

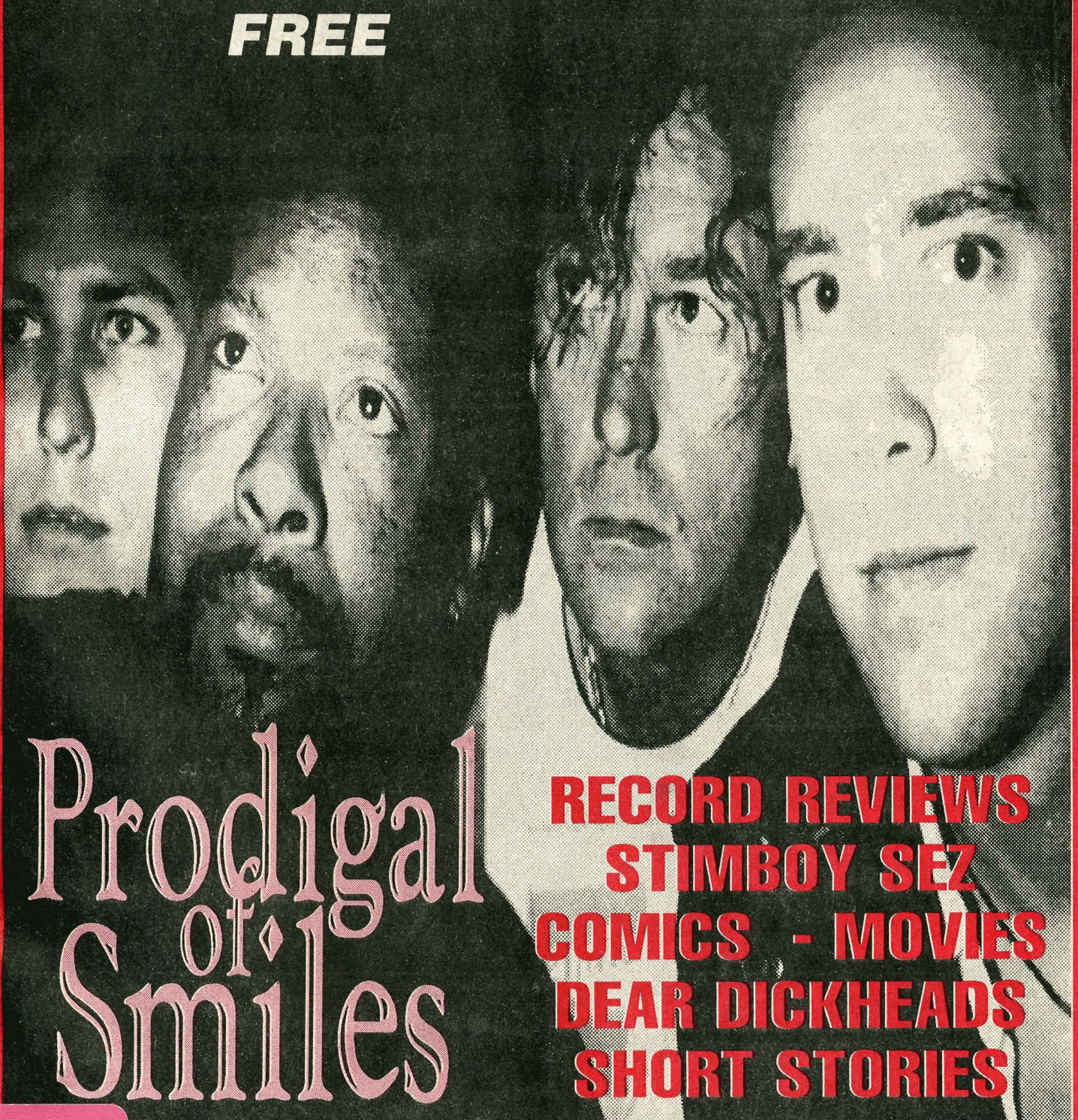
# SLUG

AUGUST 1993 ISSUE #56

**FREE**

SPECIAL REGGAE INSERT  
TINGS & TIMES  
see page 21

## SABBATHON 93



Prodigal  
of  
Smiles

**RECORD REVIEWS**  
**STIMBOY SEZ**  
**COMICS - MOVIES**  
**DEAR DICKHEADS**  
**SHORT STORIES**



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ISSUE #56

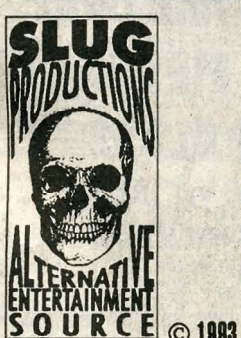
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84110-1061



# DEAR DICKHEADS

**Dear DICKHEADS,**  
First, Natasha and Daron can fuck off, because they are idiots, and Daron is a homo. Second if you don't start showing more hooters, I'm going to be forced to boycott your 'zine.  
—*Love from Logan,*  
—*L.I.S.*

**Dear Lethal Injection of all knowing punkrocker of Logan,**  
This is in reference to your letter in SLUG #55 July '93. According to the official SLUG, Captain Crunch Punk-O-Meter, you rate as a grape nut. If you were to promote/publish/support local as well as Utah underground material, you might realize that the key to being able to do so is to make it as accessible to anyone and everyone including your AC/DC lovers. In all truth we had copies at the Ibis, and United was not open at the times we chose to drop this shit off. On your point about the Logan scene, I do agree we need support and coverage. I think you should choose to do some reviewing yourself. All writing is done by anyone who gives a shit. I've worked for SLUG for 2 1/2 years, and have been booking bands in Logan for one, and from this my advice to you is show your support by spreading the word that SLUG's can be found in places such as Hastings and Pegasus, so

the less fortunate punk, AC/DC lovin', non skating, non coffee drinking regular kids can have the opportunity to take a look at life from a different view point.  
—*Robert Deberry*  
P.S. What were you doing in Hastings and Pegasus anyway? Looking for SLUG?

**Dear DICKHEADS,**  
In response to the letter by listen if you want, Lethal injection of Stupidity.  
Who wrote the rules? Are there a set of rules your living your life by that makes you something? Please, if there is, fill me in. It's stupid fucks like you that try to pigeon hole people into a certain category. I'll tell you what, why don't you and all your narrow minded, lazy-ass friends, (that happen to think your on the "cutting edge.") let everyone listen to what they want and read what they want without putting them into a certain category.  
Then you closed with the profound statement, "P.S. Don't sell out," maybe you should write an essay on selling out, since you obviously know so much about it and submit it to SLUG, that way the rest of us will know what we will have to do not to "sell out." The only "scene" your a part of is in your own little, fucked up

mind. Maybe you haven't noticed cupcake, because your living in a vacuum up there in Cache Valley, but there are a lot more things to bitch about in this "Pretty Great State" of ours than young kids that listen to AC/DC and read SLUG.  
—*Royce*  
P.S. What are you doing in Hastings and Pegasus anyway? (Hopefully not buying your music.)

**Dear Person in Logan,**  
I don't like what you said in the last issue of SLUG's dear DICKHEADS column. All I can say is I helped distribute the rag all over the town. Yes, I put those in Hastings and Pegasus. We also put them in the Straw Ibis and the Persian Peacock, (two of the so-called alternative hangouts.) Fuck off ass wipe, if your so fucking punk, why were you in Pegasus or Hastings? Maybe we could stop by and put SLUG's in your bedroom. Naw, you'd just hide them under your mattress and masturbate in your own fucking punkness. I only have one question for you "Mr. Alternative" do you have a mohawk? I write in this mag so maybe someone will read it and say, yeh, there is cool stuff going on. Maybe I'll find out more about it. Or maybe they hate the shit, I couldn't give a fuck. We could all learn from each other.  
—*Chopper*

P.S. If you want to beat me up, I'll be at the next show with my AC/DC shirt on.  
P.P.S. Don't let the scene die.

## Strange Dayz<sup>©</sup> by T.L. Miller and Debra Buckingham.

HI, FOLKS! IT'S ME—BLAZE PEROT—BUT YOU CAN CALL ME PEROS. MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN MY INFOCOMMERCIALS EVERY HALF HOUR. BUT I'M TRYIN' TO IMPRESS UPON "YOU PEOPLE" THAT IF YOU HAD ELECTED ME WE'D HAVE HAD THE CAR FIXED BY NOW.



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IF YOU THINK I'M PRING FOR THIS NEXT CAMPAIGN OUT OF MY OWN POCKET—THINK AGAIN. AND DON'T FORGET—ON YOUR CHECKS, MONEY ORDERS, DEEDS TO HOUSES, TITLE TRANSFERS, ETC. THE NAME IS SPELLED P-E-R-O-T.



NOW, REMEMBER FOLKS, UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED I WON'T MAKE HALF AS MUCH MONEY.



**EVIL CYNIC,**  
Your June '93 "THING I HATE" was so swell. You are truly my kindred spirit. Together we must destroy X-96, as well as every other annoying thing, such as fundamentalists, Christians, and poser bashers. I won't be in Salt Lake to pick up the July issue of SLUG, but I would like to say that I hate homophobic assholes.  
*So get 'em. Thank you.*  
—*Autumn Riggles*

P.S. I hate gangster wannabes, Toyota truck drivers, Oakley \$70.00 sunglasses wearers, animal right fanatics in leather Nikes, and schools that ignore academics for their beloved sports teams!

**CONTINUED ON**  
**THE NEXT PAGE**

# DEAR DICKHEADS

**Dear Closed Minded People,**

It was brought to our attention here at GROWIN' GRAPHICS that our ad in the June issue was dehumanizing, and it deeply offended one person to this day that we are aware of. We could apologize for creating an ad that caught viewers attention. The ad was intended to be eye catching and as a result created controversy and better public interest. Our ad was by no means meant to be taken offensively. We do respect your opinion and would appreciate your response on future ads of Growin Graphics.

*Thank You*

*Open Minded People*

**Dear Mr. SLUG (Or may I call you by your first name ... Dickhead?),**

I doubt you want any unsolicited concert reviews - but, I feel the need to express my pissed-offness at Spanky's. I went to see a show there on July 13th HEADSHAKE & SCABS ON STRIKE. Both bands were great ... In fact, an overzealous and perhaps slightly mental fan danced so

hard his pants fell down during HEADSHAKE'S set... but as I sat behind the poor guy at the mixing board I heard the bartender tell him to turn it down nine different times because it was "Rocking the pool hall upstairs!!!" - excuse me but I didn't realize Spanky's was supposed to be a coffee house for acoustic wimps. If you've ever heard SCAB'S "No Words" or HEADSHAKE'S "Buddha" you know they necessitate loudness. Either Spanky's should give up loud music for Indigo Girl wanna-be acts or it should have the cajones to let the bands they hire play for real. That was the first time I had been to Spanky's when the bands actually had a decent mix. It's too bad the establishment was too anal to let them turn up a little bit.

Anyway, the bands were great and I urge one and all to see them. Preferably at a real venue where loudness isn't prohibited so that pool shooters upstairs can still hear their jukebox playing Grateful Dead "tunes."

*Love,  
Marky Mark*

# SABBATHON 93

Well, its that time again. It is the time of the year when I turn into a complete asshole. But, I wouldn't put myself through this every year if I didn't think it was doing some good and I really didn't enjoy it.

This year's SABBATHON will be held at the Bar & Grill again for two reasons. **One:** it is a private club so all ages can be welcome and **two:** the owner of the bar can sell drinks thus making it possible for him to give all monies taken in at the door to the cause. I am sorry if some of you don't like the venue but the way I look at it it's our only option.

This year's money will be given to THE UTAH AIDS FOUNDATION like last year. Last year we raised almost \$2500.00 and we hope to do the same this year. We are also giving two dollars off at the door if you donate at the front door. The Aids foundation has asked for non-food items. Health and beauty care such as shampoo, toilet paper,

combs, shaving etc. The Aids Foundation gets food from various food organizations and aids victims get food stamps. But, the people need things besides food. Please help any way you can.

We can also use some help with the event itself. We need Security, Help moving equipment, passing out flyers and help with lots of other things. If you think you can and are willing, please contact us at 468-6294. Your help would be greatly appreciated.

We are very sorry if your band was not chosen to play this year. We still have an opening or two if you want to play. Give us a call and we will see what we can do to slide you in.

If your business was not contacted as a sponsor please give us a call. The deadline for sponsors is August 10th. We can't have too many sponsors. Again the number is 468-6294.

—J.R. Ruppel

# WORD SEARCH

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 E A W R C J X N L H J R E Y O R T S E D  
 T R J P F A Y D I T F E C A H D R I F B  
 R Q G E W A L I V E T H R E E R U G J E  
 Q X C T M A S M E E D O R C S L T R A T  
 I B X E U G N O T Y K A D E B O T I C F  
 T V M R Q E H Y W P I P A L I V E O N E  
 R F W C A L I V O T S E G K D E R M F N  
 O Q B R J G C B E Y E L E A R F E C A R  
 C J F I I T E G Z E S F P U E K A M E E  
 K I S S F T D C E N T Q E E C A R F H D  
 C S H S H S D N O M A I D K C A L B K N  
 I R O I N U I M S I N E A I O O A U R U  
 T M A B B A M I D E D V I L L R C E D H  
 Y Z C I D I M D A N O G U L D X A F C T  
 P A U L S T A N L E Y V D E G E B A O F  
 F L E E T R E N T A C E I R I G E L F O  
 M U N T A L P E L B U O D S N K T C D D  
 D E D A C N A L B A S A C A F L G O B O  
 G S A N O O E D N R E H T A E L D N G G

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- BLACK DIAMOND
- GOD OF THUNDER
- BETH
- COLD GIN
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- STRUTTER
- LEATHER
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**ANSWERS ON PAGE 37**

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# UNMITIGATED RAMBLING

You get the feeling that life is passing you by. That, "My God, what have I done? What have I seen?" Nothing is the deafening silent answer. Sort of like a blank wall in an art gallery, white and blank; something has to be there. I mean, I've gotta have something to tell my grandchildren ... "Then there was the time that I was so fucked up on heroin I was beating your grandmother senseless with my fists when suddenly I realized that she wasn't a werewolf, for Christ's sake! Get it? You see, it wasn't that I was scared or trying to kill her or anything, I was just trying to prove to her that I didn't take any fucking shit from lycanthropes."

I mean, gone are the days you could drive around in an old Mercedes Benz limo, shooting people working in the fields from your seat. By God, what a ridiculously good time it must have been to be a close personal friend of Ferdinand Marcos, or to have owned a couple of bars in Havana before Castro came to power in the good ole days? Of course taking your courteous and many heartfelt good-byes just before the big axe fell and heads really did roll. You just have to have a nose for these things.

Like me? I want to be a formula one race car driver for Ferrari in Brazil. See, I'm really not a very good driver, in fact, I don't even own a car, but I'm a damn sight better driver than the Brazilians, and compared to the Japanese, I'm fucking God.

Which, in an odd way, brings me to the point. The point is, the Weirdness is dying. It took twelve years of Republican tyranny to suck us dry. Don't get me wrong; the freaks and weirdos are still there, and there are more and more of them everyday, thanks to the Reagan era (Here forever known as the Dim Ages) cutbacks. It's the other weirdness.

For one thing, there doesn't seem to be anymore stars. We will have Liz, but she hasn't done anything in so long except marry that vampire of a good ol' boy, Larry Foretensky with his clan of Gladiators family, Ice, Xenon and Mister Bugaloo. You just don't have any more tales of shame and degrada-

tion. Stories of outright bestiality. We need people like Fatty Arbuckle, Marilyn Monroe, John F. Kennedy, Evil Kneivel, John Holmes and Jim Morrison. Tragic and fuck-ups one and all, nevertheless, they were our kindred spirits and life blood. We just don't have anybody like that anymore. Sean Penn? Well, where the hell is he? Madonna? The act hasn't changed, just become a lot older.

So this has lead me to the hook. See, the time is ripe for someone to make a monstrous comeback. Someone like Bo Derek. Picture this: It's dark. It's quiet. Then, brain-rupturing sound. L.L. Cool J belting out "Don't call it a comeback! I been here for years..." And there's Bo! She's wearing tight black leather mini-shorts, glittery silver studs spell out BO on her ass, a small black halter top and mini-leather jacket, embroidered on the back of which says "Bo Knows" She launches a series of ad campaigns aimed at the college student market. Ads advocating safe sex, voting and saving the earth. Then, a huge movie, something like Fatal Attraction, or Basic Instinct. Then, a string of small parts in low-budget, but meaningful and powerful movies like Dying Young. Then another large smash with a sequel to either her last big film, or maybe 10, part two. Call it 11, or Beyond 10. I don't know.

But, I do however know this: Things are getting boring. No more stories of Mick Jagger fucking everything in sight. Drugs are out. The clean-cut, straight-edged, environmentally conscious look is in. More than ever. Because now you can do it and also look good and be trendy and be outspoken, no matter how quietly you go about it. Think of all the mountain bikes that have been and continue to be sold. For Christ's sake, Madonna even rides! In Central Park no less! Probably to better pick up on young Hispanic busboys. No more junkies, no more pimps and dealers; they're on the streets, a lazy, glassy-eyed look as the wind blows through their empty pockets and shoe-less feet. They just didn't have a nose for it.

—Christopher M. Salisbury

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# Record Reviews



## DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE

(self-released)

And another fine local band lands with both feet firmly in the post-apocalyptic "gothic" gloom-and-doom genre originally explored by Joy Division, and commercialized and trivialized by Depeche Mode and Bauhaus. Upon first listen, this tape invites comparison with The Colour Theory, but repeated playing reveals D.O.T.N. to be a band with a fully developed sound and identity of its own. The songs are not as complex and mechanic as Colour Theory's, instead invoking an almost 60's-sounding, Doors-like psychedelic tone, and using dark mood and melody to put the point across more organically.

The lyrics are rather oblique and opaque, and seem to paint a sombre portrait of a society collapsing in on itself, victim of its own decadence, questioning whether life is worthwhile or even possible in a world that constantly devalues life itself.

The playing's gotta be good to pull off such bleak imagery, and it is. I was particularly impressed with the smooth-yet-slammin' drum work, and the way the guitarist keeps noodling around on his wah-pedal without beating it to death. The fluid vocals slip and slide all over the instrumentation without ever fighting it or stomping on it, and once again Fast Forward Studios delivers a clear, clean mix.

Sure, there are some flaws

present here: The vocals are a bit overly melodramatic at times, and some of the tracks seem to be stretched out slightly too long; but these are minor faults, of the sort that are cured by experience and effort, and they don't obscure the fact that this is one hot fucking band with tons of potential.

So if you're into slow, dreamy doom that gradually builds up to a thunderstorm of lost souls screaming in hell, then gently recedes like waves of blood on a beach of broken hope, then I recommend you snap up a copy of this tape immediately.

I also recommend somebody book these guys to a double bill with The Colour Theory; what a dark show THAT would be, hah?

—the Subhuman

## BIRDMAN

### Dabler

### Sonic Slash

Now, here is one killer, crazy ass local band! Yeah, this five-cut cassette keeps finding its way into my tape deck with no apparant help from my cerebral cortex at all. These guys are just about the hottest new band that ever walked on legs.

Scratchy, sludgy, abrasive punk-like tunes with off hand vocals, warped guitar tone, and a kind of a "who gives a fuck" attitude, this is what I call Fungus Music: it grows on you. In fact, the first time I played *Dabblers*, I thought, oh no! This sucks! But, the more I listened to it, well ... now I play the

fucker everyday, it's that cool.

Recorded at Aida House, *Dabblers* is definitely not Aida's finest hour. In fact it's noisy, tinny, and somewhat muddy, which is perfect for this stuff.: total sound clarity would just distract from its off-center charm. You can hear what's going on, and that's really all you need, isn't it? Fuck the rest.

All the songs are fun to listen to, but my fave pick is definitely "Chicken Wire," a sort of country punk version of Dr. Seuss' "Green Eggs & Ham." Honest, that's what it is, I didn't make that up! I wouldn't dare.

You really should get this tape, man; you owe it to yourself. When was the last time you heard music that was just plain fun to hear? No word-problem-solving, no political agenda, no self-important instrumental perfectionism, just five songs magnetically imprinted on a piece of plastic tape. Nothing else matters.

As for me, well, I gotta see this band live, and I eagerly wait for another recording. Take note, Birdman: more, more, more, more, more! Totally, utterly, hopelessly recommended.

—the Subhuman

## MERCURY REV

### Boces

MERCURY REV, Boces, the newest release was recorded without any outside producers and was engineered by Dave Fridmann who is also the bands bass player. Why is this important you might ask?

Well, when you have 5 guys one girl and instruments ranging from a rooster tail bass flute to a licorice stick you know that putting this together is a masterpiece, and this band shows that they knew what they wanted and gave you the listener more than you can imagine.

Hailing from New York, they mix a static sound of early Sonic Youth to a multi-track trip into a realm of emotional wonder.

The second song on the CD, Trickle Down, takes you from inside an expanding acid trip to a confusing state of madness.

Song three, Bronx Cheer, on the other hand seems more of a "look man we can get a song on X-96" style. But all is not lost, at least from a talent stand point.

This band is chaotic and unavoidable. If you caught them at the lollapaloozer money grabbing freak fest you'll understand. If you missed them then you are an idiot!

Don't waste your life with shit like the Spin Doctors, take a trip with MERCURY REV! Besides, the singer pulls funny faces.

—R.M.D.

## DISCHARGE

### Punk and Destroy

### Toy's Factory Records

A classic from the band whose motto was NOISE NOT MUSIC, the band whose sound was hailed as "punk as it should be played"...All five of the DISCHARGE 7" EPs on one CD, released in Japan, but available through Raunch.

The 17 songs presented represent a fair sampling of DISCHARGE's 4-year (1980-1984) career, from the early '80's U.K. punk of Realities of War and Fight Back to the later, more original and more brutal State Violence State Control. Particular standouts are 1980's "Religion Instigators" and "But After the Gig," and 1982's "Doomsday."

DISCHARGE expressed themselves in the bare minimum both musically and lyrically. Songs were one crushing riff played over and over, interspersed with shrieking leads backed by a chainsaw ball and thundering, cymbal-heavy drums, all beneath the harsh, furious vocals of the infamous Cal. Lyrics were extremely short, whittling away everything extraneous and leaving only the raw meaning of anger against a world of insanities (ex. "Two Monstrous Nuclear Stockpiles"; should east and west be ever divided/resigned to living in fear...yes, that is the entire song).

DISCHARGE's innovative, powerthrashing approach to hardcore/punk later directly influenced everybody from NAUSEA and CONCRETE SOX to METALLICA (including some bands such as Japan's DISCLOSE and Sweden's DISCHARGE who openly copy DISCHARGE's sound, but also copy their song structure, lyric content and visual imagery) and countless other punk, hardcore, speedcore and thrash metal bands. However, nobody does DISCHARGE like DISCHARGE...Judgement?

—Blaine Hopkins

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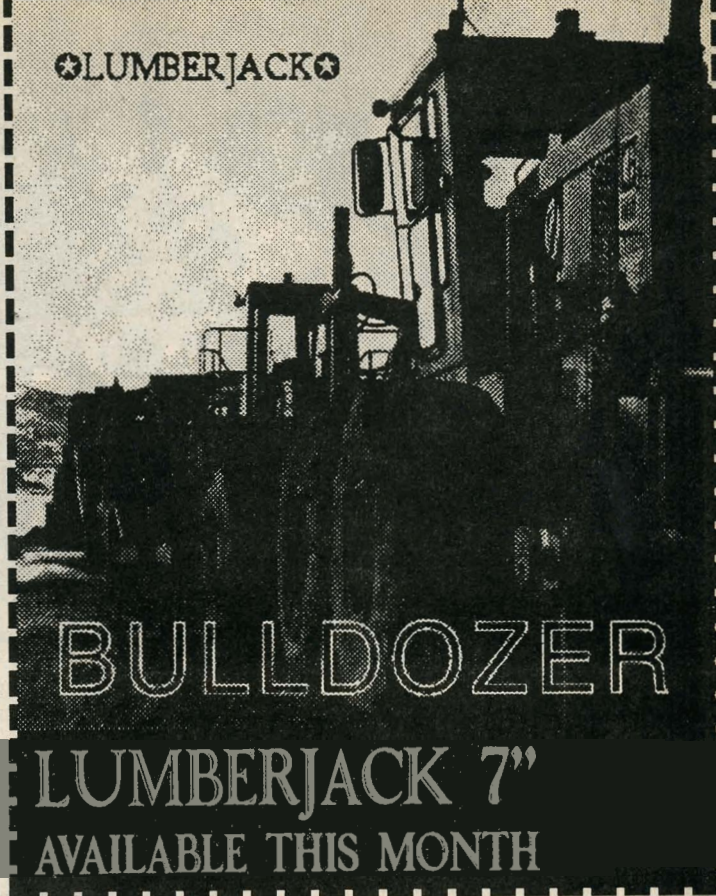
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7  
**GAMMA RAYS**

10  
**DOGHOUSE MIND@LARGE**

11  
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**THE POSES LOVE BATTERY**

13  
**DEAD KATS**

14  
**ONE EYE**

17  
**THE FRANKS**

18  
**PAW RAGING SLAB**

19  
**BAY OF PIGS JOEY DONCHA NEED 2 BUCKS**

20  
**GAMMA RAYS**

21  
**GAMMA RAYS**

24  
**THE CHANGE**

25  
**DEAD KATS**

28  
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27  
**VOODOO SWING**

28  
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# Prodigal of Smiles

Well here it is, an hour after I am supposed to be at the press with the paper all finished, and I'm sitting here at my computer with that stupid look on my face staring at the computer screen. I have been fretting all week long because I haven't been able to get hold of Jeff, the lead singer of Prodigal Of Smiles.

Then today it hits me, why in God's name do I even need to talk to them? I have spent many an hour sitting on the patio at Bar & Grill shootin' the shit with these guys. Well, I needed the correct spelling of everybody's names and I have really never had a chance to talk to Andre before. I grabbed my pad & pen and headed for Thom's house where I knew the band would be anxiously awaiting my arrival.

I was wrong. I was the second person their and by the time everybody showed up, it had turned into a patio discussion about everything from the Gamma Rays to washing Sting's face out with snow. I should have opted for a beer because I wound up with almost no new information about the band and I lost the only notes I did take.

The band has been together in its current line up for only six months. Jeff and Chad Larsen started the band about two years ago after the band they were in (Big Face) went the way of most good bands ... nowhere. Andre Jefferson joined in on guitar, and about six months ago Thom Barth joined them on bass. Since that time the band has become a lot more solid and the music they are writing and polishing up is much better.

Most of the times I have seen the band play, I was doing sound for them, so I just made them sound good but didn't really ever pay much attention to what they were doing. Well, about six months ago I sat through their set when they opened up for Sun 60, and I was pleasantly surprised.

One of the best things about Prodigal of Smiles is the approach to their music. They are very serious in the writing and performance of their stuff, but they have a laid-back attitude about their presentation of themselves off stage and their conversations about their music. I can honestly say they are four of the easiest going guys I have ever met. Their attitude is

positive in almost every aspect of Salt Lake—the clubs, other bands and the scene in general. This laid-back attitude and their professional way of playing lands them good slots with touring bands.

P.O.S. is easily one of the most talented bands in the valley. I met Thomas Barth five years ago when he was just a skate rat who wanted to learn how to play the bass. Now, he is one of the most talented bass players in town. If any one has ever seen Andre play guitar with P.O.S. or his other band, Mind At Large, you know what he can do. Chad never misses a beat on the drums, and Jeff is easily the best front man there is. Jeff has been fronting bands for ten years and his experience shows in his intensity and determination to always perform at his best. It's funny because they are so relaxed off stage, but when they play live, they are quite serious. They will play the same set in front 5 people or a room full of people.

I wouldn't even try to pigeonhole their music because it is impossible. They are sometimes heavy, some times dark and often quite

experimental, but the music is written by people who know what they are doing and it glides along well. They blended a variety of sounds by mixing years of influences. I find watching the crowds they gather, that people either love them or hate them. Their is no grey area. The more I hear them, the more their music grows on me.

The band is very dedicated to the project and they have full intentions of taking it as far as possible. It would be nice if people would support them. They have no slick image, they don't play covers you can sing along with, nor do they fall into any fluffy categories. They have sort of fallen between the cracks ... but they aren't quitting. You can see it when they play live. They get along as a band, and their unity shows in their performances and song writing. I really think it is about time to check them out. They will be playing at Sabbathon on August 28th at the Bar & Grill. Don't try to make anything out of their music, just dance, and listen. You may be quite surprised how easy it is.

—JR Ruppel  
Photos: Robert DeBerry



**WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11TH**

# shelter & 108

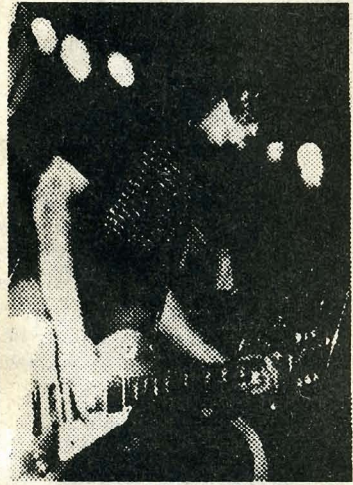


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**MONDAY, AUGUST 23RD**

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PLUS GUESTS

S·U·B  
P·O·P



face  
to  
face

OTHER GUESTS TBA

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SEPTEMBER 15th

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HAZEL • THE MEICES**  
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SEPTEMBER 20

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N.S.C.**  
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# STIMBOY

Once again, the mighty Stimboy is indirectly responsible for yet another unfortunate fashion trend. The year was 1978 and Johnny and the Hair Dogs were on one of their infrequent swings through the western states, playing such hot spots as Winnemucca, Jerome, and Fort Myton. The 'Dogs had just just finished a particularly sizzling set before a drunken, in-bred audience of oil riggers, reprobates and antelope ranchers at the Casper, Wyoming Best Western. The crowd loved every minute of the show and hooted and hollered along with Johnny to each Hair Dog classic. By the end of the beer soaked set, Johnny and the Dogs had won the hearts of at least fourteen new fans, and several of their second cousins. The mood was high as I pointed the van toward I-80, Johnny and the boys knowing that this time, they would return to the great northwest like conquering heroes. (Before his tragic death, at the Pendleton factory, Johnny was

fond of saying, "Casper? We own that fucking city!") It was truly the high water mark of their 18 year career.

The sense of elation and accomplishment enveloping the van was soon replaced however, by panic and flying accusations. When we pulled up to the pumps at Gay Johnson's truck stop, it became evident that bass player and appointed band treasurer Dane Scaley had lost his wallet which contained not only the band's last unbroken condom but the entire 28 dollars which they had earned after six hard weeks on the road. Out of gas, and more importantly, out of beer, the Dogs sat dejectedly under the shimmering pink neon of the Gay Johnson's sign while jackrabbits darted to and fro beneath the cold Wyoming moon.

It broke my heart to see the boys in such a state so I went inside to see what could be done to collect some funds so we could at least make it back to Cour D'Alene. I

explained how Dane had lost his wallet to the fellow behind the counter and he seemed sympathetic to our plight. "What you need," he said, "is one of these." He reached under the glass shelf and pulled out a chunk of leather with big metal snaps and a chain hooked to it. I asked him what it was and he explained that it was a wallet with a chain to hook to your belt. It even had a special clip for car keys.

"Wow, that's a really good idea." I said. "Is this a new invention I haven't heard about?"

"Heck no!" He jovially explained, "Truck drivers, motorcycle riders and the recently paroled have been wearing them for years."

"Well, that's good enough for me," I chirped, "but if I had one of those, everyone would think I was some kind of a dirtbag."

"Well they probably think that anyway, so why worry? At least you won't ever lose your wallet again."

I couldn't argue with logic like that but I was still left with the problem of how to find the money to pay for such a gadget. It was then that I noticed some kind of commotion out in the parking lot. A fleet of diesels had circled around our van and were blasting their air horns and flashing the trim lights on their reefer trailers. I thought that Johnny was a goner for sure but just then, a trucker ran into the gift shop with a look of glazed delirium of his face. "Hey! You won't believe it," he chortled, "Johnny and the Hair Dogs are playing in the parking lot!" It seems that the boys had grown restless and commenced jamming and, through the miracle of CB radio, truckers from miles around were flocking to hear the miraculous sounds of the 'Dogs. It was one spectacular convoy. To make a long story short, a battered old baseball cap was passed and we raised enough money to not only by a case of beer and a tank of gas, but a fancy new chained wallet as well. I had that wallet until the mid 80's when stranded in Aberdeen, Washington, I traded it to a kid named Kurt for some cut-off army dungarees and bus fair to Idaho. I guess he wore it in some video, and now it seems like everybody's got one. Oh well, I'm still the only guy with the Hair Dogs logo tattooed on my arm. (I think.)

July was a month of extremes of good and bad. The mighty Butthole Surfers played out ta' J.C.'s

Galleria ta the Sea. That place has mercifully been burned down or flooded out half a dozen times over the past century yet every ten or twenty years, some clown with a big bankwad gets the notion of building it back again. It was a bad idea in the 1890's and it's a bad idea today. The faults of Saltaire are many, not the least of which are no parking and the heinous stench which permeates one's hair and clothes for days after attending any event there. The best thing that can be said for Saltaire is that a goodly portion of the camp horror classic, "Carnival of Souls" was filmed there. Fortunately for me, X played the DV8 on July 31. I've probably seen X 20 times over the years and I can confidently say they look and sound better now than they have in a long time. It's pretty evident that with a new album and a new tour, they're definitely having much more fun. Hopefully they'll get their due this time around and Tony will get some credit for his amazing guitar work. The best side effect of X's growing popularity is that while their new fans won't be as familiar with X's early material, they also won't be whining about Billy fucking Zoom all the time. Look Billy was a great guitar player in his day but Tony's been with the band for seven years and as John Doe puts it, "the statute of limitations has run out" on any Billy Zoom questions. If you really want to know, Billy's a born again republican Rush Limbaugh fan who studies child psychology and lives in Orange County, that bastion of enlightenment that has produced such great minds as Pat Robertson and Wally George. Not only that, his real name is... Hal! I'm not going to let you in on all my secrets.

I guess you all know G.G. Allin OD'd. Well he bailed out on his pledge to commit suicide on stage. Who fucking cares? Another ten years and he'd probably have retired to Orange County too. Sorry, but he'll never rank up there with Sid and Darby and Ian Curtis. I'd put him up there with Andrew Wood, maybe. Finally, my guitar got stolen and I urge everyone to keep their eyes peeled for an early 70's Les Paul Deluxe gold top, information as to its whereabouts will be generously rewarded. Leave a message on the SLUG line, 488-6294.

—Love, Stimmy

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# COMIC REVIEWS

Ok, we at SLUG are finally caving in to public pressure... there are some good things to be found from major comic publishers.

Of course, you have to look like hell to find a smattering of talented books from DC, Marvel and Image comics (largely responsible for most of the masturbatory, hyper thyroid superhero swill that passes for comic literature these days.) And from Valiant, the fourth largest comic company, there simply isn't jack shit.

For the open-minded alternative comics reader, the following are interesting choices for at least a curious glance or two:

## GROO

*By Sergio Aragones and Mark Evanier*  
Marvel Comics

The second-largest-cunning, parody book on the stands (like Dave Sim's CEREBUS, GROO is a parody of the Cloddish Conan comics and books), this Sergio Aragones cre-

ation is a low-key charmer.

Without tinkering too much with the formula, the first 99 issues of GROO feature the dimwitted swordsman proving to be a menace to society in a variety of circumstances. By issue 100, Aragones and Scriptor Mark Evanier have finally let the doofus become somewhat literate, and guess what—it's still funny!

Perhaps it's because Aragones' finely crafted cartoons are complemented so well by Evanier's witty scripts, but whatever, GROO is a delight. Just don't expect too much philosophy, though. (Color, \$2.25) Grade: A

—Jeffy Reptile

## THE LAST ONE

*By J.M. DeMatteis and Dan Sweetman*  
DC/Vertigo Comics

I'll say it again: The only good books from DC are from the company's Vertigo and Piranha press lines (responsible for HELLBLAZER,

ENIGMA, GREGORY and a few other somewhat-literate surprises).

In this six-issue miniseries, writer Marc DeMatteis attempts to create the ambience of his two only bright spots — the masterpiece MOONSHADOW and the wry GREENBERG THE VAMPIRE. THE LAST ONE involves the soul remaining member of a race of immortals (angels?) living among us fragile mortals. Myrwan (the last one) is attempting to make his part of the world a brighter place, taking the dregs of humanity and making their dreams come true. However, we can all feel that's not quite going to happen.

Featuring bright, believable characters, expressive art from BEAUTIFUL STORIES for UGLY PEOPLE's Dan Sweetman and surprisingly deep and thoughtful situations, THE LAST ONE could be the most dizzyingly exquisite Vertigo creation. (Color, \$2.50) Grade: A

—Jeffy Reptile

## 1963

*By Alan Moore, Rick Veitch, Don Simpson and others*  
Image Comics

Remember the cheap and dopey thrills Silver Age comics (like the 1960's Marvel explosion) offered? Writer Alan Moore (SWAMP THING, WATCHMEN, BIG NUMBERS) does.

Teaming with a variety of U.S. artists, Moore has crafted cheesy tributes to Marvel wonders like THE FANTASTIC FOUR (MYSTERY INCORPORATED), SPIDERMAN (THE FURY) and CAPTAIN AMERICA (TALES OF THE UNCANNY). What makes Moore's pastiches work is the books's sense of wonder and its crude storytelling methods. (primitive art and simple

scripts).

Of the three issues so far, MYSTERY INCORPORATED is probably the best (although a backup in TALES OF THE UNCANNY, drawn by YUMMY FUR's Chester Brown, is a close second). I almost feel like I'm 6 again. (Color, \$1.95) Grade: B (quite literally)

—Jeffy Reptile

And for those of you who can't set your sights so low, here's an underground gem:

## TRAILER TRASH

*By Roy Tompkins*  
Tundra

Having exploded from several comic anthologies (such as BUZZ and BUZZARD), Roy Tompkins' Harvey the Hillbilly bastard could be the official mascot of the Butthole Surfers.

Tompkins' gullible, hapless hero wanders his way into several humorous predicaments in this winning six-issue run (which ended early when the execrable Kitchen Stink, er Sink, books cancelled it and two other Tundra titles), the best of which occur when Harvey babysits the bratty, wise-for-his-age Billy.

TRAILER TRASH may have crude renderings, but Tompkins understands Bo Cephus' mentalities all too well. More than once I caught myself laughing out loud. Meet my friend Harvey... (B&W, \$2 to \$2.25) Grade: A

—Jeffy Reptile

Other titles you snots might want to check out this month include:

LOWLIFE #3 (Aeon), HUGO TATE: AMERICA (Atomeka); SKIN GRAFT #3 (Vertigo), CRAP #1 (Fantagraphics) and MADMAN ADVENTURES #3 (Tundra)

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**DON'T KICK MY DOG**

It is warm here and the sun shines.

The music sounds

Better.

Seems true.

And in the morning

I take walks with the dog,

and stretch,

and imagine

the rain running

in the gutters of the city

I left behind.

The dog looks as if he knows,

and his steps

seem lighter.

Like a heavy load has been

lifted

from him.

And all the bad memories

And ghosts

All the regrets and

Weary hatreds

in the world,

combined

couldn't lick my dog in an honest

fight,

Right now.

But then

it isn't an honest fight,  
now is it?

The dog and I walk on,

stepping over

all the cracks

in the concrete sidewalk.

Looking out for the cats

and the dogcatchers.

Thinking of breakfast

and bones.

Westover

**ROCKABILLY****NEWS, BLUES AND  
REVIEWS**

Well, after a month long absence, I'm finally back boys and girls to keep all you cats and kittens hep to what's happenin' in the crazy world of Rockabilly music. First off I've got some news on the local front. The DEL MOTELS have finally settled on a permanent drummer, and that man just happens to be Max Kaminski, formerly of THE STRANGERS. Now Max is not only one of the best drummers I've ever seen, but he's also one of the coolest cats I've met since I moved to Utah. Word around town is that with Max on drums the DEL MOTELS are absolutely tearin' it up! Check em out as soon as you can!

On another local note, Orem's own THE SCOFFED recently made their Salt Lake City debut playing a show at the Zephyr and a show at the Bar and Grill. I was at both shows, and let me tell you, these cats absolutely ripped it up! They brought down the house both nights! The Zephyr show was especially cool because it featured three rockabilly bands, and all the three bands had upright bass players! It was great!!!

Now to what's going on outside of good ol' Utah. I just recently received some new records from

HEPCAT RECORDS in Ohio. For those of you who don't know about HEP CAT, it's an outfit that distributes the best of Rockabilly and Psychobilly from both Europe and the United States. This label has everything you're looking for and then some! You can write to HEP CAT at:

HEPCAT  
P.O. Box 771306  
Lakewood, Ohio 44107

Now onto the new records I got. I received an album by Denver's KIDD PHAROAH as well as an album by England's SONNY WEST. KIDD PHAROAH is a straight up rockabilly quartet that reminds me a lot of the early STRAY CATS. The album is aptly titled "Songs about Girls, Cars and Stuff." This album is definitely a solid sender. As for SONNY WEST, if you're a fan of old ELVIS PRESLEY then you've just got to check this cat out. His singing is unreal and his band is tighter'n a duck's ass. The music ranges from straight up Rockabilly, to Elvis style ballads to solid Bo Diddley beats. The album is called RELENTLESS, and brother, the title says it all. Both of these albums are available through HEP CAT RECORDS. Next month (Sept.) look for the debut of our new Rockabilly Fanzine. Until then, I'm outtas here daddy - o!

—P.K.



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HEARTS**

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8/10-Voodoo Swing

with Del Motels

8/17-Dead Kats

8/24-Voodoo Swing

8/31-Voodoo Swing

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8/11 - Del Motels

8/18 - Voodoo Swing

with The Scoffed

8/25- Dead Kats

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featuring:

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**2:00 - DEAD KATS**

**3:00 - THE REMAINS**

**4:00 - HOUSE OF CARDS**

**5:00 - ROOSTER**

**6:00 TEMPO TIMERS**

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# MEDIA MAN

## GIRLS GO FOR GUYS THAT KNOW THEIR BACH FROM A HOLE IN THE GROUND

I was listening to Johnny Cash on the radio when I hear an ad with this broad saying she didn't know whether to go out with the guy with the BMW or the guy with the symphony tickets when it comes to me that this newspaper ain't got is no culture.

So I figure I'd do a quickie lesson for the urban upbringing and know all about it and stuff. Which ain't to say being rural and Utahn don't make you no dummy. No way. But I saw me the Nutcracker danced by Randolph Nurayev and Dame Margaret Fountain as a kid and I ain't bragging. So listen up: Fine arts is divided, like Gaul, in two parts, which is performing arts and visual arts. And literature. Performing arts is like videos only you can't pause it when you got to go. It's live, like theatre, opera and ballet. Visual arts is your pictures and your statutes. Literature is like books and poems.

Theatre. Don't eat popcorn and the ushers have a cow when you put your feet on the seat in front. Wear a suit and tie and don't wear no white socks. Don't whistle.

Opera. Like theatre only they don't say words you don't understand, they sing. Mostly Italian. Everybody pretends they understand so just go along like you was born in Boloney or something. Don't snore.

Ballet. Like theatre, only they don't say diddly. They just throw each other around, like wrestling, only they don't yell and they look bored. Don't say "Why don't they just get taller dames?"

Okay visual arts:

Pictures. Mostly painting, but some graffiti, like the Sisters Chapel. The olden guys, they painted mostly kings, angels and guys with a fruity lace collars. None of them made it big while they was alive, but after they croaked they made a bundle. Victor Van Gogh for instance and Paulo Picasso.

Hint: When you see pictures in a museum, (a cheap date) make like you're impressed. "Significant!" "Impressive!" "I'm emotionally disturbed!" and such'll keep you awake. Don't laugh. There's this one picture

of some melted watches hanging on trees. Go figure. Anyways, the point is it's a classic so it's "significant."

Also: classics are fine art. It's a classic if the guy who done it is dead. If he ain't yet, it ain't a classic and it ain't worth diddly.

Statues. They're mostly in Italy so you don't have to sweat them. But remember the "David" one (I forget his last name) was made by Michael Angelo and the Venus one is also famous even if it got no arms.

Now for literature, which I know about more, being a writer and all.

Books. I learned me about "Maybe Dick," by Henry Melville from the Classic Illustrated comics and I sound like I read it all. They got ones on Willard Shakespeare, which is the best writer ever.

Hint: Say some Shakespeare from "Rodeo and Julia" at your date and see what she does. If she goes on about "Omlet," "King's Leer," "Mac's Beth," or one of them shows and she's a looker, you best get Cliff Notes to keep up. If she's a dog, drop her like a hot taco. If she says like "I love it when you talk New Wave," you got it made.

Poems. Chics like poems ('poems,' not 'pomes'), like "Casey up to bat," or the "Battle Hymns of the Republics," but there's one sailor that wears a dead seagull around his neck called the "Rhyme of the Old Marine," by Sam Coolidge that is pretty sick if you ask me but there's no telling classics. But you don't got to put up with sick poems. They got Kelly Gibran and Ron McKuen which makes dames go ga-ga. Go to the Hallmark store at the mall and write down the lines from the fruity section and say them at your girl and she'll do your dishes for weeks.

Symphony. I saved the best for last. All you got to know is girls think you're sensitive if you take them to the symphony. Be careful about names though cause they're mostly foreign songs which is okay because then they're cool.

Symphonies began when they didn't have electricity and needed a lot of guys to be loud. Now they got electricity, Ozzy'd blow them away in a battle of the bands, but they're still cool. (The Lone Ranger song was once a symphony tune.) That's it for fine arts. Remember, broads go for guys who know fine arts. So get the symphony tickets and let me know if you score.

—Media Man

# MOVIE REVIEWS

## MAN BITES DOG!

Reservoir Dogs, Bad Lieutenant, Jurassic Park! Bah! For violence in cinema that's just little shit. The film that truly captures the mood of the nation is the recent gem MAN BITES DOG, and it's not even America!

This is a film from Belgium that has taken the entire world by storm, gathering a slew of top honors at the 1992 Cannes film festival as well as other important forums. And while the critical praise has been amazing, it has still managed to repulse the average film goer.

The subject is simple enough: a film crew takes on the ultimate documentary and attempts to chronicle the everyday life of a serial killer Benoit. Don't go away! This is no rehashing of Henry this high farce in its most tightly constructed form. The gist of the movie is that the film crew really doesn't have an agenda for the endeavor. Hell, they really don't even have enough money to make much of a feature, but that's okay because Benoit is a high falutin' playboy kind of guy who digs on the idea that his so-called profession is being documented. Killing is his business, and it's a business that doesn't necessarily conform to normal principals of economy.

Benny starts off by taking the crew on a few routine killings in order to set up "instructionals" for his profession. He explains how much ballast is required to sink various body structures, being so thorough as to cover the difference between children and midgets. He revels in pushing his intellect before the camera, showing himself to be a problem solver as well as a seeker of truth. He also takes time to show his tender side, revealing that he goes through life just like everyone else does!

As the plot develops, the filmmakers become drawn into their subject, to the point where they even spend their free time with Benny. Not only do they find themselves holding Ben upright while he pukes over a plate of mussels, compliments of Benny snuff, they also find themselves helping him off his victims. And oddly enough, they lose a few crew members from the high risk dangers of the project. They eventually reach that uncanny position of dependence on their subject, and the only choice is to see it through and become "cinema."

So what is it that ties this all

together and screams "masterpiece?" Well, for starters, Benoit is an out and out natural for the big screen which so dominates our life. His whole sense of timing and gesture is literally unreal for a debut effort, and the part fits him like a glove. If you disregard everything else about the film, you still come away with a nights entertainment on par with the best stand up comedians.

But wait, there's more. The genre of mock-documentary has been done before, but never has it been so real. The work is so obviously silly, yet it contains this ultra gritty, off the cuff look and fluidity, shot in black and white, that can literally make you question whether it's real or not. Can they get away with snuff films in Belgium? I don't know, but it's a hell of a query to make afterwards. There are all sorts of moral implications in watching and enjoying a film like this that it tends to make your head spin!

The actual directors of the film are three film school dropouts who pooled their talents to make what most people would not finance. As the story goes, they took three years to make it, shooting a little at a time, returning to the project whenever they could afford to. The result is not necessarily ultra low budget, but its a scraper that has been finely tuned. They apparently initiated the concept around a salesman, and later switched to serial killer in order to push the limits. They were able to extract the talents of various friends, and even older family members who were oblivious to the concept of the film! In general, they took an approach that is based on sheer determination, and pulled off a glorious, creative achievement.

After the film found a distributor there was talk about the American release being pared down, one extremely nasty scene in particular. Fortunately the distributor has some balls, and the film will show in its original form. This alone is a victory for artistic integrity, as the scene in question is sort of the climax point of the film, and extremely important in context. Oh my God is it slick, too! But don't worry, you'll know when to close your eyes!

So go check out MAN BITES DOG, a true original for this day and age. And take a date. Make it a first date with that special someone you've had your eye on, because if you can watch this together, you'll be able to go to the ends of the earth.

—John Ivar Zeile



"Mordantly funny!"

—Glenn Lovell, SAN JOSE MERCURY

"Scathingly funny!"

—David Ansen, NEWSWEEK

"Bitterly funny!"

—Edward Guthmann, S.F. CHRONICLE

"Brutally funny!"

—Norman Wilner, THE TORONTO STAR

"Fitfully funny!"

—Chuck Stephens, S.F. BAY GUARDIAN

"Morbidly funny!"

—Jack Mathews, NEWSDAY

"Isn't funny at all!"

—Michael Arago, THE S.F. WEEKLY



# MAN BITES DOG

*a killer comedy*

A FILM BY REMY BELVAUX ANDRE BONZEL BENOIT POELVOORDE  
 ROXIE RELEASING PRESENTS MAN BITES DOG WITH BENOIT POELVOORDE REMY BELVAUX JENNY DRYE  
 JACQUELINE POELVOORDE PAPPART MALOU MADOU ANDRE BONZEL WRITTEN BY REMY BELVAUX ANDRE BONZEL  
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# CONCERT REVIEWS

## BUMBLESCRUMP LONELIEST MONSTER MISKREANT

July 17, 1983 - Delta Pub

I bet you never imagined that 2 1/4 inches in a fire escape could completely ruin a show. Friday July 17, the Basement of DV8 was to host a show, but due to the fact that the Fire Marshal felt that the fire escape was too small for his fat rump to fit through, the show was moved to the Delta Pub. Not a bad place. If only it were all ages, (soon hopefully). Anyway back to the show. Opening up was LONELIEST MONSTER. I don't know a damn thing about this band. They were fast and energetic, with absolutely no stage fright. Next up was BUMBLESCRUMP. I don't know about these guys. Zay, of the old Speedway, who runs things at the Delta Pub did a good job showing this band how to plug their



equipment in and on. If you ever saw Sid and Nancy and remember the part where Sid is singing in his own hand while reading the lyrics then you'll know what Bumblescrump was like. No talent. I missed MISKREANT due to circumstances beyond my control. But on a good note, Margie and Zay, and all others involved did a

great job holding things together. Now all that is needed are more people to support happenings around town.

—Chopper

## REIN SANCTION INDIVISION ANGER OVERLOAD CONTROL

July 17 - The Delta Pub

If you like funk, and metal checkout INDIVISION, they're new in Salt Lake. All I want to know about ANGER OVERLOAD is how can 5 guys hop on stage and make some of the roughest, loudest, noisiest spew from the bowels of guitars, amplifiers, drums, and the gut of Brad, the singer. I thoroughly enjoyed A.O. and the fact that the guitarists got naked added a extra perk in my nipple.

CONTROL came from out of nowhere 3 gentlemen with instruments. I found CONTROL to be one of the most energetic stage performances I've ever seen in a while. Their sound can be described as a dash of Jawbox, Iggy Pop and a shit load of tobasco sauce. (That means I thought they were a hot ticket, and maybe if they ever come again you should go.) Simple punk rock. Two thumbs up my butt.

I've never heard REIN SANCTION, but I heard they were good. I didn't really think so. They showed up late and it seemed to me they played half assed. Maybe they were just tired or something. I probably will buy one of their albums to see if they sound like I thought they would if they would have been more into it.

This is going to sound like a plug, cause it is.

The Delta Pub is the place to be. It's run by the former owner of Speedway, so it definitely has a good Rock and Roll feel. It's the biggest place I've been in quite a some time. The sound system is fuckin rad, there are pool tables, and fine beverages on tap. So go. I like this place.

—Chopper

## THE SHAVEN CRACKERBASH

JULY 22 - BAR & GRILL

What a wonderful night. I had a choice between a show at Pioneer Hall and the Bar & Grill. Since the show at Pioneer Hall was a Farewell show I figured it would be packed so I opted for the Bar & Grill. Boy was it nice. Only a small crowd gathered for these two bands.

First up was THE SHAVEN. Not too bad for an opening act. Plenty of changes from slow to fast and back. Definitely a contending band in the ever-changing industry of music. I really don't know how to describe their music. Other than blending in a blur of fury fast, then slow. Everything seemed to fit nicely. Not much grunge from these 3 guys, which is a pleasant change.

Next up was CRACKERBASH, from Portland. These guys rule. Their energy level was high considering they didn't have much of a crowd. Most of their set was off their new CD on Empty Records, which kicks ass, watch for the review next month. Anyway, definitely not your typical North West band. These guys left some impression. I know I left feeling great after their set. They

CRACKERBASH



play fast with a touch of pop, and sing songs revolving around how they set themselves and the world around them, sometimes making no sense and other times making, me at least, open my eyes to a different thought. A great night at the Bar & Grill, unusual. Next year they will be back for an all ages show so go see them.

—RDB

Photos  
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# SHORT STORY

## LOVE

"You're beautiful," Eric's lips mumble as he pulls her closer to him.

Kate looks downward in an emotional embarrassment. Claspng her hands she feels herself as being very hot and tender.

Eric pulls her ever so close, so slow.

Kate doesn't resist, but encourages him. She places her hands on his side lightly and relaxes. She is under Eric's control, anticipating every move in ecstasy.

Eric puts his strong mouth up to Kate's tiny ear and whispers relaxing words.

Kate senses something in his tone of voice, and for the first time she gets lost in her thoughts. Crazy.

Eric moves his mouth along her cheek towards her mouth tasting her skin. He reaches her mouth then clenches her lower lip be-

tween his jagged teeth. His hands grip her hair allowing her no movement. Eric's head jerks backwards ripping her lip clean off her small skull. Blood. Screams. More screams.

Trying to get away, she kicks and swings her arms in a rage of chaos.

Eric, towering over her thrashing body, lifts his bulking knee smashing her skull in many thousand pieces.

After an emotional morning with Kate, Eric's ex-girlfriend, Eric decides to go fishing with his best friend. Eric and Jack wander down a dirt road whistling and carrying their fishing poles. Upon finding a nice, calm place in the river, they cast out. Blue skies. Silence.

Lying back peacefully Jack asks, "What do you like the most about life?"

"You," Eric explains.

Jack blushes and moves towards Eric, who peacefully puts his index finger in his own mouth,

then into Jack's. Jack's warm tongue licks the tiny phalange. Eric puts his left hand firmly on Jack's forehead, and his right hand inside his friends mouth. Using Jack's lower jaw as a hand hold, Eric exerts tremendous power in a downward motion tearing his jaw off his face. Pain. Agony.

Jack, having no way to scream, tries desperately to push Eric away.

Eric, being massive and strong, grabs Jack's arm restraining him from all movement. Eric's free hand forcefully juts toward Jack's face. Eric extends his index finger and thrusts it straight through Jack's right eye into his pulsating brain. Blood. Cleaning the scarlet blood off his face, Eric pushes Jack's limp dead body into the calm river.

Eric walks in the front door of his house whistling a tone of sweet melody.

A soft voice reaches Eric's ear from the kitchen, "Did you and Kate get along?"

"Not really," Eric replies, "But it sure was a nice day." Eric places his fishing pole on the floor and walks into the kitchen.

Betsy, Eric's mom, is busy cutting up a chicken for dinner. "Could you cut this for me dear?", as Betsy motions the sharp meat cleaver towards Eric. "It's very sharp." Betsy points out, "Don't cut yourself."

Eric accepts the cleaver, bends his elbow, brings the knife up, and slams it down upon Betsy's wrist, slicing her whole hand off. Betsy screams. Eric swings the cleaver upwards catching the left top half of Betsy's head. Footsteps.

At the same time Betsy's corpse tumbles to the ground. Cliff, Eric's stepfather appears in the door bewildered.

Eric turns putting all his weight with the knife and plants it in Cliff's right shoulder. The knife cuts deep and through bone leaving crevice.

Mindless, Cliff turns and runs for shelter.

Seeing an easy target Eric raises the cleaver and brings it downward into Cliff's spine. A loud shattering feels the house and Cliff joins Betsy on the floor. Silence.

Eric, being asleep, dreams of blueskies, green grass, and a nice, calm pond. Eric dreams of sleeping on the damp, green grass, and dreaming about crisp, clear days. Waking up, Eric rubs his eyes, stands up, and walks out into the hall. Walking into the kitchen Eric climbs over the two rotting bodies. The sun, just rising on the horizon, shimmers through the kitchen window. The many light rays reflect off the blood which covers the kitchen floor, in a sea of redness.

Eric decides to wander outside. Eric remembers a place of harmony from his childhood, the place in his dreams. Walking slowly down a beaten path, Eric's heart starts to race. The path ends. Stepping around trees, Eric's eyes open wide as he finds the place in his dreams. A clearing of grass right next to a pond. Eric walks up to the pond, takes off his shoes and socks, and rolls up his pants. Stepping in the unpolluted water, Eric's feet touch a thin film of mud. As Eric wades in the water, he slips.

Going forward, Eric tries to catch his footing, but putting his foot down only pushes him out further. Being submerged, the coldness and reality of the water hits. Ice. No breath. Eric, a below average swimmer, kicks and tries to go up. His heavy black levis anchor him underwater. No air. Nothing, only a fast heart beat. Very fast. Faster. Eric pushes off the bottom going up. His mouth almost breaks the surface. Air.

Eric wakes up. Covered in sweat, Eric opens his sleepy eyes and gets dressed. Eric walks out of his room, down the hall, and into the living room. Betsy and Cliff are happily watching television. "I'm going over to Kate's house to play, alright?", Eric asks.

"Don't do anything nasty!", Cliff jokes. In a more serious tone of voice, Betsy says, "Be back in time for dinner."

Eric goes over to his girl friend's house and finds Kate asleep. He wakes up Kate and she stands up. Eric Looks into Kate's eyes.

"You're Beautiful", Eric's lips mumble...

—Thomas Campbell

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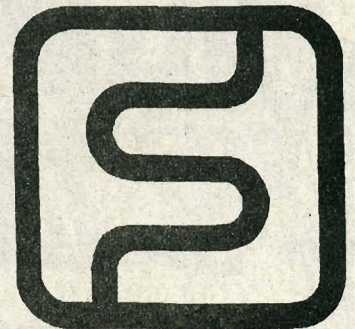
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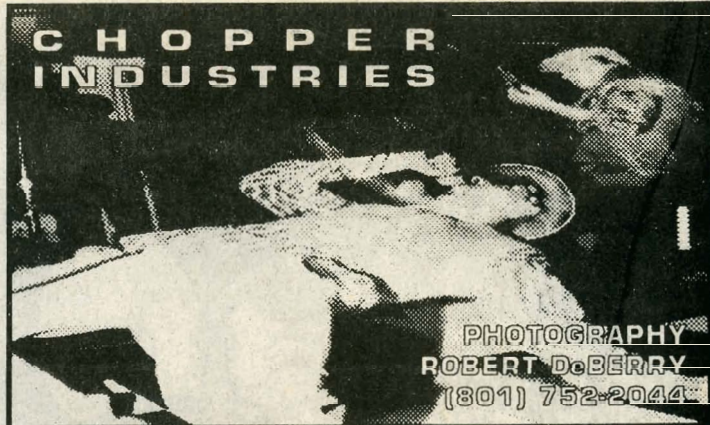
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SUMMER 1993

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EDITORIAL

By Kenneth Pavia

# COMMERCIALIZATION OF RASTAFARI: LIFE OR DEATH?

for *As Raw As Ever* in 1992, not so much that Shabba is a yardie, for all the winney with the exception of Steel Pulse have been yardies. The celebration has been because Shabba, for the first time in reggae grammy history, has represented popular Jamaican music, and for the first time, a DJ has won.

So now, Shabba has won two years in a row, turning everybody's head. 'Nuff respect to Shabba. Xtra Naked has some great songs: "Ting A Ling," "Musical Grip," "What 'cha Gonna Do," "Will Power," "Rude Boy," and "Two Breddrens." But Xtra Naked also has some songs that again call into question the integrity of the Grammy. How can reggae as a genre maintain respect when an album with songs like "5-F Man," "Bedroom Bully," "Cocky Rim," and "Slow and Sexy" wins a prestigious award that represents the best reggae had to offer that year? I'm not pointing the finger at Shabba. I respect his right to freedom of expression. What I am questioning is do the Grammy voters actually listen to the records? Did the women who voted for this record (I assume they were some) much less the men actually listen to the record? If they did, how closely did they listen? Did they understand it? One can only assume that they considered these sexist, misogynistic, graphic, hustler-level songs represent the best reggae of 1992. If so, one could also easily assume that reggae is quickly sliding down the sewer.

Fortunately, though, reggae is nowhere near sliding down the sewer. In fact, the most exciting developments in twelve years are happening in reggae right now. Let the Grammy be. They are missing a lot of great reggae music out there right now, and in a way, I am glad. Reggae should stay unpopular, underground. It keeps it good. The minute a good, underground genre of music becomes widely recognized, it becomes compromised, watered down, catered to the masses in the name of profit-driven corporations. It is what happened to rock; it is what happened to punk, and many are now saying the same thing is happening to rap.

This may sound selfish, and I may not be thinking of artists' careers, but I do not always think reggae should be pushed to the point where it is accepted as popular and mainstream by the whole world. Part of the appeal of reggae to middle-class, record-buying American Youth is its underground, cult aspects. Some who see reggae from a didactic point of view, containing a message to spread, may rejoice at its ever increasing acceptance and popularity. But look at the message that's being accepted—"5-F Man?" Is that the message we wish reggae to send to the world?

A lot of reggae has died in its commercialization and popularity. As Jacob Miller said, "Too much commercialization of Rastafari." But maybe it's death is for the better. Like a snake sheddin its skin, a rebirth in reggae creativity has been happening. Reggae is revolving, coming full circle. Fresh new riddims and styles as well as new versions of older riddims are being created in Jamaica as you read this. And this is where I will pick up in the next issue: the young, fresh roots artists coming with conscious message—Nineties Roots.

of the National Academy of recording Arts and Sciences, Mr. Michael Greene, 303-N. Glen Oaks Blvd., Ste. 140, Burbank Ca. 91502. The movement of reggae into further acceptance and popularity in the American market through avenues such as the Grammy holds obvious and immediate benefits for struggling Jamaican artists and their country. But in the long run, what, if anything, does reggae have to gain from the Grammy? Should reggae be concerned with the Grammy at all?

I've been convinced for a long time now that the Grammy is first and foremost a popularity contest, that musical quality and artistic craftsmanship have little to do with winning. In its nine-year history, the winner of the reggae grammy has always been, with the exception of Bunny Wailer's Tribute to Bob Marley (1991), on a major corporate label, even though until very recently major labels have not been known for being leaders in reggae output. Smaller, independent labels that have really been on the forefront of putting out a lot of reggae and developing its industry have always seemed to have missed the award, almost as if their contribution is not being legitimized by the "Big Daddy" corporations. Hmmm...a pattern that seems to take after that of the typical vast empire's non-legitimizing and ignoring of the "little guy's" contribution and existence.

In addition, nearly half of the winners have been related directly or indirectly to the Marley phenomenon. While this is a testimony to the greatness and influence of Brother Bob, this fact also indicates the heavy weighting of the popularity factor in the choosing of the Grammy winners: Peter Tosh (1988), Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers (1989, 1990), and Bunny Wailer (1991).

Jamaicans have rightly been celebrating the past two years since Shabba first won the Grammy

Imagine a young child in an impoverished, Caribbean island country, growing up without what we in America would call the necessities of life: electricity, running water, shoes, three square meals a day. Imagine the child growing up without much opportunity for the future other than maintaining a hand-to-mouth existence with a small farm, a few chickens and pigs, or perhaps living in the ghettos of the cities, hustling a daily living from the tourists. Now imagine this same youth, some twenty years later with a recording contract with a major, corporate record company, winning the most prestigious music award in America. Imagine the implications for the youth, the youth's family, friends, fellow countrymates.

In her most recent and rare "Ah So Me Chat" column in the CMJ New Music Report, March 26, 1993, Night Nurse, Amy Wachtel, calls for an expansion of the reggae categories for the Grammy nominations by the addition of best "Dancehall" album along with the current general "Reggae Recording" category. She points out that the reggae has grown to the point where it deserves more than one category, much like other genres, rap and classical, so that the young, up and coming dancehall artists as well as the older roots artists will be acknowledged for their accomplishments. Evidently, the fact that a "Dancehall" reggae album (in particular Shabba Ranks) has won the Grammy two years in a row while good, deserving roots albums were passed over has left a few people dissatisfied. A case in point is Burning Spear. He has been nominated four times but has never won.

Within the scope of the Grammy Awards system, expansion of the reggae category is a reasonable and prudent request, one which the Grammy Hierarchy should pay attention to. In fact, in her column, the Night Nurse encourages all people who agree to let it be known to the president

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# DUB FACTOR

By Robert Nelson

**Mystical Truth** is the latest release from Black Uhuru and any new album by one of reggae's supergroups is one worth owning. Don Carlos is the Smokey Robinson of reggae and he takes the lion's share of the vocals. Duckie Simpson's low rumble and Garth Dennis's reedy vocals are perfect counterpoints to Carlos, which has helped maintain the band's status as reggae's hardest rocking harmony trio. Like last year's "Tip of the Iceberg" with Ice T, **Mystical Truth** continues Uhuru's flirtation with hip hop elements in many of the songs: "Don't You Worry," "One Love" (with Louisa Rankin) and an awkward cover of War's "Slippin' into Darkness." While roots lover might squabble, Black Uhuru has the potential to carve out their own niche on commercial radio. If they can do it on their own terms, reggae will benefit overall by these standard bearers. That's not to say Uhuru has abandoned roots. "Questions" is a particularly strong leadoff track; as are the updated Uhuru covers of "Time to Unite" (called "Dreadlocks Pailbearers" here) and "Vision" ("Ozone Layer"). By far, the standout track is "Bassline," which has the potential to become reggae's next hugely popular song; like Marley's "Buffalo Soldiers" or Gregory Isaacs's "Night Nurse." Infectious, uptal and good-natured, "Bassline" is the best new reggae song of 1993 so far.

Spring 1993 also signals the triumphant return of Burning Spear to Heartbeat records with **The World Should Know**. No dibi dibi sound on this outing, Spear's righteous intensity shines through on such winners as the title track, "I Stand Strong" and "It's Not a Crime." Spear repeats many of his strongest verses until they become like a mantra with its salient points driven home to the listener. Spear has modernized his music slightly with more keyboards, without compromising his overall sound; a subject he grapples with in "Identity." Like most Spear albums this one has great horn work, alternating the Rast Brass and Burning Brass. To cool out the pace, there is even a couple of love songs: "Loving Day" and "Sweeter Than Chocolate." However these don't wallow in John Holt style syrup; especially with such non-PC lines as commanding his woman to "Make me a snack" or "Give me my juice."

Human Rights (HR) has a new reggae release on the Railroad label called **Our Faith**. This the best solo outing by the former member of the Bad Brains since his early EPs on SST. It is by far the most orthodox reggae of his career. Human Rights is more than its charismatic leader (going by the Rasta name Ras Hailu Gabriel Joseph I). It includes crisp guitar work from Ras Lester and Skitch Lovett. The album also features exceptional drumming by Earl Hudson (Brains alum and Joseph I's brother) as well as Ras Michael's nyabinghi hand drumming. Joseph I's scat singing and jazz phrasing are in full effect. The songs are balanced 50/50 between pae-

ans to Jah (the title cut, "For the Love of Jah Children" and "We Sight") and the plight of the downtrodden. While the tempo runs faster than most roots reggae albums, **Our Faith** never deviates from its reggae framework; lyrically or musically.

The last couple of years have created an added interest in singer Larry Marshall. Two of his classic albums, **Presenting Larry Marshall** and **I Admire You**, were reissued by Heartbeat. His new one, **Come Let Us Reason**, is chock full of winning tunes. When a reggae artist does a remake of an earlier hit, it is rarely a sign of desperation. Some of Marshall's signature tunes from his Studio One days get new workouts: "Throw Me Corn," "Nanny Goat" and "Thelma." All are comparable in quality to the originals. "Come into My Parlour" is my favorite on the album, putting the fable of the "spider and the fly" to reggae music. After all the reedy tenors singing reggae out there, baritones like Peter Tosh or Joe Higgs sound more distinctive and unique. It is refreshing to hear Larry Marshall's voice for this reason as well.

The Clarendonians are another rock steady act revived on the scene. Several of their early Studio One tunes get a modern workout on **Can't Keep a Good Man Down**. The music on this one sounds more modern than the other King's Music releases, with mellow vocals from Ernest Wilson and Peter Austin, tasteful horn work and bright keyboards. The best of the songs are incidentally the remakes from the Studio One album **Best Of**. Especially fine is "Rudie Bam Bam" - their 1966 hit, a marriage of the Wailers' old classic "Rude Boy" with the Maytals' "Bam Bam." With this album and a song on the Steely and Cleve Play Studio One **Vintage CD**, it is good to see these definitive rock steady groups reforming. Hopefully this will signal the return of others like the Termites, Carlton and the Shoes or the Gaylads. If so we can thank King's Music for the trend.

I Roy, like Dennis Alcapone, is another 70's deejay who seemed to have fallen through the cracks. A thinking man's toaster, he has a highly developed sense of irony and humor. **Sound System Anthology** is simply a modern masterpiece. Sylvan Morris has put together ten tracks of rollicking riddims featuring some of the 70's best session men: Rancie McLean, Benbow Creary and Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace. I Roy's rhymes have a seamless quality for story telling as on his version of the ancient "Day O" or his attempt to rub up a daughter on "Night on the Town." His "A De Rest" rides Larry Marshall's "Nanny Goat." Like the song "Union Call" on his **Whap'n Bap'n** album, I Roy is a true spokesman for the tribulations of the working class. The song "No Capitalist" rewrites the Lord's Prayer to say, "If the capitalist is my shepherd, I and I shall live in

want". **Sound System Anthology** is proof positive that 70's style toasting is alive and well and can hold its own against the flood of ragamuffin deejays currently ruling the dancehall.

A new artist rounds out the list of King's Music releases with African Star's **Days in Creation**. Star's voice sounds like a winning mix of Culture's Joseph Hill and Ijahman Levi. Only the crystal clear sound is an indication that this album was recorded in 1992. Side one is quite simply flawless. Sweet female harmonies from Marcia Griffiths and J.C. Lodge (although I swear Judy Mowatt's voice is in there too) and stellar horn work. The music is provided by a who's who of players of instruments: Sly and Robbie, Dwight Pinkney, all the great horns men. On killer songs like "Too Much Confusion" and "Trample the Dragon," I swear my ears are deceiving me into thinking this a late 70's release. (The highest compliment I can give any album!) It is such a pleasure to hear a reggae album where every instrument was played by a living, breathing human being with nary a synthesizer in sight. The music truly adds another dimension to Star's voice and lyrics. If this is African Star's rookie outing, I can't wait for his next one.

Also out on Heartbeat is the Abyssinians' **Satta Amassagana**. Resembling Israel Vibrations in their spirituality, this is an album that eschews love songs for conditions of the "Black Man's Strain." The songs that aren't hymns to Jah bemoan the condition of slavery, real and mental. It includes the title track: the song that unleashed a thousand versions and other modern classics, such as "Declaration of Rights" and "African Race." A reissue of their **Forward on to Zion** album, it also includes four collectible singles from the Abyssinians' own Clinch label. This is a must for any fan who likes to be educated and entertained in the same sitting.

Bim Sherman, (ON U Sound alumnus in addition to his solo career), has two recent releases on his own Century label. **Crazy World** than has him working with the members of Tackhead. It's a funk rather reggae album. Remakes of "Skummy Ghetto" and "Morning Star" are disappointing when compared to the originals. Only "Beyond the Hill" qualifies as a bonafide reggae track. If **Crazy World** is a (failed) experiment, Sherman is ready to please his reggae fans with **Reality**. This album was recorded with Dub Syndicate and features the ethereal female harmonies of Akabu, Sherman's "I Threes." Although mixed by the Mad Professor, it has that trademark Adrian Sherwood sound that exemplifies the best Bim Sherman releases. There is almost a Pink Floydish sheen to the music. Sherman's crooning belies an intensity of feeling and piety; an expectant sadness in such songs as "Over the Rainbow." Yet at the same time, there is an irrepressible buoyancy to such tunes as "Rock Crys Out" and "Go to the Mountain." This one bubbles and Sherman's understated vocals shows that you call more attention to what you have to say with a whisper than a shout.

So here is a whole heap of new reggae to check. Until next time, "Nuff drum and bass mek you wine up your waist."





Chill Out, The Dub Factor, Tear It Up Live, Anthem, and Reggae Greats. "The Youth of Eglington," "Sponji Reggae," "What is life," and "Solidarity," are some of the hits that came forth during this time. Uhuru's popularity grew immensely during these years throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. Shortly after their contract with Island records ended, Michael Rose left the group to pursue a solo career.

Duckie and Puma were left with the task of finding a new singer to lead the group. Junior Reid was recruited to bring about Uhuru four. With Reid taking most of the lead vocals, Black Uhuru released more impressive material on the RAS label. Their first album together was titled *Brutal* and featured the monster hit "Great Train Robbery." *Brutal* was the last album that Puma was featured on. She left the group in 1986 due to health reasons, and was replaced by a Jamaican singer named Olafunke. This lineup recorded the *Positive* album in 1987. There was also a dub album issued by RAS in a limited pressing titled *Positive Dub* (Currently available on the RAS label). After this album, Reid decided to pursue a solo career, and the band broke up.

Black Uhuru reformed in 1990 with the original lineup of Duckie, Garth Dennis, and Don Carlos. Once having come full circle, Black Uhuru continued to produce cutting-edge reggae music. The first album to feature the reunited lineup was called *Now*, on the Mesa label. The band also released a dub version of this album. *Iron Storm* was the second album released by the current lineup. "Tip of the Iceberg" features rapper Ice Cube. "Trouble" and "Tip of the Iceberg" are two of the bits off this album. Mesa released a dub version of this album, which features many nontypical dub elements that include a lot of vocals. *Mystical Truth* is the latest album released by the trio. "One Love" and "Living in the City" are two of the better tracks. Black Uhuru continues to put out reggae that is fresh and on the cutting edge. They are one of the bands that set the standard for the rest of the bands to follow. They will surely remain on the scene for years to come.

# BLACK UHURU MEANS FREEDOM

## A HISTORY OF BLACK UHURU

# U H U R U

Uhuru is the Swahili word for freedom. It is also one of the words that Derrick 'Duckie' Simpson chose for the name of his band, Black Uhuru. Formed in 1974, Black Uhuru is still a driving force in today's reggae music scene. Things haven't always been easy, however. The group has survived through seven lineup changes in nearly twenty years. Despite these troubles, they have enjoyed much success and are regarded as one of the most popular reggae bands in the world.

In the beginning, Duckie teamed up with Garth Dennis and Don Carlos to form the first manifestation of Black Uhuru. The lineup proved to be short-lived, however. After cutting a single titled 'Folk Song' for the Dynamic la-

bel, both Garth Dennis and Don Carlos left to pursue individual careers. Garth went on to become a member of the Wailing Souls, and Don Carlos went on to a successful solo career.

Duckie recruited Errol Nelson and Michael to form the second lineup of Black Uhuru. Duckie, Erroll, and Michael recorded an album together titled *Love Crisis* for Prince Jammy. *Love Crisis* (later released by Greensleeves records under the title *Black Sounds of Freedom*) was also released in England, but failed to achieve the success that was expected, which caused Errol Nelson to leave the group.

Duckie and Rose decided to include a female voice as a compliment to their harmonies. They discovered Puma Jones, an American from South

Carolina, who had briefly sung with the Ras Michael and the Sons of Negus entourage. Soon after, they approached Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare to be their rhythm section and producers. This proved to be the most well-known lineup which produced their best known albums. Under Sly and Robbie's production, several singles, including 'Guess Who's Coming to Dinner' and 'Shine Eyes Gal,' were released. These songs were compiled together to create the album titled *Showwise* (also called simply *Black Uhuru*). This album received enough success that they were signed on with Island records. During this time they released the following albums: *Sinsemilla*, *Red* (nominated 24th best album of the 80's by Rolling Stone),





# BLACK UHURU INTERVIEW



## Black Uhuru at the Coliseum, April 18th

By Ken Pavia

In the cavernous backstage rooms of the Utah State Fairgrounds' nostalgic Coliseum, the six-foot, light-brown haired man I had just met motioned "Come with me." I found myself being led into admirable company in the dressing room of Black Uhuru, who had just finished a sizzling 90-minute set for a Wasatch Front crowd that had bubbled through sets of Louie Rankin and Andrew Tosh.

The dressing room contained long, gray tables and orange-cushioned chairs along one wall, shaped like an "M." Trays of carved fruit, breads, and tubs of chilled fruit juices, cups, and utensils were spread out on the tables.

Occupying some of the chairs were the three members of Black Uhuru, Duckie Simpson, Don Carlos, and Garth Dennis. All the singers and players of instruments were cooling off, some in the chairs, others standing around the not-too-large, tan colored room. Chilling out were bass player Earl "Bagga" Walker, drummer Rangutan, keyboard players Keith Sterling and Tony "Asher" Brissett, and guitarist Vince Black, along with various support crew and managers. I was being admitted into

the very company through whom Jah had chosen to be a light to the world through their creation of reggae music.

After formalities and some warm up conversation, I turned on the tape and embarked on a reasoning session that exceeded my expectations. Seated at Duckie's knee, and with Don Carlos behind me, "Gartie" across the room, I was to have the whole of the room raising points and contributing to the "interview" at one point.

In the following, I have tried to capture the essence of Black Uhuru that night, their artistic skills, their artistic skills, their inspirations, their consciousness. And in it, I and I find that as Black Uhuru once was, so it has become.

Pavia (P): Let's talk about the new album. The comments I've heard are that it's Black Uhuru's best album so far. In what ways does Mystical Truth differ from the last two albums, Iron Storm and Now?

Simpson (S): It's like we have songs for each section of people, different type of songs, it varies, yuhno? I think it's a better album than Iron Storm and Now. We cover a song like "Slipping Into Darkness." We did cover Peter Gabriel "Mercy Street," yuhno? We did like a ballad, "One Love." And we have some hard rocks on it same way.

Kinda mix it.

Dennis (D): "One Love" was written and arranged by Christopher Troy and Zach Harmon. This particular song have a kind of hip hop with a little R & B touch to it. And it also have Louie Rankin toasting on it. What we're trying to do on this particular album is reach as much people as possible. Yuhno, we got a following for our past 19, 20 years, but it trying to reach new people, as much people as possible. And this particular song, the music kinda of vary-like, yuhno? Yeah. There's a lot of experiment in the music.

P: So this explains the hip hop influences we hear in it?

D: Yeah, as I was saying, we are trying to reach out to as many people as possible with this particular album. So there is a variety of songs on it, yuhno? There's hardcore songs and there are the songs I've just described to you.

P: Yeah, a lot of variety on the album. Garth, you wrote "Pay Day." What is the message that you hope the listeners will get?

D: Well, it's just a song of hope and inspiration, yuhno? That no matter how things might seem now, is always a positive day, so just hold tight.

P: There's always a positive end in sight?

D: Exactly. Keep the faith. There is always a Pay Day, just keep working and, I mean, be positive about it, and you'll get your pay. Whatever you love to do, stick to it, and one day, it will pay off.

P: All right, very upfl message. You mentioned the song "Mercy Street." How did it come about that you chose to do that song? What was the inspiration there?

D: That was to show our musical flexibility. When we listen to music, we don't really stock in one variety of music. We listen to all type of music. We were on tour last fall in Europe, and driving from one venue to the other, we decided to pop in this Peter Gabriel cassette, and "Mercy Street" was one of the songs on it that really struck us.

P: You do some songs that have been released in the past, like "Ozone Layer," "Dreadlock Pallbearers."

S: Yeah, but I wouldna call them cover songs cause they are our songs.

P: You've done them before.

S: Exactly. On Black Sounds of Freedom and

P: How do you go about deciding whether to redo a song and what is the purpose for re-doing them?

S: I think those songs were too early, yuhno? Need to be heard one more time.

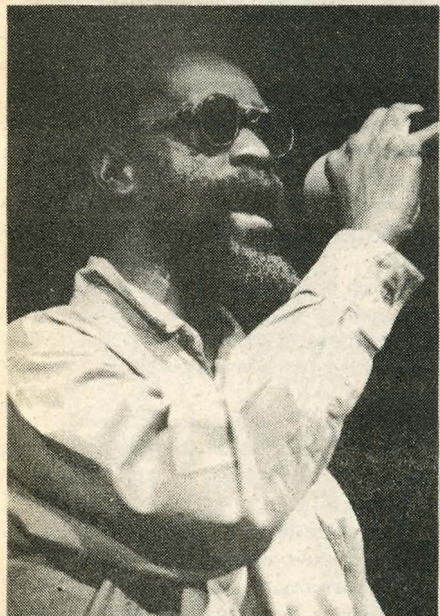
D: We think some of those messages need to be heard. There is all these young kinds coming up who didn't hear it before, so it needs to be heard again. And they are good songs, yuhno, I mean some of these songs need to be heard again. That's how we come up with doing some of these songs over.

P: About "Dreadlock Pallbearers." Duckie, you

continued next page



# BLACK UHURU CONTINUED



**DUCKIE SIMPSON**

wrote that song?

S: Uh-hummm. Well, I just add those lyrics to the same song. To Elot. I add some line. "Dreadlock Pallbearer." I never know say some dread didda talk bout Zion and New York dem da talk.

P: What's the message of that song that you hope the listeners will hear?

S: Well, the message is the message. I never know say when some man dat talk bout Zion it was New York and Utah dem da talk. Yuhno, cause when I look in America, all over the place is pure dread, I say. Check say, them bawl for Zion as if it was Africa but a New York dem deh. And Dreadlock Pallbearers mean guys with dread pon them head tht bury people, yuhno, undertakers.

P: And that's contrary to Rastafari.

S: Yeah, yeah. Dreadlock Pallbearer, with a coffin with a coroner.

P: So it's talking about hypocricites? Would that be a fair term?

S: It's not hypocrite that we're talking about. Guys who are walking around with dread pon them head. We're not talking about Rasta: we are talking about dread. Some guys wit dem mouth stop shave and them beard. Yuhno, so we call them dreadlock. Well me, Duckie, call them Dreadlock Pallbearers.

P: Yeah, there's a line in the song that goes "the wicked want to fight I down with them..."

S: "...Evil spell of Human Rights."

Carlos (C): Yeah, dem human rights.

S: The human rights a joke business.

P: Human Rights?

S: American human rights a joke business,

man. Bag a mumbo jumbo. See, dem force down dat pon you—them human rights bullshit. so them want to fight us with dem evil spell of human rights.

D: For instance, is like the human rights for who?

C: Or for what?

D: You understand me? Is like only certain people allowed this human rights, or human rights only apply to certain situations.

C: It's only the word "human rights," but no give you the real action.

D: Yeah, action. Is like a partiality, hypocritical.

P: What do you mean when you are referring to human rights? Is it like equal rights?

D: Yeáah, is like their form a human rights, which we find to be very hypocritical.

C: It's only for them friend, not for everyone.

D: You ask the question what we mean about "with their evil spell of human rights." Well, the



**DON CARLOS**

human rights that we come to understand is like human rights only go for certain people at a certain time. So is like is a evil spell. You understand? That's how we write—in parable.

C: There's no justice in it. No justive. Deh partial.

D: And that's how we write sometimes—most times—in parables. So you ask some of the question of the song carry yall around. That's how we write sometimes. You understand? Instead of saying "with them hypocritical human rights," we just say "with them evil spell of human rights." That is it. Hypocritical type of human rights. Evil spell of human rights. That's how we write—in parables.

P: One needs to reason and mediate on it to overstand it.

D: Yeah, is a deep song for true.

C: Seen, a understand not like overstand. Is just

like a man a say: you must practice what you preach. See what I mean. Them talk about human rights, but they not giving equal share.

S: Them da dog rights. Is not human rights. Is a blood claat business, yuh no see dat?

C: And all the homeless poeple need a winter coat.

S: Hmm, yeah Don.

C: A dog lives in a nice house and eat the nicest food.

S: That's the fucking business, mon.

D: All right, all right— see some of the points the bredren them have, some of the points they make? And the hypocritical system? Look, from when I was growing up, me hearing about this terrible place called Russia, this dangerous place with communism and all kind of thing, like from I was a child. And I grow up and find out everything that the United States and my country, Jamaica, teach us to keep away from people and bloom bloom blah blah. And now Russia and the United States is so close, yunderstand, but there's no more superpower business where Russia is concerned, and right now, I've read where the seven superpowers that are the seven most richest countries in the world coming together to help to solve Russia's problem. Now from I was a child and for I was born, I've been hearing to keep away from Russia, yunnerstand, but this thing called Aparthied, this thing have been going on for so long. What happened to those seven other countries? They caan come together? We have to look what's been happening in South Africa.

C: Yes, all right.

D: That's the form of hypocritical evil spell of human rights that's where we're getting it.

C: Look pon the next one, Gartie. Look pon South Africa. If I and I goes out to South Africa them ban us like the world.



**GARTH DENNIS**



# R.A.W. Bubblers: Top Ten Albums and Singles as Reported by Reggae Ambassadors Worldwide DeeJays

(© Reggae Ambassadors Worldwide, 1993)

D: Yeah, outcast.

C: Like the world—they throw the truth out of the world. And watch it—they are in South Africa making millions.

P: Yeah.

D: Um-hmm.

C: You see, that's the kind of human rights we're talking about.

D: Um-hmm. In the West Indies, there is a game named cricket. And there was about five or four guys that were call Rebel, and them come together in the South Africa to play a game, and these guy, when they came back were treated so disrespectfully and disgracefully....

C: Dem ban them.

D: ...In the West Indies, just because they went and they played cricett in South Africa. Now, South Africa team is going to and fro, from the West Indies.

P: Hmmm.

C: And no one ban dem.

P: Hmmm.

C: Just speak the truth. No one put a ban on dem.

D: Dat's some a da ting dat, yuhno, that's why Black Uhuru have to write songs like dese, yunnerstand?

P: Okay.

D: And sometime you have to write in parables because there's certain things, like people is like they label you. So you have to do the lyrics out a certain way where people like you have to ask question or think. That's Black Uhuru.

P: Yeah, I've been listening to that song and trying to understand it. There is a part in there too, he talks about his foreparents, his culture. How does that fit in?

D: How does that fit in?

C: Because from when he was born they label his foreparents, call them names and him live.

P: Elot is...

D: ....Lot, from in the Bible. Remember Lot? And Lot wife, comin down the line. Yeah. We are the children of Lot, comin down the line before we was born, our foreparents, certain things was handed down, and it wasn't teach us to us.

C: True!

D: Now me say, if we didn't seek for our culture, what would happen now, maybe would be under the earth, maybe would be shackled and chained, but instead, we conquer all evil spell by looking through the confusion and finding the conciousness, knowing tonight is the night for us to unite.

P: Uh-hmm.

D: Whether you're black, pink, blue, or white, unity is strength, everytime, yuhno? Black Uhuru,

## ALBUMS

### ARTIST

1. Burning Spear
2. Chaka Demus & Pliers
3. Beres Hammond
4. Black Uhuru
5. Sky High & the Mau Mau
6. Buju Banton
7. Bob Marley & The Wailers
8. Ninjaman
9. Queen Majeeda
10. Various Artists

### ALBUM

- The World*  
*Should Know*  
*All She Wrote*  
*Full Attention*  
*Mystical Truth*  
*Marcus Garvey Chant*  
*Mr. Mention*  
*Songs of Freedom*  
*Nobodies Business*  
*But My Own*  
*Conseious*  
*Strictly the Best #9*

### LABEL

- Heartbeat  
Mango  
VP  
Mesa/Bluemoon  
Sky High/RAS  
Penthouse  
Tuff Gong  
Sanachie  
Heartbeat  
VP

## SINGLES

### ARTIST

1. Buju Banton
2. Nadine Sutherland & Terror Fabulous
3. Beres Hammond & Josey Wales
4. Chaka Demus & Pliers
5. Garnett Silk
6. Apache Indian
7. Simpleton
8. Nadine Sutherland
9. Patra
10. Inner Circle

### SONG

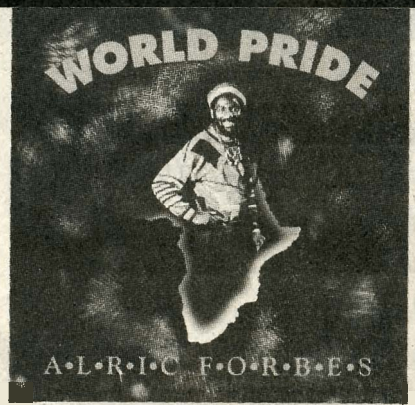
- Operation Ardent*  
*Action*  
*Free & Single*  
*I Wanna Be Your Man*  
*Jah Jah is the Rider*  
*Chok There*  
*Informer Fi Dead*  
*Wickied Dickie*  
*Hard Core*  
*Bad Boys (Remix)*

### LABEL

- Penthouse  
Mad House  
Signet  
Mango  
Star Trail  
Mango  
Two Tough  
Penthouse  
Epic  
Big Beat



# RECORDS



**Alric Forbes**  
*World Pride*  
I & I Pride\*Ductions

*World Pride* is a testament that Alric Forbes learned his lessons well while doing his homework and paying his dues. Very, very well! His years of association with Yabby You and the Prophets, the Gladiators, and the Defenders have paid off. Mature and confident vocals coupled with strictly principled lyrics describe *World Pride*, an album that is as conscious and rootsy as they come.

Six years in production and recorded at studios in Kingston and Seattle, *World Pride* features former Gladiators Clinton Fearon on bass and Clinton Rufus on lead guitar. Errol "Tarzan" Nelson supplies keyboards and the drums of Leroy "Horsemouth" Wallace can be heard on a couple of tracks. From the first cut "Peace on Earth" to the tenth "Leave Babylon and Come," this album is strongly reminiscent of a bygone era of reggae music: that era when sincere, heartfelt lyrics were expected and the word "slack" referred to loose ropes or some such. "Mr. Cop" tells the all too autobiographical story of a Jamaican dread having his first encounter with American police while a gentle niceness takes hold on "My Love" and "Do You Feel Love." The timelessness of the lyrics provides the substance of this album. Tunes such as "Look How Long," "Hungry Belly," and "Soft Answer" reflect what I once naively thought would be the sound of all Reggae, always. No dancehall. No hip-hop. No sampling or scratching. Just roots-roots-and-more-roots.

(I & I Pride\*Ductions, 319 Nickerson St., Suite 190, Seattle, WA 98109)

—Papa Pilgrim



**Imo**  
*Moon Gazing*  
Yah Way/High Times Records CD  
★★★★

Off stage and out of the recording studio Imo is a professional astrologer. My guess is that she also understand the mysteries of crystals, the benefits of body massages and the values of meditation. She seems to be the type of person that I fondly and respectfully refer to as a "Mystic Jammer." Thus it makes sense that she takes her name, pronounced "Eye—mo," from the seed syllable "Om" as seen in the name of Queen Omega and that her second album would be titled *Moon Gazing*. It also makes sense that Imo lists "Picky and Choosy," with it's lyrics "Just wait/Meditate," as one of her favorite cuts. She sings of love and lust, trust and mistrust; heartfelt and often hurtful truths; doing so with a feeling and intensity that suggests that each of her songs are openly autobiographical.

*Moon Gazing* is produced by Earl "Chinna" Smith and is instrumentally backed by Jamaican and American all star musicians with Judy Mowatt, Marcia Griffiths and Sharon Forrester providing back up vocals. Written lyrics are included with the attractively packaged liner notes. The notes also include a bounce back card that invites fans to send for "an illustrated book offering further insight to the songs ...." *Moon Gazing* (the book) is twenty-eight pages of lyrics, explanations, photographs and drawings that provide interesting and thoughtful dimensions to the album.

Standout track is "Margarita," a tale of the jealousy driven murder of Jamaica's first female reggae singer. It is a sad story that ended when her lover/murderer, Don Drummond, perhaps Jamaica's best trombonist ever, died in a mental hospital.

Taken as a whole package, *Moon Gazing*, the album and the book, are guaranteed award winners.  
[Yah Way Records, 220 Redwood Hwy., Box 46, Mill Valley, CA 94941]

—Papa Pilgrim

**Wendy Shaw**  
*Passing Through the Flames*  
Issachar Productions CD  
★★★★

The work of Wendy Shaw was first introduced to me in 1989 as "Conscious reggae music at its best" with the release of her debut album *Praise His Majesty*. If that statement was true for her first album then *Passing Through the Flames* is "better than best." Vocally strong and lyrically responsive with *real* musicians playing *real* music on *real* instruments *Passing Through the Flames* is upbeat, upful and refreshingly welcome. Wendy, a Los Angeles born, naturalized Jamaican, sings proudly and exuberantly of her love and commitment to Jah Rastafari as she is instrumentally backed by the Roots Radics and the horns of Dean, Nambo and Chico.



Subject matter and content are unvarying: "Listen to me people when I say King Selassie love will never die" (from "He's An African"). And, perhaps some small comfort to recent water-soaked hurricane survivors, "Believe it Or Not" reminds us that "as it was in the beginning, so it shall be in the end ... Jah Jah gonna come with fire, not goin' come with no water." Co-produced and arranged by Dwight Pinkney, *Passing Through the Flames* has no dancehall, no slackness, no hip-hop or house mixes and no "gun tings," just ten inspirational tracks showcasing both Wendy and her faith in H.I.M. Black Uhuru said it best: "What a joy to hear the utterance of a Rasta."  
(Issachar Productions, Los Angeles, CA 213-299-9881)

—Papa Pilgrim

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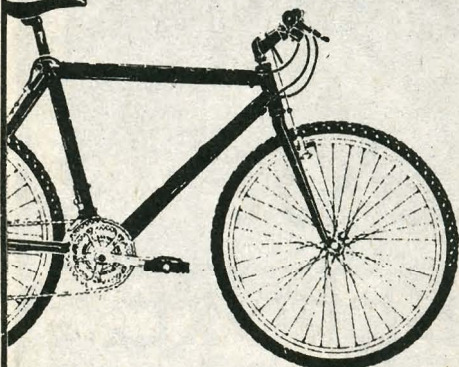
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# BAND PROFILE



## THE STRANGERS

Last month a good friend of mine called to tell me he was out on the road working with a band called THE STRANGERS and they were coming to town. Ever the hospitable host, I invited them to come on over to drink some fine Utah beer before the show with me and my honey. Their mothers would have been proud. They didn't spill, spit, break or steal anything. They said please and thank you and they were nice to my dog (sorry Paul, that scar will go away eventually). When they took the stage later night at the Dead Goat Saloon though, I realized that mama's boys they ain't. These guys play tight, loud rock and roll that won't let you sit down-harmonic rhythm and groove they like to call it.

The Strangers began with Allen Bush Ferguson Playing together after meeting at the University of Oregon. They, along with Chris McDowell, put out Dreams Of The Land: a well received, 10 song acoustic album in 1989. Without abandoning these roots, Bart and Allen moved to San Francisco and made a smooth transition from acoustic to electric after hooking up with bassist Henry Smith, drummer Ned F., and lead guitarist Paul Lesinski. Since then, they have been on tour for almost two and a half years (look out G N' R), Taking enough time out to record The Joker and The Wheel. A full length album -well, CD- featuring the bands three part harmonies, it contains at least one song from each band member - yes, they all write. The album is full of songs such as Willow, Song Of The Sunflower and Slow and Easy that have you pushing the rewind button over and over until your significant other threatens to kick you

out if you do it one more time.

During a recent interview with Bart during a set break at their April 10th show at the Dead Goat, I found out that: 1) They just returned from a successful Midwest tour, playing to very receptive crowds in towns like Minneapolis, Minnesota and Lawrence, Kansas. 2) Though they live in San Francisco, The Strangers are part of an incredible supportive Northwest scene made up of such bands as Little Women, The Renegade Saints, Jambay and Tough Mama—as well as sharing venues, they share beer, floor space, sad tales about tour vehicles (or lack of) and genuine friendship. 3) If Bart weren't on the road this summer, he'd be trying to catch shows with Pearl Jam, Yes, The Spin Doctors and The Allman Brothers Band.

I also talked to Paul for a minute, long enough to find out the band is putting out another disc of all original material in June—Something that they hope to shop around to different labels.

Although these guys have shared bills with Colonel Bruce and the A.R.U., Widespread Panic, The Radiators and Little Women, they'll be on their own when they come back the first week in May. Rumor has it that they are being considered as a headliner for Mayfest. Dates have yet to be announced but you can find out for yourself by writing to STRANGENEWS, The Official Chronicle Of The Strangers at P.O. Box 471060, San Francisco, CA, 94147-1060. This newsletter contains juicy band info as well as the occasional article about acid rain, but most importantly, it will tell you when The Strangers will be coming to where you are so you have no excuse to miss the next show. See you there.

**DEAD GOAT SALOON**

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**LIVE ROCKABILLY**

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TUE/AUG 17 • DEAD KATS

TUE/AUG 24 • WOODOO SWING

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# MISCELLANEOUS

## SCRAPES

■ "C'mon, Althea, this is for a friend of mine. He thinks you're impeccable."

She turned to her Grecian profile ceilingward and sniffed, "It's always for a friend, and he always thinks I'm impeccable." She hesitated, turned, frowned slightly, "By the way, what's impeccable?"

"You, darling. You're impeccable. Perfect, without flaw, the ultimate. And he wants it from you, from the Original Wonderful you."

She sighed. "Why can't you get it from a duplicate? There can't be that much difference."

Mickey grinned his 'as-close-to-lecherous-as-I-can-get' grin. "But, baby, it just ain't the same. This guy's a real man, sensitive to the subtle differences and he would know."

"If he's a real man why doesn't he want the real thing?"

"C'mon, baby, too threatening, you know that. Too many mind games. Besides, planned obsolescence wasn't built into your DNA code. You don't start to deteriorate after six months. You grow old the quote unquote "natural way." Middle age, nagging, the whole bad trip. Most guys just don't want it."

She turned beautiful, questioning eyes to him. "You think that's right?"

"Right or wrong, what difference does it make? If a guy's got the bread, he'll trade in a new model every year, whether it's transportation, telecomp, or mistress. That's just the way it is, baby. And the sooner you get some smarts and face your own reality map, the sooner you'll start to thank all the gods of coincidence for making you look the way you do and you'll start saving some monies so that you can afford those pretty young men

that make an old woman's life worth living."

"But Mickey, I'm raw. I can't take it anymore. Do you realize how I get the creeps when I think of how many men are making love to replicas of me at any one moment?"

"Dammit, Althea!" he exploded. "You should be happy! How many models have faded out after only two or three thousand sells? You're gold! Grab it while you can. There's no royalties in this market, you know."

She trembled. His voice softened. "One little scrape, three thousand in the bank. Do it for Mickey, will 'ya?"

She sighed and held out her arm. With one deft motion he had his cello scrape out and it was done.

"Thanks babe," he said. "You won't regret it. After all, Mickey wouldn't lead 'ya wrong, not with a 25 percent interest in this deal."

He blew her a fingertip kiss and flew out the door.

She looked down at the swelling where he had scraped her. Angry red flecks were beginning to ooze now. It really wasn't necessary, she told herself, they only needed a surface scraping. Why, in theory, only one cell...

A sound from the closet diverted her train of thought.

"Is he gone now?" asked the other.

She nodded yes.

"That creep! What a royal pain in the ass." She smiled with something like gratitude. "Best idea I've ever had, deciding to have some extras made up to take care of all the dirty work. You're the best yet, Althea 3, definitely the most convincing. It's a pity you can't stay around longer than six months, it really is.

Yes, thought Althea 3, a real pity.

—Debra Buckingham

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# DAILY MUSIC SCHEDULE

## THURSDAY THE 5TH

- The Fixtures-Bar & Grill
- Insatiable-Zephyr
- The Bird Dogs-Dead Goat
- Gamma Rays-Bourbon Street
- Scream Cheese-Delta Pub

## FRIDAY THE 6TH

### THE MUFFS W/ DIDGETS & SNAG

Don't miss MonoMedia produced THE MUFFS, DIDGETS and Salt Lake's SNAG when they play Spanky's Thursday the 6th at Spanky's Cinema Bar. If you missed them at the Zephyr a few months back or where too lazy to read the interview a while back, here's your chance to get caught up.

## THURSDAY THE 6TH

- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- Salsa Brava-Zephyr
- 3 Pigs-Dead Goat
- The Muffs w/ Didjits-Cinema Bar
- Tempo Timers-Bourbon Street
- Mind at Large w/Scabs on Strike-Delta Pub

## FRIDAY THE 7TH

- ★ Rock & Blues Festival-Liberty Park
- ★ Ska Splash '93-Murray Park
- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- Leo Kotte-Zephyr
- Armed & Dangerous-Dead Goat
- Tempo Timers-Bourbon Street
- Drool w/Psonic Prophet-Delta Pub

## SUNDAY THE 8TH

- House of Cards-Zephyr
- Goat Pickens-Dead Goat

## MONDAY THE 9TH

- Catherine Wheel-Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead Goat

## TUESDAY THE 10TH

- Dog House w/ Mind @ Large-Bar & Grill
- 1-800-Zephyr
- Del Motels w/Voodoo Swing-Dead Goat
- D.R.I. w/ Anger Overload & Suspension of Disbelief-Delta Pub

## WEDNESDAY THE 11TH

- ★ Danzig w/ Sacred Reich-Saltair
- ★ Shelter & 108 w/Lockjaw & Waterfront - Pioneer Hall
- Del Motels-Bar & Grill
- Native Souls-Zephyr
- Proud Mary-Dead Goat
- House of Cards-Bourbon Street

## THURSDAY THE 12TH

- Posies w/Love Battery-Bar & Grill
- Water - Zephyr
- Soul Biscuits - Dead Goat
- Tongue & Groove - Bourbon Street
- Lonliest Monster w/ Tomado Head - Delta Pub

## FRIDAY THE 13TH

- Dead Kats - Bar & Grill
- Kinsey Report - Zephyr
- Backwash - Dead Goat
- Tongue & Groove - Bourbon Street
- A.S.A. w/ Mind at Large - Delta Pub

## SATURDAY THE 14TH

- ★ Agent 86, Novagenus, Organized Confusion, N.S.C. & Wovoka - Timbee Hall Gymnasium (Idaho)
- One Eye - Bar & Grill
- Kinsey Report - Zephyr
- Backwash - Dead Goat
- The Obvious - Bourbon Street
- Indivision w/ Honest Engine - Delta Pub

## SUNDAY THE 15TH

- House of Cards - Zephyr
- Goat Pickens - Dead Goat

## MONDAY THE 16TH

- ★ Big Drill Car w/ Alloy, Inside Out & Iceburn - Club DV8
- Gil Scott Heron - Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Review - Dead Goat

## TUESDAY THE 17TH

- The Franks - Bar & Grill
- Dead Kats - Zephyr
- Dead Kats - Dead Goat (This Oughta be interesting)

## WEDNESDAY THE 18TH

- Paw w/ Raging Slab - Bar & Grill
- Orchesta Pachanga - Zephyr
- Doghedz - Dead Goat
- Monster Magnet - C.C.'s
- Rooster - Bourbon Street

## THURSDAY THE 19TH

- Bay of Pigs w/ Joey Doncha Need 2 Bucks - Bar & Grill
- Chris Duarte - Zephyr
- The Franks - Dead Goat
- House of Cards - Bourbon Street
- VooDoo Swing - Burts Tiki Lounge
- Darma Combat - Delta Pub



## MONSTER MAGNET

August 18th at C.C.'c

4242 So. State

\$8 adv. \$10 door

Doors 7:30pm

## FRIDAY THE 20TH

- Gamma Rays - Bar & Grill
- Too Slim & the Tail Dragers-Zephyr
- The Obvious-Dead Goat
- Cosmic Freeway-Bourbon Street
- Max-Say-Shun-Delta Pub

## SATURDAY THE 21

- ★ Phish-Saltair
- ★ River Bed Jed w/ Phorhead-Pioneer Hall
- Gamma Rays-Bar & Grill
- Too Slim & the Tail Dragers-Zephyr
- I-Roots-Dead Goat
- Cosmic Freeway-Bourbon Street
- Max-Say-Shun-Delta Pub

## SUNDAY THE 22ND

- Rude Mood-Zephyr
- Goat Pickens-Dead Goat

## MONDAY THE 23RD

- ★ Supersuckers w/Putters & Face to Face-Club DV8
- Rood Mood-Zephyr
- Blue Devils Blues Review-Dead Goat



# CONTINUED

## TUESDAY THE 24

- The Change-Bar & Grill
- Little Ed-Zephyr
- Voodoo Swing-Dead Goat

## WEDNESDAY THE 25TH

- Dead Kats-Bar & Grill
- Voodoo Swing-Zephyr
- It's Been Said-Dead Goat
- Midnight Lamp-Bourbon Street

## THURSDAY THE 26TH

- One Eyew/ Dig-Bar & Grill
- G.T. Noah & The Cardiff Reefers-Zephyr
- Voodoo Swing - Burts Tiki Lounge

- A Band & His Dog-Dead Goat
- Irie Heights-Bourbon Street
- Birdman w/Brimstone-Delta Pub

## FRIDAY THE 27

- Disco Rippers-Bar & Grill
- Buckwheat Zydeco-Zephyr
- Gamma Rays-Dead Goat
- Rooster-Bourbon Street
- Three Pigs-Delta Pub

## SATURDAY THE 28TH

- Sabbathon '93-Bar & Grill
- Buckwheat Zydeco-Zephyr
- Rooster-Dead Goat

- House of Cards-Bourbon Street
- Urge Overkill w/Insatiable-Delta Pub

## SUNDAY THE 29TH

- ★ Sabbathon '93-Bar & Grill
- Insatiable-Zephyr
- Goat Pickens-Dead Goat

## MONDAY THE 30TH

- Guitar Gallery Anniversary w/Dead Cats, Bay of Pigs, Joey Doncha Need 2 Bucks-Bar & Grill
- Johnny Nitro-Dead Goat

## TUESDAY THE 31ST

- Honest Engine-Bar & Grill
- Dead Kats-Zephyr
- Voodoo Swing-Dead Goat

★

Sorry if we didn't get your event or Club Calendar into this months Calendar. Due to circumstances beyond our control we couldn't get Spanky's give them a call and find out what's happening there 359-1200

• If you want an event in the calendar send it to:

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# SHORT STORY

## AN AVERAGE MAN AND A ROUND MAN

by r. bradford yates

(for Glenn Parker)

1958-1983

*—What can be more absurd than to persist in carrying a burden of which we wish to be eased? To detest and yet we strive to preserve our existence? In a word, to caress the serpent that devours us and hug him close to our bosoms until he has gnawed into our hearts?*

—Voltaire

THE DOOR was opened slightly allowing some light that was in the hallway to spill into the room.

In the hallway stood a short round man who wore a hat, a beard and a pair of glasses on his nose-shivering.

"Ahhh," Stated this round man upon recognition of the fellow within. "At last this round man upon recognition of the fellow within.

"Oh yes, please do sir. You must be frozen to the bone." The one who spoke this was not of such majestic stature, simply average in height as he was in weight. He wore a clean shaven face.

The door was opened wider to allow the round man entrance. In doing so, he removed his hat shaking some snow from its woolly self to the carpeted floor, upon his crossing the threshold, the door was closed and bolted.

The inner room, being fairly dark did not afford the round man the luxury of clear vision. For this reason he stood silent for a moment squeezing eyes closed then open, allowing them to adjust themselves for the rarefied light emanating from a small lamp which stood on a desk at the far end of the room.

Other than the lamp and desk mentioned, the room-being quite small-contained simply two chairs which faced one another, a small round table which stood on legs being S-shaped and situated between the chairs. On the desk next to the lamp was a typewriter, several books and a bottle of whiskey.

"It has been a while since I've seen you," stated the round man. "I was beginning to believe that you'd gone out for a pack of cigarettes." He smiled and timidly glanced around the apartment again.

"Please take off your coat and warm yourself. The heat here is paid you see. And they do keep it plenty warm." The round man obliged. "Yes, yes, have a seat." continued the average man.

"Perhaps you would like a drink?"

"Yes, a drink would be nice."

"I have whiskey."

"Fine. A drink of whiskey would be fine indeed. On a night such as this."

The average man then collected the bottle and two glasses. Placing them on the small round table, he proceeded to fill the glasses with the contents of the bottle.

The round man took a sip and placing the glass then on the table-removed his round spectacles, breathed on them and rubbed the lenses on his handkerchief. "Everyone thinks that you've left town." He stated replacing the glasses on his nose. "Have you been here all his time?"

"Yes."

"I have seen your stories in various publications. I knew then that you were still amongst the living."

"I've been here. I rarely go out you see. Only to fetch food...or whisky." He drank. "After dark usually. It's terrifying...Any how. How did you discover where I was at?"

"Oh, you see, I was on a bus, passing by, and I saw you entering this building. At the time I couldn't stop. I, tonight however made the time and discovered your name on the letter box. I trust that you don't mind the intrusion?"

"No, no. You're quite welcome. I've seen no one in months. That is to say. I've seen no one I would care to see. But you sir are an old friend."

"Why have you taken to hiding yourself away?"

"Hide myself away?" Stated the average man with an air of astonishment. "My dear sir. I never would put it in such a fashion. Hide

myself away. It sounds so sinister when put as such. As if I were a felon or the like. No, no. I assure you it's nothing as romantic as that. On the contrary, it's quite mundane. I've simply been busy."

"Well." Said the round man. "It has been a while. Nearly a year. And all along you've been right here? I thought, perhaps you'd left the country."

"No. I've long ago lost the urge to travel, realizing that no matter where one might reside, everything remains just as pointless." Pausing here, he finishes the whisky in his glass then proceeds to refill it. "People everywhere are just as disgusting...just as immoral as the next place. Trapped in the endless pursuit of material wealth. Stuff, if you will. Stalking one another like beasts. Lunging and snapping pearly white teeth at one another. Endless platitudes. Treachery and lies. My good fellow, you would do yourself a great service to 'hide yourself away' as it were. You are no longer a young man and you can see as well as I what occurs out there." Throughout his discourse the average man had risen and-with glass in hand-walked to the window. Now he stood silent, watching the snow swirl and drift about the street. There was a long silence. "Their original innocence..."

This statement was then broken by the sound of shouting from the apartment next door. The ruckus grew. The sound of glass breaking and a shrill voice of a woman screaming then sobbing, screaming then sobbing, screaming then crash!

The average man turned then from the window to face the round man. He held the glass of whisky with both hands. The round man then saw a small smile spread across the face of the other. The clean shaven face.

"Does this occur often?" Asked the round man.

"Always." Began the other. "You see sir." Releasing the glass from the grasp of his left hand and retaining it in his right hand he points to the wall with the former, index finger extended and shaking ambiguously in the air. "They are in love."

At this the round man began laughing. He laughed loud and without restraint. His round face growing red and tears squeezing from the corners of his eyes. He

continued laughing and soon found that he had to remove his glasses as they were to fogged up to see through.

As his laughter subsided, so did the quarrel next door. The round man rubbed his eyes with his handkerchief, took an enormous gulp of air and chased it with the remainder of his whisky. Then setting the glass on the table quite heavily announced. "My friend, my friend. I swear that you will be the death of me. But I do however, see your point. I'm sure that they've been married for a good ten years. And fighting as such for nine and three quarters."

"Twenty-three years as I understand it."

"Oh yes. Twenty-three. Even lovelier. What a special treat this has been sir. I venture out on such an ungodly night and find refuge and warmth. And might I add, good whisky. And in the domain of such a lovely gentleman. Such a rare treat it is indeed." He wipes his glasses and again replaces them on his nose. "But my friend, I'm afraid that I have also come bearing bad news. Come sir sit down. You should be seated while I tell you this." His voice quieted while the average man resumed his seat. "My friend." Continued the bearded one. "I'm afraid that the news pertains to your brother...How can I put this?"

"What is it?" Questioned the average man in the wake of the pause left by the former.

"Yes..." He wiped some sweat from his brow with the handkerchief. "Your brother...I know of no other way to say it then to quote Voltaire. That is to say...I have observed a prodigious number of people who held their existence in abhorrence, and yet I never knew more than twelve who voluntarily put an end to their misery."

There followed a long silence. The round man looked at the average man who looked at the round man.

"Yes." The average man said finally. "I know the quote. And to place it as eloquently as Franciose Marie." He then raised the bottle and filled his glass. Looking again to the round man he added. "Will you be having another then sir?"

The round man held his glass out to the average man who proceeded to fill it.

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