

SLUG

SEPTEMBER
1993
ISSUE #57

FREE



Daughters Of The Nile

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of events**

**dear dickheads • records • concerts • movies
signs of the apocalypse • queers in uniforms**

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SLUG

SEPTEMBER 1993
ISSUE #57

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear DICKHEADS,

This is for any of you that are attempting to construct some sort of an alternative band. I find myself compelled to warn you that there's a problem with this task in Salt Lake. For 2 years I've searched in vain for musicians that are serious about forming a band, musicians other than myself, and those already taken, that aren't bassists. (no offense to those of whom are) but everyone I meet in Salt Lake has this disillusion that playing the bass guitar is some short cut to stardom or something. Simplicity! No body plays anything but bass. It's impossible to attempt throwing together any sort of talented musicians when there's such a large bassist population and nearly nothing else. Are all guitarists and drummers, etc. extinct?

It's quite a waste that talented people keep writing music and throwing it out because they're short a drummer or something...but NEVER a bassist! I guess, if ever indeed I was able to get a band together, I could maybe decide which bassist looks the best with my hairstyle and try out all the good ones around (following in the footsteps of local bands that take advantage of the astounding amount and enjoy the concept of disposable bassists, such as MAYBERRY has)...

If you're thinking about taking up an instrument to join a band or something-don't make it the bass! It's a hopeless task!

-MR. STICKY

P.S. Go back to playing your 4 string now! Thanks!

Dear DICKHEADS, SLUG, or whoever you are this year:

I wanted to vent about something in music that really sucks. The other day I was at a really cool show with three bands including one from Salt Lake that is doing really well, but deserves to be doing better. Yes, they are not on a "major" label (but is that why they are cool?).

Anyway, I digress. Standing outside after the show, a girl was passing out stickers and flyers to a show and somebody took one and said, "Looks like they're on a major label, guess I won't go to the show."

Unfortunately I seem to be hearing too many comments like that lately. I wonder if most people think that all bands on "major" labels make millions of dollars and therefore people who truly dig cool music are allowed to hate them? I wonder if they would go

to see the bands they saw that night if the band(s) ever decided to join the "dark side", and do things like tour on Lollapalooza?

Speaking of Lollapalooza, some people remember members of Rage Against the Machine from back when they were "indies." A lot of people still think they are cool, but let's face it, they are a major label, corporate festival-playing band. Mr. Sticker might deny that he likes them, maybe because they are "major," and then I guess he knows something that I don't know about music. I listened to Rage and thought they were great. I could say the same thing about a lot of bands that I hear whether they are local or indie or (shudder) major. Maybe it doesn't matter that any new band on any new label necessarily make money. Some major label bands are just as hard pressed as minor bands because they have more money to make back for what the record label paid to create and promote their music. But the advantage is that more people find out about a cool thing. And if a band makes a million dollars, so what? I wonder if they are so popular that they don't deserve to be liked? I wonder if it doesn't matter that some "major" bands spend their money doing things like helping free prisoners of conscience like Leonard Peltier or are trying to fight censorship so that people like Mr. Sticker can buy music they

like to listen to?
But this letter isn't about Rage Against the Machine or any major or minor label band for that matter. This letter is about all the people (you know who you are) who are so busy trying to figure out what's trendy so that they know what NOT to do instead of doing things because they appreciate them. Because, like it or not, everyone who is reading this letter is following a trend by reading this magazine, so matter how underground you think it is. So just give up and be yourself, okay?
signed;

Mary Poppin
(practically perfect in every way)

Dear SLUG,

Okay, so, I live in Pittsburgh and recently spent some time in Utah w/ friends and relatives. My cousin took me to check out a lot of really killer bands while I was there and I was really impressed by your "local scene" or whatever and the Salt Lake bands. They're great.

Then she (my cousin) gave me a few issues of SLUG to read on my way home. It's great! In your May issue (and others) you mentioned getting cool "underground" and independent music from and by ordering it.

So my question is-How can I? Too order or whatever vinyl or find out about their distributors? (in Utah or Pennsylvania) and/or compilation CD's by SLUG, Salt Flat or Flatline or whatever. Ya know? Hope you can help me.

I look forward to returning to Utah later in the year and for sure will pick up SLUG to catch more Salt Lake bands.

Cole Lewis

T.L. Miller Presents CONVERSATIONS FEATURING DEB AND TODD

AS THE MIDWEST SUFFERS FROM THE LARGEST FLOOD IN RECORDED HISTORY, A CONCERNED AL GORE IS QUOTED AS SAYING, "THAT IS SO SAD." THUNDER STORMS SHUT DOWN A WATER SYSTEM SERVING 250,000 IOWA RESIDENTS IN THE DES MOINES AREA 45,000 PEOPLE ARE LEFT WITHOUT POWER AS RECORD STORMS CONTINUE TO DEVASTATE THE MIDWEST - A MASSIVE OUTBREAK OF DISEASE IS BEING FORECAST BECAUSE OF CONTAMINATED WATER. - MEANWHILE 24 MORE DIE DUE TO THE RECORD BREAKING HEAT IN THE EAST...
U.S. ARMY COMBAT TROOPS ARRIVE IN MACEDONIA TO JOIN U.N. PEACE-KEEPING FORCES - V.P. AL GORE STATES THAT ANOTHER AIR STRIKE AGAINST IRAQ IS BEING CONSIDERED AND IN A FURTHER COMMENT HE SAYS, "SADDAM SHOULD UNDERSTAND VERY CLEARLY THAT HE CANNOT TRIFLE WITH THE WORLD COMMUNITY - IN OTHER NEWS IN SOMALIA..."



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MISCELLANEOUS

APOCALYPSE NOW-ISH Seven random signs of THE END

1. Rockabilly craze sweeps Utah. Something had to stomp that grunge thing-this does it with size 12 bowling shoes. All the grease and none of the danger, 'Billy night at the Bay is coming soon! These new bands of SLHC (Salt Lake Hep Cat) burn rubber and produce serious moisture, but do we really want to see back-to-school rockabilly fashion in the Sunday Mervyn's pullout?

2. Murray metal monopoly. Corona's Rot'n R quietly downshifts to C&W (just because country music is hot doesn't make it right), leaving Rafters as the sole Poser Palace of the valley. Big hair and big spandex asses wiggle to big KBER hits through big amps in the big time loop of 1983: The Land That Time Forgot. And while I wouldn't call them DIM, clinical tests show that the average female Rafters bait can only count to 22 in a cold room.

3. Prodigal of Smiles SLUG cover. First off, this is no dis-I love this band. They're true musical monsters that live on the edge (of Severe Liver Damage Canyon). But putting them with in ten miles of the word "professional" brings to mind #152 of the 312 Decomposers reviews that were printed in the last year-the one that extolled the D'comps "flawless musicianship" (!). Besides, after that time lead love god Jeff whipped out his Lizard King on stage, P.O.S. will always mean Pulling out Stubby to me.

4. No Primus in '93 (no, Lollapaloo\$a does NOT count). Before Pork Soda, Les, Ler & Herb spent more time in Salt Lake making wierd, gurgling noises than Ezra Taft Benson. Ever leen Les Claypool and Randal Carlisle in the same room? Think about it. By the way, if you can seriously draw a staight line from 2112 to Frizzle Fry, you did too much liquid Rush in high school.

5. Radio terrorism parallels. First at Hot 94.9 (mood for drive-bys), ex-KJQ Radio From Hell jockey Kerry Jackson defies all convention and does morning drive sans Whacky

Sidekick! And he's funnier than any 2 pinheads (listening Dom & Bill?). Unfortunately, the music makes me want to chug a 40 of St. Ides and dust someone for his light-up sneakers. Meanwhile at Jackson's old freq, 92.7, author/evangelist/psycho4Christ Bob Larson rages against satanists, gays, wood, abortion, drugs, gangs, Crosby, Stills, Nash and that most insidious of all anti-christian cults-Mormons. Hey, if Bob can shut down useless fucks like Slayer and King Diamond, I'll be a \$1000 hero and mail the damn check FedEx! Hey, Doesn't "pro-abortion, pro-pot, pro-gay Clinton crowd" sound like a great bumpersticker for '96?

6. KSL to run new Letterman show. This in itself is weird enough. one less helping of the insufferable/eternal MASH daily? Wait for Don Gale's biting commentary.

The Psychic Friends Hotline fortells one of the following to be the Seventh Seal buster:

A. Iceburn performs thier new one-song, 10-cd box set "Tales of Topographical Melvins" in it's entirety with a special 12-hour show at Spanky's. The sheer heaviness of it all creates a gravitational pull strong enough to attract a meteor that obliterates Spanky's and the adjacent parking lot. Many mourn the loss of convenient downtown parking.

B. The allegedly defunct Boxcar Kids launch the "Will Reunite For Food" tour nationwide. They soon cross paths with Madonna's "Popefucker" tour at a truckstop in Barstow. Impressed by their fashion sense, the Queen Ho herself signs the BKs to her Maverick/Warner Bros. label. Within a week, all the other major labels dredge Salt Lake for the next Big Buzz. In a mad rush to become Scene Martyr, every lead singer in town OD's, thus rendering the subsequent Warehouse of The Dog tribute an instrumental album.

C. SLUG-TV hits the airwaves in the old Rock Utah slot. Fade in: Burt's Tikki Lounge. A seated man smoking a pipe is surrounded by bare-breasted bimbolds and FreeWheeler Pizza boxes. "Good evening, I'm your host, J.R. Tonight, we'll feature an acoustic performance from Anger Overload, a special report on the happening Logan scene, and later I'll be getting my colon tattooed..."

-Helen Woolf

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UNMITIGATED RAMBLING

Queers in Uniform

Gays in the military. That's been the buzz word for the day in the vicious little tail-biting political circles being mad on the Hill. AmeriKKKa stands for so many hypocrisies yet so many of us refuse to see them or confront them, or believe them. We'd rather believe the mind-numbing pabulum that they feed us, served up, ready to easily digest on our cold television platters. One so hypocritical myth is the U.S. military.

The Armed Forces are supposed to be a representative embodiment of all Americans, protecting our interests, our beliefs and our way of life in countries flung far and wide across the big board. Yet the military is unjustly, unwarranted, paranoid, scared stiff (get it?) at the thought of any gays in their ranks. They're so self-righteously scared that God-honest Rear Admirals will put their face on national TV, look all of white AmeriKKKa in the eye and tell them that he doesn't think that there should be any homos in the Armed Services, because his men are so shallow and socially retarded that they think some boy-toy is gonna' come aboard his boat and start hitting on all the guys, dressed up like that funny Arab guy, Klinger on M.A.S.H., and doing whacky things like wearing bikini tops made from his uniform shirt while on deck and watching Operation Petticoat re-runs that his mother taped for him, back at home in San Francisco.

And this Goddamned limp-dick weinio-politico decision of our grand and illustrious leader to pass through the ruling of "don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" is the most outrageously veiled piece of ultra right-wing conservative heterosexual paranoia since McCarthy began hunting spooks. Gays are still technically banned from the military, yet if "they" wish to enroll in and join up with the military, they can. Just as long as they don't admit their homo-sexual desires aloud, and keep them to them-

selves. The ruling says that gays are still not-allowed, straights only, and if you are gay, and you openly admit you are gay, or you act gay, or you dance in gay bars, you will be dismissed from the military. The so called "honorable compromise" finally put forward after months of wallowing and whining by President Clinton stresses that on the one hand, the queer hunts which used to take place within the military (and elsewhere) are now technically illegal within the logistical, judicial military framework, even though within the last ten years the military has spent almost \$500 million dollars rooting and booting out gays from the services. By the way, that cool \$500 mil was our money. Yours and my tax dollars hard at work to spy on people, to lure them in a sham of a military trial which always led to the same thing: Bye, bye fagboy! Then, on the other hand, worded in ever-so-careful-right-wing, ultra-conservative, heterosexual paranoid nomenclature, the amendment to the ban states that, technically, even if you admit that you are gay, you're guilty and can be thrown out, where as before, if you admit that you were gay, you were definitely going to be thrown out. Wow, I bet gays all across this great nation of ours can hold their heads up with dignity and honor when they enroll into our great and proud military machine, failing mention their sexual preference and desires, never talking about their love life, having to make clandestine meeting arrangements in the dark of night, in places far removed from where they lead their "normal, ordinary" Clark Kentian lives.

Hey, if gays want the key to the executive bathroom that is the military, let 'em. Why not? Hell, if I were some uptight, scared military commander, I'd give the queers a whole division of their own, call it The Big Pink One Eye and send them in on all the dangerous missions, especially any ones that require them to dress up for "undercover" reasons. Shit, they'd be naturals at it!

-Christopher M. Salisbury

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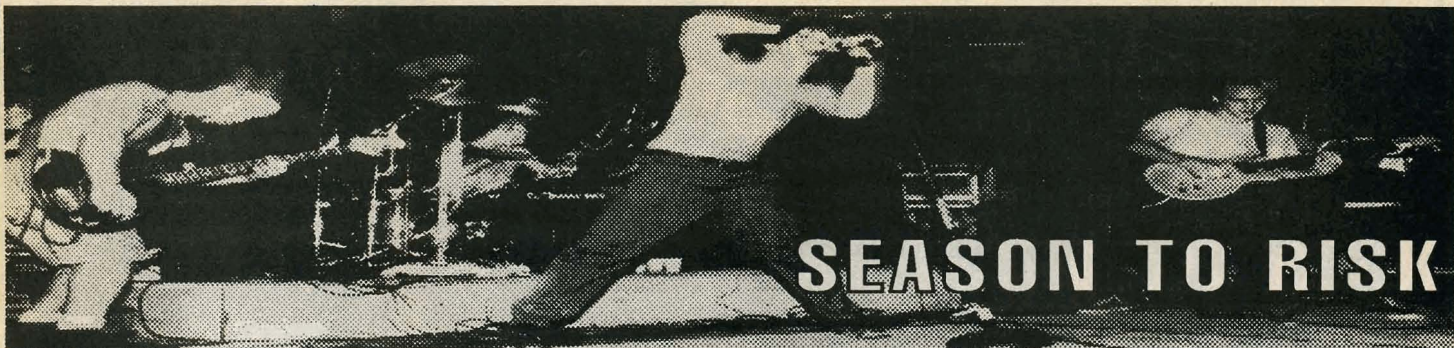
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SEASON TO RISK

What an opportunity I was given to spend a few minutes with Kansas City Mo. Season to Risk. This being their third time in Salt Lake City in the past year and a half. I felt it was high time somebody let the word out. This band grabs you by the privates and doesn't let up. With influences ranging from "Bad Brains, Sonic Youth, to Voivod and Willie Nelson," says Steve Tulipana (the bands singer), "The music comes from a joint effort and the lyrics come from what we take in around us. Almost as if in a stream of unconsciousness." Season to

Risk has a down home, hard driving punkrock style. Believe me these guys are a slap in the face. Duane Trower (guitar), Paul Malinowski (bass) and Chad Sabin (drums), make up the other 3/4 of Season to Risk. Chad has only been with the band 8 months, (he was formerly with the Labido Boys) but he fits like he's been with the band for the full 5 years. "The band was originally formed for the purpose of touring," says Steve, "but we lucked out." Now with a 7" and a full length release, the band has only had 2 months off from touring in the

past year. I guess they've done what they set out to do. Their newest release, which is self-titled, is great. It was recorded over a year ago and released in June, with 11 songs, one being a Neil Young cover, so you can't go wrong. Steve has an interesting style on this CD. He sings and talks through a CB mic. It sounds tough as hell. The CD starts out with the hella sounds of Mine Eyes, and doesn't let up through out the whole effort. Check out the CD reviews if you don't have trust myword. As for their live show, go see them in October. They'll

be back for a fourth time. Salt Lake rates in the top four places to play for this band. As for feelings within the band. All is good. "We've all pretty much lived with one another, says Duane. So we know when to back off or jackoff." The hardest part for Season to Risk has been learning how to deal with and trust the new people that they are involved with. So if you want to know more about these guys, buy the CD and buy them a beer in October. It'll be worth it.

—RDB

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14 THE FRANKS	15 DEAD CATS	16 GRASP INFINITY	17 THE CHANGE <small>HONEST ENGINE</small>	18 THE CHANGE <small>THE HINGE</small>
21 MIND @ LARGE	22 KILLER CLOWNS ABSTRAK	23 PRODIGAL OF SMILES W/ BAY OF PIGS	24 VOODOO <small>DEAD CATS</small>	25 SWING <small>THE SCOFFED</small>
28 RED HOUSE PAINTERS	29 ONE EYE W/ HONEST ENGINE	30 HEAD SHAKE W/ RIVER BED JED	1 GAMMA RAYS	2 GAMMA RAYS

On The Cover

DAUGHTERS
OF THE
NILE
**TRY
THEIR
WINE**



GENESIS 6.4

"The Nephilim were on the earth in those days, and also afterward, when the sons of God came in to the daughters of men, and they bore children to them. These were the mighty men that were of old, the men of renown."

Daughters of the Nile could be described as "...a fine wine, fresh bread, sharp cheese, and a rose on a coffin table." They personify a questionably dark, but angelic mystique that reveals itself through their music and performance. Composing music is their passion and is as intoxicating to them as Mr. Carlo Rossi! This dual inebriation is apparent in their dramatic stage presence. Deron's vocals, in conjunction with his sexually mixed and rather warped frenzy provoke a strange and hypnotic teasing with the audience, as Kyle and Lars accentuate this effect with an almost eerie ever-changing melody. Danno's intense percussion completes the audio fornication of their live performance. A direct description/classification of their music is hard to put a finger on. "Our music ranges from a completely classically acoustic acid taking, apple picking feel, to a hard, forced, and violent music to kill by sound. I guess it's a trademark of ours, or so we've been told."

We spent an evening doing a taped interview with the members of Daughters of the Nile amongst a plethora of drunken harlequins moving

about the romantically candle lit rooms. Consumed in the awe-stricken display of self-important gravestones, murals, and other oddities, we asked them to elaborate on their individual contributions to the band. "Position of instrumentation is not important. It's a 25% each thing that equals 100%. Actually, we should round it off to 25 1/2%. It's a totally solid unit, and without one person, it's not a whole band." D.O.T.N. expressed to us that this is often overlooked by their general arena-critic or non-critic.

In the past, D.O.T.N. has been noted as sounding edgy and seemingly incomplete, but as we discussed member changes, years of experience, and their continual frustration with their music: "We stumbled upon each other and everything started falling in place. Our music became more polished as we had a mutual understanding of what we didn't want."

We continued our conversation, sometimes distracted by the 'house-wrecking' guests, slowly slipping into the mind-boggling madness commonly associated with D.O.T.N. "I like noise!" pro-

claims one of the heathens in the room. Changing the conversation and prying into their private, sexual, philosophical, and more personal political views, we found ourselves bombarded, if not attacked, with an array of confusion underlying premeditated or natural streams of remarks: "Kyle's the bass player!", "We're women in drag!", "Charity's the head roadie!", "We're all fag baby killers!", "Emily and Melinda are the Ghastly Habits!", "Wanna female vampire transsexuals!- Leaving us nowhere while individual conversations then began and our interview came to a close.

We assume their reality is somewhat a mystery to everyone. Their preferences (musical, philosophical, private, and sexual) are theirs, or possibly, they're yours! After all, it's just a drunken illusion- or is it? Cheers!

Daughters of the Nile tapes are available at J.R. Boss, Raunch, The Heavy Metal Shop, Trash, Graywhale II, Modified, and Crandall Audio. For information regarding upcoming shows, please call (801) 595-0235.

ANOTHER PERCEPTION

by Eric

Their mystique, persona is loveable, charismatic, and evasive. Success, fame, and backing are their goals. Their music is dark, romantic, and moving. They get into their songs feeling their melody full force, but when it comes to fame and fortune, they pull back, hoping to keep their lifestyle undercover.

In love they are with life, wines, and guests- hoping to be appreciated as the band they are- the band they hope to become. Souls on wings wanting to stay close to home, but they can't help wondering- can't help peaking at what lies before them.

You watch them, see them- want to move with them. The recession begins- music plays

See Daughters Of The Nile Live October 2nd @ Kingsbury Hall

Cover Photo:
Jeff Carusio
Inside Photo:
Robert DeBarry

GAIA: NAME OF MOTHER EARTH



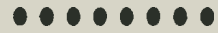
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RECORD REVIEWS

Bliss

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With a name like Bliss, I expected another of those 4AD/Cocteau Twins dreamland bands. Bliss is from Canada, not England, the album was recorded and engineered by Steve Albini and he was the perfect choice.

Albini does some of his best work when he is producing a band he can understand. He should have an understanding of this band since they sound like they are from Chicago, not Montreal. Big Black was Albini's band, Jesus Lizard and Tar took their influences from Big Black and from the sound of Bliss, they do too. The surprise is, they aren't recording for Touch and Go.

The heavy, sometimes funk inspired bass, is present. The guitar is at times distorted, other times minimalist, and most of the time relies on feedback to get the point across. Combined with the white noise guitar is vocalist Dave Bryant who is another of those paint peelers when he's inspired to really howl. What would a noise band be without a power drummer? Colin Burnett provides the rolls, fills and thumping.

I can't make much sense of the lyrics, there is a certain lack of coherence to the printed words. "Masturbaster" has a dead monkey and a tongue sliding down the wrong spine; "Vision" begins with sex on a table and ends with regret for not kissing a father before his head was shot out and "Catalina Au Revoir has the sun not shining out of an ass, later chainsaw penises are cutting down all the trees.

Whatever the thoughts that went into the lyrics, this is one of those albums I always hope for — pure loud rhythmic noise. Parts of this album sounds like some of Nirvana's noisiest stuff, maybe Albini worked on this before the new Nirvana and he tried to make Nirvana more Blissful.

—Wa

Rosetta Stone

Adrenaline

Cleopatra Records

The Last Dance

Angel

The Last Dance

Maybe Cleopatra and the Last Dance are aware that even during Salt Lake City's long hot summers, with the sun burning skin to various shades of brown and darker brown, white-faced individuals dressed in black are easily

can keep that pearly complexion and continue to wear a full wardrobe of black when the temperature approaches 90° is way beyond me.

One of the latest from the Cleopatra label is Rosetta Stone with their new album "Adrenaline." Draw the shades, crank the air conditioner up to maximum, turn out the lights and find the black or blood-red candles, this is dark, chilling music.

What better opening for a goth album is there than a song titled "Shadow." Mix a snippet of this hard rhythm at the next rave. "Adrenaline" reached the indie top ten in England, but "The Witch" is the better song. The scratchy violin opening and breaks kick. Call it a cliché, but this album has samples of the Lords Prayer combined with a priest reciting an exorcism.

Porl King is the singer/guitarist and he has the voice, Peter Murphy hasn't touched this in years. Porl Young is on the second guitar, Karl North plays bass, and Madame Razor provides that scratchy violin along with drumming and piano. If you need a "goth" fix this summer find the Cleopatra albums Usherhouse, The Whip and Rosetta Stone.

As far as I can tell The Last Dance and their cassette "Angel" was released by the band. To contact them write to The Last Dance Box 9685, Fountain Valley, CA 92728-9685 or call 714-775-4438.

The cassette came with a lyric sheet and a price list, this cassette is \$5.00 including shipping and handling, their previous cassette, "Everyone" is also \$5.00, a sticker is \$1.00 and a band photo is \$2.00

The vocalist for The Last Dance doesn't have the deep resonance of Porl King. He does a credible job with what he has. He is aching and in despair, depressed and lonely he longs for some joy in "Again To Heaven" and "Crown of Thorns." The first has the tempo, the second is a slow painful ballad.

"Country" is an anti-war song, finally with "Angel" love is found, "Falling" describes actually falling in love with "Angel," Jesus died for "Tami" and The Last Dance has seen man's downfall in "Crashing Down." Overall it isn't a bad job for a self-release, it's dark and ethereal and filled with angst, although, it's light on dance tracks and the slower stuff tends to drag. The tape is well worth the five bucks for goth hounds.

—Wa

Super Heroines

Love and Pain

Cleopatra



In goth circles this band is a legend. They released two albums and broke up. "Love and Pain" is their "lost" third album. It was recorded in 1985 but until now never released. Along with the "lost" material are two tracks from the Super Heroines earliest days and three live tracks.

The line-up when this album was recorded consisted of Eva O, vocals and guitar, Jill Emery, vocals and bass and Diane or Cathy Flanga on the drums. Eva O is now a member of Shadow Project with Christian Death vocalist Rozz Williams. Jill Emery, who briefly was a member of Hole is also currently a member of Shadow Project.

The album could be taken as a blatant attempt to capitalize on the current popularity of the all-girl "riot girl" bands, it is an all girl band and one member played with Courtney herself, but let the music stand on its own.

True to their collectability as a goth band, elements of goth are present in the music. The album refuses to fit firmly in the gothic category. For one thing the playing and production are far too raw to satisfy the night dancers. Far more fitting would be a roomful of sweaty shirtless jocks slamming into each other with the sound of crunching bones.

The six songs recorded for the original Love and Pain album are marginally more accessible than the thoroughly crude early and live material. The press release and liner note references to L7, Babes In Toyland, Huggy Bear and 7 Year Bitch are well deserved. The militant feminist viewpoint is not as fully developed. "Children Of The Light" and "Remembering Love" have the goth themes of light, darkness and pain. "Remembering Love" would please a hard core headbanger with Diane's thundering drums and Eva O's heavy metal riffing.

the songs most fitting of a goth tag with their heavy rhythms and echoed vocals from Eva. "Generations Of Hypocrites" is a pure pounding, shrieking heavy metal song with its topic the rebellious youth who grow up to emulate their parents. And then there is "Warning," an Aynsley Dunbar composition from 1970 that predates the current infatuation with a combination of punk and '70s metal.

The first six songs are good, the last six are the draw. They are a combination of pop-flavored punk rock, "Tears Of A Star," dark, minimalist goth, "Black Wedding," and pure thrash, "Black And Blue." "Black and Blue" has the abused woman as its subject. "Horses On Fire," "Wed The Dead," and "Death On Elevator" are the live material and they end the album with a touch of regret. Regret that this band is no longer together to rock our world live.

By Wa

SEASON TO RISK

Columbia

Killer fuckin metal, Season to Risk could possibly be the next Soundgarden.

This self-titled album is chucked full of goodies. "Mine eyes," the first song is a heavy guitar laden mess. The shit flies from his mouth. I can't say if there is one point to the song that is better than any other, as is true with the rest of the album. Of course there is a slow song. "Don't Cry" is the "dare I say Eddie Vedder show off your voice song." I hate that. "Biter" is my favorite song, it was released earlier on Red Decibel, as a 7". It's worth looking for, besides the cover, a self portrait by John Wayne Gacey, and has a killer B side.

Season to Risk is an album for both the suburban house wife, and the low down punk. Ask for it at all fine record stores.

—Chopper

RITUAL
"Lo-Tech"

The machine age meets Heavy Metal on this 6-song debut cassette from Ritual. After various personnel changes and musical forays, Ritual has emerged into a two-man, techno-industrial assault the likes of MINISTRY, KMFDM and NINE INCH NAILS. Using basic sequenced rhythms and noise, the music is then overlaid with crunchy metal guitars, giving it a drive and an energy that only a guitar can. Vocals are raunchy and affected, coming through the music like fingernails dragging across a chalkboard.

This is an excellent first offering for all you Industrial-heads out there. And watch for Ritual live. Seeing is believing!

—D.J.Evil

THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS
Shadow Weaver CD
Malachi (Shadow Weaver Pt.2) CD
Play It Again Sam Records

"At any street corner the feeling of absurdity can strike any man in the face."—Albert Camus

The ever-prolific Edward Ka-Spel and Legendary Pink Dots have covered a vast amount of artistic territory over the last 13 years. The 2 recent "Shadow Weaver" releases stand out as possibly their most creative and philisophical works since 1985's "Asylum." With this project, the LPD's spin out a beautiful soundtrack to the absurdity and repetition of everyday life.

Each disc starts out with an introspective piece questioning the existence of some higher being or meaning. From there, subsequent subject matter ranges from ontological and epistemological concerns to guilt, boredom, love, the ubiquitous presence of narcotic cable television, and "Rover leaving sweet surprises in the place that we never clean." Where other groups rant and revel with mordant cynicism, Ka-Spel's lyrics evidence humor, compassion, and optimism.

Musically, the LDP's are as electric as ever. Conventional song structures degenerate into a uniquely disordered order. All manner of horns, guitars, percussion, strings, and other noises float in and out of the very surreal mix. (Worth noting here is the fact that Seven Stapleton's fingers are in the LDP's pie again for the first time since his editing work on Asylum.)

So, with the LPD's we have our own psychedelic/industrial/avant-garde philosophers exploring the many questions of life with a refreshing absence of some of the didacticism of other

groups genre. Get a hold of these discs and hear the LPD's at their creative best.

Edward Ka-Spel in 1987: "The idea in the interconnection is to destroy the concept of time--to shift backwards and forwards. To create this other world like a huge tapestry..."

—Doug

GENITOTURERS
120 Days of Genitorture
Shock Therapy/L.R.S.

Damn, it sure seems like all live bands have names that start with "G." First, the almighty GWAR, then the equally cartoonlike Green Jello, and now...and now... the Genitorturers...

Yeah, all those wild stories are true. This band makes even S.A.D.O. seems tasteful and restrained in comparison. Genitorturer's live show comes in three flavors: All ages shows, which contains relatively little perversion; Adults only show, with full ritual torture, including the rack, genital piercing, and audience participation is always encouraged; and who wouldn't jump at the chance to be stretched on the rack, or have an appendage pierced, in front of an enthusiastic audience? The mind boggles...

Vocalist/front person/Resident Piercer Gen sez "...What we do is real—we're not actors wearing costumes...the ritual aspect remains the most important thing for us." And since she "moonlights" as a medical student, she presumably knows what she's doing...

As for the music, well, it's fairly standard thrash metal, with just a hint of funk rhythm and some psychedelic coloring. On the harder songs Gen snarls like a dominant Wendy Williams, while the slower, more sinister cuts have her murmuring a submissive Patti Smith tone. Suitably deviant samples add flavor, and a decided shortage of indulgent solos keep the tunes short and... well, not sweet, but short anyway. Anthemic forces are sporadic, as in the excellent "Velvet Dreams" with its refrain, "I put the needle in you/I like you on your BACK/Dig your fingers in me/I like you on your BACK!" It should be ridiculous, but for some reason it isn't.

So...S&M theme, thrash metal music with funk undertones and psychedelic overtones, delivered with enough conviction to make the unlikely mixture oddly compelling...give this one a try, and get in touch with your Darker Self. Maybe you too will find "Pleasure In Restrain"...

—the sub/human

Sorry, if we didn't get your record reviews in this time. We will try again next month's issue.

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CONCERT REVIEWS



Anger Overload

Photo: Robert DeBerry

—Chopper

D.R.I. ANGER OVERLOAD SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF

August 10-Delta Pub

If you are 21 and over and in the mood for something with velocity, then the Delta Pub was the place to be for D.R.I., ANGER OVERLOAD and SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF.

SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF started the show with a tight set of heavy, melodic post-hardcore; The sound for which Salt Lake is famous. If that's your thing, they did mention that they have a release out.

Next up was Utah's finest, ANGER OVERLOAD, who dedicated their performance to the late G.G. Allin, then played one of their finest sets to date (even if they didn't get naked). Punk as fuck in your-face hardcore a la POISON IDEA. Fucking right on. Get their new tape.

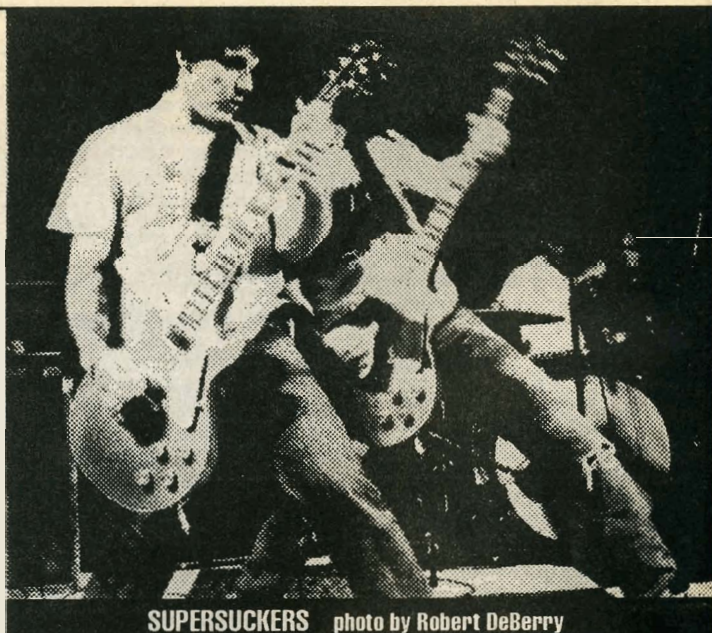
It was well past midnight when San Francisco-via-Texas' D.R.I. hit the stage, opening with "I Don't Need Society" from their premier DIRTY ROTTEN LP, a record released 10 years ago. D.R.I. was happy to indulge the crowd with several killer selections from their early years of manic thrash, complimented by cuts from their later, more metal influenced (but still original) Crossover and Definition. It is certainly reassuring to see that even after a decade, D.R.I. can still go at it with such energy and integrity.

All in all, a worthwhile evening. By the way, a nod of recognition goes to Zay (of Speedway fame) for busting his ass to pull this show off with such short notice. Thumbs up.

—Blaine Hopkins

ANGER OVERLOAD PUTTERS SUPERSUCKERS August-CLUB DV8

Salt Lakes finest ANGER OVERLOAD always show the



SUPERSUCKERS photo by Robert DeBerry

crowd a good time. Speed stepping their way through Abba covers and overall mayhem.

PUTTERS rocked, John Deere Style reved up rock-n-roll. Don't laugh but the guitarist looks like Screech from "Saved by the Bell." And he made the weirdest faces.

Ladies and Gentlemen, SUPERSUCKERS came, they rocked, and now they're gone. All I can say is from the first song to the last, I never stopped my toe tapping. The second song Hot Rod Ralley, was a Hot Rod rip to hell at 1000 miles per hour.

Nothing slowed these fellas from rocking the house down. There were tons of new songs from a new album soon to be released.

They were ass holes, they were fucking-nuts, they were fuckin' rad to watch. It's all rock-n-roll attitude. So fuck off.

—Chopper

SKABS ON STRIKE BUCK PETS SEASON TO RISK

August 24-Delta Pub

Another show at Delta's Pub that had a meager showing, but some of the best bands to play. All for only five bucks. (I suppose the hip, cool, DJ's at X96 could have had the right ad on the air) well, anyway they fucked up and a lot of people missed out on one hell of a show. Starting off the night was Salt Lakes

SKABS ON STRIKE. Talk about a story book. These guys are so tripped out you can't help but love them. A good mix in speed is what you get and changes that fit so perfect. Excellent, I hope to see something new from these guys. Next up was the BUCK PETS, (on Restless Records). I'm not sure where the hail from but let me tell you these guys have style. With an avid type stage presence and a speeded up, harder than Afgahn Wigs sound, Season To Risk puts together one hell of a band. The fact that there was only an average of 25 people didn't slow these guys down. They kept me happy. Definitely a good opener for what was to come.

SEASON TO RISK. What a band. Loud, confusing, fast, hard, intense punk. I wish that their set could have been longer, but since there was only an estimated 25 people due to X96 fuckups, I see why a short set is necessary. O' well, it'll make me want to see them again in October. And you better check them out too, live they are great. Besides they are nice guys.

COMING NEXT MONTH:
New Mormon Update
Return Of Stimboy
Riverbed Jed

THE MUFFS DIDGITS - SNAG August 8 - Spanky's

The best live show I've seen in a long time rolled through Salt Lake August 6th.

The first band was pretty damn cool. These Sensitive New Age Guys have some cool tunes. SNAG can probably be described as a Lonely Moans kinda band, heavily influenced by a lot of noisy stuff from the Cows to Buddy Holly and the Crickets.

The Didgits didn't sound too enthused to be in Salt Lake, oh well, this being the first chance I'd had to see'm I was fucking stoked. But, they didn't seem to play long enough.

Thank you Jesus for sending The Muffs back through Salt Lake and not at the Zephyr. I didn't think they would play my favorite Muffs song but fuckin'a, it was the first song. "Brand New Chevy" was the beginning of an eternal bonier. The good music never stopped. Of course, they played "Lucky Guy" and "Big Mouth."

If you didn't go, I'd say you must be crazy or under age, if you went and didn't boogie your britches off, I'll have to label your ass as a loser.

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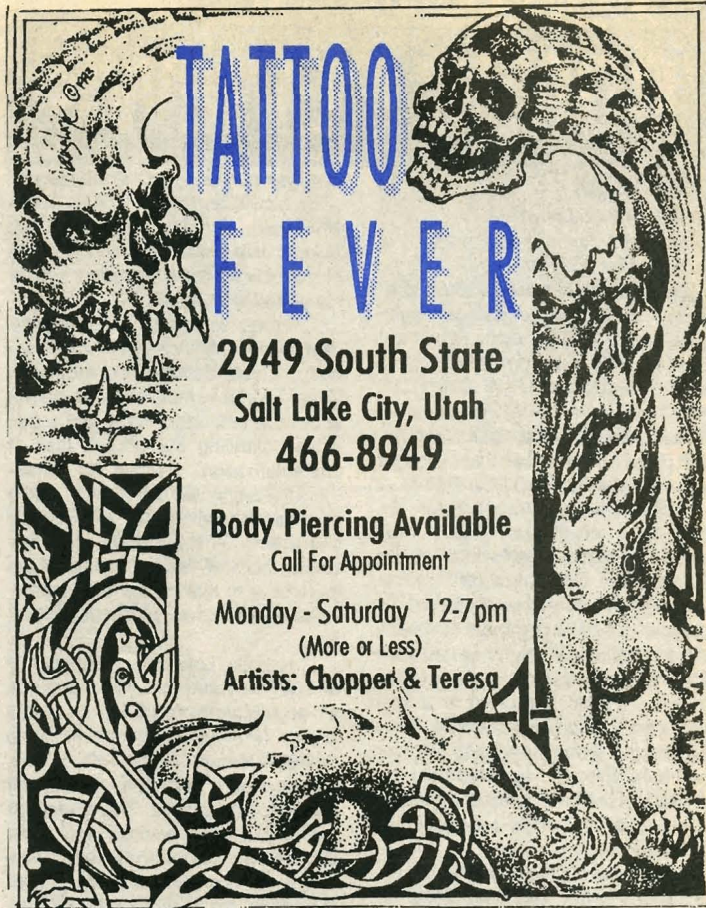
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COMIC REVIEWS

RAGGEDYMAN

Written by T.M. Lowe

Illustrated by Anthony Jon Hicks

Published by Cult Press

Although the science fiction subgenre of cyberpunk is enjoying a wealth of popularity in paperbacks, it has enjoyed very little exposure among comic book material. LAZARUS CHURCHYARD and Marvel's SPIDER-MAN 2099 (!) being notable exceptions. Happily, Cult Press has remedied that oversight with the delightful RAGGEDYMAN.

Set in the somewhat distant future, these imaginative 6-issue miniseries features the dreadlocked Rainger Salazar (the title character); a resourceful private detective. Salazar is recruited into some corporate nastiness due to the threat of blackmail and soon finds himself in over his head as he tries to find out what happened to a field operative. Said field operative, Kate McClelland (unbeknownst to Salazar and his employer) departed from the physical plane after stealing a bio-mechanical being and a subsequential double-cross.

As issue number 5 opens, Gaura, Salazar's wife, has run afoul of Watanabe Kensuke, a cyborg agent

who was pursuing McClelland. Meanwhile, McClelland's lover (and Salazar's employee), Karl Mannheim (sort of), Salazar visits an old friend, and a Yakuza corporation, Metsuka, wonders what has happened to its agent...

Sound confusing? Perhaps my description is, but the story, while intricate, is very detailed and intriguing. Writer T.M. Lowe manages to pack in an enormous amount of detail and action while balancing the difficult task of characterization. Despite the numerous interconnected plot threads, Lowe creates very vivid and sympathetic characters. With materials as off-the-wall as this, well-fleshed characters are imperative to making the storyline believable, and Lowe succeeds admirably.

Happily, Lowe is ably abetted by artist Anthony Jon Hicks, whose graphics are equally professional. Lowe's style is similar (without being derivative) to British illustrator Bryan Talbot (who, coincidentally, provides spectacular covers for the series). The renderings are detailed and smooth, and Hicks draws human beings and fantastic technology with consummate skill. Hicks' characters are all distinctive and origi-

nal, and the well-rendered scenes move the story along at a lightning pace.

If all this sounds like ranting by your humble critic...well, maybe I am ranting. It's just nice to find original, highly creative material in a medium that is lapsing into derivation and stagnation. If more material like RAGGEDYMAN is being created elsewhere, though, there may be hope for the industry yet. (B&W, \$2.50) Grade: B+
—Scott Vice

STARCHILD

Written & Illustrated by James A. Owen
Published by Tallesin Press

Thanks to the inspiration of Dave Sim's CEREBUS, self-published, continuing comic book, series are becoming more common. And, taking another tip from Sim, these efforts have generally been pretty good.

The latest addition to that group is James A. Owen's STARCHILD, an ambitious 100-issue series detailing the mysterious history of the Higgins family.

Issue 3 is the latest effort and features an occasionally confusing narrative in which the reader is tantalized by a mysterious figure and his brother, the latter oppressing the former for the possession of "the mantle." From there, the story moves to an inn where youthful Anders Higgins and his friend Siegfried stumble in from a storm. They are entreated by the tavern owner and a young storyteller named Neil (a heavy handed and largely useless ode to over-rated SANDMAN scribe Neil Gaiman) before meeting with Anders' uncle Matthew and discovering that Anders' cloak is missing. But there's more to the cloak than meets the eye...

Creator Owen has bet himself upon an ambitious course with STARCHILD. Unfortunately, with only three issues under his belt, it's hard to see just whether Owen will succeed. The story through three issues has scarcely advanced. But Owen is building a foundation upon which to move forward.

Owen does have a flair for the unusual and has imbued the storyline with energy and mystery. With a tangled thread of story, Owen succeeds in intriguing the reader. What's more, his dialogue and narration are impressive and dramatic. The growth evidenced in three issues is very promising.

Similarly, Owen blends storybook type illustrations with classical format comic book drawing to great effect. Owen's art has also grown remarkably in a short span, with cartoony exaggeration blending with very exquisite line drawing.

After three issues, it's hard to really evaluate STARCHILD. While creator Owen shows impressive skill, not enough of the story has been revealed to allow an accurate assessment of the tale. But for now, STARCHILD looks...promising. (B&W, \$2.50) Grade: B
—Scott Vice

KANE

Written & Illustrated by Paul Grist

Published by Dancing Elephant Press

Those who have followed British comic books for any period of time have doubtless come across the work of cartoonist Paul Grist. Grist has generally been "relegated" to the role of illustrator for the likes of Eddie Campbell and Grant Morrison. Happily, that has been remedied by the arrival of KANE.

The debut issue introduces us to a hostage situation. Into this mess strides Kane, a stoic police detective. In a darkened church, ex-heir Henry Armstrong holds his infant brother at gunpoint while Kane tries to talk him down. This simple situation also serves to reveal Kane's past problems, as the police surround the church, threatening to storm the place.

It seems Kane is out of favor with his compatriots, due to a past incident in which he killed his crooked ex-partner. Kane has been brought back conditionally, but is distrusted by the other police. In fact, Kane has wandered into the situation with an unloaded gun due to their treachery...

Grist makes due with a smattering of dialogue and it serves the story well. The largely silent tale draws strongly and Grist artistic ability to tell the story and Grist excels. His drawings are largely chiaroscuro, with dominant white and black spaces. Shadows fall over Kane's brooding countenance, evincing imagery from westerns. What dialogue there is is extremely natural. While the hostage crisis may be a tad stereotypical, the spin put on it by Grist's talent makes it novel. Honestly, Grist's mastery of lines and solid black make him one of the most unrecognized (undeservedly) artists working.

Sadly, KANE is an import comic and was only found in one local comics shop, so Grist's exposure isn't as expansive as it might be. Still, it is this critic's recommendation that those interested peruse their local comics merchant to order KANE (and other quality material). This is the kind of stuff that makes comic book reading worthwhile. (B&W, 1 pound-80pee) Grade: A
—Scott Vice

Additional Reading:

As always, the new issues of BONE, CAGES, CEREBUS, and HATE are delightful. In addition, Ed Brubaker's LOWLIFE returns with issue #3 (the best yet) and Eddie Campbell fans should take heart in Fantagraphics' IN THE DAYS OF THE AGE ROCK 'N' ROLL CLUB (a collection of older Campbell stories) and a ten-part "Eyeball Kid" story which recently began running in DARK HORSE PRESENTS.



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SABBATHON 93



House Of Cards photo: Robert Deberry

Since I usually wind up doing Sabbathon by myself, I am glad to see it behind me. However, this year due to the support and help of so many people, it was a breeze. I could never thank everybody personally because it would take a full page to list all the names. But, I am so grateful to all the people who made this year's event a smashing success.

If you didn't make it this year you are a lazy missin'-out mutha fucka and you missed out. One of the bands scheduled couldn't play so that made it nineteen in all. Saturday night was the 21 and older crowd. The night started out slow but by the time House of Cards went on at midnight it was standing room only and the band brought the place down.

The first few bands played for each other but the sets were great and all the bands played very well. The turn out on Saturday night was better than last year which was nice because its great to look around the room and see all those people working together for a good cause.

Since the Aids Foundation didn't make it on Saturday, I hoped for them on Sunday. Never happened. So our killer idea of making it both an aids awareness and benefit was half successful cause we raised a lot of money. However, the Aids Foundation fell through on their part of the team. Maybe next year. I did get a nice letter of apology and some flowers which was nice, but the opportunity to

reach a lot of people passed right by.

Sunday sort of turned out to be hell because almost every band showed up late. Some bands only played 10 minute sets. By the time Decomposers made their reunion set (probably their last) the place was alive. The day as a whole was great with 12 good bands all playing their best. A lot of people came out and several stayed all day to see all 12 bands. If you missed this one your bummin' and you ought to get off your ass next year and see the show.



Red #5 Photo: Robert DeBerry

One thing of interest was a quote from the Aids Foundation in the article in the Tribune which said "You don't expect underground punks to be civic-minded." Hmmm ... I won't even bother to comment since we were there and they weren't. See you next year for #7.

—JR Ruppel

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- Don Porter, Ogden Standard Examiner

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SEPTEMBER 10-16

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SEPTEMBER 17-23

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MOVIE REVIEWS

Saviour of the Soul

Lately, Hong Kong cinema has been attracting a growing legion of enthusiastic fans and it's not hard to see why. The vast majority of them are pure escapist entertainment: fast paced action adventures, slapstick comedies, martial arts mayhem and supernatural thrillers. In the average Hong Kong film, both the heroes and the villains are almost super-human. They can often jump thirty feet in the air, hit whatever they aim at (no matter what the projectile) with deadly accuracy, survive any number of deadly explosions and are experts at all known forms of martial arts. Logic takes a back seat to special effects, which propel the films at a speed that leaves the viewer breathless.

Gone are the days of cheaply (and dreadfully) made kung fu soap operas, replete with choppy editing and horrible dubbing. The new Hong Kong films are big budget roller coaster rides whose sole purpose is to entertain.

Saviour of the Soul (playing at the Tower Theater September 6th 10) is, perhaps, the epitome of the Hong Kong entertainment film. Although it's the first science fiction film I've heard of from HK, it takes just about every genre popular in their current cinema and mixes them into an outrageous no-holds-barred action ride that never takes itself seriously. Assassins, martial artists, high tech weaponry, supernatural cults, slapstick comedy, true romance...you name it, it's all here.

The film takes place in an unspecified futuristic setting. Yo May-Chun is a female assassin, as beautiful as she is deadly. By blinding another assassin, Eagle, and saving a princess, she incurs the wrath of that assassin's protege, Fox. In their first encounter, she blinds Fox in one eye and es-

caping, giving him even more motivation for revenge.

May-Chun lives with two male assassins, Koo and Chin, who both secretly hope to marry her. Although she prefers the flamboyant Chin to the stuffy Koo, Chin can't quite make himself propose. This leaves the triangle at a stalemate. May-Chun is warned by her sister that her cat and mouse game with Fox will most probably get both men killed and her prophesy holds true when Koo meets with an extremely violent demise. May-Chun quickly feigns a disinterest in Chin and disappears for his own protection.

Chin's efforts to get May-Chun back are the core of the story. He dodges knives, swords and reverse kicks. He takes on the Pet Lady and her female entourage, a holy cult with supernatural powers. He takes on Fox, who has by this time become addicted to a drug known as Terrible Angel. The drug allows him to pass through people, altering their body temperatures and eventually making them his slaves. Like a knight on a quest, Chin lets nothing stand in his way.

Saviour of the Soul is the live action equivalent of a comic book, obviously drawing heavily on Japanese manga and animation. It has self-guiding knife grenades, bullets that suck all the oxygen out of the air and exploding gas mains. At times, the lead characters even seem able to fly. Logic, of course, is not allowed to get in the way of a good story.

Saviour of the Soul also boasts some of the most spectacular cinematography and set designs seen in some time. Every shot is a work of art and effectively draws you into the film's surreal, off-kilter world.

If you're a die hard fan of the new Hong Kong cinema, you'll love this film. And if you're not, you will be after seeing it.

—Joe Video

MEDIA MAN!!!

AN INTIMATE RENDEZVOUS WITH BAMBI

We need a universal, 24-hours-a-day, seven-days-a-week, no-weapons-barred deer hunt throughout the West until every deer is a rug, a hat rack, or Coyote Chow.

The hunt would be open to any man, woman or child who would use any weapon from spitballs to tactical nuclear devices to kill deer. We're talking total War here. The goal is extinction.

This bloodlust isn't motivated by prejudice against critters with too many legs. If Walt Disney had ever hit a deer while driving, he never would have made Bambi.

Deer are out to kill me. Last weekend, I was driving from here to there (details aren't important. Deer are everywhere.) when a big buck dashed across the road in front of me. I hit the brakes, nearly blacking out from the negative G-force. I hit the deer.

The deer was crunched. Ditto the car.

The deer limped off on its front legs because the back ones weren't working so well, and it didn't stop to trade license numbers.

If I'd had a hunting license, I'd chased it down and strapped it on my fender and take it home-if I had a fender.

Weep me no tears for Bambi-I could have been killed.

It's not like I drive an M-1 tank. I drive a 1988 Chevy Sprint. With a three-chipmunk engine, it gets good mileage, but it's made of paper, snot and good will. It's no good in a collision with any animal larger than a poodle.

Luckily, I saw the deer in time to slow down enough to hit it with my bumper and hood rather than my teeth.

And it's not like I drove off the road looking for trouble. It was the deer's idea that the grass was greener on the other side of the road-right now. They also like to stand in the middle of the road. What are they doing? Eating pebbles?

And it's not like it's the first bumper-to-hipbone encounter with a

hitchhiking woodland creature. This was my fifth dill. I'm an ace.

The first was an antelope, which is dumber than a deer. Then I hit two deer (on two different occasions). Then I hit a cow.

Come to think of it, cows are dumber than antelope. Luckily the cow I hit was already dead and therefore lying down. If it wasn't, I wouldn't have had the invigorating experience of going airborne in my car, or the ability to talk about it later.

Factory warranty on the car I had then was good for only four animal owies so I traded it for the Sprint.

When I took the Sprint to the body shop for a damage estimate for the insurance people, I had to take a number and wait behind two deer collisions and a moose hit.

That's when I decided to get a moose next. I also came up on with Final Solution Hunt.

I made some notes:

-Game managers could make money by licensing cars as hunting weapons. More deer are killed by Chevys than Smith and Wessons.

-Car dealers could sell optional cow-catchers for small cars bought by non-hunters.

-Insurance companies could sell deer collision insurance at roadside vending machines like they sell insurance at airports.

-Insurance companies could give

prizes for the biggest deer killed by the smallest vehicle, including Motorcycles. After all, the fewer deer, the fewer accident claims they'll have to pay.

-Maybe genetic engineers could create a new deer species with glow-in-the-dark rumps. (hunter orange?) The problem is that when you hit the deer, you'd get the glowy stuff on your car and hunters would shoot your car.

-Creating rabbit-sized deer won't do. There are enough rabbits to hit already.

-Creating deer smart enough to stay off the road is beyond modern science.

-More deer are hit at night than during the day. Are they attracted to headlights? Maybe fewer deer would be hit at night if people drove without headlights. Why has nobody tested this theory?

Deer free by '93 may be a tad ambitious but as more people experience heart-stopping bumper-on-venton thumps, support for the idea will grow.

Personally, I won't wait for official sanction. I have a spot on my wall reserved for a trophy bull moose, my headlights don't work, I'm leaving my glasses at home, and I'm going cruising tonight.

-MEDIA MAN!!!

COSMIC AEROPLANE

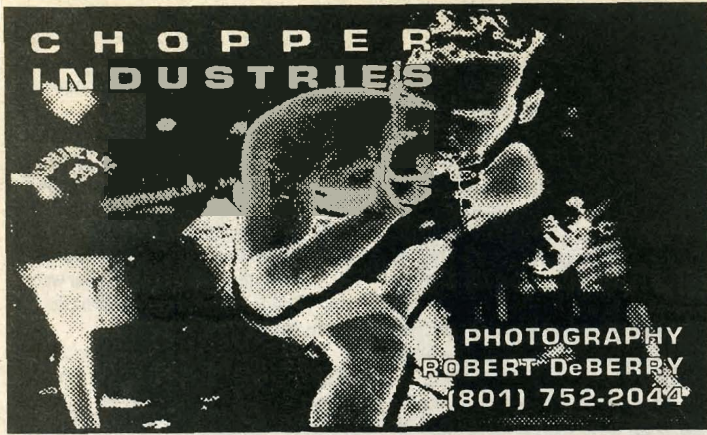
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SHORT STORY

GODS IN THE MAKING

She has, for quite some time now, disagreed with species chauvinism. It is as ridiculous a notion to her as Manifest Destiny. Both beliefs have wrought havoc in the world. The only thing that seemed (to her) to separate human beings from all other beings was differing levels of thought processes.

Looking around her at the remains of the planet we seem bent on destroying, the only obvious differences in human thought processes seemed to be their unnaturalness and insanity. We are an insane species, she thinks, unique only in our unquenchable thirst and apparent relish for cataloging information and, like pack-rats of the mind, not knowing what little tidbit of knowledge may someday come in handy, we pigeonhole every so-called fact, meaningful or not.

The problem is, she reasons, that we do not yet have an understanding of just what is meaningful in life. This pigeonholing makes us feel busy and secure and we labor on the hope that, when all the holes are filled and no slot stands empty, we will have found THE ANSWER and will have justified our existence. It is an illusion, for behind every pigeonhole is a tiny trap door which opens up on a whole new galaxy of darkness.

We are not equipped to find the answers to the mysteries of life. Indeed, we are ignorant of even the right way to pose the questions. This is the folly of conventional science. We have become compulsive in our fact-find-

ing, like schizophrenics lining up matchsticks side-by-side as opposed to end-to-end to see how many it would take, one way and then the other, to gird the earth.

We seek anomalies and then, finding them, are dedicated to the proposition that they cannot remain anomalies and must fit into our picture of the universe. We are insecure and so the inexplicable is always the ominous. Thus springs the darker side of our natures in being; the occult is born and we create gods to bear the brunt of our horrible inability to comprehend.

She follows no prescribed set of beliefs. What she accepts as reality is that which she finds currently feasible. She has been on many 'side paths' and has discovered a disturbing truth. And it is this-ALL BELIEFS ARE VALID-even when they contradict each other. Society has not equipped her to understand and comprehend this and it is this knowing which has made her an anomaly. She no longer fits into the sane and rational picture of the universe that most accept.

She has been told on more than one occasion to "straighten out her thinking." But what if she can no longer accomplish linear thinking? What if there are permanent multi-dimensional scars upon the gray matter of her brain? Deep thinking tends to make one different from one's peers. Does this mean that she is ahead of her time or outside of it? Can she come to conventional reality-and does she want to?

-Debra Buckingham

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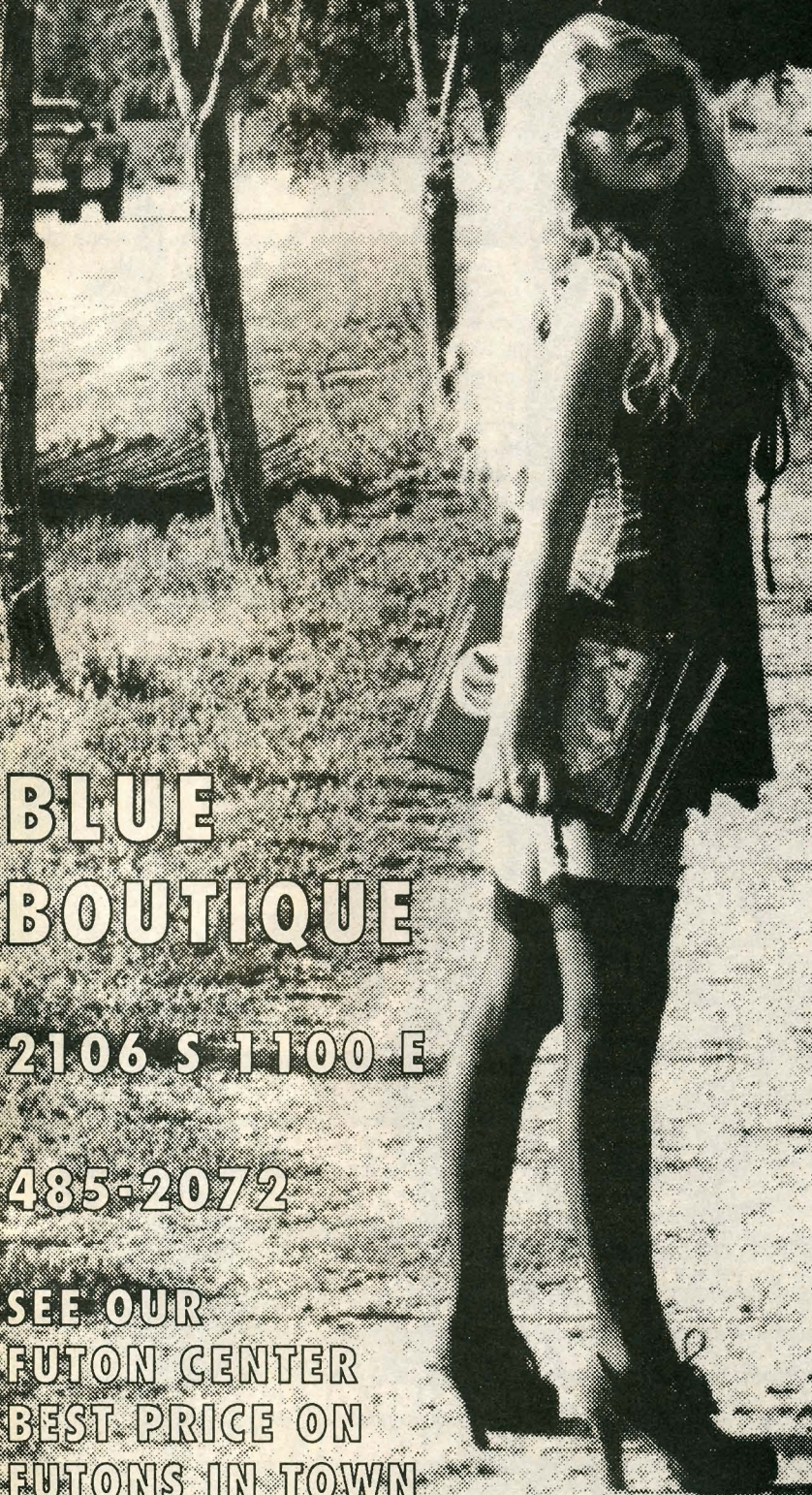
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MISCELLANEOUS

CANNIBALISTIC TRAITS AND VAMPIRISM



Although, strictly speaking, the word "cannibalism" refers to the eating of human flesh, in psychiatric practice a person with cannibalistic tendencies is one who enjoys biting the love partner for sexual excitement and manifests strong oral sadistic impulses.

An attractive young girl was referred for psychotherapy by a gastro-intestinal specialist. For several years this patient habitually chewed and ate toothpicks, pencils, and hair. She developed a gastritis for which she sought medical relief. When she admitted the eating of hair, her physician decided it lay outside his sphere and that she needed psychiatric treatment.

After several sessions she described her deep love for her roommate. She has been living with her in a lesbian relationship for several years. Her life history revealed an Electra complex (a strong attachment to her father) and an identification with an older brother. She had been a tomboy as a child and throughout her life displayed a masculine type of aggressiveness. Whenever she was in a fight with a boy, she would bite him on the arm and face. Following her first experience at cunnilingus she developed the habit of eating hair. The hair-swallowing represents a desire to devour the genitals of her sexual partner. She had had sex relations with a young man but discontinued because on one occasion while performing fellatio she feared she might bite his penis (desire to castrate him-oral sadism); eating toothpicks and pencils represents the desire to devour the penis (phallic symbolism).

She also discovered that she became sexually excited by biting her roommate on the neck and shoulders during mutual masturbation. She liked to bite and suck the flesh until she was able to produce a red spot on her partners

body (ecchymosis). On one occasion her girl friend cut herself while opening a can of vegetables. She went over and sucked the blood from the bleeding finger, telling her friend that her saliva was antiseptic and would heal the wound. The evidence tends to support the existence of sexual excitement associated with this peculiar deviation known as "vampirism" (blood sucking). She reports that she felt a sensation in her vagina as she tasted the blood of her friend's finger, but did not admit this to her roommate.

She identifies herself with her sexual partner and wished that she had her beautiful face, hair, and body. Often she would bite the nipples of her partner's breasts until the latter winced with pain (oral sadism). Her sexual desires consisted of biting during love-making, cunnilingus (active role) and occasional tribadism (active role).

The same cannibalistic theme is met in statements by mothers when, in addressing a child the exclaim "Oh, I love you so much- I could eat you." Psychoanalysts explain this phenomenon as residual of the breast-sucking period of development- a desire on the part of the infant to eat the mother's nipple. It also remains an expression of the child's ambivalence toward the mother which accounts for the child's behavior when it pulls it's mother's hair or takes delight in hurting its mother in some way. Both cannibalistic traits and vampirism may be classified as forms of oral sadism in contrast to other forms of sadism (urethral and anal).

THE PREVAILING WIND

It's windy nights like this that make me wonder: The wind comes in directly off the ocean, unyielding and unimpaired. It blows toward the east, and it seems to take all the noise with it.

And I imagine all of the noise being carried away, traveling, forever outward, on the solar winds of space.

This thought calms me, for a moment. The notion that all our noise could someday disappear.

Eventually, though, The oppressive silence and wind manage to frighten me.

Perhaps, I am feeling a bit more insecure than usual. Or maybe it is loneliness lurking outside my door. Whatever it is it makes me feel small.

Miniscule. The prevailing wind shoves against the house, threatens to take it far away.

And I wonder, what is to become of me? How have I gotten to where I am at?

I wonder is anyone saving me a seat in heaven?

-Rick Westover



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Monday, October 11th

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DAILY CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

Wednesday the 8th

Del Motels & Broken Hearts - Bar & Grill

Electric Mudd - *Dead Goat*
House Of Cards - *The Zephyr*
Fatal Cause, Mind Rape & The Boge - *Delta's Pub*

Thursday the 9th

Del Motels - *Burts Tiki Lounge*
Electric Mudd - *Dead Goat*
Silkworm & Birdman - *Bar & Grill*

Marc Cohn - *The Zephyr*
Dead Cats - *Spankys*
Snag & Head Shake - *Delta's Pub*

Friday the 10th

Monkey Meet - *The Zephyr*
John Bayley - *Bar & Grill*
Mr. Jones and the Previous & For What It's Worth - *Dead Goat*

Lake Show - *Echo Lake*
Riverbed Jed - *Delta's Pub*

Saturday the 11th

Mr. Jones and the Previous & For What It's Worth - *Dead Goat*

John Bayley - *Bar & Grill*
Monkey Meet - *The Zephyr*
★ Lake Show - *Echo Lake*
The Hard-ons w/N.S.C. & Anger Overload - *Delta's Pub*

Sunday the 12th

Goat Pickin's - *Dead Goat*
I-Roots - *The Zephyr*

Monday the 13th

Darma Combat - *The Zephyr*
Blue Devils Blues Review featuring Junior Watson - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday the 14th

The Franks - *Bar & Grill*
Stone Pony - *Dead Goat*
Rooster Band - *The Zephyr*

Wednesday the 15th

Insatiable - *The Zephyr*
Dead Cats - *Bar & Grill*

The Strangers - *Dead Goat*
★ Rain Like The Sound of Trains w/Spoken Word by Erika Reinstein, Season of the Spring, The Meices & Hazel - *Club DV8*
Podigal of Smiles w/Abstrak - *Delta's Pub*

Thursday the 16th

The Strangers - *Dead Goat*
Scott Ellison - *The Zephyr*
Grasp Infinity - *Bar & Grill*
Voodoo Swing - *Burts Tiki Lounge*

Dead Kats - *Spankys*

Friday the 17th

The Change & Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
House Of Cards
Chris Duarte - *The Zephyr*
★ The Offspring w/ Anger Overload, Voodoo Swing & Chubby Arnigos - *AVA Whittier Community Center, Logan, UT*
Scream Cheese - *Delta's Pub*

Saturday the 18th

Chris Duarte - *The Zephyr*
The Change & The Hinge - *Bar & Grill*

Zion Tribe - *Dead Goat*
Rooster w/House of Cards - *Delta's Pub*

Sunday the 19th

Broken Hearts - *Spankies*
Roger Manning - *Bar & Grill*
Goat Pickens - *Dead Goat*
The Remains - *The Zephyr*

Monday the 20th

Suede & The Cranbarries - *DV8*
Scott Henderson, Gary Willis & Tribal Tech - *The Zephyr*
★ Lunachicks w/ NSC & State Of The Nation - *Bar & Grill*

Blue Devils Blues Review featuring Junior Watson - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday the 21st

Del Motels & Broken Hearts - *Dead Goat*
Mind At Large - *Bar & Grill*
Tab Benoit - *The Zephyr*

Wednesday the 22nd

Rude Mood - *The Zephyr*
Cannibal Fish - *Dead Goat*
Del Motels & Broken Hearts - *Bar & Grill*
Tormenter w/Storm Bringer - *Delta's Pub*

Thursday the 23rd

Prodigal Of Smiles & Bay of Pigs - *Bar & Grill*
Bobbie Dixon - *The Zephyr*
★ Ziggy Marlet & The Melody Makers - *Triad Amphitheatre*
Reverend Willie - *Dead Goat*
Voodoo Swing - *Burts Tiki Lounge*
Dead Kats - *Spankies*
Shadow Play & Indivision - *Delta's Pub*

Friday the 24th

Insatiable - *Dead Goat*
Voodoo Swing & Dead Kats - *Bar & Grill*
Pancho Sanchez - *The Zephyr*

Saturday the 25th

Kaotic Contortion, The Boge, Pentacle - *Delta's Pub*
Gamma Rays & Insatiable - *The Zephyr*
Stone Pony - *Dead Goat*
Voodoo Swing & The Scoffed - *Bar & Grill*

Sunday the 26th

Mind At Large - *The Zephyr*
Goat Pickin's - *Dead Goat*
Broken Hearts - *Spanky's*

Monday the 27th

Mind at Large - *The Zephyr*
Junior Watson - *Dead Goat*

Tuesday the 28th

Voodoo Swing - *Dead Goat*
Red House Painters - *Bar & Grill*

Wednesday the 29th

Backwash - *Zephyr*
The Heeters - *Dead Goat*
One Eye w/Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
Wednesdays Child w/Rag Weed - *Delta's Pub*

Thursday the 30th

Disco Drippers - *Zephyr*
Kalaban - *Dead Goat*
Head Shake w/River Bed Jed - *Bar & Grill*

Get Off - *Delta's Pub*

Friday Oct 1st

Brave Combo - *Zephyr*
Gamma Rays - *Bar & Grill*

Saturday Oct 2nd

Salsa Brava - *Zephyr*
Gamma Rays - *Bar & Grill*
★ Rozz Williams w/Daughters of the Nile - *Kingsbury Hall*

Tuesday Oct 5th

★ Primus & Melvins - *Fairpark Coliseum*

Monday, Oct 11th

★ Smashing Pumpkins & Shudder To Think - *Fairpark Coliseum*

Wednesday Oct 13th

★ Bad Religion w/Green Day Seaweed & Rancid - *Fairgrounds Coliseum*

Sunday Oct 17th

Cluster Fuck w/Guzzard, Today is the Day & Chokebore - *Bar & Grill*

Sunday Oct 24th

Hammer Head & Janitor Joe - *Bar & Grill*

★ Indicates All Ages Welcome

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SLUG

CALENDAR

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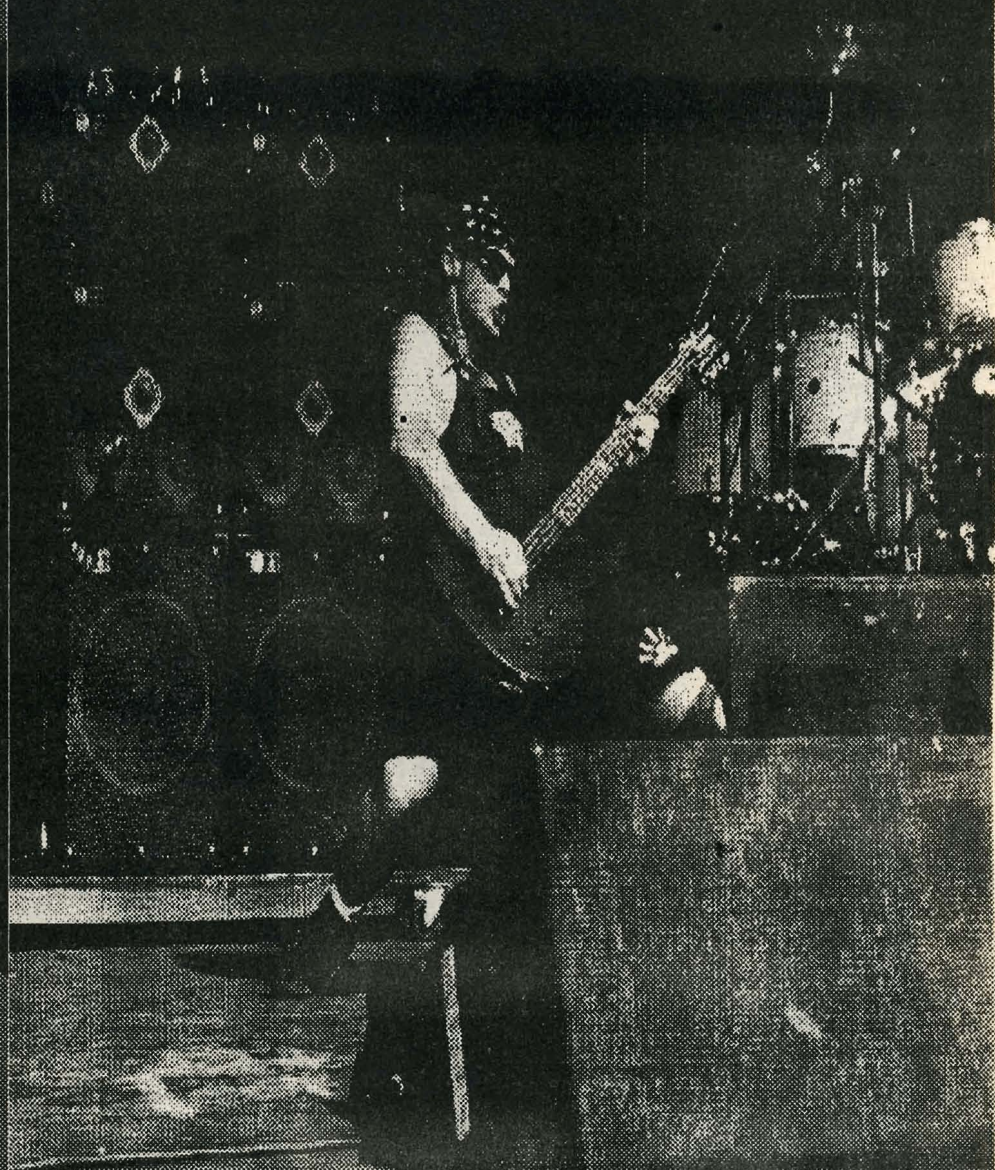
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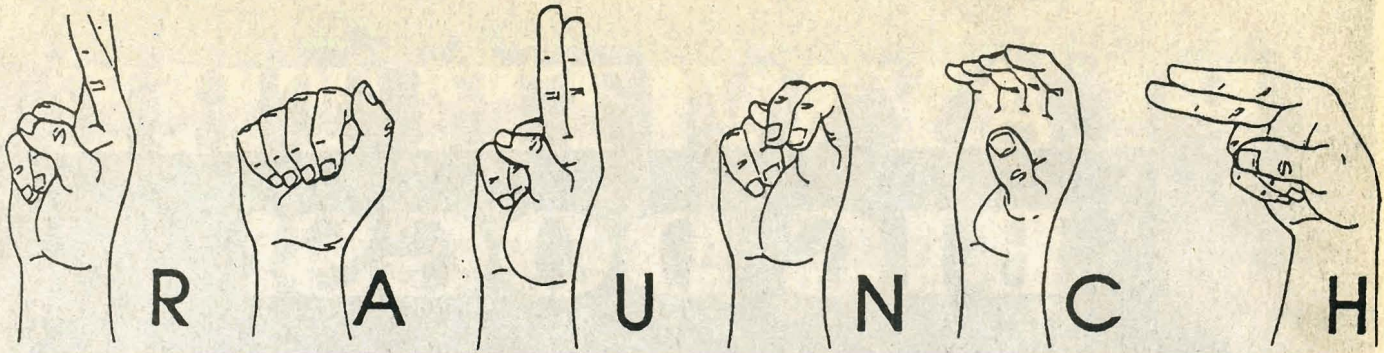
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