

SALT LAKE UNDER GROUND

SLUG

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE AND REVIEW

JANUARY 1990

#13

FREE



Photos by Steve Midgley

dinosaur bones

In This Issue

A look at what is really going on in town

News, Views, Reviews & Previews

Hate Mail • Monthly Calendars and More

portraits



portfolios

STEVE MIDGLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY

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EDITORS: JR RUPPEL
ZIBA MARASHI

AND OUR THANX TOOOOOOO:
Steve Midgley, Janet Tunney, John Shuman, Lars,
Copperfield Publishing,
Midvale Web Press
and 200 African Swallows

and most of all to the people who advertise and
support our effort...thanx again!!!

dear dickheads.....blah, blah, blah

Dear SLUG:

R'nt U curt, cunning, callous, conniving and contemptuous? Still luv the Hate X9 tunes, just not your errant ego, Byron. The award for courtesy, charm and consideration goes out to that sour-puss R.U. Shamed. Truly a fine representation of "biting the hand that feeds" R.U. Dead? Co-matose? May I offer my deepest condolences.

Allright, alright, alright — good point on Hastings, Kirk. But God, how calculated and convenient it must be to slag your competition. If anything, complain about their ludicrous costs, that's enough to drive away any customer. Zay was just trying to avoid raking them over the coals.

Justin, my hell you write well. Clever too! That was my letter on local apathy and I'll confess to losing my composure. Like JR said, don't chatter and whine...Personally, I say holler and chastise! Ha, ha. Toot on a bazooka and submit your inquisitive comments. SLUG needs capable, cohesive, journalists.

Patsy Cline and Sinead O'Connor may be timeless but Boy Wonder are gonna be captivating heartbreakers! What better way is there to commemorate the brand new decade in this underground than an all-female power-cadence band? Quatro Cheers for the foursome! SLUG celebrates its 1st year inception, can't thank you enough for the challenge and circulation, JR.

Yes Jojo, IYS conquered even the hardest core at Speedway, endearing them to our catastrophic hearts (so there, Darrell). Can I start a CRAZED & CHRONIC FAN CLUB for Pech, Jojo and Dino Bones? I just couldn't coagulate without you...

Doin' the Thorzine Shuffle,
LARS

Dear Festering Scabs and Pustules,

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

front.

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

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

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

Love Always
Jake Mallory

P.S. Your Underground Bites.

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

Dear Dickheads,

Restaurant reviewers hide their names so they can be fair to the business and to potential customers. But, what excuse does a record reviewer have to gain by hiding his name. (Phil Harmonic) Review of the BACHELORS was not fair to the band or potential record buyers. Phil apparently doesn't like any band that doesn't sound like his own. The BACHELORS are not an underground band and they don't sound like one. However, they are a great pop/rock band. It isn't right to be condemned for making music that can be played on the radio.

Phil says "You can take the band out of the bar, but you can't take the bar out of the band..." tell that to the Replacements and the Boxcar Kids. Criticism is fine but it shouldn't be done by a person who doesn't like a particular sound. I wouldn't review an Opera or a modern Jazz album because I don't understand or like it. Phil apparently doesn't set such a standard.

The BACHELORS should be

commended for putting their money where their mouth is. The songs are well written, melodic and singer Phil Isom packs a punch. My major criticism is that the album doesn't capture how good the band sounds live.

At IMAGINE MUSIC, we pride ourselves in carrying local music. I know every customer won't like every local band but I try to steer them to the ones they will like. Fans of the Romantics might like the BACHELORS, fans of the Dead Kennedys probably would not.

I am always amazed at how good the music scene is here in Utah. After living in Texas for four years I think Salt Lake could be as strong musically as Austin. If it does, it will be because Salt Lake has many sounds not just one.

Sincerely,
Paul Murphy
Imagine Music, Bntfl

Slug Persons,

10 years ago, I was a 15 year old nerd who spent most of his time listenin' to Brad & Susan on KRCL or cruisin the "Punk" record bin at Cosmic. In those days punk consisted of everything that wasn't Grateful Dead or Led Zepplin, or a derivative product thereof. Including the B-52's and DEVO. Apologies to the dogmatically hardcore thrashmongers out there, but it's true.

So, here I am, 10 years older, and no smarter, yet thankful that at last there is a LIVE ORIGINAL MUSIC SCENE IN SLC! Places to play, bands to see, and all the attendant socio-cultural doohickies. Wow. Double wow. Anyway, thanks and congrats to those of you (too numerous to count) who helped it happen, you know who you are, and a hearty fuck you to those of you (too numerous to count) who tried to impede us or stop it from happening. I know where you live. Go die. Happy nineties.

LOVE,
Karl Alvarez (and by association) Stephen Egerton

FROM THE EDITOR HOUR TWO SENSE

New Years Disillusions are already blown off...how about you guys. In retrospect of the last year, one thing is certain, we have somehow managed (with the help of UFOs) to keep SLUG alive. It wouldn't have been possible without everybody's help. The biggest help was all the feedback we have received. Our first five months in print we didn't receive any letters. Apathy is abound but fortunately there are enough active people to keep things alive.

We have had interesting feedback ranging in opinions like "You are too nice-you never criticize" to "You are too opinionated-you blackball people". The staff here is small and we are not here to write, that is your job. We would like to hear your side of things. Your input is vital. If you think we are not printing what needs to be said, it is because you are not writing it. I am sure Brad Collins is sick of hearing people gripe, so write it down so it can do some good. Take for example Shame's letter and response last month, that was one of the best letters we ever received, we know he is reading this stuff.

You may not agree with what every body says-hippies, skins, edge fans, but doesn't alternative=fuck conformity? There is a reason for it all. If we "open-minded" types can't deal with all of this, What is the point?

With the new decade lets continue to grow and not stagnate. Bands love playing Salt Lake (except FRIGHTWIG) and there is a reason. So get your lazy asses out of the safe zone, use your rights or writes or rites and make something happen.

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-ZIBA MARASHI-
-JR RUPPEL-

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concert review

NEW YEARS EVE AT CINEMA IN YOUR FACE or at least what I can remember

Whether or not you had a cool yule, Cinema In Your Face was the place to be for the Eve of "A New Year's Party You Probably Won't Remember". However, it certainly was a memorable show and vintage fun for all. But, if I fail to mention some stuff, you'll know that I tried to recollect and...Well, hell...What do you expect from Lars' insufferable and debilitating hangover? Heh, heh. A fucking wicked hangover that has sabotaged my immediate ability to accurately enunciate last night's proceedings! Heh. Let's get the bad news over with first. It stink, stank, stunk that there wasn't enough meatless pizza for hungry vegetarians. Even that's pretty good news. Since it was the first to go, that means there's an increase of veg-conscious mentalities now infiltrating the scene. Damn good thing too.

I've never caught this COMMON PLACE outfit before. Shit I'm glad they didn't live up to their mediocre name. Hardly! This is a substantive, aural band. If you enjoy mod-core as much as I do, CP serve it up well. As I am of the female gender, it's wonderful to see more and more input from women in the underground. The vocalist (stupid me, I shoulda thought at the time to retrieve her name for this review) has a prolific and seasoned voice. Check them out when next you have the opportunity.

BOY WONDER! Exclamation point! Many were anticipating this chance to view them play this show and weren't disappointed. Far From. I heard those standing by me, emphatically remark "These girls are cool". They weren't fibbin'! Say, perhaps BW's playing on this particular New Year's is apropos, eh? Heidi (on lead vocals) has to be one of the most natural performers I've witnessed. The group turned out a brisk and agile set. Very invigorating! Hopefully

their repertoire will broaden soon. The fact that BW exhibited a composite and confident form for so young and fresh a band, is evidently a sign of better and better things to come from them. You just wait-n-see! And I think it's safe to say that even our venerated music expert, Braunch, seemed to be pleased. Kudos, gals.

Next came what is easily my favorite local band, DINOSAUR BONES. They indubitably won this position with me when I bought their 13-song cassette. I'm also the proud owner of DB's variegated T-shirt and it's caustic, insipid logo "American White Trash" on the back. As always, Otto, Bip and Shirly were ostentatiously clad in wacky attire. And thank god for it, they are true showmen. Too few bands have the grits and fortitude to do this. It sounds to me like they might have a new signature piece, "Dino Gods", a debut tune for the eager ears of everyone in the surrounding locale. Was it damn good or what? Here's your answer: Everybody sprouted prehensile toes and jammed on subterranean groovy ground. Oh yea! They kept turning up the heat, too. Go out of your way to catch these accomplished musicians and their latest tape.

Around midnight, I kinda missed that we didn't sing the obligatory "Auld Lang Syne" but Wonder Crash's "Happy Nightmare" did a helluva lot more than merely suffice at that moment. Besides that, I was knocked-off-my-socks by a rather uncanny piece of theirs, "Corner". There's just something about Dave's incisive vocals that act as an aphrodisiac agent. So watch-out people, WC is potent. And they're one of the best local acts around. And guys, the stage presence has vastly improved. Ha, ha, I swear, you'd think that after all the prodding by the bands, some folks in the audience were still bent on suctioning their

inanimate beings to the CIYF fixtures like blobs of protoplasm. Next time, remind me to bring a pitchfork. Some personages needs a blistering fire lit under their ass. And hey, all the bands put on a great show. Those who came for a lax sit-o-rama, wound-up getting bombarded by candy grenades compliments of WC. Yup, that was my signal to commence firing, too. WC also shelled-out noise makers, wrapped gifts and other such paraphenalia. Good Godfreys, despite these prostrating poops in their chairs, plenty of the rest of us would not settle for goin' stir crazy. Nope! We had an inflamed case of the dancing kinnipion fits!

Resolutions? Who needs 'em when there's local bands like these. I'm unceasingly amazed by them. Forgive my zealous bias, but reverse psychology and Dino Bones rule supreme! Oh...and Jamie, you can sit on my lap any ol' time, bro. Don't forget to keep your soul resolved by nihilizing in the 90's.

-LARS-

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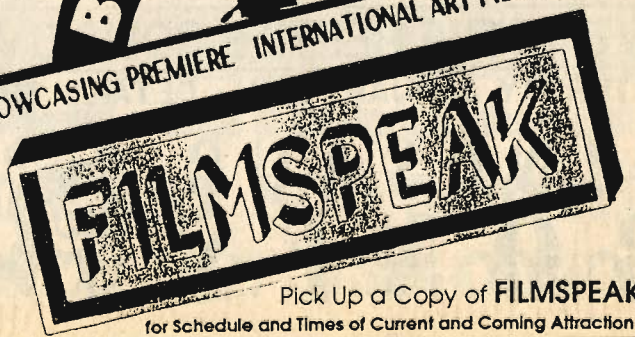
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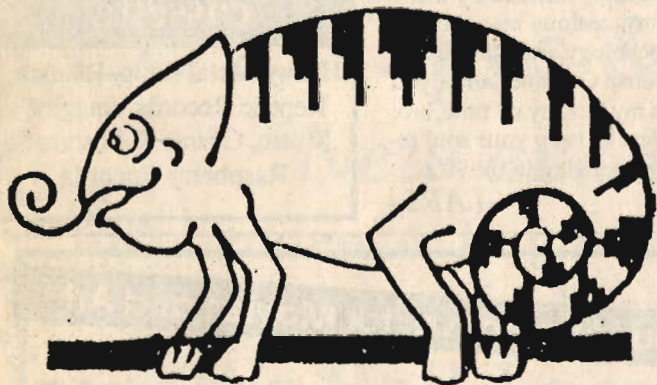
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DINOSAUR BONES



tape and record reviews

-LARS-

FRACTAL METHOD

FRACTAL METHOD (excuse me, I mean William Clarke Walker III) is a wizard of pyrotechnical sound manipulation. This reviewer is more than impressed. I'm ecstatic!! If this is any forecast of the 90's musical progression to come, let it spawn relativity from latent exclusion. Not your average New Age spacey and transcendental 'goobledygook' but rather, a quagmire of propulsion and outlandish pandemonium. FRACTAL METHOD excels at dexterous dichotomy. This sort of contradiction wields enough leverage to transport you along on a seesaw of determinism. With the aid of voluntary and involuntary graphics, Fractal creates a veritable melee of coerced and terminal vindication. Confused? Just turn on "Toxic Lifestyle", "Ghouls" and "Technology" and you'll know what I'm saying. Single most outstanding pick is "Song of amergin" for its visionary lyrics and lilting (yet haunting) instrumentals. No tape collection is to be devoid of this magnum opus.

-LARS-



ONLY A TEST

When I first punched the play button on this demo and processed sounds issued forth, it was time to jettison this puppy. But later I decided that I was wrong. Dead wrong. This stuff is far superior to the thawed and refrozen syncopation of Top 40-ish pop and click, rock and roll or listless late 80's New Wave.

New Clear Thinkers have a succinct blend of an upbeat tempo and lyrical undertow which balances out this band's effort very effectively. Most notably unusual of the three who share lead vocals, is the singer-drummer Steve Gordon whose shrilling voice-registers a focal and marked point. Don't dismiss ONLY A TEST as complacent musical fanfare. It is not. Nor is it uniform. And that goes for the love songs too. Pick up *New Clear Thinkers* and lighten your load. This tape will likely appeal to most. That is, unless you've become set in your underground ways.

MUDHONEY

Everything you could ever ask from the rakish prodigies of grunge, a sporadic no-holds-barred journey with the deranged and oozing MUDHONEY. They're sick, vile, unscrupulous and acrid—in other words, endangered species. And you should unleash them in your house. Be sure to let them go for the jugular. Listen to them build velocity with a vehement blatancy so masterfully entwined in the warbling lyrics. The tumultuous guitars had me "crawlin' outta my skin" and pushing a pungent pain threshold to a...bursting eruption! Curdled? Hell no, hemorrhaging! Vocals that grate. Instruments that carve a fetid hole in your psyche. Infectious. Love it, man. Buy or be remiss.

-LARS-



WONDERCRASH

What ever happened to the early eighties, heavy, space bands? Just when we thought all of these bands sold out to play over produced disco, along comes a new band, with a brand new and really cool demo, to carry that sound into the 90's.

After listening to all of the tape, the songs, with their great melodies, carrying incredible amounts of power, create a very moving, euphoric feel. I would like to announce that Elvis is not dead, he lives in Dave Bagley's larynx. Dave has taken a great step up from the Steve Fletcher experience. Jamie Shuman (ex Massacre-Box-Guy-Car-Kid) brilliantly executes a Stewart Copeland type rhythm track along with John Bray's simple, to the point, but strong bass lines. Chris Camberlango (also ex-Kid) hammering out his rhythm guitar and anarchistic leads from hell, makes the music a thundering, on the edge, and very real experience.

The quality of the recording isn't quite a ten, but it gives the listener an insight into the great potential of an incredible new Salt Lake band "WONDERCRASH".

-JIM BONE-

Ask Yourself this.....
Does SLUG have a copy of our tape?

sports?

EVERYONE IN PANAMA IS SO BUSY KEEPING CLEAN, IS THERE ANY TIME LEFT FOR DRAG RACING?

I learned an interesting bit of pit crew jargon during my two days of sun burn and delirium. The bit is this; "getting' down on the blower". I thought they were referring to tricky mechanical tuning and fine calibrations of the horse-powers that be. But no, "Getting down on the blower" means that for five dollars a complete stranger will take a photograph for you of two bikini-clad and, uh, statuesque females posing near, or on, your favorite race machine. The "blower" in this instance is the super-charger, that wicked chrome edifice that looms from these bad vehicles, like next century's happy imagery in this somewhere. This is California, after all.

DRAG BIKES

I never want to meet Dan Quayle and I never want to drag race motorcycles. The racer is far from in control. The bikes are computerized, push-buttoned, and sound like rutting triceratops.

The rider is mere ballast, whose job is to hang on like Slim Pickens at the end of Dr. Strangelove; 8-Second, 180-mile-an-hour-people who probably eat peyote like candy and sire fearless naked apes with lethal handshakes.

TOP FUEL DRAGSTERS

It takes the equivalent of four showerheads running full blast to supply all the nitro-methane for a dragster to complete on five second stomp down the drag strip.

But wait, you also get...

T-Shirts that read; "Speed Limit: 300 mph". This is no lie. One of these monsters ran 4.97 seconds at 292 miles an hour.

The National Hot Rod Association has put a stop to this. As of next year, higher gears will ensure that no car is capable of topping 290. This shows amazing restraint for a sport that calls for a 1/4 mile of fury and two miles of slowing down.

NITRO FUNNY CARS

I love those three words. A fiber glass shell that resembles a popular car such as you or I might own (or borrow), a seething nitro power plant, and no sense of humor at all. I thought the dragsters were the loudest things on earth. Wrong, pilgrim.

Funny cars don't race in the normal sense. What happens is they explode at the starting line and then are gathered up by their parachutes some five seconds later and a 1/4 mile away.

A crew of specialists takes the shards back to the pits and assembles a whole new car out of salvage and epoxy. Even the driver is rebuilt from spare body parts that are packed in refrigeration units. Only the head remains intact, protected by the driver's helmet.

This casts a downright ghoulish light on the organ-donating cult that many of us cheerfully and innocently join when we get our driver's license. That little "D" on your license means that a kidney will go to a needy transplantee, but a good limb may well end up sewn to Don "The Snake" Prudhome's latest simulacrum.

Ha ha.....

-DAVE NEALE-

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B A R & G R I L L

January 1990

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
2 dinosaur bones	3 skin 'n' bones	4 <i>Irie Heights</i>	5	6
9 The Reds	10 JOHN BAYLEY	11 reggae LIVE & DIRECT	12 ONLY A TEST	13
16	17 ONLY A TEST	18	19 GAMMA RAYS	20
23 TeMpO TiMeRs	24 THE CHANGE	25	26 <i>bachelors</i>	27
30 POINTS WEST	31	1 GAMMA RAYS	2	3

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feature band.....dinosaur bones



Dinosaur Bones...Bip, Otto & Shirley

DINOSAUR BONES

Photos by Steve Midgley

Move over Mojo, there's some new hicks on the block. They're a mangy, entertaining gang of folks who dare to play Osmond songs and aren't ashamed of their disco heritage. They're Bip, Otto and Shirley, the kings of white trash pop culture, the one and only DINOSAUR BONES. Rising

from the ashes of LABIDO BOYS, they have survived personnel changes, financial chaos and the syndication of Charles in Charge to become Salt Lake's grooviest band.

No matter how ridiculous they may seem and how goofy their set lists are, Da Bones never look stupid for the

simple reason that they don't try to be cool, they just write and play textured, well constructed songs with lyrics that are perceptive and frequently hilarious: *Disco Inferno* (not to be confused with The Tramps classic from Saturday Night Fever) takes a stab at meat market gropings familiar to any Zephyr patron. *American White Trash* evokes a way of life that only an individual who has spent considerable time in West Valley City can truly appreciate. This is music for kids on mushrooms in '74 Novas. On the other hand though they are not overtly a political band, THE BONES do have a social consciousness and tackle issues which any one can understand; Intrascene rivalry, intolerance, and gender exploitation to mention a few.

DINOSAUR BONES' diverse sound has opened up several avenues for the band. They have opened for some of the best bands that have cruised through Salt Lake including: SOUNDGARDEN, FISHBONE, AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB, MUDHONEY and even MOJO NIXON to name a few. This diversity also gives them opportunities to play several venues that a lot of Salt Lake's original bands don't play.

The most appealing aspect of DINOSAUR BONES is their complete lack of pretension, Shirley says "You'll never see me on the cover of any guitar player magazines, I am a songwriter not a musician...I'd never ride in a limousine." Regarding THE BONES contribution to original music, Otto equates their sound to "some fuckin' caveman beating on his wife's head." Bip says that when it comes to recording it is "Like being in love, if you don't really give a shit it seems to work better." The truth is however is that Dinosaur

Bones do give a shit, organizing the DEAD LAKE project, keeping the Word alive for a year and contributing to the magazine you're holding in your hand right now. They are constantly improving as a band as well with stronger writing and live shows recently at the Speedway, Bar & Grill and Reptile Records in Provo. If you haven't seen them live keep your eyes open for their next show or better still, ankle down to Raunch and purchase their excellent 13 song tape, AMERICAN WHITE TRASH. Put it to the test: get yourself a cold-pack of OLD MILWAUKEE put on some platform shoes (or at least something with fringe on it) turn on American Gladiators and pop that tape in, you will soon be helplessly shimmying and grooving to THE BONES unique brand of 100 percent enriched post pop gothic disco fury. The only problem with their tape is that it isn't available on 8-Track.

Future plans for DINOSAUR BONES include a 7" to be released in March or as soon as their share of the DEAD LAKE thing come back and a Tour to the West as soon as they can get it together. Additionally, Otto's philosophy is "If you can't put somebody down then it puts you right down their with them", Bip wants to "Live in a mobile home and play Pong." Shirley's advice is "If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything nice." Since I've already said enough nice things about this band I'll quit while I am ahead and leave it up to you to go see em and fill in the blanks. I think you'll be glad you did.

-JOHN SHUMAN-



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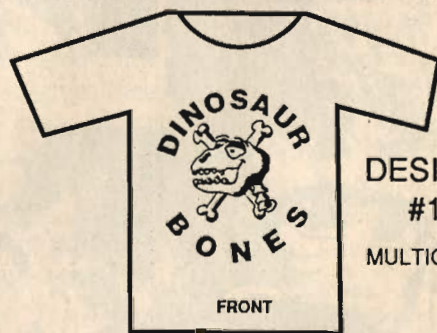
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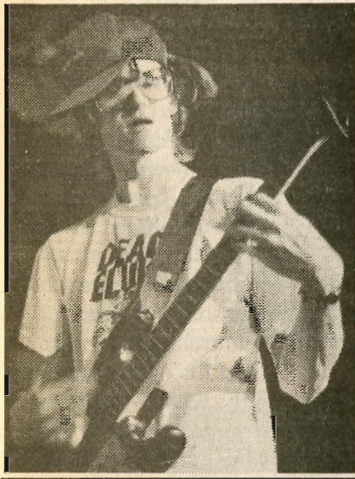


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new band spotlight

SWEE RHINO



Billy Blizzard

GRESS OF, JAMES BROWN and SCHOOLY D. By the way if you were to ask them what kind of music they play, they don't play music, they manipulate sound vibrations.

SWEE RHINO consists of Dave Neale (vocals), Billy Blizzard (guitars & cool-man dancing), Billy Olson (bass), Lorenzo Ciacci (Drums & hair), Matt Moore (coronet), and Craig Scott (saxophone). The band doesn't try to make any big statement with their music. Dave Neale, head-honcho-lyric-dude, writes mostly with objective political overtones about personal hygien and freedom of the skull. Billy Blizzard says the biggest obstacle they face is that people try too hard to evaluate the rhythm and don't just let their senses feel the groove. If people did they would all look like him when he plays....unleashed fury.

No there is no Typo on this Headline the name is SWEE RHINO. Why? It is simple, see that is how James Brown would pronounce the name.

I never thought I would see the day when the Salt Lakescene would come to something like THIS! Dave Neale and Billy Blizzard in the same band! What have we evolved to? I will be honest when I first saw them play I said "What the fuck is this?". However, after spending two hours in the most outrageous interview I think I finally figured these guys out.



Craig Scott

The band needs to spend a little more time together with each other and their instruments if they are going to rely on improvisation. It is a great way to play music but a certain element of longevity is required to be able to pull it off.

Next time they play, listen with an open mind or get wasted it really is good music and the band has a whole lot to add to the Salt Lake Scene.

-Ness Lessman-



Dave Neale

This six-piece band is very brave. When I heard that they were, you know...funky, I expected to see a BOXCAR wanna be band. Boy, was I wrong. This is not the intention of the bard at all. They consider their music a cross of alternative rock and alternative jazz with improvisation being a very important element. The only influences I could get the whole band to agree on were UNIVERSAL CON-

Photos by Steve Midgley
Taken Dec 16th
at Speedway Cafe



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DON'T BE A WIMP!!!

the world according to clarke

SCARY MONSTERS AT THE CHROME CIRCUS OR SOMEBODY OWES ME TEN DOLLARS AND TWO HOURS

It seemed like such a novel idea: Get good and giggly with a bottle of Bacardi Black Rum and go look at all the pretty cars at the Salt Palace. "Celebrity Attractions" had been advertised, and I really wanted to meet Robocop in person. I didn't, but I did see...

ELVIRA

The real story of the autorama lies in the shining eyes and drooling lips of the rednecks in line for Elvira's autograph. The rum stirred my darkest passions- jump starting my ID with pure cane power- and I struggled with a powerful urge to charge Elvira's table, pry open her jaws and pull out handfuls of sawdust, cast the stuff on the

floor and jump on it. I knew that if I could fathom the mentalities that are aroused by watching the scaly grey cleavage of this laster which jiggle while she signs their sweaty photographs, I'd have a handle on everything from the giant fuzzy dice to the price of the beer which leads in nicely to:

THE PRICE OF THE BEER

Step right up! For paltry three dollars, a leering mutant will serve you almost enough warm, stale Coors to fill a specimen jar. No Budweiser here, this is a Coors-sponsored event and these people make no bones about their preference for Rocky Mountain Pig urine. Having purchased a cup of this

tempting refreshment, I went to sit near the tastefully airbrushed Rock 103 van and heckle its denizens. It was then that I noticed the janitorial crew.

THE JANITORIAL CREW

This is where things got surreal and the truly horrifying undertones of this chrome circus surfaced. The first clean-up man to stroll by me was a three-and-a-half foot dwarf swinging his mop like a machete-hacking at invisible foliage. His eyes were wired and perfectly round- a look that can only come from living on an exclusive diet of coffee and lithium. The second janitor- well, a factual side note first: It took the species "Home sapien" just two hundred million years to evolve from tree shrews. These were not cute, even-tempered tree shrews, either; they were huge, toothy bastards that could chew their way out of jail. They were really into swinging through trees and eating anything that wasn't evolving as fast as they were. The terrifying truth is that these brutes still walk the earth- I know this because I saw one trailing behind the dwarf. He was scratching his forehead with a dustpan and staring wistfully at the rafters of the Salt Palace. He was wearing a t-shirt with an all-too-familiar logo on it, which inspired me to go check out one of the featured attractions.

THE NEW BATMOBILE

I don't think this car got in here under its own power. First of all,

I'm almost sure it didn't have an engine. It's fearsome, matte-black curvacious body looked suspiciously like cardboard, and when I peeked underneath it I swear I saw axles made out of two-by-fours. Second, the bastard is about twenty-five feet long and must have the turning radius of a convenience store on wheels. This not only makes it about as useful in urban combat situations as a potted plant, I'm sure it also necessitated a team of job corps specialists to simply assemble the bugger in place the day before the show. A grinning, malnourished hireling in a rubber bat suit swirled his nylon cape at me menacingly when I ventured past the restraining ropes to kick the tires. Disillusioned, I wandered off to oogle...

THE MOTORCYCLES

In my considered opinion, the bikes were the highpoint of the show. These were the only vintage machines I saw that night that had been restored to their pristine original condition. I had been depressed by the classic cars on display that night; they had all been jazzed up and perverted into ice-cream colored street cruisers, in which no self-respecting Vegas pimp would be caught dead. The bikes, however, had been pain stakingly restored to their lovely original selves. This was heartening, but I was still \$4.50 poorer than if I'd gone to see a movie. -beer not included

-CLARKE STACEY-

Anonymous Quotes.....

"Pass Me Some Of That Dumb Acid Over There"

"Why Kick A Dead Cat?"

"My Boy Friend Is A Camaro"

"There Are No Good Bands In Salt Lake"

Bob Bedore

"Dude, They played Dark Star"

"I say we strap a guitar on that skinny mutha on the cross and see what he can play"



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ESCAPE VELOCITY

written by B.K. HENRIE directed by CHRIS THURMUND

original music written and performed by
THE CLOCKS

presented in cooperation with
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news, views & reviews

I don't care what anybody says about Salt Lake City, it is a great place to live. The music scene here gets better every day. I don't know if any of you tried to see shows a few years ago but things were grim. Now almost any style of music can be found and there is a show going on just about every weekend.

Since the demise of THE WORD, SPEEDWAY CAFE has done a great job compensating for the void. The sound system there rules and the new and improved arena has increased the capacity to a level that will make possible larger and better shows in the future (eg; THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN). Paul and Zay are working their asses off to keep the place open. Here's the way I see it, you can spend five Bucks on mindless mush at the theater or invest 5 bucks in the future of Salt Lake's scene.

Not to many out o' town bands blazed through this month so the schedule was free for several local shows including the quadruple billing with BOXCAR KIDS, WONDERCRASH, SWEE RHINO and from Los Angeles THE APPLES (celebrity and all). Pete did the drum-thing for these guys and that was the one thing about the band that I did like. The Best part of this show was waiting till the end when WONDERCRASH played an excellent set thanks to the up-bitchenest, most Jamie Shuman drummer extraordinary. I did find SWEE RHINO a bit on the twisted side but they got me off my ass to dig the groove they created. And how Bout those BOXCAR KIDS? Brilliant as ever with their sound that could easily wake the dead with rhythms and rhymes that touch your funky bone and shake your cage...Hot Mamma.



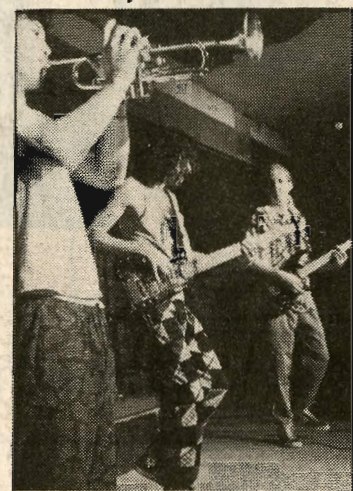
WONDERCRASH

Luckily I didn't have to pay the \$10.00 usually required to see the big boys like G.B.H. cause I would have come away disappointed. I did, however, get to see MAIMED FOR LIFE play the last time before Aldine hit the road to join up with POISEN IDEA in Seattle. I was very surprised and impressed with the opening act, NEGA-

TIVE VIOLENCE who delivered a rippin' warm up set. It was refreshing to see a the smaller bands get to play in the bigger shows. The Exposure can be very good. And how about those Skinheads? I have nothing against what ever it is they actually stand for, that is their right, however, I didn't think it was too cool to mosh it up with a pointed flag pole. I imagined it impelling one of those harmless stagedivers. Freedom of speech is cool as long as nobody gets hurt, this was dangerous

The December highlight was definitely the first annual Noise Fest, a benefit for AIDS put on by the SPEEDWAY. LUNA started things off by creating an atmosphere of ambience with their freejazz style that could sooth even the angriest sorts. Then JIMBONE OCCULT hopped on stage and fucked it all up. The power grunge song *Rock On Satan Dude Mon* was thirty minutes of rockin power trio, balls-to-the-wall, madness. The best song they did was *Hellraiser* with the intricate guitar surgery by the Blizzman who also graced the disturbed yet happy crowd with a strip tease and full body make-up. Then the CLOCKS cleared the joint with their much demanded "get the fuck off the stage" presence. I liked it so much I think I had a religious experience when Jeff Kimball through all their stage set up into the audience during their finaly. Fractal changed the mood with their debut performance. Great new stuff from a new band with a whole lot of new sound to add the Salt Lake area.

Reggae, Reggae, and more reggae. Seems like their is a far greater demand for reggae in this town than I thought there was. CARDIFF REEFERS and MIDAS AND THE BRIDGE both drew large crowds in for the shows. I am not the biggest reggae fan so expanding undelicately about shows I didn't see would be foolish. Maybe if you saw something you liked about these shows you will tell us about it.



CARDIFF REEFERS

I have actually had a BAD YODELER album in my hand so I know they exist. Finding one, however, is a different story. After a long wait it is finally available for the public's con-

sumption. A must for good music lovers. VICTIMS WILLING should have their 7" before two long. The MTV smash hit *Home* will be on the A side (One of my personal Favies). CITY BY A DEAD LAKE should be back from the printer in early February (That is what Bad Yodelers and Insight thought at one time).

Bass Icon and homeboy Karl Alvarez spent the holidays in town and took advantage of the opportunity to see a lot of the locals play. Who says the Osmonds are the only God-like-rock idols from Utah. (Me, but who gives a

bats fat ass about my opinion huh?) see ya next Month at SOUNDGARDEN, NOMEANS NO and THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN, as well as a chance to see a whole lot of great local stuff.

-NESS LESSMAN-

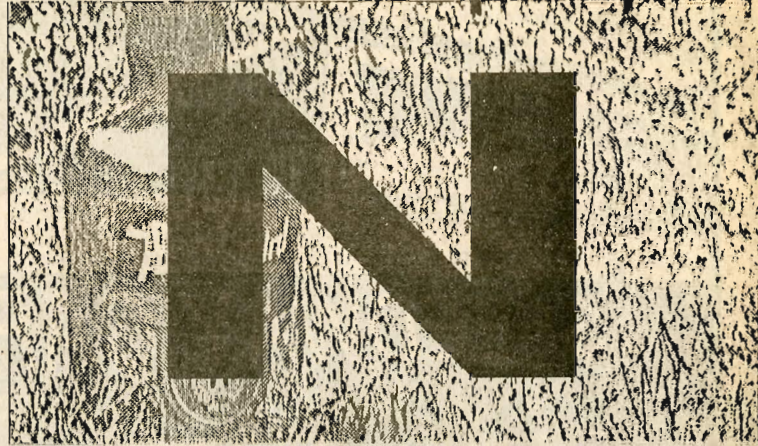
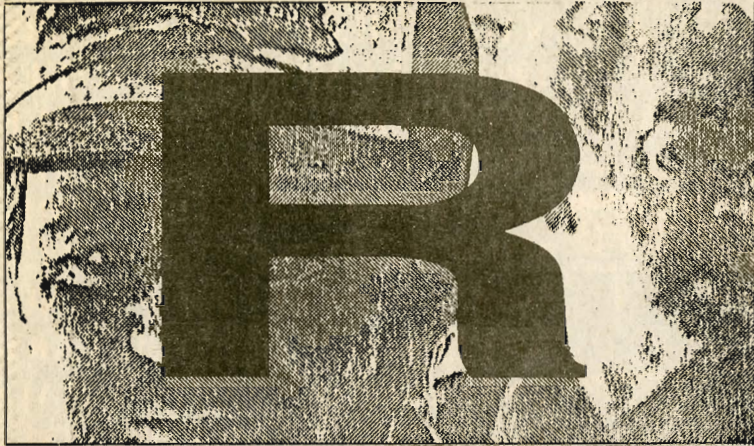
Photos by Steve Midgley

If you have an event coming up please let us know about it

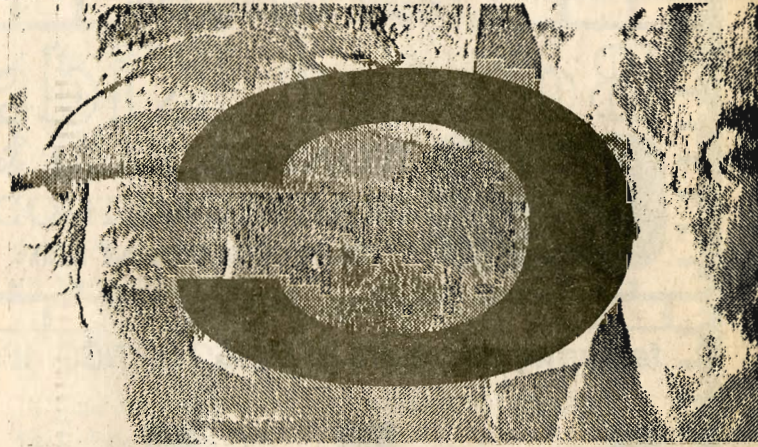
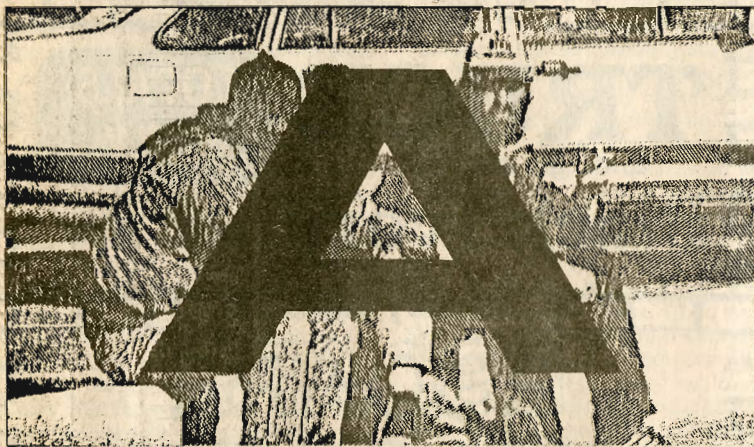
k-ute top 35 records

1. Kate Bush
 2. Bauhaus
 3. Tears for Fears
 4. The Cure
 5. Pogues
 6. The Pixies
 7. Peter Dinklage
 8. Camouflage
 9. The Stone Roses
 10. Indigo Girls
 11. Exene Cervenka
 12. Imagining Yellow Suns
 13. Bad Manners
 14. Public Image Ltd.
 15. Adult Net
 16. The Primitives
 17. Mekons
 18. Young MC
 19. Public Enemy
 20. Soundgarden
 21. Band of Holy Joy
 22. Senator Flux
 23. Camper Van Beethoven
 24. G. Friday & The Man...
 25. House of Freaks
 26. Various Artists
 27. Squeeze
 28. Beastie Boys
 29. The Cult
 30. Ultraviolet
 31. Third World
 32. Gorky Park
 33. Die Warzau
 34. Nona Hendryx
 35. Miracle Workers
- The Sensual World
Swing the Heartache
Seeds of Love
Disintegration
Peace & Love
Doolittle
Synesthesia
Methods of Silence
The Stone Roses
Indigo Girls
Old Wives Tales
Imagining Yellow Suns
Return of the Ugly
9
The Honey Tangle
Pure
The Mekons Rock 'n' Roll
Stone Cold Rhyming
"Fight the Power" 12"
Louder Than Love
Manic Magic Majestic
Spectacles, Testicles, Wallet...
Key Lime Pie
Each Man Kills the Thing
All My Friends
Mashing up the Nation
Frank
Paul's Boutique
Sonic Temple
Beads, Wood, Felt, and Mother
Serious Business
Gorky Park
Disco Rigido
Skin Diver
Strange Little Girl

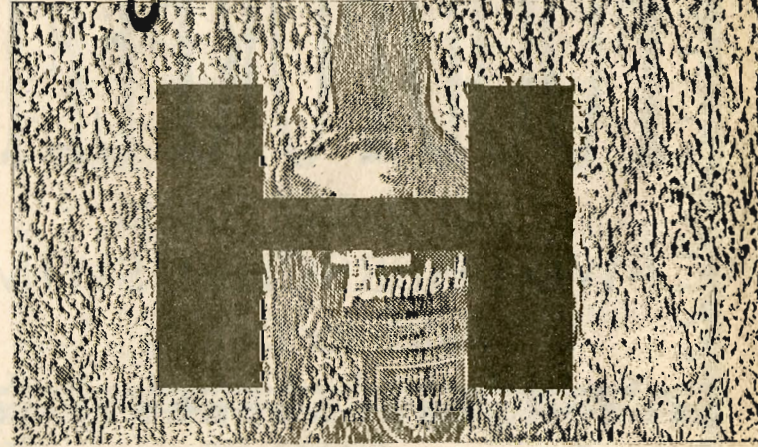
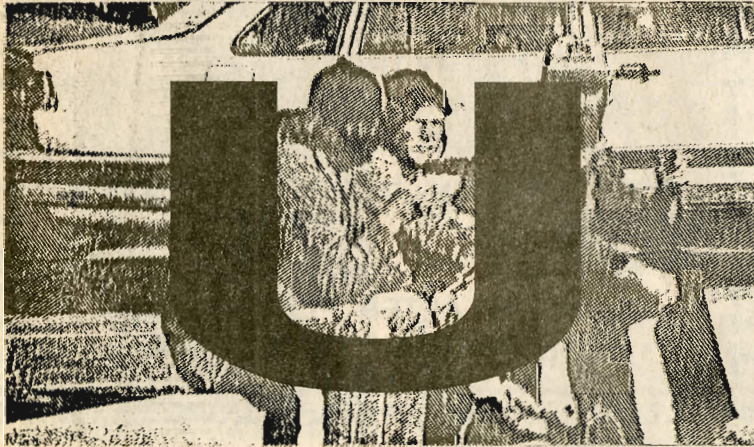
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