

# SLUG

FEBRUARY  
1994 #32

FREE

DEAR DICKHEADS    HELEN WOLF  
COMICS    LOCAL RECORD    REVIEWS  
UNMITIGATED RAMBLE    ABSTRAK  
ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT    MORE





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# SLUG

JANUARY 1994  
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**SPECIAL THANKS**

Malle

SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing in the paper is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of the people who put it together. The topics included are also contributed. If you don't agree with what is said, or you feel something is missing then you should do something about it... write. All submissions must be received no later than the 25th of the preceding month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask that you keep your writing short and to the point. This gives us more room for more people's writing. We thank you for your continued support and hope we can do this for a very long time.

Thank You  
SLUG Staff

**Send Us Your Stuff**

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84110-1061

**Need More Info**

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**ON THE COVER**



This month's cover was done by Bruce Reid. He has also done covers and art work for several other local newspapers.

He is Salt Lake's most underused illustrator. He has spent the last while doing commercial work so he is adept to working in many types of areas. He also specializes in cartooning and spot illustrating and is available. 483-6416 or 572-0442.

If you would like to submit artwork for a cover. Send it to the P.O. box. Art work should fit in an 8w X 10 1/2h space. If you want to use color it should be done on a color overlay. Cover chosen will receive free stuff from SLUG. Great entries so far. Keep 'em comin'. For Christ's Sakes ... leave a telephone number or an address.

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# DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

I must respond to the vicious and well informed attack I suffered from the pen of "K" which appeared in the correspondence of the January, 1994 issue of Utah's foremost printed forum of art and intelligence; viz. SLUG.

My dear "K," first let me retract the threats of my previous letter which apparently frightened you; I would hate to suffer any anguish of concern with my rectal health should I decide to attend a stirring rock-a-billy performance at Burts, just as I would hate for you or anyone else to be put into a similar quandry if they should wish to sample one of Bandaloops' rubber calzones.

However, I am much disappointed with your misreading of both mine and Mr. Titus' letter. Perhaps you should take the gentleman from Red #5's suggested in his letter (I paraphrase: have someone explain the definition of sarcasm to you) and then reread the letters from the copies of SLUG you no doubt have carefully stashed away for their Blue Boutique advertisement masturbation value, and then decide who's idea—Jon's or Audrey's—are more in accordance with your own. I am sincerely sorry this shit went over your head (just as Jon's remarks obviously did over the other writer who's letter appeared with yours), but perhaps having shit pass over your head is a position you are not totally unfamiliar with.

Here are some suggested readings to help you with the concepts of humankind vs. nature, and sarcastic wit: *Philosophy in the Bedroom*, by the Marquis de Sade; *The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, by some British guy; and anything written by Helen Wolf (who is, by the way, the most talented creature presently spreading ink this side of Uranus, or anyone else's).

May The Men Of Crush have their way with you...

*Most Sincerely  
Audrey Smiley*

Dear Dickheads,

A'm writen' ta Helen Wolf nt ya Dickheads. The Slug is hard ta find out ere in Granger. I haf ta go ta Salt Lake an git it sometimes. I don't care bout mos shit in it. A'm

in love with Helen Wolf. This here's ma dream date wit Helen Wolf.

We start da date at da Deltor Lane's lounge wit a couple a pitchers a beer. Jes ta git up a appetite. Nex we head fer da cafe an ma favorite meal, a meat pie smother'd wit country gravy wit hashbrowns and yer choice a vegetable.

After supper we kin bowl a few lines, dis date is in a bowlin' alley after all. I alays carry a flask wit me so's we kin keep up da drinkin'. Yer gonna need ta be a lil wasted fer da next part a our date. When yer tired a bowlin' Helen iss back ta da lounge and the Saturday night wet T-shirt contest. Wear a thin one cause I wann see yer titties good when Ah squirt em wit ma water pistol.

After some more drinkin' ta make sure yer good an lubricated, A', a gonna pour ya in ma truck an head fer ma double-wide rite down da street. A'm gonna take off yer clothes an give ya wha ya need da mos. A good cornholin' till da cock crows.

*I luv ya Helen  
Alden Holloway*

## WRITERS WANTED FOR SLUG!

**Politics**  
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**(Local or National)**  
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## HELEN WOLF

Son Of The Return of '93  
Reheated Leftovers and More!

Since my January "piece" was actually written in November to meet some fictitious deadline, you (the royal leader), were deprived of my genius by a month or so. Besides, this rambling bullshit format is a lot easier to write when you're whacked on Vicks 44D and Schlitz—just ask Larry King.

Frank Zappa died at 52 of cancer, causing the word "iconoclast" to be used (and mis-used) more than any other time in hack history. Will there be an overblown tribute/photo-op like the one for Queen queen Freddie Mercury. Axl and Elton dueting on "Burnt Weenie Sandwich?" Extreme rockin' out "Dynamo Hum?" No, because cancer's not a "cool" disease, there's no cute ribbon for it, and only icky old people get it.

Troubled loner Eddie Vedder got tanked and slapped around a waiter in New Orleans after he told Ed Ved how much his girlfriend digs that "Plush" tune. Fellow millionaire and regular guy Jack McDowell of the White Sox also got bearded in the brawl while Urge Overkill stood by, polishing their medallions—all hail the new Lizard King!

Blind Melon lead hairball Shannon Hoon went onstage nekkid in Canada and pissed on the front row of adoring Melonheads (didn't Gallagher do that before?). Prodigal of Smiles promise to top that with a nude band shit at a future gig. Club owners: Scotchguard now.

Well-hung rock gods the Maggotheads played what was promised to be their farewell (geek) show. Yeah, right—put that promise on file right next to "The checks in the mail," "I won't come in you're mouth," and "The club only takes a small percentage of the door."

MTV's L.A. edition of The Real World assembled the worst bunch of pathetic, whining losers since, well, the New York edition. Note to MTV: give us some REAL drama and pathos—tape the next one at Stimboy's swingin' pad.

The World Wrestling Federation presents the pay-per-view event of a lunchtime: Jon "Antichrist" Titus vs. Media Man — belts are on the line! Did anyone actually mail money for those Media Man essays? You did? Wanna buy some car stereo speakers, cheap? My boss ordered too many and we've gotta sell 'em off quick—they're over here in the trunk of my Impala.

Colorado's best export, The Fluid, broke up. One of it's worst, Electric Mud, won't stay out of Utah. Do we really need ANOTHER Dead/Little Feat rip-off (can't bathe or write an actual song, but can probably make a household item bong faster than McGyver).

The December issue of Musician Magazine detailed near future in which artists could distribute their music directly to consumers through the Fiberoptic Superhighway Cyberwhatever—you'd never have to deal with those teenage lobotomies at Soundoff again: Red Kross? I dunno...the old dude from Sanford & Son?

Note to my "Fan Club" in the Green Street kitchen: Get out and meet some nice girls. Do you like girls? You can't charge those 976 numbers to your mom's Visa forever.

Flew to Las Vegas on the SLUG corporate jet to catch Barbara Streisand's 2-nighter at the MGM Grand. For \$6 Million a night, you'd think Babs would learn the lyrics, right? Oy, what a shiksa—teletypewriters everywhere! Even the between-song patter ("Thank You," "I'm so glad to be here," and "Are you ready to fuckin' rock Las Vegas?!") was scrolled on the screens.

Very cool cover art by Cody on the January SLUG—why the hell was Rush Limbaugh on the cover in December? Did I miss a staff meeting?

Jurassic Krap: the Grateful Dead were last years top-grossing live(?) act. Conspiracy theory #75: there are two Deads—the

real, fat thing and a second group of cyborg doubles. As they criss-cross the country raking in twice the loot, the fans (being reality-impaired Deadheads) never even notice.

Commonplace re-materialized after a long absence with a new EP and a couple of actual live shows—about damn time. Meanwhile, the new Doghouse release remains in corporate Limbo while the band battles with their label, Vicious Ferret, over musical content and hairstyles. Steve Albini was contacted to remix, but has yet to reply.

Rockabilly rag Put Yer Cat Clothes On somehow managed to squeeze out a second issue, this time with the Reverend Horton Heat (Does the phrase "Blowing your wad" ring a bell? Who's left now—Leather Tuscedaro?). The latest waste of timber included this moronic statement by Junior: "Nothing but wanna be grunge bands in Salt Lake." First, you've got to get out of Bur's more often; second, you've got some huevos accusing anyone of band wagoning. Most of the people in the 'billy units come from the old underground and, in their younger too-cool punk days, would've laughed themselves stupid at this retro-schitik. Oh yeah, and keep Wheels and his damn "Rockability" out of here or I'm gonna start doing Trailer Park updates in PYCCO, got me?

Don't call it a comeback (no, really, don't): Warrant at Club Renegade (\$19), Quiet Riot at Rafter's (\$10), the Village People somewhere in Provo (\$18), and

the Groove at Woolf's, (Free, and no bargain either). No punchline required.

If you put a SXSW Show-down entry and rules form through my special Truth Decoder, it reads: "Here's the deal, suckers—we're gonna throw together a pile of bands we never let play here (the Zephyr) and make 'em play for free while they bring their buddies to buy our booze. Then we let one of our regular groups who make the club money 'win.' Sign here, dirtbag." Not that the past two winners aren't good bands, but this line of thinking may get the Disco Drippers a '95 trip to Austin—the horror, the horror...

Went to the SLUG/Growin' Graphics bar-fight and a party almost broke out. What a shindig. House Of Cards took the stage something before dawn and ripped into a near-perfect rendition of side 2 of "Double Live Gonzo"—go nuge, GO! By the way, Grindboy was right: SLUG just totally sold out, dude. You should see the way JR struts around his penthouse office suite in his floor-length pimp coat flashing his jewelry and lighting cigars with \$100 bills while he just pays his writers with old Sabbathon shirts. Sometimes he likes to spit out of the window down on the mall-punks below and laugh an insane, power-mad laugh—that is, when he's not snorting Columbian off of some hooker's tits or playing "submarines" with Webster and McAuley Culkin.

—Helen Wolf

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# WORD SEARCH

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 B F R E O I S D R A C F O E S U O H W X  
 T H E C H A N G E D E G N B N H E B A K  
 E J H O H E K I X O R P E K N I D O T N  
 V I T M A K N K B G E R F R 5 M I H H S  
 I S O P D E D I A W L O A M G W K E E C  
 F M M O P W E U U U Z D C O M A D M L F  
 O T E S K C J U A U Z I E M H T R I E R  
 N E S E G K D U U U U G W Y A E N A T A  
 D U U R B O E 5 C L G A B S T R A K E C  
 E D O S P N B P W M M L K I A F B R S T  
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 N F A L E E I A K L K M R R C T V A T E  
 P A I C S N R U B E C I J J V C 5 R O T  
 Q T A N G E R O V E R L O A D F A V I H  
 Y I U G I M O T C E R E D N Q R N O P O  
 X I E L I N E H T F O S R E T H G U A D

**ICEBURN**  
**FRACTAL METHOD**  
**BOHEMIA**  
**MY SISTER JANE**  
**REALITY**  
**HOUSE OF CARDS**  
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**AMPHOUSE MOTHER**  
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**\*MOUTHBREATH**  
**THE CHANGE**  
**STONEFACE**

**AU**  
**ONE EYE**  
**DEAD KATS**  
**NSC**  
**PRODIGAL OF SMILES**  
**DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE**  
**RIVERBED JED**  
**RED NO. FIVE**  
**ANGER OVERLOAD**  
**SKABS ON STRIKE**  
**ABSTRAK**  
**ATHELETES BUTT**



**B-LAME**

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**TM Miller Presents CONVERSATIONS FEATURING DEB AND TODD**

HON, WHY DO YOU THINK OUR GOVERNMENT HAS TO CONTINUE THE NEED FOR SECRECY AND HUGE SUMS OF MONEY TO FUNCTION?

I DON'T KNOW! ONE WONDERS THOUGH IF IT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE FBI, THE BATF, THE CIA, THE D.O.D. THE ARMY, AIR FORCE, NAVY, MARINES AND THE US COURT SYSTEM, ALL TRYING TO JUSTIFY THE BILLIONS AND BILLIONS OF DOLLARS TAXPAYERS HAVE AND ARE SPENDING NOW TO DEFEND US FROM SOME THREAT!

YEA! I GUESS NOW THAT THE SOVIET UNION IS NO LONGER THE "EVIL EMPIRE" OUR FRIENDLY, BENEVOLENT GOVERNMENT FEELS IT HAS TO PROTECT US FROM OURSELVES...

I'VE HEARD SOMEWHERE THAT THE U.S. HAS MORE OF ITS POPULATION IN PRISONS PER CAPITA THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET. ARE THE MAJORITY OF AMERICANS REALLY RUTHLESS THUGS AND LAWBREAKERS, OR COULD IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CURRENT DRUG LAWS?

EVERY DAY WE'RE TOLD ABOUT THE SPREAD OF THESE "DEADLY CHEMICALS" AND THE NON-STOP "WAR ON DRUGS" TO CURB THEIR USE, ISN'T IT FUNNY HOW THE WAR IS DIRECTED AGAINST LOW LEVEL STREET DEALERS AND USERS NOT AT THE HIGH LEVEL TRAFFICKERS?

OH WELL! WHAT'S ON T.V. TONIGHT?

WELL, FIRST IT'S COPS, THEN AT 8:00 ITS SUPER COPS, AT 9:00 ITS EXTRA COOL COPS, AND AT 10:00 ITS GRANDMA COPS!

YEA! AND ISN'T IT EVEN THE LEAST BIT STRANGE HOW THAT LARGE OF AN AMOUNT OF DRUGS ARE ALLOWED TO ENTER THE U.S. DOESNT ANYONE ASK THESE QUESTIONS?



# INTERVIEW

## ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT

Ask any West Coast punk where the best music is coming from, and they'll inevitably answer San Diego. Looming god-like over the rest of the "Beach-core" scene is Rocket From The Crypt, one of the most prolific vinyl-recording bands in the world. Group founder John Reis was kind enough to grant SLUG a telephone interview nearly a month before the band's Feb. 17 show at Club DV8 (Downstairs). As always, Helen Wolf was on hand to fetch coffee.



photo: Robert DeBerry

Rocket from the Crypt is: John "Speedo" Reis-vocals & guitar; Andy "N.D." Stamer-guitar; "Petey X"-bass guitar; Paul "Apollo" O'Beirne-Saxophone; Adam "Atom" Willard - drums.

**SLUG:** Can I ask about "The Deal?" (thr band signed to Interscope Records last year)

**John:** The only thing I want to talk about is just how things have gotten blown out of proportion. It's hard, man. I don't even want to go outside sometimes, because I go to some party and there's some dipshit that I don't even know wanting to talk about "My Deal" or "The Deal." It's like, fuck man, the person doesn't really care, they just want something to talk about.

Interscope is a great label. We're on that label because we saw every label in the world and they're the best. We were lucky enough to have labels to choose from. The amount of money we got is enough so that we can make kickass records and just go for it.

**SLUG:** How much do you think the Nirvana and grunge "phenomenon" led to that deal?

**John:** It's hard to say, but it's really funny to see what these people think "grunge" is. The same thing happened with punk. It happened with disco and now it's happening with grunge. It's just another way to sell records. I know that kind of thinking is out there. It doesn't really sicken me, because I don't put a lot of time into distancing myself from it.

**SLUG:** Sorry to keep dwelling on "The Deal," but how does it affect your 7-inch recording career?

**John:** Not at all. I'm not a vinyl purist. I'm not out there waving a flag for the cause of vinyl. But, in

terms of listening, a 7-inch has a certain advantage. You drop a needle, turn it all the way up and get a fast blast, a quick fix. I have no great resentment for corporations or record companies or anything, and I'm not trying to make any big statement about indie rock, it's just that 7-inch records are so cool.

**SLUG:** Or so punk?  
**John:** Maybe. But, what is punk these days? What is there for me to rebel against? I live a fairly normal life. I don't live in a crack neighborhood with a lot of homeless people. Not to say that stuff doesn't exist, but I have a pretty good life for myself. If punk-rock means rebellion, I guess we might not be a punk rock band.

**SLUG:** On the lighter side, how can you scream for so long on every song?

**John:** Supposedly, when I was a baby, I was on the verge of dying. So the doctors would stick needles and tubes in my ears and nose all the time. Naturally, I screamed a lot and I guess that's where I got my voice (laughs).

**SLUG:** Well, however it happened, your voice and Apollo's sax are definitely my favorite Rocket Parts. What inspired you to get a saxophone player?

**John:** Paul's been a friend for a long time, but he didn't know how to play anything. For some reason I just caught on a saxophone. I told him, "Buy one and you're in the band. He bought it, and boom! He's gotten great. It was a bleak picture without him.

**SLUG:** Not to kiss ass, but music was bleak without you guys. Good Luck!

**John:** Thanks. We'll need it.

—Jeff Reptile

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## LOCAL RECORDS



## COMMONPLACE

Speechless  
Giving Ground

Commonplace has the incomparable Lara Jones as lead vocalist. In my opinion there is only one other female vocalist in this city that can touch her talents and she is in the doghouse.

On this new release from Commonplace the backing music continues to swirl around the vocals that make up the band. The song "Fragile" can only bring Jones into direct competition with Lazerus, her chief competitor in the Salt Lake female vocalist sweepstakes.

"Greenhands" is a song with the intensity Commonplace would do well to explore further in their future recordings. The guitar work from either Scott Bringard and/or Colin Kelly alternates between the chiming sounds which Mitch Easter made famous from his studio in Athens, Georgia and the strumming heard during the summer of love in San Francisco.

Commonplace demonstrates a Joy Division fascination with their song, "Sonic That." The lyrics "She's in control" are repeated numerous times and yet although the lyrics are lifted from Joy Division's most famous song, "She's Lost Control," the background music is completely original.

Side one of the tape is the electric side with San Francisco, Joy Division, Cocteau Twins and Athens, Georgia roots amply demonstrated. Side two is all acoustic. Diversity is the staff of life and the members of Commonplace are in touch with it. The second side is more in tune with something praised in the pages of Acoustic Musician. Moving from the dark depression of Ian Curtis to improv night at a coffee house, the band shows off its unplugged side.

Side two is the best side. Closed minds want to know. Why doesn't Jay Foups and his staff at Acoustic Musician explore the other side of the Salt Lake Underground. "There is more to it than the Eskelsens and Megan Peters.

EXPLODING FRENCH  
Explosé #1

Explosé #1 is packaged in an individualized wrapper. Each copy is different, since each is done by hand. Band membership is open, anyone who wants to participate can. On this tape a total of 12 different people contributed.

This is true DIY and lo-fi.. Sebadoh and Pavement are obvious influences. Throw in the Residents, Red Krayola, Human Hands, MTV's Unplugged, and the improvisational music heard around the community camp fires at the annual Gathering of the Tribes. Imagine a drum circle in the parking lot of a Grateful Dead concert. If the circle admitted punk rockers with electric guitars and amplifiers the resulting music might sound something like this.

Mixing is non-existent, the fidelity is horrible and the editing is amateur at best. Portions of the tape are virtually unlistenable. Negative criticism ends here. The vast majority of the music presented stands as testimony to pure, uninhibited creativity.

The tape opens with a sound bite recorded at Mt. Bachelor Academy in 1988. The words, "Why Jeremy, why Jeremy do you do such strange stuff?" perfectly sets the mood for the music that follows. The central portion of side one (especially three songs, "Crotch Walking," "All My Stuff" and "Words") is brilliant. Side two opens with "Big Cookies," followed by "Cram." Jason's loud guitar, Chris's hoarsely whispered vocals, Nate's keyboards, Jenny's piano, Rachel's percussion, Jeff's acoustic guitar, and Breanne's toy saxophone all contribute to "Big Cookies." The song is haunting nonsense in an experimental vein. This lineup is the best of Exploding French's revolving personnel.

The words "childlike vocals" are used to describe countless female singers, Breanne's vocals on "Cram" are the epitome of childlike. How old is

about seven.

The tape contains a number of instrumentals. Along with the above songs the instrumentals are the best parts of the tape. When Exploding French gets to jamming more accomplished musicians would have difficulty matching the groove they lay down.

Of the two cover tunes, the Everly's "When Will I Be Loved" is the best. If Tom Petty dared record "Free Falling" in Exploding French fashion it would shut down MTV's Unplugged for good. Chris is the major Exploding French vocalist. His voice easily matches the best from the folk years of the early '60s. If only this were '63 and Exploding French were playing in a Greenwich Village coffeehouse, John Hammond could sign them to a big contract with Columbia Records.

by Wa

## HARVEST

## Harvest

## Tooth Records

Harvest is a band from the northern edge of our "pretty great state" with a definite Ozzy Osbourne fixation. This is their first tape and they are looking for some local support. The "alternative nation" somehow passed these boys by up in Smithfield. They are looking for a stadium gig, or maybe just a one night stand at Rafter's. They should forward a copy of this tape to J.C. McNeil with hopes for an opening slot at his next HM extravaganza at the Delta Center.

"Sacred Cow" and "On Parade" are hair flinging metal with an unpaid debt to past Black Sabbath releases. "Diver" is one of the obligatory ballads. The fingers sliding up the frets are mixed to maximize the ballad experience.

"Harvest" is another ballad with a teeth gritting quality that brings a vision of flames and the torture of a never ending hell to mind. Ah yes, paganism and our true God, "Mother Earth." Play it for a fertility ritual.

Take this for what it is, a throwback to middle '70s metal. I enjoyed the tape, and I've listened to it repeatedly. I'll never make it as a music critic anyway, just ask Helen Wolf. Heavy metal fans, check out the local shit.

by Wa

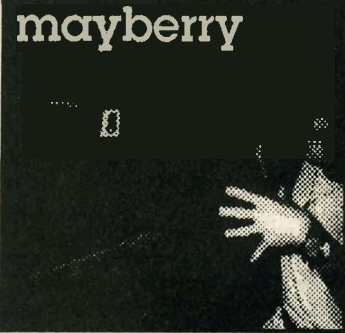
## MAYBERRY

8

## Salt Flat Records

On the opening song, "Shades On The Brick," Mayberry does the slow-grinding, murky thing. The throb is at the pace of a heart full of morphine. The vocals, by R. Ashley Workman, are in the now classic, mixed-to-the-rear fashion of the day.

"8" is only a five-song Ep. Mayberry lightens up on next two songs, "Tube Sock" and "Dist." They



which contains just enough tension and dissonance to eliminate boredom while maintaining pleasing-to-the-ear hooks. Vocals are farther up in the mix and they are more coherent than on "Shades On The Brick."

"Medicine Show" and "AntBee" speed things up. (Got to get 'em thrashin' to sell in this market.) "AntBee" opens with a long instrumental passage before Workman enters with his vocals. Justin Spencer, drums, Spencer Jacobs, Guitar, Doug Wright, bass, and Workman all have a chance to display their talents on the song.

The Ep has to be cheap and Mayberry is yet another local band that deserves attention when purchasing new music. Salt Lake City's current crop of local releases competes with anything out there.

by Wa

## MISKREANT

## Walks Away

Miskreant is a local band with a sound comparable to some of the pop oriented thrash coming out of San Diego or, dare I say it, Seattle. Cargo and C/Z don't have a lip lock on the style as Miskreant demonstrates with their self-released eight song cassette. Rocket From the Crypt, The Treepeople, The Gits, Pop Sickle and Coffin Break are just a few of the names that come immediately to mind. Delve farther into the past to come up with the Meatpuppets, the Buzzcocks and The Undertones.

None of the names actually describes the sound because this band plays their own brand of pop. Pop music doesn't mean the homogenized shit at the top of the charts. The true definition of pop lies in the music of the Beatles, the Dave Clark Five, the Beach Boys and Jan and Dean. Hooks, vocals and lyrics. Matt, the vocalist, has a voice made to sing pop songs. His fellows; Josh, drums, Chad, guitar, Matt, bass, and Ryan, guitar, provide the hooks and rhythm.

The energy of the band is sure to have an audience slamming away in live performance. The lyrics address the common themes of life. Money, problems with the opposite sex and the helplessness felt by almost everyone at their inability to make a real difference



# LOCAL RECORDS

"Payday" is the best song and it closes the tape. Overall this tape is well worth the dollars received on payday than the majority of titles on display at the local shop.

by Wa

## PLUG

### Outlet Of Hate

Plug Core Records

This band wants everyone to be positive of their direction. The titlesays it all. Just in case you didn't get the message the words, "Salt Lake Hardcore," are printed below the band picture on the inner cassette sleeve.

Heavy on the bass, played by Mike, with the slap shots coming from Erik on drums, this tape veers into thrash metal territory with Jeff's stadium guitar licks interrupting the buzz saws intermittently.

Jimmy on vocals hoarsely shouts out his thought poems to complete the line-up. Plug is pissed off about life itself. Their song themes include; lying for social acceptance and monetary gain, the flacid rage of couch potatoes, the selective law enforcement exercised by the men in with badges and revolving lights on their cars, the ineffective and twisted public schools, drinking to end emotional pain and necessity to compromise individual ethics and values to gain the "American Dream."

The song "Inquiry" strikes a special chord in my heart because of a recent visit with the principal of a local middle school. Direct questions are avoided or addressed by changing the subject. Non-conformists are not accepted in the public schools. If they have the cultural background to achieve high scores on standardized tests they are coddled, otherwise they are left struggle until they drop out or find possible salvation in an alternative school.

Cliched as hell, Plug never-the-less have recorded an excellent example of the genre that compares with anything else I've heard from more prominent nationally distributed bands. It is only a demo, I hope they can come up with the bucks to release a full-length on aluminum and plastic.

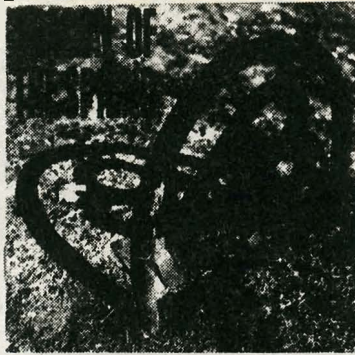
by Wa

### SEASON OF THE SPRING

Running Records

Before placing the CD in the player the cover graphics deserve a mention. The cover is a nicely done duotone of photographed metal art. The CD booklet includes all the lyrics and three more art photographs. Even if the music on the CD is shit, the work on the booklet is worth a few congratulations.

This CD is a recording by obviously accomplished musicians. Technical proficiency on their instruments is demonstrated throughout. The style



is closer to heavy metal than to the "alternative nation." I have to admit that the first several times through the album I hated the damn thing. I didn't want to listen to it again, let alone write about it. After some thought the CD found itself once again in the disc player for another chance.

The album has the feel of the Caroline label -- say Springhouse or Walt Mink. Bands doing their time in the farm league; if they sell they can jump to the "Big Show" as the Smashing Pumpkins did this past year.

Season Of The Spring recorded this in May of '93 and "Spring," the album's opening song, is a statement of the new beginnings springtime so often brings. The entire album has a feeling of spring and early summer. The lyrics are filled with memories and a feeling of starting fresh.

Band members names are listed without credits. Since I live in a closet I haven't seen them live. Terrance D.H. is without a doubt the vocalist. He is best known for his previous work with the Bad Yodelers and The Stench. His voice and phrasing have a piercing quality. Season Of The Spring wants their words heard and understood. His vocals are backed by a combination of dark and light from his bandmates. In Utah spring can change from sunlight and warmth to freezing rain or snow in a heartbeat. Season Of The Spring has somehow captured the feeling of a Utah spring on aluminum and plastic. I still find the album somewhat uneven. Give these guys credit for inciting spring fever in the middle of a weird winter.

by Wa

### VOODOO SWING

We're Usin' Code Names

Cool Cat Productions

Voodoo Swing is the first of Salt Lake City's rockabilly bands to release a CD. The amazing thing about the CD is the way this local band has captured an authentic rockabilly sound. If there were a school of rockabilly Voodoo Swing would be well on their way to earning Phd's.

Continued On Page 23

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# FEATURE BAND

# ABSTRAK

## baked not fried

About two years ago I visited Abstrak's studio to listen in on a practice session. I listened to a few songs and thought, "Hmm, Megadeth-a-rama." Cool, but nothing exemplary. The talent was there, but something was missing, or should have been missing. They needed a way out of the old headbanger downward spiral.

The person who led me up to Abstrak's studio was John Morris. It was he who turned out to be just what Abstrak needed. John E Mo has been a front man in this town since most of you were still bearing your testimonies, and he's always been one of the best (at being a front man, not testimony-bearing).

Anyway, now Salt Lake has the new Abstrak. Shaun and Tyson Quick play drums and bass, respectively (or disrespectively, depending on the number of plastic babies on stage). Mark Oyler is on guitar and of course Mr. Morris is the new singing guy. "The big picture is the big



picture; the small is the small," John E says. Well, there you go.

I've seen about 35 of Abstrak's performances. That should tell you something right there. This combination of talent is relentless in its ability to entertain. Mark is a phenomenal guitarist. Techni-

cally and emotively I rate him as a star. Tyson and Shaun, as brothers, are psychically linked. This brings the rhythm section of the band together. It's slap and pop double bass hell metal world country (but hold the disco). I respect a band that knows where to draw the line. If you shake your butt hard enough John E will let you hold Nancy (she nats, she wets, her arms come off).

An Abstrak show is more than naked plastic dolls, though. It's performance and motion and fun, flying drum sticks and guitar strings. As Mark says about John E, "He screams well." This is true, but you won't catch John Morris at home with a Mr. Microphone practicing "Oh Yeah's" and "Oh no's" to his Alice In Chains CD. These guys are new and progressive. That doesn't mean they went out and bought flannel and big pants. "We want to do what

we can do with our capabilities, not our mom's Fred Meyer charge card." All you have to do is listen.

"I want to feel it," Shaun says, "the rhythm section. Sit in the back and pound some skin." He mentions that his girlfriend is out of town for two weeks.

Tyson combines his lust for playing a cool bass with a heartfelt desire to be seen in Les Claypool's bikini briefs. "You know, the banana-colored ones?" He asks. I nod as if I understand.

"No more blah blah blah cha cha cha. There's a new diversity in town. Out with the old metal world," John E says. "We have a life-size cardboard stand-up of James T. Kirk."

"The creative process is about giving latitude," Marks says. Even if you're not a Trakkie, you'll still have a metaphorical boner (I think women can get those too) after the show. Abstrak has a new 5-song demo tape from Past Forward studios. You can get one at the tape-release party at the Holy Cow (Bourbon Street) With One Eye on the 25th. I've heard it and it wins. Now it's your turn. "We're going to pot," "That's Top backwards."

"That's right, baby."

—Thomas David Barth





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# UNMITIGATED RAMBLING

We were adventurers, lost souls surfing the waves of sorrow in search of truth and knowledge. What brought us here, to this point on no man's map, can only be understood in some twisted, I Ching destiny kind of way where the Gods of the Winds and the Guardians of Fortune saw fit to place us. And so we had arrived.

When Columbus blundered onto the strange soils of the distant shores in the Americas, dark, hidden eyes watched the bizarre people with the pale faces and large canoes. I know how the Spaniards felt. We were in a jungle of smoke, sound, gleaming metal and a vomitus explosion of lights. And our strange soil stuck to the soles of our shoes with a gummy determination. Oh, the natives were restless tonight.

From our position we could safely observe from a distance all the queer rituals, dances and mating calls. From our position we could safely observe without being observed. From our position we felt safe.

Haze compresses distance and

life beams through the fog. Sensory deprivation and overload. Flesh and brass, polish and life, sweat and tears. Brass sex and pussy flesh. We were complete idiots amongst the dead. How were we to know what really lie behind television?

Death is a familiar face here, so too is sex. But sex is what this place is all about. Sex is on sale here, every night, all night and every day of the week. 24-7. Beautiful women, black loins, flesh in spandex, sweet sweat behind polyester. What is it about the color white? Virgin on hopeful virgin? You want sex? Watch it move across unbound dimensions, sliding across polished metal. Watch it breath fog across your face, feel it. Fog and smoke to forget. Look at her and forget. You want sex? I'll give it to you on well trained three-inch heels. Women who know how to walk and talk. Warm slick cum, sliding down greased aluminum and light reflects truth and lies.

Snakes and music weave through my brain, trail through

my ears. The music reflects the dancers' persona and Nazareth is croaking out "Please don't Judas me..." And I wonder; who really has control? In the end, which one of us, man or woman really has the power?

I mean this is after all a man's world, is it not? And men are the centers of power everywhere on this planet. History is all about men; it is men who conquer, men who build and men who destroy. But what about women? Where do they end up?

Statistics tell us that women outlive men by about three to one. But it's not to women that the bumper sticker "He who dies with the most toys wins" appeals to. No indeed. Everyone I asked though, all came to the same conclusion: women. In the end, they all agreed, it was women who had the power. It was women who called the shots. It was women who ultimately got what they wanted, and they got it from men. But I wonder.

Everyone with whom I spoke equated power with sex. Women had it and men wanted it. At least that's the way they saw it. This was, after all a strip bar, but were they right? Did sex come to mean power? Then why the weird role reversals? Why beautiful young women with older, wealthy and powerful men? If the people whom I interviewed were correct, then those women, the ones with the older men, their reason for being there is to gain the power that they needed. Sexual vampires if you will. Just being with the men is power. Being that near to power you can feed off of it, make it yours, do with it what you will. Woman as creator and woman as manipulator. Or, perhaps by their being there, they are simply lending their power to that of the ineffectual man's. Or, perhaps they are there because that's the way they feel that they assert their power.

Beautiful women wish to be beautiful, they long to remain so for the rest of their lives and never age, because doing so would mean loss of power. It is for the beautiful women that men engage in a Darwinian struggle to win. It is the most beautiful woman who hangs from the arms of the powerful men.

Witness Donald Trump and Malcolm Forbes (that Malcolm had

a secret lusting for young Asia boys will be ignored for the purpose of this article). This is power. To be desirable sought after by wealthy, powerful men, and able to decide, to pick and choose which one to grace to the chagrin of others, that's power. Women have figured out how to live and gain power in this supposed man dominated society. And men, I return, get to prove to everyone that they are indeed wealthy and powerful, for just look at the woman that they have at their elbow. She's the most beautiful and therefore he got her because he the most powerful. Simply, isn't it?

But women get older, the begin to loose power, it ebbs away from them and the newer, younger girls replace them, make the man feel young again by making him recall his youthful days when he couldn't win these hot young things because they were always looking to the older, wealthier man who could give them the thing that they needed and who in return would shower the woman in admiration and praise, serving only to make the woman more powerful.

But what about supposed all-powerful man? Where does he fit in? How did this get to be his world if he is not in ultimate control? What if there were no women? Would there still be armies, armed conflict? Or would man be drawn closer, tighter without the cogitant woman around to get in the way?

Jeez, I don't know. I wish that I did, because this of course counts in no way for homosexual and their feelings toward one another and the opposite sex. Just another component in the equation. I suppose that if I had the answers, I might not be where I am today, and instead would have some asinine hour-long infomercial with such luminar guests as Geraldo, Sally and Oprah all equal to the insipid task at hand of selling to you my hard-ways to true love and romance, the complete kit, including the life like doll of your gender choice, a for the one-time only low, low price of . . . Yeah, why not? \$69.99!

In the interim though, the waitress has come around and it time to order another pitcher. Happy, Happy, joy, joy!

—Chris Salisbu

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# COMIC BOOKS

## SANDMAN

Written by Neil Gaiman

Illustrated by Marc Hempel

Published by DC Comics

Anyone with the slightest acquaintance with contemporary comic books is probably acquainted with the phenomenon surrounding Neil Gaiman's SANDMAN myths.

Simply put, SANDMAN concerns a sort of pantheon of timeless creatures termed "the Endless." These beings stand above mankind and hold a sort of dominion over the affairs of humanity, and range from Delirium to Death (the most popular character of the group in an eerie, masturbatory "fan boy" kind of way) to Dream (or Morpheus, the master of the realm of dreams and the so-called title character).

As the latest issue (#57) begins, the reader is invited to a scene featuring modern-day interpretations of the mythical Fates, as the existence of a mortal is woven. The tale then focuses mostly on Lyta Hall (a former super-heroine known as the Fury and the widow of a super-hero named, coincidentally, the Sandman) and her son, Daniel.

It seems that Mrs. Hall is having some angst associated with being a single parent, ranging from boredom to zealous overprotectiveness (including an overdone scene in which Lyta nearly attacks a good-natured elderly transient for scaring Daniel. Lyta finally consents to have dinner with Eric Needham, who wants to offer her a job (with an apparent ulterior motive). Lyta can't get over a nagging suspicion that something is wrong at home, though, and convinces Needham to drive her home, only to discover that Daniel is gone...

All of this serves to illustrate writer Neil Gaiman's short comings as an au-

thor: Scenes are entirely overwrought and melodramatic, as well as stagy. In a nutshell, despite the literary pretensions and devices Gaiman employs (including foreshadowing and irony, both wielded like sledgehammers), the story is clumsy and largely un compelling.

This is most obvious in the very setting for the series. Gaiman has created extremely interesting characters in the Endless and their minions, but appears clueless about what to do with them. A middle interlude in the issue, featuring the raven Matthew visiting Morpheus' castle in search of his master (who is crafting another version of the nightmare known as the Corinthian: a well-built Caucasian of man with teeth for eyes with a reputation for serial murder) apparently sets the scene for future events in this storyline (dubbed THE KINDLY ONES), but the entire sequence is forced and expository.

Even worse, however, is the character of Eric Needham, an executive concerned with himself and insensitive to others. Needham is depicted as African-American for no other reason apparently, than to be "different." Nothing would be added or subtracted to Needham's character by making him Hispanic, Caucasian, Native American, or even a woman. This kind of nondescript "political correctness" in character assignment chafes at good characterization.

Luckily, the art manages to salvage some of the work, thanks to depicter Marc Hempel (best known for his work as writer-artist on the Gregory series). Each character manages to achieve some distinction thanks to Hempel's skill (and the expressiveness of wait Daniel Hall is particularly notable). Hempel is less concerned with designing innovative panel shapes and concentrates instead on simple straight panel-to-panel flow and stark imagery. In a few words, Hempel is masterful.

In addition, the package is nicely topped with a piece by comics genius Dave McKean (whose Cages should be on anybody's reading list). It's a shame such nice art is sabotaged by Gaiman.

Your humble critic expects to be lambasted for basing his review on the first issue of this storyline and for being unduly harsh on writer Gaiman. In answer to the first complaint, other storylines were read before this review was conceived, so the pattern to Gaiman's shortcomings was derived with some authority. One supposes that the second criticism is better founded, and yet due to Gaiman's reputation, one expects better than this.

So take this review or leave it. But in this critic's eyes, SANDMAN is worth picking up for the pretty pictures, but little else. (color, \$1.95) Grade: C

## SIN CITY: A DAME TO KILL FOR

Written and illustrated by Frank Miller

Published by Dark Horse Comics/Legend

Those who follow this column regularly (are there any of you?) will note your reviewer's admiration for creator Frank Miller but disappointment with Miller's *Sin City* graphic novel.

That said, I had some trepidation in approaching Miller's *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For*, a new 6-issue mini-series set in the same fictitious city and featuring several of the same characters (in diminished roles). After reading the first two issues, my appreciation for Miller is undimmed, but my enthusiasm for *Sin City* is scarcely larger.

*A Dame to Kill For* centers on Dwight, a photographer paid to take incriminating photos for various agencies. Into Dwight's life wanders Ava, the great love of his life, now married to Damien Lord. It seems that Ava still exercises power over Dwight, especially when she reveals

that her life is in danger.

In the second issue, Dwight pursues Ava to the Lord estate, and is caught in the act as he watches Ava bathing. Dwight is beaten by Lord's bodyguards, including the monumental Manute, but is surprised to find Ava there upon returning to his apartment. After a night's shared intimacy, Manute discovers the two and Dwight is thrown through a window...

The description of the story sounds simple and it is. Yet Miller has the knack of turning this noiresque melodrama into something more. The characters are pretty stock, from the "strong" hero Dwight to the beautiful, manipulative Ava to the aloof and superior Lord and the imposing Manute. Miller manages to make them more appealing and human, however, through clichéd but innovative dialogue. A fine example occurs on pages 19-20 in which Ava implores: "...I must have you first. Tonight. Now, tonight, and never again. If you can't love me—hate me. If you can't forgive me—punish me." Dwight responds with an "okay" and a backhand to the chops, from which the two proceed to make love. It sounds awful, but translated to the comic art form, it achieves a kink of power.

Key to all this is Miller's evocative, chairoscuro art style, with very gaunt blacks and whites. These characters live in a gaunt world of good and evil which is abetted by the shadowy imagery, consisting of numerous one-page illustrations. Miller has chosen to follow noir cinema style and excels at it.

That said, this is still a mixed review. The big problem, I suppose is that the story really isn't that innovative. The merit to *Sin City: A Dame To Kill For* is that the story is so effectively expressed. Miller is a consummate professional, and his work has to be admired. (B&W, \$2.95) Grade: B

## ADDITIONAL RECOMMENDATIONS:

The latest issues of *Bone* (#11), *Hate* (#14), *Grendel Tales* ("Four Devils, One Hell" #5), *Palestine* (#5), and *Stardust* (#4) are all impressive in different ways.

Frank Miller and John Romita, Jr.'s re-telling of the origin of Marvel's Daredevil wraps up in Dark Horse Presents #81.

But I guess the real "gems of the month" are *From Hell*, Volume Three (Allen Moore and Eddie Campbell's fictionalized account of the Whitechapel "Jack the Ripper" murders) and *Hectic Planet* #6 (the newest installment of Evan Dorkin's space opera [formerly *Pirate Corp*]). These two comics, in different ways, enunciate the strength of the comics artform, managing to balance believable characters, compelling situations, and powerful illustrations.

And, of course, I'm recommending *Cerebus* #78. If you haven't caught on to the fact that I'm enamored with that comic, you haven't been reading this column very closely.

—Scott Vior

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# NEWS & VIEWS

## FROM THE SLUG HEADQUARTERS

### THINGS MUST BE GREAT IN ZION

Ya know, for five years now I have been shoveling this shit rag out to you folks, and to my surprise (also) it is still around. I am that annoying guy in high school you felt sorry for so you gave him 50 cents for lunch and now he won't leave you alone. I started doing this so I could afford to advertise stuff and now it's like a fuckin' monkey on my back. See I have to keep doing it to pay for my aristocratic lifestyle (and according to some, my nasty drug addiction). I don't know what is true any more, I lost touch with reality in '88 when somebody told me disco wasn't cool anymore ... now look what's happened. I fuckin' told you.

To get back to my point I never started making, I have heard way too many times "Hey man, I don't like what your magazine has to say!!!" Since nine out of ten times I heard this, I was in a bar half looped I just gave them a confused and walked away. There for a while I even got defensive and said "I didn't write that crap, I don't know anything about it." Then there was the phase where if I was thinking clearly I would politely say "well, if you don't like it, fix it, write a letter, or better yet write your own column." To which many would say "I will." Yeah right! Never happened, never will! So, now I have just learned to say two words, "Shut The Fuck Up." Hell, if you don't like it don't read it—I don't.

Now to my second point. I can't believe what a bunch of apathetic fuckers this state has produced. Except for a handful of go getters like the Food Not Bombs crowd, (sorry to pigeon hole you guys but I don't keep up) I don't see many other people really accomplishing too much. You don't know how many charity organizations I have gone to and said "Hey, I have this little magazine and I would be glad to do what I can to help." Then there is that dead silence like I told them they owed me money. We have done Sabbathon for five years and for five years no one from the Aids foundation has even shown up to get

their money. Next year we're all goin' to Vegas for the weekend. Actually the Red Cross did send me an ad and if I can find it I'll run it, free of charge.

What I was trying to say is that SLUG was set up as sort of a public forum for writers and advertisers to get their message across as cheaply as possible. We have a large handful of advertisers who are supportive of what we are doing and they are quite lenient with the content of the written material. In fact, it is the advertisers I usually have to tone down as far as written content. So now, this month we have a 28 page paper with enough writing for a 12 page paper. Good work you creative writing losers.

I would guess that all of the writers are holding out for that phone call from Rolling Stone or Geriatrics weekly. I can't complain too much, the writers who have written for SLUG have been way cool about what they do. It just surprises me that things are sooooo good with our government and the way society treats gays, minorities and freaks. We are so lucky here. Are you following or do I need to have Grindboy explain it to you?

I guess I owe you all an apology. We have been screaming about how great the "alternative" side of life was that the general public bought it and are now trying to sell it back to us. I can't complain, you can walk into SoundOff or Pegasus and buy good music. My girlfriend just got a job at a national chain department store and they said they didn't mind her nose being pierced ... go figure! Well I don't know, it hasn't changed my taste or the quality of music, comics, tattoos, books, magazines, movies, or just about anything. It has just become more competitive.

Salt Lake is still a great place to live, everything is still available if you know where to find it. I still say we have more talent than we know what to do with. If you don't believe me, get out once in a while and check out some of the great bands. Check out the local section at almost any record store you'll be surprised. Hell, like I said, if you don't like it you can always move ... You'll be back.

—JR Ruppel

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# MORMON UPDATES

Ah Brothers and Sisters, it's good to be back. It never ceases to amaze me how quickly one learns that there is never a reason to leave our blessed valley in search for truth. Everything you need to find happiness is right here in Zion.

For the past few months, I made my "pilgrimage" to Mecca. I was shocked and offended to realize that all of those Muslims were trying to tell me (Uncle Ezra) that we all worship the same God. All I could tell those robed weirdos is "Get thee behind me Satan!" Never before have I come across a more lascivious gathering of heathen savages. All different races and income classes together trying to find eternal bliss huddled around a big slab of rock. Blasphemy.

Let me tell you a little something that Muslims believe. They claim that the Angel Gabriel recited verbatim God's word to Muhammed. Give me a personal break! Uncle Ezra has one word for you Muhammed. MORONI! It seems every "religion" has some angel reciting God's word to them. At least we can prove it. Joseph Smith had to prove his faith with the Urim and Thumin. Why didn't the Angel Gabriel

just give Muhammed a miniature tape recorder?

Muslims also believe that all people are created equal. That's about the most preposterous thing I've ever heard! They claim that, and then they say a man can have 4 wives. Does that ring a bell? Why limit it to 4 if you're going to allow it. At least we Saints were politically correct enough to end polygamy when it wasn't financially feasible any more.

According to Muhammed (or was it God), men and women are separate but equal because of separate natures. I'll say separate! If I were telling you about our beliefs, I'd go into separate natures. Separate. What a nice word.

The only thing those heathens believe in that Uncle Ezra agrees with is that there is to be no separation of Church and State. I'm still working on that for our lovely little beehive right now. As I'm sure you're aware of, we're almost there now.

I will say one thing I like about that militant bunch of nomads. That Mecca National Park idea was a real doosie of an idea. They went wrong when they didn't capitalize on it. Let me scratch your ear with an idea I've

been cooking up. EZRALAND! Imagine taking your lovely wife and angelic kids on a pilgrimage to Ezraland. The opportunity to further your spirituality and chances for eternal grace while the Church makes some additional money for our Lord! For the small fee of \$1750 plus tax, your immediate family (up to 18 members) can spend 3 days and 2 nights on some untamed land I've acquired in Southern Utah. That's right Indian country.

All you need to bring is your own food and tents, and I'll supply the dirt floor and rock wall so you can slip your little prayers on paper to your favorite local patron saint, Uncle Ezra. Not only will you experience real spirituality, but you can camp in the same area as other members of your financial class. Plus, it's tax deductible! For reservations, just call 1-976-CALL EZRA. Only \$2.95 per minute.

So just remember. Anyone that knows anything will tell you that if you want spiritual ecstasy, don't go parading into some hostile country where, chances are, you will be taken hostage. Just put your faith in the Lord and Uncle Ezra (not necessarily in that order). I'll steer you in the right direction.

*Until next month my children  
Uncle Ezra*

The hardest part. Trying to find out the hardest part... And why do you want to know? There should be a good reason besides any one I can think of. One of me is small & the other is right in front of me. But we are both staring at the wall. And we look very strong And we look very smart. But we look too long. We took too much time. We try so hard to reason it out, to heal it up. To make that fine line cross in the middle. Somewhere we may never find. Right where the heart is. Where we think it should be. In the middle of the desert. In the middle of the night. We search for the lover's kiss, to hold us tight. And still if I wander away from it at all, it stays here in the back of my mind. Like a walk in the park, covered in snow, many years ago. Like the dust and the heat walking the long way home. Because we had to swing. And as we walked away, the sound of that squeaky chain haunts me even now. It cries out 'I am the one thing you shall never forget' And I don't. But I smile as I think of it. For I know it is not the remembrance that I hold so dear, but the sound of my shoe making the perfect print, As I walked on by.

T.L.P.

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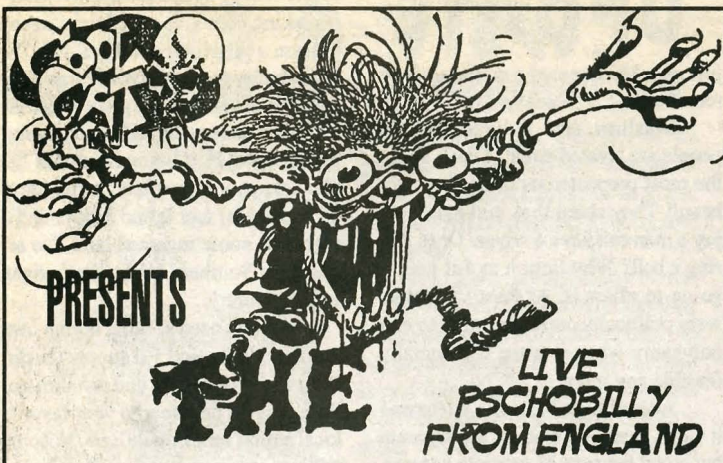
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# PSYCHO CORNER

**THE N.O.W.!  
WHAT'S YO  
FUCKIN' PROB-  
LEM?**



Generally we try not to pick on groups of helpless people with severe mental disorders...but just this once we have to overstep our bounds. The National Organization of Women!! Sounds pretty presumptuous don't it? Are all women in the world automatically members of this nitwit crew just because they're born without balls? Is this some divine right, or if I showed up in my pumps and sequin gown could I get in too? For a group that harps on equity they seem pretty biased when it comes to the male gender. Look at their spokesperson. K.D. Lang, country music star, Lyle Lovett look-a-like. She gets rich off farmin' folk (y'know cowboys) and she turns around and says "Don't eat meat, it's cruel" — fuck her. We'll stop eating meat when she stops eating pussy!

And what of our President, Hillary Clinton and her PMRC side-kick Tipper Gore? These women are in more need of a good hard fuckin' than any woman alive. If I had to wake up next to either of these cows, I'd put a bullet in my head. At least I wouldn't have to be served decaf latte's with skim milk. Besides, if I want to listen to a bunch of screaming women, I'll put on my En Vogue CD and masturbate. Now there's an organization of real women! I'd drag my dick through a mile of glass... There are plenty of real women scam-

pering around the U.S. who love men for what we are—but scratchin' hairy black love gods

They want equality? Men's tennis is five sets, women's tennis is three. And when you drive by roadworkers on the freeway why is the woman is always the one holding up that fucking sign? The men are working there as fast as off getting shit done while DeeDee C. fucks us out of a year of baseball. At least you could change the name. How about the N.O.F.W.B.U.M.O.? "The National Organization of Whining Bitches Urgently Missing Orgasms"

The only thing worse than a male chauvanist is a bitch that won't do what she's told! Give me a real woman like Julia Louis Dreyfuss, Kate Bush, Johnette Napolitano, Jayne Mansfield or Prince. But, get these attention starved fat-assed anti-man slimy pigs off my TV! Last time I checked it was still a free country, so if you don't like this male dominated society, move to Zimbabwe. See how you get treated there. But until you figure it out ... Shut The Fuck Up! Kiss my ass, go buy yourself a dress and see if you can reel in a real man. You'll know when you find one by the sweat on his balls.

*Till Next Month  
J.T. & The Fat Man*

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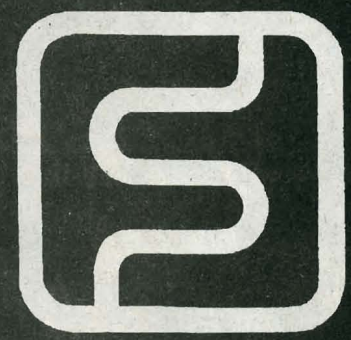
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# MEDIA MAN!

## ALL TRASH BLIGHT AND LITTERFUL

We need to narrow the focus of our discussion on litter. Included will be trash, garbage, solid waste, junk, rubbish, debris, clutter, refuse, rubble, and Republican politics.

Excluded will be:

— Kitty litter. C'mon, this is a humor column. Get serious.

— Nuclear radiation. The Constitution guarantees your right to keep atom bombs for self defense and hunting. When the bomb is outlawed, only outlaws will have the bomb.

— Air pollution. Americans have the right to own all the TV sets they can stand and to watch anything anybody cares to broadcast. This includes *Hogans Heroes* reruns and *Geraldo*.

— Noise pollution. Like heavy metal music, like that song by Calvin and the Kreeps "I Got Love Heartburn For You Baby and Only Your Sweet Kisses Can Put Out Da Fire, awright, gitdown, hab moicy, shangaling, dowap-a-shimmy, shimmy..." Sorry. I got carried away.

— Anyway, we must do something about this litter problem. Everybody does it and it's getting to be a pain in the ol' sittee. It must stop.

Our highways are lined with tons of bottles, cans, cigarette butts, "oops" tire retreads, "oops" baby diapers, alleged hamburger wrappers, binkies (go ask your Mom), old Gary Hart campaign posters, 20mm cannon shells, cruise missiles, dead rabbits, suitcases full of drug money, Pete Rose bubblegum cards, burned out tennis shoes, burned out hippies and empty promises.

(Editor's note: Brand names were not used in this list for fear the people who make the trash you throw out your car window would sue us for making them look bad.)

And my desk could use some spring cleaning with dynamite too.

It must stop.

Suggested remedies:

— When you see someone littering, kill them.

— Rioters should be required by law to clean up after themselves.

— When you finish reading this newspaper, eat it.

— Airlines should be required to put stickers on jet engines saying something like, "if found, please return to TW(deleted)."

— How about edible wrappers and bottles? Somebody once did an experiment with rats where group A was fed Sugar Corn (deleted)s and group B was fed the box. The group B rats got higher SAT scores than the Stanford freshman class of '91 while group A rats couldn't find their tails.

— Send all our trash to Bangladesh. Or Bolivia. Or Bountiful. The Third World country folk want to be like Americans. Imagine the pride in Jose's face when he shows neighbor Juan the wrapper from his very own Mc(deleted) burger.

— Give the flight against litter the moral imperative of war. Let President Bill (deleted) do it. That'll get the job done lickety-split.

— If we can link fighting litter to Economic Development, vast fortunes can be made overnight. And some of that money could be used to fight litter, too.

Of course, for National Security reasons, the military would be exempt from these requirements. After all, a sonic boom is the "sound of freedom." The Air Force is careful to gather up its F-16s very soon after they crash. The military is so tidy they often send in troops to pick up unexploded bombs in the desert. Isn't that nice?

I think even the Editor will forgive the bad pun in calling a cruise missile a litter bomb...

(Editor's note: No, we won't.)

May the fleas of a thousand camels infest your trash masher. How dare you interrupt my column. I'm the star here. What makes you think you can butt in whenever you want? What makes you think you have the pow

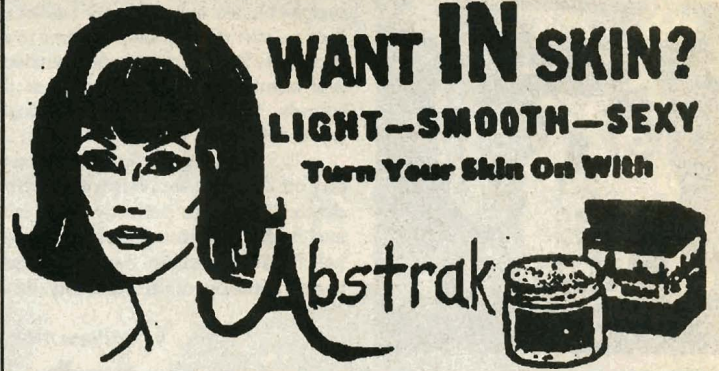
— *Media Man!*

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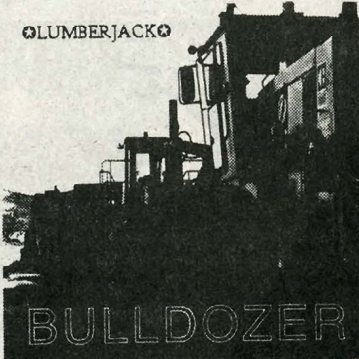
# LOCAL RECORDS



simple, but ask a drummer or bassist if they've ever tried to keep the time in a rockabilly band. Anyone who has tried will admit that it isn't as easy as it sounds. Junior and Leeroy don't just try, they excel.

The album was recorded in one day on the 16th Anniversary of Elvis' death. It captures perfectly the spirit and music of a young Elvis. Retro as hell, I believe it is one of the best albums to ever come out of Salt Lake City. Buy it!

by William Athey



## LUMBERJACK

### Bulldozer 7"

Salt Flat Records

The now-defunct Lumberjack showcases their gritty style on this single released on the evolving Salt Flat record label, with the same fury as once witnessed in their past live performances. Side A's "Dream Purple" begins with distorted bass grooves, sporadic guitars, and Jeremy Chatelain's sometimes incomprehensible vocals, and carries the whole song in this manner, rarely stopping for air. This aggro-infestation melts into side B, with "Mei" (my personal favorite live song of theirs, way back when...). Anyway, "Mei" has a bit more melodic twist and cooler lyrics than the previous, though the less-than-melodic sound production doesn't give you, the listener, the pleasure of experiencing it.

Though it has its shortcomings in sound and packaging, this record is still a worthy effort by some local guys who left their niche on the Salt Lake hardcore scene.

—R. Ashley Workman

## SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF

### Self-Titled Tape

Flatline Records

This is a strong first effort from a powerful up-and-coming band full of talent and ingenuity. Nearly as intense as their shows, this tape captures how they should be heard, with every note, every sound, every passage, coming out clear as a bell, but yet corrupted

enough to become addictive.

My personal suggestion? Well, the tracks "Time Again," and "Sleep with Roses" have all one need so be happy with his/her frustrated life: heavy sounds, framed with Trent Falcone's words of a contemplative genre, jack-knifing from whispers to sheer intensity. Damn, th'boy kin sing, too!

The quality of this tape (soundwise) does a great job foreshadowing bigger things to come for these guys in the near future. Kudos to Brad and Flatline for helping to put this tape out, for the public to consume, indulge, hurt themselves with, get off on, etc., etc., etc..

—R Ashley Workman

## ANGER OVERLOAD

### Ugly

Dutch East Indies

Well it is about time that bands from Salt Lake City are finally getting noticed. The newest is our very own Anger Overload. Their latest effort *Ugly* has been picked up by Dutch East Indies and will soon be available to the world.

This ten song (pre-release demo) has been permanently placed in my tape deck and will only come out when I get a copy on CD. Anger Overload has definitely outdone themselves with their unique blend of "Punkspermetal" sound.

The definite bonus track is a tasty little number which features guest vocalist Trent Falcone of Suspension of Disbelief called "Guts." The other nine songs will leave you on the edge of your seat like the first time you saw *Alien*.

The sound is like a freight train coming down the line. I would imagine that the band will have a pile of red tape to go through before the CD will actually be available to the public. Trust me, it is well worth the wait.

—Less Nessman

## BLUE DEVILS BLUES REVIEW

### Volume 1

For those of you who haven't had an opportunity to visit Salt Lake's "Roclin' L'il Roadhouse," The Dead Goat Saloon, then this CD may be just what the doctor ordered. This CD might be the catalyst that finally gets you out of your chairs and head to the Dead Goat Saloon on a Monday night to hear some of the finest blues music featured in Salt Lake City.

This compilation features some of the finest moments at the Dead Goat from some of the world's finest blues players. Some of my particular favorites include Coco Montoya's rousing rendition of Coco Montoya, showcasing his brilliant blues guitar playing. Other fine moments include Debbie Davis singing and playing "Step by Step" (Little by Little), and Rob Rio's Chiropractor Blues. Most of the songs

and artists featured are backed by Salt Lake's own Tempo Timers.

For years now the Dead Goat has been providing Utah's with the finest in international blues music, and this CD is an excellent show case of the fine talent that the Dead Goat manages to bring in month after month.

—P.K.

## THE SCOFFED

### Demo

Cool Cat Productions

This four song tape is a fine offering from a band that has recently established itself as the best Psychobilly band in Utah. All four songs are filled with those toe tappin' rockabilly rhythms with just enough psycho to send a chill down your spine.

Paul Butterfields incredible upright bass playing proves that age most certainly is not the marometer for talent, and Carl Harmon sings and plays his Gresch hollowbody like a man who's sold his soul to the devil and is workin' like hell to get it back. After hearing this tape you'll be shocked to find out how young these cats are (let's just say that unless they're playing, you won't likely see them at any Salt Lake Night spots.)

Perhaps the most impressive aspect of this tape is the fact that all four songs offered are original and absolutely rockin'! These boys may be a little young and raw, but they've got the energy and talent to more than make up for it. This is definitely one band to watch.

—P.K.

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# JACK SPRAT'S MUSICAL COMMENTARY

## More Endless "Indie vs. Major" Prattle

### Salt Lake ... The Next Seattle

#### Focus On —What Else? The Local Scene

If you haven't already heard, indie greats **Shudder To Think** have recently signed to the major label Epic Records, home of **Rage Against The Machine**, and joining long-time touring mates **Jawbox**, who have recently released their major-label debut on Atlantic. The likes of this activity has punks and indie purists in a furor. Why spoil a good thing?

Underground fans who have long been accustomed to moshing in dimly lit, sub-terrain caverns, are suddenly finding larger-than-life record industry moguls turning over rocks to find their next meal, rock that hopefully harbor juicy gold mines like the next **Pearl Jam** or another **Smashing Pumpkins**. Why can't they understand that this culture just wants to stay in the dark.

I mean, it totally took all the fun out of your favorite flannel shirt when that grunge thing happened. Wearing Doc Martins used to be different and strange; now they sell them at Kinney's in five fashionable colors. It seems like everyone, even the media, wants to be on the cutting edge...by following you! Just piss off, fucking Time magazine! We don't want to be the subject of

your next cover story!

What we're facing here is like every culture that spawned a fashion trend, trying to be different from the people whom they rejected, or rejected them. It's like the bell bottoms and disco of the 70's, like the torn sweatshirts and heavy metal of the 80's. Every decade has a "rock" that the generation before it doesn't understand, music that starts as an underground movement and becomes a staple for the runways in Paris and New York. There will never be a time that is not influenced by the uprising of it's youth; there also will never be a mega-mogul who doesn't want to turn over that rock to expose the "next big thing."

The saddest part about this whole vicious circle is that the artists involved seem to want to destroy their culture—by giving in to society and going to the mainstream money whores to fund their devious musical ways. Don't they know that putting food on the table won't preserve their artistic integrity?

Some people say that with the growth of Salt Lake City's music scene, we could very likely become the "next Seattle." Who wants to be the "next Seattle?" Not me! It's true

that the music here is better than ever, and it would be nice to have a little recognition; but not too much, we don't want a trend going on. We don't want to be the next Seattle, we just want the world to say, "Hey, that Salt Lake City has a pretty cool music scene going on there. Maybe I'll come check it out when they finally host the Winter Olympics."

Now come to think about it, we could be the next Seattle. I mean, we already have a transit problem, and a healthy debate about a light rail system. And we're starting a housing crunch like Seattle; rent here is getting as expensive as Seattle; hell, we even have about as many coffee houses. It could happen. And, if **Shudder To Think**, and **Rage Against The Machine** ever get together in L.A., bring in their Salt Lake friends **Iceburn**, and make a benefit album for Native Americans who are persecuted by the PMRC (to be released on Epic), the whole western seaboard of the U.S. could drop into the ocean from the heaviness of all three bands playing in the same place at the same time with their combined intensity. And you know where that would leave us? Yup, on the coast, just like Seattle. Like I said, the probability is actually very high, but who needs it?

So where does this leave you, the average indie rocker? Why, getting into the Local scene, of course. You definitely want to be the first person you know who ever listened to the new **Mayberry** "I mean, their first CD, the one they released BEFORE they became Warner Brother's biggest-grossing artist of all time." This could apply to just about any one of the gajillion local CD's that are being released right about now. (If you want to know which CD is right for you, please see the Album Review section of this magazine.) Of course, if you are still up in the air about whether or not you actually like the Local scene, you could always pick up Salt Lake's one and only Local compilation CD (that matters) released by the up-and-coming indie giant Salt Flat Records, entitled *Salt Flat Compilation*." Although it's now a year old (and counting), it still has a good representation of the bands around town.

Of course there are a few other personal favorites that I could recommend to you that you should probably know about when the time comes to choose your Local CD. All

you faithful readers know by now that Rockabilly is the Next Big Thing, and that Salt Lake's Local scene will be known eventually for Rockabilly music. So why fight it? Buy a copy of the **Voodoo Swing** debut. Another must have the second release (way to hang in there) released by the most depressed band I know, **Commonplace**. I enjoy their first CD immensely, **Lara B.** sounds quite a bit like **Siouxsie Sioux** at times. And **Scabs On Strike**; unique, irreverent and ranging from outright poppy to just plain loud, could be **YOUR BIG STEREO HOG** if you ever like(d) the **Dead Milkmen**, **Shudder To Think**, **Mercury Rev** or just about any other band that took it's main influence from Dr. Suess.

If you haven't tried it, another good way to find out which Local band you like best is to spend a little less money checking out the fun-filled night life of Salt Lake. Of course, there is that problem of being under-age. **NO PROBLEM!** More and more bands in Salt Lake are finding ways around that tricky "no all-age venue" situation we've had lately by renting various clubs out on off nights, and taking over basements of others. There seems to be at least two of these a month as of late, the perfect amount of excuses high school kids can usually get away with giving mom & dad for being out past ten on a school night.

As for local bars, they seem to be great places for certain talent to develop, but choose your entertainment wisely. A few bars around town might happen to have a show or two that would obviously be a bad choice.

Of course, if you just want a break from the trying experience of being a child of the 90's, this month you can go to Provo, of all places, to boogie down with decades past and future. The one remaining original member of the **Village People** has assembled look-alike robots to simulate the experience you might have had at one of their concerts back in the 70's (I've heard they look quite real). Opening up the evening will be Salt Lake's own Local darlin's the **Disco Drippers**. Be there or be square.

You can't go wrong in the musical world if you follow the above guidelines, folks. Well, maybe you can, but just don't blame it on me.

CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT

—Jack Sprat



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ATHELETES BUTT	MOTHER	BROKEN HEARTS	DOGHOUSE
RED#5	KILLER CLOWNS	TRAILOR PARK	HOUSE OF CARDS
BIRDMAN	KAOTIC CONTORTION	SKABS ON STRIKE	DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE
ABSTRAK	NOVAGENUS	PRODIGAL OF SMILES	NARCOSIS
REVEREND WILLIE	NSC	CANNIBAL FISH	THE CHANGE
FENDER BENDER	IT'S BEEN SAID BACKWASH	STONE PONY	DOLLYMOPS
IDAHO SYNDROME	MIND AT LARGE 3 PIGS	THE OBVIOUS BAY OF PIGS	ASA CRAZY 8'S
WATERFRONT	SURGE	COMMONPLACE	LITTLE WOMEN
WICKED INNOCENCE	INGOLD ALLEN	KID LOGIC	MAIN SQUEEZE
MICHAEL MANRING	DISCO DRIPPERS RAGWEED	FATAL CAUSE DEAD KATS	NORTON "BUFFALO

AND **EVERYONE** WHO HAS SHOPPED AT THE GUITAR GALLERY

# THANKS!

GIANNI, RORY, JOHN, DAVID, AND JAIME

# Guitar Gallery

17th So. Main  
484-0800





# RAUNCH

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