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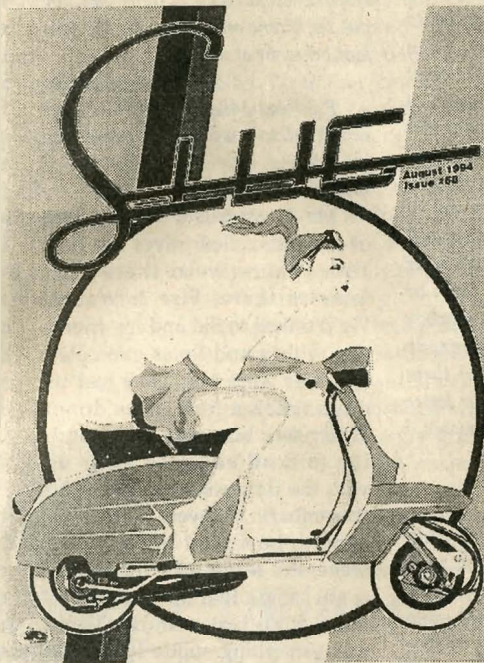
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This Month's cover artist is Jared Eberhardt. He is a 23 year old graphic designer, and has been doing it three years. The cover picture was done on a Mac Quadra 650 in Aldus Freehand. The girl was hand drawn and then scanned onto the scooter from a photograph. Jared has done a lot of snow-board graphics and does digital design for Medium magazine. During the day he makes trophies, however with his gifted hands, he will be doing graphics full time as soon as someone spots his talent. If you want to get in touch with him, his voice mail pager number is 267-1847.



If you would like to submit a cover, do it. Any form of artwork is acceptable; photos, artwork, drawings or whatever. If we haven't used artwork you have sent, we still might, this is an ongoing thing. The final artwork must fit into a space 8" wide by 10 1/2" tall. If you are submitting it camera ready, the line screen must be less than 85 dpi.. All color must be done on a separation separate from artwork. Please leave us a space to write what is in the issue. Please include contact information so we can get a hold of you and tell people about you. Send all submissions to address below. Any questions, call the # that's also listed below.

WRITERS NOTICE: All writing must come in typed, or on a 3.5" disc (IMB or Apple). If you are one of the many writers out there who haven't sent it in yet...what's the problem. See the way it works is, you send it in...we print it. We can always use opinionated columns, short stories or whatever strikes your interest.

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SLUG
AUGUST 1994
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SLUG is published by the 1st of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing 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 20th of the month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask you keep your writing direct and to the point, thus leaving more room for other writers. We thank everyone for the continued support.

Thank you
SLUG STAFF

SLUG STAFF (801) 487-9221
P.O. Box 521465 • SLC, UT 84152

dear dickheads

Dear Dickheads,

I'm writing this hate filled letter because I (sp)sick of the current so called scene. I'm not going to complain about the music you listen to although I can wipe my ass with it. What I hate most is the dorky clothes being worn by the majority of 12 to 18 year olds. Myself and others call these geeks that dress that way clowns (in case you are not enlightened a clown is some asswipe who wears over excessive baggy clothes which are often homeboy looking tee shirts, ugly colored pants that 2 or 3 people could fit into at the same time which are frayed at the pantlegs revealing childish looking shoes. The only reason I can figure you dress that way is to look like an idiot/queer). All I want to know is why do you like to dress up like lower class six year olds? Is it because you want to be accepted by a herd of dope smoking losers, (most of the straight edgers I know have abandoned dressing in that silly manner) or are you just trying to be alternative? Dressing like a clown doesn't make you alternative because everybody else does it and that puts you in the mainstream like the rest of the losers that get the money to dress that way from their mommies. I remember the good old days when men were men and being a punk meant something. It also meant getting shit on every day because you looked a little bit different and listened to music that actually wasn't girly boy/puss music. (Sick of it All, Slapshot, D.R.I., Agnostic Front not pussys that think they're punk like Green Day, Stone Temple Pilots, and Rage Against the Machine which are not underground bands at all, just a bunch of sellouts) Now I don't need to be a punk because now I am compterful(sp) being my own person. I don't need to be a punk to offend people, I just do and maybe you need to be offended until you pull your heads out and realize you look like a bunch of.....

ED Note: It is at this point in this letter that the writer turns into a

homophobic insecure adolescent, and the same point at which I decided to not print any more of it, even though the writer 'dares' me to print it "if I'm so damn underground". I haven't heard a more childish dare since I was in 4th grade. By the way he goes on to say "I'm not homophobic cuz I'm not afraid of a bunch of wooseys that can't hurt me anyhow" I suggest that you channel your energies into some other form or medium. This paper is not a soapbox for you to belittle and degrade groups of people. Make fun of them all you want, but when your letter turns racist, sexist or homophobic, I draw the line. Sorry.

Dear Dicks,

Don't tell me please, this Michael Styles just ain't for real, or is he a he-man Do the publishers of SLUG run anything, even sexist trash in the interest of free press without a disclaimer? Or Mr. Styles is playing the devil's advocate as some pseudo-Uncle Ezra-Padre Beelzebub? Nothing sacred, which is fine. But the proud to be closet chauvinist bears a dangerous grudge against women. Not only are women still viewed by Styles as bitch possessions for men to manipulate, the overall sentiment leads to justifying continuing abuse. Fear, misconceptions and blatant prejudice against more than half the world's population! Therefore basically promoting hideous assaults, including rape. Given the opportunity, sicko-Styles would rape at will and attempt to blame the victim for his actions and even his thought process. I ask that SLUG be more selective and responsible in choosing material to print. Especially in a publication that stands for "minority" rights, women, gays, artists and the like. Keep it up with the phallic likes sick-o-path "public enemy" Styles, and the women of this alternative scene won't be supporting your newspaper anymore. That sort of boycott could be one ugly catastrophe now wouldn't it?

P.S. I'll give Anita Bobbitt your address, Styles.
Kat (a feline)

Dear Kat,

I apologize if I have offended you, but my thesis was to make men responsible for their actions and not put the blame on women for the violent behavior of men.

Michael Styles

P.S. Read Miles Davis' autobiography and take a class in symbolism.

Dear Dickheads,

Me & my friend were at one of these so called 'raves' on July 16th. There were these two females there, Fire & Water. We'd talked to Sid and my friend was with it and I was gone. Fire & Water were hot. They had us done (stick a fork in us done) Water was bumping and grinding to it all and Fire lit us up with the things she said (which I remember). We were both shy & gone to be totally hip with the scene, the scene with the orange & all. I think that the orange was more than just a show. There was something subtle to it. And subtle is not my scene. But I must apologize for dropping the orange. If we are to be still in your graces, please inform us. Write to SLUG, when & where and I'll bring the orange. I ate the other one, damn it was so good.

Miss Stanton, I wonder how old you are, you sound too old & in our way. Go home, take out a loan and buy a clue. "Harder than your husband" is a funny saying & that's it, art yeah, not anything to take this seriously. There's more important things to worry about. And if you have to ask, ain't nobody who's going to tell you.

Rob

I'm just Brian.

Dear Dickheads,

Once again I'm writing in response to the psycho corners response to my letter.

To begin, I believe the psycho-boys don't seem to understand the difference between cat piss and expression, one is a form of excrement and the other is an abstract concept. Also I'd like to comment on their advice to seek professional help, why should I take advice from some superficial self proclaimed fashion experts who are barely potty trained when I could care less what they think except that its

amusing to tease animals.

Now to play with my farm pets, and I don't mean in the a carnal sense, though I think they may not understand more evolved concepts of playing, but in an oral sense and I am not referring to mastication or any form of consumption of flesh (I don't even eat meat though unimportant to mention, I do like a snack on the livestock now and then, metaphorically speaking). I think they could use some veterinary medications, if I may suggest, for the apparent bad case of hoof and mouth disease the seem to have contracted. I recant my previous recommendation to try anything if it helps. It looks like they tried bestiality as a treatment. The poor cattle, dogs, cats and god only wishes he didn't know what other animals have been subjected to them. Come to think of it, with their obsession with cats and the fact that they would require very small penises, it must have been the poor domesticated felines that suffered the most.

Well now, to comment on what I do for a living, it's none of your business even if you could comprehend, my ill little psycho-boys.

In closing I'd like to also suggest to the boys that they take a good look in the mirror and see if they can see past their pretentiousness, self-righteousness and their egos and see the animals that they appear to be to me.

See ya,
Winky

Dear Dickheads,

I am writing in response to the letter by little Amber Heaton. You poor little mishappen girl trying your damnest to be a feminist.

Your pouting over some guy throwing a pair of bra and panties on stage. Then the singer sporting them around. It was a pathetic joke, (I could have thought of something funnier) not a disgrace to women. You must have been just pissing in your diapers when shows at the Speedway would have women throwing bra's and panties then jumping up on the stage to show it all off

If your so disgusted...next time throw a fucking jockstrap or

something. If your claiming to be a feminist and are so pissed about the way we're treated, bitch about this. Fight the court systems when men rape women and are released in 2 years or less for good behavior. Also, fight for the work place where a penis always gets the higher pay. Now that's fucked up. Did you learn a lesson?

Fight for real issues, be a real bitch, be a real woman, and not a little girl. If you are going to cry, don't go to anymore shows because you won't be crying on my shoulder.

*Signed by ME
(A real woman of course)*

P.S. If you're so concerned about equal rights and woman bashing you shouldn't be writing to this column called "Dear Dickheads" (That sounds a bit maleish).

**O'DELL WISH-HEN'S
ROMANTIC EYE GRABBER
CLASSIFIED**
Fire eating, Sword swallowing, Ambidextrous, Graveyard Pillaging, Pistol Packin', Dixie Whistlin', Mega God with the body of Pitt, and the head of whatever. I enjoy mountain biking, canoeing, hiking, dogs, cats, children, licking the bellies of fat sweaty cops, grinding on poles, and doing the Daffy Duck thing when he goes nutty... "Woo Hoo, Woo Hoo"...well you get the picture. Looking for a woman with sharp teeth, black lipstick, and someone who will be my mommy.

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Dear Dickheads,

In response to Cody (Not To Be Confused With Birdman) are these thoughts. If I understand correctly, leather brained fucks picked fights with you in high school because of the way you dressed. Now that you have reached maturity you want to vandalize my house, neighborhood and car. Then you want to kill me. All of this because you didn't like a CD review I wrote. What is the difference between those leather brained fucks and you Cody (Not To Be Confused With Birdman); a hairstyle or clothing? It certainly isn't your thinking.

Your letter perfectly demonstrated the exact mentality I parodied in the review. Not only the vigilantism of a certain element of the neighborhood watch teams, but also the ridiculous, ugly graffiti most "taggers" paint and the stupidity of a few skater punks.

Offspring comments on society in their

music; I commented in the review. I didn't "crumb on" the Offspring Cody (Not To Be Confused With Birdman), I used their music as an inspiration for a sarcastic essay using stereotypes. Too bad you didn't understand it. For my effort I receive a death threat letter which stereotypes me: If you ever find me or someone tells you what I look like, you are in for a shock.

I'm glad local bands such as Voodoo Swing, The Broken Hearts, Deviance, Doghouse, Exploding French, Plug and The Dollymops have the intelligence to catch the sarcasm ever present in my writing. They, or someone who knew them, gave me tapes, CDs or records I thoroughly enjoyed. If they didn't understand the reviews I'd be dead long before you found me. It was a great letter Cody (Not To Be Confused with Birdman). Thanks for writing. I'm sure the Offspring are proud to have you as a fan.

*Sincerely
Wa*

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Dear Dickheads

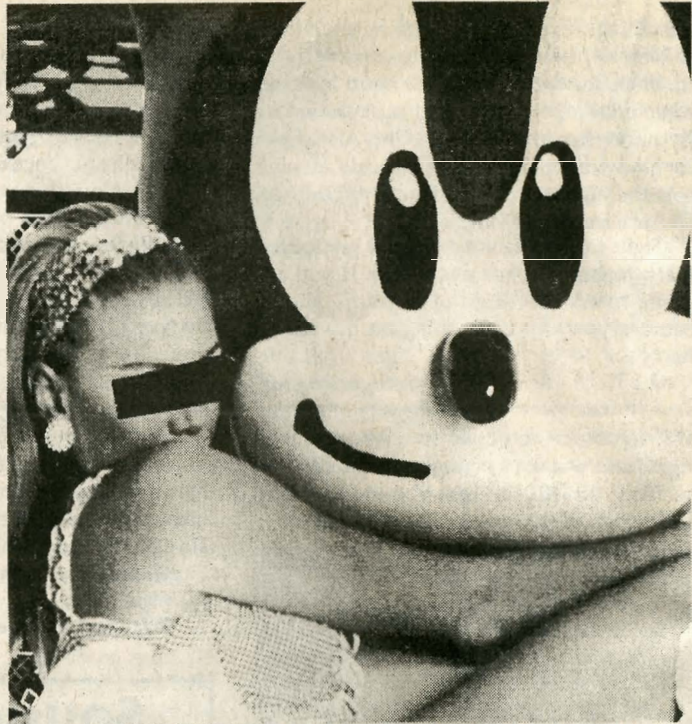
CATCHY HEADLINE

Clever Subtitle

First of all, minions, Kiss did NOT play at Livestock, it was a *joke!* OK? Not a bad one, either—Z-93 was flooded with calls from the Kiss Army demanding satisfaction. Maybe next time I'll give those Z-fucks a coronary and fabricate a Led Zeppelin reunion. Soo...since you Sluggers are such a trusting bunch, mail me a \$20 bill c/o this magazine I'll send you a piece of used underwear (supplies are limited—act now).

Speaking of Kiss, the *Kiss My Ass* (Mercury) compilation is notable not only for who's on it, but for who got left out due to legal weasling—*Amphouse Mother's* sodomization of "Lick It Up" will never surface if good taste prevails. Other new stuff: *Maggie Estep No More Mr. Nice Girl* (NuYo/Imago), spoken-word psychobabe cuts loose with a backup band that rocks like Rollins on an estrogen binge—I love this CD, America will hate it; *Sausage Riddles Are Abound Tonight* (Prawnsong/Interscope), just in case Primus was a little too straight for you, Stimboy; *Gumball Revolution On Ice* (Columbia), punk n' prozac—shaken, not stirred. Don Fleming and co. score bonus points for covering Blue Oyster Cult's "She's As Beautiful As A Foot"—yow! ; *The Smithereens A Date With The Smithereens* (RCA), Thicker than an aircraft carrier full of Marshalls. Fuck alternative, grunge, industrial, decaf—this is all you need; *Stone Temple Pilots Purple* (Atlantic); *Helmet Betty* (Interscope); *L7 Hungry For Stink* (Slash), three bands with ill-advised ~~haircuts~~ simultaneously clone their '92 big label debuts note-for-note! You can almost hear the heads rolling at Time-Warner; *Spin Doctors Turn It Upside Down* (Epic), even teenage Amish girls think these guys are pussies; *Rolling Stones Voodoo Lounge* (Virgin), at least Mick and the boys (?) are consistent: this sucks ratweenie from start to finish—maybe Bill Wyman had the right idea; *Voodoo Swing Well OK This!* (Cool Cat), ditto—maybe Leeroy had the right idea.

Of course, the Big Event of July (or the century) was the *Alternative Arts Festival*—2 days, 25 bands, a dozen artists, a handful of political activists (or whatever the hell Food Not Bombs are) and a steady 100 degrees on the fucking asphalt! Between heat blackouts I caught *ASA* (Alice in Soundgardens Asshole?), *Bloodfish* (new haircut, same noise), *Bay Of Pigs* (shit sandwich), *House Of Cards* (they're good—just ask 'em), *Mouthbreather* (the Great Punk Hope of SLC), *Decomposers* (OK,



RARE PHOTO OF HELEN WOLF WITH ROCK ICON/SUPERSTAR MEATLOAF

Chopper doesn't *totally* suck—but he's still no Denny Terrio), *Chubby Amigos* (more Logan cheese), and *Commonplace* (what can I say? Lara rules—she's a maniac on the floor and she's dancin' like she's never danced before). Right about then sunstroke set in and I was carried out by the EMT's to go puke my guts out in the ambulance—can't wait 'til next year!

Rock gods/public servants *Scabs On Strike* also played the fest. In case you didn't see it on *Week In Rock*, SOS are stars in Hawaii (next stop Japan? Double live *Scabs At Buddakhan*?). KDEL in Honolulu snagged a copy of their critically acclaimed—by me anyway—CD *Prosthetic Pizzle* and, after winning a call-in battle over *Pavement* and *Nudeswirl* (oh yeah, *stiff* competition), it's been in prime rotation ever since. Local indie label *Voodoo Dog* has been working overtime to supply the CD to outlets for rabid poi-heads to consume—Scab Fever! Now the radio station is talking about flying the boys over for live shows, mall openings, and a guest shot on *Thunder In Paradise*. Watch out for that Brady tiki idol, OK?

Quick Notes #1: I urge all vandals and taggers to obliterate that Countdown To Sodomy sign at 4th and State. The *Salt Lake Olympic Bid Committee* can't wait to nail taxpayers like the cutest sheep at the Cowpoke Convention. "But what about all the great publicity?" you whine? Fuck you. All we need is one or two good episodes of *Cops* and *Karl Malone* in a white Ford Bronco on I-15—money inna bank, Pancho. QN#2: While we were playing *Bean The Yuppie* with beer bottles off the Zeyphr balcony during *Big Sandy*, I told *Wheels* that I'd rather give *Orrin Hatch* a handjob than write for the *Private Eye*—I mean, I wouldn't wipe your ass with that rag (I would wipe it with the *Catalyst*, though—it's environmentally soft).

The proudest moment of my glamorous life happened recently when the new owners of *Park West* renamed the overpriced drive-in *Wolf Mountain* in my honor. Being big fans of my work (or ass, I'm not quite sure), the Rich Folk invited me to an exclusive party to hobnob with A&R weasles, celebrities, and (be still my lunch) *Meat Loaf Himself!* Mr. Loaf looks a little, uh, *different* in person (see photo). After splitting 20 or so bloody marys, Meat agreed to let me sing backups at his show on the 7th (as long as I promised not to repeat the story of his evil twin *Steve Loaf*, rockabilly promoter. Coops). See you there, Meat lovers!

—Helen Wolf

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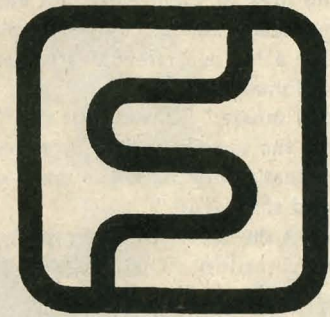
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local band

Running like a well oiled machine, an engine that goes non-stop, is what you find in a local band going by the name Honest Engine. Expect to hear anything from alternative to jazz from this group. Trying to classify their sound is not something that comes easy, call them a hyphenated band having unexpected diversity.

Honest Engine puts out a performance that has artist ability unbound. Each member comes with a different look, which in turn brings a different feel into the demanding music put out by these four. Made up of Tom Cram singing lead vocals and playing rhythm guitar, Ben Carter on lead guitar, Jonni Lightfoot playing bass and Eric Empey on drums.

The four members come from opposite sides of the track, creating an outrageous mix and match worth seeing. They have a wide variety of outside influences. Ben and Eric come from the funk side of music, where as Tom is an old punk at heart. And then there's Jonni, who was heavily attached to the idea of glam-rock. It's easy to see where the strange, but appreciated sound comes into play.

"We all like a lot of different stuff and it shows in our music," boasts Honest Engine's lead singer, "We don't believe in genre. Just good music." Tom calls it the "remote control syndrome." That is the band's unique arrangement of music. "We get bored easy, that's why there's so many changes in one song. Like all the weird shit we do."

Not only does the music change rapidly, but the topics also follow the same versatility. "One Believer" deals with a woman's light to choose racism, religion, and they even touch the subject

of homosexuality in this one. "Sooner or Later" and "URVR" are a few more of their tunes containing the topics of drugs and virtual reality. "Reach" was written because there is always a way to make anything better, just by improving your situation. Another extreme crowd pleaser, "Turn Out The Sun," is expected to be the final song played in their set. This last one always gets a major part of the crowd doing a bit of moshing.

Honest Engine comes forward with a high energy attitude that is backed by their comfort on stage. The best places to catch them on stage is either The Holy Cow or The Bar and Grill, but they also venture to other local spots and far away from home.

HONEST ENGINE



photo by Michael Schoenfeld

Local music has all but hit that high with the many different sounds out there today. Yet, Honest Engine pleases anyone listening through to good old rock-n-roll. It's not every day that you see a band that can do this, especially a local one.

The band started as simply as any band just starting out. Working their way up from playing nightmare shows at Starrz to playing places like The

Whiskey a Go-Go and Club Dragonfly in California. These boys have even opened up for some big boys the likes of Paw and Dig.

If you have seen them you must be one of their many fans. I'm sure your asking the question "Where's the demo?" Honest Engine is working on a demo, but things are going a little slow. With only a fourth of the recording done, they do expect it to be out in two months.

For those of you who haven't seen Honest Engine yet, they come highly recommended. You can see them this month at the Cinema Bar they will be playing Thursday, August 4th, with Molly McGuire, Friday, August 12th at the Holy Cow and Saturday, August 20th opening for Blind Tribe at the Holy Cow.

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LORI NELSON
ARTIST/PAINTER

I first saw Lori's paintings at the library and immediately was intrigued by the originality of her work. I had been told that she put herself in all of her paintings, but after talking to her she insists that it is not by design. At first she couldn't decide on a style, and it wasn't until she stopped trying to impress her peers, that she really hit her stride. "Narrative artwork isn't hip" she says, so she began painting stories that are open enough for the viewer to decide what it is about. Although she admits "A lot of people hope that the answer is on the back of the painting", no one version is absolutely correct. "I have my own story for each painting, usually autobiographical, my story is not necessarily the 'true' or 'real' story. She thinks of it as the 'Rorschach' school of art interpretation. Lori recalls a show with a group of children, who noted that the people in the paintings were 'naked'. She explained that the people were in fact naked and that was O.K. Children once again capturing the truth of the matter where as adults couldn't seem to do the same.

Lori graduated from the University of Utah in 1993 with a Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree and since has shown in the University Student Show, Best Painting of Show 1992, Statewide Intercollegiate Show 1992,1993 and Finch Lane Gallery, S.L.C., 1993. She has also done exhibits at the Art Barn and one of my favorite haunts, Caffe Molise'.

I have to admit, before I met her I thought she might be an 'Art Snob', but I was pleasantly mistaken. Lori is as easy going a person as you'll meet, quoting her interests as "Second hand stuff, things that people throw away" She enjoys art that shows the human element of the artist. She does however have a soft spot for Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera, as well as Mediterranean architecture. As of press time she's not sure where her next exhibit will be, so keep a look out for this truly eclectic painter. If you're interested in finding out about one of her next shows, you can reach her at 539-1610

—MADD MAXX



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ZION TRIBE

Salt Lake City, UT must be one of the few cities in the country where the most popular reggae band is a group of six white people. So, the question that comes to the mind of an "out-of-stater" is how did this come about, and do they really consider themselves a reggae band? During the drive out to West Valley to meet the band, a few possible explanations came to mind. Perhaps they were good at avoiding mirrors, and no one had the heart to tell them they weren't Black. Or maybe they, taking a cue from Pat Boone and (dare I say) Elvis, were making an attempt at "Caucasian marketing". (This is when the culture of a People of Color is exploited for profit by white people in an attempt to make it more desirable to white middle America.) Arriving at the house, I decided to start off slowly, and surprise them with my racial concerns. But Zion Tribe were having no part of it.

Upon entering the house, I noticed mirrors right away, so that explanation was shot. Then, taking a deep breath, looking around suspiciously, the first question came. "What kind of band is Zion Tribe, and how do you describe your music?" Lynn, the band's drummer, since December, decided to save me the effort of questioning their authenticity by saying, "We do the best we can for a bunch of white people from Utah." Trina, the lead vocalist (bless her heart), was quick to add that she is from Washington state. Pretty confident that the Rastafarian representation in Washington is probably as negligible as that of Utah, I just couldn't point it out to someone who had just offered everyone a cookie for the second time. Guitarist Steve Lowry, considers them a classic rock band with a reggae sound. Doc, bassist, who

also appears to be the spokesperson, effectively exonerated the band by adding, "we are heavily influenced by reggae, but do not consider ourselves a reggae band. You will never see me wearing the Rastafarian colors, that is a sacred religion and I respect that. We don't try to imitate the Jamaican dialect either." However he spoke too soon, since only a few minutes later, someone attempted an imitation, but I didn't look up from my notes quickly enough to catch them.

Now it all comes clear. Have we nearly reached the point musically where we're starting to learn that skin color does not dictate musical taste? Where classic rock no more implies white than rap implies Black. We can all happily cross boundaries expressing ourselves freely, without making dangerous generalizations. (I.e. Reggae in SLC: Roots of Robbery?, The Event July 16 - 31) Kevin points out, "There are Japanese reggae bands. People from many different cultures are playing reggae music now." Steve brings up the difficulty of being marketable to major record labels when you challenge stereotypes. "Look at the band Living Color. (an all black heavy metal group) They were told they wouldn't sell." In reaction to the robbery of exclusively reggae music from Smokey's Records, and the subsequent decision to pull all reggae off the shelves, "I don't know whether to be flattered or insulted by the thieves' musical taste", laughs Doc.

The band formed in 1987, and since then has played over two hundred gigs. Zion Tribe boast an impressive list of benefit concerts, including the most recent Day In The Park, for KRCL. They have supported Utahns Against Hunger and Amnesty International, to name only a few. They have opened for Ziggy Marley, and Eek-a-mouse, who



photo Steve Higgley



both offered their compliments to the band. When asked about any upcoming recordings, Doc, shakes his head. "We really want to make a live recording in a club, not in a studio. We're told that this will cause a lot of recording difficulties, but we're hoping to have it out by next summer." The only absent member, Jerry Ziegler, is somewhat of a local legend. He went on tour at the age of seventeen with the band New Citations. He recently put together a solo project appropriately named When I Drum the Spirits Come, a collection of Voodoo rhythms. The others agree that he has such a strong connection to his music, that he "appears to go into a trance" on stage. (In fact, during the interview, the decision whether or not to do a gig without Ziegler was difficult since "no one compares to him.")

If you enjoy dancing to reggae, and you've never seen this band, get over their lack of melanin, and get out to see them. One of their favorite clubs to play is The Green Parrot. Doc expresses his appreciation for the fans. "They are really there to hear the music." Kevin, thinking his comment goes unnoticed, adds that he enjoys the crowd partly because of "all of that young flesh."

Half of the band members have degrees in music. Kevin Hagberg, the keyboard player, has a classical background, and is said to have The Golden Voice of the band, according to Doc and Trina. Kevin, a man of ,feeling shy again, blushes at this compliment. It is almost sickening how quick they are to compliment each other. After spending two hours talking with the band and watching videotapes of their gigs, there was no controversy or ill will to be found. They agreed that they can most accurately be described as "psychedelic reggae", a term that Doc points out he created. Zion Tribe are a group of very talented musicians, who have the nerve to also be nice. The most irritating thing about them is that Steve and Trina recently wed, and they're still in that "goo-goo-eyed" stage, but they were so sincere, I couldn't even fault them for that.

—TANIA PAXTON
— PHOTOS STEVE MIDGLEY

See Zion Tribe: Green Parrot, Aug. 5-6; Park City Arts Fest, Aug. 7, Dinwoody Park, Aug 15 (noon); Artspace @ Pierpont, Aug 21; Layton Arts Fest, Aug 22; Dead Goat Saloon, Aug 27.

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letter from the editor

By accident, this past weekend, I overheard a conversation between a woman who works for a new local paper and a record store employee. They obviously did not know that I was the publisher of SLUG, because during the course of their conversation they were slamming this magazine. That's fine with me, people can slam it all they want. We even OPENLY INVITE them to do so every issue. What bothers me is the things they said. The man who was talking is in a band and stated "SLUG won't review our band, I guess we're not underground enough" The woman then proceeded to say how SLUG was a sexist outfit and we don't treat women very well in our magazine i.e. we're constantly degrading women all the time. If either of you are reading this, then I first apologize if I haven't quoted you verbatim. But the message was loud and clear and could not be misconstrued. And now I will respond to your unfounded and untrue accusations towards this paper. As I already explained to the guy in the band, in order to be reviewed, you must contact us. We don't review bands via telepathy. You need to call us or write us and give us something to review. Enough said about him, we received a CD a few days later and it is reviewed in this months issue. As for this woman's comments, let me first say that if we were sexist or degrading to women, we would not have a magazine at all! Over half of the SLUG staff are women. Without the undying devotion of these women, this magazine would never get done. And I am speaking of confident self assured women who wouldn't take any shit from anyone who was degrading to women! Quite a few of our writers, artists, layout designers and photographers both past and present have been women. None of them, however, have ever said to me or anyone else on our staff that we are sexist or demeaning to women. Granted, we have run articles that may have been interpreted that way or may not have been politically correct, (and we got plenty of letters), but that was done in a humorous fashion and should not have been taken as serious as the crime you speak of. Please don't misunderstand, this letter is not directed at you personally, it is directed at all SLUG readers So in closing, I would ask that before you go slamming SLUG,... READ THE PAPER.

**SINCERELY,
YOUR WOMAN LOVING EDITOR.**

P.S. Since we're dispelling untruths, SLUG is not, nor have we ever been affiliated with Deisel. If someone tells you we are, they are lying. Got it?

miscellaneous

THE MONDAY ALTERNATIVE

Is going out to see live music sometimes a headache? Crowded floors and bars trying to get a seat that allows you both a good view and a comfortable listening volume is hard to come by. Well if you would like to sit outside in the shade, listen to good music, drink some great beer and have some great food, then here's your answer...Monday nights at the Lazy Moon Pub. First off, it's outside and completely shaded by 7:30. I don't get along with the sun all that well so I loved that aspect. The food is delicious (they make quite the righteous reuben sandwich), the beer selection is outstanding and the atmosphere is a good diversion from the norm. Mix all that with great acoustic music from S.L. locals like Megan Peters, Barry Carter and Clint Lewis and you have a perfect evening under the stars with libation and live music. As with everything in Happy Valley, if it's cool, it won't be around long, so enjoy it while you can. One last note, Lazy Moon Pub will be closed from August 21st to August 31st for remodeling and vacations, so check out the monday shows on the 1st, 8th and 15th.

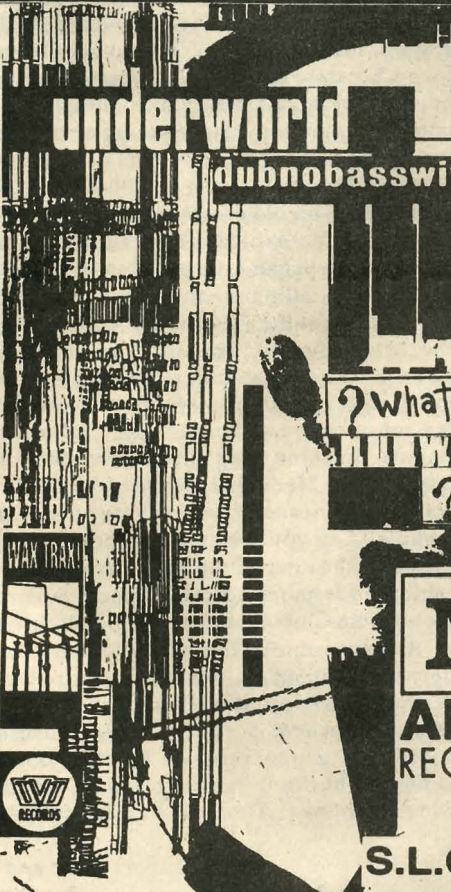


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NOTION

All bands or musicians interested in participating must submit 1 song on DAT tape. Tape must also include title and name of artist. Bands should also submit band logo and photo as well as any contact information. Submissions must be received by

October 15th, 1994. Send submissions to:

SLUG Comp 5

P.O. Box 521465

Salt Lake City, UT 84152

More info 487-9221

look at religion

Some have accused me of being extreme in my admiration for the looney tunes in our land of promised valleys. But really, I treat 'em same as anybody else, cause everybody gets a fair shake in this parish. A course, they tend to draw my interest a little more than some control the order freak in a Mr. Mac's charcoal gray. Yet neither can I typecast. It is against my religion.

How I gauge admiration or disgust is purely a question of aesthetics. The word aesthetics was introduced into the English language 'round the turn of the nineteenth century by some Greek pinhead who enjoyed a sense of beauty. The Grecian root word, spelled almost identical, translates literally as sensual perception. So we're talking 'bout understanding the feeling of impressions. The Mac Charcoal Gray I may have dismissed too readily on the escalator at the mall might be swinging by Victoria's Secret. There he would quickly select a willowy undergarment of purple satin. Discreetly there'd be no check or credit card, but petty cash he had lifted from the candy room of his distinguished attorney's office. Charles Mac might wait a day or two or go see his favorite hooker right away. He might end up offering Mistress Vicki his naughty boy purchase as a gift or she might insist extremely that he wear it on his head while gagged and manacled. The point of it is, Vicki and Charlie are involved in their own consented form of aesthetics. They be trying to get down with certain feelings through carnal impressions. I'd rather not advocate one way or another on the merits of game playing lust, but let's just say for the record, that one method does not over ride another in the study of aesthetics. Whatever blows yer sails, sweetheart.

I personally favor contemporary perspective of this science of beauty as it is sometimes referred. And all's I mean is new ways of looking at it. S'okay to veer from routine and say, take a hot date to the Italian opera. Between old school and new school there's plenty of combinations. There's also bookoo contention, 'cause young or old, too many of us think we've got authority over others or think we're under authority from others. Now listen good boys and girls, and that also pertains to you old crows in the back rows, ART LEVELS AUTHORITY. Which is a broad feather stroke of amnesty. Means some pagan love goddess fresh off a Crash Worship concert can't be telling me the Tabernacle Choir is a lump of losers. It may suggest the Downtown Alliance could respect a bit further art gypsies and street folk who use their impressions creatively. The mainstream religions have largely decided to pull out of the art support market. Where ever that sits, I find it a tad conservative and could speculate on oodles of cross current inputs. Imagine gang girls performing bump and grind hip hop inside a Methodist House of Worship. Picture recovering Native Americans prayin' peyote over at the Greek Orthodox Temple. Can you see extended homeless families doing tribal music on the alter of the Cathedral of the Madeliene? Why can't the Mormons open up Temple Square to the Sundowners Motorcycle Club annual picnic? Hell, invite the Barons, too!

As impossible as this may all seem, there can be a pretty ugly world about us, which could sure benefit by a little share of aesthetics. We could well use many a holy place on this beautiful planet where it is allowed for pleasure or pain to mingle in a setting of mutual regard. Whether one sings it from a mountaintop or buries it in a prayer, pain mingles, hence dwindles, when expressed. Thus our human study becomes a pleasure.

Love and Beauty for all people
AMORE' PADRE BILZIBU

**"THE OLDEST QUESTION
IN THE WORLD"**

No, not the chicken & the egg, everyone knows eggs can't come. The real perplexing question that has baffled men since the stone age has got to be "Why do beautiful women go out with big fat geek losers?" Now first let us clarify some things. Sure, there are your obvious matches. The ugly couple, the book-worm couple, the yuppie VW rabbit driving couple, the too-dumb-to-talk-to-anyone-so-the-losers-of-the-stare-out-contest-wind-up-with-each-other couple, and the one more piece of coffee cake



before we go couple. But the fact of the matter is that every man in the world has gone to the grocery store or the record store and seen a startling, gorgeous female and watched her walk around, fantasizing about her with every step. Then she walks up to some big slob with oversized shorts and scratches on his legs from bumping into tables, and puts her arms around him and says "Are you ready to go home honey?" Your jaw falls to the floor and you ask yourself... "What causes this?" Here's this knockout seemingly intelligent babe sleeping with a science project gone bad. Several scenarios race through your puzzled brain. A) He's loaded. B) He's hung like a horse and she's never been with anyone her own weight...C) He's deep and sincere and let's her do whatever she wants...D) He's hung like a hamster and she thinks it's cute...or E) She works for an escort service. Now don't get us wrong we support this 90's love thing just as much as we legally can. What it ultimately boils down to is the fact that women can & will put up with alot more shit to get what they want than men. (Boy, this should make the non-sexist publishing moguls at SLUG H.Q. happy)

Throughout time women have proven to everyone (and more than their share of times to us) that they are dare we say...the stronger of the two genders. Case in point...men will sleep with whom ever they want, but if the woman is not up to snuff with his friends, he won't be seen with her in public. Kind of like riding a moped...fun to ride but you don't want your buddies to see you on one. Women on the other hand can easily look past surface inadequacies to find what's really important to them in a relationship. Women have also proven that they have a higher tolerance for pain than men. Any man who disagrees should try squeezing something the size of a watermelon out of an opening the size of a tennis ball. Most men probably wouldn't stand for the missionary-legs-over-the-shoulder sex position while someone twice their size is thrusting at their groin either. So when we get back to the point, it seems a little obvious why so called beautiful women go out with what men see as less than appropriate partners. Women are after trust, sincerity and love.

Men are after gams. Women are after understanding. Men like trophies disguised as women. So, we may not like it (and we don't) but that's the way it is. So gentlemen stop your engines, start getting fat and reading novels about the woman's view of life, and then you'll get what you really want...a babe who doesn't mind if she can fit her and a couple of her friends into your pants, as long as you are caring of her needs. By the way, the answer is "C"

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local band

deviance

by lenny

Immediately upon arrival at the newly opened Just Lovely Records production facility Charlee, Deviance's drummer met me with a cold Miller. Just Lovely is the newest record label in Salt Lake City. They plan to make a difference in this town. Deviance is signed to Just Lovely. The rest of Deviance includes Jesse on bass, Dave on guitar and Sunshine on lead vocals.

We had a long discussion on the local scene and Just Lovely's plans to improve things in Utah. Their most recent effort was the High Desert Show held in the Fruitland area on the weekend of the 24th. The Just Lovely story is another complete article. With apologies to the label, this is about Deviance.

Any discussion of the local "scene" could go on forever, it almost did. With that out of the way it was on to Deviance. They claim the CBGB scene of the late '70s as an influence. For the rest here's the band. **Charlee:** We're militant Morbid Angel/Slayer fans." **Sunshine:** "That's only Charlee, Charlee and Jesse." **Jesse:** "I have to say you know, we were all heavily influenced by the TV series V. That was a heavy influence for Deviance." **Sunshine:** "And Video Drone." The Deviance demo tape I have has a song dedicated to the television series. Also on the tape are "Invasion From Mars" and "Space Age Monstrosity." Referring to the sci-fi nature of many Deviance songs he writes **Charlee** said, "I feel like I'm not a part of what goes on when I write." **Jesse:** As a band we're total outsiders, we don't fit in anywhere. **Sunshine:** "Here we go again, they fucked us at this club and they fucked us at that club. We wish we were on Mars."

Jesse on the first days of the band and their current music. "When we got together, we were in a basement, I picked up a bass guitar, for the first time. They had me playing it. Charlee was freaking out all over the place. It alienated everybody at first, but now people are really getting into it. It's just three chords, power chord sort a shit, we're not artists. We just get out there and play; play as hard and fast as we can."

Sunshine: "I sure as hell haven't had four years of opera training at BYU." **Charlee:** Yea, the day I started the band, she'd never sang for a band before, he'd never played an instrument. Dave blew me away. Dave and I met each other at a Mouthbreather show." **Sunshine:** "I introduced them at a Mouthbreather show." **Charlee:** "We got together and played for about four or five hours without stopping. At this point I figured we'd write songs together and then all of a sudden I just took it over. We practiced about three weeks and landed our first show. After that word got out on us, nobody wanted to play after us in Utah county. We played at Godfather's Pizza, and we had 76 kids show up on word of mouth. No flyers, no nothing. And there it was."

Jesse: "Dave's probably one of the best guitarists around." **Charlee:** "Dave is the best guitarist." **Jesse:** "I just started going to their practices I just wanted to see Dave play because he was so unreal. And then I saw Charlee and it was like, these guys are gonna fuckin' rage. Then they're like yea we're gonna have Sunshine sing. I thought, 'a girl singer for this shit, it's going to be unreal. This is going to be different than anything I've heard' The next thing I know I'm playing bass standing on a stage looking around going 'Oh my God. How many notes are in this song.' It was punk as shit."

Charlee: That's what it's about. Nobody admits to liking the Misfits or the Damned. They sit around and go, 'We like Fugazi and Jesus Lizard because that's art.' Tell me the truth, would you rather sit down and listen to



something that is experimental, beautiful, tinkle, la la la, let's explore our inner true selves and the nature of our mind, or would you rather sit down and listen to fucking Joey Ramone make a two finger bar chord and go nuts. Just playing solid down strokes and making it passionate. It comes from the heart. We're not the best musicians. Well, Dave is. Dave is the strongest musician. Dave could leave this band and I'd be fucked.

Sunshine: That's because if Dave didn't learn to play the guitar when he was little his parents were going to kill him. **Charlee:** Dave's had the best training out of all of us. If we're successful it's because of him and Sunshine. Sunshine makes it go. Jesse adapts to anything and then there's me, I've got my day job." **Jesse:** "It's worked out nice. We're all friends, we love to hang out and stuff." **Charlee:** "Oh yea, Dave and I are totally at each others throats, but it's that anger...I love Dave dearly, he's one of the best people I've ever worked with." **Jesse:** "It almost helps us though. We have them getting totally pissed off at each other. **Sunshine:** "Jesse and I are running around playing make-up all the time." **Jesse:** We're trying to get the two together and then everyone's pissed off and they want to play. Dave does what he wants to do and Charlee does what he wants to and it's two totally opposite things but somehow it works out for the best."

That's the band. They took me inside to watch a video of three songs from their performance at the High Dessert Show. The video was shot at 2:30 in the morning by someone who had been drinking all day. Not the best quality, but the power came through. Sunshine fronts the band with an in-your-face style that is like a Barbie doll from hell. Charlie is a complete maniac on the drums. He claims to have no rhythm; he just beats the shit out of his drums. Jesse's standing back trying to remember the three chords and Dave is all black hair and lunacy.

At the completion of their performance Charlie threw his drum kit all over the stage while screaming. This band are maniacs. I can see why no one wants to follow their live performance. Their music is crazed punk rock with B-movie and sci-fi garage elements. Watch for Just Lovely's upcoming warehouse shows and Deviance's forthcoming EP on the label Intensity sums up the live and recorded Deviance.



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Interview

Charlie Musselwhite June 8, 1994 at The Zephyr

SLUG: You're known for your harmonica playing, but didn't you started playing the guitar as a child?

CHARLIE: Well, I had harmonicas as toys back when they were cheap... my mother would give them to me. So I actually had those first. But my father gave me a guitar when I was 13, and I wound up playing the blues on both instruments, simultaneously... I wanted to learn on both instruments. I actually, at first, made myself a 'guitar': not really a guitar, but a stringed instrument out of a steel ammunition box with a piece of wire tied in the handle, and then I had a piece of wood hooked on it and I could pull the wood down and: "dumm — dumm — dumm" - get the note I wanted... like a washtub base, so to speak.

SLUG: Why did you stick with the harmonica as opposed to moving on to something else?

CHARLIE: Well, those are things that cost more money. We didn't have any money then... You see, when I was startin' to learn how to play, I wasn't thinkin' about making it a profession or what I wanted to be... I wanted to just play the blues. I loved the blues. That's all there was to it. It was just the enjoyment of being able to play your own blues. That's how I got started. I didn't know where I was headed. I wish I'd paid more attention to the people I've met and was learning from.

SLUG: It seems like you've met everyone. You've played with everybody...

CHARLIE: Almost. Tony Guy Mitchell, you know, "Sonny James", was in Chicago playing, but he died before I went to see him. There were so many people in that scene.

SLUG: Now, these guys that you're touring around with...

CHARLIE: They're the band on the album. (*In My Time...*)

SLUG: What's their background?

CHARLIE: Well, on guitar, there's Andrew Jones; he played with Johnny Taylor and Freddy King. On drums, there's Tommy Hill; he's played with Johnny Taylor, Grover Washington, and various groups... those guys, Tommy and Andy, are from Dallas. Felton Crews on the bass, he's from Chicago, and he's played with everybody in Chicago. They're all great, so we can play anything.

SLUG: These guys aside, if you could pick any band or anybody to be members in a band, living or dead, who would you put together to be a "dream band"... I know it could depend on your mood or the night, but right now, who would you pick?

CHARLIE: Otis Span on piano, definitely. There's just so many ways to go... it depends on such different styles... if you could get Jeff Rieley on drums, and Dennis Foley on bass, and Skip James on guitar, you know... I mean, there's endless possibilities that sound really interesting together. I don't have any favorites other than Otis Span. I thought he was the deepest piano player.

SLUG: What about guitar? I know that at your last wedding, your best man was...

CHARLIE: John Lee Hooker.

SLUG: He's one of my favorites...

CHARLIE: Yea, he's not like anybody. There's nobody sounds like John. **SLUG:** ...and I see a lot of comparisons between him and you style-wise.

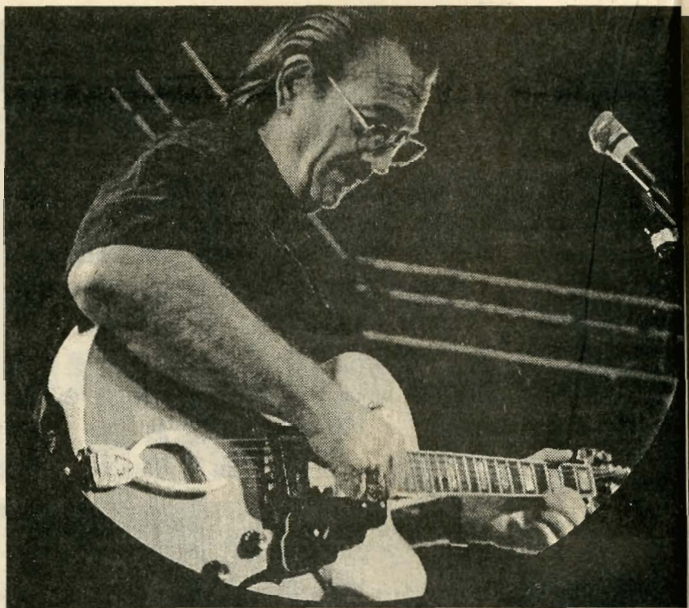
CHARLIE: Yea... ya know, there are musicians who don't have a sound, or really sound like anybody else, but when they play themselves, they don't really startle anybody... ha-ha! A lot of guys have gotten into Top 40 and spend their whole life playin' Top 40, and wake up one day realizin' they never found their own sound, which is a shame. It's like climbin' the ladder of success to find out you had it against the wrong wall.

SLUG: Well, I think your style is incredible; you're considered one of the greats.

CHARLIE: Well, it's interesting to me 'cause I have no idea what I sound like. To me the only thing you should do is: when you come out and play, just play from your heart. And you play as much as you can, as close to how you feel. I think it's a... I don't want to say "a spiritual experience", but it is something more than just a manual labor kind of thing, you know. It is a higher minded pursuit than laying concrete.

SLUG: Do you feel a need to be in a band?

CHARLIE: No, I don't... If I hit the lottery, I'd just sit around and play for myself, I don't care.



SLUG: Now, I noticed in your liner notes (on *In My Time...*) that you thanked Dan Aykroyd. What's the connection with Dan?

CHARLIE: Well, he's a part owner in the "House of Blues" nightclubs, which are going to be all over the world eventually; there's three of them now. And he's done a lot to help blues. That movie alone, "The Blues Brother's Movie" really raised the consciousness of people's awareness of blues, and made it acceptable, popular. He's done a lot for blues. He's got the "House of Blues" radio-hour that's on around forty cities, last I heard, and he's really dedicated to promoting blues. I mean, what he's doing is good for everybody.... and he also told me that I was a source of the influence for the Blues Brothers image.

SLUG: For their harmonica?

CHARLIE: I used to wear black suits with my hair slicked back with shades, and Dan used to see me when he was up in Canada going to school.

SLUG: I see the similarity — you've got the black on now.

CHARLIE: Well, the black outfit is for when you're on the road all the time, ya know? You spill hot sauce on ya or something, you just wipe it off... it makes sense. That's all there is to it.

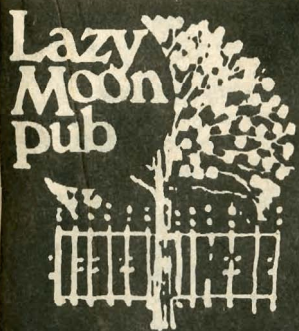
SLUG: Now, when you started playing harp in Chicago, the clubs were either all white or all black, and I know you played with all the great black players of the time in their clubs. Did you feel like a minority: a white boy who plays the blues on harmonica?

CHARLIE: Well, yea. When I first got to Chicago, people on the North side didn't go to the South side, ya know, they just didn't, except when a bunch of them would get in one car and then drive to a club, park as near as they could to the front door, and all run into the club. But I lived on the South side. When I got to Chicago, to me, I had more in common with the Black people in Chicago than the White people because all the Black people were from the South. We spoke the same language, ate the same food, liked the same music... I felt at home, more comfortable there. There was no problem at all with me. I'd go into a (Northern) restaurant and ask for something, and then they'd make fun of my accent, but not in the Black side of town. I kinda had to retrain myself to talk so people wouldn't keep going "Huh? What are you talkin' about?"

SLUG: You know, you're really looked up to by a lot of people. And, well, face it, you're a legend; that's all there is to it. And you've got to be one of the most down-to-earth people I've ever met.

CHARLIE: I really appreciate that. I don't really feel any different than I ever did... I know that there are musicians that get real big ego kind-of problems, and they have problems in the band, and people who think they're not gettin' their right amount of exposure, all these kind of things, ya know. But we just have a good time. Nobody wants to be the star, or nothing. We like music, and wanna make good music, and that's all there is to it... I'm the band leader, but it's not any big deal... I'd just as soon be a sound man, ya know.

—Anthom



The Lacy Moon is committed to providing the highest quality dining experience. From the kitchen, everything is carefully prepared on the premises using the best ingredients obtainable. From the bar we feature the best of Utah's Microbreweries and will carry seasonal specialties when available. Please see our specials board for daily creations from the kitchen and above all else...

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JAWBOX

the road experiences of indie bands. I decided to ask Barbot many of the same questions to find out if the road experience is any different for major label bands.

Band: Jawbox Spokesman: Bill Barbot, electric guitar, voice
Homebase: Washington D.C. **Latest Album:** For Your Own Special Sweetheart **Current Tour:** West Coast with Jawbreaker **Salt Lake City:** With Stone Temple Pilots and Meatpuppets **Previous Tour:** Europe
Vehicle: Jawbox is using two vans on this tour and the upcoming one with Stone Temple Pilots. They use their own cargo van which they've built a loft into for equipment storage. They've also rented a mini-van because their van only holds four people and they are taking six on this tour.

What are you listening to on the van's tape deck? Brainiac, Charles Mingus, Miles Davis, Blues compilation tapes from roadie Mike's huge collection, John Spencer Blues Explosion, Shudder To Think and the Flaming Lips. These are only a few of the names he mentioned.

Best Show: Last night in Los Angeles. Big cities are hard to play because the audiences see so much live music that they get jaded and it's hard to get a reaction. Last night's show was packed and we played a great set.

SLUG: The last time you visited Salt Lake City you played DV8 with Girls Against Boys. How did Salt Lake react to your music. **Barbot:** "Tons of people came. We've always drawn a good crowd every time we play Salt Lake. The audience reaction is something else. Salt Lake audiences have a unique characteristic I can't describe."

Jawbox is a former Dischord band now with a major label contract. Their press kit is filled with discussions on the indie/major label issue. I had to do my part and ask a related question.

SLUG: Have you experienced any violence similar to what recently happened to Jello Biafra as a result of your signing with a major label? **Barbot:** "We haven't experienced any violence at our shows. The negative response to our signing has been low. We haven't been attacked physically or in the press." Barbot says the negative response to punk rock bands is not confined to indie vs. major label bands. He says even Ian MacKaye of Fugazi gets negative reactions from some people. In '83 and '84 when Barbot got into punk rock the experience was completely different from the current situation. He was attracted because punk rock had a lighter sound than the heavy rock he listened to in junior high. The bands were poking fun at society in their lyrics. Now there are so many different scenes and so many different definitions of what punk rock is. The unity that once existed doesn't anymore. The 14 or 15-year-old kid just getting into the music has a very divergent view from someone who's been doing it for a long while. That's fine with Barbot, but when they start getting dogmatic with their political views and begin to assault people it's another thing entirely.

Barbot went on to say that songwriting and the integrity of the music should be more important than what label a band is on. He believes Jawbox hasn't suffered at the hands of punk rock dogmatists because they have never been a political band. They don't write political lyrics.

SLUG: Are these the largest venues you've played? **Barbot:** "Yes, these are the biggest shows we've ever played. We originally had some misgivings about doing this tour because we will play to people who don't know our music. The audience won't be there to see us. We are taking a cautionary approach and won't try to change anyone's mind. We plan to get on stage, play our music and get off." The band has some concern for the Jawbox fans. "They aren't used to paying \$16 to \$20 to see us and I'm afraid a lot of our fans won't attend." Playing on a big stage with a huge sound system is a challenge, but it will be good experience for them. **Barbot:** "I'm more comfortable on a small stage where I can see the audience's eyes."

The most recent edition of Option Magazine ran a feature describing

Worst Show: On our tour of Europe we played a club in Stuttgart that was the size of a living room. There wasn't a stage and we played on the floor. I was nose to nose with the German...

Weirdest Experience: A show in Poland. We played two shows in Poland. Prague is a beautiful city, but it makes the rest of Poland look like doggie doo doo. Poland has been the armpit of Europe for years. We pulled into our second gig at a teen cultural center to face 13 and 14-year-olds passed out drunk on the sidewalk. They see so few rock bands that when one comes it is a big party for the people. It was sad because of the alcohol and the early age kids start drinking at. The show and our experience in Poland were chaotic. It took us three hours to get into the country because the border guards blocked the road with huge pylons and then left for three hours. It took us two hours to get out of the country. There are hardly any border stops left in Europe except in Poland.

Fights: We don't have any fights. We are a meek band. Last night a guy caused a ruckus. I asked the audience to dance and one guy hopped up on stage and after bumping into J. and Kim he came over to me and tried to pull the pants from my body. The roadies were all over him. Even after he was ejected he hung around outside waiting to talk to me. When I talked to him he rambled on and on, at times reciting the lyrics to songs and saying how great we were and then becoming very abusive in the next sentence. He was obviously disturbed or strung out on something.

Road Diet: Used to eat junk food. Jawbox's health is now looking up. A current favorite is the Cereal Combo's at Denny's.

Favorite Restaurants: I have three. One on the West coast, one in the middle of the country and one on the East coast. Greens in San Francisco, - a gourmet vegetarian restaurant. The Westlynn Cafe in Austin has great food and Tutta Pasta in New York.

Sleeping Arrangements: Jawbox is at the point now where we can afford motels. It's better than sleeping on people's floors, because we have our own phone; we don't have to use someone else's, we can throw our wet clothes on the floor and don't have to worry about messing up someone's house. Super 8 Motels are the band's current favorites. When they play big cities they stay with friends.

Rituals: Before Barbot goes on stage he always takes everything out of his pockets except guitar picks and shines his forehead. He changes his guitar strings everyday.

Life on the road for this major label band appears to be almost the same as that of an indie band. In this day and age I have to agree with Barbot's statement about the integrity of the music being more important than the label. The last few years have changed my opinion. Call me a sell-out if you want. I hear good and bad music from the independents and the majors. Jawbox is good music. If you can afford it go see them on the big stage. If you can't, they'll be back in the clubs soon.

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b-movie reviews



THE UNNAMEABLE

THE UNNAMEABLE (1988)

One of the many H.P. Love Craft tales brought to the screen without much success. An indescribable horror has been conjured up in a haunted house after 300 years of dormancy from the book the Necronomicon. The unnameable creature is alive, and looking for some teens to kill. So when some college kids go to the house on a dare, its slaughter time. A boring twist on the Friday the 13th style slasher film. It has all the typical sex starved teen scenes. And you could care less when someone dies. The unnameable creature finally shows itself, and its a hairy hermaphrodite? Its a pretty cool looking creature, but the story sucks, so does The Unnameable.

ZOMBIE (1980)

The fun starts when an unmanned boat sails into NY harbor. Curious adventurers head to an isolated Carribean island (the instigator is the daughter of a missing scientist!!, who owns the boat.) The Island is alive with the dead. There is a strange virus dragging the deceased out of the ground and driving them to devour LIVING HUMAN FLESH!!! Everybody starts getting chomped by gut-thirsty zombies. There's some cool scenes such as the underwater zombie that attacks a shark, quite convincingly. And the cool splinter in the eye scene. Zowie. There's some other fun part removing shots and worms in the head tricks. The movie never really shifts out of the slow trudge of zombie speed. All told, its a decent film from the genre.

TRANCERS (1984)

300 years in the future Los Angeles has been destroyed by an enormous earthquake, Angel city is all that remains. Tim Thomerson (Rhinstone) plays trooper Jack Deth, a trench coat wearing loner. His latest assignment is to catch Martin Whistler, a super-villain who has gone back to the year 1985 to kill the ancestors of the government (the Ruling Council). Jack follows him back in time, and enters one of his relatives bodies a Phillip Deth. Then he teams up with Phil's girlfriend (Helen War & Love Hunt). Together they contend with Whistlers army of mutant freaks or "Trancers". The whole concept is similar to Terminator and other back to the past to change the future concepts. There's very little budget, thankfully the cast and crew seem to have put in a lot of effort. Charles Band the director has made three (?) sequels since this modest attempt at the action film genre.

—B-ZILLA OF B-LAME MAGAZINE

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**THE REVEREND
HORTON HEAT
LIQUOR IN THE FRONT
INTERSCOPE RECORDINGS**

The Reverend Horton Heat has reached the heights. The dude's signed to a major label. He can afford Al Jourgensen's production talents and he doesn't have to rely on Gibby anymore. I could relate all the accolades he's received over the course of the last year, but fuck it I've interviewed him twice.

Out-of-town rockabilies informed me that Jourgensen ruined the album. They told me they heard the news from Jimbo, Horton Heat's bassist. Out-of-towners also told me they don't like Big Sandy's change of direction from traditional rockabilly to country boogie/western swing. I don't rely on the opinions of others; I never expected the Reverend Horton Heat to release an album for traditionalists.

This is an album for the Horton Heat legions who have seen the live version. It's always been thrash-a-billy. Ask someone with a broken nose or leg acquired in the pit at a Heat concert. Tell me Jourgensen's production ruined the lovely Tex-Mex flavored ballad, "In Your Wildest Dreams." Or did his talents influence the sound of the opening instrumental "Big Sky?" It sounds like a Heat instrumental to me. Every Horton Heat album has included at least one blistering instrumental.

For the echo effect listen to "Yeah Right," or "One Time For Me." The advance cassette version of the album has been a constant companion in my car for over a month. "One Time For Me" is the

best song on the damned album. I don't care what the sticker on the front says. Apparently radio programmers read Rockability because they've been playing the song. If the big beat is what you crave skip to "I Could Get Used To It." "Liquor, Beer And Wine" gives a commentary on the joys of alcoholism - find some pleasure in a bottle. It's a honky tonk song. Skaters and boarders should latch right on to "Can't Surf."

The album closes with the sounds of an ice-cream truck. It's hot so run outside and ask the driver why he isn't playing the closing song "The Entertainer." He'd sell more product to the generation. Watch for the video on Beavis and Butthead. I don't care what the opinion leaders think. The third one is just as good as any of the other two. I love the good Reverend and his new album.

By **WILLM WHIPL**

**NEUROSIS
PAIN OF MIND
ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES**

Ah yes, punk rock with David Koresh singing and playing bass. On one guitar and also singing is Adolfo Constanzo, R. Budd Dwyer beats the skins and Charles Starkweather is the second guitarist and third vocalist. What year is it exactly? This sounds like the Massacre Guys at an Indian Center appearance.

More ruined vocal chords spit out words of disenchantment. The subjects addressed are amazingly similar to those of locals, Fatal Cause. Neurosis isn't as literary as the fellows in Fatal Cause. Their opinions on molding children's minds are expressed in simpler words and shorter verses. The message is the same. The public school system is failing. Teachers are there only to draw their minuscule paycheck while the best and brightest find work elsewhere. The results of their attempts at education roam the streets in packs shooting each other or they end up in bands singing of their pain and helplessness.

It's a call to arms repeated time after time by countless punk rock bands. The music is ~~repetitive~~ although in places it is tuneful. Dark, abrasive, head-ache inducing music Brad Collins pioneered over a decade ago on KRCL. Nothing's changed in the intervening years. Society has only decayed further. I say play a steady diet of angry thrashing punk rock and its call for

change along with rap music to kindergartners. Pay teachers more than marketers and maybe the next generation can actually accomplish something. No sell out here. It's a beautiful punk rock record, too bad it's made of aluminum.

By **LENNY**

**SAUSAGE
RIDDLES ARE AROUND
TONIGHT**

INTERSCOPE RECORDS

This album has languished on record store shelves without anyone knowing about it for long enough. Primus is a name even 12-year olds know. Sausage was the name of the first demo tape Primus recorded. Sausage is comprised of the original Primus line-up. On bass is Less Claypool. Jay Lane is the drummer and Todd Huth is the guitarist. The album is released on Claypool's Prawn Song imprint through Interscope Records. Also on Prawn Song is an album well worth investigating by the Charlie Hunter Trio with Lane as the guitarist and a forthcoming hip/hop jazz band Alphabet Soup also featuring Lane on guitar. That covers Claypool and Lane how about Huth. He's a member of Porch who've so far only been represented with a single on Alternative Tentacles.

Quite a resume for such an obscurity as Sausage. After all the mention of Primus, jazz and hip-hop the expected sound of the album should be obvious. Amongst a dizzying array of bass albums in the R&B and rap sections of the local record store Sausage is absent. Funny - the bass is the attraction of this album. Lead bass, funk bass, popping bass, deep grooving bass; Claypool's bass is all over the place. Along with the bass is the guitar which is more in the vein of a jazz fusion album than a rock and roll record. The same goes for the drums. Huth plays the traps in an experimental fashion more at home in jazz than rock.

There are vocals but they are overpowered by the playing on the album. I used to live for the next James "Blood" Ulmer, Jamaladeen Tacuma, Bill Laswell, Ronald Shannon Jackson and whoever else they recruited to join them in the studio. Those cats are still around, Laswell, Tacuma and Ulmer have contributed to several recent or solo projects. "Riddles Are Around Tonight" is as good as anything they ever did. It's one to look for on the next record store visit when the aisles of guitar rock don't reach out and grab for those dollars. This Sausage is used in a dressing that is hot, spicy, funky and stuffed with grooves.

By **LONNIE CLAWSON**

TINDERSTICKS

TINDERSTICKS

BAR NONE RECORDS

The British music paper, *Melody Maker*, picked this as "Album Of The Year" in 1993. The import was a hot item in the good old USA before Bar None picked it up for domestic release.

Does anyone remember the beauty of the Left Banke's "Pretty Ballerina" or David Laflamme's violin on It's A Beautiful Day's "White Bird?" The guys at *Rolling Stone* do and they wrote up the Tindersticks several issues back. The violin of It's A Beautiful Day backs the dreamy vocals of The Left Banke along with a whole slew of psychedelic references from the '60s on the Tindersticks self-titled debut.

Rolling Stone compares the music to the narrative style of Lee Hazelwood, most famous for producing Nancy Sinatra and Duane Eddy. They throw in Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, who local residents almost saw on the Lollapalooza stage, and the orchestrations of John Berry.

The *Rolling Stone* write-up hasn't resulted in any huge sales boom for the band. It did bring them to my attention and Bar None was kind enough to send out a review copy along with a complete press kit. *CMJ* adds Leonard Cohen and John Cale to the growing list of comparisons. In typical unreadable fashion *Raygun* throws Tom Waits, Mercury Rev, Slint, the Velvet Underground, Townes Van Zant and Pavement into the growing comparison stew. Finally, if you aren't sick of comparisons yet, *AP* adds Joy Division, the Doors and Camper Van along with several other dropped names.

This crew sounds like just about any dark and dreamy band imaginable. It all depends on what the reviewer has listened to lately. The CD is 77 minutes long, and it's all music. There isn't 35 minutes of silence before a three minute hidden track. As the hordes explore the darker reaches of their maturing minds with NIN and Morrissey they forget the later letters of the alphabet and skip over the Tindersticks. The unwashed masses trade Phish and Dead bootlegs searching for the perfect jam, they too neglect the T's. I've always wished for an Ian Curtis collaboration with Jim Morrison which adds Cale scratching away at his fiddle only to be upstaged by LaFlamme returning to his former glory as Nancy Sinatra's boots "Walk On The Wild Side" of my aching back all the way to "Jackson" and Cohen's "Suzanne" bobs her head in time to "Pretty Ballerina."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



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records continued

Hide your head under the covers and practice the hangman's noose. When daylight comes and life is worth living once again forfeit the rope you used as kindling for a sacrificial fire in honor of the Tindersticks.

By COLI O'RAO

Alice Cooper THE LAST TEMPTATION Epic Records

What can I say to make you idiots, buy the new Alice Cooper album. He doesn't fit into any of the new music categories, he's not grunge, grind-core, rap, hip-hop, etc.

But, that shouldn't matter, he's a living legend, and if it wasn't for Alice Cooper, we wouldn't have Kiss, Ozzy, Aerosmith, Slayer, Guns N Roses (we would probably be better off without them) countless gothic bands or may I be as bold to say even punk rock.

Alice and his band of degenerates (Neal Smith, drums; Dennis Dunnaway, bass, Glen Buxton, guitar; and Mike Bruce, guitar, he's the

one that wrote all those catchy old songs) started it all the way back in 1969 when peace and love was groovy, Alice was making history with his Baby Jane make-up, chopping up baby dolls, nightly executions with hangings, guillotine, and the electric chair. And, the music was and is classic cool.

What about Alice now in 1994? Alice Cooper is a timeless character much like Frankenstein, Dracula, Ronald Reagan, the monster was created by the man Vincent Furnier. Alice's new album *The Last Temptation* is by far his best since 1983's *Da Da* an underrated classic.

With lines like "I'm bored right out of my skull, I'd have to get high just to be dull" from the first song "Sideshow." How could you not like Alice Cooper? He's like the smart alec kid that always had something funnier to say to that.

"Lost In America" is reminiscent of "I Love America" one of my favorite songs off of *Da Da*, more white trash humor "My Dad's Got A Wife But She Ain't My Mom."

"Stolen Prayer" written by Alice

Alice Cooper



and Soundgarden's Chris Cornell, and also features his vocals along with Alice's to make for an incredible song. Chris Cornell also wrote "Unholy War" and also features Cornell and Cooper both singing.

So all of you trendsetters should buy this album just because of this, and when your cool friends make fun of you for buying the new Alice Cooper album instead of NIN or

Ministry, you can defend yourself and tell them you got it because Chris Cornell sings on it and still remain cool with your grungy friends.

Besides, it comes with a free comic book written by Neil Gaiman, the creator of Sandman. I give the albums 5 Slugs, so get it boy. (for girl)

—MOTY HOOP

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

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THE SPIDER
AMERICAN**

No it isn't a review of a rap album in the pages of SLUG. In spite of what you've heard MC 900 FT Jesus isn't a rapper. "One Step Ahead Of The Spider" is a spoken word album with jazz background music. Mark Griffin is the MC 900 FT Jesus. He plays tenor sax, soprano sax, bass clarinet and flute on the album along with his spoken word parts.

The reference point for this album lies with Ken Nordine and his Word Jazz trilogy of the late '50s. I say damn Rhino Records because their Ken Nordine compilation devalued the vinyl in my collection substantially. After listening to MC 900 FT Jesus you might want to pick up the Nordine compilation for the '50s version.

What is going on here is social commentary through telling stories. Griffin's tales haven't been passed down through generations sitting around campfires accompanied by stringed instruments. These tales are the modern variant. Backed by his jazz band, which by the way includes Vernon Reid's guitar, Griffin recites his personal dreams and experiences using poetry. A girl drives a muscle car to her death in "New Moon." "If I Only Had A Brain" is on MTV so I'll skip it. "Stare and Stare" is about a bus ride. "Buried At Sea" is a dream, "Tiptoe Through The Inferno" could either be about a homeless person you meet on the street, yourself in therapy or possibly a friend - everyone's more than a little insane.

Get the message? Call it acid jazz, call it rap, call it whatever you want, I call it word jazz for the present. After you've listened to this and picked up Ken Nordine buy the new Gil-Scott Heron and the Last Poets. I've heard a lot of good albums lately, (don't believe the negativists, there is good music being made) this album is definitely one of them.

By WA

**THE BOUNCING
SOULS
THE GOOD, THE BAD
AND THE ARGYLE...**

CHUNKSAAN RECORDS

Well, the wait for a full length from New Jersey's best punk set was definitely worth it. Compiling two existing Souls 7 inches, "The good the bad and the argyle" shows so much advancement from the quartet's debut CD EP and early live shows that you'd scarcely believe it's the same band...as good as they were then. No longer can the band be dogged by Rancid and Operation Ivy comparisons. Those bands merely inspired the basic premise of the Souls' punk. But there's also a great peppy side lurking below the surface. For instance "Old School" and "Joe lies (when he cries)" both contain irresistible catchy grooves, as well as swell harmonies. Elsewhere, covers of the Strangelove's "I Want Candy" (misattributed to Bow Wow Wow), the Waitresses "I Know What Boys Like" and the kitschy "These are quotes from our favorite 80's movies" are perfect examples of this soon-to-be great bands burgeoning humorous side. Surprisingly, the Souls still aren't on a large independent label...yet. Expect that to change off their recent U.S. tour featured stints with Rancid and the Offspring. They certainly deserve it.

—JEFF REPTILE VICE

**SENSE FIELD
KILLED FOR LESS
REVELATION RECORDS**

It's both a disservice and a compliment to this L.A. area band that they're called "not your typical Revelation band". Evidently, Revelation officials wisely chose to sign Sense Field after hearing their two self-released efforts, which are unlike anything you've heard from a punk act before. Descriptions of SenseField's music as emo-core or even pop-core don't do it justice and doesn't even begin to describe their nearly wondrous harmonies. This five piece has to be influenced by the Beatles to come up with something as perfectly

poppy as "Sage" I doubt that anyone short of XTC or the Posies could write anything close. But not all of "Killed for Less" material falls into such easy categories. The title track is a blistering punk track with challenging dual guitar lines. "Blue Glass Man" comes close to swirling psychedelia. Variety may be the key word here. Sense Field will be back in town August 5th at Playscool with State of the Nation, Mayberry and March Hare. I'd advise anyone with an open mind to show up and give a listen. You won't be sorry.

—JEFF REPTILE VICE

**STATE OF THE
NATION
OBJECTIVE COMPLETE
JADE TREE**

Well, let me first say that I hate politically motivated music. It is full of pretentious, contrived material that should generally be left to the controversy mongers of the nation. That said, I have to make exception for State of the Nation's CD release "Objective Complete" After a few close listening sessions one gets the idea that this trio is as motivated by loud screaming guitars as they are by activism. Yes, all the songs are motivated by some wrong doing, but it is not quite that simple. The songs for the most part are well written and even though some of them are obvious repeats of other S.O.T.N. material, they are executed with strong conviction. The guitar is strong and the rythms do justice to the initial outlook of the CD, which is "We're mad and we want something done" That's fine I suppose but I can't help but wonder if the focus of the material is holding back the in your face talent of this band. But then again, to quote a great musician and activist, John Lennon..."Whatever motivates you to play music, must be a good thing"

**SISTER
MACHINE GUN
THE TORTURE
TECHNIQUE
WAX TRAX RECORDS INC.**

Trent rules the world. As long as he continues to release numbered remixes what reason is there to investigate any other industrial band? His dissatisfac-

tion with Wax 'Iax has been well documented elsewhere.

The industrial world does move on. While Reznor was busy investigating the ghost of Sharon Tate and searching for long gone "Pig" graffiti on the walls of his new house the members of Sister Machine Gun were recording this album. The samples aren't overdone. There are four people contributing keyboards/programing, but there are also four guitars and one bass.

Inside the CD booklet are two essays. One deals with guns and bombs, the other describes the addiction to the dollar brought on by capitalism. Sister Machine Gun would appear to be anarchist peace-niks so loved by Rush Limbaugh.

Along with the political songs are a few dedicated to the various forms of addiction closely tied to an endless search for the almighty dollar. "Wired" has addiction to religion as the subject matter. "Krackhead," and "Cocaine Jesus" are, of course, dedicated to the evil white powder. "Cocaine Jesus" is the better of the two based on the slow new-age background music complimenting the whispered vocals. A little heavy on the bass for mediation but expand your mind.

"Brother Bomb" is a rap with processed beats dedicated to either the unfulfilled expectations of parents or lovers. "I'll never be what you want me to be." That's only a sampling of the work on the album. Sister Machine Gun aren't intent on drawing the rave crowd with a high BPM count (see Messiah in the techno section) and they aren't trying to draw the metal heads in with hard rockin' guitars (see SKREW or Ministry). Searching for industrial with beats, a message and noise? This is it. They were here in July, but due to lack of information and free admission I missed it.

By LINNY

If you play in a local band, it is difficult to review your music if we don't have it, and we probably don't...

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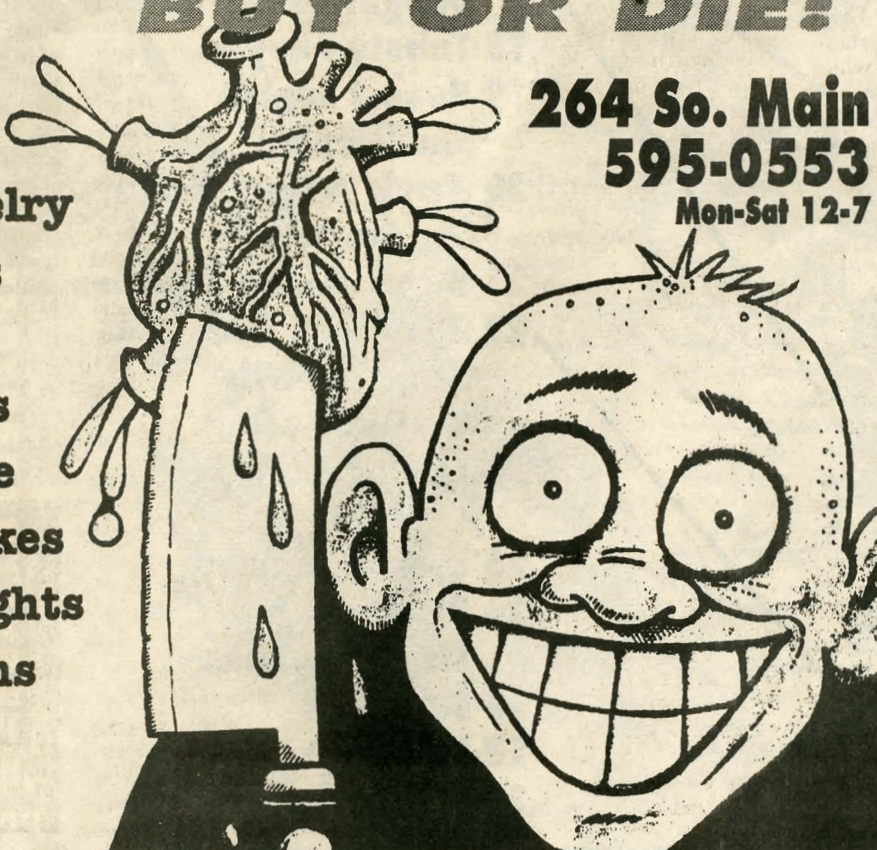
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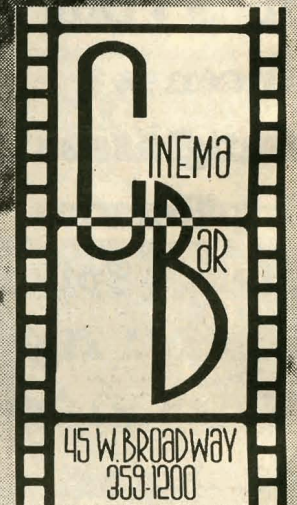
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T R A S H

AUGUST

- 4 **MOLLY MCGUIRE**
Honest Engine
- 5 **House Of Cards**
- 6 **Man Or Astroman**
Mind At Large
- 8 **SKY CRIES MARY**
Gleeclub
Abstrak
- 9 **Crazy Jane**
Iris
- 11 **DOWNSET**
Shootyz Groove
So Wut
- 12 **Pansy Division**
- 13 **Five Feet To The Window**
Commonground
- 16 **PEACH**
CORDUROY
They
- 17 **CHRISTIAN DEATH**
Daughters Of The Nile
- 18 **Thirsty Alley**
- 19 **Honest Engine**
Shadowplay
- 20 **Back Alley Gators**
The Stoffed
- 21 **Back Alley Gators**
- 22 **MUTHA'S DAY OUT**
Sugartooth
Godspeed
- 23 **Thirsty Alley**
Cathouse
- 25 **Commonground**
- 26 **Riverbed Jed**
Scabs On Strike
- 27 **SLUG Fest**
- 28 **SLUG Fest**
- 30 **Piss Christ**



a private club
for members



Sleepy LaBeef

the concrete, condo infested jungle of the Park City Arts Festival.

In more rockabilly news for the month of August is the appearance of the Scoffed on a forthcoming Nervous Records compilation. The underage greasers in Utah County don't realize that this is the day the music died and they continue playing an outdated form of music that ended when the greatest rockabilly of all time Brian Setzer recorded his tribute to Glen Miller.

On the cassette machine is a trio of cassettes from some guy in France. They don't realize that they are sending music to the backwater of Utah where we still believe in mohawks, pogoing and the classic rock sounds of the '70s.

Literally thousands of people in this state will allow themselves to be penned up in a stockyard awaiting bloodless, mindless slaughter by mid-70s era corporate rock bands and a blast of bombast. In the high mountains they are mesmerized by the sight of Yes, while listening to the live music through head phones and high-tech FM radio. I'm sorry, but I don't get the concept. Meanwhile a few short miles from the Idaho border early '80s California punk rock is a big deal to the Peterbilt crew.

I digress, let's get back to the sanity of the '50s. The French cassettes feature some killer rockabilly music, especially when they sing in French. Can you say Plastic Bertrand or "Ca Plane pour Moi?" Next up from London comes a CD from Red Hot and Blue with a new release on the Fury label. They combine American country music with the tried and true red white and blue for an especially nice example of the British version of an American art-form.

From the American contingent

comes a cassette from of all places Denver. Mustang Lightning were a rockabilly surf band and they put this tape out back in '91. Imagine rockabilly music drenched with reverb. No longer a rockabilly band they are now seeking fame and fortune as an alternative/college combo. Don't be fooled by the CD currently in record stores, it isn't the same.

Sequeing from rockabilly to surf is the appearance of Man Or Astroman at the Cinema Bar on August 6. They concentrate on instrumental surf, but manage to throw a little garage music with vocals and instrumental rock ala The Wailers onto their most recent platter.

It's back to the 'billy with this tidbit. If you saw Big Sandy's Zephyr show you know that he has a 7 inch EP out on the English No Hit label. The songs aren't on his Hightone CD which seems to be too progressive for most rock critics. The EP is better than the CD. A CD simply doesn't have the warmth of vinyl, especially when the music requires a needle in the grooves for maximum enjoyment. I'm calling Hightone to request the vinyl version of "Jumpin' From Six To Six." You'll need a turntable to play the EP. If you weren't at the gig good luck finding it.

Cool Cat Productions has gone bankrupt. For now we are at the mercy of the downtown clubs for live rockabilly music. Believe it or not there is some coming. On August 25 Sleepy LaBeef will play the Zephyr. LaBeef is a living legend, an American resource better known in Europe than in his country of birth. After a month without the 'billy I'm sure fans will crowd the hallowed confines of the club for this show.

In book news is a new tome describing the life of James Dean. Remember the entire rockabilly attire and attitude comes from Dean and Marlon Brando. The highlight of the book is not Dean's dress, or the sordid details of his affair with a priest but the shocking, never-before-published photograph of him undressed, sitting in a tree, holding his stand-up, one-eyed wink. Don't believe me? Visit a book store.

Watch the newsstands for a re-named rockabilly rag soon. Better yet enter the "name the 'billy paper" contest. There will be more detailed information on the Salt Lake rockabilly scene or lack there of and possibly an interview with the members of the legendary Salt Lake City rockabilly band Voodoo Swing from their "sweat lodge" condo. For now I'm wearing my "Pink Pegged Slacks" and telling everyone I meet don't mess with my "Ducktail."

Watch for the first issue of

SLAM around the first of August. Someone is starting yet another Utah rag. I've heard the name stands for Salt Lake Area Music and that they will cover everything from heavy metal to country and bluegrass. In the first issue look for the interview/concert review of Great White and the upcoming Rafter's appearance of Motley Crue. I'm sure SLUG, Diesel, Put Yer Cat Clothes On, the IAMA Newsletter, the Blues Society Newsletter, the Private Eye, the Event, Catalyst etc. etc. are doomed after Salt readers catch on to the newest and latest trend; a magazine devoted to Salt Lake music.

The next item is the strictly enforced sabbatical of Voodoo Swing. They are reportedly on a retreat in a Park City condo meditating to the sounds of Anagraho and searching out a new commercially acceptable sound more in tune with the tastes of the local audience. I can hear the death knoll of the Utah rockabilly scene in my ears and the insane cackle from that blond bitch Helen Wolf. Those in the know say, "What rockabilly scene, there never was one." It was all a public relations stunt master minded by the "evil rockabilly kingpin," Cool Cat Productions and the boys and girl of Voodoo Swing, the Scoffed, the Broken Hearts and Pistol Pete trying to hawk their pathetic recordings and live shows to uninterested Utahns. You can all go safely back to listening to cover bands and the innumerable local punk rock factions.

Meanwhile in Europe Voodoo Swing is still receiving massive amounts of publicity on the strength of the American import. Now that Nervous has finally released the European version watch for it to appear in the pages of Billboard as top 10 in Holland. They will play at Burts on August 4.

Back at the ranch, local honky tonk band the Broken Hearts are ready to enlighten the hokey pokey crowd. They will play Sandy's Station, Green Street and Totems near the end of July and in August. I plan to attend even if I'm broke. These shows are guaranteed to be classic entertainment. Skin tight Wranglers, silk cowboy shirts, rattlesnake boots and pot bellies watching the roots of country music. There are some damn good swing dancers in the country and western clubs. I hope the line dancers stay home. As in any country club, the heart broken, recently divorced will be on hand looking for one night stands when the music stops. I hope the Hearts have visited Murray Feed and purchased numerous rolls of chicken wire to protect themselves in case the crowds don't like the twang, the tattoos and the '50s attire. The Hearts also plan to bring the sounds of a Honky Tonk Hardwood Floor to

ZEPHYR

TUESDAY 2
ALEJANDRO ESCOVEDA
WEDNESDAY 3
BARRO
THURSDAY 4
TBA
FRIDAY 5
MONKEY MEET
SATURDAY 6
MONKEY MEET
MONDAY 8
JACK O'PIERCE
TUESDAY 9
PIE EATERS & INSATIABLE
WEDNESDAY 10
COCO MONTOYA
THURSDAY 11
AUSTIN LOUNGE LIZARDS
FRI/SAT 12-13
THE LOVED ONES
SUNDAY 14
WOLF GANG
TUESDAY 16
THE WILLIE WISELY TRIO
WEDNESDAY 17
WILLIAM CLARK

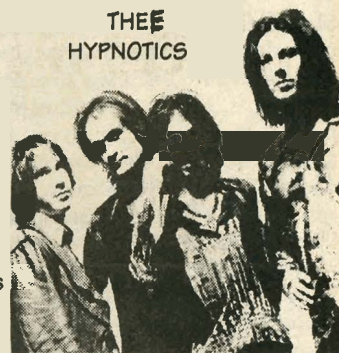
BLUES BAND
THURSDAY 18
THE BACK DOORS
FRI/SAT 19-20
CHRIS HIATT
AND COLD SHOT
SUNDAY 21
WOLFGANG
MONDAY 22
BACK ALLEY GATORS
TUESDAY 23
LEFTOVER SALMON
WEDNESDAY 24
HEAVY METAL HORNS
THURSDAY 25
SLEEPY LABEEF
FRI/SAT 26-27
SALSA BRAVA
SUNDAY 28
MAHLATHINI & THE
MAHOTELLA QUEENS
MON/TUE 29-30
VANGAURDS
WEDNESDAY 31
CHRIS DUARTE

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concert review

VANILLA TRAINWRECK AND THEE HYPNOTICS AT THE ZEPHYR.

THEE
HYPNOTICS



The warm-up concert for Livestock was held on the previous Tuesday. The Zephyr Club stage featured a true retro band and the audience members experienced the '60s as they really were. More on that latter.

A few came to see Vanilla Trainwreck. I say a few because the record label fell down in their job of supporting the band. If no one knew Vanilla Trainwreck was playing it was because the record label didn't tell anyone. That's the kind of support I'd want if I were a struggling musician touring the United States. Oh well, Juliana Hatfield and Frente pay the bills.

The Trainwreck guys weren't all that great. They performed an ear-splitting set of headache inducing noise and almost begged the audience members for a place to spend the night. Don't blame it on us Vanilla, blame the record company. The Wreck guys finally relinquished the stage and the event of the week set up.

Thee Hypnotics had some label support. At least the press in town knew they were coming. Not that the write-ups did any good because most in town were saving their energy for Saturday when the has-beens hit town. Thee Hypnotics are some skinny little English guys with black hair; except for the drummer who looks like Mark Eaton's brother Lurch. He's about seven feet tall even when sitting behind the drum kit.

This group took the stage and launched into the most powerful set of acid rock I've seen since the wrecking ball took out the Terrace Ballroom. The lead singer, Jim Jones, had the Jagger/Iggy moves groupies wet their panties over. The bassist had a huge red one, the model of which I couldn't make out. The two guitarists smoked long filtered cigarettes as they cranked out the most amazing blues drenched rock and roll I've heard since Blind Faith broke up and Winwood left Traffic for pop stardom.

The '60s returned for one night only in Salt Lake City. It didn't cost \$150 plus airfare to New York. It didn't cost \$10 to watch balding greybeards minus the lead singer crank out tired hits. It wasn't Woodstock and it wasn't the Livestock Festival. For \$5 and the price of drinks you could have experienced exactly what those of us old enough and with the mental capacity to remember went through back in the day. I walked out of the Zephyr shaking my head in disbelief and wonder at what I'd just witnessed. The air was filled with patterns before my eyes. The sidewalk moved, the air breathed and tracers followed cars down the street. I saw God and Jesus and laughed all the way home.

BY THE ZIG-ZAG MAN

8

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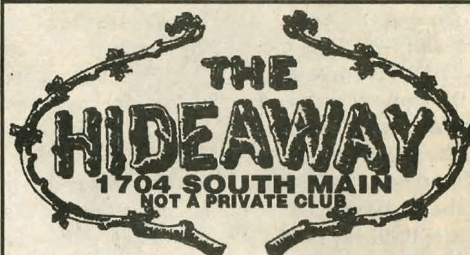
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- NEW YORK TIMES

"TAKES THE HORROR GENRE
PLACES IT'S NEVER BEEN"

- NEWSDAY

CRONOS

A FILM BY GUILLERMO DEL TORO

OCTOBER
FILMS



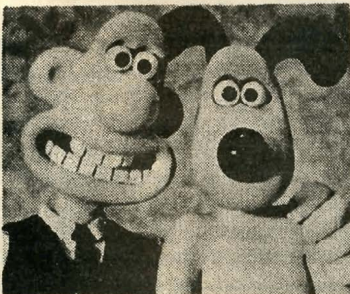
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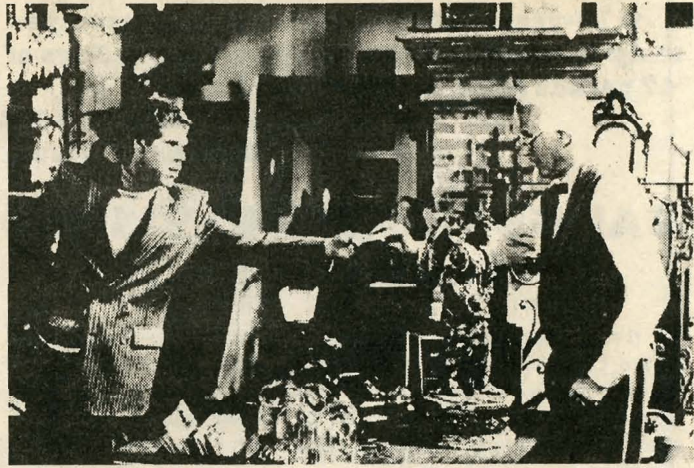
"A ZESTY & FLAVOR-
FUL TOON BUFFET" -
New York Newsday.

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EVERYTHING ONE
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TION." - N.Y. Times.

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movie reviews



CRONOS

A GUILLERMO DEL TORO FILM

O.K., it's well past two o'clock in the morning and I gotta get this gawd dim review into S.L.U.G. first thing the next day. I ended up getting drunk again and watching this movie at a friend's house and now I gotta kick something out before I pass out. Shit, the world puts a lot of pressure on film critics. Watching movies is hard work...I mean, we actually have to make connections between what we see on the screen and our real lives. Really, how often does a movie really say anything that speaks directly to you? Especially when its a gawd damn Mexican vampire movie!

O.K., lets talk about mortality. Mortality is something every one can relate too, right? Or not. At least everybody should have thought about it...it's kinda important, you know, the meaning of life and the hereafter and all that. Should I spend all of my time racking up brownie points for heaven or do I live for today because tomorrow I'm compost? Is there anything at all to the mystical mumbo gumbo that I read about in the Catalyst or should I stick to my existential cynical gut feelings? Mexican vampire flicks kinda bring these questions to mind...especially those with the kind of genre cross-dressing that "Cronos" has. Whew! Is this film tacky or brilliant? Is there a contradiction there? But back to mortality.

Popular opinion holds that most humans don't feel they live long enough. They didn't get to do everything they wanted to do, they wish they had time to improve their relationship with their kids or their parents, youth is wasted on the young, yeah yeah yeah. The question this film raises is, is longevity a goal in itself or is it the quality of life that is important. Hmmm! I want a second opinion from Jack Croakvorkian.

Have I mentioned yet that Jean-Luc Goddard is an asshole?

Oh yeah, I got a really great quote from this movie...you see, the first time Jesus Gris dies, the undertaker sez (while primping the corpse up) "you gotta be a fucking artist". His assistant retorts "just don't overdo it, we're cremating him." I don't know, maybe you had to be there.

And hey junkies, listen up, this film has a heavily symbolic needle-fix theme running through it. Just don't mix your bug-juice with heroin or you'll be sorry...you'll get the Morel mushroom complexion and give a whole new meaning to the word "bloodthirsty".

I'm gettin the feeling this review is derivative of Joe Bob Briggs. Speaking of which, "Cronos" has no breasts (female that is), four dead bodies (counting Jesus Gris thrice), Grecian Formula 44 fu, and a drive in nomination for Dog-boy (not to be confused with Pig-boy) for saying "Christ walked on water...so do mosquitos". Three stars, check it out! Lets call it a night.

- IMA MISS

A 15-year old boy was shot in the Kneecaps early Monday during a gang fight on the Days of '47 parade route in Salt Lake City

26, 1994

Salt Lake Tribune

GANGBANGING REVISITED

BY MICHAEL S. STYLES

It was just a year ago that the Governor, Sheriff, state representatives, concerned citizens and the media declared a state of emergency pertaining to the escalation of gang violence which had plagued Salt Lake and West Valley city, causing citizens to prop sand bags in front of their homes as barricades against drive by shootings.

Funding was talked about for youth programs along with minorities actually being hired on the Sheriff's gang task force, eloquent speeches were given by the Mayor, rallies were held, new anti-gun laws for minors were talked about and enacted. Local television stations interrupted network programming to televise special reports concerning gang violence, every self-proclaimed youth service specialist was sought out by the media to appear on local television talk shows to discuss their solutions to the problems concerning gang violence, even the Mormons started talking tough. This gang situation produced more hype locally, than O.J. Simpson's pre-trial. A year later the only significant achievement to come from all of this was a gun law, which prevents the sale of handguns to those under 21 in an attempt to curve drive-by shootings (As if gang-bangers were actually buying their weapons legitimately). And James Brown's special BBQ Sauce, proceeds going to gang related programs (noble effort...maybe, but I suspect it's more self-serving for it's originator.) So why has gang violence escalated a year later? And why can't our public officials get a handle on this problem?

Five things come to mind when talking about the lack of progress made by the state concerning gang violence from a year ago: The Gov. turning his attention to the 2002 Winter Olympics, the Courty Sheriff's gang task force (who's out of their element when it comes to dealing with minorities) lack of minority hiring, lethargic parenting, media hype and the lack of appointing accredited gang problem solvers to positions of power in the Gov's. administration.

A year ago the Gov. held a conference with a few of the Salt Lake and West Valley gang members who were terrorizing and wreaking havoc on their perspective neighborhoods. The Gov. wanted to understand their plight, feel their pain and bestow upon them some fatherly advice straight from the farm. The result?.. The Gov. got the shit scared out of him, by a bunch of teenagers who give a goodgoddamn who he was or what his status in society meant. They would just as soon knock his silly ass off because he looked goofy. Who wouldn't be frightened under those circumstances?

The Gov. had to realize at his point that this gang shit was way out of control and that some drastic steps had to be taken to deal with the little bastards, before the shit started to infiltrate his neighborhood. Also The Gov. had to be thinking that these weren't the egg throwing, window breaking, curfew violating, beer drinking, misguided teenagers he had encountered while growing up on the far-m... These were teenage murderers and felons who didn't give a fuck about life, liberty or the pursuit of a nasty girl.

So why did the Gov. abandon this state of emergency? Maybe the Gov. turned his attention to a subject which was easier to digest and was conducive to his element... Ah ha...The 2002 Winter

Olympics bid, which has accumulated more money via state taxes and private funding than all the anti gang fund raisers put together. In essence while gang violence escalates, we can rest easy knowing that our tax dollars are hard at work guaranteeing that rich white folks can ski and sit in hot tubs without fear of running out of campaign. I do, however, give the Gov. an A for giving a damn and confronting the gang problem face to face, even if it was briefly. This is more than I can say for his predecessor and most of our public officials who are content to run and hide from the problem like the cowards they are. These cowards only confront the gang problem whenever a television camera is near by.

A year ago there was talk of the Sheriff's dept anti gang unit recruiting more minority deputies for the department. This would have been a brilliant move. It would give minority gang members positive role models from their culture to look up to. Someone who could understand the problems of being a minority in a state where the population is 97% European American. Who knows, the Sheriff dept might have found some potential deputies among these gang members, thus, becoming positive role models for the Los Angeles like gang violence which is bound to hit Salt Lake And West Valley in the near future.

As of today the only blacks that the Sheriff dept has hired have been jailers. From Pistol Pete Hayward to Kennard neither has allowed a Black man to be around a gun much less carry one. As for the Sheriff's gang task force, it's currently made up of the whitest guys you would ever want to meet. They're so white they make the Beav look like James Brown.

A friend of mine, who's Mexican American and works at the Sheriff's office, confided in me, that while delivering some papers at the Sheriff's Office, he accidentally walked into one of the homogenized gang task force strategy meetings by mistake. He described the looks he received as chilling as though he had committed a crime. The fact that my friend is Mexican American may or may not have been the reason for the chilling looks he received that day.

Our only evidence to suspect that the Sheriff's gang task force is out of their element, is its homogenized make up, along with the accusations of racism by those who have been hassled and mistaken for gang members the task force, that is to those persons color who fit the Sheriff's gangster profile or any nigga, young or old walking down the street.

The homogenized make-up of the Sheriffs gang task force reeks of racism and reinforces the "Us against Them" theory, which in turn widens the gap of goodwill and cooperation between the Sheriff and people of color.

Two years ago, While listening to a guest speaker in my criminal justice class. I asked the question, "What type of training does the Sheriff Office give to it's deputies concerning cultural sensitivity?" The Guest speaker replied, "They receive three hours of training for two days." "what up with that shit, I thought?"

It is virtually impossible to train a bunch of White guys cultural sensitivity in such a short amount of time. And adding to the problem are the African-American academicians who instruct these courses and who don't want to tell many of the deputies like it is, because it might offend, thus, nullifying their return to instruct the next years group of nazis and the money that goes along with it.

We must give the Sheriff's gang task force some credit from a year ago, because gang violence has increased and they still have to deal with an increased amount of lethargic parents who have abandoned the notion of the old fashioned woodshed in favor of that Dr. Spock bull-shit. Former County Commissioner Mike Stewart had a brilliant saying, "If you don't make little Johnny clean up his room while he's young, then he will be cleaning up his jail cell when he's old." In essence, if parents don't give their children some discipline, as in whupping their little butts and teaching them the values of human life while they're young, the little bastards will most likely end up in the Penitentiary or dead.

A year ago during this state of emergency, the media filmed

everyone and anyone who even mildly had connections with gang life. They interviewed cousins of cousins who had cousins who were gang members. Rod Decker from channel 2, who serves •Up more whoppers than Burger King, put on his sam Donaldson face and conducted the man on the street interviews concerning gang violence, making sure to keep his legislation gig in tact. While Phil Reisen did the "Bill Clinton" neighborhood routine. And Dick? well... Dick just wanted to get to the Spá on time and do some serious lifting. Dick doesn't play that Geraldo bull-shit, he knows where he's comfortable at and he's no phoney, he sticks to one thing all the way. Dick is extremely involved in cancer fund raisers and doesn't spread his self too thin which is more than we can say about the other News casters, who's intentions and concern about the gang problem is suspect.

So where are the progress reports by the news media concerning gang violence from a year ago? What happened to those neighborhood meetings conducted by Phil?

Has gang violence been solved? If not, then why haven't these same people continued their attack on the gangbanging problem?

What happened was the media took every advantage to capitalize on the sensationalism in which the gangbanging problem was generating, and when they concluded that gangbanging wasn't news worthy they directed our attention else where, like the Winter Games. The public bought the "Wolf Tickets" sold to us by the media. But the Problem is far from over, It hasn't gone away from a year ago and it hasn't displayed any signs of slowing down.

There are real soldiers who work everyday to solve gang violence. They've been in the trenches from the beginning and continue to struggle with the problems of begging the state for more funding to keep what little staff they have, while the problem of gang violence escalates. Soldiers like, Dwayne Bourdeaux, who is the Director of the "Colors of success" program And Latisha Medina, Director of the "Youth Works" Program for the Neighborhood House. And the "Amazing" Rev. France Davis, who has donated much time, energy and love for the African American Youths in Salt Lake and West Valley County. His work is extraordinary.

These are just a few of the real soldiers who fought gang violence before it was vogue (These soldiers were on the battlefield long before those sissy, Machiavellian like politicians started scanning the public opinion polls on gang violence, and making bull-shit statements via the media for the votes of their tired constituents).

These soldiers are the people who should be at the forefront in deciding policy procedures concerning gang violence, not the legislators who make decisions based on network television programs and public opinion polls. It's true that this problem ultimately rests with community and to defeat gangbanging we need community involvement, like we had a year ago, but we also need strong leaders who aren't afraid of change, and who won't buckle under to the demands of the rich, elitist, punk-ass bitches who don't give a damn about anyone save themselves.

So... ah Sheriff Kennard...buddy. Let's get some brothers on the gang task force... what the hell... what can it hurt? If you're nice and treat them on an equal basis, they might even let you and the rest of the guys borrow their "2 Live Crew" CDs.

Hey Gov... without people like Bourdeaux, Medina and Rev. Davis at the forefront of the gang problem, the gang predicament is only going to escalate to L.A. like proportions. Let's not be naive to think that we have experienced the worst. And Gov... let's lose the Olympic Idea. If the open shootings at this years 4th of July events wasn't a preview of things to come, just think what will happen if you continue to divert tax dollars away from the gangbanging problem in favor of promoting the Winter Olympics bid? Utah will be host to the "Winter Gangbanging Olympics" in which a record number of cold-blooded gangbanging events will result in an Olympic size death toll.

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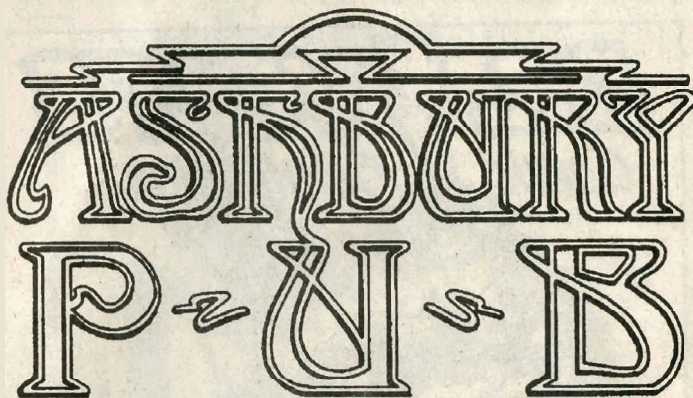
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Yup, it's me, Scott. I'm more pre-tentious and full of shit than ever, so cross your legs and hold it.

NO HOPE

**WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
JEFF LEVINE
PUBLISHED BY SLAVE LABOR
GRAPHICS**

One of the pleasures of trying new comics, is the occasional pleasant surprise. The most recent surprise for this critic is Jeff Levine's NO HOPE. The focus of NO HOPE is a gently satirical look at today's "slacker/generation x" population but lest those of you who resent those labels, should write this comic off, let me assure you that Levine's heart is in the right place. Levine's sympathy rests always with the likable losers who populate the pages of his work. Among these characters are John and Kathy, an unmarried couple basically maintaining a subsistence lifestyle. Kathy sells herself out by work-

ing as a receptionist/secretary in an office setting, while John searches (sort of) for a job and supports his needs by doing things like selling his motorcycle. In issue #4's "Ladies and Gentlemen, meet Mr. Sun", the two look for something to do on Kathy's day off. Kathy decides on a rather banal option, going to the beach. The objective then becomes one of convincing John to go (abandoning his beloved TV) and finding a ride...The other contents of the issue range from "Bad Luck Boy" in which one Bob is fired, gets dumped, gets evicted, is hit by a car, etc. All of this is presented in a sadly humorous fashion, as Bob's luck goes from bad to worse, to tales of urban boredom, like "A Christmas Story", in which the protagonist (Levine himself?) looks for something to do. The highlight is a three page sequence "Greetings Loser", "A Sort Walk Later" and "The Next Day" involving a depressed gent getting up, getting drunk and waking up the next

day worse off. Yes, it's terribly indulgent and whiny, but it's also very funny. To date 4 issues of NO HOPE have appeared, and Levine just keeps getting better. Whether it's a guy jerking off to Scooby-Doo's Velma or a bunch of folks sitting around getting drunk, the characters remain enjoyable. They talk and act like humans, and that's what gives the stories their power. So, basically, NO HOPE is a cool new comic with nice cartoony art that portrays the 90's world of existential despair with comic-tragic vignettes. It's also an unpretentious read that will bring a smile to your face and convince you that good comics are being published. (\$2.95, B&W) Grade: A

STRANGE ATTRACTORS

**WRITTEN BY MARK SHERMAN &
MICHAEL COHEN
DRAWN BY M. COHEN
PUBLISHED BY RETROGRAFIX**

For those with a nostalgia for the 60's style science fiction/space opera, RetroGrafix is publishing STRANGE ATTRACTORS. A synopsis of the plot over five issues would be hopelessly complicated, but suffice it to say that the heroine of the tale is Sophie, the curator of the Museum of Lost Things. She unwisely falls for Meson, who runs off, leaving Sophie broken hearted. In a complicated twist, Sophie ends up leaving the planetoid Sisyphus behind, along with her idol, Pirate Peg, and her robot companion, Roshi in an attempt to help her childhood friend Widow Widhover. The trio ends up crashing on the forbidden planetoid, where Roshi winds up damaged and Peg is kidnapped by her ex-comrade, The Collector. If you've ever read any E.E. Smith or Cordwainer Smith, you'll have an idea what Strange Attractors is like. The writers have a cheesy sensibility that has created an implausible but appealing continuum inhabited by bug eyed aliens, robots and women in fishnet stockings. By way of comparison, STRANGE ATTRACTORS remind's me of Scott McCloud's late lamented ZOT! for it's sense of wonder and fun. It's not earth shattering, but it is good, clean

entertainment (is that a dirty word?) It won't change your life, but STRANGE ATTRACTORS is strangely attractive. (\$2.50, B&W) Grade: B (literally)

POISON ELVES WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY DREW HAYES PUBLISHED BY MULHIDE GRAPHICS

Discontentment with mainstream comics has led your humble reviewer to search about for interesting titles, and one such jaunt turned up POISON ELVES. To be honest, I'm not quite sure what to make of this title. Formerly published under the name LUSIPHER, the comic features LUSIPHER, an elf and thief, who has stolen a mysterious orb and then goes to an inn to contemplate his existence. After downing a fair amount of alcohol, LUSIPHER is attacked by an E'ja (a dimension spanning assassin) looking to bruise our hero for his theft. Lusipher has to resort to calling upon his inner being to defeat the E'ja and wakes up...in a hospital? I've only read #16, the newest issue, so it's kind of tough to really assess the story. Creator Hayes has evidently woven a pretty tight story line, and the situations are fairly creative and intriguing. Hayes has a good, pretty detailed art style that involves fine line work and interesting layout and panel design. This creates an interesting look for the book that is hard to resist. Obviously, a lot of time and effort has been spent putting this all down on the printed page, and it shows. That said, this is only a partial review based on one issue. If the other issues are like this one, POISON ELVES may be worth further investigation for fantasy lovers. A very solid, professional effort. (\$2.50, B&W) Grade: B

Scott's Shopping List: Besides the above mentioned titles, recommendations are in order for BONE#14, DORK#2, FROM HELL Vol.5, KANE #3, MADMAN COMICS #2, PICKLE #4 (a real gem of a comic), and two super hero titles- AQUAMAN #1 and SPIDER-MAN 2099 #23

BY SCOTT VICI

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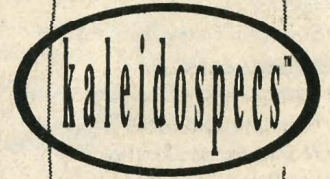
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daily calendar

Monday, August 1st

- Megan Peters-Lazy Moon Pub
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, August 2nd

- Alan Michael Trio-Lazy Moon Pub
- Ten Frogs Deep-Dead Goat
- Alejandro Escovedo - Zephyr
- ★ Stone Temple Pilots, Meat Puppets, Jawbox - Triad Amphitheatre
- Starcrunch, Petting Zoo-Bar & Grill

Wednesday, August 3rd

- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- All Souls Avenue-Bar & Grill
- Last Dance-Dead Goat
- Barro - Zephyr

Thursday, August 4th

- Fat Paw-Dead Goat
- Molly McGuire-Cinema Bar
- Voodoo Swing-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- The Pinch - Bar & Grill
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

Friday, August 5th

- Zion Tribe-Green Parrot

- ★ Sensefield, State of the Nation, Marchhare, Mayberry - Playschool
- Abstrak, One Eye, 7 Color Fly - Bar & Grill
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- ★ Toad The Wet Sprocket - Triad Amphitheatre

- House of Cards-Cinema Bar
- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Monkey Meet - Zephyr
- Phur Pajamas-Uncle Bart's
- Rayband-Ashbury Pub

Saturday, August 6th

- Abstrak, One Eye, 7 Color Fly - Bar & Grill
- Phur Pajamas-Uncle Bart's
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Man or Astroman-Cinema Bar
- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers
- Rayband-Ashbury Pub
- ★ Rollins Band, Helmet, Sausage - Triad Amphitheatre
- Monkey Meet - Zephyr
- Zion Tribe-Green Parrot

Sunday, August 7th

- Mary & Monique-Ashbury Pub
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
- Zion Tribe-Park City Arts Festival

Monday, August 8th

- Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead Goat
- Sky Cries Mary,Glee Club-Cinema Bar
- Barry Carter-Lazy Moon Pub
- Jack O'Pierce - Zephyr

Tuesday, August 9th

- Sarcomere Brothers-Lazy Moon Pub
- Honest Engine, Uncle Irving - Bar & Grill
- Crazy Jane, Iris-Cinema Bar
- Common Ground-Dead Goat
- Pie Eaters, Insatiable - Zephyr
- Bob Snow-Ashbury Pub

Wednesday, August 10th

- Hoi Polloi-Dead Goat
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Coco Montoya - Zephyr
- Clover - Bar & Grill
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, August 11th

- Scar Strangled Banger - Bar & Grill
- Downset, Shootyz Groove, So Wut-Cinema Bar
- Mocha Joe-Green Parrot
- House of Cards-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- A Band & His Dog-Dead Goat
- Austin Lounge Lizards - Zephyr
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

Friday, August 12th

- 3 Pigs-Uncle Bart's
- 7 Color Fly, Bloodfish, Trailer Park - Bar & Grill
- Pansy-Division-Cinema Bar
- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Crossroads-Dead Goat
- The Loved Ones - Zephyr



Stone Temple Pilots, Meat Puppets and Jawbox at the Triad Center on August 2.

The Stone Temple Pilots must rank as the most critically maligned band in existence. The new album isn't that bad, it isn't that good either. I won't analyze the Weiland's mind or his musical talent. I saw these guys open for the Butthole Surfers and they didn't impress me then, why should they now?

I tried to tell a pony tailed member of the MTV generation that the Meat Puppets were a punk rock band. He refused to believe me. In other circles they're considered a sell out because of the pop songs on the new album. The best shit ain't on the album. There is a 10 inch record available that should offend ex-Meat Puppets fans even more. They cover "El Paso City," "A White Sport Coat" and "Goodnight Irene." You want pop, find the 10 inch. For the punk search out the video of "We Don't Exist." It's a black and white, punk rock song. Who knows what they'll do on stage.

Jawbox are the openers and of the three bands they have the best current album. It sounds like Gang of Four from the "Entertainment" sessions mixed with the Strangers and Big Black. Clanging, banging guitars all over the place. It's an Arnold Production so you don't have to smell the lake or drive to Park City.

By Wa



Rollins Band, Helmet and Sausage at the Triad Center on July 6 at 2:30 PM

Henry Rollins is an outspoken icon of punk culture. Hear his thoughts on the matter on his latest album and his song "Icon." I don't need to relate any more details on his previous visits or his career. Everyone that matters has seen, heard or read him before. His first appearance was at the Indian Center as a member of Black Flag a decade ago. After 10 years of hard work he is famous enough to headline a show at the Triad Center. Along with "Icon" the most recent album, "Weight," contains many more dark, brooding songs. Rollins makes sure his biting lyrics are clearly audible and in case you don't understand they are printed in the CD booklet.

Opening this daylight concert will be Sausage. Les Claypool will appear on bass, Jay Lane is on drums and Todd Huth plays guitar. Don't know who they are? Ever hear of Primus or ventured out of the rock section of the record store and looked in the jazz section for the Charlie Hunter Trio? I can't believe they are playing Salt Lake. The album is awe-inspiring. Next up is Helmet. Last year they were critics darlings. Now Spin Magazine says they play the same song over and over. Whatever. I can't believe they are scheduled on the same bill with Rollins and Sausage. Work on the tans, sweat, headbang and groove to a trio of bands with more credentials than a U.S. Senator.

By Wa

- Tempo Timers-Ashbury Pub
- Backwash-Green Parrot
- ★ Saturday, August 13th
- 3 Pigs-Uncle Bart's
- The Loved Ones - Zephyr
- 5' to the Window, CommonGround-Cinema Bar
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- So Wut, Uncle Irving, Rezin - Bar & Grill
- Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers
- Rayband-Dead Goat

- Tempo Timers-Ashbury Pub

Sunday, August 14th

- ★ Snapcase, Lifetime, Suspension of Disbelief, Unbound - Playschool

- Wolf Gang - Zephyr
- Mary & Monique-Ashbury Pub

Monday, August 15th

- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat
- Ron Maestas-Lazy Moon Pub

Tuesday, August 16th

- Petting Zoo, Rezin - Bar & Grill
- Peach, Corduroy, They-Cinema Bar
- Piece Meal-Dead Goat
- The Willie Wiedy Trio - Zephyr
- Alan Michael Trio-Lazy Moon Pub

Wednesday, August 17th

- Rezin-Dead Goat
- Christian Death, Daughters of the Nile-Cinema Bar

- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - William Clarke Blues Band - Zephyr
 - Jelly Roll Blues Band - Bar & Grill
 - Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
- Thursday, August 18th**
- TheBack Doors - Zephyr
 - Broken Hearts-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - Wish - Bar & Grill
 - Thirsty Alley-Cinema Bar
 - House of Cards-Dead Goat
 - Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
 - Irie Hieghts-Green Parrot

- Friday, August 19th**
- Gamma Rays - Bar & Grill
 - Rayband-Uncle Bart's
 - Chris Hiatt and Cold Shot - Zephyr
 - Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - Honest Engine, Shadowplay-Cinema Bar
 - Back Alley Gators-Dead Goat
 - Chord on Blues-Green St.
 - Irie Hieghts-Green Parrot

- Saturday, August 20th**
- The Scoffed, Back Alley Gators-Cinema Bar
 - Irie Hieghts-Green Parrot
 - Chris Hiatt and Cold Shot - Zephyr
 - Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - Obvious-Dead Goat
 - Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers
 - Backwash-Ashbury Pub
 - Rayband-Uncle Bart's

- Gamma Rays - Bar & Grill
 - Chord on Blues-Green St.
- Sunday, August 21st**
- Mary & Monique-Ashbury Pub
 - Back Alley Gators-Cinema Bar
 - Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
 - Zion Tribe-Artspace
 - Wolf Gang - Zephyr

- Monday, August 22nd**
- Sugartooth, Godepeed, Mutha's Day Out -Cinema Bar
 - Catherine, The Obvious - Bar & Grill
 - Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat
 - Back Alley Gators - Zephyr

- Tuesday, August 23rd**
- Jesus Rides a Ric-Sha-Dead Goat
 - So Wut - Bar & Grill
 - Thirsty Alley, Cathouse-Cinema Bar
 - LeftOver Salmon - Zephyr
- Wednesday, August 24th**
- Bone Shelf - Bar & Grill

- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
 - Thirsty Alley-Dead Goat
 - Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - Heavy Metal Home - Zephyr
- Thursday, August 25th**
- Mocha Joe-Green Parrot
 - House of Cards-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - Sleepy LaBeef - Zephyr
 - CommonGround-Cinema Bar
 - Lloyd Jones Struggle-Dead Goat
 - Ashbury Blues Seseion - Bar & Grill
 - Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

- Friday, August 26th**
- House of Cards-Ashbury Pub
 - Salsa Brava - Zephyr
 - Megan Peters & Big Leg-Dead Goat

- Mary & Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - Honest Engine, The Obvious, - Bar & Grill
 - I Rote-Green Parrot
 - Fat Paw-Uncle Bart's
 - Strangely Enough-Green St.
- Saturday, August 27th**
- SLUGFEST-SPANKYS
 - Honest Engine, The Obvious, - Bar & Grill
 - Fat Paw-Uncle Bart's
 - Mary & Monique-D.B. Coopers
 - Zion Tribe-Dead Goat
 - Salsa Brava - Zephyr
 - House of Cards-Ashbury Pub
 - Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - I Rote-Green Parrot
 - Strangely Enough-Green St.

- Sunday, August 28th**
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
 - Mary & Monique-Ashbury Pub
 - Mahlathini & The Mahotella Queens - Zephyr
- Monday, August 29th**
- Yangaards - Zephyr
 - Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

- Tuesday, August 30th**
- 7 Color Fly-Dead Goat
 - Uncle Irving, Rezin - Bar & Grill
 - Pies Christ-Cinema Bar
 - A Band and His Dog-Ashbury Pub
- Wednesday, August 31st**
- Chris Duarte - Zephyr
 - Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
 - Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
 - All Souls Avenue - Bar & Grill
 - Ali Ali Oxen Free-Dead Goat

★ Indicates All Ages Welcome



Machines of Loving Grace, Surgery and Blood of Abraham at DVB on August 10.

Downtown they thought the Machines of Loving Grace were here on the 22. We at SLUG open our mall occasionally. We knew that one member of the Machines had surgery and the date was re-scheduled. The Machines experience with Surgery is not finished. On August 10 they play Club DVB with them.

All three of these bands have played here recently. The Machines are probably the most popular with locals - that's why they are the headliners. Their music fits in the industrial/advance category. Modern rock radio features them bridging the gap between eurodisco and supposed punk rock. The album and the live version are harder than the radio. Surgery is one of Helen Wolf's favorites. She raved about their last appearance at the Bar & Grill. They sound like a garage band doing the Rolling Stones to me. That isn't bad and I'm not making a comparison to the Black Crows; more like The Chesterfield Kings. Blood of Abraham is a duo of Jewish rappers. Benyad was born in Israel and grew up in Nigeria. Mazik came of age in Las Vegas. They came together in L.A. You won't hear their rhymes in gangsta Jeeps because a smidgen of intelligence is required to understand their messages. Jazz and hebrocentric hip hop are intermixed.

This is alternative music in its truest form. Tribal members of all persuasions will mingle on August 10.

By Wa

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