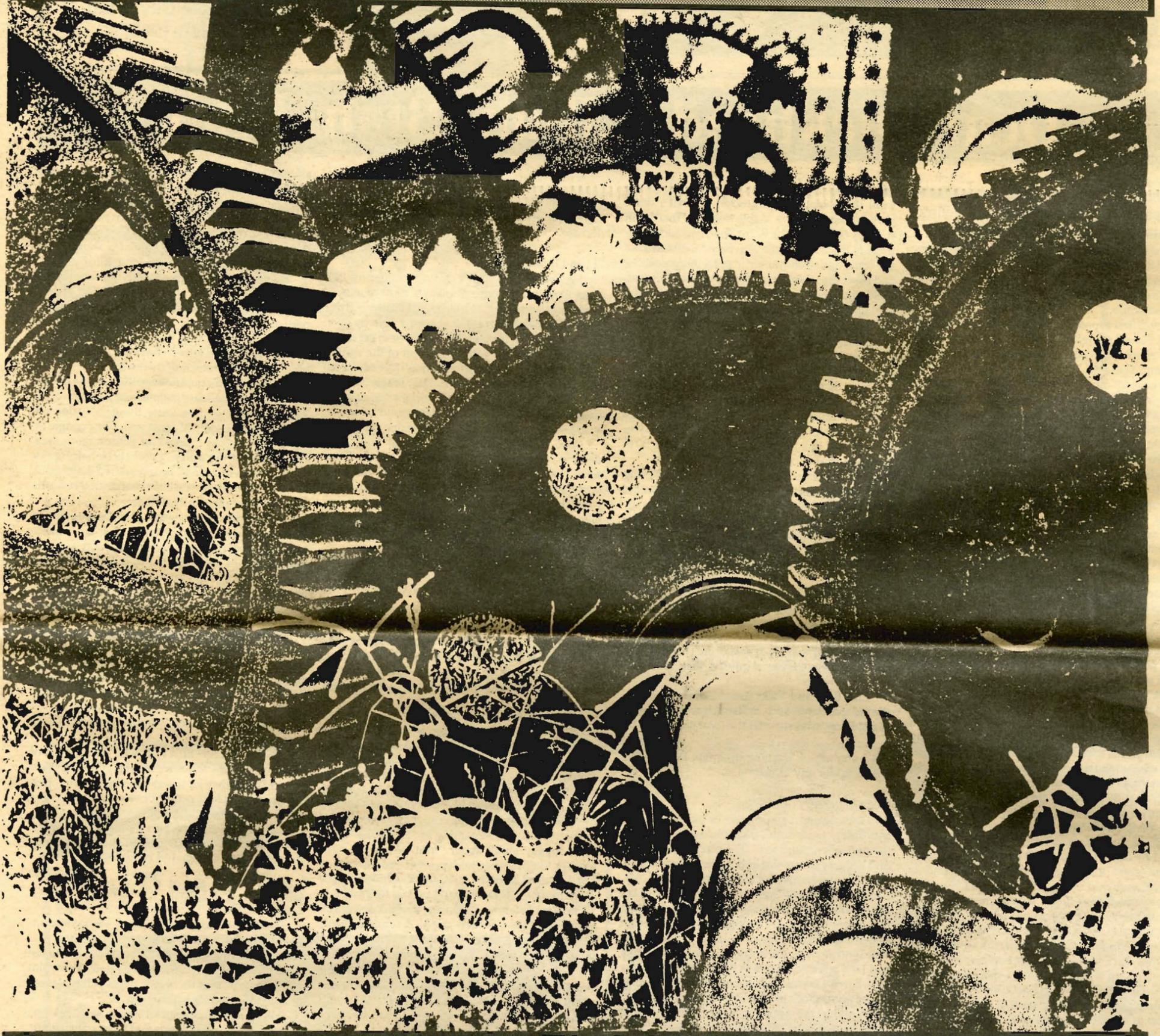


SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

# SLUG

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW  
DECEMBER 1989 One Year Anniversary #12 FREE



# The Clocks



In This Issue

A look at what is really going on in town  
News, Views, Reviews & Previews  
Hate Mail • Monthly Calendars and More

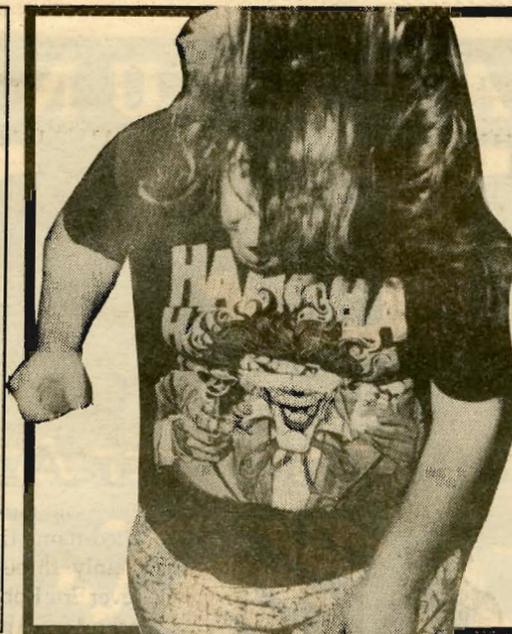
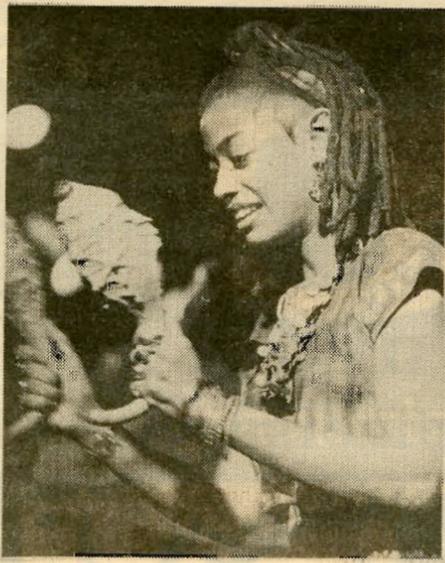
# STEVE MIDGLEY PHOTOGRAPHY

272-3060

SEE SHOW @

**BANDALOOPS**

THRU-DECEMBER



Our Thanx again to the people who make SLUG Possible, both Advertisers, Writers and Letter Writers

Editors: JR Ruppel  
Ziba Marashi

Photography: Steve Midgley

Contributors: Brad Collins, Lars, JoJo, The Christ Brothers, Steve Midgley, Woody Gonzales, The Private Eye, Midvale Webb Press, Janet Tuney, Sandra Cholia, Zay & Paul

**Dickheads @ SLUG**  
P.O. Box 1061  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
84110-1061

## Dear Dickheads...Blah, Blah, Blah

Dearest purple, pus-sore-infected, itching, and inflamed, withered and peeling, fellatio craving Dickheads at SLUG,

I'd like to make a few casual observations about SLUG, and then ram some of my personal philosophy down your throat. But first, a little background about my involvement in the underground scene.

I was first exposed to the underground back in April. Since I played guitar in a band, I was naturally interested when a classmate told me about his band (Intro-ud Travelers) was playing at this place called THE WORD. At the time I thought the only original music that made any money or brought anybody out was the "punk" music played at Speedway Cafe. Subsequently I went to see a couple of shows at the Word. I was totally floored by the fact that these local bands were making such diverse, well-crafted, original music. My band and I were inspired to stop playing cover songs and concentrate on writing original music. As a result of this inspiration, I brought a lot of my friends out to see these bands. Since these friends of mine weren't musicians, they weren't quite as moved as I was, yet they were still surprised and impressed that there was such bitchin' music in our own back yard. Now, on to my bullshit philosophy.

In the course of assimilating this musical "underground" culture, I began to read this monthly publication entitled SLUG. This publication provided me with lots of information about local shows and bands etc. I thought this was all great, but I noticed the vicious undertones about Salt Lake City and it's culture frequently surfaced in the various columns. Don't get me wrong, I agree that in many ways Utah is Fucked. But, my philosophy is that bitching about Utah in a magazine whose readers certainly agree that Utah sucks is essentially a wasteful gesture. I mean, what good is it to preach to the converted about the unconverted? I believe that this judgemental attitude could be changed in a positive way. Why not dwell on the potential Utah has? One example could be our brethren of the religious majority. I would guess a miniscule portion of the underground audience is a member of the Church of Cheese and Rice of Batter Baked Crepes. I've observed that there are a lot of open minded Mormons (I know that sounds like an Oxy-Moron) that might be conducive to the underground, except for that exclusive stigma pervading from the underground culture. Of course, there may not be a collective "exclusive stigma" emanating from the underground, but the Utah-is fucked attitude might cause these people to get the impression that the Salt Lake underground music scene is an exclusive culture of a bunch of long-haired, foul-mouthed, beer-drinking, druggie weirdos (as opposed to individuals). Of course, Mormons aren't the only "ignorant" group in the state.

My suggestion is to stress the individuality of the scene and refer to it as an interesting product of our diverse cultures (instead of as an oasis in the Desert of Mormon Hell). Well?

A letter in November's SLUG talked about the apathy in this state. I believe that this apathy stems not only from self-centered attitudes, but from shallow judgement as well, it seems to me that people who make generalizations based on liquor laws, tithing, and large families are to blame for this apathy as well. I think this gap can be closed if we all just try to understand and accept each other a little more.

Yours Contentiously,  
Justin Carlson

P.S. SLUG Rules. Keep up the good work

### Editors Note:

Hey Justin, you do make some very valid point that I couldn't agree more with but you must understand our situation. We are left to the mercy of the VOLUNTEER writing staff and their opinions. Most of the articles we run steer away from bitching about Salt Lake. However, our letters are a different story. We print what is written and we

feel very strong about peoples freedom to say what they want. My philosophy is that I don't bitch unless I have a viable solution that I can suggest. SLUG and the Word were two such solutions to my complaints. Maybe you should take the same initiative and write something positive and leave the whining to those who feel the need. Making people aware of the problems is the first step in change. Thanks for writing, keep it up

### Dear Zay Speed:

Federal Law? I don't know who told you that. (probably the Hastings People.)

First of all, if there was such a law, (I.D. required proving you're 18 or older to purchase "obscene" tapes, such as GUNS & ROSES, JANE'S ADDICTION, CIRCLE JERKS, etc.) don't you think every other music store would require ID to purchase this so-called "harmful matter"?

Which brings me to another point. Putting music in the same category as tobacco and alcohol is ridiculous.

Supporting Hastings is not supporting the scene either. If you do patronize stores such as Hastings, all you're doing is giving your money to the P.M.R.C. and other right-wing fundamentalist groups.

I'm surprised that you and the Speedway are such a vital part of the music scene in Salt Lake and then you defend Hastings' book-burning tactics.

If you had to ID kids that came to the Speedway to see these types of groups, there wouldn't be a Speedway.

Like Brad and Vicki stated before, buy from the independents, such as Raunch and the Heavy Metal Shop, who support the local scene.

Kevin Kirk

P.S. I don't think hanging up a few Danzig flats makes up for any of their shit.

### Dear Digesters of SLUG:

Once again, it's apparent to me that only a handful of exceptional individuals are carrying their weight around here. The rest of you need to quit the gregarious shit and become more active. This local underground has the potential to surpass the customary "scene(prototype. Why? there are several bright people here, I'm not doubting that. However, you are acting like pithy, stagnant kumquats. Get a fucking move on! For example, write you gov't reps in defense of club advertising and let's put a standstill to this crippling Liquor Task Force. Do you want to lose outstanding alternative publications like the *Private Eye*? Hell no! So take a plunge into your subversive inkwell or else these conforming parasites will suck out your brain. Imagine the onslaught of ultraconservative press if the moral majorists enforce their disdain. I shudder at the forced thought.

Zay had an excellent point about Hastings and there are more important injustices to fight like boycotting McDonald's deforestation. Mark, can I adopt that "Veg-Edge"? I really like! Still, isn't that a way to procure even more divisional factions (i.e., vegetarians vs. carnivores)? Will the Stench please reconsider not changing their band name simply because some queasy folks find it distasteful? Isn't being offensive the whole idea? Give it plenty o' postulation before deciding, okay? (Am I still "crazy", Terrance? Ha, ha.)

Let me immensely stress that the Mighty 91 FM keeps this underground functioning. Support KRCL and send the station your spare bones! It damn well doesn't happen by osmosis or divine intervention. Each and everyone of us is indebted! Beggathon may be over but go ahead and donate anytime to aid their invaluable community service...And a special standing ovation goes out to Paul, Brad and JR for putting up with my pugnacious self. Without them, Lars might be deceased now, and subsequently, "food for worms."

Cheerio.

Pyro the Possessed

### Hey, Pyro:

Love your style. Call ASAP. Today. Disect, don't decease. JPS.

### Hello Dickheads:

I got some beef with #11. I play guitar for Jim Bone Occult. I'm writing to say I think our performances with Tragic Mullato and Butthole Surfers should have warranted at least a "please give up" from SLUG. Instead, we didn't even get mentioned. I know that you write a lot of the shit in SLUG (and I thank you) and may feel reserved about tootin' your own horn. But, Tragic Mullato and Butthole Surfers are important bands and readers interested in the "underground" deserve to at least know what kind of warming they got.

Also, about Butthole Surfers: do they only deserve one paragraph? And Swans two fucking sentences with a couple little pictures? Butthole Surfers and Swans are the two finest bands to ever grace this city. Even more, they are among the very elite of the greatest artists of the 20th century.

Peace goes to Barb Barnes whose primordial days are over.

Love and Peace,  
Billy Blizzard

### Dear Dickheads at SLUG:

R.U. Stupid? The label is R.U. *Dead Music* (for the "undead") and that's just one example of how reliable your "sources" are. You really should try printing the truth by talking to people before you talk shit. If I'm annoying you, it's because you're a "noid."

You also printed an ad stating Hate X 9 was playing a gig which sadly we were not informed of, thus, our non-appearance, Fuck you.

But I know about politix and it was probably aimed at getting a bigger draw. Just think of all the people you dissappointed. You ought to be *shamed*. Come on JR, you coulda checked your facts with us by picking up a telephone. Also, you should speak to the person you're naming as "Slughead" (give me a fuggin' shot!) about "Info" (I use the term loosely, like lips) they wish printed and whether or not they even want the dubious "distinkion." Nine more things, R.U. *Dead* is run by and for Hate X 9. Thanks for listening. Clean up your act and check your facts. Yes a 9-band comp is coming, titled, "Dead City by a Lake — Looking at the state as a hole.") a tape no collection is complete without.

Shame X 9

P.S. It's like G.G. said, "Those who talk dogshit about us really just want to be u.s. ! But you can't and never will..."

### Editors Note: Well Bryon,

Aren't we angry! I will apologize for the miss haps on the Name of the Record Label trust me I am not that malicious. However I will have to be honest, you sure can talk some shit buddy! I did call you, for two days, I guess shame was out saving the world. It is not my responsibility to call and confirm the bands that Speedway has booked on their schedule. Besides, if they booked Hate X9 to bring people into that show their little scheme failed because nobody showed up for the gig, and think of all those dissappointed people. I guess if that is my fault then I should apologize for Nirvana not showing up, I did put them on the calender. Thanx for the letter your deep and sincere honesty changed my fuckin life.

### Dear Sluggers:

At the risk of showing any sign of age, I write in protest of stage diving — at least at the Speedway, where the stage is high enough that divers cannot help but land on the heads of the audience.

An interesting phenomenon developed at the 7 Seconds show, for which Insight and The Stench opened. I distinctly remember hearing Terrance ask for people to restrain themselves. They didn't. How can people protect themselves when so many bodies are flying at them, one right after

another? I was knocked flat on my back, and while a few people turned around to help me up, someone else came crashing down on their heads. At this point, I knew that if I went down again, no one would help me up. Survival of the fittest, I guess, but that brute philosophy ruined a show I had been looking forward to for a long, long, time.

A lot of us were really anxious to hear the new Stench material, most of which was being played for the first time. Remarkably, it was a little slower, perhaps more melodic than the stuff on Crazy Mon. But was anyone listening? Probably not, because they were either worrying about getting up on stage or protecting themselves.

As the set went on, I noticed the way the crowd reacted when the same people kept getting up. To me, stage diving is a unity thing — it doesn't work if people don't support you. but a couple of mildly obese jerks insisted on getting more than their share of the action. After these hefty guys came down a few times, people started getting out of their way so they wouldn't be smashed beneath them. Where's the unity in that?

If it weren't bad enough that the people up front didn't have a chance to get their arms overhead to protect themselves from so many sweaty, soaring bodies, then we had to contend with the divers crawling up our backsides, looking for people to hoist them back on stage. People in front were reluctant, because by helping someone they were only hurting themselves!

Perhaps I am foolish because I like to be close, to watch and to listen. But I believe performers appreciate that — as evidenced by Terrance asking pleas, "do not kick me in the face," "do not kick the microphone over," and "not so much stage-diving."

It was a relief when 7 Seconds enforced a no diving policy.

There are a few little kids who attend most of the shows, and I think we all enjoy tossing them around when they jump out. They're small enough that they don't hurt people or wind up crashing to the ground as sea parts below.

Let's show some respect for local performers. Let's show some respect for our fellow fans. Stage diving is a fad that should be laid to rest.

-Donna Ho

### Dear SLUG:

Yo!!! We decided to write you a letter in complaint of what we call "girlies."

These are girls who go to the shows just to see what guys they can scam on. They don't know shit about the bands or the music that's being played, in fact, they don't even want to.

We think it is quite disturbing to be listening to one of our favorite bands and have some pretty, materialistic girl in her \$200.00 outfit come up and say, "excuse me, do you know what band this is? And oh, have you seen that gorgeous guy with the long, blond hair pass by?"

Have you ever tried going into the bathroom only to be shoved out by six girlies putting on their make-up and shit just to impress? No one gives a fuck what anyone looks like anyways. Most everyone is covered by sweat when the show gets over and your individual smell is already gone.

You don't need to come to the Speedway or the Word acting like you're so damn good. Because no one is interested in you artificial personalities and your petty ways!!!

Maybe you should actually try getting involved with the music and what our scene is really all about. But for the time being, go where you belong, maybe somewhere like...the Ritz?

This letter is not sent to make fewer people go to the Speedway or the Word. But hopefully, it will help them understand what it's all about so they'll start going there for the right reasons...THE MUSIC!!

Truthfully yours,  
The Magna Bitch Crew

CLOCKS

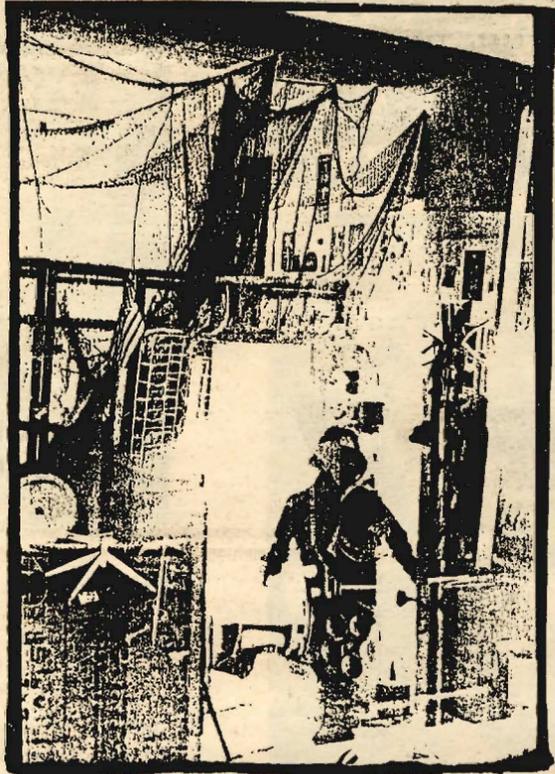
I HAVE

KNOWN

AND

LOVED

by  
Dee  
Wolfe



# The Clocks

The CLOCKS have been around town for so many years, spreading musical pandemonium, pounding on their preposterous gizmos and pots and pans, that it would be at least slightly difficult to imagine them not appearing on the menu at the WORD of SPEEDWAY CAFE. Yea, verily, they have attached themselves as relics to the greater locale, visible throughout the Intermountain West. Eventually thrir tubs and drumsticks, geared wheels, springs, curved metal lids, banjos, toots, whistles, and recorders, will wind up in glass cases in the basement of the D.U.P. museum on display.

I have known the CLOCKS for as long as they have been ticking. I remember, without struggle those dark, early days at Schubach when they practiced all afternoon on the third floor, driving every pair of

sensitive ears-out of the building to the street below, to wander dazed among pedestrians who stopped to listen to the curious racket that seemed to emanate from every where.

Those were the days. CLOCKS held court on the second floor of Shubach's for three good years or better, performing on Friday nights, now and then, for the crowd of drunks and music lovers, inviting a bevy of local entertainers to share the stage, patiently awaiting their turn to churn out their own peculiar brand of cheerful choas, until all of Main and Broadway sounded like the graveyard at Syro Steel.

Please don't assume that any of this is meant to be posthumous as far as the CLOCKS are concerned. CLOCKS are still very much with us, just as ready to hear "GET THE FUCK OFF THE STAGE" as ever.

But Shubach is no longer theirs. Shubach has gone dreadfully condo, and there is nothing sane to be done about it, except call the Fire Marshal and let him do his sworn duty.

However, rejoice, young afficiandos! CLOCKS exist in space again, renting a humble room above the GREAT WALL OF CHINA BUFFET. Expect them to up to their old tricks and devices immediatly.

Here's the part I like the best. It's called name that clock. there are mainly three of them, four whenever Eric Robinson is in town. Eric is the Afro-American member and therefore is easy to reconize behind his black rimmed glasses. Joe Stetich is the tall critter, in glasses, sporting a pony-tail, usually anyhow. Ethnically speaking he could be any thing, an Arab, Hindu, Slavic Jew, Irishman, God knows. The last pair are safely anglo-saxon (this tidbit of info intended for any BYU coeds looking for marriageable men their folks will approve of), Jeff Kimball and Robert Moss. Jeff has dark hair and likes to hide behind the amplifying and recording equipment. A descendant of Hber C. Kimball or one of those Kimballs, he carries the official Mormon stamp of disapproval somewhere on his backside. Robert Moss, the one blonde, is one blonde, is a hippie banjo picker from way back when, who carries himself with an easy somnambulant gait, and must continually reajust his glasses along the ridge of his nose. All CLOCKS are genuine Utah good-ole-boys, born and reared in the land of the Saints, every bit as anchored to the scenic landscape as Brigham's monument or the Big Rock Candy Mountain. Guest both past, present and future include: Byron Beagley, Riley (Idaho Syndrome), Pete Williamson, Greg Floor, Teresa Ellis, Steve Aurbach, Aldine, ANNACUT, THEATRE OF ICE, Dave Bagley, BROTHER JAMES, Julia and Julie,

Dee Wolfe, Big Dog, Jim Bone Occult, Chris Dean, Maura & Geordance or movement?, Lewis Francis, Mike Tunks, Tiffany Fyans, Ron Ward, Dave Brothers, Laura Raty, Steven Fletcher, Bill ?, Dion Duncan, Guitar Pete, Dow Patton, Jim Oghton, Sister Jane.

Well, you may wonder how to sync into the Clocks experience. I suggest that you toddle your behind down to RAUNCH, just under the viaduct on 4th So. and 4th W., slap your hand emphatically on the counter and tell Brad Collins to lead you to the CLOCKS tapes. You will notice, upon examination, two labels: ORPHANAGE (out of Phoenix, AZ), and PECULIAR PEOPLE, the CLOCKS own peculiar label. There is a third, too, so I am told: VIOLET GLASS ORACLE, managed by some unbelievable character who calls himself Gregorian George. Or nose your '51 Hudson toward Grunts and Postures on 5th W. and 2nd So.. Ask Tim O'Brian to fiddle through his cassette display until he finds what you are after.

Something will surface, for the CLOCKS have appeared on no less than seven compilation tapes, two complete tapes - on their own label, plus a few sporadic one time recordings.

You may find yourself in a dark land of turbulent controversy. You'll have to choose sides. Two camps of crtitiques have risen,

one, maintaining CLOCKS are post industrial folk music; the other insisting they are instead hard-core new-age. In the wee hours, fist fights have erupted, even in quaint, peaceable Village Inn.

CLOCKS have enjoyed a highly visible, if weird, career. Backing such noteworthy crowd pleasers as ART OF NOISE and BUTTHOLE SURFERS, while never giving an inch of their own sense of integrity away. Members have come and gone over the years. From the old JANITORS days, when the likes of Tony Weller and Alexis Brill joined in the melee, to recent months when I and my son were guest members, and Pete Williamson blew his saxophone at the WORD and on tape, very nicely, to the wild performance they gave on Main Street to the crowd of happy campers awaiting the sight of all those gaudy

Days of '47 floats, when our own beloved Grant Sperry cheerfully went to jail for them.

Now that CLOCKS are safely in a new location, a new era is underway for them. Robert tells me that they plan to fire off in new directions, as ever the mood hits them. It is unwise to

expect any re-runs. It is far wiser to expect the unexpected, where ever. CLOCKS are concerned.



Art work provided by The Clocks

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# News-Views & Reviews

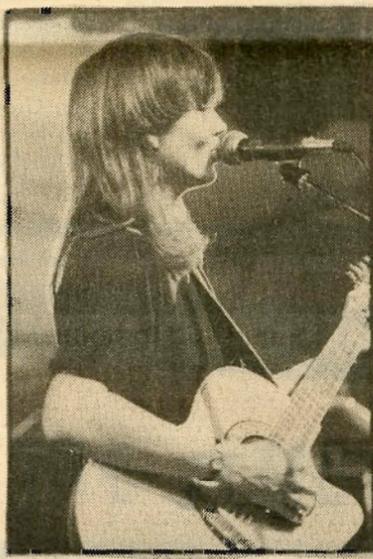


Camper Van Beethoven

## Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper @ B&G

Theoretically Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper didn't happen this month. However, they really happened October 30th at the Bar and Grill. Mojo undoubtedly is the king white trash, folk hero of the eighties. If his music doesn't grab you his humor will, a bit seedy even for my filth ridden mind but funny.

I know a lot of people missed the Dwarves on the 5th and I do say MISSED. After a killer set by VICTIMS and a great surprise set by MAIMED, the DWARVES hit the stage. It was really simple... they came out and the singer abused the audience, man-handled some girls in front, dropped his pants to his knees (exposing himself thoroughly) then did a perfect backwards flip right on to the drum set. I give them a ten. A fifteen minute set and a totalled drum set, what do you want for five bucks?



## Walkabouts @ Speedway

I would have to say that WALKABOUTS and NICE STRONG ARM were about as good a combo as BOXCAR KIDS and HERMITAGE were. I had just enough mind altering substances to get into WALKABOUTS pretty good. They were cool, though. They combined an ambient, droning, folk guitar with just the right noise guitar and powerful drums. Then NICE STRONG ARM came on and fucked up my mood but sounded killer. I liked the music but didn't quite get the Vocals.

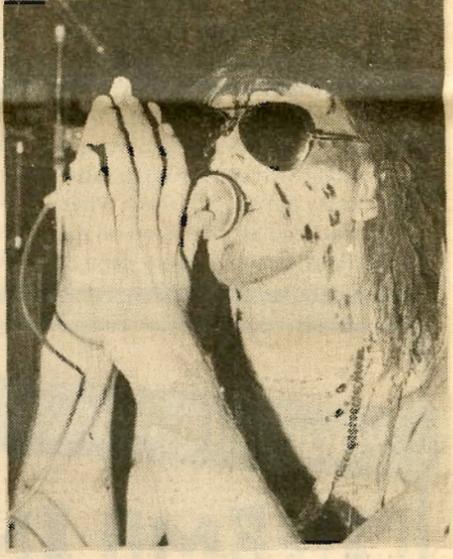
I'm not the biggest X fan but I did like EXENE. I didn't hear a lot of comments about her music, every one said they liked Exene so they liked her music. I on the otherhand haven't always been crazy about her but was impressed with the way she presented her music- straightforward and simple.

Camper Van blah blah Beethoven. I know I'll catch flack for this one but I sat through their sound check and made sure I was outta there as soon as Imaginig Yellow Suns were done. If IYS comes again don't miss them and buy their album. The highlight of the show was definitely WONDERCRASH. Prediction: WONDERCRASH is going to be the best band in SLC in 1990. Watch, you'll see. They get better every time I see them.

Madness and mehem at the Speedway Cafe when Poison Idea blew into town. I didn't see the HARDONS but heard they tore the place up. I did see POISON IDEA rip up the stage at one time during the show. Special stage dive appearance by ALDINE. Of Course SLAUGHTERCHRIST, who still rule the Underground with their crunch and grind sound that'll knock the sweet Jesus outta ya.

If you aren't seeing the local bands in this town play you are missing out on some great shit. Salt Lake is lucky to have such happenin' bands in town and they need your support. There is no way to make money in this town if you play your own music. the bands only return is crowd response, if you don't respond the bands go away empty. Think about it.

You should also be watching Bar and Grill's schedule these days. They are booking more and more original bands there due to lack of cover bands. I saw SKIN AND BONES there Wednesday the 29th with special percussion God guest Jerry Ziegler. Cheap beer, great times, excellent music.



Crash Worship

There are three things I know: 1) Don't drink wine and tequilla together. 2). Don't offer Ian MacKaye a beer. 3) Don't miss CRASH WORSHIP when they come to town. One thing you can always count on is PRIMORDIAL to deliver a great show. The only thing that was as good as CRASH WORSHIP was NAUVOO who are even better on tape. LUNA, who played after NAUVOO were also great. They set a great mood before CRASH WORSHIP and rattled my bones.

Written by Les Nessman All Photos by Steve Midgley

**ONLY A TEST**

See Us Live At:  
Dec 1-2 & 15-16 Warehouse One  
Dec 20-21 Bar & Grill  
and watch for us at other area locations DV8, Dead Goat, Theo's & Z Place

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**NEW BAND SPOTLIGHT**

**Boy Wonder**

I guess since their aren't any dudes in the band it is easy to be labeled as an all girl band. This wasn't necessarily the intent of Boy Wonder when they started out but it just worked out that way.

This is the first time all four members have even been in a band. Regardless, they are a very strong band with a lot of potential. They write their own music and have already made their debut performance (Nov 10, Reptile). With influences like The Cramps and Government Issue you can see why they have chosen a very hard and fast sound.

The band does not claim to be a political band but they are not afraid to tell you how they feel about stuff.

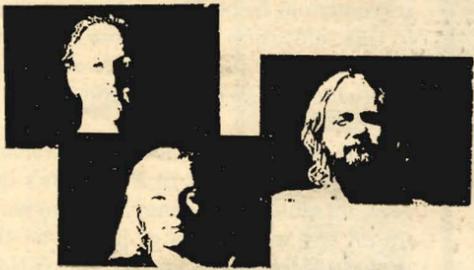
With a shortage of bands in towns, a variety of venues, and a good name in the underground scene, it won't be long before you see these gals out and about playing a lot. Don't hesitate, check them out as soon as you can.

Left to Right  
Sandra Chotia, Heidi Wood, Janet Chotia and Joclynn Jenkins (not pictured)

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# RECORD REVIEWS

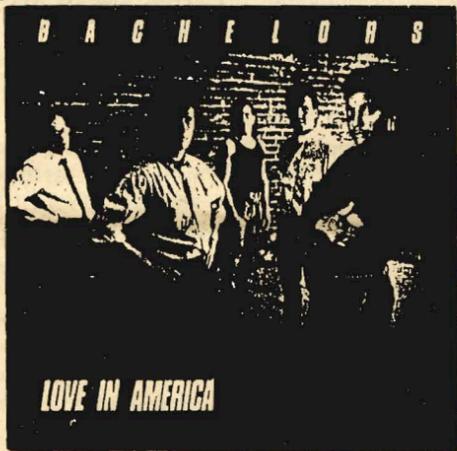


## NAUVOO

PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL

Are you ready for serrated gashes, abrasive exertion and brutal bites at your soul? NAUVOO ride it to the hilt with their culmination of sensitized noise and magnified emotion. In the classic tradition of stark dirge and incinerating surrealist anguish, this lil' EP conveys the beauty of being in pure hell... As if inhaling ulcerating pain while lying on a bed of nails... No shit, this stuff is completely compelling. NAUVOO's instrumentals keep you barely balancing on a precarious ledge, all the while rummaging around your entrails. For example, "Move slowly alive, I'll fall with you, Crawl down my throat, I'll swallow you" are some of the phrases sure to cause core seizures. Personally, that's a welcome undertaking by the band and/or listener. Alas, though it may be bold, these are angst-impassioned pieces. Thus, do beware of the piercing depths of NAUVOO.

Lars



## BACHELORS

LOVE IN AMERICA

A lot is being said about this being the first CD by a local band. That is indeed pretty cool. Unfortunately, the material isn't. The musicianship is excellent but the songs are for the most part a general grab-bag of every eighties pop idiom. Trite, tame and remarkably thin sounding, it should be very popular. You can take the band out of the bar, but you can't take the bar out of the band.

Phil Harmonic



## DINOSAUR BONES

AMERICAN WHITE TRASH

13 songs from SLC's premier power trio. Ruthless heavy metal! Speed core! Burnin' man! This tape is a good primer on how to rock. The only cover is a silly-assed jam on Sweet Emotion. Seriously, this is a great tape, uneven production and flanger abuse are it's only flaws. Includes all the hits and some bonus disco scratches on the tail out. Well worth the \$79.98 list price.

Phil Harmonic

If Your Tape Hasn't appeared in this section of our Paper it is because you are too goddamn lazy to send us one.....  
P.O. Box 1061, Salt Lake City Utah 84110-1061

## Ecce Homo



If you've been around SLC for any period of time, you've no doubt heard about (or even witnessed) the brilliant, crazed exploits of W.O.R.M.

No performance artist in the state can approach WORM'S vision or delivery- the man who looks, acts, smells like the devil scaling the Brigham monument on Main St. in freezing weather, donning nothing but his short-shorts. Rumors abound about him painting strange messages in the Federal Building with pig-blood, or cutting off his own penis in a crowded family cafe. Who knows? But one thing is certain, WORM is the foundation of the most transcendent religious movement this State has ever beheld (called World Order of Righteous Mankind).

He's laying low now, assuredly plotting his next move. Last time I saw him he was draped in a three-piece tweed outfit; gone were the two tufts of hair on his bald head which he traditionally fashions into horns, gone was his flaming red cape. Perhaps he was trying to impress a Utah judge-but in any case, he is still with us: on his forehead he'd crudely tattooed the word 'dog.' He said it's there because "When I look in the mirror now, I know who I really am!"

Here WORM bares his testimony. Read it, ponder it and curse the universe.

Text by Dick Butt Kiss

BUT THIS LOST MIND WHICH IS A SEPARATE ENTITY FROM THE SPIRIT OF GOD WANTS A BODY, EVEN IF IT IS JUST OF A LOWER ESTATE THAN THAT OF MANKIND. SO THIS IS THE LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR INSTINCT OF ANIMALS AND INSECTS. THESE ANIMALS AND INSECTS HAVE HUMAN MINDS IN THEM. THE SPIRIT OF THE DEVIL IS OF THE MIND WAR, SLAVERY AND HATE. THOSE WHO HURT MEMBERS OF THE HUMAN FAMILY EITHER MENTALLY, PHYSICALLY AND MATERIALLY. THESE MIND THAT ARE SEPARATED FROM THE SPIRIT OF GOD WANT TO PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES IN THIS LOWER ESTATE, TO A DEGREE OF THEIR GUILT. REMEMBER IN THE BIBLE WHEN THE SPIRIT OF THE MIND OF THE DEVIL WENT INTO THE SWINE. IN SUMMARY THIS IS THE BELIEFS OF W.O.R.M. THOSE WHOSE SPIRIT OF THE MIND IS SEPARATED FROM THE SPIRIT OF GOD OF THE HEART CAN GO INTO BODIES OF LOWER ESTATES OF THE ANIMAL WORLD TO PAY FOR ALL THEIR CRIMES AGAINST THE FAMILY OF MANKIND UNTIL ALL DEBTS AGAINST LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS ARE PAID FOR IN FULL AND THE MIND AND SPIRIT OF GOD ARE REUNITED. THATS THE REASON I TATOOED DOG PIG AND WORM ON MY FACE, TO BE A CONSTANT REMINDER THAT IF I DON'T PAY FOR MY CRIMES IN THIS WORLD, I WILL IN THE NEXT WORLD AS A DOG, WORM, AND PIG. I TATOOED ALL MY CRIMES ON MY BACK AND SOME DAY MY SPIRIT OF THE MIND WILL BE REUNITED WITH THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN HEAVEN/ SO EVERYONE DEEP FAITH AND REMEMBER "IF THERE AIN'T JUSICE IN THIS WORLD THERE WILL BE IN THE NEXT WORLD IN THE LOWER ESTATE OF ANIMALS."



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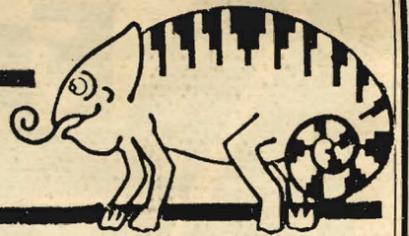
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## December 1989

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
5 KILLER TOMATOES	6 THE CHANGE	7	8 ONLY A TEST	9
12 DINOSAUR BONES & WONDERCRASH	13 JOHN BAYLEY	14	15 GAMMA RAYS	16
19 POINTS WEST	20 SKIN "N" BONES	21	22 IRIE HEIGHTS	23
26 TRANSPLANT JADE	27 POINTS WEST	28	29 GAMMA RAYS	30

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## BLACKLIST! DEATHLIST?

Introductory Note: The opinions expressed in this refutation reflect those of one plum loco freelancer, Lars, and are not those of the rest of SLC's underground.

Did anyone else catch a waveload of ruthless, uppity shit in *Blacklists's* latest Nov. #3 edition? Cheeney must've woken-up on the wrong side of his better-than-thou cloud before puking out "Nero's News." Yes, Cheeney, this is a rebuttal to your column and not the remainder of BL's staff contributors. In fact, I'd even acquired the prior issue back in May and found it to be quite good indeed. Any local pub is needed and substantial for the growth of the area underground. Especially one that packs a wallop. But when are envy-invoked, childish comments that slay the "leading" competition, the way to go about it? Did you even really read the "articles" you mentioned? As far as I can detect, SLUGs hate mail does the majority of griping about how "life sucks" and Cheeney — it does sometimes.

So, what solution do you have to propose to solve it? There is none, is there? You failed to grasp at sarcasm and humor. Both of which are enjoyable elements that keep SLUG readers absorbed. I've never found any of SLUGs music review or articles to support "how bad life sucks." Maybe you should re-read the copy of SLUG in your possession and then sit down to type the scathing bitch you think you're justified. Until then, it doesn't amount to a hill of shitbeans. God knows criticism is a necessary component of evil that everyone needs. I'd suggest you get your facts straight before setting out to do the nasty job. Lesson: go directly to the source, avoid destructive criticism (unless absolutely essential, like now) and opt for a constructive critique. How come I know? I'm that local terror who sent the zine editors (Gajoob, UYB, SLUG, and Private Eye) a plethora of foul reproach, but along with that came sound, positive suggestions for improvement. After which, they didn't hold my views against my letters, columns and/or poetry material. Uh-hu, they had the nerve to print it! Let's give them a thunderous applause because Lars packed plenty of punch and they still hear my complaints to this day.

So, Cheeney, be accurate, quit barking, don't be afraid to appear the fool, take risks, never fall prey to the contingent of hate-mongers and legions of critical "imposters." Try no to abdicate to heedless jealousy. Show some chutzpaw and feel free to squander time in life's scruffy sandbox. Excuse my ignorance, but what the hell does "truly underground" mean, Cheeney? What revolutionary law dictates your judgement? God forbid we might have diversity from "true" forms of allegiance. Does individuality come to mind? (Every local pub I've seen displays a differing independence from the other). It's very sad that you've limited your vocabulary by cleansing it of "vulgar" expletives. Placing restriction is never the road to emancipation. Why live according to the regimented code of that pristine, "civil" English language? Bastardize and tantalize! Ooops, forgive me for being obscene. Same thing goes for that fucking 4-letter word. Shame, shame, on me.

Lars

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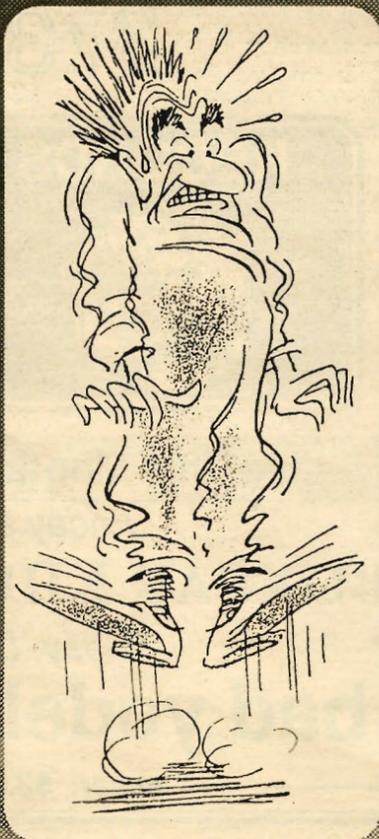
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# Jo Jo's Corner



DRUMMERS FROM HELL! November brought a couple of my personal drum icons to the land of Zion. On November 6th the **Pixies** played at the boot-boogie Palladium palace. I hadn't been there since 1987 when **X** played with **The Strangers**. My how they have fixed things up; \$2.00 slices of Dominoes fascist pizza which they force you to buy before you can buy beer, (lets have a hand for those drinking laws) then after waiting in line for an hour or so for your barley beverage, you get harrassed by some smart ass pushbroom mustached rent-a-cop. It's a cowboy bar now from what I understand and I guess they're not used to dealing with people who can actually give a shit about music. **Bob Mould** opened the show and he looked absolutely svelt compared to the last time I saw him in **Hüsker Dü**. He raged through an hour or so of music and included Cinnoman Girl in his encore. For a minute I thought I was hearing a **Subject to Change** reunion. The big treat for me was witnessing the mighty back beat of **Anton Fier** on drums. Anton is the mastermind behind **Golden Palominos** and has played with **Los Loboos**, **The Feelies** and just about every happening alternative thing on the East Coast. He is also a very nice individual. I was able to talk to him for a little while after the show as he was packing to play in Denver and he gave me copies of the new Golden Palominos disc and also the new **Grapes Of Wrath** which he produced. Both are excellent records and I recomend you check them out. A warning however, Anton's **Celluloid Records** is going out of business so hurry and pick up those back orders or write to **Mr Fier C/O CELLULOID Records 330 Hudson St. NY, NY 10013. (212) 741-8310.**

The Second drum master showed up surprisingly enough, playing for the **Romantics**. I'm speaking of the one and only **Clem Burke**, veteran of **Blonde**. I know there are many of you who consider **Blondie** to be a wimpy pop band but check out the songwriting and the drums on some songs like *Dreaming*, *Eat to the Beat* or *I Know*, (But I don't Know) and you'll understand why I admire Clems skill on the trap. He is definitely of the **Keith Moon** school; juggling sticks, pulling off hypersonic fills and generaly flailing. He was the high-point of the Romantics for me. I must say they were the only band I have ever seen who was actually out-staged by their vintage guitars. Backstage looked like Spinal Taps pawnshop: '57 Strats, '61 SGs and the occasional Gretsch. **Boxcar Kids** opened and played as best they could without Phil and with the entire stage tied up with **Romantics** gear and half PA. It was a hard rockin set that earned a few meat head converts from Tooele.

Other shows in November included **Wakabouts** from Seattle. They were Sweet! Their new album is out on **Sub Pop**, buy it. The **Hard-Ons** played the Speedway on the 22nd and were so good I actually bought a T-shirt. **Poisen Idea** played in the middle and they are literally a very heavy band. They played a rockin' cover of **MC5's "Kick**

*out the Jams"* which instantly endeared them to my heart. Locals **Slaughterchrist** opened and were excellent. They would have had an encore but Mike broke a Bass string. Still a great set from one of my favorite local Bands.

**Camper Van Beethoven** played on the 18th and promised a lot of surprises for their last show of their tour. The only surprise to me was how dull the show was, the only spark of life was new Axe-Fiddler Morgan who's charm and virtuosity almost compensated for the tedious Camper set. The real biggest surprise was when some J.R. clone played mandolin on "*Everything Seems to be Up in the Air.....etc.*" in the encore. **Wondercrash** opened and played a fine set. I always like to see Jamie and Camber jam. The highlight of the show was **Imagining Yellow Suns** from Orange County. A good blend of twisted angst which blew the sweetened up album on **Dr. Dream records** away. They played an acoustic set at Imagine Records the afternoon of the show and were generally nice guys. **Kevin Van** has been playing them alot recently on **KRCL** so check it out.

The highlight of this month was the performance of songstress/diva **Exene Cervenka** at the **Speedway** on the 12th with **My Sister Jane** and the ubiquitous **Joads**. **The Joads**, consisting of various members of **Subject to Change**, **Boxcar Kids** and **Wondercrash** opened with the heartfelt set of hillbilly standards and originals. The best was a rendition of **The Knitters "Someone Like You"** which was dedicated to Ms. Exene. **My Sister Jane** followed with a tight, rousing set of their eclectic dance arrangements. Those gals are really tearing it up these days and were recently featured on **NPR's Weekend Edition**.

Exene carried the show as expected, surpassing all expectations. With the aid of **Tony Gilkison's** masterful guitar licks and the harmony vocals Exene performed the entire content of *Old Wives Tales* and even snuck in "*Skin Deep Town*" from x's *Live at the Whiskey* album which she dedicated to the awstruck **Joads**. The encore consisted of an informal poetry reading/blues jam and some well directed berbs at America's white-wing regime. The "Protest-Folk-Material" was as immediate and relevant as any **Tracy Chapman** (or **Uniform Choice** for that matter) and the spoken word pieces were delivered in that potential droll, off the cuff manner that only Exene can do. Goosebumps all around and much good vibes for all. After the show, Exene spent an hour or so signing autographs and talking to the numerous fans who obviously shared my admiration for her. A splendid affirmation of a national treasure. Both Exene and Tony commented on what a good scene we have in Salt Lake and how much they enjoyed playing at the **Speedway** which was recipricated by the adoring audience.

To close, welcome home Ziba, Borscht and Stoli on the house.

## JoJo's Top Ten Albums 1989 (Subjective)

1. Drivin' 'n' Cryin': Mystery Road
2. Thelionious Monster: Stormy Weather
3. Exene Cervenka: Old Wives Tales
4. (Tie) NWA: Straight Outta Compton and Eazy-E: Eazy Does It
5. Pixies: Surfer Rosa
6. Neneh Cherry: Raw Like Sushi
7. The Fluid: Roadmouth
8. The Big F
9. Sugar Cubes: Here Today, Tomorrow etc....
10. Red Hot Chili Peppers: Mother's Milk

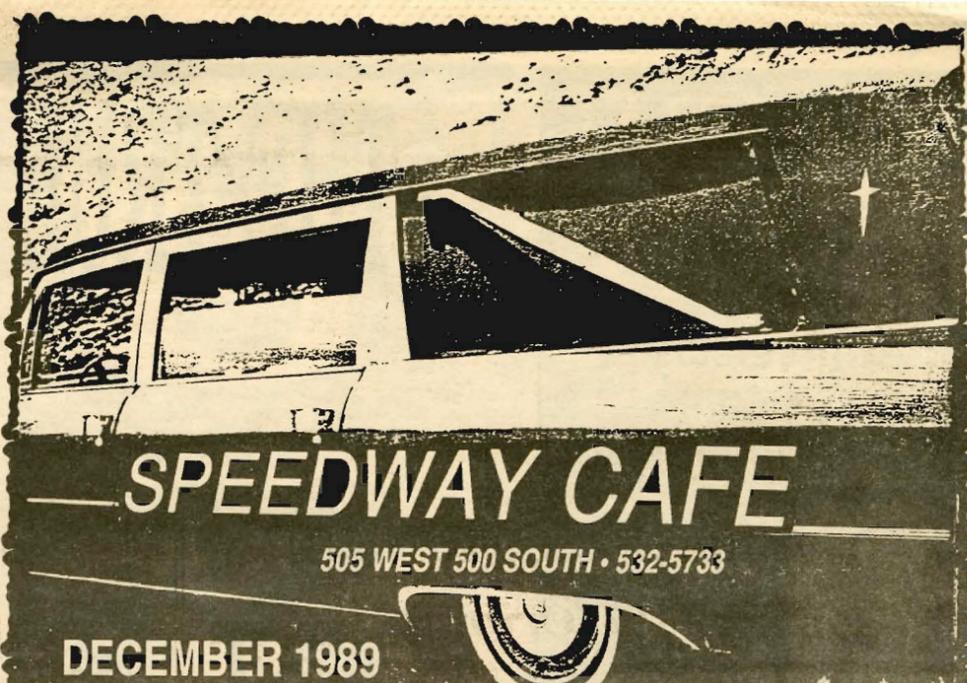
Best Concert: Pixies/Bob Mould, Bad Brains/ Maimed for Life, 24-7 Spyz/ Boxcar Kids, The Fluid/Dinosaur Bones, Queen Ida-Mayfest

## Rauch's Top Ten Albums December

1. Gary Clail: End of the Century Party
2. Melvins: OZMA
3. Einsturzende Neubaten: Haus Der Luge
4. Warlock Pinchers: Deadly Kung Fu Action
5. Dope Guns and Fucking in the Streets
6. Exene Cervenka: Old Wives Tales
7. NWA: Straight Outta Compton
8. Ministry: A Mind is a Terrible thing to taste
9. Godflesh: Street Cleaner
10. Victims Willing: Home 7"

## JR's Top Ten Albums 1989

1. Ed Hall: Albert (Late 88)
2. American Music Club: California (Late 88)
3. Firehose: Fromohio
4. Warlock Pinchers: Deadly Kung Fu Action
5. Sound Garden: Louder than Love
6. Fugazi: 13 song CD
7. The Fluid: Roadmouth
8. Nirvana: Bleach
9. The Stench: Crazy Moon
10. Boxcar Kids: Lego My Ego



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December 16th

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# EDITORIAL

## Happy One Year Anniversary SLUG!!!

It's hard to imagine just one year ago a few Salt Lakers mainly JR, Ziba and Jo Jo decided they were going to make it happen. Raunch, The Speedway and the now defunct WORD, were the sole advertisers. A year, later we'd like to thank every one who has contributed to this publication... negatively or positively. From Mike Carlson, to Hatex9, to My Sister Jane, to name a few. SLUG has if nothing else, given you a monthly calendar of shows. As the calendars progressed they also grew, as is evident in the October issue calendars of the Speedway, The Word and The Bar and Grill. October was truly a historic month in the history of bitchin' music in SLC. October was thanks to every single one of us including club owners, record store managers, cafes and coffee shops, radio DJ's, to promoters, to the people who took the time out to review shows in this here publication, to every loyal, paying fan, to every local band who played for the purpose of playing... You all know who you are and your enthusiasm or apathy has enhanced, and added in an individual way to Salt Lake's Under Ground.

Whether you, our readership, are Jewish, Christian, Pagan, Moslem, Buddist, Agnostic, Athiest, or somewhere in between - we hope 1990 will make even more History than was made in '89. It's hard to fathom a year more historical than the past one has been... The East German wall tumbling down and the possible reunification of Germany, along with Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia all having explosive, simultaneous attempts at experimenting with freedom and democracy. At home, in the good ole US of A, '89 has been historic in an almost anti-freedom of rights kind of way. With uncalled for reviews of civil rights issues such as flag burning, abortion, and mandatory drug testing, it's time to become active about politics, no matter what side of the fence you sit on. If you sit on the fence, then you are part of the reason our rights are being taken away! The editorial staff at SLUG encourages all of you to get involved in politics and policy making with the same passion you have shown for the music that has happened in SLC this past year. After all, it's all part of the bigger picture.. We wish the Chinese students, the student in Czechoslovakia, Hillel, Foster, anonymous AIDS victims, and any one close to you who has passed on, could have been with us to bring in the New Year. Have a safe drinking, safe sex holiday season.

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