

SLUG

ISSUE #60

DECEMBER 1993

FREE



ANGER OVERLOAD

LETTERS • HELEN WOLF • STIMBOY
UNMITIGATED RAMBLE • COMICS
THE BEST OF THE PAST FIVE YEARS
SNFU • DOUGHBOYS • BOUNCING SOULS
LOOK AT WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN TOWN



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SLUG

DECEMBER 1993
ISSUE #60

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SLUG MAGAZINE

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

This is written in response to the last letter regarding the Growin' Graphics ad (SLUG #59). Before you start trying to tackle a problem as broad and established as sexism in advertising, why don't you try working on your reading comprehension skills. The ad said "GRAPHICS, meant to be seen and not heard." This is the purpose of graphics. The T & A character was created as a response to sexual objectification. It is intended to disgust and offend. The human body in itself is not degrading, our perceptions are what degrade and you my friend find that a womans nakedness degrades her. You are the sexist you cry about. This character is the ideal for a lot of people and you are not going to change that by expressing a cliché opinion about an issue you have partially thought about and haven't bothered to pay full attention to.

*Good Luck,
Dayna Kerns*

Dear Dickheads,

Please put this letter where He-man overt violence monger Jon Titus will be sure to see it. I am of course writing in reference to his letter which appeared in the November 1993 edition of the illustrious SLUG.

Titus-dude—just because we believe in love and attend Greenpeace meetings and like to cuff off an occasional hackey-sack around doesn't mean we're pussies! Why, just by living in houses we've managed to dispossess any number of living creatures of their existence. Just think of the deer and the antelope that used to play down here in the Salt Lake Valley — now sure, some of them have managed to move up into the mountains where they're momentarily undisturbed by development (development facilitated by our hippy or non-hippy economic presence here) but we have managed to scare off a great deal of the natural predation (wolves and cougars don't like to hang around people very much, even —or perhaps especially —when we don't bathe). We should have been able to kill off all the damn deer with the disease, starvation, and shitty gene

pool the ensuing herd over-population would have caused, but nooooo— you nimrods have to go and shoot enough of them to keep them from eating themselves out of house and home and spreading black tongue disease amongst themselves—SO DON'T CALL US PUSSIES! I mean, after all, you're the guys that would rather put a fast bullet through a deer than have a coyote munch on the entrails of still-living fawns too weak from hungar to run away — the way that nature (or at least the nature that we have contributed to with our housing developments, vegetable farms, etc.) works things out.

I just can't believe how fucking ignorant you are!!! Don't you hate deer? Isn't that why you shoot them? Don't you realize that if you would just let us have our way these deer would be wiped out in a few years? Look at the Kiabab area in Northern Arizona—when we kept all you Elmer Fudds out of that huge, healthy herd for just a few years, the damn deer almost vanished — but then you guys with all your scientific bullshit got back in there, shot things up, and now it looks like the animals will be around forever! What's the deal? DON'T YOU DISRESPECT THE ANIMALS AS MUCH AS WE DO? AND WE'RE WIMPS? Hmph. The hot lead you and you're buddies spew is no match for the death couched in our ignorant, emotionally-rooted environmental hippy-ass ideals. We're not the cry-babies, you are. Don't ever show your red-neck, gun-toting, blaze-orange, homophobe ass in Bandaloops or you'll find it packed to the shiny-red rim with alfalfa sprouts, flannel, and Doc Martins faster then you can scream "NRA!"

*Peace and Love
Audrey Smiley*

Dear Dickheads,

This letter goes out to the piece of shit magazine called SLUG Alternative guide and Review. I have been browsing through the last couple of issues and I'm rather pissed off at how down hill this magazine has went. And I was just curious if you guys even care about the heavy scene in Utah. You know what scene that is...You know the

music that made that magazine what it is today. Such as the fine local artists ... Truce Slaughterchrist, Kaotic, Wicked Innocence, Fatal Cause, etc. You probably don't even know know some of the bands because faggot ass queer indulging bands are more important. Don't get me wrong, not every band you put in this magazine sucks like Anger Overload but I don't think they need three full pages every month on when they're takin' a shit or when they're not. The magazine that I enjoyed, loved, charished, is dead now—that one was Salt-Lake-Under-Ground, that was a magazine for everyone because everyone was involved. You cared enough to be versatile with the mag. And there was no favoritism. Some of the shit is just plain Faggy. And I Quote from issue #59, Red #5 "Question SLUG: Why the Band? (Dan) I had a crush on Chad. (Steve) Yeah, we had a crush on Chad and the only way we could hump him was if he was in the band. (Dan) then we found out he likes girls. (Steve) Jawsh is in the band cause he looks like Tommy Lee..." 2 words: FUCKING FAGGOTS. If they want to be gay, fine, but not in a music magazine. Oh, but then again this is an alternative guide and review. Salt-Lake-Under-Ground. I salute you I'll miss you and goodbye. SLUG Alternative guide and review. FUCK YOU GET BETTER SHIT IN YOUR MAG, AND REMEMBER HEAVY IS WHERE YOU CAME FROM!!!!

*A Salt Lake Under Ground Fan
Grind Boy*

Editors Note: You know, I love getting letters like this because they are so fucking infantile I don't even need to respond. I think you said things just fine and you really told us. I'm crying, where did we go wrong? But, I would like to point out, that nowhere does this rag claim to be a music magazine. And, if you'll read the cover, you will notice that the paper is no longer called "Salt Lake Under Ground." It isn't underground, nor has it ever been, if it was underground, then it shouldn't be available to the public. Plus, what's wrong with things being gay? Homophobe I bet if you lost all your music you owned that had at least one gay member, you'd have nothing left but your Def Leppard

Continued Next Page

albums. If you think we wouldn't print a gem like this, you're crazy. Clue in butt nut, you just set the alternative scene back 10 years. And by the way...I'm a faggot.

J.R. Ruppel

Dear Dickheads,

Hi! How are you! Shut up! First, Helen Wolf. Every one knows that Utah morning shows suck, but, thanks for opening our eyes! Shut Up! Debra, (or God or whatever) Go kill something! So what about fruits, vegetables, and nuts? Sounds like a group of your friends! Ha! Shut up! Wallace—Shut Up! (Go Pittsburg). Stimboy, nobody cares. Your mom doesn't even care. I never even read your article! Ha! Don't bother, just be quiet. Jeffy—Nirvana Rules! And Cypress Hill? Ha! Shut Up! If you want to hear some kick ass Rap/ Metal SO WUT!

*Thanks,
Stu*

P.S. Buy or copy Word Perfect. Okay? Shut up.

Dear Dickheads,

Just a quick comment about the issue #58 record review of the Nirvana *In Utero* album. Gee what a surprise, SLUG wannabe punk rag had to trash anything by Nirvana. Hey, Jeffy, I bet you never even listened to it cause those sellin'-out, corporate whores aren't good any more because they are on a major label. What a crock of shit...but typical for SLUG! Helen Wolf ... You rule!

Dickey

Dear Slug,

Of all the worthless legions of bad letters you have printed, last issues letter from Jon Titus was definitely not one of them. In fact I will crawl out on a limb and dare say it was ... brilliant. Perhaps you should give him a column, like Helen Wolf. You could call it "Psycho Corner." After all, anyone who knows J.T. will tell you he's a dangerously unstable person with a short fuse. Sort of like jacking-off a bobcat in a phone booth. But in these times of Madonna, Hillary Clinton, the country music epidemic, and perfume salespeople, isn't it refreshing to hear a voice like a beacon in the night. A sick and twisted voice, yes, but a voice filled with conviction, fearing not who might take offense. While almost provoking them as to say "sure I'm a bastard, but I'm not Michael Jackson." Could he be the new Andy Warhol? No, I think Mr. Titus' infamy will last much longer than fifteen minutes. He's the Jerky Boys live. He's the choice of a new generation. He's the only man alive who is actually flirting with turning into a cartoon character. Balls the size of Texas, the temperament of Hannibal Lechter and true satirical passionate attitude. Yes, Jon has left us all behind. Trapped like rats in an aqueduct, we can only hope that like the Pied Piper, he will lead us down the path of righteousness, or maybe just to a real seedy bar. Well that's my opinion (that & a nickel won't get you shit).

*Forever in awe of our
beloved Mr. Titus,
G*

ARTISTS NOTICE!

Starting next month. The covers of SLUG will be done by you. Art should be in black & white and will fit into a 8 1/2 X 11 format. Second color must be on a separate sheet with crop marks attached. No restrictions or specific themes will be required. The purpose is to get more artists from Salt Lake (or somewhere around there) noticed. Artist chosen will receive a \$50 gift certificate from Raunch (or something else if desired). Send to SLUG or drop at Raunch in protective covering please. Please leave space for a logo or draw one on the artwork. If you need more info call 468-6294 or track one of us down.
Thanx, **SLUG STAFF**

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN THERE.
EITHER THAT OR I AM BLIND. OF COURSE THAT MAY BE A POSSIBILITY, CONSIDERING THE ALL TOO INTOXICATING LOOK ON YOUR FACE. MAYBE I'M JUST THE LAST TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, OR IF YOU'RE THINKING AT ALL: NO ONE CAN SAY FOR SURE, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WANTING WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN, OR BELIEVING WHAT YOU WANT. MAYBE THAT'S BULLSHIT. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN THERE.
EITHER THAT OR I AM DEAF. DEAFENED BY THAT SAME SOUND THAT I THOUGHT SO MAGICALLY AS A CHILD. AND NOW, IT JUST SCARES ME, I SCARE MYSELF. FEAR IS THE GREAT RULER OF THE UNKNOWN. BUT I WILL WALK TOWARDS THAT SOUND, COMING OUT OF YOUR MOUTH AND NOT BE AFRAID, WILL IT? THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN THERE.
EITHER THAT OR I AM DUMB. LIKE THE MINDLESS STARE OF QUASIMODO, PULLED DOWN HARD BY PASSION, AND YET RELEASED SOFTLY BY HIS OWN DESIRE TO BECOME WHAT HE FEARED MOST. THE PERSON WHO COULD LOOK INTO THOSE EYES AND KNOW, NOT SHY AWAY. THE GHOST INSIDE US ALL. THE EVER LONGING SPIRIT OF HOPE. THE ONE THAT WANTS NOT FOR THE TRUTH, BUT A REALLY GOOD FANTASY.

T.L.P.



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HELEN WOLF

PSYCHO THERAPY

Helen Answers Your Questions

Who is Christ? Who is Satan?
C.B. (SLC, UT)

HW: Unfortunately, David Koresh really WAS Christ; go figure. Satan is either Dave Gahan of Depeche Mode or Rod Decker. *My Boyfriend is demanding oral sex from me, what should I do?*
T.D. (Murray, UT)

HW: Tell him to learn yoga so he can do it himself or suggest the Sears Wet n' Dry vac.

My girlfriend is demanding oral sex from me, what should I do?
D.H. (Murray, UT)

HW: Start mowin', Champ!
Will the Jazz go all the way this year?

A.G. (WVC, UT)

HW: Wake up and smell the

jockstrap, cricket-dick. All professional sports are rigged and regulated by the federal government (who in turn are merely puppets of the Trilateral Commission and the CFR). It's all an elaborate dog & pony show to keep Joe Six-pack and Jane Punchclock too busy to question the Man. By the way, sportsheep, Karl "What Contract?" Malone spends about as much time at Hardee's as you spend in the skybox.

My boss is an asshole and my job sucks, what can I do?

S.G. (SLC, UT)

HW: Cut the brakeline on his Beemer or start your own business and live in fear of your employees.

What will be next year's biggest-selling album?

K.C. (Sandy, UT)

HW: Music-biz insider's early favorite is the Rodney King Experience: Smash Hits. Singles/videos include "Purple Face," "All

along The Spinal Cord" and, of course, "Crosstown Traffic," which will receive heavy rotation on MTV, VH-1 and CNN. Second Pick: White Zombie—Unplugged. *What really killed River Phoenix?*

J.B. (Ogden, UT)

HW: Hairball

I'm thinking of getting into music journalism, where should I start?

W.A. (SLC, UT)

HW: The Desert News. Apparently, they'll hire any hack who can punctuate and fetch coffee. Myself, I started at Sassy: "Cute band alert—The Change!"

Are these questions from actual readers or just the product of your twisted imagination?

J.T. (Orem, UT)

HW: Yes

Is Cindy Crawford's workout video really harmful? What is the latest fitness tape in stores?

R.B. (Holladay, UT)

HW: Well, my nephew developed tendonitis after watching Cindy's video for eight hours alone in his room, so use caution. The newest exercise tape on the shelves is "The Natalie Merchant Workout"—while it's pure heaven for the 5 or 6 of you who've fantasized about Natalie in sweaty spandex, it's even better for the rest of us because Valium Voice never sings on it.

Are nipple-rings painful?

M.L. (Provo, UT)

HW: Only if you lift cinderblocks with 'em.

What are your feelings on a) Gun control; b) NAFTA; c) The National Healthcare plan?

L.K. (Logan, UT)

HW: I'm not a qualified political analyst, but hell, that's never stopped Michael Stipe! a) Cigarettes kill more people than guns, knives and Dr. Kevorkian combined—see if Mayor Dee Dee will

buy back your pack of Camels for \$25 and saw 'em in half. b) I like Ross "Giant Sucking Sound" Perot hates it, it's gotta be cool. The U.S. could gain lumber from Canada and oil from Mexico, we in turn could supply them with Massengil and John Tesh cd's—totally fair. c) Think of it this way: when was the last time the government did anything for you effectively and inexpensively? Take a prozac, Hillary.

Who are the kings of Utah grunge?

D.P. (SLC, UT)

HW: Amphouse Mother, until the singer O.D.ed (the ULTIMATE grunge statement). Currently, although One Eye have the chin-weed action down, I'd have top fly the flannel for Mocha Joe.

You're a rude, cynical bitch and you're always raggin' on my band will you apologize?

T.W. (ALC, UT)

HW: Nyet, comrade. You're an adult and—if I've bothered to mention you—a reasonable styling public figure (I.E. fair game), so sue me or get over it. Remember, no publicity is bad publicity (unless you're Courtney Love or Joe Buttafuccho).

I just finished listening to the Daughters Of The Nile tape, will you turn into a blood-sucking freak?
T.C. (Kearns, UT)

HW: Blood-sucking? No.

What's the best cheap beer?

G.P. (Magna, UT)

HW: The classics (Pabst, Keystone, Black Label, Nyquil) all get the job done, but their day are numbered. Next year we'll be test-marketing our own private brew, SLUG Dry: "That warm, flea club draft taste—in a can!"

—Helen Wolf

PROJECT BOOKS

Autonomy House Collective is announcing PROJECT BOOKS in an effort to open to the public a non-profit collectively run alternative bookstore. Freedom of the press must not be ignored in these everchanging new days. Our goal is to achieve an easily accessible resource of new and used alternative and intelligent literature. Specializing in anti-authoritarian and independent titles, in addition to contemporary literature of all kinds in most fields of interest. WE NEED YOUR HELP!!! We are currently accepting donations of:

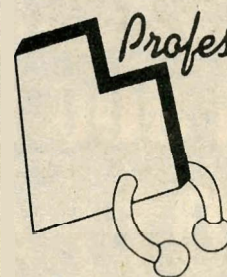
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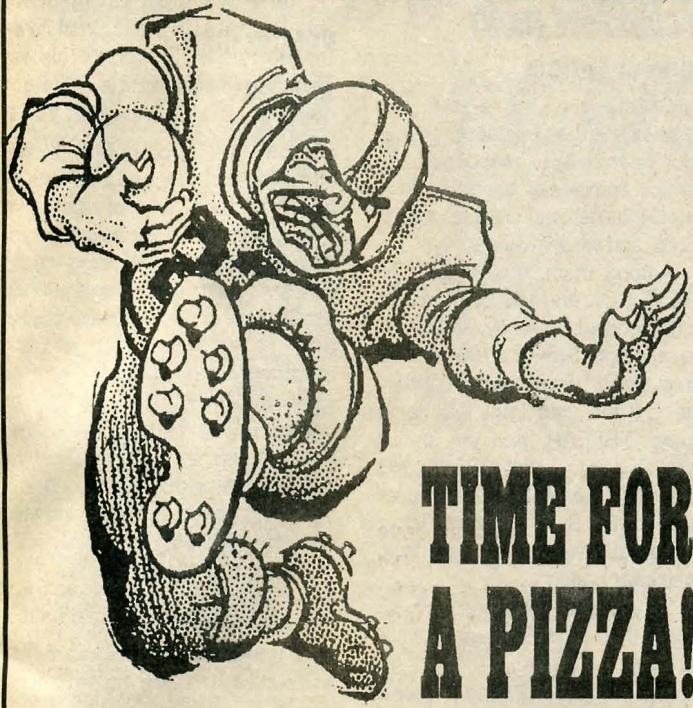
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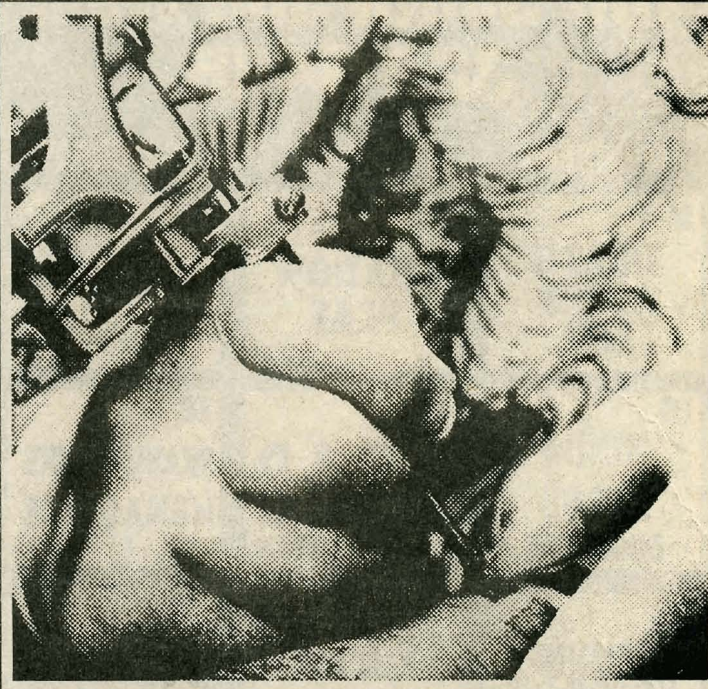
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RECORD REVIEWS

IN CRUST WE TRUST

Various Artists

Germany's Lost and Found (which is also a well-established mail order operation) is responsible for this fine sampler of bands on their roster. International crust and grind galore, and what a variety!

Among them, the UK's CONCRETE SOX and HERESY should be recognized by many, as well by two cuts from SIEGE's 1984 classic "Drop Dead." Particularly mentionable are the cuts from Discharge clones DISFEAR, and the furious Swedish bands—UNCURBED, NO SECURITY and especially the god-like CRUDES.S.—fucking hot! Three sneers for Sweden for producing these killer bands.

30 songs by 13 bands on 1 CD for less than 10 dollars—get it while you can!

—Blaine Hopkins

THE BEST OF

The Anti-Nowhere League

This is a compilation of tracks by one of the '77 era's most criminally underrated bands. The ANL made a few singles, two studio albums and one live album, the selections here representing many of the singles/B-sides and some selections from the first album *We Are The League* and the live album (recorded in Yugoslavia). Mercifully, nothing from the disappointing 2nd album was included.

Imagine the Sex Pistols with talent, sincerity and authenticity and the genuine sneering face and "so-fucking-what" gob-spitting nihilistic futility that characterized the late 70's UK punk. Musically? Slow and mid-tempo melodic power chords and sing along choruses (which were no doubt reflected in the '80s and '90s Oil and skunk) that doesn't sacrifice aggressiveness even when heart-breaking. (e.g. the song "For You," written for a roadie killed in the Falklands is far from a ballad, but is worded such that even the most brain-dead alcoholic should be touched). Other recommendations would have to include the classic punk singles "Streets of London," "So What" and "Queen and Country." Enjoy a paper sack full of model glue and turn it up.

—Blaine Hopkins

POISON IDEA

We Must Burn

It is with great sense of melancholy that I regard the final offering from Portland's legendary POISON IDEA. Thirteen years of uncompromising, cynical, catchy/crashing hardcore now fodder for history books due to the severe illness of guitarist Pig Champion. So, what is their parting gift? 11 songs in which all band members get their kicks in. From the experimental "Jessie's Arms" (penned by bassist Myrtle Tickner) to the riff-laden "When I say Stop" (by guitarist Mondo) to the all-out thrashing cover of "Endless Blockades for the Pussyfooter" (originally by Japan's greatest, G.I.S.M.), *We Must Burn* fails not to satisfy. Lyrics of the month by Pig Champion: "I once had plans, such big plans but let them slip through the holes in my hands..."

Adios, POISON IDEA and gracias for 13 years of effort and sacrifice. You are appreciated and will be missed. Sniff.

—Blaine Hopkins

TOTAL CHAOS

We are the Future, We are the Punks

Spiked hair, bullet belts, studded leather and circled A's are rare sights anymore. '80s revivalism? Nope, try this: "This record is dedicated to the punk movement, the most powerful movement ever and to smash the system..."

Mid-tempo and fast Discharge style powerthrash with a serious grinding DOOM feel, especially in the bassline. Intelligent peace-punk lyrics throughout and Bridgette's vocals on "Intro/Pain, Agony, Defeat" are a definite bonus. Also check out "Fuck the System," and "Pledge of Defiance."

So, if you can remember punk before it became a juvenescent social/fashion clique dominated by rich kid conformists in big pants, you'll feel right at home. Available through Chaos Records, P.O. Box 2724, Chino, CA 91708-2725. And tw fingers in the air back at you.

—Blaine Hopkins

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ON THE COVER ANGER OVERLOAD



PHOTO: ROBERT DEBERRY

I don't know what it is about this group of guys and the music they produce, but they always seem to create some of the best music from the Salt Lake scene. Before I start babbling, I suppose some introductions are in order. Anger Overload is a five piece band that includes: Speedy-guitar; Gene Gene-Drums; Chuckles-voice; Johnny Bend-guitar; and Brent-bass. I really should have forced them to give me their proper given names but then I would be writing for the Utah Chronicle.

I did one of my world-famous interviews over coffee at Coachman's and walked out with a pad of paper with nothing but the band names on it. We shot the shit

for a while about everything from G.G. Allin to Aerosmith, but I find that getting to know the band was a lot better than a word for word interview that usually doesn't make any sense later.

I sat across from Chuckles, the vocalist and lyricist for the band. I have known him for a long time but for some reason I know almost nothing about his musical drive. The band is easily one of the toughest bands I have ever encountered in the past seven years I have been involved with the alternative music scene. This is one of those bands that knows what they want and are making it happen.

They come from the burbs and

wound up in a collaboration a varied influences and talents. You have seen their faces in Victims Willing, Truce, Alcohol Death, Hair Farm and probably a dozen other bands. Chuckles has been around since some of the very first punk bands reared their ugly heads umpteen years ago. His talent and knowledge of both music and the music business could push the band right out of our big little town.

I was hangin out with Brad Collins (Raunch) today and when I told him Anger Overload was going to be on the cover, his first words (often sarcastic) were very complimentary of the tape he heard of the bands newest material. Now if any of you know Brad at all, know he is very picky about the music he likes. When I asked A.O. about their recording session, they too were very positive about the end results. These are five of the least egotistical people I have ever met. I look forward to hearing it myself. Their release on the new SLUG Compilation is better than anything else on the 90 minute 22 song tape ... hands down.

When I asked them what they planned to do with this relatively expensive recording the room went quiet. In a nut shell. The band has been sending their music around the world and things look good for them. It was refreshing to see a band who was taking real action with their talent.

The thing that impressed me most about my chat with these boys was something they said when I asked them if they had anything more to say about their band—"We are proud to say that we don't sound like any other bands in Salt Lake." I have noticed in the past few years that a lot of the bands sound a bit too much like Iceburn, Bad Yodelers or The Stench. Anger Overload is fighting for a new sound. This is by far the best way to go in the long run. The only problem is, they don't catch the tail end of anybody else's scene and get in on the hip cool trendy

crowds that seem to follow some of the other bands. This is a shame. They are good and they are original. And if you have ever seen them play they will knock you on your ass.

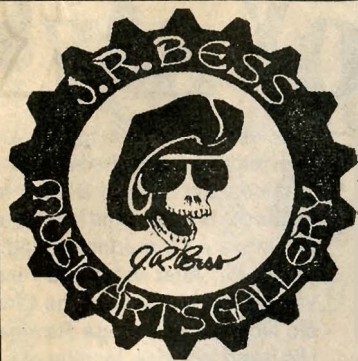
One time I ran into an old friend (who almost never goes to shows) at the Bar & Grill one night when Anger Overload was playing. I asked him what he thought after the show and all he could say was "Whoa, they sound like a fuckin' freight train comin' right at you." I couldn't agree more. Their sound is fast hard and they create an amazing variety of sounds with what they play.

I have seen them about four times and I have heard many of the songs several times. Each time the songs sound different. They are constantly experimenting with new sounds and techniques they ad to their music. When I asked them how that worked in the studio, they felt that the songs they had picked had evolved to where they wanted them to. Except for the driving musical style they have chosen, no two songs sound the same. This is due to the fact that no one person is a principle music writer. The songs are written collectively by the band and each member ads his own part to each song. Since everybody's influences and musical styles vary so much it ads a lot of interesting textures and layer to their sound.

This is a solid band that is working together better than most other Salt Lake City bands. They have a bright future to make it outta here. They may not get the big crowds because of the chicken-shit mindset of most concert-goers in this town. But, if they play a show where people are already there, the crowds love them. I think it is time to check these guys out.

—Less Nessman

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J. R. Bess M.A.G.

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Morbid Angel
Cannibal Corpse
Grave
Napalm Death
Obituary
Fear Factory
Daughters of the Nile
Psychic TV
Kate Bush
Dead Can Dance
Skinny Puppy
Current 93
Morrissey
Henry Rollins
PJ Harvey
Cocteau Twins
This Mortal Coil
Ministry
The Smiths
My Bloody Valentine
Rage Against the Machine
U2
Bjork
Dream Theatre
Primus
KMFDM
Pushhead
Type-O-Negative
Nine Inch Nails
Thrill Kill Kult
Porno for Pyros
Sisters of Mercy
Bauhaus
Bondage Designs

The Grateful Dead
Jimi Hendrix
Led Zeppelin
Pink Floyd
Morbid Rags
Meatloaf
Beavis and Butthead
Black Sabbath
Depeche Mode
Subpop
Jello Biafra
Helmur
Babes In Toyland
Pigface
Black Crowes
Phish
Screaming Trees
L7
Nirvana
Mudhoney
Therapy?
The Sundays
Duran Duran
Pailhead
Soundgarden
Ministry
.....and more!

Music Video:

Nick Cave
Sepultura
Psychic TV
Pantera
Bad Religion
Alien Sex Fiend
U2
The Cure
Big Black
Alice in Chains
Jim Rose Circus
Perry Farrell

Meatloaf
Dream Theatre
Diamanda Galas
Velvet Underground
Black Flag
Dead Kennedys

Books:

The Cure
Morrissey
Red Hot Chili Peppers
10000 Maniacs
Pearl Jam
Nirvana
The Clash
U2
Siouxsie/Banshees
The Smiths
Kate Bush
Depeche Mode
Sting
The Cramps
Pink Floyd
Public Image Ltd.
Jesus & Mary Chain
Lou Reed
David Bowie
Syd Barrett
Tori Amos
Velvet Underground
Sex Pistols
Black Crowes
R.E.M.
Joy Division
Jim Morrison
Queen
Talking Heads
Suzanne Vega
XTC
Sid Vicious
Rush
Led Zeppelin

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Messiah
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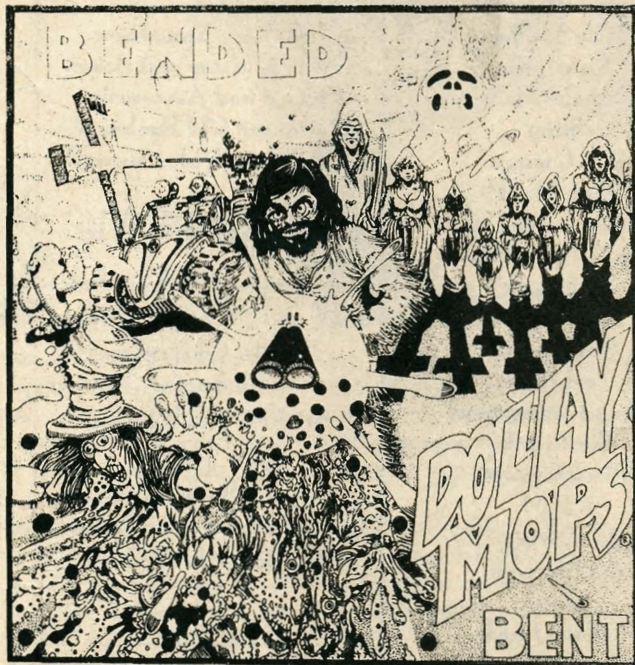
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media

STIMBOY SAYS

GRISWALD PREDICTS! Starring Stimboy.

A couple of weeks ago I was unwillingly dragged to one of those "classic rock" reunion tours featuring, I think, like the second cousin of the original drummer of Savoy Brown and a few of his pals. It was worse than some of the later TSOL tours. The only guy I liked was the bass player because I think he dated Mick Ronson's sister or something. I don't know. All I can say is it was a collection of peripheral one hit wonders and the crowd of grey beards (and blond and brunette beards too) was soaking it up and paying premium prices to do so.

I have no problem with nostalgia for its own sake, but I sure as hell wouldn't want to make a career out of it. I have no more desire to re-live the 1960's 70's or the 80's than I have to administer myself a lighter fluid enema. As far as nostalgia goes, at the the end of the Reconquista I'm sure people were nostalgic for the Inquisition. It must have been a barrel full of laughs, I know I would much rather see the sinews pulled out of a pack gentiles than to be inflicted with puka shells and bell bottom dungarees.

Bearing this in mind, rather than do the typical end of the year best of list, I'll give my prognostications for the century to come...

Taking a tip from the Vegas crowd, Perry Ferrell, who has grown weary of booking Lollapalooza tours and stealing musicians from Thelonious Monster establishes the the Perry Ferrell Cabaret on the outskirts of Branson, Missouri. He performs re-enactments of Tristan Tzara's more obvious works in cahoots with Diamanda Galas and Nina Hagen. Soon, Andy Williams dies and another showcase venue is left vacant. The Andy Williams Theater is rechristianed the "Paul Westerberg Celebrity Theater." Along with Boxcar Willie, Paul becomes the major draw on Main Street, Branson.

Soon, even Boxcar Willie dies but in their zest for nostalgia, the people still flock to Branson. Mark

Arm, exhausted from touring and ever bitter towards the increasing commercialization of Seattle relocates to Branson and takes over the lease on the Johnny Mathis Steak Pit. After extensive renovation, it is re-named "The Classic Rockers of Grunge Review." His band includes Jennifer of L7, Stone Gossard, Matt Dillon and Duff. The drummer is Hooter. In fact, Hooter plays for every band in Branson. This leads to scheduling problems and traffic snarls but the end result is a mass transport system that President Dole calls "The best in the free world."

Not to be outdone, Perry Ferrell builds a theme park on the outskirts. It promises fabulous rides. Instead of a regular Ferris Wheel, it has a Ferrell Wheel. And of course there's the Axl Rose Violent Mood Swing which looks just like a regular swing set till it pulls a gun on your girl friend. Finally, there's the main attraction, the Eddie Vedder Emotional Roller Coaster which is actually a lot of fun but as soon as you get off, all you can say is how much you hate it. Then you get a lot of money and Shannen Doherty stalks you.

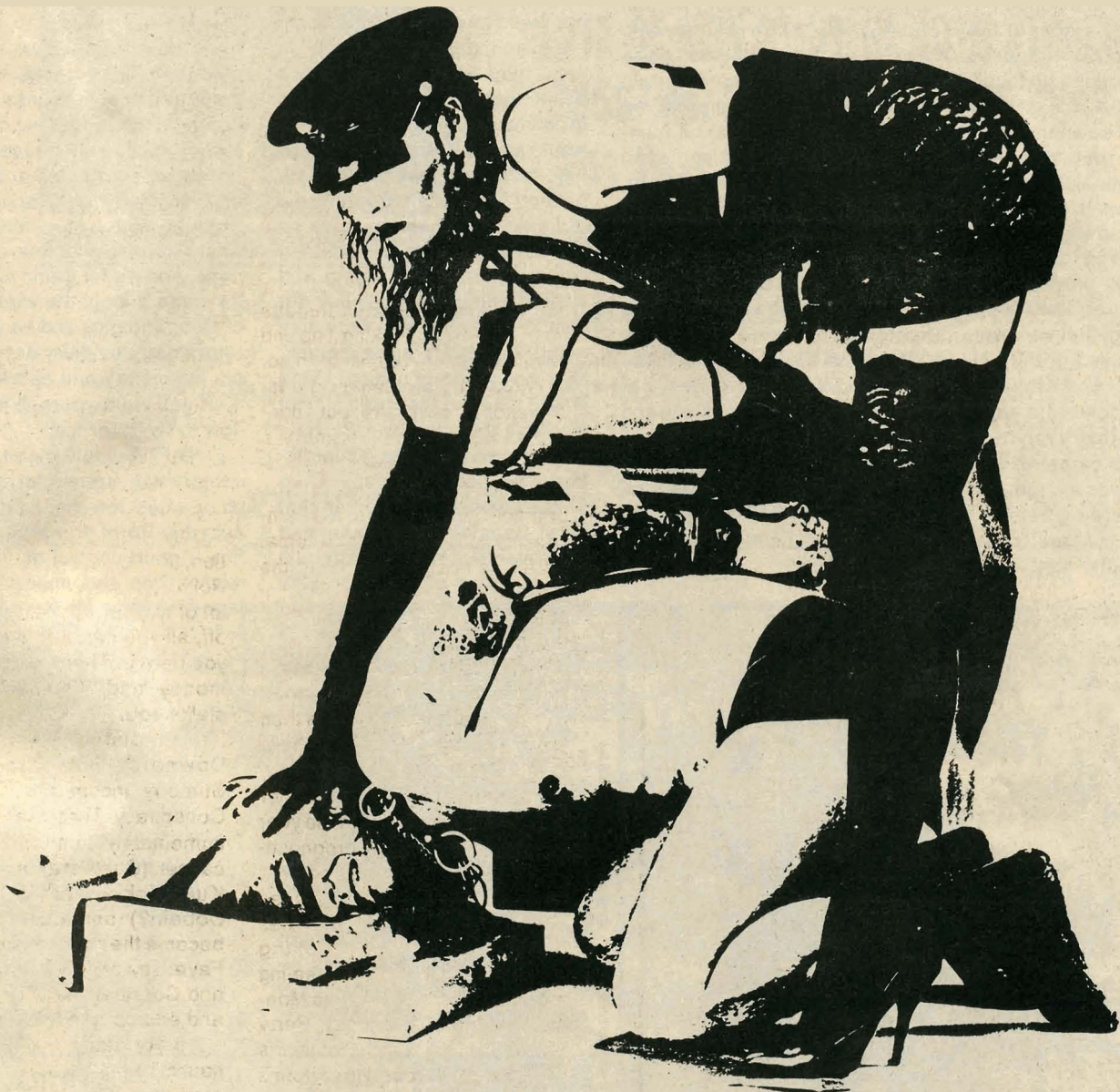
In related news, Shelby Downard, Bob Cooper and Stimboy mount their "All Star Conspiracy Theorists" tour and immediately contract pancreatic cancer. (Call that a coincidence?) Kurt Cobain (or is it Kurdi Cobain?) and Courtney Love become the new Jim and Tammy Faye. The only difference is, Kurt and Courtney make more sense and end up with a lot less cash.

If you don't like how things sound so far, I do have one good prediction. Garrison Keillor is put out to pasture in Minnesota to perfect his cure for insomnia. Tom Waits takes his place and the listeners of public radio are never quite the same.

*Happy anglo corporate make
facist christian new year
Hail Caesar and have a goo
Saturnalia
Love
Stimbo*

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UNMITIGATED RAMBLE

Back in the dimages, when Reagan et. all got busted and were brought to court, they never went to jail because people weren't able to go all the way through with it. With actually finding them guilty and condemning them to the full extent of the law, which is what is supposed to happen. They didn't go to jail, because if it were true, if they really did sell US down the river, then that meant that it was our fault-yours and mine, the people who voted for them in office. We believed them and we put them there. We agreed with them when people told us not to, to beware, that what they were saying was wrong, that we'd better watch out 'cause the shit'll hit the fan and soon. And if they did indeed sell US down the river, then that meant that everything that we believe in by being U.S. citizens, all of it was a sham and a lie. And we were no better.

But nobody wanted to believe those people, that small

minority; we were having too good a time making money. We didn't question where the money was coming from-there were so few poor people around and most people, the people who were supposed to be making all that money, didn't know anybody who was poor-the distinctual class lines being much more certain and tangible back then-that the making money voices out numbered the poor ones and even when they did hear the poor, they didn't want to believe them.

But then the bottom really did fall out and the Republicans waltzed out of it by blaming it all on the people who were trying to fight them and were telling us to fight 'em all the time. Then those same people came to power because everyone needed help and were willing to do anything to get back on their feet, and those people now in power were saying, See? We told you that you were gonna' have to pay and

that the shit was gonna' hit the fan, and it did, and now you people want us to save your asses. Well that was what was going to have to be done. But then when it comes time to pay the bill, everybody begins to whine and want the old ways back where they could spend without caring, but what they don't realize is that that money's all gone. We spent it all. Reagan borrowed heavily from the Japanese and gave it all away to small third world piss pots in the belief that the corrupt money-grubbing so-called governments would spend it all on buying new high-tech weapons from us to hold off the Red Bearded Ghost of Lenin, and then would be so eternally grateful to us, they would in turn start buying and trading with us. Only to buy our weapons, then where were they going to get any more money? You got it: drug selling. And where else but the world's most lucrative drug market-US! Hey, all that crap about drug interdiction was just that, crap. Drug prices went down during that time! Cocaine was cheaper and more plentiful! Yahoo! You could buy quarters of blow for \$20! What a bargain!

Of course the other part to Reagan's brilliant brain-surgeon piece de resistance was that the Japanese were going to be more cooperative and buy our inferior goods from us. Well they didn't, and car company AMC went out of business only to be bought up by Chrysler who called foul and had the Reagan government slap cry-baby protectionist tariffs on all incoming Japanese cars. Harley-Davidson, the makers of the finest poser bikes in the world, finding itself on the street after its mother, AMF split, also

had to cry foul and get protection from the big gad Japs. That was truly a cluster-fuck.

But some people made money. Big business' and big business men came out ahead. And now, back to the future, to where we are today, they come out of the woodwork. People like Ross Perot who come up and say that we don't have to pay the bill. That things can be the way they were, just listen to me. It's the same Republican rhetoric crap and like junkies who remember the hollow promise of a good time, people who made money back with Reagan, step up out of the gutter and throw their voices in for support. The truth is, Perot is a millionaire who made his money in business, and it's for damn sure that he made a lot in the eight years of Reaganomics and he wants a return to those glory days. He's got his money and he's keeping it. If you want yours, he'll show how to work for it.

NAFTA would mean a lot of competition from a lot of other companies for the same markets that Perot probably already has a good control of. NAFTA would drop the import/income taxes already up between the U.S. it's 1.5%. Perot already knows this; his son has a company right on the other side of U.S./Mexican border so he can take advantage of the cheap labor and the lower importation tax.


Just a last bit of things that make you go Hmmm. When running the speller program on my computer for this piece, when it came up to "Ross" in Ross Perot, the first suggestion that it gave was "Robs". Hmmm.

—Chris Salisbury

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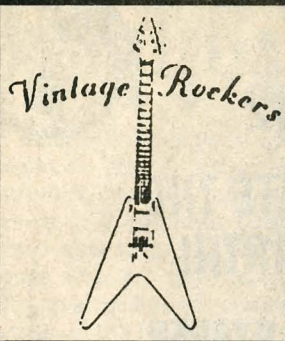


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CONCERT REVIEWS



think they could put on half the show they did at the Speedway a few years ago. They opened their set with a whole lot of energy and yes, their new singer sounds a lot like their old one.

They played "Quickness" off their last album and "Rise" off their new album, my personal favorite. Switching back and forth from their punk sound to their reggae material made for an interesting and entertaining show. Definitely worth the wait and door price. If you missed it, too bad...it was great.

—Chopper

**BAD BRAINS
PRONG
BARK MARKET**

DVS - November 6

Well to start off, I was in line for close to one hour. I wasn't sure if it was going to be worth it or not. Anyway I toughed it out and finally got in. And boy was I glad. Prong had already started. Impressive. I saw these guys at the Bar & Grill, and wasn't that pleased, but on this night these fuckers surprised the hell out of me. In return, they put the fear of God in me. This band is heavy fuckin' something. I don't know why but I kept seeing Charles Manson on stage.

Next up was Bad Brains. This could have been a real let down because one: I wasn't sure if the new singer was going to perform as well as H.R.; and two, I didn't

**SNFU
BOUNCING SOULS**

Bar & Grill - November 17

First up tonight was Bouncing Souls, and old-style punk band that earned their name on stage. The band was certainly dressed well too. The lead singer was dressed like Peewee Herman and the guitarist was wearing leighder hosen. This was there second night in a row in Salt Lake and they played it good tonight.

This would be the second time I have seen SNFU. Being an older type of punk band you would think these guys would have slowed things down for the MTV generation. Hell no, they fuck it up. Tighter than your girlfriends mother, they ripped through an hour and a half of rawness.

—Chopper

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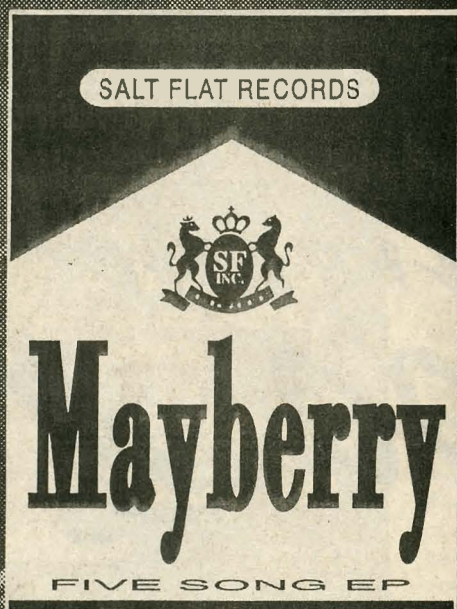
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MEDIA MAN!

IF TIN WHISTLES ARE MADE OF TIN, WHAT ARE FOGHORNS MADE OF?

About 10 years ago, while working as a news director for a radio station I won't name to avoid getting fired from it again, the sports director and I were loafing in the bosses office one morning, our feet up on his desk—he wasn't due to arrive for a while. Dan and I were staring out the window, wondering how we got into a job where we had to get up at 4:30 a.m. and pretend we liked it.

We watched an Alfred Hitchcocky fog, as sluggish as we were, oozing low over the land.

He pointed, grunted. "Look," he said. I looked, nodded, and grunted.

I pointed, grunted. "Fog," I said. He looked, nodded, grunted.

He pointed, grunted. "Thick," he said. I looked, grunted, nodded.

I pointed, grunted. "Pea soup," he said. He looked. "No thanks," he said.

Thus a new sport was born—competitive fog-watching.

Competitive sports has been strictly for the youthful, healthy, unfat and noncommotose—until fog-watching.

It's the sport of the 90's, for people who feel like they're in their 90's. No suffering uncomfortable sweat, dangerous accelerated heartbeat rates, ugly bulging muscles or embarrassing clear complexions that are the unfortunate byproduct of more energetic sports. As a fog-watcher, you don't even have to show up to wear a team t-shirt and hat.

Here are answers to questions most often about fog-watching:

—*Aw, c'mon, are you kidding? Have I ever kidded you?*

—*Okay, how's it played?* Each competitor starts with 100 points. The first one to show up loses 50 points. The last one to leave loses 50 points. Those who missed the team bus and stayed home ... win.

—*Who can play?* Anybody who really wants to. Fog watchers are great for people with nothing better to do. Economists are good fog-watchers.

You can play with yourself or

anyone you can talk into doing it. Teams can go from one to a jillion, including waterboys, cheerleaders ("Watch That Fog! Watch that Fog!"), coaches and groupies. Teams may include small furry animals, Republicans, imaginary beings and inanimate objects with cute names.

—*What do you wear while fog-watching?* Well, if you really must know, I sometimes wear tight-fitting lavender silk shorts with dainty lace trim...

—*Nononono, that's not what I meant. I meant do you need special shoes, helmets or other armor?* To watch fog? Now you're kidding.

—*When's the best time to watch fog?* You might think the best time to watch fog is when there is fog to watch. Normally, you'd be right. But this isn't a normal humor column. Sometimes, you can watch for fog competitively. Such fog-watchers can often last a long time, so bring a sack lunch and a sleeping bag.

—*Where's the best place to fog-watch?* Outdoors is usually best, because that's where fog most often is. But since fog is so often cold, many fog-watchers compete indoors. There's usually a lot of fog in the editorial offices of the *Millard County Chronicle* *Progress* too.

—*Will ESPN broadcast fog-watches?* When network executives figure out that Monday Night Football is about as exciting as major league fog-watching, you'll see more of it on TV>

—*Are fog watchers into drugs?* A vicious rumor. Just because a person sits motionless staring at the horizon for days on end, mumbling "Oh, wow, man!" and drools a bit doesn't mean that person is a drug user. Fog watching is a clean, family sport that doesn't need artificial enhancement to enjoy.

—*Do fog-watchers get paid a lot?* This one sure doesn't.

If this is more than you wanted to know about fog-watching, skip the last few paragraphs. If you want to know more, write to me at 1437 Canyon Rd. #A-6, Kemmerer WY 83101 and I'll make up something.

—*Media Man!!!*

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COMIC REVIEWS

PICKLE

Written and Illustrated by
Dylan Horrocks

Published by Black Eye Productions

Chances are, unless you're one of those comic fans who goes around digging through the back through the back of the racks in search of obscure stuff, you've never heard of Dylan Horrocks. More's the pity. You see, Horrocks' PICKLE is probably one of the best new comics being published.

After a long hiatus (during which former publisher Tragedy Strikes Press folded), PICKLE returned recently with a new publisher (Black Eye Productions), better than ever.

In the outstanding second issue, Horrocks gives the reader a wide variety, beginning with the first part of an epic story involving journalist Leonard Batts' search for comics creator Dick Burger (?). Sounds strange? It is. As Batts sits reading Burger's rather attractive young woman in a convertible who offers to take him to Hicksville. But, when Burger's name arises, Batts' ride gives him the boot.

From this intriguing start, Horrocks moves on to "Halfway to Heaven...Halfway to hell...," which details strip cartoonist Sam Zabel's search for a good joke. Does he find one? Read it yourself.

However, the highlight of the issue is Chapter Two in Horrocks' "Cafe Underground." In the second part, our hero, Abraham bemoans the fact that "longed-for" Patrice has fallen for a mysterious stranger ("a poser" in Abe's opinion). But

there's more to it than that Abe waxes almost philosophical as he muses on going "alone—to that cold bed." As Abe sits alone in his chair with the cat, the ominous roar of animals in a nearby zoo can be heard ...

Yeah, it's weird. It's also quirky, intelligent, and charming. Horrocks imbues the work with his personality, and his cynical character take on lives of their own.

Happily, Horrocks is equally strong writing and drawing. There is no extraneous dialogue, as Horrocks prefers to let a few exchanges and well-staged scenes tell the story. Horrocks' cartoony figures blend with well-detailed backgrounds, but the simple faces say much with their expressions. Those looking for help with the concept of cartooning would do well to emulate Horrocks' approach.

Throw in self-deprecating humor in the letters page and you have a knock-out package that deserves more exposure than it's getting. So, I'd advise finding a copy of PICKLE while you can and spreading the word. PICKLE is one of those rare gems—buy it now or kick yourself later. (B&W, \$2.95) Grade: A-

—Scott Vice

GRIT BATH

Written and Illustrated by Renée French

Published by Fantagraphics Books

Once in a while, a comic book gets published that has you wondering just what the publisher was thinking when they signed that

contract. Just such a comic is Renée French's GRIT BATH.

The debut issue of this inexplicable title features a mixed bag of stories, from one-pagers like "Nose Fruit" (in which a young girl puts raisins in the nose of a deceased relative during a memorial service), to the self-explanatory "Fistophobia," to the repulsive "Silktown" (in which middle aged men fondle each other, a racoon eats part of a boy's face, and the delights of éclair-eating are graphically depicted).

If the description of this work sounds wearied and disgusted, it's with good reason. While there are a few good bits here and there (like the "Bunynman" character), they are wasted among the mire of cartoonist French's self-indulgent cesspool.

Actually, the hardest thing to figure about GRIT BATH is how the comic got published in the first place. None of the stories are particularly compelling, just perverse. Worse, French seems to have no real clue as to how to depict a scene or how to develop ideas. French's illustrations are roughly comparable to that of a talented eight-year-old while her story ideas seem to have been filched from bad Eastern European cartoons.

If one were to come up with a theory for how GRIT BATH got published, it would concern publisher Fantagraphics Books' desire to find their own Julia Doucet. Unfortunately, while French seems willing to wallow through similarly ugly ideas as Doucet, she hasn't got the talent to make it interesting.

If it seems I'm harping on GRIT BATH, well ... I am. Actually, the toughest part about reviewing the comic is restraining my desire to tear it apart. The only thing saving it is that I'm in a good mood. And it isn't as bad as SPAWN... (B&W, \$2.50) Grade: F

—Scott Vice

MARVELS

Written by Kurt Busiek

Illustrated by Alex Ross

Published by Marvel Comics

Just when one despairs of finding anything good from the big comic companies and their super-hero swill, along comes a surprise. Just such a surprise is MARVELS.

Book One ("A Time Of Marvels") opens in 1939. The world holds its breath as Nazi Germany

stands poised to invade Czechoslovakia. But in a ceremony designed for the benefit of the press, scientist Phineas T Horton unveils "the Human Torch," a synthetic man with the ability to light on fire. Suddenly, the world is a bit more miraculous for ordinary humans, and when a super-powered, pointy-eared man appears in New York and holds the police at bay, a new era for mankind is ushered in...

All this is seen through the eyes of a photographer Phil Sheldon, an everyman of sorts on hand for the advent of the age of super-heroes. Soon, super-beings are colliding in the air over New York, heedless of the destruction they cause to rain down on the innocent below. And when the world eventually goes to war, the super-beings are there ...

Writer Kurt Busiek has latched on to an innovative idea with MARVELS, and one that captures just what it is about super-heroes that captures the imagination of a segment of humanity. To humans reeling from the Great Depression and poised for a world war, these beings are astonished in their ability to flaunt human limitations.

Happily, painter Alex Ross outdoes writer Busiek. His super-beings look very human, but for their outlandish nature. From the blazing Human Torch to the pointed ear Sub-mariner and the daunting Captain America, Ross manages to depict beings of immense power who tower over the dazzled humans who can only watch and wonder.

Unfortunately, where MARVELS goes awry is in its Protagonist, the youthful Sheldon. Busiek has made him too much a creature of the time period, and his self-satisfied patriotism and "male superiority" espousal make him unappealing. Then again, any ordinary human would pale in comparison to these "Marvel."

So it seems that there may be like in super-heroes yet... as long as innovative ideas can be added to the mix traditionally seen in super-hero fame. But whether creativity will catch on in the genre remains to be seen. (Color, \$5.95) Grade: B

—Scott Vice

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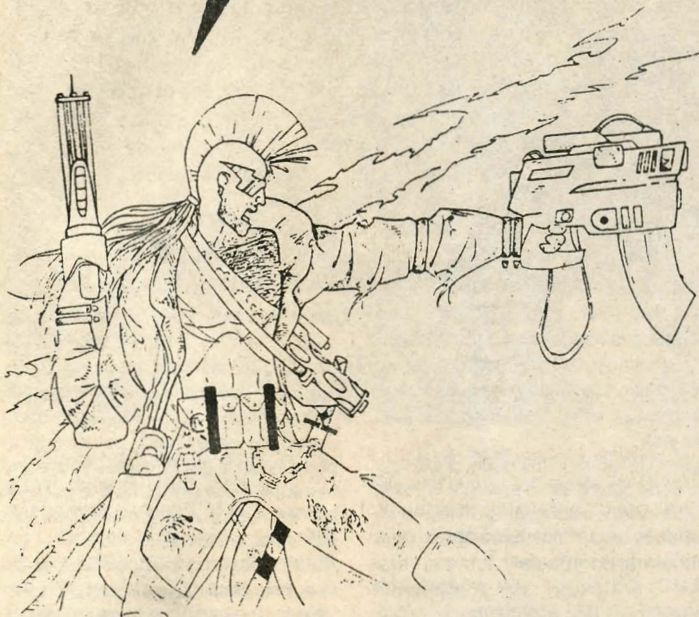
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FLIPPER

INTERVIEW DOUGHBOYS



Montreal, Canada is a county away from Minneapolis, Minnesota. What the two have in common is the DOUGHBOYS, a Canadian quartet that takes many of its punk-pop musical cues from the Minneapolis "alt-rock" gods, Hüsker Du and the Replacements. Singer/guitarist/founder John Kastner phoned SLUG 10 days before the band's co-headlining stint with The Buzzcocks on November 23.

The Doughboys are: John Kastner-guitar and vocals; Jon Widdalee Cummins-guitar and vocals; Peter Arsenault-bass guitar and vocals; Paul Newman-drums.

SLUG: Even though you're all Canadians, I would definitely say you guys sound very American.

John: We grew up listening to American bands, especially the Ramones, and that's bound to show up in our music. But, we're not writing our songs with the intention of sounding like other

bands. We're just guys in our 20's who were influenced by the music from 1976 to 1980.

SLUG: The band you're most often compared to is Hüsker Dü. Do you find that comparison fair?

John: To some extent, yeah. Hüsker Dü really influenced a whole generation of bands, not just us.

SLUG: Actually, a lot of your early musical experience is in the punk-rock genre, isn't it?

John: Yeah, quite a few people in Canada still remember me from the Asexuals. We wanted to be Black Flag back then.

SLUG: How do you think your sound and your music have changed since those days?

John: We've been all over the musical map since then. We've tried pop, funk and psychedelia. But, we always come back to the punk and have always kept the pop.

SLUG: Your new record (The Doughboys' major-label debut, *Crush*) is probably your best and most consistent effort to date. You've also been quoted as saying it sounds the most like you.

John: Definitely. This really is the way the band sounds. For a couple of years we've been kind of getting off the track, but we're back. I can honestly say that this is our best album.

SLUG: On *Crush*, you worked with Daniel Rey (the Ramones, L7, Iggy Pop). What do you think he brought to the recording sessions?

John: He was great to work with. He made sure the pop was in the pop and the punk. He basically made sure things

were stripped down to the guitar and drums, which is what we are live.

SLUG: Speaking of your live performances, how do you think they differ from your records.

John: It's never really possible to duplicate your live sound when you record, because there are no fans to push you harder. And, our fans really push us to our limits, musically.

SLUG: Well, John, good luck on the tour and have fun playing with your heroes (the band has been co-headlining shows with both Redd Kröss and the Buzzcocks.)

John: I'm sure we'll have fun. I just hope you guys enjoy our show.

—Jeff Reptile

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INTERVIEW

SNFU



Despite popular misconceptions, the U.S. doesn't have a monopoly on great hardcore music. In fact, Canadian hardcore acts (including No Means No and DOA) have enjoyed long and successful hardcore careers. And don't forget SNFU, whose harmonic punk is always at least amusing, if not outstanding. SLUG caught up to SNFU guitarist Mark "Muc" Belke before the band's stunning Nov. 17th show with the BOUNCING SOULS. Helping out (and recording) was KUTE's Kurt Geltz.

SNFU is: Chi Pig-Vocals, Muc Belke-Guitar and backing vocals, Bunnt Belke-Guitar and backing vocals, Davey-boy Rees-Drums.

SLUG: Unfortunately, even though Canada has a lot of great bands, most Americans probably know your country for Bryan Adams and Rush. Do you see that changing anytime soon?

Muc: Well, other bands just aren't getting the exposure they deserve. There's a reluctance on the part of the bigger record labels to take a chance on Canadian bands.

SLUG: The whole Nirvana thing has really changed the face of "underground" rock. Even Bad Religion has signed to a major label. Do you think that you will finally get the attention you deserve?

SLUG: I think it was a good step for all of us, but for whatever reason, we haven't been attracting a lot of attention. Epitaph (the label owned by Bad Religion's Brett Gurewitz) was the only label interested in having us.

SLUG: Sorry if I'm kind of speechless but that's incredible. Speaking of Epitaph, you guys seem like a great acquisition for them. Yet you have nothing in common with any of the others, although your sense of humor is somewhat akin to NO FX's.

Muc: Well, we really don't try to take our music too seriously. I think some of our songs do say something, if you read between the lines. But some are definitely tongue-in-cheek. We all are.

SLUG: What were the circumstances of you guys getting back together and what's the status of the band?

Muc: We've been back together for 2 1/2 years now, but when we originally broke up (in 1989), we'd been together for 8 years and had been out on the road most of the time. A lot of it had to do with us wanting to branch out and try different things (the Belkes formed the Wheat Chiefs, while Chi Pig joined Little Joe). It's still on kind of a show-by-show basis. The first show we did for this tour was incredibly bad. But we all play music for live shows. It's hard to tell where things will go for here.

SLUG: How has your music changed since you began and also since the breakup?

Muc: Not that drastically. We've matured in our songwriting and playing, but we're still not taking things seriously. We also get along better.

SLUG: I almost forgot to ask this, but do you see yourselves as the prototypical Canadian hardcore band? Also, is there a Canadian punk sound?

Muc: On the first, not really. The Canadian punk sound is hard to describe. There's definitely a personality crisis for it. I don't know, maybe not real thrashy, but fast and loose with a melody.

SLUG: Thanks for taking the time out. It looks like we saved you from unloading the equipment.

Muc: Ah, that's Chi's job.

—Jeff Reptile

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INTERVIEW



BOUNCING SOULS

In a better world, these Jersey boys would be punk-rock stars. Taking their cues from Operation Ivy and Rancid, the Souls then add portions of 'SOS-styled rockabilly, funk and straight ahead rock to make something unique and memorable. Bouncing Souls granted SLUG a brief interview before they nearly upstaged SNFU Nov. 17th.

Bouncing Souls are: Greg-Vocals; Bryan-Bass; Shal-Guitar; Pete-Drums.

SLUG: is it fair to say you guys were influenced a lot by Operation Ivy?

Bryan: I'm not sure it's fair to them, but it's fair to us! (laughs) Yeah, we really liked Op Ivy ad their energy. We liked their punk aggression, and they didn't dwell on the negatives. They were always upbeat. That's something we hope we can bring across in our music.

SLUG: Op Ivy also started out in ska. How did you guys begin?

Greg: Almost the same way. We were about half and half ska and punk. But we've kind of moved on in out tastes. That's not to put down ska, it's just that it's something that other bands do better.

SLUG: When you say that your tastes or styles have moved on, how do you think that changes your music?

Greg: Well, we're getting better and better at what we do over the last five years. But we'll continue to evolve into what, I can't say. It could be something completely different from what we're doing now.

SLUG: I noticed that both of your releases (they have an EP and 7-inch available from P.O. Box 974 New Brunswick, NJ 08903) are self-released. Haven't you guys been courted by tons of record labels?

Greg: We used to get lots of little bites and nibbles from labels, but nothing really materialized. We just figured if they weren't interested then screw them.

Bryan: Yeah, we refuse to solicit anything from labels. That's only so much wasted energy that we could use for something else.

SLUG: On one hand that's bad because you guys deserve a lot more exposure but at the same time, it almost makes your music more honest because you're only accountable to yourselves--you also have started kind of a grass-roots following with each show that you

play.
 Bryan: It's helped us to keep our focus and also helped us get some really loyal fans.

Greg: Yeah, we're probably writing even more for the fans than we are for ourselves. We won't compromise for them.

SLUG: It seems like you guys are really happy doing this. All you really need out of life are a warm place to stay, food to eat and a show to play.

Bryan: So long as the fans have an open mind and the food is pretty good, that would be ok. We're not looking for huge success, just some mildly adoring fans (laugh).

SLUG: I understand that, I think.

Greg: Well, all my heroes aren't on major labels. We're not looking to make it on MTV. We just like catching the live vibe.

SLUG: You've gotten to play with some of those heroes, too. Do you think that really helps you as a young band?

Bryan: It definitely makes it more exciting for us. We've got someone else to try to impress besides the audience. Live is definitely the most fun part of music for us, and probably our fans too.

SLUG: That doesn't necessarily mean that you don't enjoy recording though?

Bryan: Actually, that's not really our favorite part. We haven't had the best of luck recording. It just doesn't sound like us unless we've got an audience.

SLUG: Don't you have enough material for an album? Have you considered recording live?

Greg: Most of the live records we've heard kind of blow. We'll get around to an album one of these days. Wen we get off the road.

SLUG: Yeah, well, when it's treating you so well, it's kind of hard to stop.

Bryan: It would be nice to have a life and a home for a while. But this is really what we love.

SLUG: One of these days, guys, I swear. You'll break it big.

Bryan: And then you can write about us for Rolling Stone.

SLUG: Uh-huh. Yeah, sure.

—Jeff Reptile

BEST OF SLUG

If you haven't been keeping up with SLUG over the past five years, here are some things that you may have missed.

February 1989 UTAH'S WHITE SOUL HERITAGE

By Dr. Ty Ad,
Professor of Theology and R&B
University of Detroit at Salt Lake City

Utahns are forever haunted by the pioneer heritage that was responsible for taming this rugged state and building stake houses upon it. Religious references are continually made in its honor, and liquor laws are justified in its name. However, there is an undermining factor to Utah's pioneer legacy. Consider it the crux of why things happen the way they do, as well as sound the way it does. As can be heard and felt today, Utahns share a legacy of soul, white-soul.

This faith was alleged to have been commanded to Brigham Young by divine order while Mormonism grew stale in Illinois. As evinced in the written accounts of early Mormonism,

"...For lo, Brigham, the chosen one, saw time to change. Troubled times came when news reached Nauvoo that Tina had indeed forsaken like, and the light of God shone not from the magical land of Motown. BriBham then saw li-ht to the west. A host of cheribim surround ed him as he stood before his brethren and spake, 'The kingdom of Motown has fallen. Let us journey to the west to rebuild it!' Cheers of aBreament sounded in response. He continued: "Let us file in pilgrimage to Utah, for there the family Osmond hath erected for us a new Motown by which we may pay praises unto God." Ans so the exodus was planned, and upon turning their backs upon Illinois, the venerable Brigham spoke, "Hy euenyboby, c'mon! And so, the jouurney began."

However, the pioneers had trouble reaching their promised land of Utah. They had assembled their handcars of green wood, which shrank and rotted, rendering them useless. Hence they were forced to winter near Des Moines, Iowa, where where time spent uneventfully until Brigham, through alleged divine orderj discovered in the forest incredible gifts for his people: *"As Brigham wandcred the wood, he came upon a shaft of light of blinding intensity, encased in which were the gifts of the lord."*

These gifts were of paramount importance to Brigham and his contingent. Discovered by Brigham that day were a complete collection of albums by the fusion band Tower of Power, and golden plates inscribed with the

teachings of funk drummer Carmine Appice. Indeed fusion had come to the pioneers.

Spring came to the pioneer's winter quarters, and the journey could continue. However, the failure of their handcars in the fall called for an alternate means of transportation. It was revealed to Brigham,

"Seek the train, by which passage can be made to the chosen land that I hath reserved for thee."

This train was indeed the coveted soul train, the very one that inspired the popular cable TV program "Soul Train". And so, passage to Utah was gained. During the several days journey, more divine gifts were embellished upon Brigham. A golden saxophone was presented to him on the second day of the trip by the musical group Earth, Wind and Fire, who were aboard the train as entertainers in the lounge car. The days passed, and the pioneers eventually left the train at the emigration canyon station which overlooked the Salt Lake Valley whereupon Brigham proclaimed, "this can't be the place, it doesn't look like Gary, Indiana at all." Brigham was then informed that he indeed looked upon the promised valley, and not the birthplace of the Jackson Five. With confusion set aside, attention was focused on naming the new city of the pioneers. Brigham initially chose Funkytown, but at the dissent those less musically inclined, Salt Lake City was settled upon, because it sounded much like Motor City. Their odyssey had been fulfilled, and the pioneers settled in their new home.

Tales of this journey are still told in jam sessions citywide, and the influence of Brigham's discoveries are still viewed with the same freshness that welcomed it over a century ago. To this day, the 24th day of each July is held in praise of the day Tower of Power's hit single "Squib Cakes" reached #1 on the regional charts. Indeed, the legacy of Brigham Young's pioneers lives on, and white soul streams through the veins of Utahns.

July 1989 POOHGAZI

This ain't alternative band ass-licking week. Just because Ian McKaye gave birth (anal birth) to straight-edge, and is some kind of sacred cow in the "scene," doesn't qualify him for unconditional head.

That Fugazi gig at the Speedway a month or so back was one of those rare occasions where I actually wanted the cops to show up and randomly beat and arrest people. Cuz anything would have been better than a straight edge sermon that night.

Why I craved police violence isn't so hard to phathom. It wasn't just because Ian is a skinhead, Swaggart son of a bitch, who can't even preach on par with Bono - it was mainly cuz the people there didn't seem to mind this cocksucker's attitude- they even liked it. People applauded for this guy spitting out the same pabulum as me grand daddy (who's a local church official) does in his speeches at scout meets; no drink, no drugs, no girls, brush your teeth, etc.

So, when Ian said the opening prayer, everybody present dutifully bowed their heads in reverence and respect. And as Ian spake of the evils of the stage dive and the slam pit, verily did the masses turn their minds to pure thoughts of rebellion against the vices; a good lowfat diet, a healthy fitness program and the lynching of spics.

That's what happened. What should've happened, of course, is a different thing altogether. The minute Elder McKaye opened his mouth we all should've stormed the stage and packed his preachy mouth with greasy french fries, crammed a needle in his arm and buttfucked him with a bottle of Robitussin. That'd learn him.

Too bad Fugazi ain't a local band. Then they'd be deservedly shit on by everyone. No one, either in SLC or outside, takes a SLC band seriously (though I hear the Soapbox Kids were autographing their plectrums for pre-pube girls at the Tooele Arts Fest not too long ago, which doesn't really contradict my thesis).

—The Christ Brothers

July 1989 TUPELO CHAIN SEX and the BLASTERS

The story of the Tupelo Chain Sex / Blasters show on the U of U campus is one of base savagery and paganistic hedonism. I learned of the show just hours before it started, but it sounded like a damn fine opportunity to pick up a gallon or so of the Cribari Evil Seed and define a whole new code of barbarism. This I did, and consequently my impressions of the show are limited to a few vivid and (perhaps) irrelevant details.

First off, we all know that Tupelo was supposed to play Mayfest a month earlier. There was much gnashing of teeth when they didn't show, not to mention rending of tie-dye and casting down of new rage jewelry. Reportedly, one disappointed fan threw herself to the ground and sprained her mantra.

Better late than never, though, and Tupelo put on a fine show. I think. Actually, all I remember was a strange insect spraying some fetid goo in my face while I tried to study it under the magnification of the empty Cribari bottle. Things went downhill for me from there.

The miasma of that bug was obviously hallucinogenic, because no sooner had it started to really irritate me than the visions began to appear. I saw ugly things. I gaped in horror at a circle of hacky-heads kicking around what I swear was a stuffed leather testicle.

My perception expanded, and I saw people in black clothing slinking around wishing they had British accents. Worst of all, I had a revelation about rap music that had nothing to do with the music Tupelo was playing. It was just a flash of insight into the vacuous, dark heart of rap, and now I've forgotten it completely. Suffice it to say that the whole experience was horrifying. Clearly, the Beast is at work here.

Things had not improved much by the time the Blasters came on. The combination of the Evil Seed in my veins, the bug effluvium in my nostrils, and the unpleasant little Mystery Burger in the Union building in my stomach was unsettling to my delicate constitution. In fact, before the Blasters had finished their second song, I was in a state of true gastric distress. But the music was great. I think.

—Clark Stacey

January 1990

Dear Feasting Scabs and
Pustules,

In nine days I am going home to Connecticut. I've been her for 3.5 months now and if I stay any longer I'll vomit my vitals on the Wasatch Front.

You hicks out here really suck. You talk about how Utah is hell - well puds, it's not Utah, it's you. You are all such Dickskins.

You're all so tense about what you are (a punk, a mod, a hippie, a skator, a thrasher, etc.) I've decided that you are all products of incest. To overcome being inbred mutts, you try to attach yourselves to some form of rebellion. You drink beer? Milwaukee's Best? OOOOOOOH, how rebellious!

I'll leave some toe cheese in the restroom of the Delta terminal of the SLC airport for all of you little screw ups.

Love Always,
Jake Mallory

P.S. Your Underground Bites.
P.P.S. -The Sex Pistols just broke up. Don't cry, I heard Johnny is starting a new band.

February 1990

My Dearest Dickheads,
Jake Mallory's letter in last month's SLUG inspired a few sleazy comments (to be taken in the nicest way of course).

First thing Jake, I went to the restroom at the Delta terminal looking for that tasty tidbit of toe cheese you promised us, but all I could find was a large puddle of semen you spewed on the floor. Jake, please don't make promises you can't keep.

Being a "Hick-Pud" myself, I sort

BEST OF SLUG CONTINUED

of looked forward to seeing your vitals vomited across the Wasatch Front; I couldn't see your vitals anyway because my foreskin must have been pulled up over my eyes.

Jake, I want you to know, I am not a product of incest. I am a product of good old fashioned Christian asexual reproduction. For your information Jake, we already knew the Sex Pistols broke up. I knew 6 months ago. Your mother told me while she was giving me a hand job out in front of the Speedway Cafe.

I'd like to thank you personally for opening my eyes to the "scene" here that bites so hugely, dude. I have sent your name into the LDS missionaries, in Connecticut to save your evil, cum-guzzling soul. God Bless You.

*Love Ya Babe,
Rick*

P.S. Come on back any time. We have some Christian values we'd just love to shove down your throat.

February 1991 What's Wrong With Today's Protesters, Protests and Protest Music?

"Now the urgency and energy has turned into complacency, and the schools and universities are turning out a brand-new breed of young conservatives..."

—Ray Davies-The Kinks

"Help save the youth of America, help save youth from themselves..."

—Billy Bragg

The war has started and may already be over by the time this column is printed. And if that's so, then thank Jah. If not, let's try and figure out why today's protest marches have turned into little else than a pseudo-hippy, granola fashion show.

No longer do we have Phil Ochs, Bob Marley or even the Clash as the voice of a generation. Though we have songwriters as talented as Billy Bragg and Elvis Costello, today's callow youth would rather listen to such "socially-conscious" blowhards as Sting, U2 and Midnight Oil. Instead, such whiners as Suzanne Vega and Tracy Chapman are looked upon as insightful. Praise Jah that there are still punk-rock and regga bands, although those too are being corrupted.

Let's learn lessons from the "real" hippies, those who were there during the 60's and 70's; let's listen to the now-peaceful Vietnam vets; let's listen a little and not be concerned so much with ourselves.

What can we do for peace? I sup-

pose attending peace rallies and marches are nice, though they're not my cup of tea (besides, doesn't it strike some of you as hypocritical that we shout "no blood for oil," but subsequently waste that resource by driving to the Capitol Building or buying the new Sting tape).

Instead of sending xeroxed copies of form protest letters (which helps continue the deforestation of tropical rain forests that are so in protest-vogue these days). Dare to start discussions in your homes, your work, your school. Write individual and personal letters to your representatives.

Sure, these protests look good, but do you think they're actually changing anyone's minds? Let's face it, our war-mongering enemies are as intractable as we. Make your voices heard individually and collectively.

Lastly, let's not forget next election day to vote the bastards out who supported the Bush regime and got us into the war in the first place. I suppose we could also drop a bomb or two on these guys for good measure, as well. Just remember, though, that you didn't hear it here.

—Chris Robin

June 1991

Dear Dickheads,

You can print this in your useless little commercial rag if you want. It's time more people started (or started again) stirring up some shit in this town. So, I got some complaints. Fuck this politics-is-out-we're-gonna-be-the-next-Seattle bullshit. I've read a number of your featured band write-ups (do actual interviews sometime, instead of interpreting what the band really said) that have slagged off politics and social commentary. I don't give two cents about Salt Lake bands becoming successful. Better to get the locals thinking and questioning what's around them. All the little potheads are gonna be pretty surprised when they're on the first bus to the Humboldt County drug concentration camp, aren't they? What the fuck is success, anyway? Getting signed to a major and being bled dry for the bloodsucking consumer machine? Fuck success. And on SLUG, I realize it's what everyone makes of it, but are you letting it be whatever it will be? SLUG is a music calendar/Advo advertising bit with some two-bit bickering thrown in and a lot of hot air. So, go on imitating the safe path of Private Eye and KJQ and getting your fat-ass advertisers. No threat means no change. SLUG isn't any panacea, just a cute and cuddly pacification for the true alternatives.

*Nothing personal,
Mike Carlson
DOCD/Use Your Brain*

December

SANTA-CHRIST IS COMING TO TOWN The Psychological Implications of Christmas

Of course there's no Santa Claus, as we're told when we're young. But when there was a jolly, fat, bringer of presents, as our parents and the television would tell us, the winter solstice truly was the "season to be jolly." Not only do many of us have fond memories of the "winter wonderland", Christmas vacation and presents under the tree, but the pervasive, underlying theme of Santa Claus-as-a-Christian, possibly Christ himself, can cause considerable consternation upon future examination of the Christian myth.

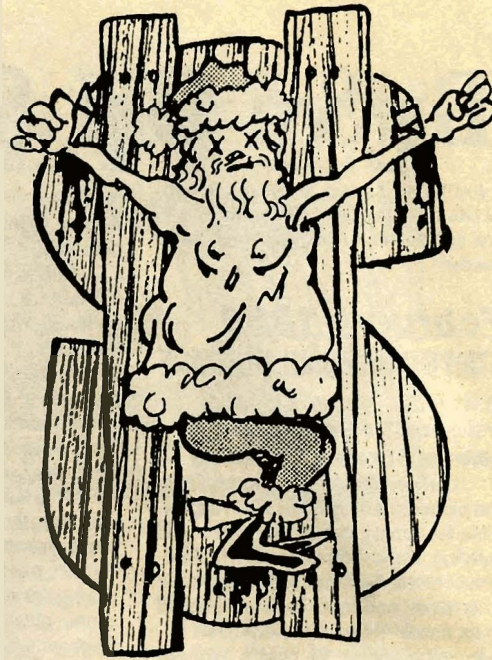
Santa Claus is a Christianic tradition, derived, at least in part from Saint Nicholas, patron saint of children.

Once Christmas became a multi-billion dollar industry, the media-advertising blitz, concentrating not on the Christian population, but on a nation of consumers, firmly embedded Santa Claus in our psyche as the embodiment of the spirit of Christmas. (The incompatibility of capitalism and Christianity is obvious: The Bible tells us not to have a "love of capital," and to avoid the sin of greed. There is much hypocrisy where religion is concerned.)

"Santa Claus is watching," our parents would threateningly say to us; in fact, most adults are in on the Great Lie Told to Small Children. That's right, while the kids are learning about their environment, at impressionably young ages, virtually everyone is lying to them. Perhaps this is part of the reason why some children and teenagers don't obey their parents: why should the kids trust them, in the light of such lies? (It's primarily Santa and the Easter Bunny, for Christians, while the Tooth Fairy seems monotheistic.)

Santa Claus and the others, do exist, however, to the children that believe in him—their own senses prove this to them. Santa lives at the North Pole, with his wife, who prepares his meals, and his elves, who make all of the toys that he distributes on December 25th. His method of delivery is, of course, nothing short of miraculous, illustrating religious overtones.

When the kids begin to perceive information indicating that the Santa Claus they meet at the mall is an imposter, however, and that their parents just tell them that the presents found on Christmas are from Santa, their entire belief system is shaken (Mommy and Daddy and everybody lied to me!) and Santa Claus ceases to exist as anything more than a marketing strategy. This is



often the first exposure children have to "lying for your own good," but, if used properly, it can help them to realize that any belief, no matter how deep and cherished, can be altered by further examination, i.e., new information.

If you do "bad" things as a child, Santa is watching. When you grow up, the Lord, Jesus Christ presumably, takes over. As the children grow up, instead of worrying about "getting coal in their stocking" for Christmas if they were "bad", their actions now determine the eternal fate of their mortal soul.

"Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain." Oz, from the Wizard of Oz, was clearly a fake, but how do we know that the Christian religion isn't a put-on, just like Santa? Perhaps the story of Jesus was just a parable to show someone's perception of humanity, in it's perfect state. In fact, the story of Christmas in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John vary considerably and present irreconcilable contradictions, such as the star that guided the wisemen, the nature of virgin birth, and King Herod's alleged purge of newborns.

The spirit of Christmas, itself, has been exploited by big business, invoking greed in gift-receivers and the pressure of obligation in gift-givers. It's become the time of year when "peace on earth and good-will toward men" is in vogue, devaluing the spirit of brotherly love, which should be displayed all year long. Of course, any act of kindness to fellow human beings is admirable, but, to quote a bumper sticker that a friend of mine saw uptown, "When I give food to the poor, they call me a saint. When I ask why the poor have no food, they call me a communist."

So, you may want to think about it this year, while you're hanging your Christmas lights to stave off the excess darkness (and teratological molecules) created as a result of the earth's angle of rotation around the sun at this time of year. Christianity is folklore and the Christian holiday is pagan idolatry.

—Eric M. Zsombonyi



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