

SLUG

NOVEMBER
1994
ISSUE 71

ALWAYS
FREE




TATTOO ISSUE

LETTERS • HELEN WOLF
STIMBOY RETURNS • THE CRAMPS
THE OBVIOUS • RECORDS • MOVIES
PUBLIC ENEMY • DAILY CALENDAR

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TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

1
DOGS DAY

2
TBA

3
TBA

4
HONEST
ENGINE
My Friend Moses

5
SO WUT
UNCLE IRVING

8
MOZART
WISH

9
HEADSHAKE
HONEST
ENGINE

10
AUGUST
RED

11
CAROLINE'S
SPINE
The Pinch

12
ABSTRAK
PETTING ZOO

15
PALE SAINTS
LISA GERMANO
IDAHO

16
FIERCE
NIPPLES
UNCLE IRVING

17
My Friend Moses
PETTING ZOO

18 *Rockabilly*
FRANTIC
FLATTOPS
VOODOO SWING

19 *Blues/Rockabilly*
HOUSE
OF CARDS
VOODOO SWING

22
ABSTRAK
Skabs On Strike

23
TBA

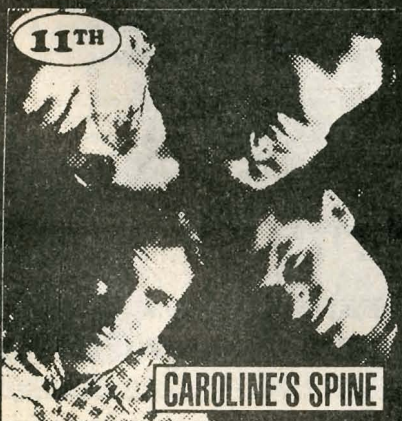
24
Closed For
Thanksgiving

25
26
GAMMA RAYS

29
RHYTHM
FISH

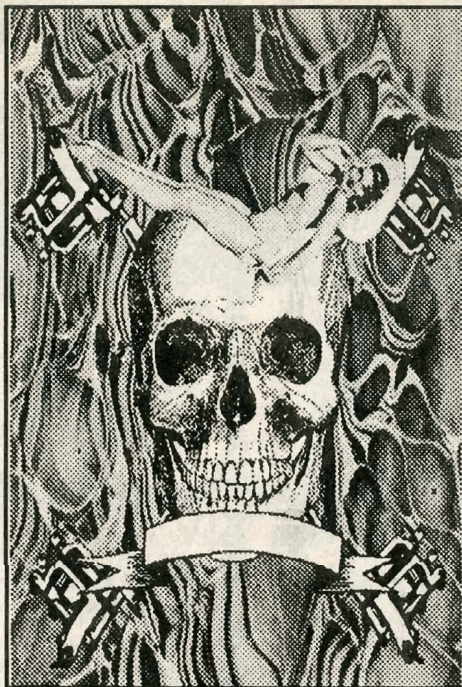
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NOVEMBER



on the cover

This month's cover was done by JR, but it was Maile's idea. It was all done in Photoshop, and the artwork is all plagerised...so there. JR is the art director for SLUG and plays bad music in a couple of local bands. I snuck this little ditty on his computer while he was asleep. Any lame-o that wants to do a full color cover for December.. what are you waiting for?



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. **We are now accepting FULL COLOR covers for the December #72 Annlversary Issue. Call for details**

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.

contents

DEAR DICKHEADS.....	6
HELEN WOLF.....	8
PSYCHO CORNER.....	9
PRONG.....	10
RELIGION.....	11
TRAVELIN' MAN.....	12
LOCAL ARTIST.....	14
THE OBVIOUS.....	16
ROCKABILLITY.....	18
MOVIES.....	20
THE CRAMPS.....	22
TATTOOS.....	25
COMING IN CONCERT....	30
RECORDS.....	34
PUBLIC ENEMY.....	38
COP SHOOT COP.....	40
DAILY CALENDAR.....	42

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r
e
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i
t
s

SLUG

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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
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DEAR DICKHEADS...

Dear Dickies,

It is I Rick, and I am an ally to the SLUG Force. I recently attended a very joyous display of punk rock, (my interpretation,) at the club known as DV8 trying to cause a ruckus in the pit(?) The fabulous event was the Weezer concert on August 5th. I say Weezer concert because I left before Lush came out. I'm not completely familiar with Lush, but I'd like to know who's been putting together the shows lately? I just don't see how anyone could consider Weezer, Jawbox, and Helmet? Who wants to pay \$20.00 with the unbearable STP? (See the August issue of SLUG for the Jawbox interview, Mr. Barbot agrees.) Although, it wasn't too hard cough up \$12.00 to see Weezer and then just leave before Lush. Are there reasonable answers to my questions? Does anyone else agree? Am I asking too much?

*My undying love,
Rad Rick*

Dear Dickheads at SLUG,

I'm stuck spending my summer here at "Club Fed" on the outskirts of Las Vegas. One of the only things I have to let me in on the Salt Lake happenings, is an occasional SLUG sent in from a friend. I've been reading your 'zine' ever since I moved to Salt Lake 6 years ago. As I sit here reading the Sept. 94 issue, I can't help but think "What the fuck happened?". I remember when SLUG had articles that were funny and put across some very interesting view points. Now it seems like all the writers(sp) are interested in, is criticizing people for the way they look, or the style of their hair, or the clothes they wear. Well I've got news for you, Your(sp) Not Gods. Maybe if someday you give up your holier than thou attitudes, you might remember what an underground zine is all about. I'm starting to wander(sp) if maybe the Mormons have taken over SLUG, because that's the

kind of hypocrisy I see when I read most of these articles. Punks(sp) not dead, but it's people like you who are killing it in Salt Lake. Think about it (that is, if you can) and maybe SLUG will become the real underground zine it once was.

*Signed
The Ravan*

Ed: Well Mr. Ravan, (that is your real name isn't it?) I'm so sorry to hear that you no longer like our little rag, but you see we're busy killing punk rock, as you so aptly noted. That's why we put on Sabbathon so that punk bands that might not get the exposure they deserve, can play in front of huge crowds. That's why there is more local music coverage than there has ever been in this zine. That's why SLUG is the fastest growing paper in Utah. And as far as criticizing our writers, they are some of the most talented people in Zion. If you can't stand SLUG, save your buddy the dollar and Stop Reading It! By the way, some big wig did take over SLUG six months ago, I think his name is Joseph Smith, I'm not sure cuz he doesn't swing by the office too much.

*Sincerely,
Your Catholic 'God
Complex' Editor*

My Dearest SLUGS,

First off, I'd like to comment that this is not at all an attack on SLUG, but rather, pointing out the blatant disregard for honesty in advertising portrayed by a particular venue in Salt Lake City. 'The Cinema Bar', or 'Spanky's Pool' has this fantastic ad exhibiting a 'Holier than thine bar scene' with the slogan SUPPORT LOCAL MUSIC. As much as I may love the idea of a bar that actually gives local acts an ad that could potentially bring people who might not normally give these bands a chance, this particular venue is solely out for personal gain and profit.

I happen to have alot of friends who play in bands around town, and I have never

seen more disrespect, disfunctionalism, or lack of 'support' at any other shows anywhere. These anal retentive capitalists bring acts in solely for the purpose of beer sales and pool profit! Hell, I have been at shows where there were well over 100 people, and the bands were lucky if they got enough money to pay for the gas ride home! How can local bands continue to be creative (let alone optimistic) if all the performances they give at the Cinema Bar don't even feed them? The bottom line is this: The acts that perform at the Cinema Bar (or any other venue for that matter) are the ENTERTAINMENT. They bring the people, provide the advertisement for the shows, and give the fucking clubs all of their greed money in the first place! Give the bands what they deserve, or DON'T YOU DARE commend to the public that you give a rats ass!

*Ever Faithful,
Darkness Past*

Ed: Well Mr. Darkness Past (that is your real name isn't it?) don't take this as an attack on you, but rather, your theory, which is ABSOLUTELY WRONG! I happen to know the owners of the Cinema Bar, and they are far from living high on the hog on all the money they make from screwing over local bands. As a matter of fact they just bought (on credit) a \$14,000 sound system for the club. Local bands get paid 100% of the door cover, less \$50 for the soundman's wage. And if the band has their own soundman, they get all of the door. The Cinema Bar also sends out over 500 calendars a month at a cost of \$100 a month, to get people to come to shows, not to mention cash spent on SLUG advertising. And if you see 100 people at a show and the band doesn't make alot of money, you might want to check the band's guest list which is full of the band's friends who got in free! I know that it's not the best system in the world, but it's a hell of alot better than some other places. Try going to L.A., where the bands pay the clubs to play there and have to sell their own tickets to make their money back. Running a club is very expensive, and they have to

make money or there would be no club. At least the Cinema Bar is making an effort to support local music, and not stifle it. And you can call them by their real names, Jason and Mary.

Dear Dickheads,

So... I'm listening to X-96 and everybody's all fired up about this Marilyn Manson fiasco thing at Larry's Delta Center shrine and suddenly I feel a movement (to wrote that is) coming on, so, forth I doth spew. You are all probably aware by now that Marilyn was forbidden to perform with Nine Inch Nails this mid-October and were even paid not to show when they refused not to omit portions of their deemed unsuitable for All-American working class idiots by Delta Center management/ city fathers/ Dee Dee's etc. etc./brother Miller/ God only knows. (no one tells her what's going on around here anymore.) I'm not going to waste precious air-time bitching and moaning about freedom of speech or my right to choose for myself, thanks, i.e. we all know that American freedom is a fictional illusion designed to keep working idiots working to consume alcohol and petroleum by-products wantonly in euphoric lustful passion to keep up with the Jones' Goddamnit!

The points I do wish to make are these:

1) The fact that the dieties who forbade Marilyn to perform are the same who brought working scum hockey to its end in Zion is indication, to me in my marijuana deranged state, that local power is afraid of working class idiots getting together in any way shape or forum as they might just realize how many of themselves there are available to take up pen and arms to take it all back. Heh, heh.

2) I, not being familiar with Marilyn's music, suspect in any case that the forbidden element or elements must have been something of a reasonably threatening nature, in some twisted zombie minds, to the structure of the wall of stupidity and boredom which surrounds "The Idiocy of the Land of Zion."

The preceding points are made in the hope that those amongst "The Idiot Tree" who may feel themselves to be a bit more aware and perhaps even "Freedom Loving Scum" might rejoice in obvious knowledge that power hates and therefore fears, above all mind you, all freedom of expression. This glaring fact raises the possibility, in my feeble mind, that freedom of expression could be the single most formidable and effective weapon in our arsenal against slavery if indeed not our last. This having been said, I, fellow working class idiot and card carrying member of the F.L.S. (Freedom Loving ...), slave, invite you all, brothers and sisters, to exercise that weapon of yours there, support independent retailers, locally owned and privately operated concert venues (not tied into "Big Money") and those artists striving to communicate the integrity and strong willed values necessary for a successful turnover of power to the hands

of the individual. In closing, if you don't like what "those who know better than you what's good for you" are choosing on your behalf, hit the power minded arrogant fucks where it hurts by boycotting any and all Larry's holy Dental Center shrine activities.

PERIOD. It doesn't even sound good in there and your favorite artists will soon be forced by the harsh realities of economic survival in the jungle of human ape types to play smaller, more intimate, primate hell holes like everybody else. This is what I and my beloved ones have chosen long ago and we now enjoy a happier, healthier existence and pocketbook, in love with the world and at one with the God forsaken universe as we know it..

To Be, Or Not To Be. Amen.

Cousin It.

ATTENTION LETTER WRITERS: Please, in the future have the nerve to use your real name, instead of these gothic bullshit hypocritical pseudonyms..OK?

—The Overlord

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PSYCHIC ENEMIES NETWORK Vs. The October Surprise

Not much to share this month comrades, since I've spent most of my time dodging lawyers from the Rolling Stones Corporation. Well EXCUSE ME for not joining in on the overamped local media blowjob being given to these limeys in loafers. The Salt Lake Tribune ran not one, but THREE lame, derivative prozac profiles of the Stones front page on show day. Get over it! Some good has come of this ordeal, namely giving a whole lot of pinheads a lesson in Scalping 101: NO, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY BRAINIAC WHO GOT THE IDEA TO BUY THE LIMIT AND GET RICH BY SELLING 'EM OFF! RENT A CLUE! Can't wait till the Eagles come back after Glen Frey's hair transplant operation or whatever.

Back in Realityville, I did get out incognito to some great (and grating) shows: Big Sandy and the Fly-Rite Boys at Media Play (!) was tre' wierd. Can you get the Cramps for the next matinee? Next was the 3rd anniversary bashola at Spanky's Cinema Bar and it was packed like a sardine drunk tank. Heatmiser held over from the previous night and turned in a subdued but gorgeous semi-acoustic set; Reverend Willie did their AllmanSkynard bluestomp with more guest stars than a Love Boat special; Honest Engine blared their fashionably generic jockgrunge for a little too long; and Scabs On Strike

appeared in drag about 2 seconds before last call oh, the humanity!

For some damn reason I went to the Holy Cow (no, this isn't Travelin' Man outtake) - it won't happen again. The band names are inconsequential the Cow's roster is interchangeable. Band #1 Seattle-ized with hair, shorts, and mucho whining about their inner Jeremy; Band #2's jock-core was tight, flashy, and devoid of any of the humor, recklessness, or edge that makes real rock n' roll more than just a fashion statement - in other words, perfect for this bar. You know that episode of Matlock when Andy Griffith tracks down the mayor's nubile teenage daughter to the "bad" side of town, in cheesy "rock" club, with a pack of squeaky-clean "rockers", nerf-lamming to a badass "rock" band? They filmed it at the H'Cow.

Back to Skanky's Enema Barn on the 22nd for the TRUE world's greatest rock n' roll band: Cop Shoot Cop. Openers Trailer Park are so damn good they induce moisture in the pants of gyys and grrl alike. This band has it all: volume, yuks, ripped vocal cords, milk hats and tunes you can hum during a root canal. New Yawk's finest Cop Shoot Cop, is all that and a PhotoMat -2 bassists, samples, horns, percussion galore and attitude to burn - "Fuck Yeah" sums it up quite nicely.

A couple of movie notes: DO check out Ed Wood, it's the perfect profile of the king of cheez-whiz budget theater; DON'T bother with Sex, Drugs And Democracy - I waded through a gaggle of nouveau peaceniks with bongos singing bad protest songs to sit through this super-8 suckfest that only reaffirmed my faith in republicans and unbridled capitalism (dang!). Now it's filler time this is one of the least-whacked letters I've received and I KNOW you just can't wait to read it and get The Man off my back. You can mail me your stellar thoughts c/o this rag, or E-Mail to CompuSlug helenwolf@idon-thaveafuckingcomputerugeek. Enjoy, and if you're a white guy, with dreadlocks- knock it off.

—Helen Wolf

guns n' WANKERS

DEBUT ALBUM

I hope he digs
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PSYCHO CORNER

by J.T. & The Fatman

"The Reel World Sucks"

Well, MTV has given us another version of the Reel World, & this time we refuse to let this one go without a REAL good spanking. RWIII features another limp dick cast of pathetic stereotypical idiots that are nothing like the generation they so desperately try to portray. Lots of use of the prefix "Pre" and the word "Situation". Of course, like RWII, the only REALy cool guy gets kicked out of the house... 'Puck' hmm his REAL name is probably REALy stupid. On with the rest of the cast... Mohammed (Mr. African-peace-love-harmony-goatee-look at all situations with a REAL cool head) is almost believable until he continually supports the popular opinions of the house. Pedro (pronounced Pethero) is Mr. Gay Aids Latino Activist Goatee Love Everyone. He's about to marry his boyfriend Shawn, Mr. Gay Aids Black Activist Goatee Love Everyone. No, this wasn't set up at all, REALy. Of course. Pethero couldn't handle Puck, so he got him kicked out, so he could remain in the political graces of the REAL house. What a pussy. I'd like to smack this girl silly. Then, there's Pam, the Asian (not oriental) Bad Dye Job Nurse Politically Correct Bohemian Bitch. Go figure. She's so phony, she bleeds fluff. Which brings us to Judd, the king of fluff. He's the guy that hangs around girls to be their best friend, so they feel REAL comfortable changing clothes in front of him; so he gets a free ass shot to keep his virgin-masturbate three times a day mental midget attitude in line. Oh yeah, he just grew a goatee, oooh. Gotta have a REAL dumb white girl... enter Cory. No Life, Drive, Brains, Ambition, Reason for Being Alive, Ultra Whiny Chick. Oh, and by the way, she's as dumb as a post. Did we forget the rebel?... Rachel. Ms. Conservative Republickin Dick Tease Flabby Ass Smart Mouth Bitch. She just got a tattoo & a bellybutton ring. She's REALy on the edge. What a waste of skin this 40 lbs. of makeup is. Her big goal? To fuck Jack Mr. President to be Kemp and get fat(ter) But, she REALy wants to do something with her life. And finally, Jo, Puck's replacement. A girl from Europe. Wow, that's REALy different. I'd do her though, she's actually kind of cute. Her idiot boyfriend, Steve, got in front of the camera to make this assinine statement... "You know, dogs were originally herbivores (vegetarians)" You FUCKING IMBECILE!! Why do you think they are of the Canine Carnivora family? What's with the sharp incisors? Try this little trick. Put a bowl of lettuce next to a steak, and see which one your tree huggin dog devours, you dick. This is what MTV is doing to your minds. Trying to convince you that this is REALy what happens when you move out and get roommates. A REAL world where NOBODY farts, burps, spits, shits, pees on the floor, gets laid, does drugs, says 'fuck', pays rent, does laundry, has hangovers, jacks off, or smokes. No, it's the United Colors of Benetton ad come to life. It's REAL life drama unfolding before your eyes. That's why after every scene you see one of the characters sitting against a mountain scene describing how they felt at that particular time, unrehearsed!!! Yessir, that's the way it is, you move to a REAL cool city, into a REALy huge house, full of REALy expensive shit, and a video confessional booth. Plus, they send you to Hawaii if you're stressed out. Oh yeah, you get a brand new pool table in your living room. Well, MTV it's like my man George Carlin says, "you can pre-suck my genital situation"... REALy!!!

See Ya next month,
—J.T. & The Fatman

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We'll have Rayband, House Of Cards,
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band jam to close the night, and gifts we'll
be giving out during the evening.
Admission will be \$5 and \$4 for card car-
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*Thanks for believing in
us and the music.*

We'll See You There!

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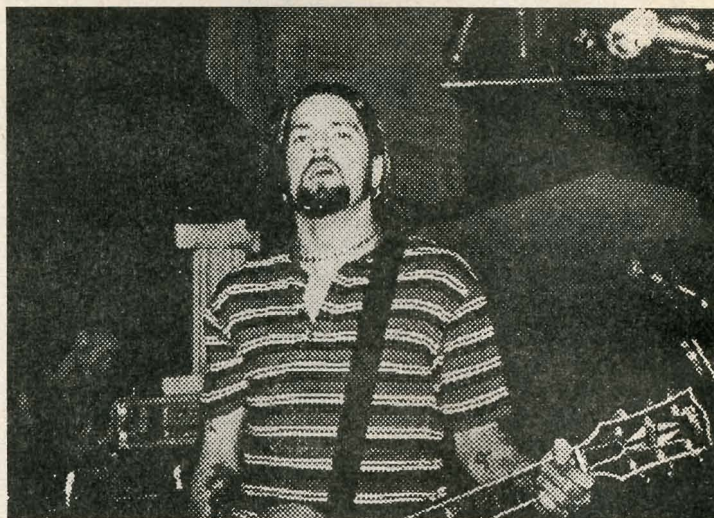
THAT IS ALL.

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INTERVIEW



PRONG

On Monday night, Oct. 17th, Prong brought their Cleansing show to the wonderfully intimate confines of Club DV8. The crowd was upbeat and diverse which, according to Ted Parson's, drummer and one of the founding members of Prong, is par for course.

Prong: "This tour has a good mixture with Drown and Clutch. More of the alternative crowd comes out than when we play with Pantera."

SLUG: "What audience do you see Prong playing to and fitting in with?" **Prong:** "To be honest with you, we've always had a problem with who our audience is. I think we get a crossover crowd; a lot of metal kids, kids into hard-core and people into alternative music, so it's a good mixture. I personally like playing to a mixture of people. I like it better that way so we don't pigeon-hole ourselves."

SLUG: "Well, it's good too because I think the alternative scene has definitely gotten to the point now where there is crossover." **Prong:** "Right. It's hard to tell now. And, alternative music is pretty much mainstream. It's really hard to figure out. I think when a band starts to pre-calculate their audience and their music it is a bad thing."

Parson's and Tommy Victor, the lead singer/guitar player and principle song writer are the only original members of Prong. They added Paul Raven on bass and John Bechdel on samples about 18 months ago. **Prong:** "It was just a logical step. They were brought in after Tommy and I had written the Cleansing album. They came in and helped with arrangements, but they weren't part of the band, per say." **SLUG:** "Now they are-" **Prong:** "Now they are, yea. For our next album we'll get those guys involved and collectively write."

HARDER THAN YOUR HUSBAND

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Tuesday, November 22nd • 10pm

LOOK @ RELIGION

Despite our sense denying Puritan background, the present American culture feeds like an animal on instant gratification. We follow an insane pursuit of happiness cause the vampire pusher got plenty mo better. Now you gotta get it fast or you gonna go down. That's right chief, addictive consumerism is a national pastime. Yet the brain dead patriots don't know what they want. Unless the price is right and they show it on T.V.!

Tragedy recently struck a retired Republican actress. From the famous sitcom of the fifties, Harriet Nelson of OZZIE & HARRIET will be buried barefoot in a voodoo rite in which the dead are ultimately dispossessed. Where the soul's voyage is forever scrambled from its past. Damn, and she was so good at keeping calm, making everything go smoothly. Emperor Ozzie just have to frown like a bad wind come through the kitchen and she be at close attention ready to stroke his hurtin' thing. In the early days of T.V. land, Harriet would see any glitch in the satin fabric all fixed within one half hour, including commercials.

Fast foward to the present time where married with children sounds worse than a bad joke and more like a sentence of execution. In this modern world so constantly perforated by the influential boob tube, only a minority enjoy relationships longer than the life of juicy fruit gum. For many, the "real thing" keeps getting bypassed for rides on the comfy bandwagon with that quirky someone who's not too thin and not too fat, a decent close resemblance. Perchance the real thang may be quite nearby, but one's insatiable appetite for immediate sweets discourages the deeper search. We may be face to face with true attractions, but a sour husk surrounds the subject and we back off to avoid difficulty.

Higher quality goods sometime must reveal themselves over long wavy stretches. A by-product of our insta-yummy culture is the fear of a lull, a dip in the action, trekking in the mud and the blood and the beer and the rain and the fog and it's pissy cold all by one's lonesome. Looking out for a soul mate's beacon is not a singular duty, however. You're better off going beyond a known spectrum where views of relationships vary from prescribed recipes and the flavors can taste as rich as a long brewed stew. Or rolling the same dice, you might spend hard time chewin and spittin worms. More vibrant than patience is an ability to go back into a battle that tossed you on your ass a few times. And the implements of the warrior may not have to be the slash and burn variety, but rather a measure of decency right when you'd like to rip somebody's head off and butt hump their esophagus.

Oh mister, if you wanna catch the big fish, you better be ready to take the big breath. Throw away that hook and line, grab yourself a spear and dive into the deep water. Even when the lungs are screaming in agony, hold onto your long term desire.

For the most part, women and men act like they did six thousand years ago. But things are changing a little bit, improving slightly. While at the same time wicked patterns are merely shuffled in the deck. Women might be a tad more agro these days and men more emotionally neurotic. Well so be it. It's a fine stage to demonstrate a shift. If we don't mind changing costumes now, and again, an opportunity presents itself whereby one might allow a personal involvement to trade punches. Girls, don't be afraid to grab a breakfast grapefruit and twist it into his face. Boys, maybe she'll listen if you explain your obsessive devotion with a face smeared with tears. In any case, you real don't have to bang the bad vibe gong to get attention. That's what babies do when they run out of options.

When your heart is pounding with a mortal poison put upon you by one you love, learn by your better battles to forget the crap and walk away from that rusty saber which inflicts revenge. When the heat gets turned up, use your best flame to kill with kindness. Delay the gratification and make up your own heartfelt program. A sure quality all Americans should be able to tap into is the essence of the migrations and explorations sacredly imprinted in our soil. Like a good method actor, learn to own the moment even when terribly harsh. Take strength and grace into the long walks of enduring involvements all up and down the wild terrain. Always holy is the understanding when you discover something new about someone dear that you never knew before.

*Happy Hunting and Best Fishes
Amore,
Padre Beelzebub*



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Travelin' Man

Well, nothing much comes and goes and as I start another month I go through my usual ritual of needing to change my life. What else is new? Living the life of a pretentious never-was-has-been can be tough but someone has to do it.

As usual I wound up in a bar every night so I got to see a lot of great and not so great bands play. And since I am so wise and and biased as to the opinions I dribble in this shit rag, you get to read it...or turn the page or wipe your ass with this one. I don't care, I get paid the big bucks whether you read it or not.

I made the mistake of reading *The Event* this month to see what was going on around town. The papers (like this poser mag) do little write ups on the bands the public can see, what's going on. It is supposed to be human interest and public information but really it ain't no more than ass kissin' for club advertising and free CDs from the record companies. Well, *The Event* wrote up a bunch of shows that never happened and *The Private Eye* only writes up advertisers and trombone bands. I think Barry Scholl and Ben Fulton ought to get together and make sure that nothing ever gets written up that people will see. It will be a big guessing game. No one ever goes to the shows SLUG writes up, its like the fucking kiss of death. By the way did anyone know the Stones blew through town this month?

I was just about to hurl a glass of beer and yell "punks not dead" when some-

one stopped me to tell me that Phantom Rocker & Slick were playing at the Zephyr that night. I knew it wasn't true but I checked it out and found out that the Phantom Rockers were going to be playing the next night. I had heard their pretty-rockin' English psycho billy stuff before so I rounded up a group of losers and headed to the Yuppie Town Tavern for some booze and psychobilly. We showed up at 10:00 thinking we had missed part of the show. Well, we were wrong! The band was just starting their sound check. This ritual consisted of bitching and moaning about their monitors and verbally abusing the poor fill-in sound person. Then they started their set with the worst Stray Cats cover I have ever heard in my life. They then dropped their instruments and walked off stage. The crowd didn't seem to mind too much but they came back anyway played a few shitty Clash covers, more bad Stray Cat's songs, a horrid rockabilly version of *Tainted Love* by Soft Cell and one or two originals that weren't too bad. If you haven't noticed I am a pretty big rockabilly fan and I gotta say these guys are the sorriest excuse for a rockabilly band I have ever seen and an embarrassment to the many great rockers from England.

Mid month is a bit hazy because I spent most of my evenings hanging out at Stimboy's place drinking Schlitz Malt Liquor and listening to the new Slayer album. I did make it to the Cop Shoot Cop show but had to leave after Trailer Park played. I know it



Lee Rocker

was great, you can stop telling me about it now.

I gotta say that the coolest thing this month had to have been the Supersuckers and The Meices tore through town and rocked my world. I have about 20 CDs that I listen to on a regular basis and Supersuckers and Meices are among the few. So, to be able to see both in one night was a little too good to be true. So of course, like any proceeding afternoon before a good show I started drinking hard at about 3:00 so by 10:30 when we showed up I looking like Otis on Andy Griffith. By the time Supersuckers got on to stage I was pretty much oblivious to my surrounding and wound up getting the shit kicked out of me in the pit. Great time for all and I know I would do it again.

Last but not least, Big Blue played at Bar & Grill. Now I am not the biggest blues fan in the world, I reserve most of my blues listening to House of Cards (who by the way have a new CD out that everyone should own), but I decided to check this out since I always liked the Stray Cats. I don't think people realize what an impact The Stray Cats had on rockabilly music. The Sex Pistols did it for punk rock and Nirvana did it with that kooky grunge thing. So to me Lee Rocker (bass player for Big Blue) is as close to a legend as there is. Not to mention one of the best stand up bass players I have ever seen in my life. I was completely mesmerized by the bands two sets, I totally missed out on the whole Halloween thing to see the show and don't mind a bit. Big Blue said they will be returning to Salt Lake in the near future so if you're a blues fan you'll love it, if you aren't, you soon will be.

Till next month, if you got \$15 pick up a copy of the new American Music CD, I rules. And advice...stay home you might see a band you like and then have to go through the hassle of buying their album and supporting the music scene...pussies.

—Travelin' Man

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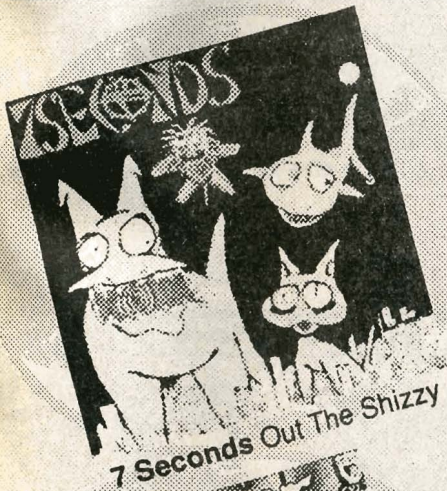
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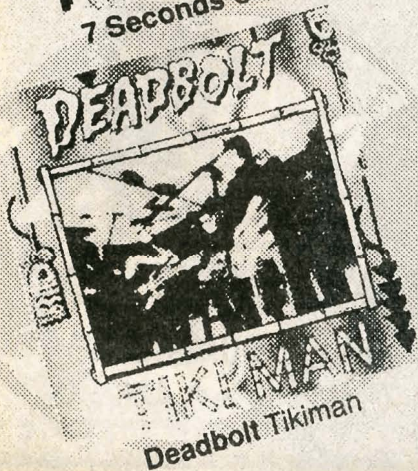
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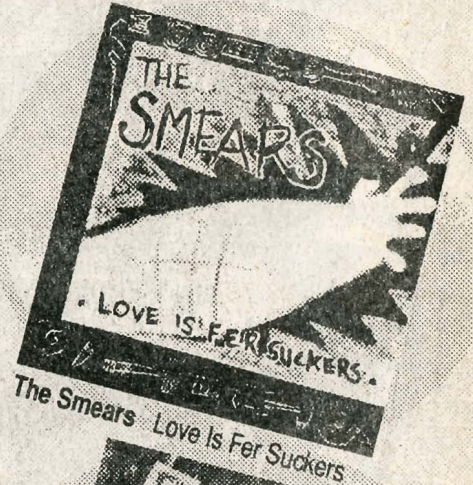
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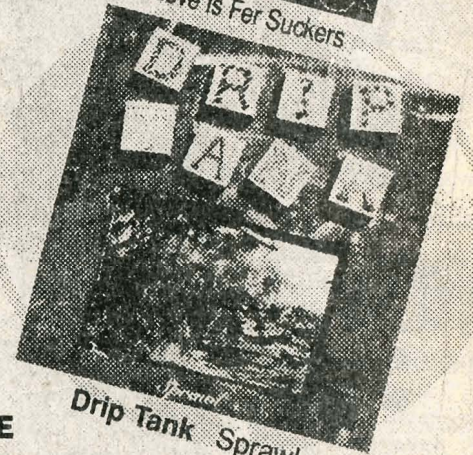
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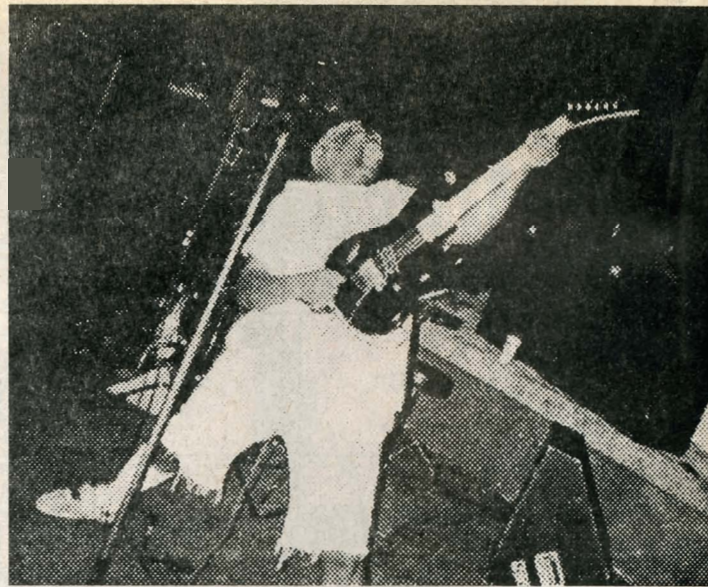


Drip Tank Sprawl

LOCAL ARTIST

Andre Jefferson/Guitarist

First, let me say that if there were more people like Andre Jefferson in the S.L. music scene we would have a whole lot more to talk about than we do. I won't get into that now, that's another story. Talking to Andre is a little frustrating if you've seen him play. If you haven't, you'd think he was an ordinary joe guitar player. He doesn't talk about how good he is. He doesn't act like he can burn up a song with furious intensity. But I've seen him play. Several times. I know better. Andre will kick your ass just watching him. If you watch guitarists, you will love watching this gentle giant. If you don't watch guitarists, watch him anyway. It'll give you a new outlook on the instrument. If it sounds like I love this guy, I do. He is an exemplary player with the perfect mix of attitude, modesty and passion. He's been playing for 20 years. He started after he stole his brother's bass as a kid. He also played trumpet (which was no help on the guitar) and sang like his father in the church chorus. A native of Baltimore, Andre moved here in 1977 and has been turning heads ever since, in bands like Prodigal of Smiles, and his current bands Mind at Large and Shadowplay. He obviously likes to stay busy, two bands and a day gig as a computer wiz at the U of U is enough for anybody. But he takes it all smiling, laid back and in control. Like I said, he's not a big talker, but he makes his presence felt in another way. The kinder, gentler, guitar god. His early influences were Richie Blackmore, Jeff Beck



and Jimi Hendrix. He also has a thing for Lightnin Hopkins, but I had to drag it out of him. Andre never got into the scale monsters like Yngwie (thank God) and never took lessons. "I just make shit up as I go along, half the time I don't know what the fuck I'm doing" Hard to believe, but easy to understand. Just look at his setup. An old Kramer strat, piece of shit broken down Peavey and speakers held together with duct tape. "I never bothered to take chops off records, I just played along and made up my own shit" And when he's writing, "I just get a stupid idea, and jam on it until it becomes a song" He does feel strongly about S.L. music though. "This scene needs a kick in the ass. There's lots of good musicians, but not that many good bands. Too many people stuck in the flannel age" The kick needs to come from musicians and club owners, he says. "We need more club owners with a sense of what is going on, and stop being so greedy. Being musician ain't cheap and it takes alot of work besides" I couldn't agree more. So go see him work wonders with Shadowplay or Mind at Large. You will be impressed, that is unless you're just stupid. You can even go up and talk to him, but don't expect him to tell you how good he is, cuz it won't happen. If you want to get a hold of him for studio work, you can call him at 481-8805. He'll be the one talking real slow and quiet.

—Madd Ma

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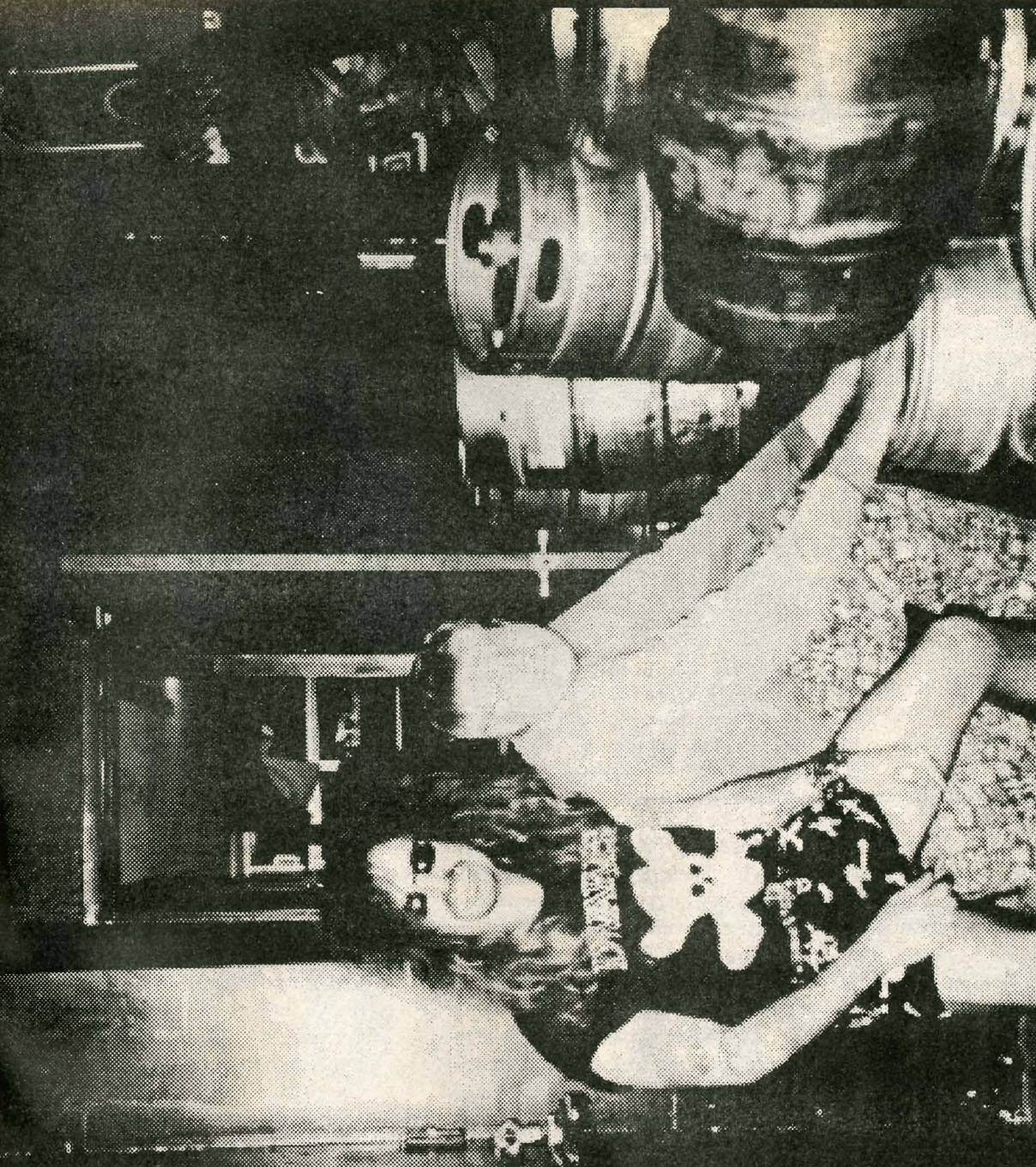
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WE'RE HEAVY & WE CUSS ALOT!

LOCAL BAND

THE OBVIOUS

One commitment. One goal. Yearning for something, unstoppable success. Putting the hard work in to gain that success. Chris Rowe handles guitar, Mike Shallbetter on drums, Shane Sorenson playing bass, and John Stockingham singing vocals which completes the foursome.

Doing that thing they have wanted to do all of their lives, playing music, has been paying off for them. The Obvious has been taking it easy on the workload. Either attending college or helping the band, but not doing the nine to five thing for the last year.

"We'd like to get the point across," explains Mike, "We like what we're doing." Mike is spokesman for the band and know what they want. That's not to say they don't know how to have fun. Seeing them on the stage, let's you know they do enjoy performing and the music.

The Obvious isn't one of those bands that do things just to please someone else. They do it because that's what they want. Their feeling and heart go into what they are doing with their music. Writing is one of those bands that do things just to please someone else. They do it because that's what they want. Their feeling and heart go into what they are doing with their music. Writing is one they want. Their feeling and heart go into what they are doing with their music. Writing is one thing they do from the heart and mind letting their emotions show. They don't write a catchy phrase because it will be a crowd pleaser, there is meaning behind it. From one day to the next, on any given day a song written the day before can change even though they were perfectly happy with it the day before. Sounds change along with the tempo and lyrics to challenge you. They haven't jumped on the "bandwagon," a little seventies rock, some punk and their own style



combine to make an extraordinary mix. "We like to challenge people's ears," smiles Mike, "Basically a lot of fun."

Their new E.P. "Detached" unleashed that extraordinary mix. Released last month "Detached" (the song off the E.P.) has reached number one on the request list of local radio station X-96.

Release parties for "Detached" were held on October 3rd at Club DV8 with an overwhelming five hundred plus fans in attendance and a good showing for a Monday night October 10th and The Edge in Provo.

"Detached" was produced by Alex Woltman, a free lance producer who has produced Cradle of Thorns and done some work with Geffen and Capitol Records. He has also gotten them two appearances on CBS's "Touched by An Angel" TV series.

Recording of "Detached" was done locally at L.A. East studios and mixed in Los Angeles, California at Abstraq Studios. This E.P. does not sound like a local band, which is exactly what The Obvious wanted. they didn't want to settle for a second best recording. This album is a far cry from that. There has been some interest from major

record labels, but nothing is set in stone.

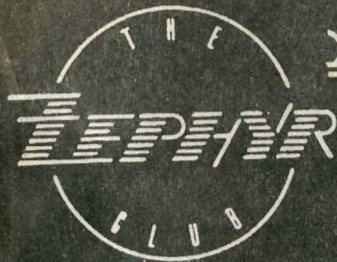
"Detached" will promise to out sell their first eight song E.P. "No Toes," which sold over one thousand copies locally and on the road combined.

The new E.P. contains twelve songs all as good as the one before. The first song "Detached" off "Detached" is one of the faster paced licks and remember has been number one on X-96 request charts. To slow things down, "Nightfalls" and "Clark's Rock" do the trick with a more mellow tempo. Each song is different and unique.

"Detached" is filled with an hour's worth of great stuff. To really experience The Obvious, you need to get a copy of the E.P..

To pick up a copy of "Detached" simply write to The Obvious at: P.O. Box 10407, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110 and you will also be put on their fan club list. To catch them live try the Provo Armory on November 4th, November 11th at The University of Utah, a benefit for Camp Kostopulos and November 25th at The Holy Cow with Suspension of Disbelief. Don't miss "The Obvious."

—Dawna Branagan



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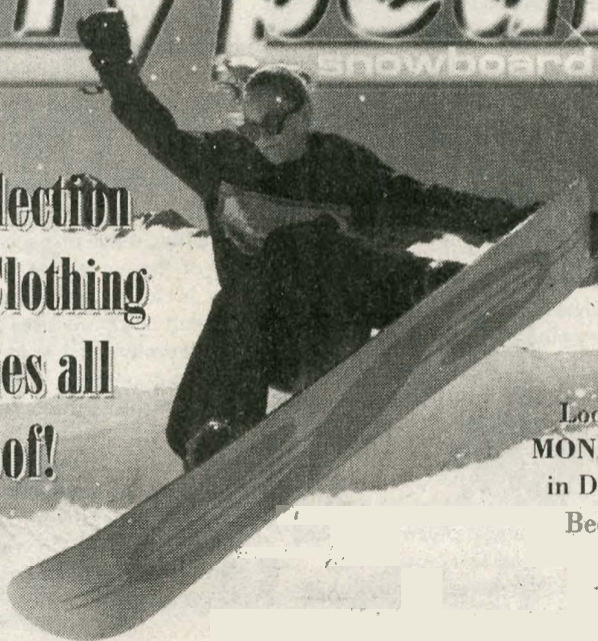
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Rockabilly

Sitting here attempting to write as the second six pack of ice cold O'Douls disappears is difficult. A reader has just called to express his displeasure with my output. Is it someone from Salt Lake or was this gentleman spending his nickel to place an international call. After seconds of depression and worry over my adequacy I've decided to SLUG on. Since critics feel the need to express their complaints about my pathetic, boring utterances let me voice my concerns over some other local and national hack's pieces. The next time you want to call or write feel free to have the cojones to tell me what your problem is, what band you play for, how you came across my number and your name - otherwise leave me the fuck alone.

I have some news for Martin Renzhofer of the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Too Slim and the Taildraggers don't play rockabilly. The headline, "From Butte to Omaha, Too Slim, Tail Draggers Pound Out High-Voltage Blues, Rockabilly," in the October 20, edition of the *Salt Lake Tribune* is just slightly misleading. I wish they did play rockabilly because it would help things out in the underground if a band with their reputation played the music. I believe the band would agree with me.

They put on a show everyone should attend - it's just that...they don't play rockabilly music and it isn't a rockabilly show. If you'd like to borrow some rockabilly records Martin I'd be more than happy to lend you a few so you can learn to distinguish roadhouse blues from rockabilly. If you boys and girls down at the *Tribune* and the *Deseret News* would like to include rockabilly in your newly expanded entertainment coverage might I suggest the Frantic Flattops. Call Willie Lewis in Denver and tell him you just ran a story on the rockabilly of Too Slim and that you'd like to do some more. When he finishes laughing he might consent to send out a few records. If you still own a turntable you can play them.

Then there's a national hack. Don Mcleese writes a country music column for *Rolling Stone*. This guy has tricked me into spending money on more than one occasion with his words. Much like Renzhofer he likes rockabilly even though he doesn't have a clue to what it sounds like. He claims the new Bill Kirchner disc is rockabilly. Sorry Don, but it isn't true. Truck stop rock isn't rockabilly and it never will be. Maybe you'd like to borrow some records too. You've certainly fooled me into purchasing a few albums in search of the 'billy only to be disappointed after punching play.

Next this month is the saddest and most pathetic musical display I viewed in all of October. The Phantom Rockers, an English psychobilly band, played the Zephyr completely unannounced. I heard about their gig through word of mouth and stopped by the club after the Lyle Lovett show at Abravanel Hall. Before I take on the Gamma Rays and the Phantom Rockers how about a few words on Lovett.

An audience of yuppies watched a jazz, swing, R&B and gospel group perform while remaining almost completely and totally in-the-dark about the roots. Champ Hood, who has appeared on or produced almost every quality underground country album I've listened to from Texas over the last several years, was in the band (No, he isn't a rockabilly guitarist). The audience was awed by Django Reinherdt mixed up with Grady Martin and not pleased with his mistakes. Hood was only one member of the group of all-stars Lovett brought with him. I only wish they would buy as many albums from the members of Lovette's backing band as they do his.

At the Zephyr the Phantom Rockers had sound problems. I walked in the place and immediately heard about how bad this group was. I have an open mind and my own opinions so I stuck around the club after the two Phantom Rockers songs I saw (both originals by the way and both kick ass) to find out what else would happen. If what I heard about the Phantom Rockers set was true it became worse. The Gamma

Rays were next up. After bitching like housewives about the sound and verbally abusing the soundman they launched into a Beatles cover tune - "Hey dude don bi me dow." Then they invited the Phantom Rockers back on stage for some more covers. Gene Vincent, Chuck Berry and Elvis were covered in the most hideous versions I've ever heard in my entire life. They completely massacred everything they played.

The dance floor was jam packed. This night resides in my short-lived memory as a most excellent demonstration of the stupidity residing in Salt Lake City brains. Abravanel Hall was sold out for a man with tremendous talent, wit and musical ability to an audience of white suburbanites, the vast majority of whom have little if any comprehension of the roots and down at the Zephyr they pack the dance floor for what has to be the worst cover band I've ever viewed playing with a trio of English Sex Pistol clones who were incredible at fucking up American music. The entire experience was a fascinating study of the general public. I enjoyed Lovett, I would have enjoyed him more in a club. The thing at the club was like watching a cult B-movie, it was so embarrassingly bad that it was good.

You have to hand it to both bands. The Phantom Rockers claim to have signed a contract with Sony and the Gamma Rays are a hard-working band with a large local following. I doubt either band cares what a SLUG hack thinks of their live performance.

Next on the agenda is the news that the Broken Hearts have some label interest even as they fine tune the membership. They were selected as the best country band in Salt Lake City by the *Event* on the eve of their destruction. Watch for the membership to resurface under a new name. There might just be a record in their future. I said record and I mean record, not one of those aluminum things.

In rockabilly news for the month are a few interesting live dates. Billy Joe Shaver brings his son to the Zephyr for an evening of real country music and possibly a smidgen of 'billy on November 10, the Frantic Flattops have the '50s sound for lovers of truly authentic 'billy, they'll be at the Bar and Grill on November 18. The Cramps on November 4 at DV8, Dead Bolt on November 19 at the Cinema Bar and the Meteors on date and venue still to be determined (are they even coming?) offer up their own twisted versions and last but far from least the "world famous unknown in their hometown" Voodoo Swing reunite for some local shows.

There are more cool records...err, CDs this month than I have space to rant on about. Our own Voodoo Swing appear with two songs on an English CD from Raucous Records titled *Only Freeways To Skinner Kat-An American Psychobilly Compilation*; *Stateside Rockabilly* was released on the English NV Record label and the disc is on my top list for the year. The only thing approaching this is the CD compilation of the vinyl output from Denver's Rockabilly Records on the Goofin' label out of Finland. I picked the CD up at Smokey's, Pablo probably has it down at Paradise Music or is it Warehouse? These compilations are the best things I've heard all month. The various genres of rockabilly music are all pleasing on the ears. The tried and true authentic sound is my true love.

Pockets of "American Music" exist in large cities all over the U.S.A. Digging the stuff out is more exciting than hearing the latest from REM. Watching it live on a local club stage is as addicting as coping a dime bag of "brown tar" or "China White" under the viaduct.

In closing how about some lyrics written by Stonewall Jackson and covered by Don Walser (a 61-year-old honky tonk musician from Texas which pretty much sums up walking between the various downtown clubs, a quote from Willie Lewis of Denver's Rockabilly Record Company and a quote from Walser on his experience at CMJ in New York City.

"I've got an angel on my mind and that's why I'm walkin'." "They think that just because they have a Stray Cats pussycat tattooed on their arm that makes them rockabilly." "The kids came up to me after the show and asked, 'Do you play any country music?'" That last one kills me and no, I'm not angry, or am I? Call me in the morning after the Xanax wears off. Amen.

By Willie Wheel

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NOVEMBER 4 = 10

MOVIE REVIEWS



What Happened Was

It's getting kinda weird out there in the world of dating. Maybe it always been so, but I get the feeling things are getting worse. If you ask me, the reasons are rooted in the sped-up evolution of our society. As our world becomes more complex, so do we. Individuals are harder to define for there is now an ever-increasing number of niches for people to fill, mixing and matching influences and pursuits to create a patchwork identity. Finding an appropriate better half has therefore become harder as well. In fact it can be difficult, risky, or downright dangerous.

Difficult because after the nihilism bender society went on in the seventies and eighties most people have a hard time putting up with the quirks and foibles of prospective lovers; risky because these days, people don't spend several years getting to know someone before making the plunge into a relationship and often get surprised down the road when true natures reveal themselves; and dangerous because people can turn on you and become the most horrific of monsters.

First dates are usually the strangest. Occasionally, they can become downright frightening. Take the case of Jackie and Michael, the characters developed in the new film "What Happened Was". Jackie is an "executive assistant" (read secretary) at the same law firm as Michael, para-legal. Their work allows them to form a casual, friendly relationship which changes dramatically when Jackie decides to ask Michael over for dinner.

It is obvious from the very beginning that these two are going to have a hard time. Mis-communication runs rampant, signals and cues crossed, faltering conversation...these two seem to have very little in common. Eventually it turns out they have two things in common. Number one, they both have dreams of having their writing published. Jackie says she writes "children's stories", while Michael is "working on an expose of the legal system". You need to see the flick to find out more about the eventually revealed truth, but I will say Jackie's reading of one of her stories is a pivotal, Lynchian moment that you may never forget. The other item they have in common is that they are both terribly dysfunctional, mal-adjusted casualties of modern society~

This film is billed as a comedy about "the first date...from hell," and that is one of its aspects. There are indeed some very funny, if awkward, moments. However, it's undercurrents of alienation, insecurity, and emotional self-defence make "What Happened Was..." a haunting and thoughtful experience as well. Winner of the Grand Critics Prize at last year's Sundance Film Festival and starring Tom Noonan and Karina Silas, "What I happened Was..." is a post-modernist exploration of a bleak emotional wasteland. I highly recommend it, but do not go to the film on a first date!

-Ima Ma

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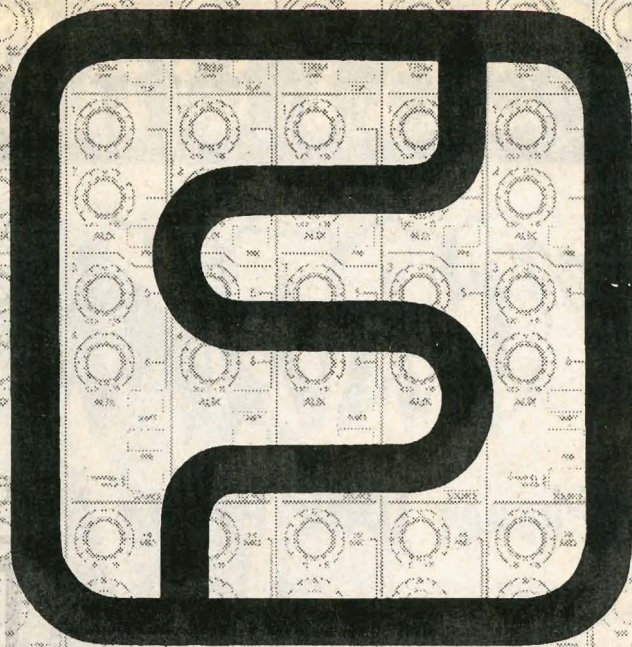
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CONCERT REVIEWS

6 Bands 6 Bucks @ The Edge Provo, Utah October 17, 1994 Sofa/Big Parade/Clover/Alì Alì Oxen Free/Headshake/Agnes Poetry

Provo is different from Salt Lake. You know that, right? I didn't, but I do now. The Edge, which is basically a de-alcoholized discotech, is a nice place with nice lights and nice fog and is perfect for nice people. The music on the night of this show was consequently really nice for the most part. Adding to the unique ambiance of the show was the darling demographics of the audience. I don't think I've seen so many virgin girls and homosexual boys together in one place in my life — not that I have anything against either of these classes of people, but the numbers were pretty staggering. No, I'm not trying to be funny, it was really like that. Sofa looked like preppy little nerds. The buzz around the place was that they were the "heavy" punk act of the evening. In actuality, they sounded like a stale REM before REM found their fuzz-boxes again. They played proficiently enough, though, as did all the acts — so if this sounds like something you'd be interested in then knock yourself out (my friends tell me the local religious contingent makes all their young learn to play at least six musical instruments in case they end up missionaries in some third-world country without church organs, and this is why all you guys around here play so well. Is it true? Somebody tell me...). **Big Parade** looked blah, blah, blah. They did Joan Baez-meetsMadness type music with an unfortunate emphasis on the Baez end of things. Still, the happy back-beat thing was kind of cool. Clover — ooh, these guys have long hair. Bet it takes them a long time to get service at any Denny's in Utah County. They played some interesting stuff. Stoner improvisation that came off like melloyv jazz played by guys without a clue about what they were doing. Swallow or smoke your favorite controlled or uncontrolled mellowing substance and go see these guys sometime. **Alì Alì Oxen Free** — golly what a cute band! I don't think I can say enough about how cute they were. Cute, cute, cute. Gag..umphguguguG-BARF!!! These guys sound exactly like The Ocean Blue. Need I say more? Decide for yourself if this is something you might want to see, but let me warn you, these guys are really insecure about the size of their obviously small weenies. Each band was supposed to play for forty-five minutes, yet these creeps hogged up an hour and twenty minutes during what would be considered the prime time of the concert (prime time starts at ten o'clock in Provo on a school night). This severely hosed the last two acts for time, besides causing the crowd to start going home. Unprofessional dorks. **Headshake** — in contrast to the previous band these guys were a little ugly, a little overweight, and, dare I say it, they rocked. I've seen these guys with Trailer Park before, and then they seemed just like a heavy dance band — but in this venue with these accompanying bands, they seemed like Satan himself. The crowd seemed torn as to whether they should mosh or not — they had been trying to mosh all night to the mellow stuff they had been hearing, but now the pit started looking a little dangerous because people were really beginning to flail. Infectious Grooves fans, take notice. This band does decent groovecore. **Agnes Poetry** had a great deal of loyal fans present. They had great fog, lights, and strobes, as well as slightly unbuttoned shirts and short, greased, expensive coifs.. They pushed the start button on the sequencer and did a great New Depech Alphaville Order schtick. The big production was pretty cool, even if the music got old after the first four bars. The whole show was kind of refreshing, after hearing so many Minor Threat and Seattle sound-alikes in Salt Lake, but I think I'm pretty refreshed for a while now.

—Whoopi



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FEATURE

THE CRAMPS

A Phoner With Poison Ivy

This conversation with Poison Ivy of The Cramps contains numerous references to rockabilly music. If you hate rockabilly music simply skip over the article.

ww: In the interview you did for *Incredibly Strange Music* you said that when you started collecting records back in the early '70s not many people knew what rockabilly music was, and now with all the reissues they do. Do you actually believe that is true? **Ivy:** A lot of people don't, but more people do than used to. Obviously a lot of people don't and for whatever reason, more people in Europe know about rockabilly and American culture than Americans now. I don't know why that is.

The Cramps press kit contains an article from *Billboard* magazine on the signing of the Cramps to Warner Bros., the Reverend Horton Heat to Interscope and Geffen pursuing Southern Culture On The Skids. **ww:** Do you think all this label attention might offer some hope to the more traditional rockabilly bands like High Noon, the Frantic Flatops, the Dave and Deke Combo and Russell Scott and His Red Hots. **Ivy:** Yea, I hope so. I think that makes a better chance for it. Those are really good bands and it should open the door for that, because the climate just changed at radio and record companies. We haven't modified what we do and Reverend Horton Heat hasn't tamed down at all. It's like more people are coming around. More people who are actually music industry types are warming up to it. I don't know why, it's taken them forever. So that might open the door for more bands. People are just sick of moody depressing music. We sure don't need a '70s revival, it was bad enough in the '70s.

ww: I can't remember who originally did "How Come You Do Me," one of the songs you cover on *Flame Job*. **Ivy:** Junior Thompson on Teen Records. Junior Thompson is more well known for what he did on Meteor. He got a raw deal or something at the Meteor label. That's a record we've had for a long time. We got it off of Phil Alvin actually. We had a blues 78 that he liked and we swapped records with him when we first moved to LA. **ww:** Songs about cars and girls don't have any relevance in the '90s. Any comment. **Ivy:** I think our music shows what we think about that. We live in our own world. Maybe we have our own parallel lit-



tle universe. I guess we haven't figured it out yet.

I told Ivy about the Marilyn Manson banning and asked this question. **ww:** Is there anything in your live stage show that might be considered morally offensive or that will make people physically uncomfortable if they view it? **Ivy:** I'm not sure, I'm kind of concerned. Why were they banned? **ww:** Because four people viewed the show in Las Vegas and it made them feel physically uncomfortable so they banned Marilyn Manson from performing in Salt Lake. **Ivy:** So they flew down to check them out first? **ww:** Yes. **Ivy:** What was it that they did do you think? **ww:** From what I understand they used a large penis as a part of their stage act. **Ivy:** We don't have any theatrical props so I guess we'll be OK. We just have flesh.

ww: Do you have a set list already prepared for your tour? **Ivy:** We will have one by the time we get there. We are going to play a lot from the new album because we've never played it live. It's always fun playing live - it's a whole other way of playing the songs. It's a lot wilder so we are looking forward to playing the songs. **ww:** How about covers; maybe "She Said"? **Ivy:** It's interesting; they put that song in a car commercial in Europe for Peugeot cars, our version of "She Said." So it's like the Cramps plus Hasil Adkins being heard by millions of people in Europe. It's pretty funny. It helped sell his publishing rights. I guess it made Hasil Adkins money from the sale of the rights. That's it, we said good-bye. Poison Ivy and Lux Interior bring the band to town on November 4 at DV8.



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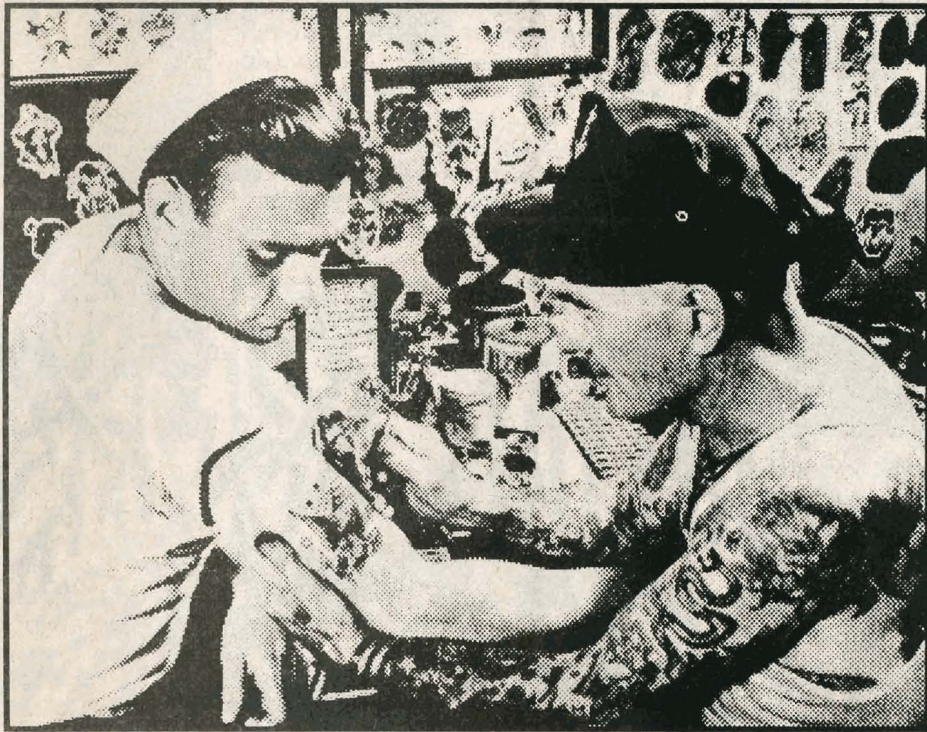
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TATTOOS



See, here's what happened—a month or so ago, me and Gianni are sitting at Casa Blanca trying to decide what we could do with the paper to make it more interesting and get the interest level up a notch or two. So we did the rockabilly thing and we did the B-movie thing and me, being the brainiac that I am, said, "Let's do a special issue on tattoos." Gianni said "Excellent, dude, you do it." And, being the idiot I am, said,

I would take care of it. So, we ran a couple of ads saying we were going to do a tattoo issue in November. Now, I don't know what in the hell I was thinking, I thought there was a lot of people involved in tattooing so people would respond. Wrong answer. One person, a friend of a tattooist, came up to me and said

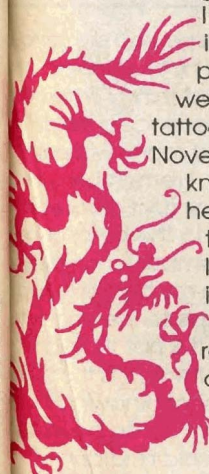
"Hey, dude, my friend works at this tattoo shop and he's really good and you should talk to him." I guess for some reason, I thought people would join in.

Well, apathy aside. I have spent the last five years involved in tattooing and the lifestyle that goes with it. You will have to excuse my lack of writing abilities, I don't claim to be a good writer, and I don't claim to know a lot about tattooing but I like tattoos. Since I have kept a keen interest in tattooing I have spent a lot of time in tattoo shops, read almost every tattoo book and magazine released in the past few years and checked out as many tattoos as I could.

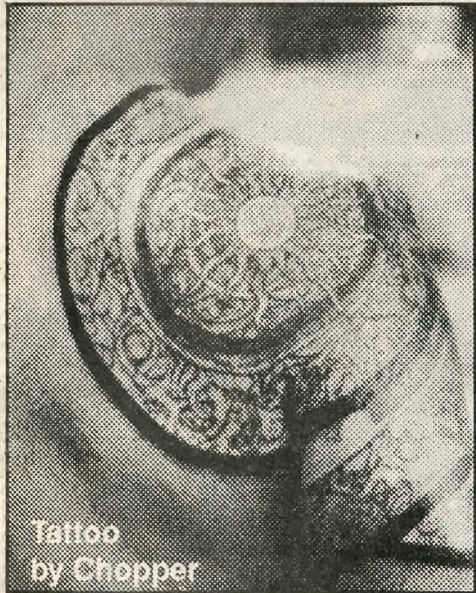
Being the publisher of a magazine as I was for way too long, I had the opportunity to do trade work for most of the tattoos I now have. I also spend way too much time in bars so I get to meet a lot of people who share a common interest. I have learned one major thing: People with tattoos are usually a step above the common folk. Tattooed people are usually free thinking and not afraid to be different. I know that tattooing has always separated people from the norm, but I have

to say that I think it gives people an advantage. I really only say that because for way too many years, people with tattoos have been looked down upon as the weirdos, freaks and rebels. Fuck that. Not only has tattooing become more socially acceptable but almost trendy. I used to be one of those people that thought once something became socially cool I didn't want it any more.

Ever since "alternative" music became cool, a lot of things came with it...grungy clothes, body piercing, and the new "slacker generation" followed. It wasn't the music that did it, it was pure fucking boredom. I really should complain because I have always tried to steer away from the norm in some way or another, but now it's cool to do it. I had



the advantage of being the publisher of a magazine called Salt Lake Underground. It never was underground; for your information, but it gave people something the day-to-day newspapers didn't. Back to the point, the alternative explosion hit us like a ton of bricks and we



Tattoo
by Chopper

rode the wagon. Now you can buy the Circle Jerks at SoundOff and people who work at ZCMI have nose rings.

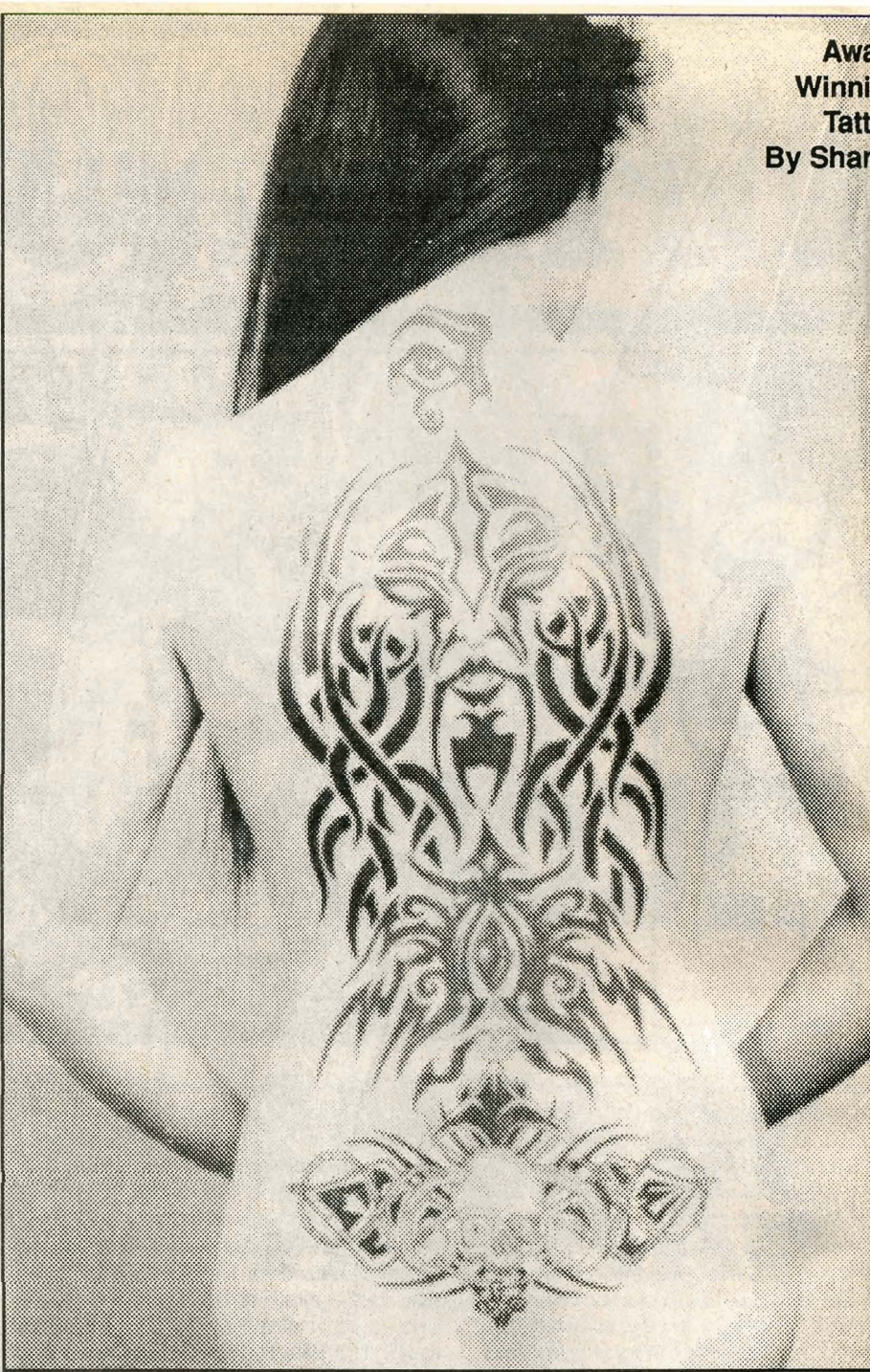
Tattooing went with it. Five years ago the only people really publishing tattoo were Outlaw Bikers. God bless the bikers, they weren't afraid of the norm and did it anyway. Now, check the adult section of any magazine shop, and if you can wade through the tits and ass magazines you will see 10 or 12 regular magazines all dedicated to tattooing. Models have them, musicians require them, and society has deemed them socially acceptable.

At this point I am not going to tell you something about tattoos that is going to change your world, make you decide to get one, or hate people who have them. I will however tell you about some of the shops and such



that are open in town. I never expected to learn as much as I did when I started this project, but I had some great experiences while researching this stuff.

I used to buy any tattoo magazine and book on tattooing I could get my hands on. Now there are so many mags available I can't afford them all. I sat



down one day and started reading some of the articles. I know, I know, they are like my Playboys, I just look at the pictures. So, I decided to read the stories on the artists and the people who have dedicated their lives to tattooing. It is pretty interesting stuff. If you have never checked out any of these books or mags check them out, I got my own rise out of getting tattoos, but by reading other peoples opinions it made me appreciate things I never noticed before. The experience will be yours, I wouldn't try to explain fully what someone else might gain by the experience.

I have to explain some of the things I

have learned because you are obviously still reading this and not just looking at pictures. The greatest thing I have gotten from my tattoo experience is the ability to handle pain and the many wonderful things it has to offer. I remember a year ago I tripped in a bar and cracked my skull and had to go to the hospital to get some stitches. I remember when they gave me the shot in my head I was prepared for the experience and actually sort of enjoyed it. It is not that I am some sort of a pain freak, it is that I have gone into a tattoo shop knowing it was going to hurt and not cared because I knew when all was said and done, I

Awa
Winni
Tatt
By Shar



Tribal work by Teresa

would get something out of it. It is hard to explain really unless you have been here, but those of you have experienced pain, think back on it, does it really matter now? I spent an hour or two in a tattoo artist's chair and I have something I can enjoy for the rest of my life.

My mother doesn't seem to understand the passion I have for my tattoos, she always tells me I am going to regret it. Well, I have had some of my tattoos for a long time and for the most part, I like them more every day. On this



Tattoo by Chopper

note, I have to say to be careful about what you decide to do with your skin. It is permanent, and are you going to like looking at that piece of art in 5 years, or 10 years. I am getting tattoos now that I could never have dreamed of getting

five years ago, and I have tattoos now that I certainly would not get again in a million years. However, I am happy with all the tattoos I know own and I have no regrets for getting any of them.

Well, enough about me, lets take a small tour of Salt Lake and the many tattoo shops we have here. I have focused on the shops in town even though there are a lot of people in town that tattoo. I have this feeling that the people who make the sacrifice to tattoo in a shop should be patronized. The shops have to pass health requirements and every shop I have ever been in will guarantee their work. I have only had one tattoo done on me that wasn't in a shop and it turned out okay but the day after I got the tattoo I was scared. The artist that tattooed me used needles that weren't sharp and it bruised my skin. No perma-

nent damage but the first few days after I got the tattoo it was red and tender and it did not look good. I am glad that nothing serious happened and it is still one of my favorite tattoos, but it convinced me that anything could happen. Most shops use hospital sterilization so you don't have to worry about A.I.D.S. or some other disease. Every shop in town, that I have been in, keeps these standards and guarantees their work.

ASI TATTOO 1103 South State

I have a definite place in my heart for Don and Sharon at ASI. Don gave me my first tattoo and to this day it is still my favorite. Sharon put someone's name on my body, then covered it for me, laughed her ass off and is still my personal

TATTOO FEVER

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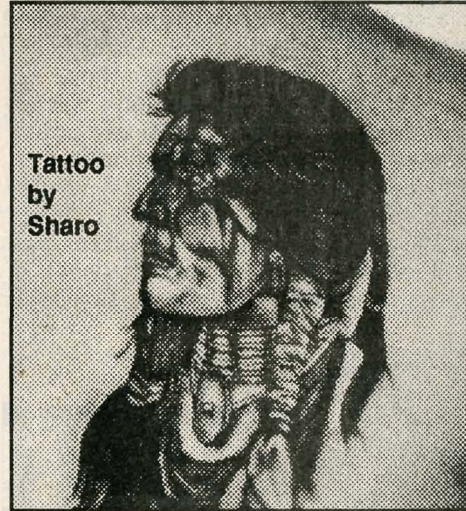
Tattoo
by Mic

consultant for all my serious tattoo decisions. ASI is the oldest shop in town and probably has the biggest name. I am not saying it is the best shop. Every artist is good in his or her own way and every shop in town offers something that the others don't.

Don has been tattooing professionally for ten years. He learned his trade from Bud who owned the shop originally and subsequently sold the shop to him. With all the shops that have come and gone ASI

has stayed. It seems that State Street has always been the place to get a tattoo and at one time most of the shops were on State. Since that time shops have opened off of State St. but I would be surprised if Don and Sharon ever move the shop.

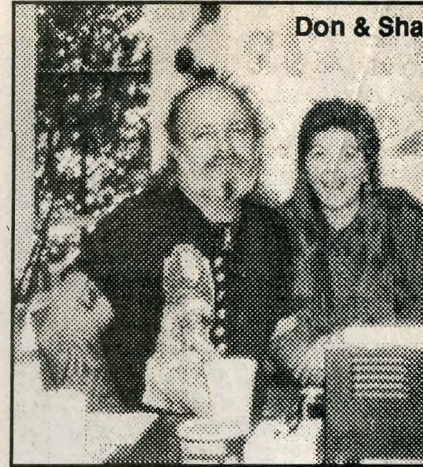
Don is great at taking a piece of art and reproducing it on your skin. Most of



Tattoo
by
Sharo

my tattoos I have now are done by Don and I have been quite pleased with his work. Sharon has also done tattoos on me. Sharon recently won an award at the

Tattoo Rendezvous in Kansas for "Best of Tribal" on a back piece (pictured). Don and Sharon attend most of the conventions in the United States and wo

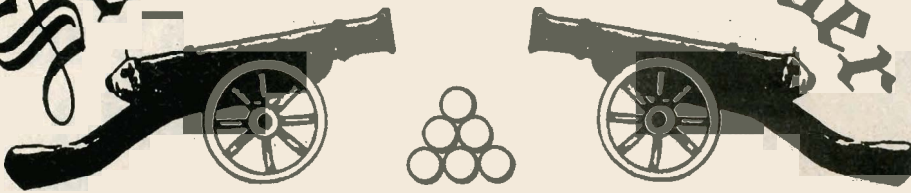


Don & Sha

their to help spread the word about the shop. I have seen both of their work in national magazines.

Right now, ASI seems to be one of the biggest shops and they are probably doing most of the work in town. The people working there are Kent, Cary, Shane, Bobby, and Rich. Kent worked out of Ave Tattoo (5th Ave is not doing tattoos anymore) for a while and just recently started at ASI. Kent has done a few t

Southern Thunder



Tattoos

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as on me and is very good at Celtic and tribal. Actually, all the tattoos he has done on me were traditional but the work is great. Bobby and Cary are both great artists and have drawn tattoos that I love. Rich has been at the shop for a while and moved up here from Arizona. Consequently it was Rich's friend who approached me for the story.

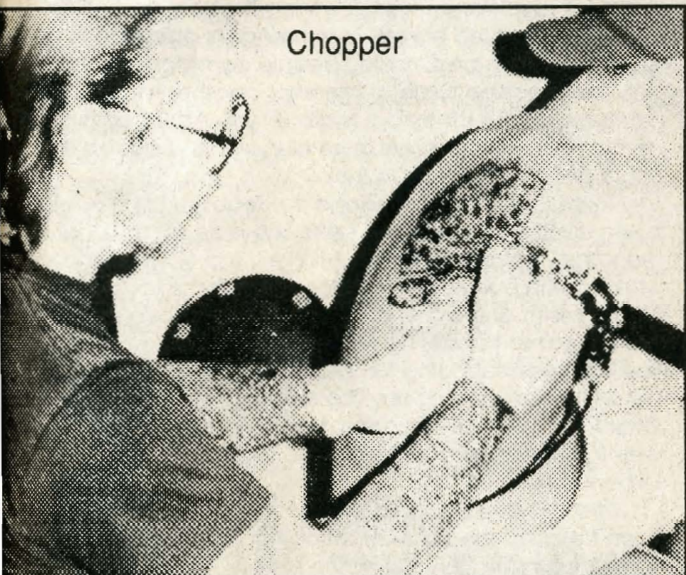
Check out ASI for a tattoo. The shop is on State Street so it gets a lot of walk-in costumers. It can be a bit chaotic at times in the shop but don't be scared. There are a lot of great artists there and I have seen a ton of great work come out of the shop. Besides they have about a dozen pieces of flash art on the walls and available. So, if you don't have an idea for a tattoo, they probably do.

TATTOO FEVER

949 South State

I love hangin' out at Tattoo Fever. I think that in all of the tattoo shops I have been in around the USA which surprisingly a lot, Tattoo Fever is one of the more friendly shops. I had never gotten a tattoo from Chopper (owner) until I did the story and I felt it would be good to get a tattoo at the shop to get the whole effect. I am happy I did.

Chopper has a real traditional looking shop. A shelf full of skulls and simple, traditional flash on the walls, and people in the shop who encourage the trade.



Chopper

Chopper looks like your traditional biker. Harley Davidson is one of the main decorators in the shop. I find it quite comfortable when I'm there. Chopper has been tattooing for about fifteen years and actually moved Tattoo Fever here from Arizona where he learned his trade. Besides tattooing, he also finds time to spend in Idaho and Wyoming where he is working with an organization to help preserve the diminishing wolf population.



Tattoo by Don

I chose a real traditional piece that Chopper drew and put on me. Chopper has a real steady hand and says he specializes in black work and wild life. I have spoken to several people who he has done work on and all of them have been more than satisfied. With all the new fangled tricks and trends in the tattoo industry, it is really nice to have an old-style tattoo shop in town.

I didn't get a chance to talk to Dotty or Fang who also work at Tattoo Fever but in the many times I have been in the shop I have had several chances to chat with them and they both have good portfolios of work. I can only say that if you decide to get a tattoo, check out all of the shops before you make your choice.

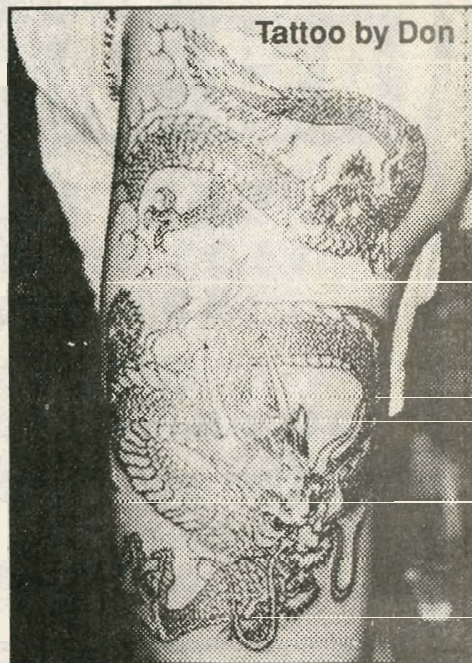
SOUTHERN THUNDER

819 East 2100 South

I hate to write up Southern Thunder but I seemed to have the best talk while at Mic's place and it is the freshest on my mind. Mic Radford just recently opened the first tattoo shop in Sugarhouse which by Salt Lake Standards is a first.

Mic learned his trade from Keith at Living Art Tattoo which used to be out on about 3400 South State. He has been involved in one form of art or another most of his life but didn't start tattooing until 1990. Since that time he has learned his trade well and has opened up his own shop. The shop is advertised as one of the largest in the western United States and I must say that it really is a nice shop. He works with his brother Bones and recently Teresa has joined the staff.

After talking to Mic I decided that Mic should be writing this article instead of me. He could also be Salt Lake's spokesperson for tattooing. Mic is quite



Tattoo by Don

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articulate about tattooing and is very forward with his opinion and knowledge about tattoos and the trade. I asked one question and he laid it all out for me in about 20 minutes.

I was most impressed with the conviction he had about pulling the art of tattoo out of the mud. I had to agree with him. Tattoos have had such a bad name for way to long. He feels that a tattoo experience should be a good one. How many people do we all know that visited a tattoo shop or got a tattoo that will never go back? Southern Thunder is a place where someone can go and feel comfortable about getting their work done.

A good part of our conversation was about the trends and waves of fashion that move people to do and buy the things they do. Anyone can go into a store and buy a pair of slick jeans with a fancy name, but the tattoo is a way of setting you apart. No matter what piece of flash you pull off a studio wall it will be different from anything that anybody else has. Mic has dedicated himself to focusing his attention to any tattoo that he gives and making people comfortable and secure with their decision to get a tattoo or another tattoo. I have never gotten a tattoo from Mic but I will. After being in his shop and talking with him I feel quite pleased and assured that I could get a quality tattoo there.

Teresa, who recently joined the team at Southern Thunder is also another great tattoo artist. She is an art major at the University and has learned to tattoo skin like it is a canvas and she is working with paints. She has done two of my tattoos and both are fantastic. She is one of the best artists I have ever met and she is great at transferring work to the skin. She has been tattooing for five years and her work is as good as any I have seen. Check out Southern Thunder. If you can't walk into the shop and feel comfortable, I'll be surprised.

I think I have babbled long enough. I can't express the value of tattooing. It's something that everyone has to experience for themselves. If you haven't gotten a tattoo because you are afraid of the pain or social acceptance you are way off. If you are afraid of the commitment that is understandable. Just be careful whatever you do, remember that it is permanent and that can be either good or bad. Happy Ink.

—JR Ruppel



COMING IN CONCERT



DOG FACED HERMANS

The Dog Faced Hermans recently released their first product on Alternative Antennae. You know, the label that rich punk rock star Jello Biafra runs. Their most recent album is titled *those deep buds*. Before I slapped the cassette into the double deck with only one functioning I knew that I was in for some rap. There was little doubt in my mind that the Dog Faced Hermans had rolled too many buds into blunts and become gang bangin' rappers.

Out of the recycled speakers came a sound more reminiscent of the Pop Group, Rip Rig + Panic, the Slits or James White and the Blacks. Some maniac found a trumpet on an Amsterdam trash heap and decided she could play it. She also lends her voice to the songs and is called Marion. Andy plays both viola and guitar depending on his mood of the moment. On bass is Colin and the drummer is named Wilf. Don't leave out Gert Jan, the only member with a last name, who is the soundman.

The group began as the free jazz combo Voluntary Slavery with Marion taking inspiration from the work of Don Cherry (you thought the Rip Rig + Panic reference was misguided). They later changed their name and slimmed down from the previous six piece to the current four plus a sound man. Many

try to make a noisy album, few succeed like the Dog Faced Hermans. They don't need electronics to make a joyful noise. Humans and their instruments make a funky, jazzy, completely free racket that will have you bouncing off the walls. It isn't all noise, they do ballads too, one of which is titled "Calley." The song is a dream about meeting William Calley, infamous as the leader of C Company when they slaughtered Vietnamese civilians at My Lai. The song begins as a ballad and builds to an angry climax as Calley orders Marion from his shop. The album is a work of genius. The Dog Faced Hermans claim that their rehearsal time is spent preparing for live shows. They let everything loose in person and the **Cinema Bar** is the place to see and hear them on **November 4.**

by Benny Z. Dreen

PALE SAINTS WITH LISA GERMANO

4AD threw a party in Los Angeles late in September and early October. Salt Lake City will reap the benefits on **November 15.** The Pale Saints will headline at the **Bar & Grill** with Lisa Germano as the opening act. The Pale Saints have traveled over from England to push their latest



album, *Slow Buildings*, onto American citizens.

Meriel Barham joined the group in 1990 to add her guitar and voice to the music. Since then she has taken an ever increasing role with the band. She is now responsible for all of the vocals as well as writing most of the lyrics. "Angel (Will You Be My)" is the most catchy number on the disc and it could be destined for hit status. For a more relevant idea of what to expect when they play live have a listen to "Henry," or anything following the two opening cuts. The songs are more extended, free-form jam sessions with vocal accompaniment than video fodder. Barham appears to dominate the group in photos



and with her vocals. Her lanky, praying mantis body will no doubt prove striking as she fronts the band.

Lisa Germano plays in a rock band, she's the violinist for John Mellencamp, she is not a rock artist. *Geek The Girl* is just out and by the time she arrives in Salt Lake the press clips will comprise a book. The album is frightening, not frighteningly beautiful, although it is beautiful. It is frightening because it is

so personal. Germano has put her diary to song. She's had drawn comparisons to Jello Biafra, Harvey, among others, in the past. I'm afraid *Geek the Girl* will only draw more. The album consists of tracks Germano recorded as demos. After hearing the tracks 4AD decided to release them as they were with only slight studio augmentation.

It is raw, emotional music from a woman with a depth of feeling. The best, most frightening song on the disc is "...a psychopath." Germano describes her experience with a stalker. (Inside the CD cover is this P.S. "FUCK OFF and die to a rapists and stalkers.") The song begins with a segment from an actual 911 call which fades in and out as the song progresses. Germano adds violin that only adds to the horror and almost whispers her vocal description of the fear the stalker put inside her. I don't know how she could possibly prepare herself emotionally to do this song live. What an album! The fact that she will share her music with the Salt Lake audience is unbelievable. It is on November 14 at the Bar & Grill which seemed to take the summer off only to return with a vengeance in the fall.

JESUS & MARY CHAIN

Stoned & Dethroned, the latest album from the Jesus & Mary Chain is starting to catch on several months after its release. The blame has to lie with MTV and "alternative" radio. They've decided to play the shit out of "Sometimes Always," the single featuring none other than Hope Sandoval in an "I Got You Babe"/"Jackson" duet with Jim Reid.

If you have followed the careers of the Reid brothers over the last ten years you will know that the album is somewhat of a departure from their usual feed back and fuzz. Known as the best and earliest band to be taken under the wing of the London Underground, Jesus & Mary Chain have never failed to grow and experiment with each new

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release. This year their recording is a folk/pop deal that is so deeply textured and densely layered with overdubs that it begs for countless repetitions in order to catch all the details. Those in search of the past might want to listen to "Girlfriend," the song I find most reminiscent of previous Jesus & Mary Chain.

Mazzy Star will join the Jesus & Mary Chain when they arrive in Salt Lake City. Mazzy Star is giving the Reids some stiff competition for sleeper album of the year with *So Tonight That I Might See*. Close to a year after its release the album is starting to take off due to the single "Fade Into You." Sandoval is shy and introverted. Her partner, David Roback, is barely more outgoing. They are not about to the rock the house. The smelly lake is the place for shy, intellectual boys and girls to gather and enjoy live music; an experience the presence of larger, stronger, more athletic individuals usually bars them from. The date is **November 19.**

PIGFACE

On **November 23** Pigface and a whole busload of people arrive in Salt Lake City. If the

music and the legend of Pigface are familiar you know that this show is held in a club, the morals police would never allow the planned debauchery to go unchecked at a more public venue.

Martin Atkins, the Pigface leader and owner of Invisible Records has assembled three



teams for this year's extravaganza. The A-Team consists of past and current members of Gaye Bykers On Acid, Faster Pussycat, Crunch, PIL, Ministry, Killing Joke and Skinny Puppy. On the B-Team are the names Genesis P. Orridge, Paul Fergussen and Ogre. It is

unknown if any of the B-Team members will be with the group in Salt Lake. The C-Team has John Lydon, Sally Timms, Laura Gomel and Dirk Flanigan among others. Of this list we can hope to see Gomel and Flanigan while praying nightly for the appearance of Timms and Lydon.

It will probably be the last Pigface tour. Assembling players of this stature and taking them all on the road together costs too much to continue. Pigface is a super group of industrial musicians. Of course calling them that only makes them all angry, so don't. Touring with Pigface are Horsehead whose debut, *Diet Of Worms*, appears on the Invisible label. Described as, "a soundtrack to our troubled times, a personal exercise in exorcism, brimming with rage and fear and isolation from the first minute," by Martin Atkins they promise to prepare the crowd. Right before Pigface are the Evil Mothers whose second album, *Pitchfork and Perverts* is also on Invisible. Atkins produced the album and says, "the result is both an aggressive and subliminal audio onslaught, and a surreal trip into the underbelly of the Texa

darkside."

Attending the **Cinema Bar on November 23** could result in feeling physical uncomfortable - at least for employees of the Delta Center the mayor and Miller are encouraged not to.



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Rarely has a record label been so closely intertwined with the evolution of a musical style as Wax Trax! was with industrial music. Nearly every crucial industrial artist has at one time called Wax Trax! Records home. Commemorating its' first 13 years, Wax Trax! now presents Black Box, a massive compilation containing many out-of-print tracks, hard to find 12"s, and the previously unreleased version of 1000 Homo DJ's "Supernaut," with Trent Reznor of NIN on vocals. More than just the history of Wax Trax! Records, Black Box is the documentary of industrial music itself.

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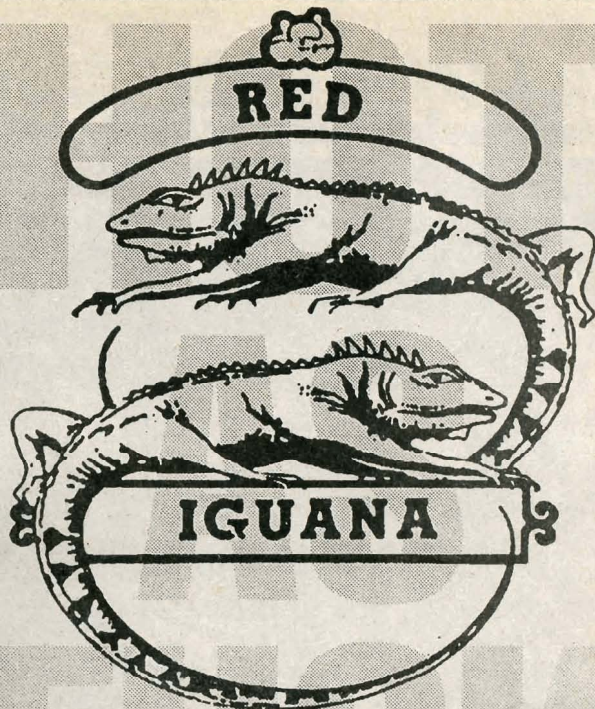
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RECORD REVIEWS



HEADSHAKE

Inside

Laughing Budda Records

Headshake are a local band with enough good sense to send a review copy to SLUG and sign on for distribution with Happy Little Man. They are Dale Garrad, black guitar; Mark Örndorff, black bass; Nigel Redd, black drums and Pete Weiland, black guitar. Black is big with Headshake and their music is dark - dark and funky.

Inside is an album for the slow grind. They can play fast as they demonstrate with short bursts of thrash in "Buddha" and the closer, "Laytex." The funk approaches ska when the album reaches "Andrea." "You led me to the altar and you cut me with your knife," are the lyrics that pretty much tell the tale. Headshake wants Andrea and they want her bad if their numerous repetitions of the chorus "We want Andrea," are to be believed.

"Bily" sounds like a rewrite of Aerosmith's "Walk This Way," buy the album and decide for yourself. "Carnival Of Souls" is more of the ska influenced

monster-sound they love down in Utah County. "Nightmare" reveals another side of the band - the Bauhaus/goth side. They mention both Bela and the Bauhaus in "Andrea" which makes my job of coming up with references easier.

Headshake are a local band who aren't content to stick with one style for an entire album. Funk, punk, goth and ska are all mixed together on *Inside*. I prefer the slower, darker, funkier things if only because... that is the realm I live in. This album is far preferable to some of the more popular local recordings I've heard lately. Names aren't necessary, just think back about 12 years and hit rewind.

By Benny Z. Dreen

FACE TO FACE

Over It

Victory Records

GUTTERMOUTH

Friendly People

Nitro Records

Face To Face is a four member pop band from Southern California's high deserts.

They've toured with Green Day, D.I., the Adolescents, Pennywise and the Offspring. *Over It* is a 7-song EP which reissues four of their singles for Fat Wreck Chords and re-mixed versions of three songs from their first Fat Wreck Chords album, *Don't Turn Away*. Face To Face take the pop the British sent back to us in about 1975, mix in the thrash the Californians added in 1980 and churn out their lively '90s version.

Their songs have all the by now cliched themes of suburban youth. The titles say it all. "I Want," "Nothing New," "Disconnected," and "Don't Turn Away." They try hard to be angry, but it's obvious these four are having too much fun to be really pissed off. All seven songs are anthems with lyrics simple enough for sing-a-longs in sweaty pits. Fast, loud, powerful punk-pop that was formerly heard only at skate parks, boarder gatherings and late on Saturday night KRCL. Catch the video on MTV and watch for their faces in Spin and Rolling Stone.



Guttermouth won't make the "Buzz Clip" group. As their name suggests they are a foul-mouthed bunch. Their attitudes are far worse than those of Face To Face and their version of punk rock is not as polished. Mark "nature" Adkins does a good Biafra impression when he introduces "P.C." - a song which takes that group to task while the band does the Marketts on speed with their ode to the Batman theme.

Tongue in cheek sarcasm fills each and every number while Adkins' emits profanities at a dizzying clip. A little ska, a little surf, guitar solos and all that stuff fill this far too short compact disc. They play 13 songs

in 22 minutes. In case you missed the attitudes, they close the album with "Summer's Over Asshole." Everyone's an asshole to Guttermouth, including themselves. They have a long list of things they hate and as Guttermouth says, "We hate these things, we hate you too, go fuck a monkey in the zoo."

Face To Face will be here to open for NOFX on November 2 at DV8. Guttermouth will probably pass through in their van sooner or later.

by Benny Z. Dreen

DEADEYE DICK

A Different Story

Ichiban Records

ROYAL HUNT

Land Of Broken Hearts

Royal Records

Stars - 0, Grade - F, Rating - who cares.

OK, here we go. It is now time to offend someone. Both of these albums are played on local radio stations. I heard both of them years ago. I don't have a problem with using influences from the past as long as it's done well. Neither of these bands do it well. Deadeye Dick perfectly describe their music with the opening song, "New Age Girl." Is this Joe Jackson, Elvis Costello or an early incarnation of Huey Lewis and the News? On the X station it's a big hit, if you've been through it before the sound is dated. Deadeye Dick have copied virtually every record from the past "new wave" genre. Blues doesn't sell big unless it's homogenized for the white audience. What a stroke of brilliance, a label devoted entirely to black music releases a "new wave" hit of '94. They fashionably designed a record for the "modern" white crowd and are laughing all the way to the bank with profits they can devote to black blues. Deadeye Dick are lacking in creativity and musical talent. Can we move on?

Royal Hunt are big in Japan with over 55,000 "units" sold in the first four weeks the album was available. The leader, Dane Andre Anderson, is a native of Russia. He wrote, arranged and produced the album in Denmark

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where he lives with his fellow band-mates. What a hideous writing, arranging and production job he did. He has successfully reproduced the sound of dinosaurs walking the earth. In Russia it apparently takes some time for American music to infiltrate. Royal Hunt sounds exactly like the late '70s and early '80s - corporate rock ruled the stadiums and the airwaves. God save us.

It is without a doubt the most nauseating recording I've heard since the last time I sat down with the Journey and Kansas box sets. Both of these CDs are complete trash. If you purchased either one I have a question for you. Why are you reading this magazine?

by Benny Z. Dreen



LITTLE BAT MAN

Spin Ball
Lennie Line

MO BAMA

Myths Of The Near Future

Extreme

If the year were 1983 Little Bat Man would receive heavy

exposure. The disc jockey works are now passed off to meditating suburbanites as "new age" and many stores have eliminated the electronic music section altogether. Mo Bama is without a category in the modern world. Is it world, new age, jazz or classical? The closest category, which is usually lumped in with "new age" trash, is ambient. The album is named after a collection of short stories by J.G. Ballard. The opening cut, "Food Of The Gods" is also the title of a book by Terrance McKenna.

"Night Vision" precedes "Spunk Her" and it again recalls Talking Heads - dance period Talking Heads. The title song remains in the Talking Heads playing field while bringing Michael Shrieve or Philip Glass on to substitute. Tape loops are easy when you have a computer to generate them. If it went on for 30 or more minutes we'd have a "new age" hit. The album has snippets that almost sound like an Adrian Sherwood production from On-U-Sound, heavy Talking Heads references and enough of the irritating avant-garde to maintain interest. One of those little one-off jobs you'll never find in a store and only run across by accident. The best experimental work I've heard from the Bay area since Mo Dark sent his album.

Mo Bama is a group of three experimentalists. The world of the experimental musician is largely forgotten in

the 90s. Early experimental works are now passed off to meditating suburbanites as "new age" and many stores have eliminated the electronic music section altogether. Mo Bama is without a category in the modern world. Is it world, new age, jazz or classical? The closest category, which is usually lumped in with "new age" trash, is ambient. The album is named after a collection of short stories by J.G. Ballard. The opening cut, "Food Of The Gods" is also the title of a book by Terrance McKenna.

The music contained on the disc combines the sounds of world instruments with synthesizer washes, bowed and plucked bass, and field recordings of nature and voices from Africa. It is an ethereal recording with enough rhythm to attract the world music enthusiast while maintaining the ambience necessary for deep introspection. Sadly the only Utah residents with minds open enough to enjoy the music are reading this weird little magazine. Call darkwave at 1-800-CD-LASER to check on availability of both albums.

by Benny Z. Dreen

VERUCA SALT

American Salt
Minty Fresh

Does this album belong in SLUG? The "modern alternative" crowd is all over it. As a general rule I hate most of what they like. The run down on the band is; they are from Chicago, they have two girls on guitars who also do the vocals and the



rhythm section is male. This album is on the Minty Fresh label; the next will be on DGC.

"Seether" is the hit single. It sounds like the Kinks "All Day and All Of The Night" to me. "Forsythia" is the song that could be the next single. Veruca Salt copped a few licks from Joe Jackson in his *Look Sharp* days. Have you Listened to "Is She Really Going Out With Him" lately? "Alternative" is in a recycling process now with the early '80s sound very big.

Veruca Salt isn't recycling, they'll throw a little dash of new wave guitar and girl group vocals (Go Go's) in with their claimed Pixies, My Bloody Valentine and Big Star influences to come up with a minty fresh song - "Number One Blind." They do "quiet noise" well as "25" demonstrates. Big dirty guitars, drums and bass open the song then quiet down to let the pretty girls sing only to return for the finish. The album is good, too bad Hole canceled Salt Lake City for a Saturday Night Live gig or you could see Veruca Salt open for Courtney and form your own opinions.

by Benny Z. Drine

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PUBLIC ENEMY

CLOSET READERS REPRIMAND

Since I've started writing for Slug Magazine, I've had to put up with continuous bullshit, pertaining to the credibility of my Public Enemy Column and Slug Magazine's ability to attract the serious reader. I've listened to those critics, who hide in the shadows ridiculing the way I attack topics, only to discover months later that those same critics were using my topics as their own, after the fact. These critics would have you believe that because I use words like, fuck, shit, Goddamn, and other various forms of expressions, that my column is less valid than their mainstream, stay-puff, sugar coated variation. However weeks after my column has been published addressing a particular topic, I read about that same topic in the Salt Lake Tribune or see some second rate local talk show host trying to make a name for himself by using my material (because the mother-fuckers too goddamn stupid to think up something innovative on his own). Coincidence?... I don't think so.

The fact is, there are individuals out there, who are reading Slug Magazine's Public Enemy Column, stealing our topics, thus, transplanting those topics for the mainstream reader. The only problem I have with this, is the failure of these mainstream writers and talk show hosts to acknowledge where they obtained their information from. From Slug.

Slug Magazine and myself realize that we don't cater to the mainstream reading audience, but to suggest that our topics, present no interest for the intelligencia in the Salt Lake area and thus can be stolen and watered down for the mainstream is simply a fucked-up way of doing business.

We tell the reader like it is, "By whatever means necessary", as Malcolm X would say. Regardless of our so-called dirty, gutter language or risque advertisement, We give our reader the real shit. We don't dress it up, slice or dice it. We don't make it tolerable or easy to digest. Why should we sugar coat articles like "Gang Violence Revisited" (which coincidentally made it's way in a watered down version into the Salt Lake Tribune, I won't name the writer)? We addressed the subject of the lack of cultural diversity on the Salt Lake County Sheriffs Dept. ,months before some second rate television talk show host decided it was an important topic. It must be the Sauce if you get my que.

Slug is a magazine for alternative thinkers, artists, poets and writers. And I appreciate the freedom that Slug has given me to express myself and to discuss topics which are important on a real people level. For those who pretend that we're second rate, and not a serious magazine...why is our shit showing up in your articles and talk shows and press meetings? Acknowledge where you get your bright ideas from. Give us our just respect and as Karl Malone would Say, "Next time, act like ya know."

— Michael St

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CONCERT REVIEW

COP SHOOT COP

Cinema Bar

October 22

There must be a lot of idiots in Salt Lake. Not that I want to condemn you, but if you missed Cop Shoot Cop, you're just dumb, that's all. The show was opened by Rust and Trailer Park, who both did a great job, Mike Mayo being in rare form once again. However opening for CSC is not an enviable position to be in. Describing this band is like being a one legged man at an ass kicking contest, that said, these guys kicked butt from the word go. Bassists Tod A. and Jack Natz held the steady groove, as drummer/noise doctor Phil Puleo, who was surrounded by a cage of cymbals, smacked and pounded his way through the intense set. Everything offset perfectly with keyboardist Cripple Jim playing left field, and new addition (at least to us) Steve McMillen trading off on guitar, drums and horns. They played killer songs from their new CD 'Release' along with some great stuff from their first two albums. And what a great version of 'Ten Dollar Bill'...Jesus these guys were too cool for their own good. Even Helen Wolf said "These guys are better than Bean Boy" (Possibly the best underground band ever) So, with that endorsement, all I can tell you is, if we are lucky enough to have Cop Shoot Cop return to our fair city, do whatever you have to do to see them. Quit your job,



get a divorce, break out of prison, whatever. This was the show of the year. That is all. And as they left the stage after their final encore, Natz said "Thank you Salt Lake, you're cool as shit" Well, we always thought we were, but now we know for sure.

—Madd Maxx



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STIMBOY SAYS

Stimboy Sez: YOU HATE MUSIC

What a joy it is to be back behind the keyboard again. I guess I missed alot during my extended summer vacation. Sure there were some good shows I could have babbled about, (The Voluptuos Horror of Karen Black and Man or Astroman at the Cinema spring to mind) but with Helen Wolf stealing all my best and most obvious targets of derision, I figured, "What the hell, I'll take the summer off." Besides, you can only write so many glowing reviews about what's happening locally for so many years before you blow a gasket trying to invent new adjectives to describe Salt Lake's latest version of Stoned Temple of the Three Mile Pilot Dog.

Don't get me wrong, I was tempted to write. When I saw the esteemed Mr. Fightmaster in his Sub Pop ball cap on the cover of Private Eye, I could have written about what a little fuck up he was back in the day when I bummed him his first cigarette. When I saw any of those whiny little human interest stories on channel four, I wanted to write. When I see any television advertisement involving pickle relish and family values I feel compelled to hijack J.R.'s computer and vent my spleen.

The fact is, I've been feeling rather complacent the past few months: I've got a good enough job, a subscription to Your Flesh and a girlfriend who is the envy of the western world. All valid enough reasons to spend a summer doing nothing but slinging cocktails and playing Super Nintendo. Another contribution to my lethargy is the generally complacent and docile readership to which SLUG and Stimboy are targeted. The kind of people who want to be spoonfed their entire lives, people who have no initiative, people who conform to the latest standards of nonconformity by waiting for Spin magazine and X 96 to give them permission to rebel. In other words, I write for guppies like you, feeder fish in a vast briny lake of cichlids and gouramis.

Of course it's not all your fault. After all, you live in Utah, a state whos definition of culture is loosely based on each individuals inalienable right to watch fifteen year old M*A*S*H reruns three times a day. A state whos popular media acknowledges local music only in the context of fashion spreads for Nordstrom, a state which ironically, ended up with the "Jazz" while New Orleans got the "Saints". Go figure. So given the insipid nature of our environment it's only natural that a fragment of the day to day inanity of living here rubs off on all of us. But what really rusts my axle is the pulchritude of imagination and general wherewithal this Utah flock exhibits when it comes to local music.

Just take a look around and see what's popular on the local scene. Well Rockabilly is purty dang kool, kats n kittens, it always fills the room at Burts, (well that, no cover and cheap beer) but what really draws the crowds is the "look." Ninety percent of of those clowns wouldn't know Gene Vincent from Merle Travis from the hole in their ass. They just want an arena to feel comfortable with their motorcycles and \$400 leather jackets. Same thing for Ska, just substitute Vespas and parkas. Of course Reaggae goes without saying, so I won't say it. Finally, how many of you suckling little morons have ever paid money to see the Disco Drippers? That band definitely is the answer to the question, "What is too much of a bad thing?" So what have we learned here, what do all these genres have in common? Well my little lambs, the answer is clear, they're all predicated on the notion that fashion is more crucial than substance. Face it, if you indulge in any of these simpering nostalgic trends it's not because you love the music, but because you want to be in a club with hep cat club clothes and Crossroads mall approved accessories. Face it, you hate music.

Closing notes: I highly recommend Eddie Campbell's FROM HELL graphic novel series. ("Graphic Novel" being sophisticated slang for "comic book.") The appendix is even more entertaining than the

text. Incredibly well researched and illustrated, FROM HELL is a must for all you Jack the Ripper fans out there.

Also, I must thank Rick from PILOT (yet another incredible band from Portland, born from the ashes of the DHARMA BUMS) for turning me on to DEVILHEAD's demo tape. Devilhead is a band from Seattle which consists of a couple of Andrew Woods younger brothers and a couple of other guys. They unabashedly play completely over the top glam metal. Fans of early Redd Kross and Urge Overkill take note.

Show of the month: Foreskin 500 and Qualitones at Cinema Bar. Also the return of Supersuckers to the Bar and Grill is worth mention. As always, I loved them Meices to pieces.

Finally, I heard a rumor that some band called the Rolling Stones came to the U ta U last month. By the way the frothy Utah press reported it, you'd think that Queen Victoria was making love to Elvis while Mark Twain accompanied them on harsichord. I thought it was just a rock and roll show. Of course, I wouldn't know. After I bought my \$75 ticket from a friendly scalper, for the family values O'Douglas sponsored rockfest, I got to spend the first 45 minutes of the show being crushed between about 2000 of my closest friends while staring at Bob Abayta's butt on the concrete staircase of Rice stadium while 30,000 baby boomers tried to remember the alphabet to find their seats. And this is supposed to be an auspicious harbinger to the Olympics. All I can say is let's try some reasonable liquor laws and stadium traffic flow before every employee of every bar in Salt Lake loses their voice shrieking at some Norwegian why he can't have a cocktail unless he's a member of their "private club." To their credit, Las Vegas theatrics aside, the Stones put on a whale of a show and are still the greatest pure rock and roll act on the planet. And who got the biggest applause? Why the ever understated Charlie Watts of course. To commemorate the arrival of the Stones in Utah, I am closing this column with the official Stimboy Rolling Stones quiz. The winner will receive my personally autographed copy of the Exile On Main Street CD. The questions are as follows:

1. At the concert at Rice stadium, Mick Jagger wore a top hat and round glasses during "Sympathy For The Devil." This costume was originally worn by Keith Richards in an unreleased film. Name that film.
2. 58 year old Bill Wyman quit the band a couple of years ago to marry a teenager, yet he appeared in cameo form during their recent concert. Name the way in which he was shown.
3. One of the highlights of the concert was Bobby Keys sax solo during "Miss You." Bobby Keys has been a regular sideman with the Stones since the late sixties but can you name with whom this Texas native got his start in the music biz?

Tiebreaker. Essay questions, 25 words or less.

4. Brian Jones was the creative force behind the early Rolling Stones yet he died before their peak at age 27. Who do you think should be the next Stone to die? Why and in what way? (Hint, creativity counts.)

Bonus question:

5. Why does SLUG and/or Stimboy suck?

Please send responses to: Stimboy Stones Quiz, c/o Mono Media PC

Box 18125, SLC, UT 84125

Chris Moor is disqualified since he already has a CD of Exile and is probably the only other person in Salt Lake who can answer these questions. Chris recently had a nasty accident resulting in severely broken limbs so send best wishes and join me in hoping for a speedy recovery. Also, cross your fingers and pray for our good friend Scott Bringard, an awesome musician and generally sweet guy who is currently fighting cancer. If you really care about local music you'll get your ass and organize a benefit or at least send a card or donation to a couple of guys who need your help and have brought a lot of good music to you people over the years. (Those of you who have never listened to Boxcar Kids, Commonplace, Dinosaur Bones or the PotatoHeads are excused.) Send best wishes, contributions to the above address and they'll be distributed accordingly.

Until next time, love ya, Stimbo



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DAILY CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 1st

- Dogsday-Bar & Grill
- Rezin-Dead Goat
- Corrosion of Conformity-Cinema Bar

Wednesday, November 2nd

- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- 24 Seven-Cinema Bar
- House of Cards-The Zephyr
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, November 3rd

- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers
- Common Sense-Dead Goat
- Mocha Joe-Green Parrot
- Love 666 w/Power Tools for Girls-Cinema Bar
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

Friday, November 4th

- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Tempo Timers-Ashbury Pub
- Honest Engine w/My Friend Moses-Bar & Grill
- Phur Pajamas-Green Parrot
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-The Zephyr
- Mary Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Impact-Green Street
- Dog Faced Hermans w/2nd Scene-Cinema Bar

Saturday, November 5th

- Tempo Timers-Ashbury Pub
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Phur Pajamas-Green Parrot
- Impact-Green Street
- Backwash-Dead Goat
- Decomposers w/Trailer Park-Cinema Bar
- So Wut w/Uncle Irving-Bar & Grill
- Mary Monique-D.B. Coopers
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-The Zephyr

Sunday, November 6th

- Mary Monique-Ashbury Pub
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
- Third Floor-The Zephyr

Monday, November 7th

- Blue Devils Blues Revue
- w/Johnny Dyer Band-Dead Goat

Tuesday, November 8th

- The Pinch-Ashbury Pub
- Uncle Big Bad-Dead Goat
- Ace Frehley-The Zephyr
- Mozart w/Wish-Bar & Grill

Wednesday, November 9th

- Loudspeaker, Mozart & Shadowplay-Cinema Bar
- Swing Annie-Dead Goat
- Headshake w/Honest Engine-Bar & Grill
- Strange Brew-Green Parrot
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, November 10th

- Shaz, Mary Monique & Carolines Spine-Cinema Bar
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- Jezus Rides a Ric-Sha-Green Parrot
- Shaver-The Zephyr
- Fat Paw-Dead Goat
- Leftover Salmon-The Zephyr
- August Red-Bar & Grill
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers

Friday, November 11th

- 3 Pigs-Green Parrot
- Sky Cries Mary w/Tongue in Groove-Cinema Bar
- Mary Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Gamma Rays-The Zephyr
- The Crush-Green Street
- Forbidden Vegetables-Dead Goat
- Carolines Spine w/The Pinch-Bar & Grill
- Zion Tribe-Ashbury Pub

Saturday, November 12th

- Zion Tribe-Ashbury Pub
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- 3 Pigs-Green Parrot
- The Crush-Green Street
- Backwash-The Zephyr
- Forbidden Vegetables-Dead Goat
- Wedding Present w/Spell-Cinema Bar
- Mary Monique-D.B. Coopers
- Abstrak w/Petting Zoo-Bar & Grill

Sunday, November 13th

- Mary Monique-Ashbury Pub
- MU33, Mustard Plug, Insatiable, Rhythm Fish-Cinema Bar
- Jeff Buckley & Brenda Kahn-The Zephyr
- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat

Monday, November 14th

- Renegade Saints-Cinema Bar
- Tina & The B-Side Movement-The Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, November 15th

- Lisa Germano w/Pale Saints & Idaho-Bar & Grill
- Dangerous Toys-The Zephyr
- Piecemeal-Dead Goat
- Andre Jamal Quartet-Ashbury Pub

Wednesday, November 16th

- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub
- Steve Howe-The Zephyr
- A Band & His Dog-Dead Goat
- Season of the Spring w/Voodoo Swing-Cinema Bar
- Irie Blue-Green Parrot
- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Fierce Nipples w/Uncle Irving-Bar & Grill

Thursday, November 17th

- Voodoo Swing - Burt's Tiki
- My Friend Moses w/ Petting Zoo-Bar & Grill
- Drip Tank w/Fierce Nipples-Cinema Bar
- Maka & The Mutaneers-Green Parrot
- Dread Zeppelin-The Zephyr
- Nightcry-Dead Goat
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub

Friday, November 18th

- Crossroads-Dead Goat
- Backwash-Ashbury Pub
- Blues Society Benefit-The Zephyr
- Rayband-Green Parrot
- Gamma Rays-Green Street
- Frantic Flatops w/ Voodoo Swing-Bar & Grill
- Mary Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Mark Curry w/Honest Engine-Cinema Bar

Saturday, November 19th

- Deadbolt, Everclear & The Swallowtones-Cinema Bar
- Mr. Jones & The Previous-Dead Goat
- Mary Monique-D.B. Coopers
- The Strangers-The Zephyr
- Piecemeal-Green Parrot

- Voodoo Swing w/House of Cards-Bar & Grill
- Gamma Rays-Green Street
- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Backwash-Ashbury Pub

Sunday, November 20th

- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
- Mary Monique-Ashbury Pub
- Snowboard Bash-The Zephyr

Monday, November 21st

- Fear of God, Incantation & Grave-Cinema Bar
- August Red-The Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Revue-Dead Goat

Tuesday, November 22nd

- Harder Than Your Husband-Ashbury Pub
- Abstrak w/Scabs on Strike-Bar & Grill
- Fat Paw-The Zephyr
- Junk Drawer-Dead Goat
- Luscious Jackson w/Mary Monique-Cinema Bar

Wednesday, November 23rd

- Pagan Love Gods-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Pigface, Evil Mothers & Horsy-Cinema Bar
- Pop Will Eat Itself, Compulsion & Dink-The Zephyr
- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Dead Goat
- Ashbury Sessions Blues Jam-Ashbury Pub

Thursday, November 24th

- Megan Peters & Big Leg-Ashbury Pub
- The Smears w/Devience-Cinema Bar
- Gamma Rays-The Zephyr
- Harry Lee & The Part Timers-D.B.Coopers

Friday, November 25th

- Mary Monique-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- I-Roots-Ashbury Pub
- Strangely Enough-Green Street
- Salsa Brava-The Zephyr
- Irie Hieghts-Green Parrot
- Insatiable-Dead Goat
- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- Fishbone w/Iris, The Smellitones-Cinema Bar

Saturday, November 26th

- Pepper Lake City-Burt's Tiki Lounge
- Petting Zoo-Ashbury Pub
- Irie Hieghts-Green Parrot
- Strangely Enough-Green Street
- Billy Eli Lost in America-Dead Goat
- Salsa Brava-The Zephyr
- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- Hypnotic Clambake-Cinema Bar
- Mary Monique-D.B. Coopers

Sunday, November 27th

- Acoustic Goat-Dead Goat
- Larva w/Novagenus-Cinema Bar
- Mary Monique-Ashbury Pub

Monday, November 28th

- Blue Devils Blues Revue w/Andy Just Live Broadcast-Dead Goat
- Royal Jelly-The Zephyr

Tuesday, November 29th

- Pepper Lake City-Ashbury Pub
- Jezus Rides a Ric-Sha-Dead Goat
- Rhythm Fish-Bar & Grill
- Honest Engine-Cinema Bar

Wednesday, November 30th

- 24 Seven-Cinema Bar
- House of Cards-Dead Goat
- Band Du Jour-The Zephyr
- They Ether-Bar & Grill

POETRY

u took off your clothes, You
 ok off my head
 arted to like it too much
 e a crisp whip on an open
 re
 e forgotten whispers at my
 oor
 ished it away, without suc-
 ss
 ut off my arms, so I couldn't
 ck you up
 here's my gun, where's my
 om

u took off your clothes, You
 ok off my head
 ave my window open, I
 ave the bed unmade
 sten to the rain and the vio-
 s
 I can get to sleep
 I can read your mind
 en I can be your dog
 u can hold it over my head,
 d I'll sit up and beg
 e a good boy should...
 e a good boy should
 u took off your clothes, You
 ok off my head
 hat was it that you said,
 out me?
 at I lie...and I lied...
 d you listened...
 well, goodnight

—TLP

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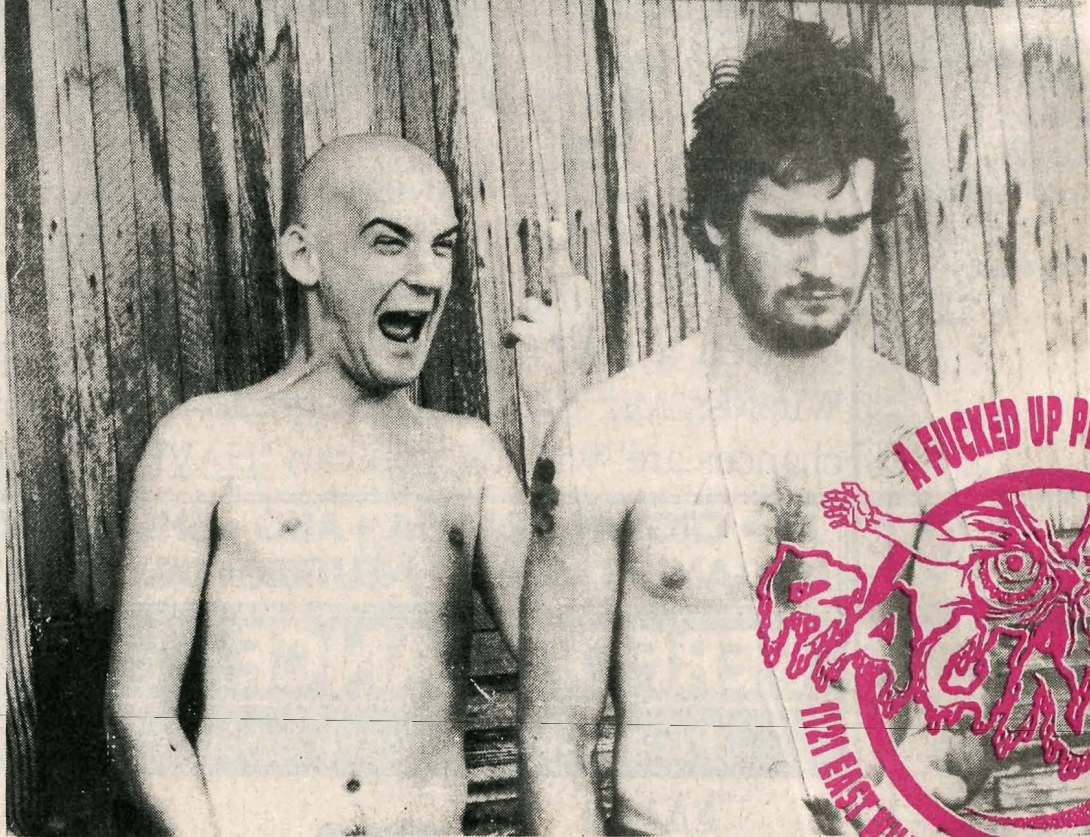
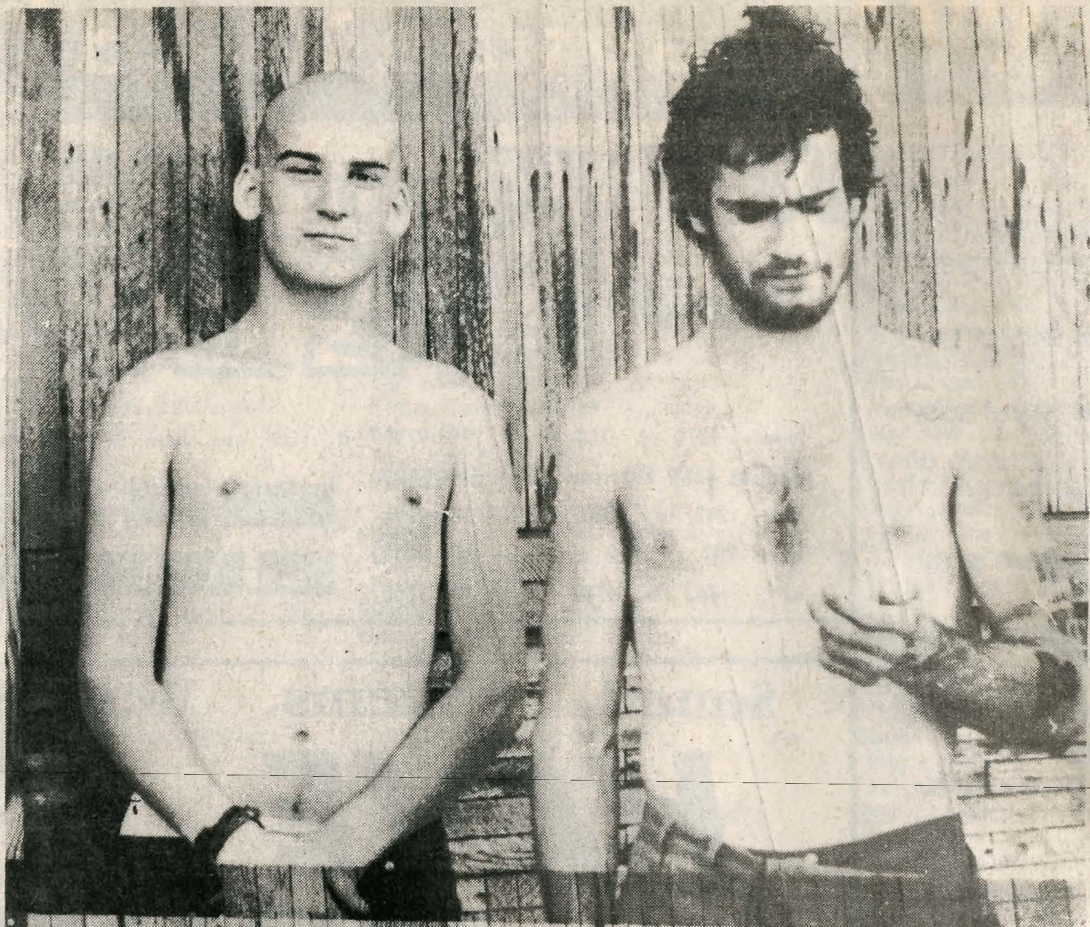
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