

**AUGUST  
1992  
ISSUE 44  
FREE**

**SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND**

A blue-tinted photograph of a group of people at a social gathering, possibly a party or club. The image is somewhat blurry and has a grainy texture. In the foreground, a person is wearing a dark tank top with the letters 'EST' visible. To the right, another person is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment. The background shows other people and what appears to be a stage or performance area.

# **AMPHOUSE MOTHER**

**RECORDS • COMICS • INTERVIEW: WOLFGANG PRESS  
F-DUDE • POSITIVELY QUEER • JOJO'S CORNER • FILM  
AND A LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN TOWN**

# SLUG

**ISSUE #44**  
**AUGUST 1992**

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Special thanks to Jo Yaffe, Matt Taylor and Kris Johnson without whom this publication would not be possible

**SLUG IS:** A monthly News and Entertainment Guide that is printed by the 5th of each month and can be found at over 100 locations. All writing is contributed by local writers. All material printed in SLUG is the opinion of the writers and not necessarily those of the editorial staff. All submissions, advertising, letters, pictures, poems and art work must be received by the 20th of the month to be printed in the next issue.

**Please Send to: SLUG MAGAZINE**

**P.O. BOX 1061**

**SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84110-1061**

**or Call 467-4742**



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# DEAR DICKHEADS

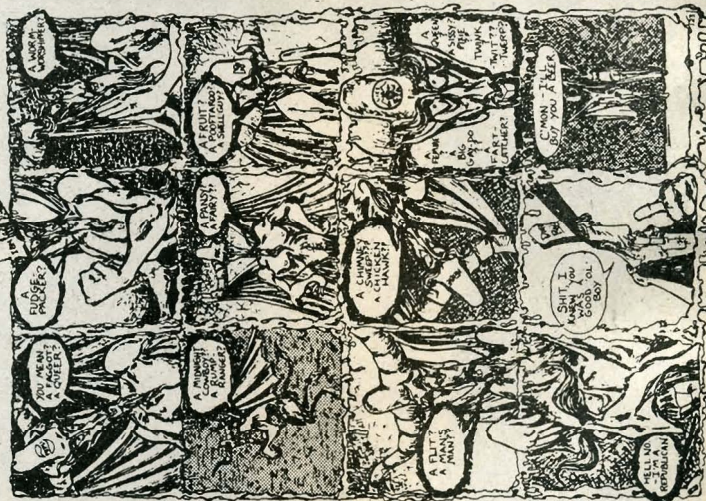
**DEAR DICKHEADS,**

A friend had sent me a copy of your March 92 issue. I found it to be good but I do have one problem. It was in the concert review of THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES show. You said there were no "skinhead assholes" there. I have been a skin for 5 years and have seen almost everything. Yes, I know some skins are assholes, but the majority are not. Please people, open your minds, it's the racist assholes that are destroying our scene. Don't take it out on us non-racist skins. We are all in the same scene, so when you go to a show, remember it's for a good time, not to fight. If we all unite we can fight racism.

*Love & Peace  
Heather Johnson  
Milwaukee, Wis.*

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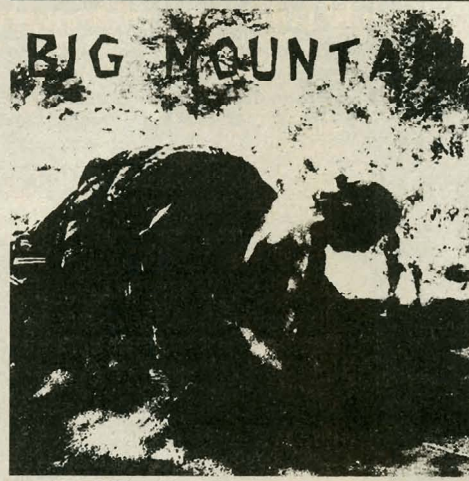
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# RECORD REVIEWS



## BIG MOUNTAIN COMPILATION

Various Artists  
R.U. Dead Records

Definitely one of the punkest things to come out of Salt Lake in a long time. BIG MOUNTAIN contains the bands that are the heart of the Salt Lake punk scene. Besides the fact that that this album is good listening it's also for a great cause. Big Mountain is a benefit album in which funds will go to members of the Navajo and Hopi tribes, to resist their relocation and cruel treatment.

Not forgetting to mention, of course, on Big Mountain is: Spring Creek, N.S.C., Moral Suckling, Athletes Butt, Organized Confusion, Power Slave, Hate X 9, Slaughterchrist, Draize Method, and the now nonexistent Hair Farm. A great effort was made by all and the production isn't half bad either. So come on punk rockers... get off your asses and support this thing. It'll be well worth it for you and every one involved!

## ICEBURN

FIRON  
Revelation Records

Preconceptions based upon assumption are the result of ignorance. My tendency to dismiss ICEBURN as post hard core, metal mania has resulted in my reassessment of what is legitimately an exemplary band.

Of all the albums released by bands I consider the END-ALL-BE-ALL within the last six months, it figures one by an outfit I unfairly criticized would become the most enjoyable. ICEBURN's significance is seemingly in their ability to transcend categorical

placing, therefore establishing a credible niche. The closest to placement in a recognized style would be that ICEBURN's songs are like taking your all time favorite pieces of sections of music you've loved and meshing them into songs. Besides that FIRON is a killer air guitar album.

FIRON is consistency without weakness. Like the mystical force that pulls one sock from the dryer, ICEBURN is inexplicable, accessible without being trite, enjoyable without becoming burdensome, and memorable without becoming tedious, FIRON is a powerful album within the medium, capable of converting the most staunch of blowhards. ICEBURN kills assholes on contact.

*Charlee Johnson*

## Tom Purdue Freeze

Tom Purdue delivers twelve songs of simplistic yet somewhat engaging techno-pop reminiscent of the early eighties. Most of the songs play off of funky rhythms which seem to be Purdue's strong point. The drum programming holds his songs together and keeps this tape going steady. There is something raw about the production, giving the songs a gritty, vacant feeling, as if the other sounds and instruments are in another studio-possibly even in another building. The distance adds depth to the songs which seem to be either minimalistic or under-developed.

There is something almost naive about Purdue's songs and lyrics, even when he sings more cryptic imagery such as "Take me down into the graves," or "They're eating my eyes, They're eating my goodbyes." These lines come across more as nursery rhymes than as serious thoughts. This childlike innocence makes the tape listenable and more lighthearted than was probably intended, but also makes it interesting.

My favorite track is the last one: *Leave It Dead*, with the sing-song refrain, *I stopped in your arms/I dropped all my cards/ She said, "Leave it dead"/ I'll fall to escape it all.*

Purdue's tape is fairly straightforward and unbelabored by loads of production and extemporaneous noise. If techno-pop is your thing, then pick up a copy of this local release.

*Dead Joe.*

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# BOOK REVIEWS

## REALITY IS WHAT YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH

by Robert Anton Wilson

Dell Books

For those unfamiliar with the man, Robert Anton Wilson is probably the most impressive and most influential wielder of the literary mindfuck. Luckily, those of us who view Wilson as a guru (albeit one full of a lot of bullshit) can be placated by his latest work, REALITY IS WHAT YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH (A SCREENPLAY).

REALITY . . . features a plot within a plot. Using his usual ingenuity, Wilson would have us believe that REALITY . . . was a screenplay for a movie filmed in 1990's America and later discovered by future archaeologists. Seems these enlightened descendants of the human race recognize our age for just what it is: an age of bullshit artists.

The introduction (by one Professor Padraic Hakim Hasagawa) is a hilarious but scathing look at just how ridiculous many of the notions we as humans cling to so tightly truly are. One particularly effective passage states: "a special group of people, engaged chiefly in shooting, bombing, burning, and otherwise destroying other people, did not call themselves the Department of Murder or even the Department of War. These terms made no sense in Bullshit. Those engaged in that bloody profession called themselves the Department of Defense. Again, the function lies in concealing, not revealing, the facts." Similarly, religion and government are taken to task by the scathing Hasagawa.

But the screenplay itself is just a mind-wrenching trip into just what makes our reality tick. The tale features a couple, Ignatz Ratsiwatski and Betty Boop, watching T.V., only to have pirate broadcasts aimed at expanding human consciousness override the signals, much to Ignatz's dismay. Or is that really what's going on? As usual, Wilson plays tricks with perception and belief to bring his point across. In this work, there are realities within realities, so the act of trying to figure out just what is occurring becomes an ultimately futile exercise. Life, Wilson would have us believe, is ludicrous and being made worse by the consummate Bullshit Artists who basically run the shop.

In addition, Wilson manages to throw in some heavy mediation on a subject which has evidently become

a favorite topic for him recently, the so-called "reality tunnels" we each engage in. It is here, ultimately, that Wilson does most of his damage.

These theoretical "reality tunnels" are the constructs our minds use to filter through all of the input we receive from our bodies. But these constructs are, in themselves flawed in two serious ways. The first is in our imperfect bodies themselves and their faulty perceptions. But the second flaw is even worse, in that it involves our minds. Wilson and others posit that from birth on our environment and influences cause our minds to construct "reality tunnels" to judge, measure, weigh, etc. the input we receive. Rather than being truly open to what we experience, we filter it through our minds and get inaccurate data. Herein lies the root cause of our differences of opinion, strife, pain infliction, etc. Wilson suggests abandoning this way of thinking and learning to use our brains "for fun and profit."

But things aren't all heavy in REALITY . . . . As stated before, Wilson himself is (as he would gleefully admit) a "Bullshit Artist" and while there is a lot of useful food for thought to be found, there is also a lot of devious abstraction thrown in. All that will probably distract a lot of readers, especially those who follow Wilson's ILLUMINATUS! material with too much seriousness and devotion.

Indeed, the author includes many of his favorite subjects in REALITY . . . , too, including the ELF (Evisian Liberation Front), the Illuminati, the "Schrodinger's Cat" dilemma, and (most importantly) J.R. "Bob" Dobbs and the Church of the SubGenius.

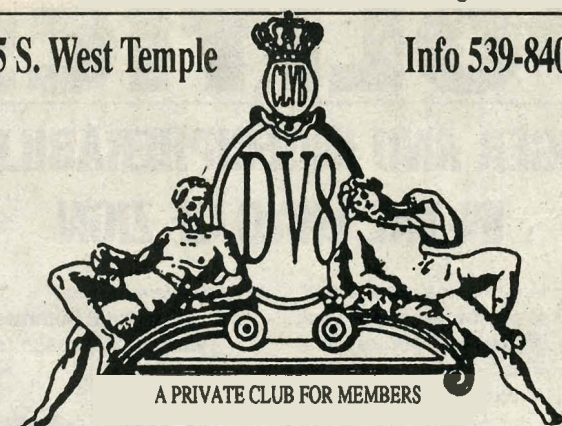
This reviewer could probably go blathering on all day about the merits of this book. It is amusing, enlightening, and anything but dull. An added bonus is the accompanying artwork, cropped from stills of old Hollywood movies and other media, which have been altered to illustrate the screenplay. These photos serve to delineate Wilson's point of just how ludicrous our concrete notions of reality are, and this is the point of the book. It's not enough just to think for one's self, but to LEARN to think for one's self.

Throw all this together with numerous great bumper sticker quotes and you have a book that is an experience. You owe it to yourself to find a copy and read it or give it to someone who needs a dose of "unreality." Let there be Slack.

Scott Vice

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# POLITICS

## ANGER AND INDECIPHERABILITY IN THE LAND OF ZION

*"Enemy sighted, enemy met. I'm addressing the real politik. Look who bought the myth—buy a jingle, buy America."*

—REM "Exhuming McCarthy" from *Document*

*"The people must not realize they are being manipulated*

*For them to be manipulated effectively. We give them things to worry about—buying clothes and losing weight. Your lack of curiosity is the key to our success."*

—JELLO BIAFRA w/ NOMEANSNO "Bruce's Diary" from *The Sky is Falling and I Want My Mommy*

I think it's about time I told you, as if you didn't already know: Everything I say is bullshit. I have no real idea what I'm talking about. People have told me from time to time that I'm a pretty good bullshit artist, and I appreciate that. But I can't take credit for it. The reason I bullshit well is that I know a lot of big words. That's it. And that's not even my fault. My parents bought me a Speak-n-Spell when I was a child and consistently updated the memory cartridges throughout my formative years. Also, teachers were constantly forcing me to memorize all kinds of words so that I could pass tests, to get good grades.

So there you have it. A Speak-n-Spell, which is symbolic (if not endemic) of my middle-class upbringing, and a regiment of repetition and rote memorization in school, which is symbolic of the myth which we have been force-fed, are what made me what I am today. Oh yes, and the television.

*"The human brain is a two-bit computer and can therefore only produce a low-grade truth."*

*"Childrens' heads are empty when they're born. Adults can put anything in there."*

—Kurt Vonnegut  
*Breakfast of Champions*

*"There are no problem children,*

*only problem parents."*

—A.S. Neill Summerhill: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing*

But you can only absorb so much useless information before you develop a need to do something with it. Most people go after money. They think it will buy them happiness. I'm pursuing happiness, itself. This is a paradox, or at least a metaphor, because I tend to believe that happiness is, like God, inside of me. Being happy is my choice, as with anyone.

What went wrong is that we don't teach our children about themselves and the world they've been thrust into. At least not honestly, rationally and compassionately. We teach them that convenience is more important than liberty, that security is more important than change, and that individual responsibility means having your papers in order and relying on experts.

We should stop doing this and start telling young people something like this: You are living on a planet where people kill other people to possess land and merchandise. People are also often very cruel and unfeeling to one another. Don't take any of this too seriously—cruelty and coldness are products of our culture.

We should NOT tell our kids to "look out for number one," for this produces a competitive nature which leads to hatred, jealousy, guilt and resentment. It's easy to teach children to hate and to fear. It's also easy to teach them to love and care.

We should also tell kids that, even with their extraordinary powers of sensory perception, they can only perceive one millionth of the known spectral band, so they shouldn't believe everything they see, since they don't see everything.

But that's what child rearing is all about. Filling kids' heads with beliefs which will enslave them for life. We should tell them, instead,

that truth is relative to the observer's perspective, and steer them away from blind, ugly dogmatism. (At least that's what I wish someone told me, when I was young.)

*"When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro."*

—Hunter S. Thompson

Being in Salt Lake, writing for the SLUG for the past year or so has certainly helped me to learn to not take things too seriously. I think that that is a problem many of us face, taking ourselves and others too seriously, even to the point of debilitating feelings of anger, humiliation and sadness. Of course, we need to take certain things seriously in order to do them well, but I disagree with those who insist that we must take this all to heart. All capitalism is is the belief that we must all be excruciatingly serious, because this is good for business. And because poverty sucks.

Yes, here we are, bags of water walking around acting like all this is so terribly important, and we don't even treat each other nice half of the time. Some Great Society.

An interesting fact: The first 495 out of 500 generations of humankind on planet Earth lived tribally, in close-knit groups of people who cared for and about those in their tribe. Industrialization has not only contaminated our planet. It has made us fish out of water, living in hostile cities, instead of supportive communities, living as captives to the system which was supposed to free the world.

Prediction: Our society will continue its no-holds-barred descent into decadence, convenience, corruption, greed and superficiality, while at the same time, tribal units and support networks will continue to strengthen and proliferate, attracting more and more alienated individuals who slip through the cracks of intrinsically dehumanizing, destined to fail socio-economic-political system.

Human emotions are, among other things, chemically produced. For every human function, including thought, there is a corresponding electro-chemical process which occurs at the molecular and atomic levels. The reason so many people put external chemicals into their bodies (like nicotine, caffeine, psychedelics, pot, etc.) is because the average human experience

doesn't contain enough situations which trigger the release of internal "happy chemicals." Psychological addictions, like compulsive consumerism, are also ways in which people try to compensate for the lack of meaning and serenity in their lives.

As for myself, I'll continue to blabber on and protest injustice all that, because it seems sensible. It does not seem sensible, under the circumstances, to ignominiously accept the Establishment's status quo, for any reason. (Besides, as Biafra has said, protest is great fun.)

Will it take another draft to get young people interested and involved with what goes on on this planet of theirs?

To accept that pencil lines on a piece of paper (national boundaries) are worth killing and dying for, to accept that people who don't have enough to eat shouldn't be fed immediately, and to accept New World Order instead of world peace and harmony, is to reject life. "All hatred is self-hatred." (Neill)

—Eric M Zsebenyi

EMZ is a self-emancipated, morally corrupt free lance citizen who has been involved in journalism ever since his 2nd grade teacher made him write a two page description of the previous Summer. After being squished through high school, Eric blew his head off with illicit substances, and found himself in Salt Lake where he attempted (repeatedly) to drown himself in Mormon whiskey, after discovering that Utah's state motto is "INDUSTRY." He has served as a wage-slave for years, spending countless hours cutting big pieces of metal into smaller ones, and picking up bricks and putting them down in a different place.

He will attend college this Fall in Maryland, so that he can continue the fight against fascism a little closer to the front, and with accreditation.

He is the founder of the Libertarian-Socialist-Democrats' Party (vote LSD in November), and also Emphaticism, a non-prophet religion (of sorts) which tells us, "it doesn't matter what you believe, as long as you'd die for it."

He is very confused about what goes on on this planet, and probably shouldn't have been sent here, anyway.

the rotting carcass of



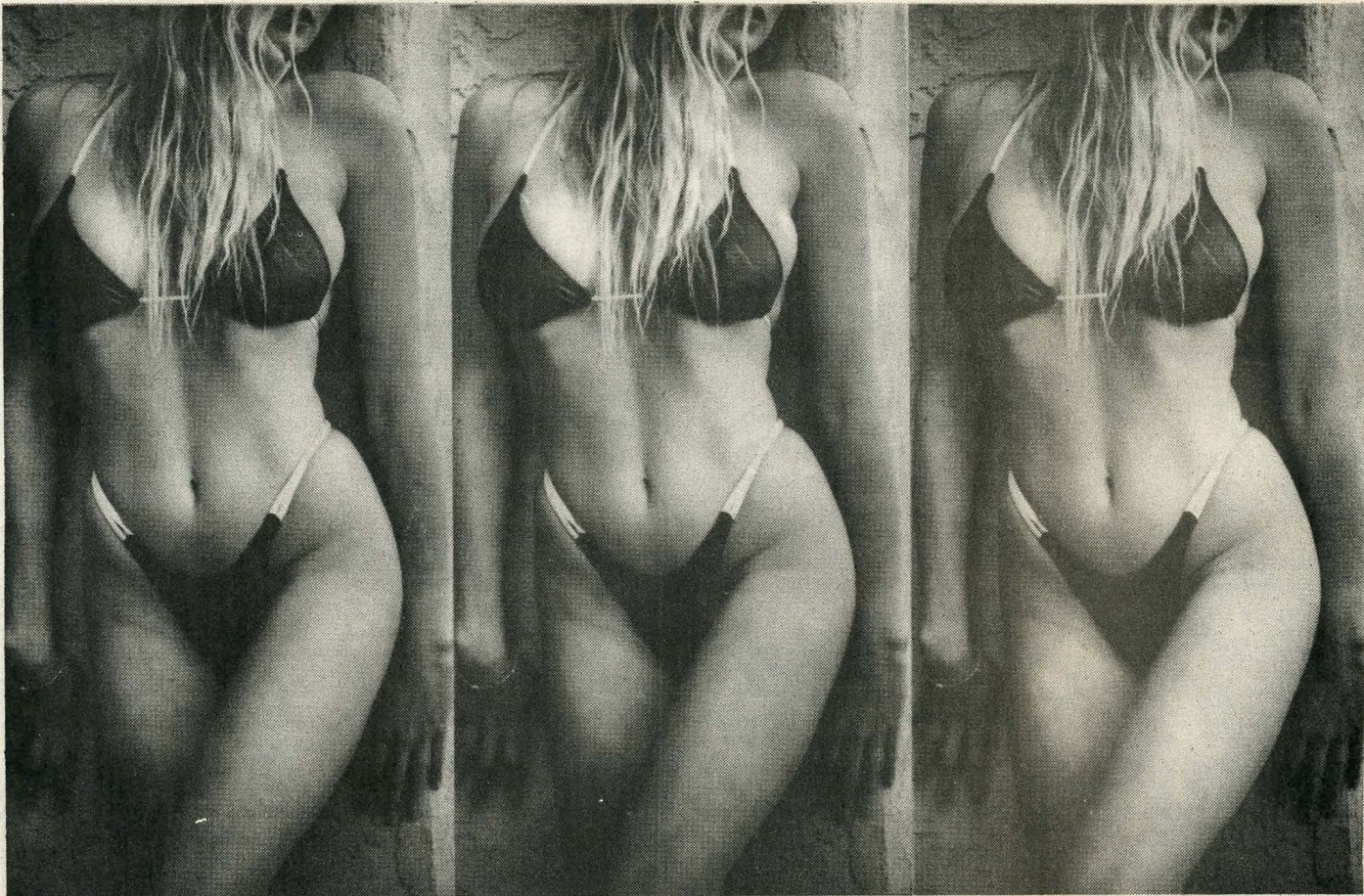
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# MISCELLANEOUS

## BANKING MACHINES

### Socially Conscious Essay

"Live by the banking machine, die by the banking machine!" That's my motto in this day and age where convenience is next to godliness and plastic is gold.

Let's face it, people are a pain in the ass — always have been, always will be. I have no problem with the fact that humans are being replaced by machines in every sector of society. It's a good thing because we simply don't want to function all the time, yet are demanding of others to do so at our bidding. Pretty fucking hypocritical, so the sooner that technology wipes out employment the better. The day we become obsolete will be the day we can kick back, relax, and thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

The breakthrough of the box that yields dough is certainly at the fore of this dream. It simply wipes out a lot of embarrassing moments in life, like having to balance your account yourself, or trying to get a fiver from the lady at the counter only to find out you have but two bits in your account. You know that they're all laughing at you as you shag out of the lobby and wander into traffic. It's a shitty feeling.

But the machine don't laugh. It's very congenial, going so far as to write you a note with zero condescension. "Sorry, funds are not available for this transaction." It would probably hug you if it could, while extrapolating on the bitterness of being trapped in a box as you're free to roam, penniless yet alive.

And just think of the times you slipped the stiff one in the slot, getting your just rewards. It's like playing the slots and winning the big one. No fuss, no mess, no shit!

I really do love these things, but as with any love interest, difficulties do arise. After a few years in this relationship you realize that you must pick and choose. Why not demand the best?

You see, there are good machines and bad machines, and lately I've been noticing a lot of bad machines. For instance, I used to frequent a little unit at the grocery store. It was always kind, snappy, and ready to give. But, one day it decided to charge me an extra buck for its time. The bitter greed showed right through, and I had to sever the relationship immediately.

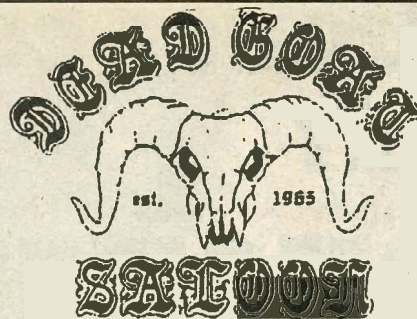
Then, there's machines that simply must test your patience. You know, the type that take at least five seconds to respond to your every query, then have the gall to tell you that they have no money in the belly! Why can't they just be up front about it!

But these instances are minor compared to the ultimate bank machine atrocity. Maybe I just have shit karma, but two of the bastards actually ate my card! What a sense of betrayal I felt, suddenly standing two inches tall, alone in the rain, my world turned upside down for weeks.

Still, I have faith and an endless admiration for these things. Every now and then I'll come across a really snappy machine that hates to fuss around. That "Here you go, take your money and get out of my face" attitude is refreshing and perfectly suited to my tastes. No lollipop?! Hell, go buy one with your new found wealth!

These machines are here to stay and getting better, unlike the rest of humanity.

by Ivar John Zeile



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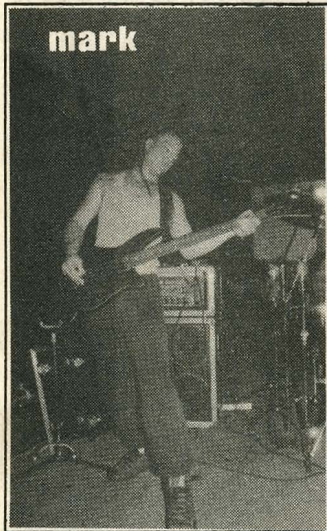
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# AUGUST COVER STORY

## SAVED BY

# AMPHOUSE MOTHER



drums and shiny things. Most of their original songs are written by Bill. The band plays their grunge-heavy rock 'n' roll really tightly, but with an element of good humor and fun. With a heavy guitar sound and a touch of blues and funk, AMPHOUSE MOTHER plays their own style of rock 'n' roll, incomparable with any other band.

Not really newcomers to the scene, Bill (the self-proclaimed biggest asshole in the band) was formerly with Only A Test and Doug drummed briefly with Nauvoo. Now that they've found their niche, they report, somewhat jokingly, that they are now on the market for a "major label."

On stage, AMPHOUSE MOTHER seems more concerned with entertaining themselves than their audience. Their interaction with the crowd resembles that of cabaret dinner theatre. More sarcastic than your average act, they always manage to get their loudest, most obnoxious heckler and turn him into their biggest fan. AMPHOUSE MOTHER takes their music seriously but not themselves. Hardly rock 'n' roll gods, any of the three musicians are likely to sit down at your table and strike up a conversation like

any other Joe at the bar, only to jump up minutes later and get on stage. Friendlier than many of our other local musical personalities, Bill is the most outgoing and talkative of the band, a regular ringleader. Somewhat more reserved, Mark flashes a lot of smiles and laughs at just



about everything Bill says or does. Doug is seemingly the most introspective of the trio, and is said to be obsessed with finding lots of shiny things to play with whenever and where ever possible. Unpretentious and unassuming, they easily win over even the most hostile of houses.

This writer has never seen any of AMPHOUSE MOTHER be serious about anything.

When asked why they chose the rock 'n' roll medium, Bill's straight-faced answer was, simply, "Sex," followed by a moment of reverent silence and then

deep-throated, hysterical laughter. However, this is certainly a band to be reckoned wit (*sic*). Given that AMPHOUSE MOTHER is

finally getting the recognition that they deserve, be prepared for regular doses of AMPHOUSE in your face.

Look for AMPHOUSE MOTHER August 14th at Club Starrz (all ages show) with Skabs on Strike and Saturday night, August 22nd, during Sabbathon '92 at the Bar & Grill.

BY NATALIE KAMINSKI  
PHOTOS BY  
ROBERT DeBERRY

AMPHOUSE MOTHER was recently described by the prestigious and "totally reliable" Deseret News as "tired, semi-Metal attack." When you get a shitty review from Salt Lake's finest and notoriously hateful-of-local-bands newspaper, you know you've arrived. AMPHOUSE MOTHER has been getting a lot of gigs lately around Salt Lake, playing with locals Doghouse and Decomposers as well as the opening slot for SST's All. With increased exposure, AMPHOUSE MOTHER is finally starting to get some attention in the local scene.

AMPHOUSE MOTHER is a no-nonsense, three-piece band comprised of Bill Frost on guitar and vocals, Mark Ross on bass, and Doug Peterson on

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# COMIC REVIEWS

While the comics industry continues to be dominated by super-hero material that is generally crap, there are more comics embracing a "new wave" philosophy of being "different" and experimental than at any time. Below are reviewed three recent examples of this philosophy, but there are numerous worthy comics out there (some of which have been previously reviewed), if you know where to look. Happy hunting!

## THE ADVENTURES OF TAD MARTIN

The brainchild of Al Frank, TAD MARTIN bills itself (tongue firmly in cheek) as "the official comic of the 1992 punk Olympics." The result, unfortunately, is a hodge-podge of interesting, but unsatisfying ideas.

The current issue, #3, is highlighted by a cover by EIGHTBALL creator Dan Clowes, but the interior is a let-down compared to that auspicious decoration.

The first tale, "It's Mine," features Lil' Tad (who, it should be explained, is labeled "Average American Teenager,"

but obviously is not, given his ghoulish appearance and ghoulish attitude) in a fairly amusing satire on childhood experience told through a series of altered photos from the 1950's. Seems Lil' Tad has had just about enough bullying from others and decides to fight back. While the story is disjointed, the point being made is sufficient to make this negligible.

If only the rest of the issue were as interesting, though. . . . Frank has evidently embraced the notion that different is better, and reaches deep within his psyche to find material that is empty and devoid of intent and meaning. "Tricky" details Tad's relationship with that so-named character, and while there could have been some merit to the exploration of a neurotic love, it is watered by aimlessness. Even worse is "Manslan," however, which tries to be dream-like but succeeds in being only obscure.

The downfall to TAD MARTIN lies in Frank's lack of narrative skills. There is probably a wealth of ideas that the series could explore, but it is lost in the forced attempts at cleverness and artsiness. Frank's art is, surprisingly, rough but charming in its own way — almost a cross between Bill Sienkiewicz

and Fiona Smyth — but it is too inconsistent at times.

Overall, TAD MARTIN seems to be a wasted opportunity. Creator Frank could be a talent to watch in the future, but only if he jettisons his notions of being "punk." The only real saving grace to the comic is the autobiographical (?) one-page "The Murray Years." Perhaps Frank should consider that *oeuvre* instead? (B&W, \$2.50)



## THE CROW

After years of waiting, fans of Jim O'Barr's tale of revenge from beyond the grave, THE CROW, can finally read the entire work, thanks to the recently completed three-part series from Tundra Press.

As stated, this tale is more or less about exacting vengeance. In this case, a young man who was murdered (along with his girlfriend) for kicks by scum is reborn and spends the series killing the perpetrators and considering lofty ideals.

Volume 3 (subtitled "Death") features the denouement, as the protagonist (the Crow) has managed to terrorize and exterminate many of his victims and now seeks to punish T-Bird, who led the actions against the Crow. Unlike typical revenge tales, though, creator O'Barr seeks to inject some spirituality and philosophy as the Crow spouts Biblical phrases while committing heinous and bloody acts.

Is it successful? That's up to the reader to decide. While O'Barr's approach does have its merits, it comes off as attempted, but botched ingenuity. The story is so firmly entrenched in melodrama that it becomes, at times, almost unintentionally funny, when trying to be meaningful. If O'Barr had left out some of the flashbacks in favor of genuine characterization, the results would have been much more satisfactory. Some attempted moves in this direction, like the Crow's friendship with a young girl, Sherri, is sabotaged by clumsy dialogue, so one suspects the author knows his limits.

The series is fascinating to view for the development in O'Barr's art, though. While the illustration is merely good at the start, by the conclusion O'Barr has grown immeasurably. If

only his writing had grown similarly. . .

The series in which pictures alone carry the tale are powerful, which makes the rest so unsatisfactory.

So, while this reviewer admires the growth in O'Barr's rendering, he also wishes the story had grown. As it is, this tale of darkness, mixed with morality, only makes him eager to see what O'Barr does next. (B&W, \$4.95)



## WAY OUT STRIPS

Eschewing typical comic illustration techniques, London's Carol Swain employs charcoal to produce a fascinating look that is showcased in WAY OUT STRIPS.

The debut issue features five tales that share little in common other than a kind of displacement, in that they deal with disenfranchised and disaffected humans. The stories also vary in quality from good to meaningless.

Best is the opening "Jig and Reel," featuring punks at a concert. Similarly, the nearly wordless "Terrific Island" is indefinably charming.

But "In My Neighborhood" and "B Movie" display Swain's techniques. While the art is fairly simple, it is also different and evocative, which translates well on the page. In addition, panel layout is composed much like a classic example of cinematography, with establishing shots, unusual angles and zooms which make the results much more powerful.

Also, unnecessary dialogue is left out, leaving the remaining words and pictures to tell the story, an admirable trait other writers should follow.

But, as remarked upon earlier, much of Swain's work is devoid of impact and intent. In the introduction, Paul Gravett mentions Swain's interest in Jack Kerouac; and movie directors Mallick and Wim Wenders. However, her admiration evidently does not entail absorption of their vision and scope. While she emulates them in several ways, she lacks their impact and intuition.

It could just be that the stories chosen for this issue were mediocre, and in that case I look forward to seeing what issue 2 will bring. But while WAY OUT STRIPS is nice to look at it is a letdown, considering it could be so much more. (B&W, \$2.50)

Scott Vice

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# MOVIES/VIDEO

## AELITA, QUEEN OF MARS

Welcome to Mars, a planet with pretty strict immigration policies and a third of its populace packed away on ice. A society that's no stranger to jealousy, where the citizens cavort through preposterously angled landscapes in their scintillating headdresses. A land where luscious Queen Aelita reigns, but doesn't rule!



AELITA: QUEEN OF MARS

If you've been brainwashed into thinking that martians are ugly, balding pygmies with three arms, I'd suggest you get your ass over to the Tower and check this movie out. It is a visionary Russian epic, circa 1924, that for my money depicts martians as they ought to be.

These martians live in an ultrahip environment, something akin to a party in L.A. Aelita is the queen of the planet, a total knockout whose everyday attire puts today's fashion victims to shame. Her personal maid is no slouch either, and loyal enough to kill. The stately king is kind of a drag, but his right hand man Gor is a scientific super-stud, creator of the Tower of Radiant Energy. His only fault is in allowing the Queen to peek into the tower and observe humanity, showing particular interest in the custom of a kiss. With a woman like Aelita around, it's hard to believe the Silly Martians couldn't devise this pleasure themselves.

When most conversations steer towards films that were ahead of their time, names like *Metropolis* or *Wayne's World* are dropped. Somehow, *Aelita* is not mentioned. As mentioned above, the Russian vision of Mars is pretty kick-ass. I wouldn't be surprised if the late Gene Roddenberry watched this a dozen times before madly obsessing his life with *Star Trek*. Of course, the Mars scenes are only a third of what would be billed as a largely pro-revolutionary melodrama. Even the rest of it has enough inspiring moments to make worthwhile.

One comrade, Loss, has

dreams of building a spaceship and booking to Mars. He can't trust his wife and finds that only so many society reforms can be performed. So, one day he returns to Moscow, gets angry and shoots his wife... or so we think. He dons disguise, builds a rocket, and flies to Mars, where the Queen awaits and uses him to conduct her own revolution.

But, it's all just a dream! In the end the pot shots at his wife never really hit. He learns his lessons in love and politics, finally tossing his life's work into the fireplace.

This sci-fi epic is shrewdly clever and well structured. Serious at the core, yet still has the audacity to jump into slapstick realms, particularly with the wanna-be detective who's a dead-ringer for the late Benny Hill (who I'm sure saw this film at least a dozen times before stardom.) The little detective conducts a citizen's arrest as he flies off to Mars with Loss. Realizing his predicament, he waits patiently till they land before urging the martians to uphold universal law.

I was somewhat upset to find out that the whole thing was a dream, particularly in lieu of the manner it's revealed, but I'll be damned if this ain't the most cutting edge films of its time. Besides, if it wasn't a dream, then our own blessed country would be doubt have jumped into a cold war with the martian union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Ivar Johh Zelle

Editors Note: *Aelita, Queen Of Mars*, will be accompanied by a live musical score by Leonid Nemirovsky, an authentic Russian Emigre.

# "HILARIOUS!"

- Janet Maslin, THE NEW YORK TIMES

## "Irresistible! A Hit!"

Move over 'Diva' and  
'La Femme Nikita'!

- J. Hoberman, THE VILLAGE VOICE

"★★★★!"

- Ernest Tucker, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES - Michael Upchurch, SEATTLE TIMES  
- Barbara Shulgasser, SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER - Roger Hurburt, MIAMI HERALD

## "A Retro-Future Comedy!"

In the style of 'Blade Runner' and 'Brazil'.

- Lloyd Sachs, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

## "Outrageous!"

The most original French film to have  
come this way in a while."

- Michael Upchurch, SEATTLE TIMES

## "Brilliant!"

One of the best films of the year!"

- Andy Klein, LA READER

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# POSITIVELY QUEER

## RAPE IN THE LAND OF RAINBOWS

I just returned from the Rainbow Gathering (a Love-Fest for 20,000 hippies and other counter-culturists) in Colorado. I learned much while I was there—mostly about my cock. I camped out with the Faerie Tribe, which is the safe space for all us Faggot Folks, as well as a few Fag-Hags and Radical Dykes. The Faerie Tribe has a well-deserved reputation for the most fun, the best drumming, the most outrageous clothing, and, of course, the best food. (While the other Tribes were eating rice and beans, we were having stir-fry vegetables in a delicate peanut sauce.) And in the Rainbow Family's ecstasy of love-feasting, we thought we had left "the world" behind. Alas, twas not so. Our Utopic illusion shattered when a

Rainbow sister was raped by some white hetero-slob . . . and he hurt her bad.

It really freaked me out. Not only that this happened at a Rainbow Gathering, but also because it forced me to remember "the events" (what else can I call them?) of four years ago when I was raped by another white, male hetero-slob. See, my rapist couldn't handle the fact that I was an "out of (his) control Faggot" who was happy being an "out of (his) control Faggot." So, Mormon Bishop that he was (and I believe still is), having been taught all his life by our fucked-up, patriarchal society that the "cock means power," he used his cock to rob me of my control, my security, so that he could possess them himself. The Rainbow

sister and I learned the hard way that rape has nothing to do with sex. Rape is just another form of domination and violence. That's why Fags get raped so often by hetero-males—their heterosexuality is not challenged because their raping us is no act of sexuality, only an act of violent colonization.

From the perspective of the perpetrator, rape is an ideal form of violence. Had that white, hetero-slob decided to control my pantie-waist, faggot-ass with a baseball bat, he'd have had to deal with the possibility of accidentally murdering me, as well as the probability of a nice, little prison sentence (whether I'd have lived or not). But since he raped me, he got the security of knowing that I would survive. (Rape is an especially insidious form of violence because it ensures the survival of the victim.) And in my survival, at any unforeseen moment, the memory of what he did to me can come crashing into my soul, reliving the horror yet once again. Of

course, due to the taboo and misinformation surrounding rape, he got away with it, because when it happened, I could not speak this evil.

But now I understand. I understand how society has constructed the Phallus to be the power that hurts and controls And I reject that construction. I am able to reject it because I am a Faggot. Sucking cock while having a cock teaches us Fags (and everyone else) that the "cock means Power" dictum is a lie. Which is the main reason why we're the victims of violence (like rape) in the first place—our existence reminds some very insecure hetero-males that there is no power or authority intrinsic to having a dick—that we Fags can construct the cock just as easily to mean love/lust, as they have constructed it to mean hate/power.

*Yours In the Gospel  
of Judy Garland,  
Sister Rocco O'Sodom*

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# LITERATURE

## ReSearch #4/5 (Part Three) Throbbing Gristle Research Publications

Before there was punk, before the New Wave of the British Invasion, there was Throbbing Gristle and Industrial Records in the U.K. Lead by the disturbed genius Genesis P'Orridge, Throbbing Gristle broke new ground in the music industry and paved the way for experimentation and innovation that still has ramifications for the early nineties. Like many of the bands that have pioneered a revolution, Throbbing Gristle met its demise before reaching stardom or even notoriety, and has broken into three offshoots; Psychic TV, Chris and Cosey and Coil.

Formed by P'Orridge as an offshoot of his performance art troop COUM with Cosey Fanni Tutti, Chris Carter and Peter Sleazy Christopherson, Throbbing Gristle officially "broke" into the music world in 1977. The band strove to constantly surprise its listeners, never covering the same territory twice. Using sound manipulation and improvisation, Throbbing Gristle broke through many of the barriers that limit music today. Never contrived or predictable, the band produced five studio albums and achieved somewhat of a cult

status as well as helping break other pioneers such as Cabaret Voltaire.

Combining art with performance, Throbbing Gristle also delved deep into the world's counter-culture, working with literary geniuses William S. Burroughs and Bryon Gysin and visiting Spahn Ranch, the training ground for the Manson Family. Throbbing Gristle always questioned and examined the traditional values of family, sexual roles and sexuality and inventing the idea for "psychic television," a term which P'Orridge would come to use for his next project. P'Orridge also has collaborated on a few books as well and has founded his Temple Of Psychic Youth.

More than just music, Throbbing Gristle pushed the known boundaries and paved the way for a new generation of musicians/artists to move freely through the music industry and underground culture.



ReSearch books are available at Raunch Records and Waking Owl Books. Or write for a catalogue from ReSearch Publications: 20 Romolo Street, Suite B, San Francisco, Ca. 94133. Tell 'em S.L.U.G. sent you.

*Matt Taylor*

# MISCELLANEOUS

This year's Sabbathon will be held Saturday & Sunday, August 22-23 at the Bar & Grill. The event will be held at the Bar & Grill to make it possible for all money given at the door will make it to the Utah AIDS Foundation. In the past, a good chunk of all monies have had to go to paying for the venue in which it has been held.

Again, as always, the bands will be donating their talents to see that the money will go as far as possible. There will be eighteen bands, including six on Saturday and 12 on Sunday.

Sunday is going to be open to all ages. Because the Liquor Commissioners have become complete bastards about the Private Club deal, the private clubs can no longer

advertise all-age shows but are still allowed to do them. So, spread the word because you won't see **ALL AGES** on any more private club shows. However, this year Saturday night will be for those over 21.

The cover is \$6 this year but a dollar will be taken off if you bring a donation to the door. Non-food items are preferred because the food bank can get food, but because of the way their money is received, they can only buy food. So if you want to help, bring stuff like shampoo, soap, toothbrushes, hand lotions, etc.

If you think you can help in any way, please feel free to call 467-4742 and see what you can do. Thanks for your support.

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# JoJo's Corner

## STIM BOY'S SUMMER SURVIVAL GUIDE

Welcome to summer in Salt Lake City, a great place to be if you can afford to leave. Summer here has three basic parts; festival time, holiday time, and school starts next week time. Once the Arts n' Crafts festival down to the Triad center is over, there isn't a hell of a lot to do here. The best part of the Arts Fest is the children's art yard unless you're really heavy into ceramics and Joe Muscolino. The 24th of July has its benefits; free fireworks, Bill of Nada's fame riding his silver saddled steed in the rodeo parade and of course, watching the tourists from Juab County get harassed by the junkies and gangsters on Main Street. This 24th was kind of depressing for me. Once again my float design was rejected by the parade committee. This year, I opted for a family theme in keeping with the values espoused by President Bush and Danforth Quale. My float was to be titled, "Utah Statehood 1896-1992: A Celebration of Incest." Why my float wasn't accepted I'll never know. But I already have a theme for next year. Next year's float will be dedicated to Henny Youngman and titled, "Take My Wives . . . Please!"

So, what to do with all that free time this summer? If you're like me, you probably work in some aspect of the service industry at a low paying job for which you are eminently over-qualified and insultingly underpaid. Be it foodservice, retail, or some mind-

numbingly boring office job; always remember this; your co-workers are insane assholes and the customer is the enemy. You don't have to condescend to their simpering level to learn your 500 bucks a month. Just being there is enough. Let them know you're here to operate the cash register and answer the phone. If they want conversation and advice they can pay Robert DeBry \$75 an hour. (Which is about \$71.50 more per hour than you're making.) Let 'em find their own Girbaud Jeans, they should know what size they wear by now. Politely inform them that, yes, special orders do upset us. They should be happy they're getting anything to eat at all. If all else fails, pull out a favorite magazine and bury yourself in it. After all, what's another sale? It's not going into your pocket?

During my summer vacation, spent peering over the retail counter at assorted insipid consumers, I've managed to read quite a few magazines. Since SLUG is a more or less underground music and culture mag (hell, any music and culture is underground in Utah, it's not like A&R people from Geffen are flocking to Pete's to check out Scabs on Strike), I'll concentrate on similarly themed publications.

The oldest and arguably best of the punk rock mags still in print remains FLIPSIDE (P.O. BOX 60790, PASADENA, CA 91116). FLIPSIDE gets better with every issue, although they do have as

nepotistic habit of giving bands on their own record label cover stories. Still, it's the only place to find the ubiquitous BABOON DOOLEY comic strip and the JOLLY ROGER series. The Jolly Roger is sort of an Anarchists Cookbook for the 90's. In previous issues he had told how to build a pipe bomb (Hoffman aficionados take note), make free long distance calls and divulge Mrs. Field's cookie recipe. They also have cheap classifieds and will review virtually any music sent to them. Issue #77 came with a free PRESSURE HED flexi disc.

ALTERNATIVE PRESS (1451 West 112th Street, Cleveland, OH 44102-2350) is kind of a slick mag. It's printed on large format gloss paper like (ugh) SPIN but fortunately covers better bands. And unlike SPIN, A.P. actually interviews the band they put on the cover. The most recent issue had a good cover story on HELMET and featured SKINNY PUPPY & SEBADOH among others. The best feature of this magazine is that it will make you feel cool and bohemian when you're on a coffee break and all your co-workers are stuck with some rancid issue of ROLLING STONE, trying to figure out the Billy Ray Cyrus mystique.

If pure, undiluted evil was a fanzine, it would be YOUR FLESH (P.O. Box 25146, Minneapolis, MN 55458-6146). Hard to find, but well worth the search. Issue #24 had a gossipy expose of the Chicago underground scene (in case you're curious about the mating habits of URGE OVERKILL and BABES IN TOYLAND) and a readers' poll which asked, among other questions, "If you could name one current figure in music who you'd like to see

publicly electrocuted and then set on fire, who would it be, and why?" Another question, "What fate does Morrissey deserve? Be creative." And finally, "If I had the guts to go on a killing spree, I'd go after . . ." Besides that, the writing is irreverent, insightful and frequently hilarious. A must.

FIZ (P.O. Box 67E27, Los Angeles, CA 90067) is sort of the idiot sister of FLIPSIDE. FIZ manages to be based in Los Angeles without being jaded or intensely myopic, FIZ is the fanzine Tina Brown would have invented if she had a brain, taste and a sense of humor. Only two issues are out and it's as good or better than anything else available, except possibly SLUG. Issue #1 (a soon-to-be collectors' item) was a more or less "fox-core" issue with a cover story on THE NYMPHS and features on HOLE and THE MUFFS. For that Hollywood sleaze factor, they reprinted the divorce papers of LEAVING TRAINS' Falling James and HOLE's Courtney Love (Cobain). As an added bonus, Falling James appears as the "Page 4 Whore," a parody of England's famous "Page 3 Girls." Issue #2's page four whore is Dukey Flyswatter of HAUNTED GARAGE. Yikes.

Finally, there is the venerable old institution, MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL (P.O. Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760). MRR seems to be having a midlife crisis lately. On one hand you have Mykel Board writing about his junkie girlfriend and Jeff Bale polemicizing in defense of Nirvana, while the ever politically correct Tim Yohannon accuses the same band of selling out the underground by having cheerleaders with anarchy symbols on MTV. I find it difficult to lay the entire blame on Nirvana when you have Motley Crue and Megadeth covering "Anarchy in the UK" and Madonna (in her prime) dressing like Exene. The most recent issue of MRR was an exercise in redundancy; a two-part issue featuring "Punks Over Thirty" and "The San Francisco Music Scene." Maybe I'm mistaken, but it seems to me that if you define the term "punk" as someone who participate in the original "punk movement" of 1975-77, then they would probably have to be over thirty. Of course, those "punks" were inspired by the punks of the late 60's who were inspired by the punks of the fifties and so on. At any rate, Robbie Tyner is dead, Iggy's pushing 50 and Johnny Lydon hasn't seen twenty for at least a decade and a half. As far as San Francisco's music scene goes, nothing interesting has come out of that town since FLIPPER broke up. (Except of course, AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB and who knows if they are

even together any more?) FAITH NO MORE? PSYCHE-FUNKAPUS? PRIMUS? At least GROTUS has a cool logo (stolen from the Chicago Cubs).

I don't mean to rag on MRR. It would be wrong to denigrate them because they published a lame issue. None of their staff is paid, they donate all profits to politically correct charities and fully encourage the DIY ethic. You can even write your own scene report for them. Why waste time writing editorials to SLUG? Tell the world how lame, incestuous and self-defeating Zion really is. You too can be an MRR staffer.

Ultimately, the world is better off for the existence of MRR. This is made "abundantly clear" (I'm quoting the Encyclopedia Britannica guy) by the publication BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE (same address). This is an absolute must, a complete resource guide for any underground band who is even vaguely contemplating a tour, in the US or abroad. This is the way to make sure that your vegan / straight edge / feminist / druggie / hippie / skinhead / grunge / polka band doesn't get booked into Multanoham County's version of Rafters. They even mention SLUG in the Utah section. They call us "quite meek people who don't ask for much." Buy this magazine. At \$1.00 a pop, it's more bang for your buck than the flatulent insiders' guides published by Billboard industries and their pathetic pseudo-hip subsidiaries (Musician, Guitar Player et al.).

If none of this summer reading oils your wagon, you might try tracking down THE BEST OF TOUCH AND GO (c/o Forced Exposure and Tesco Vee of HATE POLICE and MEATMEN fame, P.O. Box 5542, McLean, VA 22103) or CHEMICAL IMBALANCE Volume 2, #3 (P.O. Box 1656 Cooper Station, NY 10276). These are great issues for two reasons; they are both pretty good fanzines and they also come with free 7" singles featuring MEATMEN, PAVEMENT, and NEGATIVE APPROACH among others. Just slap 'em over your old Ted Nugent tapes and bring your walkman to work. This, combined with over the counter fanzine reading is guaranteed to drive your customers (and boss) into peripatetic frenzy. And if you get tired from your minimum wage hell hole, who cares? Those jobs are a dime a dozen and there's always drug peddling, the last bastion of free enterprise in America. If you get especially bored, you might even pull out an issue of SLUG, it should occupy you for at least a coffee break . . . .

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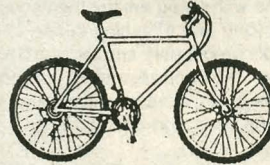
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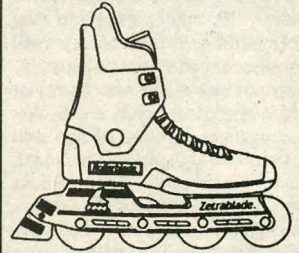
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# CONCERTS

## Live with Wire Train and Spent Poets July 1st - Club DV8

DV8 certainly packs in the crowds for shows. No matter what you may think of the club or its reputation, it's still a great place to see shows because, A. You can sit down and see from just about anywhere in the club, and B. You can go upstairs if you're of age and avoid the mosh and grind of the crowd.

San Francisco's Spent Poets played on all those fabulous stereotypes of the city on the bay, from their psychedelic, Beatle-esque, drug tripping music to their ass-grabbing, crotch feeling stage antics. These guys really put on a show and revved up the audience for the entire evening. Playing songs about "smoking pot and listening to the Beatles backwards" (*Grassheads*), Satan (*The Black Pope*) and their own send off to teen rap stars (*Kriss Kross'll Make You Jump*), Spent Poets stole the show before it was properly underway.

Wire Train gave us another view of S.F., arms akimbo and dancing around like white James Browns. The first half of their set consisted of early 80's New Wavish stuff, a la local radio airplay favorites but the band finally found their groove and raved down to the end of their show. Wire Train has taken Manchester Rave and incorporated it into their sixties, Bob Dylan covering background, coming up with some funky tunes with slow grooves.

This was my first experience with Live but they seem to have quite a following from their MTV tour dates and radio play. They even took time out to play "unplugged" for the audience and to test out some new material as well. The band is a bit overboard on the anthemic-type songs that brought U-2 to superstardom, and they lack some of the genuine oppressive background to pull off a whole set of banner waving music but they really threw themselves into their set, and seemed to connect with much of the audience. Maybe age will help mature them and develop the spiritual qualities that underlie their record.

M.

## The Wolfgang Press Machines Of Loving Grace The Bar & Grill - July 18th

Joining up with The Wolfgang Press three days before they hit Salt Lake after an opening stint with death-rock god Peter Murphy, Machines Of Loving Grace were back onstage at the Bar & Grill, having recently been here

with Swans. These techno-funksters had the crowd groovin' and moshing throughout their set to such hits as their recent *Burn Like Brilliant Trash*, etc., and their lead singer spent a lot of time wandering amidst the audience, dancing and thrashing in one of Salt Lake's legendary and expected mosh pits. The band seemed to feed on the energy of the crowd and enjoyed their warm reception on returning to Salt Lake.

Hailing from Tucson, Arizona, Machines Of Loving Grace pride themselves on being cut off from the music "scene" and feel this helps them write music that is trademark stuff. It's not bad but it smacks of Nine Inch Nails.

After a bit of sound problem and some rewiring of the circuitry to accommodate them, The Wolfgang Press took the stage at the Bar & Grill and laid down the hippest groove to be heard here on this side of the Atlantic. Concentrating on their funkier stuff from the last two records the band played a non-stop (except for some technical difficulties later in the show) dance party for an eager audience. Working their way through faves such as *Kansas*, *Time*, *Sweatbox*, *Shut That Door*, *Mama Told Me Not To Come* and the recent *A Girl Like You*, The Press delivered all the promise of their discography in a live setting. Aided by three additional members, the stage was overcrowded and the band was frustrated but they gave their all to the music and came out looking and sounding incredible.



WOLFGANG PRESS

Mick Allen is definitely something to see, singing and grooving to the music in his black suit. He also showed a lot of concern for the audience who, in return, gave total approval to the band's show, just enjoying the fact that



ALL YOU CAN EAT @ The Bar & Grill

## Rollins Band with Tool

DV8 - July 6th

July 6th brought the most aggressive and energetic show that will have ever been seen in Salt Lake City.

Tool went on first. This band is by far the most insane band I have ever had the opportunity to witness. The fit of rage that surrounds this band is astounding. I can still hear Maynard scream "fuck you," and see the constant bodies in motion in the pit. What can I say? Tool captured the crowd from the first song and didn't let them go until their last note faded out of the amps.



ROLLINS BAND

Next up was the one and only Rollins Band. They came on with more intensity than a freight train. Their first song "Low Self Opinion" was loud and powerful, and it stayed that way the rest of the night. They played all the favorites off *End of Silence* and a few off of *Product of Power*. Of course there were trouble makers in the crowd, but what would a Rollins show be without trouble makers? But to everyone's pleasure two roadies in underwear took care of the situation. This was surely an eventful occasion when Salt Lake saw *The End of Silence*.

Chopper

photos by Robert DeBerry

the legendary Wolfgang Press had finally arrived in Utah. Anything else was icing on the cake.

Look for The Wolfgang Press again in the Fall as they return to America on the second leg of their tour.

Matt Taylor.

## All You Can Eat

Doghouse

Amphouse Mother

Bar & Grill - July 9th

I don't know what it is with the people in Salt Lake. Everyone bitches about this or that, there is never anywhere to play, and SLUG is only good for toilet paper. Part of the reason people bitch is because they don't have the balls to support the scene, but in all reality, they are the ones losing out because on Thursday, July 9th, I and about 13 other people witnessed Doghouse, Amphouse Mother, and All You Can Eat.

Doghouse played for about 8 people. This three piece didn't seem to let that fact hold them back. I wasn't too sure about their style. They seem too much like Concrete Blonde, but still a good band who do have talent.

Next was Amphouse Mother. Also a three piece who seem to have just appeared on the Salt Lake scene lately. This band is one that has a good mixture of sound, from rock'n' roll to cheesy blues to some jazz influence. Definitely a good bar band.

Last on the bill was All You Can Eat from San Francisco. They played a real short set, one that left me wanting more. This band is the essential punk band, fast and aggressive. The four band members are great to watch. Their stage presence is hilarious. Too bad there are a lot of people who missed this show. This was one that was definitely worth the \$4 cover charge. For all you who didn't make it to the show, don't worry because they have a 7" out. It's punk, it's fast, and it's aggressive. Go to Raunch and make Brad order it. It is worth it.

Chopper

# INDUSTRIAL NOTES

This is the month for the long awaited releases; the first being MINISTRY's *Psalm 69: The Way To Succeed And The Way To Suck Eggs*. Fulfilling all the promise of *The Mind Is A Terrible Thing To Taste* and going further and heavier, *Psalm 69* is an all-out assault by MINISTRY. Starting with the first track and new single, *N.W.O.*, this record is noisier, grungier and more obnoxious than anything you might have expected. The terror doesn't let up either but kicks you in the groin and spits on you as you grab you balls. Why can't these techno bands realize that guitars and sequencers do mix. Get the *N.W.O.* single just for the b-side, *Fucked*...The second long-awaited release is last month's new TEAR GARDEN record, the latest collaboration between the legendary Edward Ka-Spel and the boys of SKINNY PUPPY. Sure it's more



MINISTRY photo: Ron Keith

moody and mellow like PINK DOTS but it's incredibly cool...Also out now on Nettwerk is FINAL CUT's *Testament*!

*Believe In You* single. The single has three groovy remixes off the FINAL CUT's full-length...LEAETHERSTRIP has a new record- *Solitary Confinement*. It doesn't seem to be quite as heavy as earlier releases but it's good techno-industrial stuff. Has a good beat and you can dance to it. I give it a 9 2 Dick...SISTER MACHINE GUN is the latest addition to the WAX TRAX! family and has a CD, *Sins Of The Flesh* available now. Also a bit on the lighter side of industrial, the band seems to have been taken under wing by Sasha of KMFDM

and some of the album's mixing was done by David Ogilvie of SKINNY PUPPY. This record sounds a bit too much like NINE INCH NAILS for my taste but check it out for your damn self...*Young Men Coming To Power* is the latest from CODE INDUSTRY. I like this a lot more than the earlier stuff. Kind of a cross between FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY and CONSOLIDATED. This is a politically enlightened, powerful record adding a lot of diverse elements over the industrial grind. CODE INDUSTRY is the first Black industrial band since BEATNIGS disappeared into D'H.O.H...Some other stuff you should add to your collection includes MURDER INC.'s *Corpuscle*, and two new releases from Luc Van Acker's label World Domination, LOW POP SUICIDE and SKIES CRY MARY. Also out is a new CONTROLLED BLEEDING record on Third Mind...Until next time...

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# INTERVIEW

## SLUG TALKS TO MICK ALLEN OF THE WOLFGANG PRESS

SLUG: Your last record just came out in the U.S. How long has it been out in Europe?

Mick: Nearly a year. Obviously it's been on import for a year in England. It actually came out in late August.

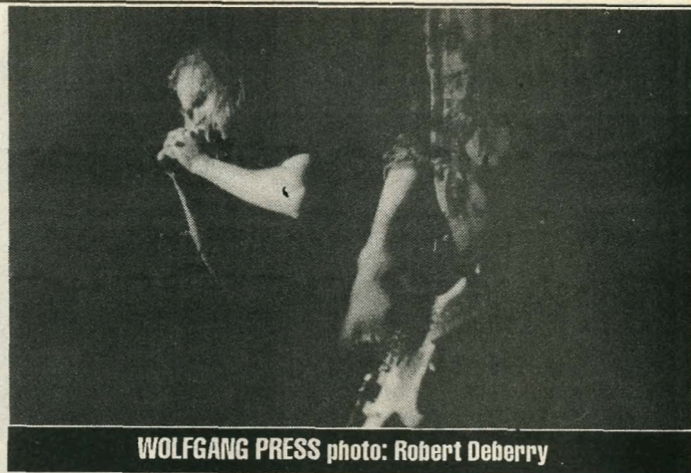
SLUG: There are a couple of changes on the U.S. release. You've added some extra tracks that just came out on European single. Was that how you intended it to come out at first?

Mick: No. The original release was as it was. We recorded these two new songs in January, this year.

The reason why we put them on was because we realized that there are a lot of people who've got the record already, and there are a few of those who are very dedicated 4AD fans or Wolfgang Press fans. We didn't feel like... now that it's a domestic release and the cover's changed, those people feel like they've got to get it again. And I just felt really bad that it was exactly the same. So we put three extra tracks on it. That's really the reason; to make it significantly different rather than just buying the same record twice.

SLUG: How did you decide to name the record *Queer*? You've put a definition on the front cover.

Mick: Just to sort of make it clear exactly why we chose that, in what context we wanted to put that. It's more that side rather than the connotation like "queer" is gay. Anyway, now they've picked it up as a positive thing. It just seemed that the way we went about making of the record... I think how we make records in general just sort of fits in



WOLFGANG PRESS photo: Robert Deberry

with that title. Also, as much as anything, I really like the look of the word and how it sounds. Words, sounds, are very important. I like that. So, it's just a good word and the actual meaning seems to fit in some way too.

SLUG: The sound and the feel of the band has changed a lot since *The Burden Of Mules*. Is this a natural progression or have you been heading in a certain direction?

Mick: It's just a... I know that probably all of us have had a common aim of never to repeat our-

selves. We dislike that lots of people tend to do that. They just lose it. It becomes stale. It becomes a formula. And we all loathe the idea of it, getting into an identity that is ours and just sharing the same stuff. We've always tried to come up with something fresh to excite us as much as anything, not just the people, and keep it all fresh. And I suppose obviously just the way contemporary music has gone, and we've been obviously affected by that, I hope. We've used it to enhance the way we are but I still think

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we're curious, the way we work, it's still strange. Obviously we still have our identity, we don't just get lumped in the likes of the Rides or the Happy Mondays or whatever.

SLUG: You've worked with some new people on this record. Leslie Langston played bass for you. How did you hook up with her?

Mick: I don't know really. Really, because we discussed this amongst ourselves, it was very deliberate in a way, how we wanted to make this album, because, apart from the very first one the next three or so have basically been us three and a producer. We got people in but more like session people to do percussion things, or backing vocals. But this one, we just wanted to invite people to have a more open house. We had sort of fallen into a trap of what we said earlier, of having a formula for how we worked, so we threw that away. We'd become sort of paranoid about how we made music, not letting anyone in. It was sort of quite frightening at times. Some people just took it and took it too far away from us, and we had to get it back.

SLUG: It seems like you'd still want to have some control. . .

Mick: Absolutely, yes. You still have control, but the beauty of it is that you can say "oh, that's a real good bit, I would of never thought of that," and you can keep it and pretend it's your idea. No. . . It was a collaboration and Leslie brought a great deal to it. Just her personality, not just her bass playing but her personality. I think it shows on the album and certainly to me it does.

SLUG: I saw her twice with Throwing Muses. She's great to watch on stage.

Mick: She's just a great person. I mean, her whole outlook is unique.

. . . well, not unique, but it's sort of fresh to someone from grey, old London. It's such a dark view.

SLUG: That's the London view?

Mick: Certainly mine at times.

SLUG: Is London a dark place?

Mick: Well, it can be sort of. . . It can be fairly oppressive and. . . gray at times. That's how I see it. But I'm sure there are lots of people who think it's a great place, which, of course, it is at times. 1976 for instance.

SLUG: Do you think the 4AD/Warner deal will bring you more exposure in the States?

Mick: Yeah. We were very frustrated with the last album (Birdwood

Cage) 'cause I thought that was quite an exceptional album as well in some rites. It was domestically released on Rough Trade but they did an appalling job. I think they had problems. . . well obviously they had problems 'cause they've gone down. We were playing around with Nick Cave and nobody knew we had a record out. To put such an effort into making such a thing, it was really deflating, sort of not getting the attention that it really deserves. I hope and I feel that they (Warner Bros.) are one of the best distributors in America and they'll do their job, which is only right, which is what you want a company that size to do. You know they have a large amount. . . loads and loads of groups, but I think 4AD can command respect in certain things from Warners. I think they're doing an O.K. job at the moment. I mean it's a bit early to say. I just hope that people are able, if they want, to get the record. That's the point. So many people have complained about not being able to buy our records.

SLUG: So is it just the three of you playing tonight?

Mick: No it's an all live thing, six people, with Ritchie Thomas on drums, Six who plays bass, there's Rue, who actually worked on the *Queer* album. Actually Six helped out with one of the new songs, *Angel*. In fact, all three worked on the album.

SLUG: I saw you when you toured with The Bad Seeds. I thought you did a great show, just the three of you.

Mick: Yeah, it's restrictive though, that's we thought about it. I think even then we would have liked to have been a group. A tape does restrict you. You can do a good job but there's something lacking, hopefully you'll see that tonight. There's more depth to it, more dimension to the thing.

SLUG: Does it complicate things, having three extra players?

Mick: It complicates things when the stage is that size. These things, you have to take for what it is really. I mean, it's a bar and grill and it's not going to have the greatest sound and there's people that want to come and see us so. . . I mean, we played in Poland ages ago with a four channel mixer and it's not going to be at all brilliant but people are just happy 'cause you came, you know. They got the gist of it.

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# interview continued

SLUG: So what's The Wolfgang Press working on in the future?

Mick: All I know is that we're going back to write. We haven't written anything. As soon as we sort of get back we're going to look into a studio, a very basic studio like we worked in when we worked on *Queer*. Just very, very basic. We're going to write, really... try and write as much as we can before... 'cause we're hoping to come back here in September to do our own tour. So, I want to be sort of like getting an album out early next year. We do tend to be a little bit slow. This album, really we finished it in September 90, but it didn't get released 'til August 91. It's been frustrating really. We hoped to get a simultaneous release with the deal in America but it just didn't come about. SLUG: It has to be frustrating to have an album done and wait that long for it's release.

Mick: Definitely. . . I think we've coped fairly well. We're doing it now. I mean no one seems to be complaining. And it's doing all right. Actually, I'm just looking forward to the next one to see what we come up with.

SLUG: Anyone you're looking to work with?

Mick: Yeah, I think there's a couple of possibilities. Like Hal Gray who actually remixed a couple of the singles, or a song you haven't heard yet. He remixed *Birmingham*. It sounds a bit different. It's got sort of backing vocals and stuff.

SLUG: Is it going to be a new single?

Mick: Well, there's talk of it, 'cause Warner's wanting us to put out another single after *A Girl Like You* and everyone was saying *Birmingham*, so we went in and remixed *Birmingham* and now they're saying "we don't think it should be *Birmingham*. We think it should be *Mama Told Me Not To Come*."

SLUG: Another remix of *Mama Told*

*Me Not To Come*?

Mick: I don't know. See, I don't know. I've got mixed feelings about that but, we'll see. We'll see what happens. If they've got a very good reason for that. . .

SLUG: How'd you stumble across that song?

Mick: Exactly that. We stumbled across it in a sense. We wanted to do a cover version and we definitely like that for this album. I don't know why. We just felt like doing a cover version. We looked at a couple. Nina Simone being one. Do you know The Pop Group? It's English, early 80's, sort of eccentric, very good actually. Sort of funky... wierd funk. If you can get hold of some of the stuff, the early stuff. *Beyond Good And Evil* we were going to do. It's fucking excellent. Well, we tried that but it wasn't really working. Our producer Justin Maden, he's often just sitting. . . We did a lot of stuff around Mark's flat and he was fooling around with the keyboard and he came up with the opening riff to *Mama*. I really remember that song. I really liked the Three Dog Night version. He said, "you should try doing this. . . you should try doing this" and it kept going on and on. And Leslie worked out the structure of the song and put down a little bass and it just seemed to happen. It just seemed to fit in real well with the rest of the material, so that's how it happened.

SLUG: The whole record has a really good feel.

Mick: Yeah, it's sort of relaxed, sort of feeling. . . almost incidental in some ways. It sounds really fresh and not. . . labored. To me it doesn't sound labored.

Watch for the return of The Wolfgang Press this Fall and keep your eyes open for their latest U.S. single, whatever it may be.

Matt Taylor.

coming next month...

**DOUGLAS SPOTTED EAGLE  
INTERVIEW: RYAN WAYMENT**

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