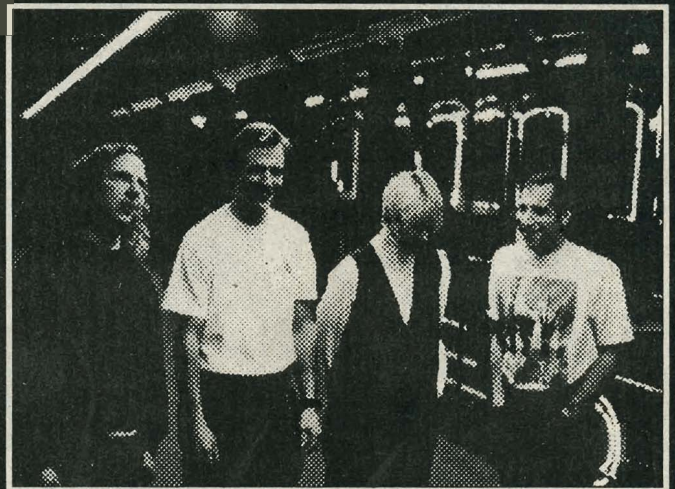
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MISCELLANEOUS

DON'T TAKE IT LYING DOWN

Jello Biafra, on his spoken-word album *I Blow Minds For A Living*, calls pain the "proof-of-purchase" of adventure. He points to how much more socially acceptable it is to talk about pain and show off scars than it is to discuss pleasurable experiences, as an indication of our cultural sadomasochism: "I crashed and burned, therefore I am alive."

Listen to an average discussion of childbirth, and you'd be hard-pressed to find a clearer illustration of Biafra's assertion. Birth stories have, almost invariably, become horror stories. Sharing our tales of terror has become our consolation for having had the power and pleasure of what should be a sexual experience taken away from us and replaced with fear and submission. It is possible for birth to be pleasurable, even orgasmic, but that's kind of hard to achieve when people are watching you and giving you orders.

Why do we go around urging everyone to question authority only to allow ourselves to be strapped down, drugged up, and told what to do the minute we enter a hospital for any reason?

Medical advice is just that: advice, given by mere mortals who, although they have a certain amount of training in an often very narrow field, can be just plain stupid. Know your rights! You have the right to know the names and credentials of anyone who treats or examines you, the right to refuse to be treated or examined by any individual, and the right to have someone else with you when you are being treated or examined.

Furthermore, no medical procedure can be forced upon you. You have the right to informed consent: the right to know why a doctor recommends something and what the possible outcomes and side effects of that something might be. You also have the right to in-

formed dissent: the right to just say no.

Back in December a group of people tried to force a woman to undergo major surgery. Her doctor felt she needed a Cesarean section; she refused. A lawyer was obtained for her fetus (as if the state could be more interested in her child's well-being than she who is carrying it inside her body), and a court order was sought (as if the state could tell a woman what to do with her own body). Fortunately, she was not compelled to submit to surgery, and her baby was born vaginally, and healthy. Others have not been so lucky. In 1987 a woman was forced to have a Cesarean against her will, because she was six months pregnant and dying of cancer. Her baby was removed, and it died within two hours.

Tune in to what is right for you, and then arm yourself with knowledge, for knowledge is power. If you are "expecting," question what is expected of you every step of the way. Is your pregnancy really a medical condition, do you really feel like a patient, or do you feel like a healthy, normal person doing a normal sexual activity? Question the medicalization of your pregnancy and the objectification of your body. You do not have to take your labor lying down. You do not have to go to a hospital to give birth. Look into homebirth. It's great! Homebirth is one way to keep control of your own body and your own experience.

If you decide to go to a hospital, there are still ways to keep from relinquishing your control: Remember that the people there are getting paid to perform a service for you. You are not at their mercy. You should not be treated with disrespect; you should be treated as the customer who is always right. Write

out a birth plan. Be as specific as possible. Arm yourself with copies of it, and make everyone who crosses your path sign it. Then hold them to it. Bring a trusted and knowledgeable advocate with you to help you hold them to it. This "doula" should be in addition to the person, such as the baby's father, who is there to share the experience and provide emotional support.

In many ways medicine has become our society's religion. So often we trust the medical establishment far more than our own bodies' perceptions, and instincts. We turn to the routine use of ultrasound monitors, IV's, episiotomies, etc. procedures meant for emergencies at most, out of fear and misplaced trust. Many of the stories of birth problems cast the obstetrician as a savior figure. While there have undoubtedly been situations in which a doctor has performed nobly or done exceptionally good work, it is also important to bear in mind that many of the procedures done to save women from complications in childbirth are done because another hospital procedure directly caused the complication. Medical intervention is often nothing more than interference and assertion of control: an attempt to get an individual's personal, sensual experience to conform to a clinical textbook expectation. Next thing you know, these people will be trying to climb into bed with us to make sure we're fucking correctly.

And another thing: after the birth don't forget to respect the right of your baby. Don't let anyone take your baby away from you or stick your baby with a needle or slice of a piece of your baby's genitals unless you can find a damn good reason for it! (Which you probably won't).

—Katie Scriver-Waymen

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FEATURE BAND

Doghouse is a band far too few local residents are aware of. They leave the safety of their homes only infrequently to offer their riveting sounds to the masses. Doghouse has self-released one cassette tape in the past. This is a band of perfectionists. Their new tape is at the remix stage and it should be out, "before the new Molly Hatchet album."

Doghouse is Brenda Lazerus - lead vocals/bass. Dennis Maw - guitar/vocals. Bill Frost - guitar/vocals. Jeff Lazerus - drums.

Doghouse traces its roots to obscure Salt Lake City bands from the mid-eighties. Their current life began with three members. Their previously released tape has the three-piece lineup. Bill Frost joined the band a year ago. He gives them an added dimension. Brenda Lazerus describes the situation then and the band's new four-piece incarnation with a simple analogy. "We were an egg. We wanted to break open the egg and make a Denver Omelette."

Each band member has their own description of the music on the new tape and musical change brought about by adding Frost's guitar. Frost calls it "sped up and spiraled into hell." Jeff continued with, "our music improved a lot after we stopped taking so much heroin." Jeff's mom says, "He's playing slower." Brenda calls the music, "pointy." Dennis adds, "it's louder, I love it." Every member of the band contributes to song writing. As for their future the band said, "we want the hand of God to come down and give us a record deal."

I talked to Doghouse at the Lazerus residence. The home's record collection demonstrates a few possible influences. The variety is an example of how invalid comparisons are in describing Doghouse music. There's Cameo album, a battered original of the soundtrack to "Saturday Night Fever," plenty of Aerosmith and AC/DC and a complete collection of original Queen albums. Mixed into this are Miles Davis, David Bowie, and a Herbie Hancock album. The CD collection includes locals Commonplace and Scabs on Strike with Fugazi and the recent reissues of Elvis Costello's early work. Eclectic? Yes, but so is Doghouse music.

The live show is an attempt to reach the audience and involve them in the performance. If you have yet to see Doghouse, do so on March 25. They will play at the Cinema Bar for what they term their "Not A Record Release Party."

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COMIC BOOKS

Welp, I'm feeling a bit moody this month, so rather than giving you my recommendations at the end, I'll blather on in the beginning.

For those of you who complain that there are no good "all ages" comics, there are *Greenhouse Warriors* #4, *Bone* #12, and *Goo The Wanderer* #10. For those with a more thoughtful bent, there are Eddie Campbell's Alec in *The Dance Of Life Death* (long title but worth the trouble), *From Hell*, *Volume Three* (the latest segment of Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell's "Jack the Ripper" tale), *Grendal Tales: Devil's Hammer* #1 (which is probably the "gem of the month" due to Rob Walton's thoughtful plot), *Hepcat* #11, *Kane* #2 (for those of you missed the first issue), *Sin City: A Dame To Kill For* #3, *Swamp Thing* #140 (the first time this title's been worth reading since Alan Moore's departure), and not *Cerebus*. Is the world coming to an end?

Special note has to go to Marvel #3 this month for capturing the wonder of the old "Golden Age" super-hero titles. It's a sorely needed reminder to jaded comics fans saddened by the loss of Jack Kirby (and

for those of you who don't know who Kirby was, there will be a lengthy eulogy next month. Pay attention.).

MASTER OF THE VOID

Written by Stephan Stanley

Illustrated by Adrian Smith

Published by Iron Hammer Graphics

The comics world has been sorely lacking in the representation of Norse mythology since Walter Simonson's departure from Marvel comics' *Thor* (and its subsequent bastardization by hacks like Tom De Falco, Ron Frenz, and Roy Thomas), but that trend has been reversed and improved with Iron Hammer Graphics' *Master Of The Void*.

In fact, title manages to surpass everything Simonson did in one issue, and that's some accomplishment.

Issue #1 begins with the retelling of creation from the Nordic perspective. To the Norse, creation began with ice and to that state it will return. To this desolate state came the dark being known as Surtur, who dwelt in the fire realm of Muspell. At the opposite end of the world was

frozen Nifheim, and suspended between these realms was the void known as Ginnungagap. In time, the void was spanned by a bridge of ice. The fiery Surtur came to despise this change and attempted to rectify things. But in his act of destruction, two beings were created: Ymir (the first frost giant) and Audumla (the earth mother). Upon taking sustenance from Audumla, Ymir slept, and in his slumber was born Buri, the first of mankind's gods...

Got all that? It's a lot of history and tongue-twisting names in Scandinavian myth, but it's also a lot of fun. Happily, writer Stephan Stanley manages to capture this joy with lovingly crafted captions that combine mythic storytelling with a wry sense of humor. Making sense of the long and jumbled Nordic texts is no easy matter, but Stanly makes it look easy.

Stanley's partner in this ambitious project is illustrator Adrian Smith, and Smith is a worthy collaborator. Smith packs an enormity of detail into each panel. Rather than relying on conventional pen and ink illustration, Smith goes with a finely-rendered pencil style that captures the flavor of the tale to perfection. Particularly outstanding are the scenes of Surtur's rage, which possess extraordinary power and depth.

To this mix add the runic lettering of Brian Blair, which rounds this solid package.

One supposes that to like *Master Of The Void*, the reader has to be predisposed to like mythology. But for those of us who do enjoy reading about the old culture, this is a joy to behold. Pester your comics retailer for this one. You'll be glad you did. (\$2.95, Black & White) Grade: A-

BLUEBEARD

Written by James Robinson

Illustrated by Phil Elliot

Published by Slave Labor Graphics

In order to enjoy *Slave Labor's Bluebeard*, one should probably be acquainted with the tale of Bluebeard, but since your humble reviewer isn't your teacher, look it up somewhere.

That said, *Bluebeard* is one of the more intriguing titles to appear on the comic shelves lately.

As the curtain opens on issue #1, Inspector Veloq is taking tea with an elderly woman on a Greek island. The 73-year-old spinster weaves the tale of Anna, a plump, wealthy woman who browbeat the locals for a number of years until the affable Daniel sailed into town and into her heart. Within a short space of time, Daniel and Anna were married, with

the islanders loving the mild-mannered Daniel and despising the tyrannical Anna. When Anna dies falling down the stairs, Daniel is heartbroken and the islanders are secretly relieved. Only Veloq has a few suspicions about the tale, and decides to investigate Anna's old mansion. The place has been pretty much cleaned out by the "gentle" Daniel, and the stairs were rigged to spill Anna's considerable girth...

Get the basic gist? From there Veloq proceeds to Mer De L'oisseau France, where "Daniel" became Oscar Delacey, an international sort. And his victim this time around was Cloe...

The fascinating part of this three-part miniseries is Veloq's pursuit of his nameless opponent. As issue #2 draws to a close, Veloq is only days behind...

Yes, the story is a bit predictable and has a feeling of having been done before, but writer James Robinson manages to inject some life into the material through characterization and detail. The "exotic" locations serve to add a bit of mystery to the plot, while the parade of victims snares the attention of the reader. One genuinely feels for victim number three (Isabelle, a very sweet woman enamored of "Pieter" and even a little for the killer, as we discovered that he genuinely felt for Isabelle, but loses her to the grand plan, anyway. Inspector Veloq is a bit more of a stock character in the tale, but the dialogue keeps things from becoming too familiar...

Robinson is exceeded by artist Phil Elliot, though. While his stylized drawings may leave some cold, they suit the material perfectly. The convincing nature of the settings is mostly due to Elliot's attention to detail in clothing, fashion, architecture, and geography. What's more, the story is made human by Elliot's normal-looking characters. There are no muscle-bound males or wasp-waisted women here, just humans. Of particular note is the moment when the broken-hearted Isabelle stumbles upon Pieter's plot and commits suicide. The shock and despondency revealed on Isabelle's face captures the tone perfectly.

No, it's not any great work of literature by any means. But it is head and shoulders above the dross that most comics readers pick up. I more comics like *Bluebeard* sold well, one supposes the lack of quality in the comics industry would change. One supposes it all depends on what those readers want to read. (\$2.95, Black and White) Grade: B

—Scott Vic



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8 THE OBVIOUS HONEST ENGINE	9	10 BOB EVANS BAND	11 12 THE CHANGE	
15 PETTING ZOO	16 CACTUS TEA	17 SL PATTY S DISCO DRIPPERS	18 19 GAMMA RAYS	
22 PRODIGAL OF SMILES	23 DOLLYMOPS AZZ & THEY	24 BLACK HAPPY & THE GRAYS	25 BIG SANDY & HIS VOODOO SWING & THE SCOFFED	26 FLY RITE BOYS BROKEN HEARTS VOODOO SWING
29 HEAD SHAKE	30 KILLER CLOWNS	31 SO WUT	1 TBA	2 MAZZY STAR with ACETONES

STIMBOY SAYS

Last week I was sitting at my counter at work. (Yeah, I know it aint punk to work, I should dye my hair black and mooch cigarettes all day at Bandaloops like the rest of you tough bohemians, so sue me.) It was a typical night for me, attempting to be courteous to obnoxious frat rats, chasing away bums and answering inane questions for WVC airheads. Because of the peculiar demands of my profession, I always find it helpful to bring a good book or watch an appropriate video before going to work to put me in the proper frame of mind, Taxi Driver usually does the trick. On this particular day, however, I didn't even have time to cue up the Frank Booth scenes from Blue Velvet so I brought one of the classics of 20th century American literature to work with me instead. I'm speaking of course, of Ed Sanders' 1973 masterpiece "The Family."

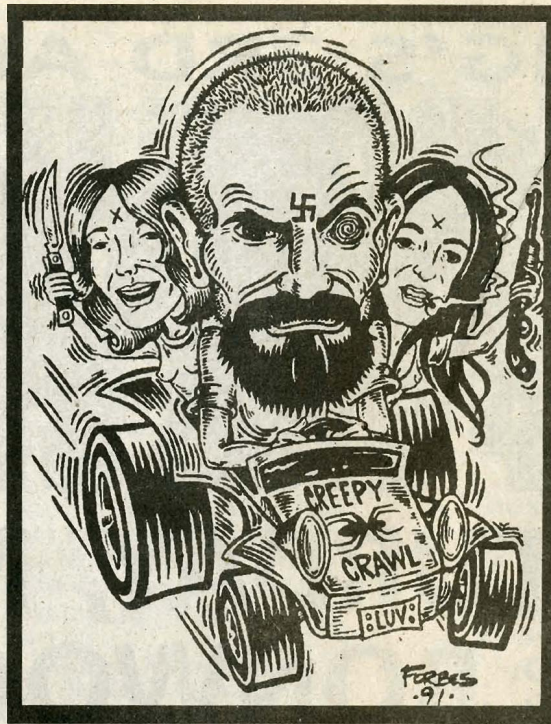
"The Family" is the true story of this guy named Charlie and his merry band of hippie assassins. It's a rollicking good tale, one that I enjoy re-reading every other year or so, much as certain sensitive individuals might savor a particular painting or piece of poetry. So there I was, vicariously reliving the glory years at the Spahn Ranch; mentally reconstructing the command dune buggy and fantasizing about fucking pimply little Diane Lake when a typical product of the Jordan school district interrupted my reverie. "How come Charles Manson is so popular?" She asked, "he really seems to be making a comeback."

I didn't know quite how to respond to her question, I mean I

never thought it was particularly hip to follow the career of Charlie and his pals. I certainly never imagined my interest in the Manson family was on the cutting edge of any trend anymore than I imagined millions of other people would be fans of Nirvana but Charles Manson "popular"? That's like calling John Waters movies "cute." And what about his alleged "comeback"? Granted, he makes a cameo appearance on A Current Affair or Hard Copy from time to time and you can always count on Sharon Tate's sister for daytime talk-show fodder, but after all, the guy's been in prison for over two decades. What kind of comeback is that? Then it dawned on me that she must be referring to that despot little shit Axl Rose and his Gazarri weened cohorts covering Manson's "Look at Your Game, Girl" on their pathetic stab at punk rock cred, "The Spaghetti Incident?" Their admiration for punk rock goes about as far back as Ronald Reagan's memory during the Iran-Contra hearings. Axl grew up on Journey and Elton John just like 90% of the people I went to junior high with. And what's the big fuss about G N'R recording a Manson song anyway? Redd Kross covered "Cease to Resist" back when they were still "Red Cross." Right about the time Bill "Axl" Bailey was probably getting heavy into Peter Frampton and Queen.

Why mention all this? Well, if Manson is indeed some kind of cultural icon, there must be a reason. Let me tell you a little story. See if it sounds familiar:

This young guy gets thrown in prison and falls under the care of an old con who teaches him a few guitar chords and the ins and outs of prison life. Eventually the kid becomes pretty proficient at songwriting and playing the guitar. Upon his release from prison, he heads out to Hollywood, hoping his connections will lead to a big break in the music biz. Along the way, he gets ripped off by a major recording engineer and vows vengeance. Meanwhile, he's managed to manipulate every woman who comes his direction for his own personal gain and surround himself with a gang of sycophantic admirers who listen to every breath from his mouth



and note from his guitar with almost religious devotion. Naturally, as in all good stories, this hedonistic, self absorbed lifestyle leads to his downfall, but he emerges greater and more famous than ever in spite of his crimes.

If you haven't figured it out yet, this is of course the plot to Jailhouse Rock starring none other than Elvis Presley. Amazingly enough, it sounds remarkably like the biography of Uncle Charlie himself. (And with a few minor changes possibly even Axl Rose.) So there you have it; Charles Manson is the stuff folk legends are made of. He's pure Americana, as homespun and essential to the national fabric as Paul Bunyon and Johnny Appleseed. No other country could have produced him. If people romanticize Manson who can blame them? I mean look at the class of criminals this country is producing today: Unimaginative gangsta thugs', anonymous serial killers who couldn't even interest Jerry Springer and the occasional malcontent postal worker with an assault rifle. Dull, DULL, DULL! What's gone wrong, with this country? We're even slipping behind the Russians in the serial killer department: This could cause a serial killer gap! Where are the Ed Geins, the Mansons and the Bundys of today? Come on America, let's show the world that no one makes psychos like we can!

If, as George Bataille has argued, the ideal murder is the su-

preme artistic act, then Manson was the Da Vinci of the crime world. And lets face it, as far as nostalgia goes, I'd much rather have people romanticize Manson than fucking Woodstalk and Jim Morrison.

Miscellanea:
Usually my sweetheart, Helen Wolf, beats me to the punch on all the good bitching but I urge you all to boycott

Budweiser until they take those nauseating commercials that are basically patterned after the film Diner off the air. The most offensive by far features a gang of geeks wearing clamdiggers and swinging golf clubs who look like the maggots in a typical Details fashion spread arguing the merits what can dubiously be called "classic rock." I guess we are supposed to identify with these dimwits. Well, not only are they shitty golfers dressed like four year olds on Easter, they also have horrible taste in music. Foreigner? My Sharona?! Meatloaf?! The only thing this ad says to me is "If you like the worst music ever recorded, you'll also like our beer." Those ads are even worse than the Subaru punk rock commercials which have mercifully been yanked from the airwaves.

Finally, like every red blooded boy in the U S of A I had to check out the latest Playboy to find out if Shannon Doherty's tits are as lopsided as her face. (No, really I was just interested in her scintillating opinions on safe sex. Yeah right, whatever. . .) My how she'll be missed on Beverly Hills 922148 Room 222 Melrose High or whatever the fuck it is. I know I'm weeping. Anyway, do yourself a favor and go see Iggy and the Chainsaw Kittens even if it is at DV84102 or whatever the fuck that place is. I'll be the one upstairs drinking a properly metered Utah cocktail. See you there. . .

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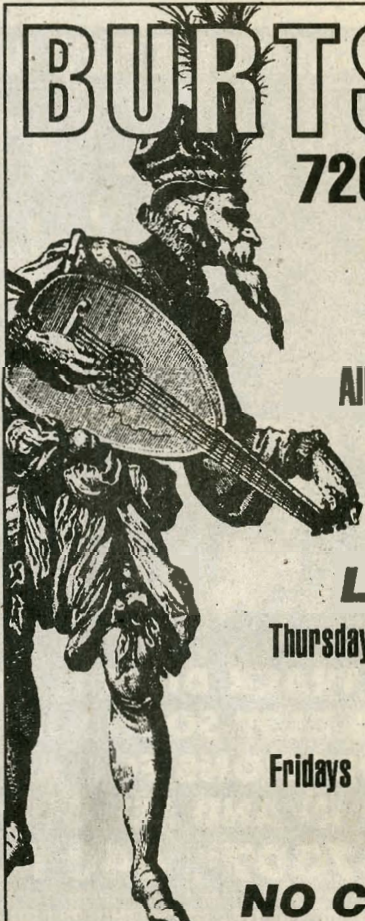
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Picture this...out of the bedroom comes our fav sports hero "Before I go to McD's, I like to do some fuckin', and I always use the McJordon extra strength Ribbed Raincoat." Or maybe the NBA's new superman Shaquille. "I'm 7' tall and 315 lbs. that's why I always use new Rookie Dick Rubbers, besides they light up when you jump."

What about our hometown hero, Karl Malone? "You know the Mailman's a big dude now, so when he gets hungry for some flesh he always uses the Hardee's extra greasy love glove cuz it comes right off without taking any hairs out

with it!"

Of course you'd need different role models for each consumer group. The yupscan have Rob Lowe. "When I do manage to get some poor girl into my bed, I'm kind of a two stroke charlie, so I have to wear a condom otherwise I'd lose my wad on the second push."

Lyle Lovett: "When Julia made me promise 'no offspring' I had no idea each condom had it's own serial number. I wasn't rolling them back far enough! Now I use Short 'N' Stubbys and the band seems to love 'em."

Or companies could adopt the graphic approach. Show some guys decaying rotted penis, oozing puss from the peehole... "She didn't look like she had anything." Or a skanky woman with open sores all over her crotch... "Would you have sex with her? How about after 7 or 8 vodka tonics at your house/face shot with



caption "Cum in their face, not in their mouth!"

If we had our own campaign it would be "Masturbation is King." If I had the stamina to go more than 5 or 6 times a day, I'd never leave the house. Besides, every time you have sex with a woman there's always that uncomfortable ""hold Me" thing which almost makes the act not worthwhile.

Socks, bowling balls, pillows, and my cat. I've never gotten anything from these lovers with the exception of a rescue of a reoccurring rash with the cat. It won't sit on my lap anymore though, it just gives me that "what y'gonna fuck again" look all the time. Oh well, everyone has a cross to bear.

Just remember your dick is not a toy. If it was you could put it in your mouth

—JT & The Fat Man

I have to hold my breath. To stop myself from falling at your feet. To keep from shaking, maybe from thinking...

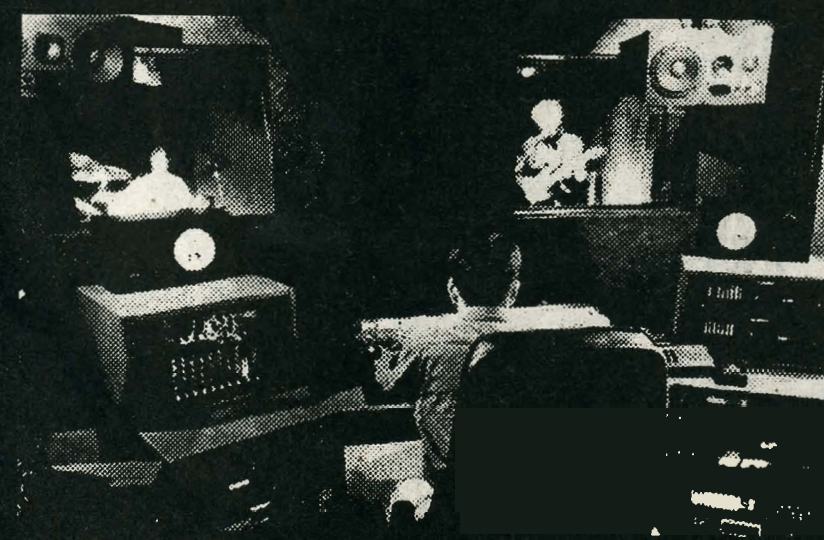
Across the street from that Italian restaurant, in the back yard at 2:00 am, once on the patio, more than once on that table. The simplest things that we have to face are taught by our eyes, and learned by mistake.

But still I can't stop going to the window, to see if you're there. You won't be. You never show. Like Kathy haunting Heathcliff out on the Moores. Except you're not dead. At least not to the rest of the world, only to me. And so I can't lift the curse. Just go up that hill, on and on I climb, until I fall. But never into your arms, always on my face. Faith once again proving itself wrong. Washing you from my mind is like trying to wash blood from your hands. Stained my soul, didn't you. Drove around for three days, staring at the cars and looking in windows. Only thing I can remember is that I was very wet going home. I felt like Lawrence Olivier. Except no one calls me Sir, I hope I'll stop disappearing...soon... Why does this always happen to me...everytime it rains.

—TLP

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LOOK AT RELIGION

When Saint Vinnie de Padua was still a wise ass Italian kid, his religious talks were so compelling, beachfront sermons would inspire roving fish to tread water and listen up. Just as hard to imagine is my idea to spiritual school the mix of mooks who scan this subterranean rag. But hellbells on moon blood, I feel it is my mission, my fate, my destiny.

So who died and me Uncle God? Well for one, religion runs deep in my family. In fact, my mamma was so religious she wore contacts made outta stained glass. And papa (don't take no mess) beat the holy hell outta me anytime the grammar school nuns turned rat fink and sqaled. But moreover, my very soul seems ever dictated by the IN & OUT URGE.

Hindus tells a story 'bout two bumpkin brothers who waltz into the big city for the first time. One goes straight to the temple, the other directly to a brothel. Next day they trade notes. The holy bastard was the whole time contemplating the cat house, while sacred prayers and ancient chants

had gone round and round the whoremonger's mind.

Whether you are spaced out by the Great Spirit or constantly in a horny as fuck mood, the double helix inside the human psyche is passionately engaged. Neither condition is better or worse than the other in the expanding cosmology and in fact they share a common intensity. The reason I feel fanatical about preachin' religion can be traced to my slip-slide nature. I go up and down the chakra spine faster than a monkey in a burnin' firehouse. Ya see, despite the Sisters of the Bloody Knuckles whippin' stick, I've always associated God with Passion. I sense the Holy Spirit as the sex juice of the universe. This IN & OUT URGE that I revere is a middle finger on the pulse of the creation, the sustaining of creation and the destruction of creation.

The Big Daddy, Scary Monster, Fear Thy God stranglehold that's been around for all of recorded time to loosen. Personal passions weave the mystic fabric as much as any All Powerful Al-

mighty. It is the combo thang that gives the cosmos its holy carburabution. Thusly inspired, I wish only to chat, not across a friggin' pulpit, but eye to eye, face to face, gut to gut, heart to heart, sweaty loins to sweaty loins.

So maybe I'm a freak 'cause I get a hard-on everytime I swagger into church. It ain't all carnal, but let me tell ya, that's where you'll find some of the finest looking babes on God's green earth. There is more to it than a "Dice Man" dream. Many of the ways of the old father I dig, honor and respect. Gospel hymns, the scent of incense of certain scriptures, the presence of spirit about the ceremonial sacrifices, all possess the ability to uplift my interior. Reverence is a very intimate emotion and intimacy can be very personally satisfying.

So I sit on both sides of the fence. Anything works for me, sweet cheeks, as long as the reverence ain't fabricated and the passion is personal.

Yeah, I'm an all around type of guy, a buddy-buddy kind of dude, but baby, I simply adore women. In the New World Disorder of chaos and contradiction, the

female is queen bee. Whereas man reats with power and might conquer and enslave, women has a natural gift of flex. Using but a tad of intent, she may create and just as easily destroy.

The natural beauty of this ability is astounding in how it remains incredibly attractive. I go years at a time without getting laid sleeping in my cold monk's bed alone. Might be an occupational hazard, like Vinnie Van Gogh in his hey day. Yet even when the pootang ain't flowin', my spirits are almost always intensified in the presence of a natural born woman. Oh, I could be in a decade long slump, down on my luck, ready to call it quits and a not so innocent female might brush alongside me, parting her corpulent lips in a devilish little smile just to feel it work. In the name of the Mother and the Sistah and the Most Holy Sacred Sexy Thang, tell that greaseball, Saint Vinnie, I'll eat raw a whole school of funky fish if'n I can suckle on that one sweet little peach.

Okay kids, ain't but sacred ground a-tween us,

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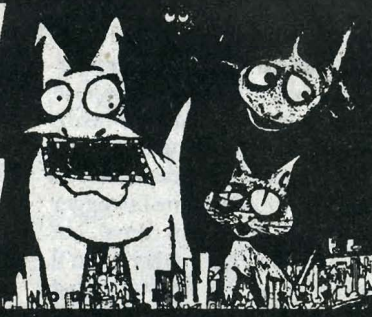
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MISCELLANEOUS

THE MERCY CUBE: Smooth Move

Look, it's time to stop the insanity, and I'm not talking about Susan Powter. I'm talking about this new "lifelike hair replacement technology" stuff, or what used to be called, in the good old Neolithic pre-P.C. days, wigs. It's not that I have anything against wigs or anything, but ... um, never mind, it's that I do have it in for wigs.

Baldness is a noble and honorable culture, with roots that extend back farther than non-bald people could possibly imagine—perhaps back even as far as the epochal epic film *The Ten Commandments*, where the ancient Israelites are so intimidated by the clearly phallic glory of Yul Brynner's head that they leave Egypt so as not to be seduced by its hypnotic power. So shall it be written, so shall it be done.

The glory of the smooth and glistening head has obviously intimidated the non-bald of human culture to such a degree that a sense of deep shame and insecurity has been intentionally instilled in the bald and the balding (heretofore referred to as the Proto-Bald). Even the best, wealthiest and most talented of the Bald have often succumbed to the sadistic, envious pressures of the non-bald—witness Bing Crosby, George Burns, and that one guy who played Oscar Goldman on *The Six Million Dollar Man*. Absolutely Bald to the man.

But the subjugation of the Bald by the non-bald is slowly loosening. Just look at *Star Trek*. Patrick Stewart and William Shatner are equally hairless, but look how Stewart has conclusively proved that the openly bald Picard warps up circles around the insecure "I want to be a macho man" Kirk. I predict *Star Trek: The Next Generation* to forever after serve as a sort of Stonewall riot symbol; for the Bald.

There are still great strides to make however. One still sees talent among the Proto-Bald like Jason Patric, Michael Stipe and The Edge, who do not seem to glory in their nearness to baldhood.

And on this topic one cannot help but acknowledge and deep



brilliance of the Absolutely Bald Andy Warhol. Now here was a hairless but bewigged wonder whose classiness cannot be denied even by this notorious wigaphobe. Faced with nearly complete cranial smoothness by his nineteenth year, he leaped to join the world's wigged, but not really. This guy was so fucking cool that he realized that the only way people would believe that he wasn't really Bald was to pick out the worst, tackiest platinum white beastie he could find—hair so hideous that you'd never think anyone would choose it, so it must be natural. Only after the master's death did I hear of his baldness and oh God it rocked me to the bone.

Personally, I believe that Warhol's wigs were not to shield him, but to shield us. If we, the public, had to deal with the beauty and wonder of an uncloaked Warholian skull we would have never forgiven him for his coolness and he never would gotten his little fifteen minute show on MTV. Oh how I weep for Andy to this day.

As a Proto-Bald man, I glory in the long heritage I shall soon inherit. I grow more impatient for my day of glory with each long hour. Oh, why are there no infomercials hot Nair or even for shaved heads? Wait—maybe I am talking about Susan Powter—hey, even sisters are doing it for themselves and discovering voluntary baldness! So shall it be written, so shall it be done!

—Mark S. Melville

INTERVIEW

Interview with Rick, vocalist for New York City's Hard Core Band 25 TA LIFE



Although this band has only been together for a year-and-a-half, they have already played shows with very well known East coast bands such as Sick of it all, Madball, and Warzone. The 25 TA LIFE line up consists of Rick/vocals, Frank/bass, Fred/guitar, and Harry/drums. The demo that this band has released is brutal, four songs of gut-ripped hard core at its best. I am looking forward to hearing more. I have enjoyed my correspondence with Rick and thank him for doing this interview, the D.I.Y. efforts of this band and their dedication to the hard core scene transcend the word commendable.

It bothers me not in the least that Rick and I differ in the opinion of the Godhead: I am happy for any atheist who can make peace with themselves in their freedom from the superstitions that I believe in.

PLEASE READ ON...

You guys have a demo out now, what has the response been like towards it?

Rick: It's done really well in da states. We sold around 5-6 hundred demos. Also, we sold around 300 in Europe and 50 in Japan, so it's done good.

Will 25 TA LIFE be out on vinyl soon?

Rick: Yes, we're recording our 7" in 2 weeks and it should be out in April. We're working with a German label. We're rerecording "Burned by Da Flames", and "Inside Knowledge," also two new ones - "Can't Believe," and "Short Fuse." Also we recorded for da Aster Records Comp in NY. The way it was... The way it is now... Sick Of It All, Darkside, Breakdown M-13, So check dat out.

What is the scene like in NJ/NY these days?

Rick: Well, in NY there's a h/c Matinee every weekend at Bond St. or Wetlands, also da Grand does shows monthly... and in NJ there's lotsa shows at Studio One - kind of a rip-off though, but there's lots of little shows that kids put on which are cool. Then there's these shows at Middlesex every 3 months or longer. That are FAT!

What inspired the lyrics to the song "Inside Knowledge"?

Rick: It's a song that talks against racism - well in NY there's no whitepower, but when I was on tour with Agnostic Front I saw all these whitepower kids at da shows! And this one night this colored kid was getting harassed and they wanted to beat him up just cause da color of his skin - so that's what inspired that song. I'm not just against whitepower, I'm against any kind of power and rac-

ism.
Do you feel racial peace is possible in America?

Rick: Truthfully, I don't think I'll ever see it in my lifetime, but as long as we keep fighting against it and speaking against it people know what's up - it's all about respect. It doesn't matter your race - it has to do with what kind of person you are - we gotta look out for each other. *Do you believe in a God or Higher Power?*

Rick: I believe in myself and that's it - people who believe in Gods have no confidence in themselves and rely on other so-called higher beings to help them - ya gotta do for yourself cause their ain't no God. Would a God let kids get killed, molested, raped. People get robbed - I don't think so - you gotta believe in yourself. And this Krishna shit that's gotten into hard core, which has nothing to do with hard core has gotta go, all it's doing is brainwashing little kids who wanna be down wit da next cool trend that they think is cool - it's a joke - it's all about believing in yourself.

What would you like to see your band accomplish in the future?

Rick: Just keep doing shows and keep hard core honest and truthful and real - none of that bullshit - trends shit - straight up hard core - that had to be lived 2 be told. And release some fat vinyl. Look for our 7".

Any last comments?

Rick: Yo Dan, thanks for da interview. Good luck with your zine and band. Yo mad drops to my crew D.M.S. Madball - Crown of Thoms. All the people who still believe in hard core. My girl Taml - and all da people who supported us.

Support your scene!



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Interview by Dan/Look Within Productions

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CONCERT REVIEWS

SOULS AT ZERO January 25, Rafter's

I frequent many bars in my endeavors for fresh and exciting entertainment. I sometimes feel as if this town is "too small." My conclusion is that most people in our "City of Salt" are too small.

Wasn't it Shakespear who said, "Variety is the spice of life."?

So I'm thumbing through a local "rag" and stumbled upon a promotional. Souls At Zero playing at Rafter's? Hey, this could be fresh and exciting. Definitely a way to ward off "T" humane condition," or terminal graying.

After some persuasion, a couple of friends decided they would join me in this venture. Finally arriving at (the not so different than B&G) Rafter's we were pleasantly surprised to find that the Beastie Boys were the house music for the night. Rafter's was into it and so were we. Not knowing anything particular about Souls At Zero we were eagerly anticipating them to take the stage.

Not too soon, and the four members of the band took to their instruments and began to play. Two words to describe Souls At Zero —loud and powerful. The volume was incredible, they've just finished touring with Pantera. The sound? Tight, crisp, and full of bass. The instrumentation was delivered professionally, to say the least. Solos with a time release feeling that flow from one guitarist to the other. The vocals were explosive, the lyrics as loud and powerful as the music. One might even find entertainment in the song, "Look."

Put all this together with the steadily driving drum beat of a drummer with an attitude, and you have been vitalized.

—Pete

URBAN DESERT SHOW Feb 20, Spanky's Cinema Bar

Hats off to the slightly bent Steve Neves for organizing this fine fest to celebrate the nativity of our founding fathers. All I can say is, it was a damn fine deal to see a Team Free show that wasn't 100 miles away. And a bonus to see a packed house at Spanky's for someone other than Sister Jane.

First up was SHADOWPLAY who sounded damn muscular, they was rockin but good, a big jump from the Aida house material I've heard. Although I must say, as far as pitch goes, that singer makes them boys from Gene Loves Jezebel sound like Pavoratti.

Next was WOVOKEN. Don't know a damn thing about these boys but they sure were punk. They had custom green mohawks and all. You

can bet they don't work no office jobs. Actually, I enjoyed them quite a bit, especially their more melodic material which had a kind of early Orange County (e.g. Adolescents, Hated, TSOL) tinge to it. Fine and Rockin.

BIRDMAN took the stage and as always the question was, "Where's Cody?" No matter, they played their twisted little tunes, and with or without a mumbling lead vocalist, they're still one of the best bands in town and are even better now than with the original line up.

Naturally, the evening had to degenerate into a rambling spontaneous jam befitting the nature of a Desert Show. The final band was called ROPE and was basically an amalgamation of members of BIRDMAN, QUISP, DOLLYMOPS and Steve Neves himself on recorder and wounded guitar. To make things even more perfect, Cody finally arrived and thrilled us all with his break dancing dexterity. A perfectly alcohol sodden sloppy ending to an excellent night of rock and roll.

Stimboy

B.B. King Joe Louis Walker

Feb. 23 - Abravanel Hall

One of the most incredible blues shows I've yet to experience happened on the eve of the 23rd of February. Blues legend, B.B. King (and his guitar companion Lucille Gibson) cranked out probably the most entertaining blues set that this wonderful state of Utah has seen. King, along with his eight piece band rocked the Hall with their own brand of blues and R & B (R&B in the traditional sense, not the new discoesque so-called "R&B). B.B. mesmerized the audience with his smooth, catchy riffs on such classics as "The Thrill is Gone" and "When Love Comes To Town."

An incredible show, and well worth the 22 dollar tag. The opening act was Joe Louis Walker, another blues great who has been around since dirt (no, not the punk band). Walker and his band also put on an amazing show.

I'm sure there are a few of you who are reading this and wondering, "What the fuck is a review of a blues show to do with punk?" Well, my answer is, a lot. Punk is the spawn of early blues exactly like what was performed at Abravanel Hall on Wednesday night. But, don't take my word for it. Go pick up (or order) a copy of The Monkey Wrench Clean As A Broke Dick Dog on Sub Pop. This is an album of blues covers featuring Mark Arm and Steve Turner (Mudhoney), Tom Price (Gas Huffer), Tim Kerr (Poison 13), and Martin (Lubricated Goat). Mark arm explains on the back cover why these punks would want to play (heaven forbid) blues.

—B.S. Tilman (the friendly punk)

SHORT STORY

A SUNNY DAY

I couldn't have been more than five or six. We didn't have the blue station wagon much longer than that. On the day, like any other, like anybody else, my mom sat in front by Dad, and me and my sister tumbled around in the back.

It's an old memory, but the colors and feelings are still full and bright. It must have been spring or early summer.

My dad was a good family man. He always went the speed limit. I always wanted him to go faster.

"It's against the law," he'd say.

We were out for a drive, I don't remember where. We lived in a valley full of cities. You never knew where one ended and the next began. We were going down a street that afterwards, it seems now, we never went down again. It was a busy street that neighborhoods emptied into. We were driving east with the sun straight above us.

My dad noticed a commotion and pulled to the side of the road. He told us all to stay put, including Mom. From where we were parked, we couldn't see. I think my dad wanted it that way.

We were parked by two or three other cars next to the entrance of a parking lot. I remember it was a huge lot, freshly tarred. No white lines yet, no wheel blocks. It looked like a neat place to ride a skateboard or a bike. Across the entrance was a barricade. But you could tell, the tar was already dry.

The barricade was made simply with a four inch fence post supported by two folding wooden horses.

There was a small crowd. My dad walked over.

I figured, since my mom was an adult, that she knew what was up. But she wasn't telling. So I scabbled to the door and let myself out. If mom said no, I didn't hear or else I didn't pay any attention.

My dad and the blur of other adults were standing along the edge of the tar, looking at the ground. No one said much of anything. I was standing right there too, and my dad wasn't even mad. I don't think he cared any more.

There in front of us was a dead

little boy. He was lying next to the barricade in a puddle of blood. It looked like the boy had spilled a bucket of paint and fallen into it. He looked older than me, maybe even an upper-grader. He wore a white jumpsuit and a plastic white helmet. Next to him was an overturned go-cart,

He was curled up like a baby in the middle of all that blood. I couldn't see his face, just a red clump inside a smashed little helmet. He was dead because he wasn't moving. I had watched enough TV to know. But something didn't fit. On TV only big people die, and after sputtering a few last words, lay still on their backs with arms and legs spread out. And there was never this much blood.

On the way home my dad told us what had happened. The dead boy's older brother had built the go-cart and the two of them went to the new lot to ride it. The older boy showed his brother how to steer it and make it go fast. But he forgot to tell him how to stop.

I saw the dead little boy as I looked down to the bleeding lump at my feet.

I was wearing a hairnet, a flannel shirt, and sunglasses even though it was dark. I had not shaved for two weeks, and I had dark make-up on my nose and cheeks.

I had told him to be cool but he wanted to be a hero. He gave me no choice.

His blood flowed in glistening streams under the fluorescent light.

I had the night deposit bag in my hand and a hotwired car parked two blocks away under a broken streetlight. I gathered the spent shells from around the dead man, tucked the bag inside my shirt and the automatic in my belt, and ran.

The tar of the parking lot was silent under my feet.

For the last couple of hours my thoughts had been numerous, practical and focused. Now as I ran I had only one thought. And it was laughing at me.

Pretty Boy would never have done that.

—Cava Gray

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ROCKABILLY

Much to the dismay of Ms. Wolf, the third issue of **Put Yer Cat Clothes On** has hit the streets. Believe it or not Helen there are more rockabilly bands out there. Thanks to **Put Yer Cat Clothes On**, they are starting to line up for a trip to Salt Lake City. One of the best will appear with the good Reverend on his third visit to our town. The Flat Duo Jets, a two-piece, will make their first appearance. They're leaving the safety of North Carolina for a trip west and a possible encounter with a Utah redneck. The same rednecks who used to hang around the Westerner before the hokey pokey came back into fashion. Since then they've grown their hair long or shaved it all off, as the case may be. They are now heavily into alternative rock and/or heavy metal.

I look forward to Helen's Trailer Park updates in **Put Yer Cat Clothes On**. One thing about Ms. Wolf, she is funny, that bitter cynicism makes for some entertaining reading. I wonder what would happen if TCI found out she was pirating cable and Publishers

Clearinghouse cut her off? I suggest a subscription to one of the many fine roots rock fanzines around the country.

Just in is the latest issue of **Cat Tales** out of Sterling, VA. Krazy Greg is up to #25, so someone must like the **Big Beat**. This issue is light on the rockabilly, Greg interviews the Dovells and Ben E. King. Even the record reviews concentrate on R&B or doowop. I can take it. My tastes range far and wide.

Greg gives the rundown on some of the latest fanzines to cross his path, some of them I have yet to see. Out of Mt. Vernon, NY comes issue #4 of **Rhythm and Roots Review**, published by Rocket J. Also out is #3 of **Original Cool**. **Original Cool** concentrates on newer rockabilly bands. It is published by Sue Smallwood. I suggest Sue interview our own **Voodoo Swing**. They've gained enough status around the US to be featured in an advertisement from Ohio's **hepcat records**. As the ad reads, "Brilliant new release from Salt Lake City's top rockabilly band."

Continental Restyling #2 is out. This 'zine is published by Jerry Desvaux and it comes from West Midlands, England. **Continental Restyling** is dedicated to the European rockin' scene and it covers major hot rod shows as well as rock 'n' roll. **Red Hot Express** is a bimonthly and it is up to issue #13 This mag is published out of Bloomfield, N.J.

The third issue of **Twangin'** is out. This 'zine sticks mostly with alternative country. Names to remember are Jimmy Dale Gilmore, Junior Brown, Robert Earl Keen and Monte Warden, just a few of many. **Twangin'** also covers blues, R&B and rockabilly. The latest issue has a review of **Put Yer Cat Clothes On Issue #1** and a review of the **Voodoo Swing Cd**. It comes from Concord, CA and is published Cheryl Cline.

Also of note is **Kicks**. This 'zine comes out intermittently. The last issue was #7. Everything from rockabilly and R&B to garage rock and surf is covered. This 'zine is your basic primer in trash culture. It is filled with old movie advertisements from the underbelly of society and old record and live performance ads. Billy Miller and Miriam Linna are the editors. They are featured in **Research Industry's Incredibly Strange Music**. They also run **Norton Records**. Both are members of the legendary **A-Bones**. Billy is the lead vocalist and Miriam plays drums and contributes vocals. **Kicks** is the largest of the 'zines with over 100 pages in #7. I expect issue #8 shortly.

Finally out of the Pacific Northwest comes **Blue Suede News**. It is a quarterly 'zine and

covers blues, rockabilly, R&B and country. Marc Bristol is the editor. The 'zine also has a record label and for \$26 you get four issues and a Family Jewels cassette. **Blue Suede News** is up to issue #24. Unlike the other zines it has tapped into a distribution network and copies can be found, sometimes, at the local Barnes and Noble.

In case you think this rockabilly thing is limited to Salt Lake City and is only a passing fad, I invite you to plunk down a few bucks and find out what is happening around the country and the world. Rockabilly, garage rock, surf, "real" country, and R&B will never die, so get used to it!

I get tired of the noise, screeching guitars and mumbled vocals, it's nice to relax with the "Big Beat" once in a while. For a real treat sit down with Rhino's recent box set, "Songs Of The West," or any of the doowop releases from Relic Records.

Interested in any of the mags? Here are the addresses. **Cat Tales**, Box 1191, Sterling, VA, 20167. \$15 for six issues. **Rhythm and Roots Review**, J. Erhardt, 24 Summit Ave, Mt. Vernon, NY, 10550. Six issues for \$2. **Original Cool**, 1533 Sea Breeze Trail, Suite 201, Virginia Beach, VA, 23452. \$15 for six issues. **Continental Restyling**, 78 Hatherton Road, Cannock, West Midlands, England. \$20 for four issues. **Red Hot Express**, Anthony Sturiale, 100 Walnut St., Bloomfield, NJ, 07003. \$5 an issue. **Blue Suede News**, Box 25, Duvall, WA 98019. \$20 for four issues.

By Wheels

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LOCAL LABELS

R.U. DEAD

For my money, one of the best things happening on the local scene is the proliferation of Salt Lake area record labels and local releases. In the next few months I hope to be able to give a run down on what they're up to and write a continuing column featuring the products that are coming out of our fabulous little town. So if you have a label, or are in a band with a local release please send the following info to me c/o SLUG:

1. Name, mailing address, business phone.
2. Length of time in the glamorous indie record biz and general history of your label/band.
3. A list of all previous, current and planned releases and where they are available.

This month, I'd like to burn a few paragraphs on what is probably the most dedicated and worthwhile local punk rock label run by some dedicated and worthwhile folks. Naturally, that label would be R. U. DEAD MUSIC. Duaine and his cohorts have been inflicting their brand of positive anarchy in our community for a number of years encompassing many different areas and mediums. While they are best known for producing HATEX9 and NSC, RU DEAD also publishes "Activating Dissent" a DIY anarchist journal which can be found at many coffee shops, bars and Indie record stores. Rather than attempt to describe it, I urge you pick up a copy

and read it yourself. RU DEAD is also responsible for Food Not Bombs, an organization which provides free meals in Pioneer Park every Friday.

While I have my own opinions as to the validity of these projects, I can guarantee that RU DEAD puts its money where its mouth is. All of their actions are guided by complete integrity. Their benefits actually benefit the people they are supposed to, and their music actually expresses and articulates the case for the causes they support. It just goes to show that you don't have to be Fugazi to maintain some dignity and not rip people off.

The latest project for RU DEAD is their involvement in the Autonomy House Collective which quite coincidentally, SLUG is having a benefit for this month. On the record front, in addition to The Big Mountain 12" compilation, RU DEAD has also released an NSC 7" and a HATE X 9 single. Their next two projects will another NSC 7" and a release from WOYOKA.

As you can probably guess, with all these projects going on, RU DEAD is always looking for volunteers and money. If you are interested in helping RU DEAD in any of their ongoing community support actions, or are just interested in the music, you can contact them at:

PO Box 11015
SLC, Ut. 84147
OR CALL (801) 535-1852

—Jon Shuman



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DAILY CALENDAR

Saturday March 5th

★ March Hair, Daisy Gret, Prodiron, Wad - *Playschool*

- House Of Cards - *Dead Goat*
- Salsa Brava - *The Zephyr*
- Abstrak - *Bar & Grill*
- My Sister Jane - *Cinema Bar*

Sunday, March 6th

- Acoustic Jam - *Dead Goat*
- So Wut - *Cinema Bar*
- Mind At Large - *The Zephyr*

Monday, March 7th

- O.C. Anderson - *The Zephyr*
- Blue Devils Blues - *Dead Goat*
- Speak Easy - *Cinema Bar*

Tuesday, March 8th

★ Reverend Horton Heat w/ Flat Duo Jets - *Club DV8*

- Tapestry w/ Swim Pigs - *Cinema Bar*
- The Obvious w/ Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
- Andy Summers & John Ethridge - *The Zephyr*

- Iris - *Dead Goat*

Wednesday, March 9th

★ Iggy Pop w/ Chainsaw Kittens - *Club DV8*

- Indivision - *Dead Goat*
- Git Noah - *The Zephyr*
- The Obvious & Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
- Poetry - *Cinema Bar*

Thursday, March 10th

- Bob Evans Band - *Bar & Grill*
- Other People - *Dead Goat*
- Broken Hearts - *The Zephyr*
- Voodoo Swing - *Burts Tiki*
- God Bullies w/ Quisp - *Cinema Bar*

Friday, March 11th

- Broken Hearts - *Burts Tiki*
- Backwash - *Dead Goat*
- Gamma Rays - *The Zephyr*
- The Change - *Bar & Grill*
- Honest Engine - *Cinema Bar*

Saturday, March 12

- Disco Drippers - *Cinema Bar*
- Backwash - *Dead Goat*
- Gamma Rays - *The Zephyr*
- The Change - *Bar & Grill*

Sunday, March 13th

- Acoustic Jam - *Dead Goat*
- Honest Engine - *The Zephyr*
- Rubberneck w/ Scheme of Things - *Cinema Bar*

Monday, March 14th

- Type O Negative, Life of Agony w/ Stick - *The Zephyr*
- Speak Easy - *Cinema Bar*
- Blue Devils Blues w/ Sherman Robertson and his Posse - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday, March 15th

- Face In The Dirt - *Dead Goat*
- A.C. Reed & The Spark Plugs - *The Zephyr*
- Ssurg w/ Prodigal of Smiles - *Cinema Bar*
- Petting Zoo - *Bar & Grill*

Wednesday, March 16th

- Hinge - *Dead Goat*

- Unshakable Race - *The Zephyr*
- So Wut - *Cinema Bar*
- Cactus Tea - *Bar & Grill*

Thursday, March 17th

St. Patrick's Day

- Megan Peters and Big Leg - *Dead Goat*
- Riverbed Jed w/ Dollymops - *Cinema Bar*
- Voodoo Swing - *Burts Tiki*
- Mercy Me - *The Zephyr*
- Disco Drippers - *Bar & Grill*

Friday, March 18th

- Gamma Rays - *Bar & Grill*
- Broken Hearts - *Burts Tiki*
- Too Far Gone - *Cinema Bar*
- Insatiable - *Dead Goat*

- Disco Drippers - *The Zephyr*

Saturday, March 19th

- Killer Clowns - *Cinema Bar*
- Disco Drippers - *The Zephyr*
- Gamma Rays - *Bar & Grill*
- Voodoo Swing - *Dead Goat*

Sunday, March 20th

- Green Apple Cradle w/ KGB - *Cinema Bar*
- Headshake - *The Zephyr*
- Open Acoustic Jam - *Dead Goat*

Monday, March 21st

- Blue Devils Blues - *Dead Goat*
- Carcus - *The Zephyr*
- Piss Factory w/ Dollymops - *Cinema Bar*

Tuesday, March 22nd

- Renegade Saints - *Dead Goat*
- Poetry - *Cinema Bar*
- Prodigal Of Smiles - *Bar & Grill*
- O.C. Anderson - *The Zephyr*

Wednesday, March 23rd

- Dollymops, Aziz w/ They - *Bar & Grill*
- The Renegade Saints - *Cinema Bar*
- Jungles Apart - *The Zephyr*
- A Band & His Dog - *Dead Goat*

Thursday, March 24th

★ Crash Test Dummies w/ Mae Moore - *Club DV8*

- Voodoo Swing - *Burts Tiki*
- Black Happy w/ The Grays - *Bar & Grill*
- Mind At Large w/ Green Adams Cradle - *Cinema Bar*
- Terence Blanchard - *The Zephyr*
- Rayband - *Dead Goat*

Friday, March 25th

- Rising Lion - *Dead Goat*
- Dash Rip Rock w/ The Loved Ones - *The Zephyr*

- Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys, Voodoo Swing w/ The Scoffed - *Bar & Grill*

- Doghouse - *Cinema Bar*

Saturday, March 26th

- ★ J Binder, Riverbed Jed w/ Mind At Large - *Basement of DV8*
- Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys, Broken Hearts w/ Voodoo Swing - *Bar & Grill*
- Rising Lion - *Dead Goat*
- Dash Rip Rock w/ The Loved Ones - *The Zephyr*
- Reverend Willie - *Cinema Bar*

PREVIEW



GOD BULLIES & QUISP

Here's a show you don't want to miss. This Amphetamine Reptile band will crush your skull. Their noisy, heavy guitar laden sound will keep you movin'. Thursday, March 10th at Cinema Bar

Sunday, March 27th

★ Engine Kid, Iceburn w/ Spitboy - *Basement DV8*

- Black Happy - *The Zephyr*
- Benefit For Spore - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Jam - *Dead Goat*

Monday, March 28th

- Abutalib - *Dead Goat*
- Speakeasy - *Cinema Bar*

Tuesday, March 29th

- Iris - *Cinema Bar*
- Honest Engine - *Dead Goat*
- Headshake - *Bar & Grill*

Wednesday, March 30th

★ Fishbone w/ Biohazard w/ Kyuss - *Club DV8*

- The Daddie - *The Zephyr*
- Gruntruck w/ Riverbed Jed - *Cinema Bar*
- Killer Clowns - *Bar & Grill*
- Shadowplay - *Dead Goat*

Thursday, March 31st

- So Wut - *Bar & Grill*
- Camp Night featuring Captain Disco and the Coconuts - *Cinema Bar*
- Tab Benoit - *The Zephyr*
- Voodoo Swing - *Burts Tiki*
- Riverbed Jed - *Dead Goat*

Friday, April 1

- Sleep - *Cinema Bar*
- Broken Hearts - *Burts Tiki*

Saturday, April 2nd

★ Green Day w/ Tilt - *Club DV8*

• For Love Not Lisa w/ Riverbed Jed - *Cinema Bar*

- Mazzy Star w/ The Acetone - *Bar & Grill*

Wednesday, April 6

★ Unwound, Mayberry w/ Quartersloth - *Basement DV8*

★ Indicates All Age Show
It's a damn shame we didn't list your show or schedule...get off your ass!!!

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